

It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

THE Republicans have been looking desperately for some Lochinvar to stride in and capture public opinion. They have backed now a number of champions in sporadic frays against the administration. It must be admitted that, politically speaking, not one of the knights has amounted to very much. Ogdin Mills awakened no sleeping beauties in his Topeka speech. In fact, it seems doubtful that his echoes even aroused sleeping senators.

Senators Nye and Borah did their turn on NRA monopoly and the small business man. That wasn't much of a hit because practically all the potentialities of that time have been played before. And, of course, there is always Mark Sullivan to do his dirge of one note upon his strange tribal drum. It sounds like the motif of the Emperor Jones, for that Mr. Sullivan ever says is "Revolution! Revolution!"

Enter a New White Hope

BUT now a young and authentically popular American has stepped into the lists against Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt. I suppose that there was a time in which Colonel Lindbergh might justly have been identified as the most popular of all Americans. He was certainly during his brief moment the most glamorous. And so the Republican war horses begin to sit up all over again and pay attention.

Here's something new. Lindbergh and the President of the United States are clashing acrimoniously on the issue of aviation. But nobody has ever seriously believed that Mr. Lindbergh was a political economist or a political leader. He was simply a superb pilot.

It even may be that in the city of Washington, D. C., he looms less large than in other parts of the country, for there are still congressmen and commentators in the district who remember the elder Lindbergh as the greater man. Mr. Lindbergh's father was one of the most active and vivid of the early Farmer-Labor groups. His son flew him about the state once when the old gentleman was running for Governor of Minnesota on an extremely radical platform.

Apparently the father's speeches made no great effect on the imagination of the young flier, because Colonel Lindbergh's few political statements have generally consisted of a perfunctory endorsement of Herbert Hoover or some other action of that sort. And now Lindy is in politics again, and again on the wrong side.

Not the Perfect Partisan

THERE can be small doubt that the air mail contracts were awarded with good reason. Mr. Lindbergh himself has been in receipt of high sums as technical adviser. It would be unfair to say that these sums were exorbitant, but there is at least a possibility that not every penny was set down in the books as an expense for technical advice. Some of it may well have gone because of the popularity and prestige which the colonel had with legislators. That does not necessarily make a wrong, but it is a situation in which the colonel may talk himself into an embarrassing position by taking up the cudgels too heavily against the President.

A distant cousin of Franklin D. Roosevelt is supposed to have said once: "Frank has the greatest gift ever possessed by any President. He is the luckiest man alive."

Possibly it isn't all luck. There may be certain shrewdness in forcing the other fellow into a disadvantageous position before the attack comes. However the thing happens, practically all the attacks made upon President Roosevelt come at the wrong time, from a poor quarter, and on extremely bad grounds.

In the Air and on the Earth

WHEN the Lone Eagle came back from France with the ice hardly melted from the wings of his plane, he might have been in democratic America a dangerous rival for any man. The colonel had gone on since that day to establish himself over and over again as a brilliant flier. The science of aviation owes much to him and always will.

But Mr. Lindbergh has no equipment at all to argue such questions as "When does an infant industry come of age?" or "When is a subsidy not a subsidy?" The colonel's economics in the last few years have been the economics of his rich friends and associates. In the air Lindy is still king, but with his feet upon the ground he loses his sense of balance and proportion.

He will not serve as a serious critic of the President of the United States.

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Today's Science

By DAVID DIETZ

A CHILD's toy is the champion detective of the universe. Probably every reader, at some time during his youth, possessed a little glass prism which, when held up to the sunlight, split the light of the sun into a tiny rainbow.

A similar glass prism is one of the most useful tools possessed by the scientist. Astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry and even the biological sciences have all benefited by its use. In fact, the technique of its use constitutes a science all by itself, and the experts who practice it are known by the rather formidable name of spectroscopists.

A carefully ground prism, or a series of them, equipped with some auxiliary telescopes constitutes what the scientist calls a spectroscopic. The little rainbow formed by it he calls a spectrum.

The science of spectroscopy is the science of spectrum analysis. Like the chap in the song, the spectroscopist is always chasing rainbows. But, unlike the chap in the song, he gets results. Much of our knowledge about the sun is the result of studying the sun's spectrum.

THE innermost secrets of the sun have been unlocked through the study of the sun's spectrum. It is of interest, therefore, to trace the origin and development of spectrum analysis.

It all began with an attempt by Sir Isaac Newton to improve telescopes. Astronomers in his day were bothered by the fact that their telescopes did not give perfectly sharp images. Instead, the images possessed fuzzy boundaries ringed with the colors of the rainbow.

It occurred to Sir Isaac that the difficulty did not lie with the telescope lens, but in the nature of the light. Sir Isaac, therefore, perfected a telescope which used a mirror instead of a lens. This type of telescope, known as the reflector, is in wide use today, the world's largest telescopes being of this type. The difficulty with the other type, known as the refractor, was later solved by employing lenses composed of two kinds of glass, but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story.

Sir Isaac, by means of a glass prism, established definitely that white light was a composition of all the colors of the rainbow, and that what the prism did was to split a beam of white light into its component colors.

THE action of the prism is easily understood if we keep in mind the nature of color. Sounds differ from one another in pitch because they consist of sound waves of different lengths. Long waves constitute the notes of low pitch. Short waves constitute those of high pitch.

In the same way, the color of light depends upon its wave length. Red light is composed of the longest waves. Violet light is composed of the shortest. Of course, light waves are not waves in the air, as are sound waves, but waves in the ether of space. White light is a bundle of waves, including all the wave lengths from red to violet.

Now when light passes through a glass prism it is bent. The technical word for the phenomenon is refraction. But the amount that a beam of light is bent or refracted depends upon its wave lengths. Consequently, when a beam of mixed waves goes through a prism, it is sorted out into a band.

'INDIANA'S GIFTS TO GOVERNMENT'

Scholarly Albert J. Beveridge—Born Thirty Years Too Soon

This, the fourth of a series of articles on Hoosier Statesmen, concerns beloved Albert J. Beveridge, statesman and scholar.

By DANIEL M. KIDNEY

Times Staff Writer

HEADING any list of Indiana's representative men is the name of Albert J. Beveridge, statesman and scholar, whose middle initial stood for Jeremiah.

At the turn of the century, his Jeremiahs were being hurled in the senate and had his progressivism been recalled by his party when the country turned from Coolidge conservatism, the G. O. P. might still have been in power.

It took another, newer Roosevelt and the Democratic party to turn the trick. In the interim the great Senator Beveridge had passed on, leaving behind a record of aristocratic leadership based on character and ability.

His literary fame is enshrined in an American classic, "The Life of John Marshall," which made that great chief justice live even more vividly than when he presided over the United States supreme court and molded the destiny of the nation.

Another Beveridge's second great masterpiece, "The Life of Lincoln," was published posthumously. He died April 7, 1927.

The author-senator himself is the subject of an American biographical-historical classic written by another famed Hoosier, Claude Bowers, ardent Democrat, now new deal ambassador to Spain. "Beveridge and the Progressive Era" was the title chosen for the Bowers' book, which became a best seller upon publication.

ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE was born in Highland county, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1862. His father served in the union army and at the close of the Civil war, the family removed to Sullivan, Ill.

Through the roles of ploughboy, railroad laborer, teamster and logger, he made his way through high school and De Pauw university, where he graduated in 1885.

The college graduate then became a cowboy, but in a year in the west was sufficient and he returned to Indianapolis to study law in the office of McDonald and Butler.

De Pauw had discovered that the future senator was an orator and this gift caused him to rise rapidly in both his chosen profession and G. O. P. politics.

He was in demand as a popular speaker throughout Indiana and in 1896 attracted national notice by his reply to a speech by Governor Altgeld of Illinois.

FOUR formidable candidates confronted him in the senatorial election of 1899, and the politicians freely predicted that the young man with his gift of oratory had little chance. But, as sometimes happens, the politicians were wrong.

Not only was the popular, young orator elected to the United States senate, but his splendid record there gave him the re-election in 1905.

Climax of his early political career came in the year 1912. It

was then that he made an outstanding contribution to American politics through his efforts to get the Republican party to adopt a platform "upon those broad and vital issues which represented the progressive ideals of the nation."

Failing to convince the conservatives, Senator Beveridge withdrew with the first great President Roosevelt and accepted the nomination for Governor of Indiana, where the movement for a better day in American political life took on all the fervor of a religious meeting.

In the course of one of his speeches in that campaign, Senator Beveridge, in arraignment the subtle and corrupt influences that so often perverted and stultified the old political parties, coined the phrase concerning the power of "the invisible government."

A rare, descriptive choice of words, the phrase entered the political language and still is heard today.

How true it could become, in a very literal use, was later demonstrated in his own state during the era of Ku-Klux Klan domination of the G. O. P.

An old warrior, he entered the lists against this foe.

ONLY once more did he run again for public office, however. That was in 1920, when he sought the senate seat, only to lose to former Governor Samuel M. Ralston, who had defeated him for the governorship in 1912 on the Democratic ticket.

Tall and handsome, the aging Senator Beveridge retained all the vim and original viewpoint of his precocious youth. He was a publicist of renown, as well as one of the outstanding public speakers.

Now on the screen at the Indiana

Of Local Interest

BECAUSE of the illness of Desolina Giannini, the singer will be unable to appear with the Indianapolis Maennerchor Monday night at the Academy of Music.

Instead, Elsa Aelsen, dramatic soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, will be the guest artist.

VETERAN EMPLOYEE OF ATKINS FIRM HONORED

Charles Fenton, 82, Continues 62 Years With Company.

The Atkins Pioneers, employees of E. C. Atkins & Co., with twenty years or more service, last night honored Charles Fenton, 82, of 40 Jackson place, at the twenty-eighth annual meeting.

Mr. Fenton is on his sixty-second year of regular employment. The group also honored Francis M. Hager, oldest living member of the club now retired, awarding fifty years' service pin to his son, Francis M. Hager Jr.

New members initiated last night included Edward S. Norvell, Morris Owens, W. Noble Springer, Claude V. Brock, Michael Cummings, J. P. Kinney, Ray Ellis, Homer Montgomery, John Sapp, Charles Gill and Ed Kleinschmidt. Elias C. Atkins, company president, was named an honorary member.

ITALY WILL RE-ENTER CHICAGO EXPOSITION

Great Attention to Be Given Exhibits of Wine.

By United Press

ROME, Feb. 16.—The government decided today that Italy shall be represented at the reopening of the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition next May.

The Italian pavilion will be refitted, enabling a proper showing of craftsmanship in the small trades and the latest efforts of the publishing industry. Greatest attention will be given to the exhibits of wine and liquors, with booths where free samples will be served.

THIS MAN SHOULD WIN

He's 6 feet 9 and Seeks Office in Texas County.

By United Press

EL PASO, Tex., Feb. 17.—David H. Morris, six feet nine inches tall, tree surgeon and sling-shot champion, is a candidate for county commissioner here.



Orator and statesman, historian and scholar were the titles worn with ease by the late great Senator Albert J. Beveridge. A man ahead of his time, many of the progressive ideas advanced by him a quarter of a century ago now are coming to be common principles of our modern democracy.

Tracts for the times early drew his attention and in them he dealt with such subjects as "The Young Man and the World, 1905; The Bible as Good Reading, 1908; The Meaning of the Times, 1908; Work and Habits, 1909, and Americans of Today and Tomorrow, 1909.

Back in 1912, he delivered a speech, which later was published,

far and wide, with the 1934 title "Pass Prosperity Around."

Years of patient research were spent by the former senator in gathering material for his monumental two-volume work on Justice Marshall.

He immediately won fame as a competent historian and was a prominent figure at historical gatherings throughout the nation.

He was in the midst of his second volume on Lincoln when he died at his Indianapolis home, following a short illness.

Political, social and literary leaders bowed in grief at his grave. His shining example still beacons to bright young men who read his books and that of his friend, Claude Bowers.

Capital Capers

Call of the Isles

Writer for The Times Books Jaunt to Virgin Islands; Finds Others Have Same Idea.

By GEORGE ABELL

Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Everybody is doing it today. Doing what?

Going to the Virgin Islands. Since everybody is going, the editor of Capital Capers, being nothing more than a sheep who follows the herd or the flock or the covey or whatever it is, decided to go there, too.

Hence, when these lines are read I will be aboard the S. S. Georgic of the White Star Line, bound for the land of sunshine and alligators. (Or is it alligator pears?)

In any event, there is little doubt that the Virgin Islands are the land of promise, to judge by the crowd of passengers now en route to that part of the world.

First of all, Governor Paul Pearson of the Virgin Islands, who has been in Washington on official business, flew back to St. Thomas on Tuesday night.

"Why are you taking a plane, Governor?" I asked.

"So I can meet you with a brass band when you arrive," replied the kindly Quaker.

I thought there was a twinkle in his eye, but couldn't be certain. Anyhow, if the brass band doesn't show up, my readers shall hear of it.

A DISTINGUISHED visitor to the islands in the very near future will be Mrs. Roosevelt, who is taking a lot of people with her. My guess is that Oscar Chapman, assistant secretary of the interior, and Harry Hopkins, federal ad-

ministrators, may be of the party. President Roosevelt is planning to go, but no date for his visit has been set.

Charles Taussig of the brain trust, and his very charming wife, are going on the same boat with me. "I'm going down to handle the rum industry for Uncle Sam and generally turn things topsy turvy."

I wired Charles and asked him where his stateroom was going to be on the Georgic. So far, I only know of the financial counselor of the Rumanian legation and Mme. George Boncosco, but there may be others. Mme. Boncosco is bringing her monocle on the cruise, and George plans to study Rumanian's internal condition—unless a rough wave or so should render internal conditions on the boat too disconcerting.

When I bought my ticket to St. Thomas, the girl who sold it remarked: "So you are going, too. You are about the tenth person so far who's bound for the Virgin islands. That man in the gray suit who just went out is a St. Thomas passenger also."

"Who is he?" I asked.

Some one said he was a detective.

FROM the islands, after a personal investigation of the qualities of St. Croix rum, I expect to take a steamer or plane to Puerto Rico, and thence to the Dominican republic and Haiti.

Just how things will work out in this itinerary, it's hard to tell. But it should be interesting writing about the people, politics, sunshine, scenery and so on. There will be little attempt at coherence (no cohesion is what I mean) in the column, but it will ramble on about whatever seems to present itself.

Which I hope sincerely will prove of interest to Washingtonians during the Lenten season.

P. & E. AGENT IS NAMED

M. E. Ingalls Will Assume New Position Thursday.

M. E. Ingalls, Indianapolis, has been appointed general agent of the Peoria & Eastern railway, it was announced today by D. H. Hutchinson, general freight agent.

Mr. Ingalls, former city freight agent, will take over his new duties here Thursday.

Other appointments are those of W. M. Snow, who was made general agent for the P. & E. in Peoria, Ill., and E. N. Smith, to the position of commercial agent in Pittsburgh.

Fair Enough

By
Westbrook Pegler

NOT for a long time will you be seeing any pictures in the news reels of a troupe of vaudeville Indians hopping around the steps of the New York city hall, jingling sleigh bells and hollering Wah-Hoo Wah while the chief jams a lot of poultry feather on to the mayor's brow and inducts him into the tribe.

The current mayor of New York, Mr. La Guardia, has more important business.

A year ago Mr. La Guardia was a member of the army of the unemployed. Occupied with serious business of the country as a member of congress, he forgot to attend to his baby-kissing at campaign time and was voted out of office.

But now Mr. La Guardia has the second greatest job in the United States as mayor of a city of 7,000,000 people which spends almost \$2,000,000 a day on its government. There are 147,000 employees under him and he is engaged in a fight for the authority to fire the political loafers among them and to reduce the cost of running the city.

The city hall is much changed nowadays.

There are not as many fat limousines lined up in the Plaza as there were in the time of Jimmy Walker and John O'Brien, although there still are too many, at that, when you consider that private employers don't feel called upon to furnish limousines for their hired help.

If a visiting dignitary is a real dignitary he can arrange to see the mayor for a minute but Mr. La Guardia will just shake his hand and explain that the bunting and music and keys to the city have been abolished in the interests of economy and add that anyway they never did mean an organized machine. He said an office holder could not do justice to his job if he went at his work thinking of re-election.

'This Way Out, Please'

AND this way out, please.

It is hard to explain a change in atmosphere, but in Jimmy's time the atmosphere was one of rampant cynicism, and in poor John O'Brien's time it was one of the foolish pathos. Just now there is an air of bell being raised.

Perhaps by the time Mr. La Guardia's term runs out he will not have enough political friends left to carry a precinct for him. But he had something to say in a speech to a lot of business men today which suggested that either he doesn't care what happens to him four years hence or hopes to build up a sufficient personal following of genuinely grateful voters to swing another election for him without an organized machine. He said an office holder could not do justice to his job if he went at his work thinking of re-election.

He may be too shrewd to place any confidence in the gratitude or the intelligence of the voters. It was the voters who didn't send him back to congress and the voters did elect Walker and O'Brien. But not think a man of Mr. La Guardia's experience would be likely to entertain any sentimental ideas about the voters.

Most likely, bold, truculent and self-confident as he is, Fiorelli isn't bothering about his future. He always can make a living, anyway, and from the look of him in his black suit and black hat, which might be his one and only black suit and hat, you would gather that he is a man who can get along on very little.

Why Waste Time?

HIS obsession is to reduce the city's running expense of almost \$2,000,000 a day and if there is a vindictive joy in his way of going about that, can be understood. It must be fun at that, for a man to walk on a gang of burglars and have them out the windows and possibly jail up a few of them. Mr. La Guardia yet might be able to jail up a few, although that is something which seldom happens in American cities and, in the long run, he probably will have to be content with the satisfaction of just showing them up, throwing them out, and saving the money which they have been paying themselves.

He saves time, too. They were discussing some bill the other day and there seemed to be no dissenting voice so Mr. La Guardia suggested a vote. But then one man said he wanted to discuss a certain phase, which is a weakness of statesmen everywhere.

"Are you for it or against it?" Mr. La Guardia asked.

"I am for it," said the statesman, "but—" "But nothing," said Fiorelli. "If we are all for it, let's pass it and not waste time talking."

Bob Minor, the Communist, came in with a delegation of three Negroes and another white man to complain that a police captain punched him twice in the center during the row around the Austrian consulate. Mr. Minor is getting along in years and he can't take them down there any more. He wanted his rights so he had called around to take up the time of a good man who is just as warm a pal of the kingmaker as he is and a lot more effective, to enter one of these complaints.

Well, Mr. La Guardia told him he would have somebody look into it and Mr. Minor went away still upset and still sure around his center and still determined to kick up all possible nuisance in a city which has troubles of its own over something which happened to the Socialists in Vienna.

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Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

CAN you see at night? If not, you may have what was recognized as an unusual symptom thousands of years ago.

In the time of Hippocrates, the great Greek who founded the modern science of medicine, the taking of liver and honey was found to be a cure.

Within recent years, the definite relationship of the disease to certain errors of diet has been established and the condition now can be controlled definitely. The condition is the earliest sign of a deficiency of Vitamin A in the diet.

When the deficiency is complete and long continued, a more serious condition of inflammation of the eyes develops, called xerophthalmia. This condition is, however, extremely rare in the United States.

In Europe, particularly after the World war, when there was a shortage of butter and fresh fats, xerophthalmia occurred frequently both in adults and children.

YOUR body may develop a deficiency of Vitamin A in a variety of ways.

First, the vegetables and fats known to contain this substance may not be included in the diet; second, there may be some disease of the intestines which prevents Vitamin A being absorbed from the food and from being stored in the liver; third, there are periods in life during rapid growth or during the infectious diseases when the vitamins are used up rapidly.

Recently a case has been recorded of a civil engineer who developed a disease of the bowel which made it impossible for him to absorb food suitably.

He had developed night blindness, the first sign of which he noticed when the street lights appeared amber-colored and dim.

He noticed also that when coming from outdoors into the house he would be unable to see details for five or six minutes. The condition occurred every two or three days.

THIS patient was given a generous diet, which contained reasonably large quantities of milk, butter, and fresh vegetables. He ate large amounts of these and yet did not recover from his night blindness.

Eventually, however, an operation was performed to take care of the bowel condition and after this he was able to absorb sufficient amounts of the vitamin and was cured.

Stretching It

Breaks Own Neck While Sleeping.

By United Press

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 17.—Jack Dennis, film publicist, carried his neck in a plaster cast today after learning to his amazement that he had broken it while sleeping.

Despite pains which first stabbed him on awakening one morning, Dennis worked for three days before he consulted a physician and learned that his neck was broken.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"He ain't so good."