

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

JOURNALISM'S slightly less famous Walter made a speech only the other day before the National Association of Book Publishers. I refer, of course, to the senior member of the "O. K. America!" Twins. One man's orange juice in the morning is the other's late evening Bronx. One propagandizes for a soothing lotion and the other espouses the comforting idea that we are safe in the arms of Morgan. One prepared for newspaper work by tap dancing in vaudeville and the other by a slow strip tease in the pages of the New Republic. One keeps his eye to a key-hole and the other buries his head in the sand.



Heywood Brown

In addressing the publishers, Mr. Walter Lippmann said: "If some one stood up in Washington and said, 'Let us have a press censor; he will be very liberal'—would you agree to that? You would not."

And this was a sound statement and worthy to be believed, but it came curiously from the lips of Walter Lippmann, who fathered the play-jury plan and most passionately defended this system of suppression in a group of the better sort until the whole shebang was shot from under him.

Once more I was startled when I heard the speaker of the afternoon assert, "I have no objection, of course, to general laws which apply to all business men, publishers included. I am not arguing that publishers should be exempt, let us say, from a child labor law. I am arguing that the Government, and especially executive officials, shall not make a particular law applying to newspapers."

Impossible to Pin Down

THIS fine statement of the case for a blanket prohibition of the sweating of the young would have filled me with a fine enthusiasm if it were not the fact that I well remembered the eloquent editorials which Walter Lippmann wrote in the Morning World maintaining that the child labor amendment would be a gross infringement of states' rights.

Of all the jam liberals, Mr. Lippmann is the chief exponent. These gentlemen are vigorously progressive as to any change which happened in the past and as to salutary reformation in the not too distant future. But it is always impossible to pin them down as to readjustments which may be achieved today.

But I am not so very sure that they even succeed in grasping and interpreting the significance of the snows and, more particularly, the frosts, of yesterday. In speaking of the freedom of the press, Mr. Walter Lippmann said:

"It has to be guarded, as the most sacred part of our heritage and the foundation of all our other liberties, on the presumption that not some force, or, in the midst of a crisis we cannot now foresee, attempts will be made to destroy the freedom of the press."

It is a lovely phrase—"the freedom of the press"—I wonder when we are going to have it. Mr. Lippmann might well save himself the bother of a presumption and the strain of a foreseeing by simply turning the pages of his memory book.

Has he forgotten that the freedom of the press became a pressed violet when the German hordes threatened to invade our land by marching on Liege? Is there no record in his highly organized mind of the excellent work he, himself, once did in pointing out the fantastic nature of authentic Russian news cabled here direct from Riga?

Let's Get Freedom First

I could not rise with the rest when I heard the ringing conclusion of the speaker that writers and publishers should accept no code after next June because, "no license, no decoration, no official stamp of any kind is necessary, is desirable, is consistent with the American tradition of the freedom of the press."

It is said to be a fool's task to lock a stable door after the horse has been stolen. But is it not even more aimless to padlock with pretensions a portal which has yet to know the print of any hoof? Does Mr. Lippmann really think that when he bobs up at breakfast in the daily press from Maine to California that his own fresh-minted views are wholly surrounded by other nuggets?

Where was he during the general strike in California, the campaign of Upton Sinclair and the textile strike along the seaboard? Is it possible that here and there items which he mistakes, in hasty survey for pure gold, might turn to be brass checks on closer scrutiny?

It is a fine thing to defend the freedom of the press, but it might be even finer if we could first obtain it.

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Today's Science BY DAVID DIETZ

SEISMOGRAPHS recording artificial earthquakes, delicate pendulums for measuring the force of gravity, and various magnetic and electrical detectors, are taking the place of the pick and shovel of the old mining prospector.

The 1935 prospector is a Ph. D. from some university with a training in physics, physics and mathematics.

The mineral industries of the world, according to Prof. M. King Hubbert of the department of geology of Columbia University, are entering "the epoch of geophysical prospecting."

The situation illustrates what happens in time to any branch of science. It begins in some laboratory of pure science as a search for scientific truth. The rest of the world ignores it for the most part or treats it with amused tolerance.

The years roll by and suddenly the new scientific development is found extremely useful in the business world. There is no longer any patronizing air toward it for now it is paying dividends.

Such has been the history of geophysics. It started a few decades ago when scientists felt the need of applying the methods of physics to the problems of geology. They were not thinking of petroleum or iron ore or gold.

But within the last decade it became evident that these scientists had the knowledge which the mining world needed.

NEW prospecting methods are needed because, as Prof. Hubbert points out, practically no important mineral discoveries can be expected from surface methods of prospecting.

This view is corroborated by Prof. C. K. Leith, eminent mineral authority and chairman of the Mineral Inquiry of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers.

Prof. Leith calls attention to the fact that no major mineral discovery with the exception of oil and potash has been made in the United States since 1915 or in western Europe since 1850. These are the two principal mineral districts of the world.

This means that if any major mineral deposits remain in these important districts they are not going to be found by surface prospecting. One way to make the discoveries would be by haphazardly sinking enough shafts, wells, and exploration pits. But wise business methods do not indicate that such a plan would pay.

THE other way is to make use of indirect prospecting. It is here that the methods of geophysics enter.

Artificial earthquakes are created by setting off dynamite charges. The waves are recorded upon seismographs set at different localities. From these records it is possible to plot the rock layers at considerable depths.

If one has sufficient geological knowledge he is then in a position to hazard a guess as to whether it is a good gamble to sink an exploration shaft. Minute changes in the force of gravity, recorded by the gravity pendulum, also give evidence as to the advisability of doing any drilling.

YOUNGEST TOWN RUN BY BOYS

Actual Practice in Politics Trains Lads for Future Citizenship

By NEA Service

BOYS TOWN, Neb., Jan. 19.—You've never seen a story with this dateline before. But it's correct.

Boys Town is the newest town in Nebraska. And it's aptly named, for its population is made up almost entirely of boys ranging in age from 8 to 16, about 200 of them. The Postoffice Department has recognized it as a town, and is commissioning a postmaster here.

Better known is Boys Town, perhaps, as Father Flannagan's Boys' Home—an institution started 17 years ago, 10 miles west of Omaha, by a young Irish Catholic priest, the Rev. Edward J. Flannagan.

The mail addressed to the home has been growing in volume so rapidly that it was decided to set up a postoffice here. And, since the boys felt that any community having a postoffice ought also to have a mayor and other elected officers, they are now busily engaged in setting up a "city government" and electing a complete set of officials.

In the auditorium and dormitory buildings of Boys Town there are great goings-on these days. Mass meetings, and stump speeches, and electioneering. Study of the new one-house legislature just adopted by their home state of Nebraska. The manager plan.

Election cards, printed in the institution's own printing plant by the boys themselves, are being freely passed out by the scores of boys who have already announced their hope of becoming mayor. It's the best possible training for future citizenship, and practical politicians from nearby Omaha have frequently visited Boys Town to give the youthful electioneers pointers on how to run a campaign.

In fact, so fast did the boys "catch on" to political methods that some of the candidates managed to get a "corner" on most of the Christmas candy, and when the campaign started the day after Christmas they distributed it just as older politicians pass out cigars.

And six prospective voters went to the infirmary with the stomachache, not being used to sweets in such quantities.



FATHER FLANNAGAN'S BOYS' HOME, or Boys Town, as the postal guide will soon list it, is a non-sectarian institution that has grown through many years out of Father Flannagan's fondness and sympathy for lonely, homeless boys.

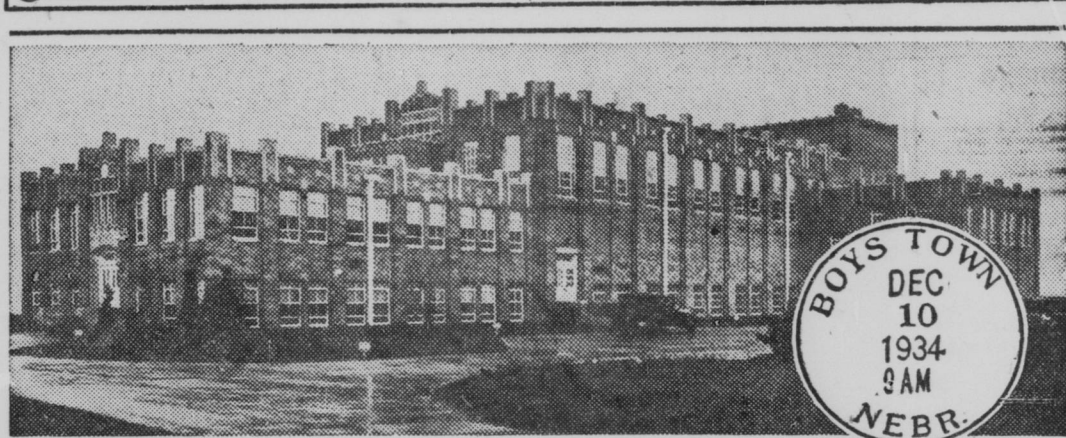
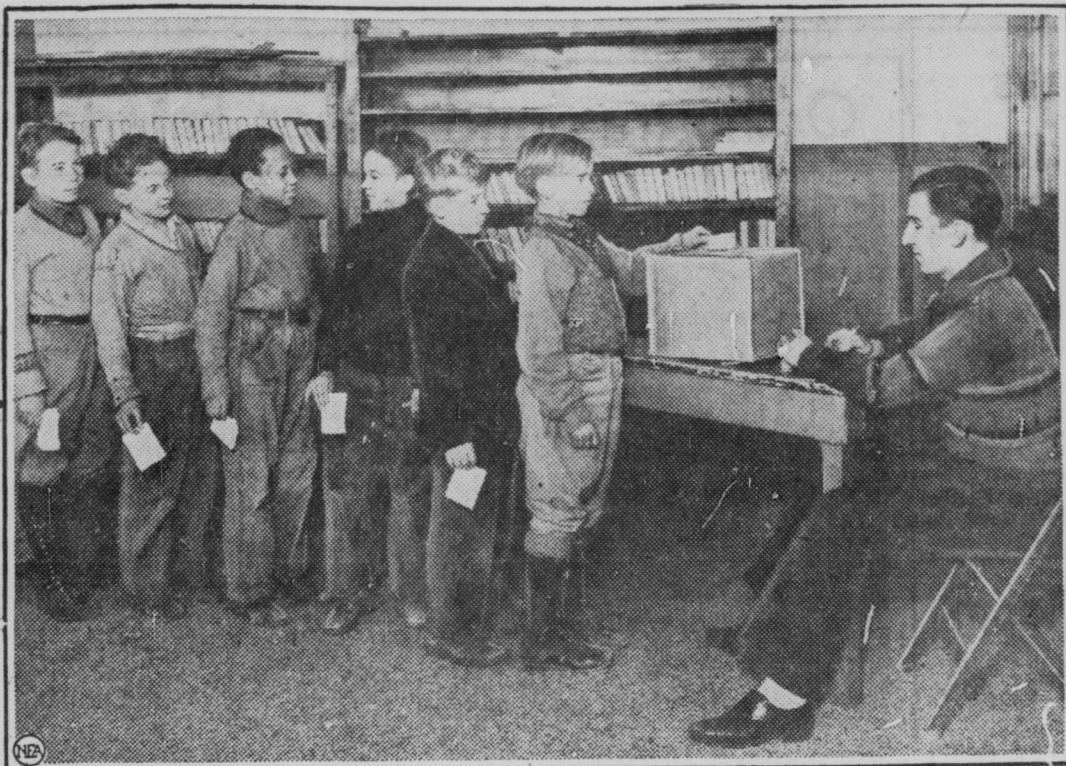
Shortly after his ordination, 20 years ago, Father Flannagan became absorbed by the procession of down-and-outers who filed daily in a sordid parade through the police courts.

He started a workingman's hotel in an effort to provide a haven for these discarded men. He made more than 2000 case records of such men who stayed at his hotel. And he found that the answer in most instances was a homeless and neglected childhood.

So he decided that the way to stop this fearful waste was to attack it at the source—to find these neglected boys and give them a better chance.

Maintaining in juvenile courts his belief that there isn't such a thing as a bad boy, Father Flannagan took home with him to his parish house three lads turned over to him by the juvenile court, and with a couple of other stray newbies who had been staying at his hotel, he moved into a large old vacant house, paying a month's rent in advance with money he borrowed.

More boys gravitated to the refuge and within four years his work had attracted such at-



Just as voters do in any "regular" town, the voters of Boys Town choose officials in their elections (top). The main building of the "town" is shown above, with its official postmark, and Father Flannagan, who started it all, is at the left.

tention that he was able to buy a farm for the home, and nine years later, to erect modern brick buildings.

Nearly two score boys, as a matter of fact, came to the haven by railroad or bus with tags pinned to their ragged clothing: "To Father Flannagan's Home," with no further explanation as to where they came from or why.

Now, after 17 years, some 3500 boys have been taken in, given schooling, care, and a start in life. Hundreds of them have

made good in after life as professional men, lawyers, doctors, dentists, and pharmacists all over the United States and Canada.

Catholic and Protestant, black and white, Mexican, Chinese, Brazilian, American Indian, boys from 48 states, it's all the same in Boys Town, whose 200 citizens now include all these categories.

Thirty-one nationalities have passed through the portals of Boys Town.

They're taught all kinds of trades, besides formal education.

Much of the food for the community is raised by the boys themselves on the farm land surrounding the buildings.

Some of the boys have won 4-H Club prizes with cattle they raised and cared for themselves. Trades and crafts like printing, carpentering and blacksmithing, are stressed.

And now politics. In the youngest town in the country, the youngest voters are campaigning to elect what will undoubtedly be the youngest mayor.

DAILY WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Despite the Supreme Court's sharp interrogation of Government counsel, the Capital is pretty well convinced it will uphold the constitutionality of the gold clause.

Reason for this confidence is not in basic law. It is based entirely on what Atty. Gen. Homer Cummings, in his tactfully worded but pointed hint to the court, described as "extreme national necessity."

In other words, the economic consequences of an adverse ruling would be so staggering that officialdom can not conceive a majority of the tribunal reversing the lower court decisions which upheld the law.

Likewise, the history of the court shows it is not entirely uninfluenced by the prospect of definitely unfavorable reaction against it if it upset the apple cart.

Basically there is only one issue at stake in the cases: Whether gold clause contracts shall be paid on the basis of \$1 or \$169—the present value of the gold dollar. The complainants can't do it without demand payment in gold as that would be manifestly impossible and the Constitution specifically gives Congress the power to "co" money and regulate the value thereof.

However, involved in this basic issue are two other factors: Whether the law is constitutional as regards contracts between private individuals or corporations.

Whether the law should apply to foreign holders of gold clause contracts.

Regarding the latter point, Justice Hughes indicated much concern.

Domestically the dollar has suffered no loss in purchasing power as a result of devaluation. But in foreign exchange it has undergone drastic shrinkage.

In some quarters it is deemed possible that the court, while upholding the validity of the law regarding domestic contract holders, may draw a distinction in the interest of foreign claimants.

DINNER table conversation in Washington requires a good memory—as a certain lady learned to her embarrassment.

She was seated next to Senator "Puddler Jim" Davis of Pennsylvania. The talk turned to the Post Office Department's efforts to stop the sale of sweepstakes and lottery tickets in the United States.

The lady was emphatic that the sale of such tickets should be stopped.

"I'm against lotteries. Aren't you, Senator?" she demanded.

An embarrassed hush descended on the table for a moment, and then some one hastily changed the subject.

Later the lady was reminded that the chunky little Pennsylvania had twice been tried for violation of the national lottery laws.

Note—The first trial ended in a mistrial, the second in an acquittal.

YOU will be hearing a lot about S-5 as Congress continues in session.

That is the official title of Senate Bill No. 5, the pure food and drug measure that has been introduced by New York's earnestly earnest Senator Royal S. Copeland.

Although not as exacting as that drafted by Brain Truster

REALTY BUILDER FILES BANKRUPTCY PETITION

H. L. Simons Lists \$146,658 Debts, \$50,080 Assets.

Listing debts of \$146,658.33, and estimated assets of \$50,080, Henry L. Simons, 5151 N. Meridian-st., builder of several residential additions in Indianapolis, filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday in Federal Court.

The petition said Mr. Simons had built the H. L. Simons sub-division in Washington Square, the Forest Ridge Addition, and the Shotwell and Stockwell Additions in this city, and several developments in Phoenix, Ariz.

He said \$121,505.42 of his debts were secured and listed the combined value of his personal property and household furniture at \$400.

LITERARY PUBLICATION APPEARS AT BUTLER

Best Works of English Students Included in Booklet.

The January issue of MMS, literary publication of the Butler University English department, is being distributed this week by Louise Dauner, editor, and her assistants. The issue contains essays, short stories and poems by 131 freshmen and 15 upper classmen.

Contents of the publication represent the best work of students in English since the publication of the November issue. The feature story is "The Feudist," by Max Stuckey, a junior. The publication is illustrated by woodcuts prepared by Larna Smith.

ONE of the pet—and frequently practiced—accomplishments of Vic Donahey, new Democratic senator from Ohio, is to break a cigar in two, stick it in his mouth and chew it complacently.

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GERMAN SOCIETIES TO HOLD FETE TOMORROW

Winter Festival Will Feature Musical Program.

The annual Winter Festival of the Indianapolis Federation of German Societies will be held at 3 tomorrow at the South Side Turner Hall. A musical program by the Indianapolis Little Symphony Orchestra and the men's and women's choruses of the local Sauerbund will be presented with a miniature German operetta and harp solos by 11-year-old Roberta May Bland.

SECOND SEMESTER TO OPEN AT LAW SCHOOL

Students to Resume Courses on Monday.

Indiana Law School's second semester, which opens Monday, will be a legal laboratory course, and a course dealing with public speaking and instruction in the mechanics of the legal profession. The first semester ended yesterday. The school is within three blocks of Federal, State and County Courts.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"I wish I had some of those smart, dark circles under my eyes."

IN OLD NEW YORK By Paul Harrison

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Harlem has changed a lot this winter. Yowzah! It isn't the same Harlem—sinister, licentious and loud. White folks aren't going much to Harlem any more, and so many of the gawdy, bawdy places have disappeared. Harlem has become respectable.

Connie's Inn, the Plantation, the Log Cabin, the Silver Grille, Mexico's—all gone. The Nest, the Lenox, the Band Box, the Clam House—gone, too. Incredible things used to happen in the Nest, where Aurelia Perry danced, if you could call it dancing. Aurelia doesn't live in Harlem any more.

Gladys Bentley, who used to sing and play so tirelessly in the Clam House, has gone plumb hinky in her shiny tuxedo suit and is a real night club entertainer.

And Tillie, who used to do the cooking, has her own place now—just a well-mannered little restaurant.

JUNGLE ALLEY (133rd-st.) doesn't seem in the least forbidding these nights. A few little places are running, but they're pure sepien and the appearance of a white person is considered something of an intrusion.

Bucks and belles still puff their marijuana cigarettes and sip their shorties of corn whiskey, but that's no longer any business of the white folks.

Tiny basement dives, dim-lighted still, have lost the studied glamour of tourist spots, and visitors are eyed hostilely as well as curiously. Fact is that these spots are much more dangerous now than in the Harlem hey-day.

Of course, a few large cabarets are still in existence. There's the famous old Cotton Club, with Cab Calloway marking the rhythms, and a floor show which strives mightily to be rowdy. Small's Paradise and the Ubangi Club, too. The elite of the black belt, together with plenty of white visitors, gather at Chez Clinton Moore—a new and openly conducted establishment—for good music and observation of extraordinary goings-on.

This isn't Dartmouth, though, but hybrid Harlem's full of mink coats and evening clothes, and accents never heard along any bayou.

GEORGETTE HARVEY, Russian-speaking Negro actress, has revived the Saturday night soirees in her upper Fifth-av apartment. And here, in the midst of every sort of spontaneous entertainment, are to be met most of Harlem's literati and its stage folk.

Dickie Wells' Theatrical Grill today has conviction that his dead brother, Isidor, had no part in the Lindbergh case.

"Are you positively sure that your brother was innocent?" he was asked at the Bronx zoo, where he had been taken for an outing by detectives.

"Yes, of course," Herr Fisch replied. "It is just foolishness what they are saying about him here. My God, the man died poor."

The detectives prevented further questioning.

REGISTRANTS WELCOME AT EXHIBITION HOUSE

Nearly One-Half of Expected 75,000 Have Signed Book.

Almost half of the 75,000 visitors expected to inspect exhibition house have registered. Mrs. Charles Voyles, Indianapolis Girl Scout commissioner, announced today.

The house is to be presented to Indianapolis Girl Scouts April 15 if the 75,000 have visited it by that time. The house, remodeled under the supervision of the Construction League, will be used by the Girl Scouts as a home-making laboratory.

FISCH INNOCENT OF KIDNAPING CHARGES, BROTHER DECLARES

By United Press

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Pinkus N. Fisch of Leipzig reiterated today his conviction that his dead brother, Isidor, had no part in the Lindbergh case.

"Are you positively sure that your brother was innocent?" he was asked at the Bronx zoo, where he had been taken for an outing by detectives.

"Yes, of course," Herr Fisch replied. "It is just foolishness what they are saying about him here. My God, the man died poor."

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Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The storehouse of the grand old sacred heritage is infested at this time with a fascinating group of free-style economists, all come to Washington to tell the Government how to divide up the money. They disagree with one another and they all claim to know all there is to know about money. One denounces Upton Sinclair for a dizzy, dreaming idealist and Father Coughlin, the radio priest of Detroit, is referred to as the mad monk. Another wants to give everybody \$500 cash out of the Treasury to put money into circulation. Another plans to give a pension of \$200 a month to every law-abiding citizen above the age of 60, but most of them scoff at this idea as a mere beginning and the unfortunate result of shallow, ignorant thinking. Between them, they would stabilize money, stabilize prices, pension everybody in the United States, including Henry Ford, Andrew Mellon and John D. Rockefeller Sr., pay the bonus, issue printing press fortunes for one and all and evaluate the humble thin dime above the \$10,000 bill because it costs more to produce the dime in the mint than it does to stamp the bill on the Government printing presses.

Certainly, somebody is rank, staring crazy and the question is not who any more, but aren't we all? They come dancing in to Washington with scrolls and pamphlets, heavily spiced with quotations from the Bible and symbols from the astrologer's cap and the phrenologist's oleo chart and they receive their hearing in a dignified room in the United States Senate office building where Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma is holding a sort of crackpots' camp meeting. The Senator is the great inflationist of the present Congress, prompting another Senator to remark that a flat tire always wants inflation.

Just Like a Deputy Sheriff

SENATOR THOMAS is an alumnus of De Pauw University, a Methodist institution at Greencastle, Ind., hardly up to Harvard or Columbia even now and a leaky-room university in his day and time. He realized early in his career that money was a debatable subject on which few people were informed to the extent of the glib, trick answers, so he specialized in money and is now an authority to the extent that nobody can answer in less than a million words the trick question, "What is money?"

It is a good specialty which Senator Thomas has developed and when he calls his conference of those who are designated on the newspaper assignment books, "The Money Nuts," he draws together an aggregation of economic pink elephants, barking ducks and all such economic heebie-jeebies who claim to represent 75,000,000 Americans, all told.

And these 75,000,000 do not include the 25,000,000 members of Dr. Frank Townsend's wishing ring, as a body because the good wishes are not participating. Old Dr. Townsend has more urgent business. He is busy elsewhere shoving his old-age revolving pension plan into the hands of the House of Representatives like a deputy sheriff forcing a subpoena on a sullen defendant. However, his plan and his following are represented.

Every plan and every wishing ring in the whole country, baffled and beleaguered population of the United States is represented among the 75,000,000 citizens, more or less, and these Huey Long's vague and mocking program which merely promises to "share the wealth" without going into details. It does not include Huey in the flesh, however. He is not dividing up his show.

They All Know About It

OLD Senator Borah, one of the few statesmen in the capitol who can read a suburban time table without sending for an expert from the Treasury Department, sits in for a while with the money nuts, but his mouth falls agape and he is absolutely stopped for once in his life when a self-taught economist gives him a crushing answer.

His opponent in this debate is Professor Samuel Bottomley, 70-odd years old, who calls himself on his professional card, a natural economist and social engineer and president of the American Society of Martians, with headquarters in Mars. Professor Bottomley says that if you can stabilize the price of a postage stamp at two cents you can stabilize wheat at two dollars.

"But you can't do that," says Senator Borah. Professor Bottomley turns a plying gaze on the old war-horse and says, "Men who say 'it can't be done' in the modern world are constantly being embarrassed by somebody doing it."

Senator Borah wags his head and lets it go but he does not come back for the afternoon session. He can not speak their language.

Professor Bottomley, always glad to throw light on darkness, comes to your correspondent to explain his Martian plan of economy and begins by stating that he knows more about money than any other man on earth because he has made a personal study ever since he quit work in 1896 with a fortune of \$90,000 and took up the theory of money while living on the substance.

The theory outlasted the substance so he is now on the dole, at \$4.18 a week, in Newark, N. J.

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Your Health BY DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

IF you are rheumatic, you should be particularly watchful of your personal hygiene. This means enough fresh air and sunshine, enough bathing, adequate clothing, and a job which will minimize exposure to heat and cold, particularly to sudden alternation of temperature.

The teeth should have regular attention by a competent dentist and a toothbrush must be used regularly.

A great deal has been said about the use of various vaccines and serums, or so-called "shots," in treatment of rheumatic disorders. Unfortunately, no single germ has been incriminated as the cause of rheumatic conditions in all cases.

Therefore, two types of vaccines are used—one involving germs taken from infections in various parts of the body, including occasionally the joints themselves, and the other, mixtures of germs taken from various cases of arthritis and cultivated in the usual way.

SOME authorities insist that use of specific germs is not necessary and that primarily the reaction in the body of the patient brings about benefit. Such reactions are produced by injection of any protein substance as, for example, heated milk or non-specific vaccines.

To attack the disease, attempts have also been made to use transfusions of blood from other persons and injections of the patient's own blood into his body. This latter method is a mild form of non-specific protein therapy, bringing about a reaction in the patient's body.

The drugs that have been used in treatment of arthritis are legion, most of them employed because they relieve pain. There is no reason why a person should suffer pain while undergoing treatment. The right drugs properly administered will do much to keep the patient in comfort.

A MORE recent method includes application of hot paraffin baths with a temperature from 113 to 130 degrees sustained from 5 to 20 minutes. Moreover, it is possible to obtain generalized heating by passing electrical currents through the tissues against resistance.

Again it should be emphasized that the frame of mind of the patient is of utmost significance. This attitude for the cures said to be brought about by laying on the hands, twisting the feet, prayer, changing shoes, and by all sorts of similar measures.

A well known authority has said that hopefulness and patience, physical treatment, sunlight, fresh air, good hygiene, massage, and good food will bring about benefit in the vast majority of patients and that removal of mental and physical overactivity, freedom from worry, building up of general resistance will take care of a good many more.