

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 hells 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. "Man-euso 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 drew 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

A N artist could not fail to catch the semi-detached slightly devitalized 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 same manner. There is a look of benevolence, but you feel that this may be a expression in his eyes. He seems to say as he takes your \$20. "Now, do I hope you are going to leave this here with me 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 Sicilian gambler who had just dropped \$20,000 in the crap game. I saw the brother of Al Capone, and the old lady was quarreling about the \$3.50 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 smacked my lips in delight. Before repeat went through Carter managed to lay in a few cases of the old bad 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 Carter's 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 Primo gamble 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 Carter 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 I 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 state of state as a Republican candidate for the same court.

Judge Dearth was on the bench when George Dearth, then a fiery editor and now mayor of Muncie, was sentenced for libel and contempt. He charged that the judge packed the jury box in liquor cases with friends of the W. C. T. U. and Anti-Saloon League forces, a fact later brought out in the impeachment action.

The Dearth case became

historical when the Indiana supreme court sustained Judge Dearth's findings that "truth is no defense."

When The Times took up the cudgels against Judge Dearth, he issued an order from the bench to habeas corpus in his courtroom and confiscate their papers.

"Impeach this Muslim of Muncie!" was the ringing cry of Rep. Representative John Scott of Lake county when he got the house to vote ouster of the judge. Scott still is a Republican leader, the district chairman in Lake county.

Judge Dearth was defended in the senate by a leading Democrat who now is Senator Frederick Van Nuys.

"THE LIFE OF OUR LORD"

Written by CHARLES DICKENS —

The Manuscript Kept
Secret for 85 Years

CHAPTER 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 feasted 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 receivest 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, because of their pride, that two men once went up into the Temple, to pray; of whom one was a Pharisee, and one a Publican. The Pharisee said, "God I thank Thee, that I am not unjust as other men are, or bad 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, pretending to be very humble, they came to Him and said, "Master, you teacher the word of God rightly, and do not respect persons on account of their wealth or high station. Tell us, is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar?"

CHRIST, who knew their thoughts, replied, "Why do you ask? Show 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 with 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 he 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

IN the company of forty that Morton Downey will bring to Loew's Palace Friday for a week's engagement, every one is well known on the screen, stage or radio.

Morton Downey in the capacity of actor-producer created the review, "Melody and Madness," which he will bring to this city.

Downey received his start as a soloist with Paul Whiteman's U. S. S. Leviathan orchestra. He finally graduated into Whiteman's concert orchestra and held a radio horn for effect although he did not play it.

Ruth Ford, dancer and comedienne, is the chief dancer with the review. The Morton Downey

at first sight and they were married.

Downey also appeared in the movies, "Mother's Boy" and "Lucky in Love." The rumor is that Downey may go into the movies again this spring.

The musical background for the Downey review will be furnished by Frank and Milt Britton and their musicians.

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