

It Seems to Me

By

Heywood Broun

EVERY now and then somebody complains about one of his friends and says: "The poor fellow lives vicariously. He gets all his thrill and romance out of reading books."

This may not be the best way of life, but it is far from the worst. If none of us had the ability to project himself into a printed story or across the footlights during a play there would be an end to literature and drama. And, for that matter, there wouldn't be much music or painting. In fact, all the arts are maintained by the enthusiasm of those who feel that their own existence ought to be a little more exciting.

General Hugh S. Johnson used to be my favorite character in fiction, but I've given him up and gone back to D'Artagnan. He is the musketeer for me, because he forever was fighting duels with people or stabbing them or riding at top speed over lonely roads at night in order to save a woman's honor.

I believe that I glory in D'Artagnan because of my own utter inability to do anything with a sword. Beyond self-inflicted razor wounds, no blood has been shed by me. Horseback riding equally is foreign to my experience, and I have done nothing to protect the name of any woman.

Training for the Young

IF I had a lot of small children I'd send them all to see farces of the bolder sort. The little girls I'd ship to watch May West on stage or screen. The boys I'd send around to "She Loves Me Not." You see, I would much prefer to have them go to Princeton vicariously.

Manners and veracity and all the minor amenities are things which people learn slowly and painfully. Even the worst of us are not so bad that the observer only will look back to the time when we were very young and wholly terrible. Community life demands certain sacrifices, particularly as the pressure of civilization increases. Then men of a primitive tribe do not get up in a subway to give their seats to ladies. They have no subways and no hats, if you want to quibble like that, but the matter goes much deeper.

Once everybody was primitive, and even the most intensive training can not wholly obliterate the old longing to be done with strange and self-imposed trappings. These things are not to be beaten out of anybody. When a boy gets spanked he may conform, but he is not convinced. His eagerness to do whatever it was he was spanked for remains undiminished.

Lazy Way of Adventure

WHY should I? Let D'Artagnan do it. When he gallops I ride, too, clattering along at breakneck speed between ghostly lines of trees. Only there is no ache in my legs the next morning, or ache in my heart, for that matter. Both the beast and the beauty I have conquered vicariously. I think I hear you say that there are better ways. I'm not denying that, but if I can't have my cake I'd rather read a menu than go completely hungry.

Whenever a youngster steals anything or a wife runs away from home the motion pictures are blamed. I doubt their culpability, but in any case give some consideration to the numbers whom they must have saved from degradation and dishonesty. Evil and prankish instincts are in the minds of all of us, but they are drained off as we watch the minxes or puppets in their play.

What other reason would there be for the traditional popularity of Punch and Judy as a show for tiny tots? I wouldn't ask that without having an answer ready at hand. The fact is that next to an American bushman a small child is the most savage person now living on this earth. He is full of malice and gory intent.

It wouldn't be safe to have a 4-year-old youngster in any house whose means were not provided for his upbringing and satisfaction. It is better that Punch should beat the life out of Andrew Jackson's little Lionel should kick pins in the legs of his sister Alice. When he's a little older he can be sent to watch Jimmy Cagney, and this sort of training may keep him appeased sufficiently so that he can play the role of little gentleman in front of company without seeming a most unconvincing ham.

A Fearful Punishment

IN my school the boy who would be caned in other establishments would be sent right out to see some bloody film about gangsters and bandits. That would bring his baser instincts right out to the surface and through the pores of the skin. Chastisement merely drives them in deeper.

Today the son of this sire, Har-

ONE REASON FOR BIRD HUNTING**Indiana Kennel Boasts of Its Famed Setters and Pointers**

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BY LEFTY LEE
Times Hunting Editor

BIRD hunters outnumber the rabbit and coon hunters about two to one, and the chief reason for this is the bird dog, the setter and the pointer.

Down in the picturesque hills of Jennings county, just south and west of the snuggling town of Vernon, on the banks of the beautiful Muscatatuck river, the Harder kennels, one of the most famous in the state of Indiana, catering to bird dog lovers exclusively, has some of the finest specimens of pointers, English, Llewellyn and Gordon setters to be found anywhere in the world.

Some years ago the founder of these kennels imported what is now known as the Uncas pointer.

THE space is unlimited and the runs are the largest of any kennel in the state, several of them having room for as many as fifteen dogs.

Their freedom tends to keep the dogs in wonderful condition and

Upper Left—Queenie, English setter, one of the most lovable dogs bred.

Upper Center—Fannie, Llewellyn setter, another popular breed.

Center Left—Harder's Uncas Ace, the sire of this dog gave the Harder kennels their place high in

the ranking of bird dog kennels.

Lower Left—Rebel, his pedigree name is Snowdon Prince Lucifer, one of the best bench dogs ever to take a blue ribbon.

Center Right—T. J. Driver with his favorite, Rebel, begging for some of the ever present chow, bred at the Harder kennels. Rebel

is the owner of quite a few of these trophies.

Lower Center—Redwing, another popular dog at the kennels.

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