

It Seems to Me

By
Joe Williams

Pinch Hitting for Heywood Broun

THE letter began: "Don't you know the ones who read Heywood Broun's column are very serious intellectually who seek spiritual sustenance . . . and the readers you get represent the difference between a howling mob at a prize fight and the sedate, studious people who listen to John Haynes Holmes—"

Some suggestions followed. Columns devoted to:

"(A) The influence of the 16-year-old maid in the life and literature of Ibsen (you know Ibsen fell in love with her when he was 60).

"(B) How a weakness is made into a strength, with little men becoming strong political racketeers, such as Napoleon, Dolfuss, Hitler, etc.

"(C) The greatest hymn of hate against women was written by Schopenhauer. . . . Was it because he was a withered, ugly, old thing whom women hated and was this his revenge?"

I am very glad Correspondent Weiner brought these vital subjects to my attention. It proves what I always have maintained, that this is no time for frivolity, irreverences or toasted sweet-meats.

Taking the subjects in the order of their presentation, I wish to say that (A) Mr. Ibsen was a very lucky fellow, and what I would like to know is whether he ate his yeast cakes every morning and, further, if there are any more of those 16-year-old maidens around today?

(B) I am afraid I can not comment on this subject with any degree of open-mindedness and emotional control. I assume that Napoleon, Dolfuss and Hitler hold some sort of a modern double cross record. I belong to the old school. To me there never will be another combination like Tinker, Evers and Chance.

(C) The real trouble with Schopenhauer—and I trust I am not confusing him with one of Mr. Jack Curley's wrestlers—was that he took life much too seriously. To him life was not only real and earnest but—well, to cite you an instance,

No Sense of Fun

ONE night we are in Peoria. That's back in the days when I am the star pitcher of the Three-Hill League. A bunch of us are sitting around in the back room of Oscar's place.

Apologies of practically nothing, some one remarks: "I see by the papers they won't even let that fellow Insull land in Turkey."

And some one else cracks: "I seems to me that that's adding Insull to injury."

Do you think for a moment that Mr. Schopenhauer laughed? You know what he does? He turns to the waiter and says in his pessimistic, philosophical way: "Time and tide wait for no man."

Many critics of the social scheme have attempted to ascribe the subsequent rise in divorces and decreases in the birth rate to this remark, but personally I always have felt that a fellow is a sucker to eat pompano anywhere but in Florida.

And this reminds me—did you ever have a black eye? I can attest that a black eye is very easy to get. There is something quite democratic about a black eye, too. A black eye looks just as conspicuous on a Morgan as on a mug.

There are many ways to get a black eye. Apparently the most approved way is to forget to duck. I can imagine that that is also the most satisfactory way. If nothing else, it suggests a certain amount of gallantry, vigor and self-reliance.

At the moment I am totting around a black eye, the first it has been my good fortune to sponsor. "Oh, so you bumped into a door, eh? Don't give me that line. What happened to the other guy?"

Be Brave About It

NO matter how you happened to get the black eye, I am convinced it is always smart to pretend you were in a brawl—a very vicious brawl—and that you were doing all right for yourself until nine other guys rushed in and by sheer numbers overwhelmed you.

That kind of an explanation usually goes over. The public sentiment is that nobody ever got a black eye accidentally. In this respect the public is something more than flattering, and without meaning to be so. In effect the public insists on garbing the Black Eye Legion in warrior armor and flaming spirit—with the added implication, of course, that you don't know how to hold your hands up.

For all that history tells us of the ruggedness of the American race I doubt that many men have ever been in a situation where fist play was needed to settle a debate. I mean to the question, "How does it feel to be in a fight?" the answer in most cases will be, "I don't know. I never have been in a fight."

Even to the most ardent pacifist the thought must come at times: "What would I do if some geezer walked up to me and smacked me in the kisser?"

To me this is neither a profane nor a rowdy thought. It could happen. And suppose it did, what then? Would you stand there and blink or would something inside you crack, changing you from a meek peaceful person into a white collared Dempsey, gunning for blood?

That happened to me only once. The taxi meter read \$1.45. All I had was \$1.50. I said, without consciously attempting levity, "Keep the change." There were words . . . "Is that so? Well, get down off that seat and say that." The gentleman did.

There was a hedge in front of the house. When I unscrambled myself the taxi was in motion. Through the stillness of the silvered night I heard the words "Fresh guy." I still don't know how it feels, or what it does to the soul, to land a return punch.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

IN many ways, machinery is being brought to the bedside, to the hospital, to aid medical study and care of the sick.

There are microscopes which magnify the appearance of cells, secretions, the excretions hundreds of times. There are even ultra-microscopes which make apparent the presence of bodies too small to be seen with the most powerful of microscopes.

There are electrically lighted machines with which the doctor can look into all the recesses of the human body. There are X-ray machines which make it possible for him to see the outlines of most of the organs.

Other X-ray machines are used to treat cancers and to destroy new growths on the surface of the body.

ONE machine measures chemical changes that go on in the body. This device, the basal metabolic apparatus, is one of the most important used in medicine today.

Its use is simple. You go to the office where the basal metabolic apparatus is available. You go in the morning before eating breakfast, so that your body may not be busy at the time digesting food.

Now you lie down and rest for an hour so that your body may not react to activities associated with muscular exercise. Next you merely breathe through a tube into a closed system.

By the use of certain chemicals and certain mathematical estimations, the doctor can measure the rate at which your body is using oxygen. In some diseases, particularly in very severe overactivity of the thyroid gland, the basal metabolism rate will be found to be high. In other diseases, particularly in persons who are very fat, the basal metabolism frequently is found to be very low.

The Indianapolis Times

INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1934

FRANCE FACING POLITICAL CHAOS

Stavisky Scandal Has Stimulated Demand for New Basic Law

BY MORRIS GILBERT
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

PARIS, April 4.—The Constitution of the Third Republic, framed in 1875, provides a method of appealing to the people of France over the head of parliament. The method is for the president with the express approval of the senate to dissolve the chamber of deputies and call for a new general election.

It has only been employed once, and then improperly. That was when MacMahon as president in 1877 after fighting with the ministry of the day forced its resignation, appointed another ministry of his own, and then dissolved the chamber.

The people of France immediately came back by electing practically the same kind of a chamber. Otherwise it is believed there would have been a coup d'état—which MacMahon by no means would have disapproved.

The result of this imbroglio in 1877 has been to make practically no other president ever has tried to do during all the years of the Third Republic.

binded ballot of chamber and senate. But—presumably—there would be no dissolution.

The greatest political playboy of modern France—Leon Daudet—has been having the time of his life these last few weeks. He has been battering cabinets into a pulp, shouting for his king with a bull-throated roar, and laying about him on all sides with the club of his glorious (and often extremely impolite) wit.

Leon Daudet, son of Alphonse Daudet, is living proof that once in a while a great man has a great son. Robust, Gargantuan in appearance and in zest for good eating and drinking, Rabescaian in the use of his pen, this great polemicist has one devotion, the house of Bourbon; and three hatreds, the republic, Americans and prohibition.

Daudet's great mouthpiece is his newspaper, *L'Action Francaise*, which is the organ of what the philosophers of royalism describe as "Nationalisme Integral." Day by day for a score of years, this paper has been coming out, with day by day, a blast of superb invective written by Leon Daudet.

Without great weight as a moderator of political action, in ordinary times, the Daudet daily column is the most brilliant, the funniest, in Paris. Its fun is never light, but always brutal. A club to batter the heads of politicians of the republican regime, to preach the superior morals and manners of a Bourbon king.

Daudet's life has been a series of adventures. A dueler of note, he once defied the Paris police coming to arrest him and held them off from the offices of his paper (with the help of his trusty "Camelots") for several days.

The cause of this curious adventure was the tragic death of Daudet's son Philippe, 14 years old, ten years ago. The boy, a precocious lad who looked older than his years, was also a runaway. He had been known to disappear for days at a time.

The last time he did so, his distressed family began to suspect foul play. The boy's body was found in a Paris hospital. He had been shot through the head. The police verdict was suicide.

Then began Daudet's most terrible onslaught on the authorities. He began by accusing the police of having "framed" the suicide for political reasons. He continued, by accusing the police of having "planted" a letter on the youngster indicating that he had turned Communist and was leaving his family on that account.

In view of the fact that at that time Daudet was engaged in a violent attack on the government, French people began to place considerable credence in the desolate father's tremendous accusations.

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