

It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

MY dictionary says—"in-ev-i-ta-bi-le)—adj.—That cannot not be shunned, avoided, or prevented; bound to happen or be met with in the very nature of things; unavoidable; as, the inevitable conflict."

I wish that some of my radical, my liberal and my conservative friends would familiarize themselves with this definition. Very often I am asked by one group or another to join in meetings which are called to protest against "the inevitable world war which is upon us."

If hostilities are unavoidable I'm not interested. I can not become enthusiastic about prospectuses which are issued upon the notion that after one more round this tragic folly shall not occur again. It is my belief that after another general conflict the only convention to be called will include the vultures, the buzzards and the scarlet poppies. I can not see eye to eye with those who feel that after another thing the world can be made over. There won't be enough left.

Not Utterly an Idiot

ALTHOUGH both sentimental and romantic, I am not sufficiently naive to deny that another war is possible. I will go further. It seems to me that another war is distinctly probable. The whole lineup of the nations is propitious for conflict. The stage is set even more completely for hostilities than it was in 1914.

But this second world war is not inevitable. It is within the power of mankind to prevent it. Wars are made by man. They do not fall under the de-finitist phrase which classifies other catastrophes as "acts of God."

I won't fight. Now if that is true of you and you and you, there will be no war. Of course, I have read that the attitude of nonresistant pacifism is old-fashioned. I have even heard it pointed out that it plays into the hands of the war makers.

The Boys Grow Colder

SOME very stalwart pacifists have abandoned their position within the last few years. Professor Einstein weakened a little while ago and confessed a willingness to arm against the Nazis. Here in America that old war horse, Roger Baldwin, did a complete right about face and announced that he would not refuse to wear the uniform in the event of another conflict. He admitted that he had been converted to the Communist position, which holds that a non-resistant is a little more harmful than a man with a bayonet in the first wave.

Although I have read much about the new-fangled notion, it may be that I misunderstood it because it seems to me so very silly. The people who call conscientious objectors, romantic fools assert that those who are against war should sign up and then bore from within. If you go to Leavenworth or Atlanta you lose contact with the masses and become quite useless in the movement.

At least that is the way the argument runs. But I doubt whether any of the people who advance this suggestion are at all familiar with the psychology or the physical formation of an army. When war comes it is extremely difficult for any citizen behind the lines to express himself. The preachers and the publishers are under careful scrutiny. They must either wave the flag or stand stock still. But where on earth did anybody get the idea that somewhere within the army ranks free fortunes and Sunday night debating societies have existed?

Without Benefit of Agitators

EVEN the agitator who speaks carefully behind the palm of his hand is likely to be detected. The most difficult was to make a protest against armed conflict lies with those who are already signed up with the organization.

And I think there is another valid objection. Very few of us are 100 per cent proof against the sound of life and drum. A heavy drum seduces civilians in time of war and makes them shout "Hip, hip, hooray!" But the lure of the infantry and the cavalry and the engineers is still more potent. But the children of this world, I warn you, dread the fire. Don't think that you can put on khaki and still avoid its subtle seduction.

The Effect of a Belt

WHEN, as a war correspondent, I was instructed to wear a Sam Browne belt I came closer to militarism than I have since or ever expect to be again. Indeed, I knew a radical who in a trench picked up a rifle and fired at men who were not foe at all according to his philosophy.

I believe that those who hate war should keep away from the sound of the bugles. I believe that they should cease to go about saying: "It's too bad, but inevitable."

Who says that it is inevitable? You and your friend on the corner! All right, I'll get 302 to cry you down. Possible? Yes. Probable? No. I am afraid so. But mention "inevitable" and the many millions of us will reply: "You can't make war without us and you can't make war with us. We've made up our minds—no more war."

"Inevitable!" Oh, yeah!

(Copyright, 1934, by The Times)

Your Health

—BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN—

WHETHER you live in a rural community or in a large city, the health of your family and those about you depends upon the effective control of disease and epidemics by your local health department.

In larger cities, in fact, it is only the work of their modern health organizations that makes it possible to live there.

Control of epidemics, of diseases carried by contaminated foods, milk and water, proper disposal of sewage, adequate ventilation and the smoke nuisance, all are problems which come under the scope of the health department.

When each of these measures of sanitation was installed, it was reflected very promptly by a definite lowering in disease and death rates. With these improvements life expectancy at birth has risen by more than a score of years.

If continued progress is to be made, there must be continued expenditures as new causes of death and diseases are determined. Now it has become possible for health departments to state very definitely that certain minimum standards must be observed or the health department of the community is a failure.

A low infant mortality rate, a low death rate from typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria, and prevention of epidemics and plagues are matters which can be controlled scientifically.

In these times taxpayers are subject to great burdens. Nevertheless, you, as a taxpayer, should realize that the money spent for prevention of disease probably brings a greater return for each dollar than money spent in any other way.

BECAUSE of the stringent economic conditions, the budgets of health departments have suffered along with the others. However, they suffer far more than do other departments of the government, simply because it has been exceedingly difficult in the past to get sufficient money to permit any health department to perform, to the fullest extent, what it might accomplish.

It has been said repeatedly that public health is a purchasable commodity. The amount of money spent for health purposes is reflected very promptly in the death rates in the community.

In times of economic depression dangers from poverty, worry and malnutrition are increased. Therefore, in those times public health departments have to be organized and operated much more efficiently than at any other period.

'WE MAKE YOUR NEWSPAPER'

Our 'Off the Backboard' Likes to Dash Off Poetry

Following is the eleventh of The Times' popular series on the members of its editorial staff. Today's article tells about Carlos Lane, assistant sports editor of The Times.

BY NORMAN ISAACS
Times News Editor

THE Tech-Shortridge basketball game was coming up and on Monday, Carlos Lane, assistant sports editor of The Indianapolis Times and conductor of that ever-popular basketball column, "Off the Backboard," told his readers that he would tell them his choice on Thursday.

On Tuesday, Carlos chuckled over the letters piled up on his desk, but on Wednesday he came to the office with a worried look on his face. He felt anything but chipper, and on Wednesday afternoon, Carlos was rushed to Methodist hospital for an appendectomy.

Thursday morning at 7 the phone rang.

"This is the Methodist hospital," said a voice-with-a-smile, "Mr. Lane wants us to inform the person who will write his column who he is picking Tech."

"How is he?" we wanted to know.

"Mr. Lane has just come out of the anesthetic," said the voice-with-a-smile. "His condition is good. His only word is that he is picking Tech."

And that is the newspaper version of the stage's famous law that "The play must go on!"

ONCE upon a time Carlos Lane played the role of a rollicking young man-about-town. The office never could be sure whether he would show up for work or not, but the years have drummed some common sense into Mr. Lane's blond head and, now 26, he's developed into a dependable, chummy "working man."

Young Mr. Lane used to be attracted by the bright lights, but office lights now beckon and he heeds.

Carlos, born in the general vicinity of Wabash—he thinks it was Lincolnville—talks in a deep bass voice and he laughs almost continually.

He goes in for fancy colored shirts.

He loves books, but mostly good books.

He loves flying.

And he likes to write poetry!

CARLOS insists that he's never seen his birthplace. He knows that his father labored behind a shingle labeled "Physician and surgeon" in Lincolnville, and he says that a few years ago on a flying trip he noticed that his course lay directly over the place. Naturally, he looked for it.

"An elm tree hid it from view," laughs Carlos.

Carl's father, the late Dr. Carlos Lane, moved his family to Ligonier, where young Carlos, to the despair of most of the city-berry, grew up. Carl's mother still resides in that charming little northern Indiana city.

Young Mr. Lane revealed hints early that he had no intention of following his father in knife-wielding, and in the eighth grade collaborated in writing a play for his literary society, an opus distinguished by the amount and novel means of bloodshed.

Mr. Lane admits that the action made the traditional "Terrible Turk" look like a Boy Scout.

Carl continued his scribbling in high school and finally, in 1923, Ligonier high school handed him a roll of paper done up in black and gold ribbon. In the fall he entered Notre Dame—an institu-

tion to which he still reveals traces of ardent loyalty—and worked on the old Notre Dame Daily and Scholastic.

One of his Notre Dame professors assigned an original short story as part of the month's work. Carlos never completed his work. He couldn't hand in anything, as he had nothing.

Wondering what the quarter's grade would look like, Carlos one day met his professor coming down the hall.

"Well, thought Carl, 'here it comes. No yarn. No pass.'"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Lane," said the professor, smiling. "That was a splendid story you wrote. It's the best thing you've ever done."

Carl pulled at his ear, looked at his professor quizzically. He could see the professor was sincere—but laboring under a false impression.

"Yes," answered Carl finally, "I think so, too."

He still does.

CARLOS can write beautifully—and at times does. The day Knute Rockne lost his life in that tragic plane crash at Bazar, Kan., Carl sat at his typewriter and wrote for The Times the most beautiful, plaintive, and majestic story of Knute Rockne's passing any paper in the United States ever printed. We think so, anyway.

In left a lump in our throats and we in the office never think of that tragic airplane crash without remembering Carl Lane's story.

But he has done other things for The Times.

He covered the southern Indiana flood by plane in 1930.

He covered the Marion lynching, the Marverine Appel murder in South Bend; the Rockne funeral, the Virgil Kirkland trial for the slaying of Arlene Draves, and almost a dozen bank robberies.

Carl broke into the newspaper business in an odd manner. Driving through Mishawaka shortly after leaving Notre Dame, he halted to chat a minute with a former classmate, who was work-

ing for the Mishawaka Daily Enterprise.

"Want a job?" asked Carl's friend.

"Sure," said Carl. "Where is it?"

The old pal was leaving and so Carl took the job. It was one of those newspaper offices where one is everything from copy boy to city editor, and in between covers police, city hall, hospitals, industries and the bi-monthly Fellowship dinner.

Two years later, Carl graduated to the South Bend papers, the News-Times and the Tribune. When a friend of his left the Lansing (Mich.) Capital News, just across the state line, Carl sortied out and took the job as police reporter.

IN May, 1929, he came to The Times and sat on the rewrite desk for six months and on the city desk proper for two years. Then he was transferred to the



Carlos Lane, who is "Off the Backboard" six days a week in The Indianapolis Times, is smiling over what he thinks is an appropriate quip for his column.

ing for the Mishawaka Daily Enterprise.

"Want a job?" asked Carl's friend.

"Sure," said Carl. "Where is it?"

The old pal was leaving and so Carl took the job. It was one of those newspaper offices where one is everything from copy boy to city editor, and in between covers police, city hall, hospitals, industries and the bi-monthly Fellowship dinner.

Two years later, Carl graduated to the South Bend papers, the News-Times and the Tribune. When a friend of his left the Lansing (Mich.) Capital News, just across the state line, Carl sortied out and took the job as police reporter.

IN May, 1929, he came to The Times and sat on the rewrite desk for six months and on the city desk proper for two years. Then he was transferred to the

federal building, where he served two months. He worked two months on the copy desk, and then turned photographer. For six months he toiled as the demon photographer. Then he left, only to return last year as assistant sports editor.

His qualifications for the job? He says himself that he made all the second and third teams in everything that you can think of.

He sits across the desk from Eddie Ash, The Times sports editor, and takes advice from that veteran of sports.

But before we close let us tell you the prize story about Mr. Lane, your friend and our friend.

The day a bandit gang held up the Clinton (Ind.) bank and held off a posse with a machine gun mounted in a car, Carl dashed off to Clinton in a National Guard plane.

The plane veered over to Sidell, Ill., arriving there just after three of the bandits had been killed and two others captured.

Chortling gleefully, Carl trained his camera on all and sundry. He took pictures of practically everybody in the posse, of the guns, the shooting scene, and everything you could imagine.

Smiling complacently, he loaded his camera into the plane and back to Indianapolis they flew. Carl blissfully dreaming of his city editor's whoop of joy when he would see the magnificent photographic display.

Down to Stout field swooped the airplane and into the hangar it taxied. Down jumped Carl. As he lifted the camera out, the plate magazine came open and down on to the hangar floor crashed a dozen prized plates.

Carl sat on a box, chin in hand and stared at the plates.

"You should never cry over spilled milk," he told Lieutenants Robert Taylor and Matt Carpenter, "but in just what way shall I word that when I tell the city editor?"

Next—He covers the courthouse.

The Theatrical World

Marionettes Win Plaudits in New Lilian Harvey Production; 'Son of Kong' Is Just a Headache, Declares Times Critic

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

FOR the first time in the movies, marionettes are as important in the cast as the actors themselves.

In announcing "I Am Suzanne," Lilian Harvey is listed as the star, but the fact remains that Podrecca's Pencil marionettes or puppets are the real stars.

Miss Harvey is less annoying and less camera conscious in "I Am Suzanne" than in previous pictures. It is a wonder if she ever lives down such a weak story as "My Lips Betray," but the younger people, those between the ages of 16 and 22, seem to be attracted to the pictures. That is noticeable in every audience which sees "Suzanne" at the Apollo this week.

"I Am Suzanne" is a mighty fine all-family theater with the marionettes doing opera and gigantic stage dance numbers just as if they were human beings.

The story is built around the marionettes because the hero, Tony, played in romantic matinee style by Gene Raymond, loves them more than he does Suzanne, played by Miss Harvey.

The puppets representing Miss Harvey, Mr. Raymond, Charles Chaplin, Will Rogers and the others are masterpieces. They actually are lifelike.

The puppets act like the originals and those responsible for recreating the voices are splendid. Mr. Raymond turns out to be a good mimic.

It is a sweet, but not too sweet, love story, which is built up around Suzanne and Tony. When Suzanne (a tight wire walker and dancer) falls and becomes a cripple, it is Tony and his friends who nurse her back to health.

Tony considers Suzanne just a marionette and Suzanne becomes jealous of the puppet because she wants to receive the kisses of Tony and not the puppet.

Here is a Pollyanna story that is not too sticky. It is comfortable entertainment and proves that marionettes may be great entertainers.

Leslie Banks is very effective as the old-fashioned villain, the manager of Suzanne. Watch his crooked eyes. It's quite a trick of makeup.

Miss Harvey is miles away from being a good actress. At this stage of her development, she is just cute.

Now on view at the Apollo.

Here's an Insidy Story

THE most insidly story I ever have seen on the screen is "Son of Kong."

Exhibitors all over the country

wrote off a lot of red on their books when they exhibited "King Kong."

"King Kong" was a mechanical marvel with its mountain of a big ape called "King Kong" and many prehistoric animals.

The destruction of certain parts of New York City by King Kong at the end of the picture were marvelous in faked photography.

Where the movie "King Kong" had imagination and fine technical accomplishments, "Son of Kong" is just a mess, so far as the story is concerned. Part of the photography is good, but the story is so utterly impossible that I had to laugh when I was supposed to be thrilled.

"Son of Kong" is a sissy compared to his old man. I expected to see Kong Jr., expose a slave bracelet any second and if he had worn a red tie, I would have collapsed.

Somebody out in Hollywood must think that movie audiences have the minds of 4-year-olds. I apologize to any 4-year-olds for that statement.

Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack struggle helplessly with sad material. The picture seems to be a total loss.

Now at the Indiana.

Miss Hopkins Is Splendid

THROUGH the medium of several exciting and rather tragic events, "All of Me," renamed and taken from the New York stage success, "Chrysalis," proves the simple fact that real love is the same in either the high or low social plane. But the fact that it is proved to a very frightened-at-life little girl provides the meat which fills out the bones of this piece.

The girl, Lydia Darrow, played in a wonderful way by Miriam Hopkins, feels that she is in love with a promising young professor of her engineering class in college. But when he, Don Ellis, played by Fredric March, gets an opportunity to strike out for himself in an engineering enterprise in the west, and he offers Lydia the opportunity of becoming his life partner in the big game of existence, she fools herself into thinking she is doing the right thing and tricks him into giving up his enterprise by telling him that she is to have a baby.

This, of course, changes his mind until he discovers that she has tricked him and then, in a grand and glorious he-man manner, the professor tells his pretty maid that she is afraid of losing her social prestige, scared of losing her clothes, money and com-

ing for the Mishawaka Daily Enterprise.

"Want a job?" asked Carl's friend.

"Sure," said Carl. "Where is it?"

The old pal was leaving and so Carl took the job. It was one of those newspaper offices where one is everything from copy boy to city editor, and in between covers police, city hall, hospitals, industries and the bi-monthly Fellowship dinner.

Two years later, Carl graduated to the South Bend papers, the News-Times and the Tribune. When a friend of his left the Lansing (Mich.) Capital News, just across the state line, Carl sortied out and took the job as police reporter.

IN May, 1929, he came to The Times and sat on the rewrite desk for six months and on the city desk proper for two years. Then he was transferred to the

federal building, where he served two months. He worked two months on the copy desk, and then turned photographer. For six months he toiled as the demon photographer. Then he left, only to return last year as assistant sports editor.

His qualifications for the job? He says himself that he made all the second and third teams in everything that you can think of.

He sits across the desk from Eddie Ash, The Times sports editor, and takes advice from that veteran of sports.

But before we close let us tell you the prize story about Mr. Lane, your friend and our friend.

The day a bandit gang held up the Clinton (Ind.) bank and held off a posse with a machine gun mounted in a car, Carl dashed off to Clinton in a National Guard plane.

The plane veered over to Sidell, Ill., arriving there just after three of the bandits had been killed and two others captured.

love for Don. The ending is both tragic and satisfactory.

The work of Miss Hopkins is superb. Her wistful charm fits the part and she puts her character across. But close upon her heels comes the splendid portrayal of the charming little actress, Helen Mack, gives of the Utopian lover, Eve Haron. Federic March's acting is without a flaw and Raft is up to his usual par.

Although there is something of a new note struck in this movie story, it is the fine acting of this cast that puts the play across.

Now at the Circle.—(By The Observer)

More Romance on a Bus

IN "Cross Country Cruise," at the Lyric, we have another Odyssey of an oddly assorted group, California-bound. The pace of this "Grand Hotel" on wheels is swift; there are laughs throughout, with an extra quota for those who can appreciate puns.

Romance boards the bus in New York with the wealthy young

man, played by Lew Ayres, who is headed for a western lumber camp, and blond Sue Fleming, acted by June Knight, who expects to be married at the end of the trip. The man whom she plans to marry is a fellow passenger who turns out to be only a petty racketeer, but who already has a wife. These are Alan Dinehart and Minna Gombell.

Things go fairly well until the bus reaches Denver, where Dinehart, for the sake of simplicity, finds it expedient to commit murder. When the law catches up with the travelers, things begin to look pretty black for Sue, but the sleuthing by Ayres results in justice being done, though not until the bus and a police airplane have been wrecked in a spectacular scene.

Miss Knight is, of course, rescued from the debris by Mr. Ayres and eventually find happiness in the lumber camp.

While all this is going on, Eugene Pallette, as self-appointed courier, furnishes many good laughs. Alice White, show girl, promotes herself passage from coast to coast by finding favor with the bus drivers; manages to get herself engaged to Pallette only to find that he is wanted as a bigamist. Although "Cross Country Cruise" is fast-moving and at times exciting, it is nothing out of the ordinary.

Bill Teleak, late of Earl Carroll's Vanities, heads "Frivolities of Today" on the stage, which is well above the average run for local vaudeville. Teleak, with his droll jokes and ridiculous falls draws many laughs and he tops the act off with an able encore.

Rod and Morley Carter, assisted by the Danne Sisters, prove themselves to be infectious comedians with a wealth of good stories well told.

Fid Gordon does amazing things with his violin. It appears that it doesn't much matter what he does with it, he gets alleged music as the result. The three Vanderbilt boys are back again—this time with even more collegiate capering and less of what generously might be classified as singing.

Millie and Cappy contribute several tap dance numbers. Dorcis and Eddie, dance team, and Ruth Racette with her songs, remain for the second week, the dancers exhibiting a much better performance than before.

And still the streamline chorus improves, being at their best this week in a tableau and dance in front of a back drop which is a notable reproduction, in color and lighting, of Maxfield Parrish's "Daybreak."

Now at the Lyric. (By the observer.)

"Roman Scandals" now is on view at the Palace. Eddie Cantor is the star. It has been reviewed in this department. It is doing tremendous business.

Burlesque is on view at the Mutual and Colonial.

"I don't know—I just don't seem to enjoy anything anymore."

Fair Enough

By
Westbrook Pegler

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Not since Mr. Roosevelt took office last March have I read in the papers of Mr. Will Rogers having dropped in on the President to crack a few jokes, as he would put it, and my friends among the Washington journalists now advise me that, as court jester, Mr. Rogers definitely is out.

I do not know whether this would be any blow to Mr. Rogers, who seems to be doing very well for himself in the moving pictures, but I suppose it would be likely to have an effect on him as a newspaper syndicate feature. After all, it was something to be a syndicate feature with a latch-string invitation to the White House through two administrations. Mr. Rogers never did claim outright that he spoke for the President in the time of Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Hoover, but there was a sort of feeling that he was the folksy, popular interpreter for two men who were not, themselves, on very chummy terms with the citizens. I know that if I were a syndicate salesman, rattling around the country with a briefcase full of comic strips and moral and philosophical canned-goods, I would not fall to mention that this one here, now, this little fifty-word feature, often contained a distinct White House flavor or gave off a White House odor or some such matter as that.

There was a while there, shortly after Mr. Roosevelt was nominated when it looked as though a comedian named Eddie Dowling had the inside track and would become the court jester of the new deal. The approach is on me, I suppose, and not on Mr. Dowling, that I never have been quite able to place him. It seems to me that there is always a comedian named Eddie Dowling and this one lacked identity with me. I do remember that he was the young man who hopped up on the speakers' bridge at the Democratic convention in Chicago that morning when the leading statesmen went off to the Congress hotel to decide on Mr. Roosevelt as the peoples' choice. Young Mr. Dowling stepped up there just as he was, without so much as a wad of gum, a bang of hair over his eyes or a single, home-spun, philosophical "aint" and conducted a children's hour, ad lib. He introduced various persons of the type known as celebrity and uttered a series of remarks in the manner commonly described as running fire.

It is my recollection that Mr. Rogers was present at the time and that when they turned the convention over to this Mr. Dowling I made a mental note that this action definitely pegged Mr. Rogers as a Republican humorist. True, in his act he had always referred to "us Democrats."

Rogers Served Two Presidents

BUT he had served, so to speak, in two Republican administrations and his great personal wealth and his social intimacy with all the noted Republican statesmen of the time seemed to identify him with the Republican party.

But, although Mr. Dowling appeared in the news with Mr. Roosevelt now and again during the next few months, he quietly dropped back after inauguration day and he never did quite accede to the post, the prerogatives and the perquisites of the court jester. Possibly he decided that humor should be nonpartisan and declined to limit himself to a Democratic following, knowing that Democratic administrations come far between. Or it may be that Mr. Roosevelt, on looking around him, decided that there were enough clowns clowning it in dead earnest in Washington.

Prestige and receipts aside, Mr. Rogers may feel well satisfied with his career at the American court. It is no feat of main strength to make Mr. Roosevelt laugh, even though the man has had personal trials of a kind to stifle the humor in most people. But the man who made Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover wrinkle their features into that curious, hork look which, in them, passed for hilarity, accomplished something on the order of an achievement.

He was the only one who could do it.

Coolidge Did Laugh

TRUE, when Mr. Coolidge was amused by Mr. Rogers' droll use of the word "aint," his expression was like that of a man who has just set on something wet. But an Old New England friend and neighbor of his explained at the convention which nominated him in Cleveland, that Mr. Coolidge laughed inside and something was perfectly hilarious when his countenance suggested intense suffering.

It is no more than right that Mr. Rogers should yield the place, anyway. Comedians are artists and the government is trying to put artists to work. If there must be a court jester he ought to be a poor comedian off the curb near the Palace theater. The richest comedian in the world does not need the job.

(Copyright, 1934, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

Today's Science

—BY DAVID DIETZ—

NATURE, it seems, may have decided to let biologists in on part of the secret of how evolution works. For biologists believe that for the first time in history a new subspecies of bird is originating naturally under circumstances which permit close observation.

Biologists are more convinced today than ever that evolution is a fact. But while they agree completely with Darwin about the fact of evolution, they are not inclined to accept Darwin's explanation of the way in which evolution works.

The bird which apparently is undertaking to show biologists how evolution works is the common bobwhite. Ordinarily this bird is brown and white. But within the past ten years, hunters in the southeastern part of the United States have reported seeing some dark brick-red birds which were like bobwhites in every respect but color.

Hobart Ames, who maintains a large bird-hunting preserve at Grand Junction, Tenn., in 1926, noticed a red quality in a bobwhite covey. The following year, he trapped several.

MR. AMES was greatly surprised to find that these red quail bred true to color. When they were mated with ordinary birds of the same family, the red color was decidedly dominant in the offspring.

Because it was possible to protect the red quail from hunters on Mr. Ames' estate, the environment was unusually favorable for the production of a new species.

At present, the red quail constitutes about half the coveys on one part of the estate.