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It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

MIAMI, March 13.—They all said: "You can't start back for New York tonight. You haven't seen Carter's." I replied wearily that I had seen enough gilded balls and watched sufficient roulette to last me for a couple of years.

"Ah, but Carter's is different," was the answer. "It's like this," explained a baseball reporter. "Mancuso may not seem like a great catcher to the fans, but he's a ball player's ball player. And there was Leonard Merrick. You may remember that at one time he had no following to speak of, but every fellow novelist in England was crazy about his work."

"Yes, I know," I broke in. "Johnny Boyle is the tap dancer's dancer, and Matisse is the painter's painter. But let's just stick at Carter's. Why should I stay over?" The baseball writer spoke a long breath and said rhapsodically: "They have sawdust on the floor. At the house table you may see a man fated for a thousand dollars, for ten thousand, for twenty thousand. And a few feet away an old lady will be playing roulette with 10-cent chips. The bar is made of unfinished pine. It is the old frontier. This is the sort of place which was known in the mining camps when our ancestors were winning the west from the buffalo and the Indians and carving out a new nation."

I replied that I didn't really feel up to winning the west and that I would compromise on Michigan boulevard, Chicago, but that under no circumstances would I consent to be paid off in buffalo robes.

Ultimate in Busman's Holiday

BUT the look of the dreamer and the poet was in the eyes of the young sports writer. "Carter's begins where the ball for Cinderella left off. Under no circumstances go there before midnight, and later will be much better. Along about 3 or 4 you will see a curious sight—the ultimate in the busman's holiday. At that time the men who have been spinning the wheels and dealing the cards and swinging the birdcage in the swankier places will begin to gather at Carter's to play a little roulette or faro on their own from the wrong side of the table. To see Carter's is to understand the gold rush and the administration of President Polk."

I always have been interested in American history, and so I went to Carter's at 1:30 in the morning. The young man had spoken truly. Here was "The Girl of the Golden West" brought to life in a way which neither Belasco nor the Metropolitan Opera House ever achieved. George Bellows should have painted it. I can see the picture called "Old Croupier at Carter's." Here was a gambling hell without the gilt.

To be sure, some of the men behind the wheels wore the dinner coat which is the uniform of the craft, but others were in sweaters and shirt sleeves. The older men stuck to tradition. Here is an old gentleman who may have worked in Canfield's. Or played there perhaps.

The Money Handler's Look

AN artist could not fail to catch the semi-detached, slightly devilized look in the face of any veteran croupier. It is a little like that of a receiving teller at a savings bank. I suppose all men who get very little money and handle a great deal must be introduced in that manner. There is a look of benevolence, but you feel that this may be a mask. The croupier or the teller has an appealing expression in his eyes. He seems to say as he takes your \$20, "Now, I do hope you are going to leave this here with us and not be so foolish as to draw it right out again."

But while the teller is an extinct volcano, the croupier suggests that he might some time under great provocation, leap across the table and say: "I want to be a sucker, too. I can no longer bear the burden of this percentage in favor of the wheel. I want to gamble. Here are my life savings. Let 'em ride on No. 17."

To be accurate, nobody did precisely that while I was at Carter's. But there was a Italian gambler who had just dropped \$20,000 in the craps game. I saw the brother of Al Capone, and the old lady was quarreling about the \$3,500 she won when her number came up.

Carter's was a museum piece throughout, for when I ordered a gin rickey at the bar I snatched my lips in delight and repeated went through the Carter managed to lay in a few cases of the old hard gin. I could feel the shellac trickling down my throat like velvet.

Some Interesting People

MOVING from table to table, picking up \$10 here, \$20 at another spot and occasionally making a killing, I was drawn again and again to the bar not only because of the fresh gin, but on account of the interesting people one met.

"We were taking Camera on a tour through Europe for publicity," said Charlie Friedman. "Leon See and I decided that it would be a good idea to show him off in the casino at Monte Carlo. We were building him up as a big shot. Of course, we couldn't let him make himself. The risk was too great. He might win. Leon See said he would gamble for the troupe. You know he's a Frenchman."

"Our little party attracted a great deal of attention as we moved toward a table. Leon is shoving dowagers and dukes out of the way. But on the first spin he bets nothing. He just makes a note in a little book. Twice more he does this, and I'm wondering. On the fourth turn he bets eight francs on the black and it loses. He notes that down and stays out the next six spins. Then he puts eight francs on the black again and wins."

"That goes in the notebook, and he starts to sit it out again. By now hundreds of people are watching the big shot Camera and his manager. 'What on earth are you doing, Leon?' I cried. 'It's a system,' he explained. 'If properly played you win \$7 every hour.' Recklessly pulled a ten-thousand-franc note from my pocket and put it on the red. Thank heaven we lost. Honor was satisfied."

I started back for another whirl and to my astonishment found that they were covering the tables. I protested. "Why, it's almost 5 o'clock. Mr. B." said the manager. "The boys have got to get some sleep." So Carter's isn't really the old frontier, after all. I suppose the croupiers have to go to some other place to play a little hearts. I'm going back to New York, where men are men.

Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISBEIN

MEDICINES rightly used can be of immense aid and comfort to the afflicted; wrongly used, they may cause serious damage to the human body.

When a doctor prescribes a medicine for you, it is for you alone, and not for anybody else in the family. Hence, old prescriptions should not be saved, but should be disposed of as soon as possible after you need them no longer.

The doctor usually writes of his prescription, and the druggist recopies on the label, the directions for taking the medicine. Therefore, when giving medicine to a sick person, be sure you know exactly what is on the bottle label.

Because spoons nowadays come in many fanciful shapes and sizes, each family should have a medicine glass with measures of various spoons recorded. When a doctor prescribes a definite number of drops, the drops should be measured with a medicine dropper, and not by guesswork.

If liquid medicine is prescribed, the bottle should be shaken thoroughly each time before the medicine is measured.

"THE LIFE OF OUR LORD"

Written by

CHARLES DICKENS

The Manuscript Kept
Secret for 85 YearsCHAPTER THE SEVENTH
PART TWO

NOW the Pharisees received these lessons from our Saviour scornfully; for they were rich, and covetous, and thought themselves superior to all mankind. As a warning to them, Christ related this Parable:—OF DIVES AND LAZARUS.

"There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, who was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores."

"And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom—Abraham had been a very good man who lived many years before that time, and was then in Heaven. The rich man also died, and was buried. And in Hell, he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus. And he cried and said, 'Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Son, remember that in thy life time thou receivedst good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things. But now, he is comforted, and thou art tormented.'"

And among other Parables, Christ said to these same Pharisees, "God I thank Thee, that I am not unjust as other men are, or as this Publican is." The Publican standing afar off, would not lift up his eyes to Heaven, but struck his breast, and only said, "God be merciful to me, a Sinner!" And God,—our Saviour told them—would be merciful to that man rather than the other, and would be better pleased with his prayer, because he made it with a humble and a lowly heart.

The Pharisees were soon angry at being taught these things, that they employed some spies to ask Our Saviour questions and try to entrap Him into saying something which was against the Law. The Emperor of that country, who was called Caesar, having commanded tribute-money to be regularly paid to him by the people, and being cruel against any one who disputed his right to it, these spies thought they might, perhaps, induce our Saviour to say it was an unjust payment, and so to bring himself under the Emperor's displeasure. Therefore, the Pharisees came to him, and said, "Master, we teach thee the word of God rightly, and do not respect persons on account of their wealth or high station. Tell us, is it lawful that we should pay tribute to Caesar?"

CHRIST, who knew their thoughts, replied, "Why do you ask? Shew me a penny." They did so. "Whose image, and whose name, is this upon it?" he asked them. They said "Caesar's."

"Then," said He, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

So they left Him; very much enraged and disappointed that they could not entrap Him. But our Saviour knew their hearts and thoughts, as well as He knew that other men were conspiring against him, and that he would soon be put to death.

As he was teaching them thus, he sat near the Public Treasury, where people, as they passed along the street, were accustomed to drop money into a box for the poor; and many rich persons, passing while Jesus sat there, had put in a great deal of money. At last there came a poor Widow, who dropped in two mites, each half a farthing in value, and then went quietly away. Jesus, seeing her do this as she rose to leave the place, called his disciples about him, and said to them that that poor widow had been more truly charitable than all the rest who had given money that day; for the others were rich and would never miss what they had given, but she was very poor, and had given those two mites which might have bought her bread to eat.

Let us never forget what the poor widow did, when we think we are charitable.

(Continued tomorrow)
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Lazarus and the Rich Man — By Gustave Dore.

In the Theatrical World

Morton Downey Is Bringing His Own Revue to Palace on Friday;
Company of Forty Will Include Screen, Stage, and Radio Stars

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

singing ensemble was recruited from male choruses of New York shows.

The Bebe Barrie dancing girls were last seen on Broadway in Joe Cook's "Rain or Shine."

Benny Davis and James F. Hanley wrote the music for this revue.

In City Theaters Today

INDIANAPOLIS theaters today offer: "Broadway Revels" on the stage and "Ever Since Eve" on the screen at the Lyric; "David Harum" at the Apollo; "The

Capital Capers

New Deal for Haiti

Island Republic Expects No Disturbance After
U. S. Marines Leave, Says President.

BY GEORGE OBEILL
PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti (By Mail).—The interest of all Haiti is focussed on next October—date of the departure of the American marines.

What will happen in October? Will there be revolts? Will the country remain quiet? Everything is now serene—outwardly. The big questions centers about possible disturbance in October.

I asked President Vincent of Haiti this exact question (in my best French):

"Monseigneur le President, what is going to happen when the American marines leave?"

He replied: "Rien du tout." (Nothing at all.)

The President advances a three-fold program for maintaining tranquility and the departure of "les Americains."

1. Extensive development of Haitian resources—such as Haitian coffee, cotton, bananas, rum and other products.

2. The early negotiation of a commercial treaty with the United States.

3. Speedy adjustment of local political differences.

President Vincent's opponents are in accord with him on the first two propositions. But when you mention the third, they shrug their shoulders and smile. It looks very much like a war to the death.

In the last analysis (some think in the first analysis), President Vincent can depend on his Haitian guard—2,000 picked men well drilled, carrying American rifles, wearing American-model uniforms and commanded by 600 trained officers.

Several close observers of Haitian conditions believe that Vincent's chances actually depend on the loyalty or disloyalty of the guard. If the 2,000 soldiers obey orders and stand by their guns—Vincent wins. If not—fini la guerre!

MINISTER NORMAN ARMOUR presented me to the president at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Picture an affable, cultured, light-skinned man wearing a linen suit, brown silk tie, a pince-nez and French shoes of highly polished brown leather. There you have Monsieur Stenio Vincent, president of the Republic of Haiti.

Vincent looks like none of the former rulers of Haiti whose

Meanest Gal in Town" and "The Ninth Guest" at the Indiana; "Mandalay" at the Circle; "Nana" at Loew's Palace, and burlesque at the Mutual.

String Quartet in Concert

FOR its completely beautiful music, the program played last night by the Musical Art Quartet in Caleb Mills hall will not be forgotten soon by those who find satisfaction in chamber music.

The quartet was presented by the Civic Music Association.

Had the group so chosen, the program might well have been entitled "The History of the String Quartet in Ninety Minutes."

Opening with "Quartet in D Major" by Haydn, the "father" of the string quartet, the ensemble played with consciousness and certainty of phrasing that composition, which is based on the sonata form and which conjures up visions of drawing rooms and gilt chairs and carpeted floors.

From that period, the quartet passed to Brahms' "Quartet in C Minor," composed in the latter part of the last century, and though still classical in form, it is more melodious and freer in emotional breadth.

Modern composition for string quartet was represented by Ravel's "Quartet in F." As played by the Musical Art group last night, it would seem that material such

as is found in the Ravel opus is the raison d'être of chamber music.

The "Quartet in F" definitely brings chamber music out of the confines of the drawing room and puts it on a flesh-and-blood basis, humanizing it to a point of broader appeal.

The quartet performed the Ravel work magnificently to climax an evening of superb musicianship. Heroically meeting the demands for precision of attack, particularly in the pizzicato passages, the quartet poured all of its talent for sheer beauty of tone, subtlety of shading and command of perfect balance into its music.

Lushness of tone, one of the ensemble's most outstanding qualities, was notable in the Romanze of the Brahms "Quartet."

In the allegretto movement of the same selection, that too much neglected instrument, the viola, shone beautifully, effectively lending its ominous throaty tone to the chorus.

Throughout the evening one could but marvel at tonal quality, the accuracy and intellectuality of phrasing, the achievement of precision without didacticism.

The musical art quartet is composed of Sascha Jacobson, first violin; Paul Bernard, second violin; Louis Kaufman, viola, and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, 'cello.

(By The Observer.)

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"That's fine, boss. The boys will be glad to hear you're feeling better."

Fair Enough

By

Westbrook Pegler

WASHINGTON, March 13.—I have had some experience in those mass newspaper interviews in which the newspaper boys and girls rally around at an appointed time in some anteroom or corridor and, presently, are bidden into some great man's presence.

But never have I encountered a subject of this type who lay on the line as Mr. Roosevelt does when the doors of his little, circular office are flung open and the crowd goes crashing in to line up at his desk and fire away. They barge in on him with a scuffle and whoop and there he sits at his desk with a cigar holder, apparently one of the three-for-a-nickel, throw-away kind, cocked in his mouth and his head canting to the left to give clearance for the smoke as it drifts up past his right eye.

Never a champion-chaser and always suspicious of charm in public men, I had held that Mr. Roosevelt's captivating way with people was unimportant and that if he were a good President he still would be just as good a man in his job if he were as ornery as a desk sergeant in a world of pickpockets. On the other hand, I reckoned that if Mr. Hoover had been as affable as Jack Dempsey that would have been very unfortunate because charm might have endeared him, personally, to the citizens and induced them to re-elect him.

Theoretically, if a man has the makings of a good President, it shouldn't make any difference to the citizens whether he beats his dog, snarls at waiters, and even keeps a harem on his own time. But, practically, of course, that isn't so at all. A good President has got to get along with congress and people and leave the reporters laughing when he says good-bye, because that is an important part of his job.

Questions but No Answers

I USED to run with the crowd to periodical interviews with a British admiral named Blinker Hall in London, and always when we came out of his office we would marvel that we could have asked so many questions and received so few square answers and so little honest information.

Blinker Hall was chief of naval intelligence. He posed as an all-knowing and mysterious character with eyes in the back of his head, but he was just a boss-fly-cop who would have been very dumb indeed not to have known a thing or two considering the money he had behind him with which to buy information, and his access to the private correspondence of everybody in England. He had a very insulting nickname for Josephus Daniels, the secretary of the American navy, which he used to toss into his sneering remarks about the U. S. A. But we were down at Whitehall to catch any news we could and did not call him this until one afternoon when Hal O'Boyle took this job on his hands and set him back on his heels with some personal remarks of an unexpected nature. Mr. O'Boyle gave Blinker Hall hell, and the old blinker took it.

Still we never did get any news out of him, or the war office general in charge of operations, or Lord Cecil of the foreign office unless it was some propaganda which they wished to get into the American press. In a way, this was phony news but it was the only news in town.

I went to one of Mr. Hoover's mass interviews once when he was President, and of all the interviewers I encountered he was the most timid. You had to write out your questions in advance, but even so Mr. Hoover wouldn't commit himself to the time of day from a handful of watches. So he would throw out most of the questions and answer "Yes" and "No" to others, and the journalists told me that they finally checked up and caught him slipping in questions of his own so that he could deliver answers which made political material for Mr. Hoover.

He's Free and Easy

BUT Mr. Roosevelt sits there and turns his smile from one wing of the lineup to the other as questions fly out of the gathering, and answers them as easily as a traffic cop telling a stranger the way to Walnut street, and I heard him stall only once, and that time on a question which was pretty badly phrased.

This free and easy way of doing in the press interviews seems to be a part of a new deal which is apparent in his public addresses and papers. As an orator, he has broken away from the old-fashioned, Fourth of July school, and when he wishes to pass a few remarks to the press or over the air he does not burble about the founding fathers or the stern and rockbound coast of Maine, and he has yet to beat his chest and holler anything about the grand old heritage. He came pretty close to naming names in his address to the opening of congress, where he referred to the larcenous bankers and the kidnapers in the course of one thought, and might have done so, at that, but for the risk of inciting a lynching.

It would amuse you, I think, to note the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt toward John Boettiger of the Chicago Tribune and his associates, because they became personal friends when Mr. Boettiger was covering Mr. Roosevelt in Albany, and now Mr. Boettiger's paper is riding the President and he sometimes has to ask questions of very critical intent.

Mr. Boettiger asks them in straight face, as though he and Mr. Roosevelt were strangers, and Mr. Roosevelt turns to him very politely and gives him his answers as though he hadn't the faintest notion of Mr. Boettiger's motive.

Mr. Boettiger's head man is Colonel R. R. McCormick, who didn't like Hoover because he spent too much of the taxpayers' money on governmental frippery, and you can imagine how Mr. Roosevelt stands with a man who thought Hoover was extravagant. So Mr. Boettiger gets his answers and goes back and writes pieces which do not give Mr. Roosevelt all the best of it, and the whole proceeding reminds me of the way I used to scuffle with James Farley in print when he was chairman of the prize fight commission and meet him at the ring-side where it was "Hello, James" and "Hello, Peg" and "Family all well, I hope?" and "Thanks, they're fine, and yours?"

I am afraid I couldn't be trusted around Mr. Roosevelt. For the first time in my life in this business I might find myself squabbling for a chance to carry the champion's water bucket.

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

ONE of the fascinating chapters in the history of the present century is the growth of that branch of science which has recently been christened electronics.

The word electron was first introduced into the language by Dr. G. Johnston Stoney in 1891. He suggested it as a name for the fundamental electric charge. It was not until the beginning of the present century that scientists discovered that the fundamental electric charge was carried on the fundamental particle of matter. The name, electron, was then transferred to this particle.

How much, the discovery of the electron has meant to the modern world is told by Charles R. Underhill, consulting engineer, in "Electrons at Work." The book is published by McGraw-Hill at \$3. Of course, electrons were at work long before man knew they existed. The action of human nerves—not yet completely understood—is due to the behavior of electrons and other electrified particles of atomic size. The human eye, it is now known, is essentially a photoelectric cell.

Electrons, hurled out or "boiled out," from the heated filament of the vacuum tube, are responsible for the modern miracle of radio.