

It Seems to Me

By Heywood Broun

MIAMI, Fla., March 3.—This city got a pat hand in the new deal. Miami is the model spot in which all the administration policies seem to have worked. Economists, instead of selling the syndicate rights to bicker with brother professors, should come here and watch the laboratory tests which are being made in both the restoration of buying power and deflation.

I have read Walter Lippmann religiously for many months, and even so, not all things were revealed to me. Now I understand inflation. Comprehension came to me in a flash. Inflation means that when double zero comes up and the man sweeps away the chips the player merely says: "The joke's on the house—those were only 99-cent dollars." And promptly buys a second stack.

Revolves in Perfect Circle

GRAY financiers have sweated over the problem of how to get money back into circulation, and Miami has solved all that very simply. I do not want to bore any reader with an abstract essay on high finance, but it goes like this:

Mr. A loses \$100 playing roulette in Mr. B's night club. Mr. B takes the money and passes it on by playing the dog races run by Mr. C, who in turn tries his luck with Mr. D, the dice game king. Mr. D thinks that he has a good thing in the fourth race at Hialeah park, which all results in a real estate transaction by Mr. Z, who up until now has not been mentioned in the story. In other words, Miami has been able to do something with the currency which the national administration never thought of. It has equipped each dollar bill with appers.

I sat in a spot as dawn began to break and said to the proprietor, "You seem to be doing swell business here."

"I suppose I shouldn't complain," he answered a little sadly, "but the competition is punishing. We have in Miami now the cream of the stage and the screen and the radio as our night club talent, and these people cost money. Harry is a great entertainer. I would be the last one to deny that, but I have to sell a good many tons of scrambled eggs to get his salary back."

The sorrows of night club entrepreneurs have always touched me deeply, and so I bowed my head in commiseration for a second and then walked upstairs, attracted by a somewhat familiar clicking noise. Harry, whose real name is Bill, sat by the wheel and said:

"Let me have another stack of \$500, and if I lose this it will be my last thousand tonight. I'll have to sing a lot of songs to make back what I lost tonight."

The Klondike in White Pants

I HAVE read of the Forty-Niners, and once or twice I met men who participated in the Klondike gold rush. Bill McGeehan and Bob Ritchie wrote eloquently about Tex Rickard and the gay days of Nevada mining camps. But I have lived to see with my own eyes the most spendthrift frontier spot of them all. I doubt that American history can match the wild and woolly goings-on now prevalent in Miami, Fla., which has the most stringent sort of ordinances against liquor, horse racing, gambling and vice of every kind.

This is the Klondike in white pants. A room at a big hotel is \$25 a day. A shine costs 20 cents. A shave is 50 cents, and I am trying to beat the barber down on his original estimate of \$1.50 for cutting my hair. He probably will win the argument, because he isn't very much interested. He has a horse in the fourth race tomorrow which ought to be as good as 20 to 1, so why on earth should he be bothered about the way by hair looks? Other cities of sin have had their casinos and hide-aways of glamour, but Babylon, Nineveh and Tyre were strictly retail in comparison with the Miami of 1934.

Of course, the places of which I speak are practically all "clubs." You must be introduced. No one is allowed to enter unless he knocks at the door and says:

"My name is John Jones. I want a few drinks and a little gambling. Which way do I go?" I have no desire to be unfair to Miami. I suppose that not merely one but several Mr. Lott can be found within its borders. After all, the town is a curious combination of hot bedonists and old ladies and gentlemen who have come to this coast from Iowa to die in the bosom of the Methodist church and mild climate.

Proves the Story of 1929

I THINK Miami owes me a royalty, for almost a year and a half ago I wrote a column in which I suggested that at various strategic points in the United States there should be established free ports known as the cities of sin. To these the toilers and overworked should repair every year or once every ten years to toss their inhibitions in the air and molly in a nice way the urge which lies in the human breast to raise a little hell. Miami is fulfilling that function.

I'm for it, though I never expected to find the new Babylon breaking out for the first time deep in the Bible Belt. And speaking of Mr. Lot, as we were a few paragraphs ago, the words "Florida Real Estate" once more are being whispered about. Nobody is bold enough yet to talk again of "options" and of "binders" and the realtors move cautiously and whisper behind their hands.

They realize that in a number of states one may shoot down a like mad dog, any agent who dares to say to any reputable citizen, "Florida Real Estate." But, just the same, the boys are out of their cyclone cellars once again. Many adults are engaged right now in telling little Rollo of the fearful things which happened to us all in 1929 and of the manner in which America reformed and pledged itself that such gross and unwieldy speculative bubbling should never happen again. And if any dull fellow feels that his explanation of the nature of those dead days was less than crystal clear he needs only put Rollo on a train and ship him to Miami to learn at first hand.

I will be back in New York very soon, because I am serious minded and middle aged. I am, after all, only a Broadway rouser. This place is too fast and too tough for me.

This is perhaps the last fanfare before the coming of the tumbrils. Life of this wild sort has no justification whatsoever. I'm sure it must be wrong. It's too much fun.

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Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

SO much has been written and said about the relationship of alcohol and tobacco to the heart disease called angina pectoris that an investigation was made recently to discover whether smoking or drinking could produce this ailment.

And the results seem to show that the disease hardly can be attributed to these causes.

Seven hundred fifty persons with angina pectoris were compared with 750 others who did not have the disease, but who were of the same sex, age, and of the same social group.

The comparison of the habits of the two groups brought out the fact that 46.1 per cent of those who had angina pectoris never had smoked tobacco, while 24.4 per cent of those who had the disease had used tobacco to excess.

Thirty-seven and two-tenth per cent of those who did not have angina pectoris did not smoke, and 33.3 per cent smoked excessively.

OBVIOUSLY, it is exceedingly difficult from figures like these to trace any relationship between tobacco smoking and the occurrence of angina pectoris. It is possible, however, to say from these figures that tobacco smoking is not primarily responsible for angina pectoris.

As to abstinence from alcoholic liquors, 64.4 per cent of those with angina pectoris never had taken alcohol, and 61.7 per cent of those who did not have angina pectoris never had taken alcohol.

IMMORTAL DICKENS MARCHES ON

'Bleak House,' Scourging Law's Delay, Gave Impetus to Reform

This is the third of a series of articles describing the life, personality and career of Charles Dickens, whose posthumous "Life of Our Lord" will appear in this newspaper shortly.

BY WILLIAM ENGLE

JUDGES buy benches. The law's delay is notorious. But, at that, court procedure is more fair and expeditious now than it was when Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce was on the calendar and punctuated through two generations by suicides and anguish and sardonic laughter.

When Charles Dickens, at 40, in the height of his imaginative genius, began to write of the Jarndyces in "Bleak House," he gave potent impetus to reforms which in three-quarters of a century have gone far. Reforms that still have a long way to go in courts, where as in Manhattan, the grand larceny case of John C. Hoenninger, attorney, this month was adjourned for the twenty-first time. Yet Dickens' fiction was a polemic.

Oliver Twist and the workhouse were behind him. Nicholas Nickleby and avaricious business men he had put on paper. David Copperfield, largely his autobiography, was done in ink, though delineated only as if he had lived in fancy.

Dickens, grown mature, no longer was concerned with comic characterization. He was through with sideswipes at injustice. He was sticking to fiction, but social reform was as sharp in his mind as characterization was.

The issue of a long-drawn lawsuit in the court of chancery, passing from generation to generation, and leaving behind the wreck of broken lives and wasted hopes—there is nothing abstract or imaginary in that," wrote Stephen Leacock of "Bleak House."

"It dominates the story from its sombre, magnificent opening in the court of chancery setting in the London fog to the climax of the closing scene when the great suit of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce ends—like the fall of an ancient building, eaten into rot and ruin and collapsing into dust. The theme has all the majesty and inevitability of Greek tragedy. Round it is gathered every thread of the narrative; the bright loves, the broken lives and the beauty of remembrance stronger than love itself."

IN the light of today, it was a more widely appealing argument for the reform of court procedure than specific and concrete petitions of erudite sociologists.

Dickens, in that "sombre opening," wrote:

"The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation, Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn hall, at the very heart of fog, sits the lord high chancellor in his high court of chancery."

"Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep to assort with the groping and floundering condition which this high court of chancery, most pestilential of hoary sinners, holds, this day, in the sight of heaven and earth."

"This is the court of chancery, which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire... which gives to moneyed might the means abundantly of wearying out the right... so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart that there is not an honest man among the practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning, 'Suffer any wrong that can be done to you rather than come here!'"

IN that murky Dickens wrote, "Jarndyce and Jarndyce droned on. This scarecrow of a suit has, in the course of time, become so complicated that no man alive knows what it means."

Dickens had a reason for his ire. He had no more than put his truth in the guise of fiction.

When he wrote that a case was in chancery for a generation, driving a score to prison for contempt and to suicide, he had in mind cases in fact. He did not have to exaggerate any more than he did when he put his own life story into "David Copperfield."

"Everything set forth in those pages concerning the Court of Chancery is substantially true and within the truth," he wrote. "The case of Gridley is in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence made public by a disinterested person who was professionally acquainted with the whole monstrous wrong from beginning to end."

JURY READY TO SCAN RASPUTIN LIBEL CASE

Closing Speeches Due Monday in Action of Princess Irina.

By United Press

LONDON, March 3.—A jury was expected to be handed Monday or Tuesday the libel suit of Princess Irina Alexandrovna against the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

Closing speeches will be made Monday.

Princess Irina alleged that the company in its film Rasputin libeled her by portraying her as the character Nesha, whom the sex-mad Monk seduced. The princess' husband, Prince Felix Yusouffoff, killed Rasputin to remove his sinister influence from the Russian court.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark

HOLLYWOOD movie writers would have us believe that the most romantic spot in the world just now is an overland bus.

We are now in a cycle of such romantic movies and the best one to date is "It Happened One Night."

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Old Temple Bar, the British law courts, target of Dickens

because of the law's delays. This center of the law, though somewhat changed in architectural appearance, is still one of the most famous show places of London.

"AT the present moment (August, 1853) there is a suit before the court in which thirty to forty counsel have been known to appear at one time, in which costs have been incurred to the amount of 70,000 pounds; which is a friendly suit; and which is, I am assured, no nearer to its termination now than when it was begun."

"If I wanted other authorities for Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, I could rain them on these pages."

No longer ago than last Octo-

ber the metropolitan newspapers rained down corroboration.

"It has just been discovered that the report of a case at the Mansion house, London, which appeared in the London Times, on Jan. 9, 1850, is almost word for word the description of the trial of Jo at the same place to be found in Chapter XI of Charles Dickens' 'Bleak House,' published in 1853."

The London Times, reporting the actual case, said:

"A boy named George Ruby, who appears to be about 14 years old, was then put in the box, and a Testament was handed to him. He looked quite astonished on taking hold of the book."

"ALDERMAN HUMPHREY: 'And that's all?'"

"Boy: 'That's all. I sweeps the crossing.'"

"Such truth, as that, from the Times, Dickens told in his books. In earlier days, instead of pillorying judges and juries and justice, he laughed at them, and that was effective sociological reform."

Mr. Justice Stareleigh, that day he came to court to hear Mrs. Bardell's breach of promise suit against squinting Pickwick, went to sleep during the trial. Awakening, he wrote indignantly in his notebook, "Wretchedness pen."

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH had the chemist, Thomas Groffin, sworn in as a juror despite his declaration, "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over. . . . I merely wanted to observe, my Lord, that I've left nobody but an errand boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my Lord, but he is not much acquainted with drugs, and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is that Epsom salts means oxalic acid, and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all my Lord."

Then Buzfuz, the barrister, addressed the jury. It seems now that—ridicule and all—the Buz-

fuz barristers are not extinct. He spoke a word, he said, for the plump, wronged widow, Mrs. Bardell.

"Never, in my whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such heavy sense of responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much injured and most oppressed client must prevail with the high minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him."

Here, Dickens adds:

"COUNSEL always begins this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what smart fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately, several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness."

But that barbed jocularity was not his weapon in his later years.

The lawyer delays while the client practices fortitude and patience—an old Cruickshank illustration of Dickens.

He had words then like keen blades.

There were John Jarndyce and Esther Summerson talking, fumbling at the inscrutable in Chancery.

"Of course, Esther," he said, "you don't understand this Chancery business."

"And of course I shook my head. 'I don't know who does,' he returned. 'The lawyers have so twisted it into a state of bedevilment, that the original merits of the case have long disappeared from the face of the earth. It's about a will and the trusts under a will—or it was once. It's about nothing but costs now.'"

"We are always appearing and disappearing and swearing and interrogating and filing and cross-filing and arguing and sealing and motioning and referring and reporting and revolving about the lord chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing ourselves off to a dusty death about costs. That's the great question. All the rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away."

"BUT it was, sir," said I, to bring him back, for he began to rub his head, 'about a will?'"

"Why, yes, it was about a will when it was about anything," he said.

The populace that had welcomed amiable Pickwick greeted, even more enthusiastically, grave John Jarndyce, if for no other reason, probably, than because he was given to the populace by Dickens. The long story came out in twenty monthly numbers, beginning in March, 1852, with illustration by Hablot Browne, was published as a book in 1853, and Dickens then said of it:

"It has retained its immense circulation from the first, beating old Copperfield by a round 10,000. I have never had so many readers."

"Old Copperfield" always was his own favorite, but into the tale of the law's delay—still tellable—he put his best years.

When he wrote "The End" to that, Pickwick was far away, and the shadows were gathering over Gad's Hill.

"It Happened One Night," Starring Gable, Is Best of Romantic Bus Movies

Claudette Colbert Also Does Great Acting in Newest Picture: It Should Please a Lot of Folks.

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

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Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

IT strikes me that the restraints which were imposed on Primo Carnera in his nonsense with Tommy Loughran in Miami represent, in capsule form, the sort of discipline which government nowadays would like to apply to the big, tough, hardy parties in other walks of life.

This great oversize Italian conceals within the slack and blotchy union suit, which he wears for a hide, enough man to smash any Loughran that ever lived within minutes if he were allowed to use everything he has in a simple fight.

Primo outweighs Loughran seventy-five pounds, he is strong enough to seize him by the nape of his neck, whirl him three times around his head and fling him out of the arena, and, moreover, in a fight, he always wants to fight, whereas Loughran, and others of his kind, because they are little and weak and futile, always rely on sly petty tricks and the protection of the law for their winnings, and try to avoid real fighting at all times.

As they stand in the ring, Primo is the better man. But the laws of pugilism, which try to mimic civilization, endeavor to equalize matters between the good man and those who are not so good. The big man is robbed of his most effective natural weapons. In the ring he must save his punches under circumstances which ask for them just as the better man in business is penalized, by taxation or by laws establishing synthetic crimes, for fighting his fight with all his talents.

PRIMO must not belt his opponent on the back of the head and knock him crazy when they come into a clinch, but the little man is allowed to slide into a clinging embrace and idle away the active seconds of the contest in order to escape the storm outside.

Neither the law of the ring nor public opinion rebukes a Loughran for that. The big man must not whang him on the body to beat him out of a clinch, in which he has been seized against his will, for the advantage of his opponent, but must accommodate his conduct to an artificial decorum which holds that while it is wrong for the little man to beg the question in this manner, it would be much more wrong for the big one to crack him in half because he is so little.

But, being so little, and not nearly as much man, maybe these Loughrans ought to admit to themselves and the world that the Primos are more than they can handle. If this is rugged individualism so be it, but, in my conception of things a fight is a fight and the question in such a contest is whether one man can lick another.

In the beginning of things they fought for keeps and the old instinct is pretty strong as Jack Dempsey used to remind the citizens, and again, notably in his fights with Luis Angel Firpo and Tommy Gibbons. He stood over Firpo and behind him, when Luis Angel was down, and slugged him when he arose like any animal engaged in a fight which is an animal sort of business anyway. He hit Tom Gibbons below the equator and when Jimmy Daugherty, the referee, who was Dempsey's room mate, scraped Tommy off him, time and again, breaking up the weak man's clinches, Dempsey whirled in from Gibbons' offside to clout him before he could get his hands up.

Dempsey was fighting with everything he had to win his fight and when he lost to Gene Tunney in Chicago he was victim to a civilized affection which held that the tough and brutal fighter, involved in something which has been described nicely as a swirl of ugly passion, should snap out of it on the instant and, with fine eye for distance choose and retire to the farthest neutral corner.

Where's Neutral Corner?