

# It Seems to Me

by  
HEYWOOD BROUN

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 keyhole and the other buries his head in the sand.

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 new 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 newsmen."

## 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 some time or other, in the midst of a crisis we can not 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 foreseen 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 protestations a portal which has yet to know the print of any hoof. Does Mr. Lippmann really think that when he bows 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 not 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 geology, physics and mathematics.

The mineral industries of the world, according to Prof. M. King Hubert 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. Hubert 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, reflected 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.

Electoral cards, printed in the institution's own printing plant by the boys themselves, are being freely passed out by the score 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 stomach-ache, not being used to sweets in such quantities.

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



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-outs who filed daily in a sorbide 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.

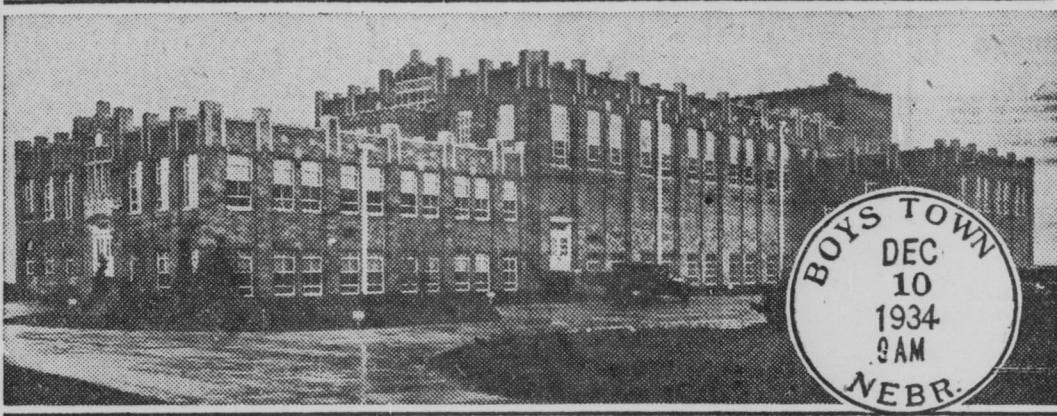
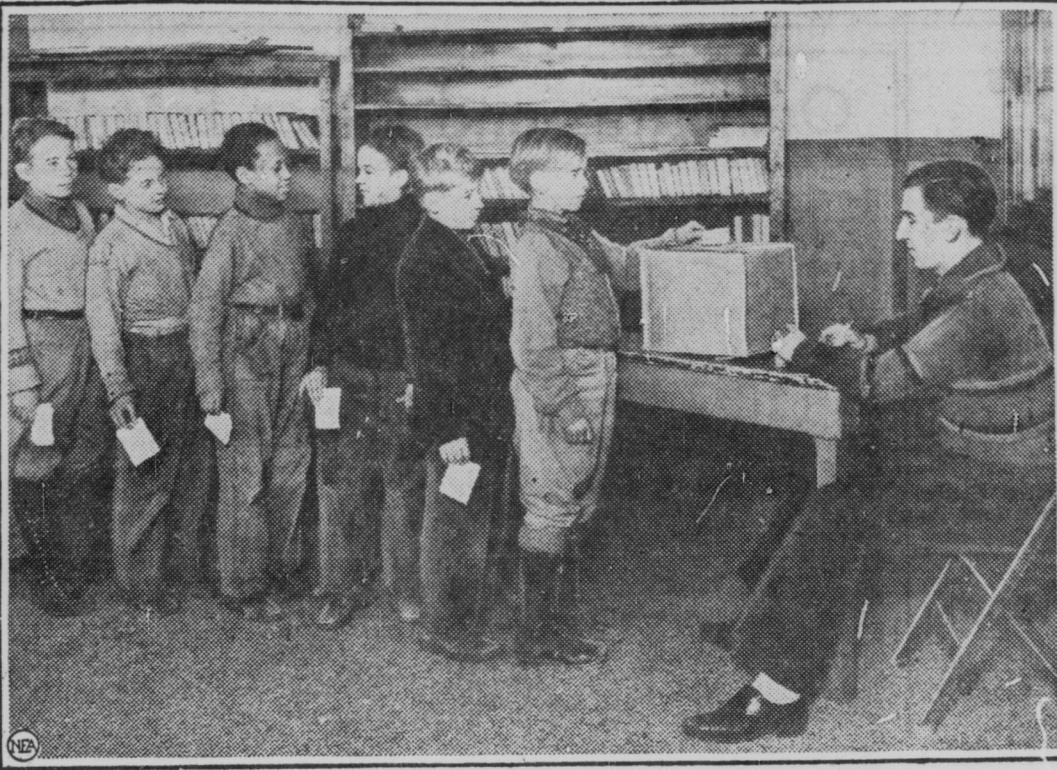
Maintaining in juvenile courts his belief that "there isn't such a thing as a bad boy," Father Flannagan took home with him to his parish house three lads turned over to him by the juvenile court, and with a couple of other stray newsies who had been staying at his hotel, he moved into a large old vacant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

Their first Christmas dinner came out of a barrel of sauerkraut which a friend sent to the "home."

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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.

tion 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 professionals, men, lawyers, doctors, dentists, and pharmacists all over the United States and Canada.

Catholic and Protestant, black and white, Mexican, Chinese, Bulgarian, 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 young town in the country, the youngest voters are campaigning to elect what will undoubtedly be the youngest mayor.

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.

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JUNGLE ALLEY (133rd-st.)

doesn't seem in the least forbidding these nights. A few little places are running, but they're pure sepias 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 whisky, but that's no longer any business of the white folks.

Tiny basement dives, dim-lit, still have lost the studied glamour of tourist spots, and visitors are eyed hostilely as well as

IN OLD NEW YORK  
By Paul Harrison

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Harlem has changed a lot this winter. Yowsh! 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 gaudy, 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 hinkly 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.

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GOREGETTE HARVEY, Russi-

an-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

is as raucous as usual, with the hysterical orchestra alternately blowing its kazoo and sucking its bottles of lightning.

An ex-truck driver who prefers to be known under the name of a blonde movie star, sings and sways in a beaded evening gown. And customers rise and writhe to the barbaric rhythms.

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FISCH INNOCENT OF  
KIDNAPING CHARGES,  
BROTHER DECLares

By United Press

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Pinsky 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."

The detectives prevented further questioning.

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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 Voiles, Indianapolis Girl Scout commission, 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.

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A MORE recent method includes application of

hot paraffin baths with a temperature from 118

to 130 degrees sustained from 5 to 20 minutes. Moreover, it is possible to obtain