

It Seems to Me

By

Heywood Broun

I WAS speaking, I think, only the other day about the past and of the illustrious names in our history. It seemed to me that would be not possible for us to turn into any close communion with our dead. A great man dies deeply. His spirit does not walk through the land where he lived, for soon the path is blotted out by a shadow. Even as the earth is turned a legend is loosed.

At first this legend may be very like, but soon it waxes into something taller and more monstrous, bigger than the man himself in all respects save thickness. And there is nothing left of the texture of this one who was a human being.

The man sparkled when the sunlight was on him and he was ruffled by the winds. God compounded him out of good and evil and gave him wit and folly. Memory re-creates him into a silken-like smooth of surface as the pages of a school-book history. In the magnification the shears have gone awry here and there, and false contours pillow from the outside.

Broun Need Better Connection

IT is a pity. In desperate times there is confusion when people cry that we should be governed by one dead hand or another. Mr. Mills speaks of McKinley. Mr. Lippmann of Thomas Jefferson and stanch old Carter Glass harks back to George Washington, whom he knew dimly as a boy.

I think the answer ought to be that no dead hand will do. If any of the elder statesmen are competent to conjure up the dead in the garb, speech and psychology which they wore in life, for one, will be attentive. But if the best which they can offer is some little corner of a state paper or a paragraph from a personal letter I am not impressed. In their own day these gentlemen changed their minds. They might do so again if they were still functioning. I reject the notion that their thoughts were frozen simply because the wind switched from west to east.

Even in City Rooms

MY personal experience in statesmanship is limited to something less than zero, but I have lived under the dead hand of the departed great and found it irksome. Upon at least two papers which had the good fortune to employ me we were tormented by a tradition.

"J. P. would not have had it thus," or "If W. E. were still alive he'd never stand for that headline which you've written."

These points were always raised by some old fossil around the shop who rated a pension and did not have one. We who never knew "J. P." or "W. E." could only growl ungratefully and labor to get on with the task in spite of the criticism of those who felt that they maintained direct phone connection with the spirit world.

Once the initials and the name and name of "J. P." were pressed upon me a couple of times too often, and I bridled. I was young, timorous and engaged only upon a single month's trial, and even so I spoke up and said: "If you can get 'J. P.' to write this head that's swell by me. But he's been dead these fifteen years. I don't expect to see him around, I haven't seen him around, and to be perfectly frank, I don't want to see him around. Accordingly, this job I have in hand is up to me and I can't be bothered with what a dead pioneer may have thought about it. Let me alone!"

Of course, in those days when I expected to die a sensational and a brilliant death at 40 I had the hope that after I was gone my fellow-craftsmen might tiptoe softly and say: "H. B. would have taken this attitude upon that question."

Long before this delusion of grandeur became set in my mind I became aware of the fact that I did not rate a place among the immortals. It was quite evident to me that nobody would speak of "Dana, Greeley, Brisbane, and Broun." I am omitting several way stations.

And even so I will contend that there are several newspaper contingencies in which I might very well be more capable than any of the famous men, living or dead, whom I have mentioned. For instance, I would take Horace Greeley on any October afternoon and lay him ten to one that I would be able to write a better story about the world series ball

game.

Greeley Couldn't Keep Score

GREELEY was and is likely to remain a journalist far above my most optimistic dream of stature. Just the same, the old gentleman did not know the difference between a sacrifice hit and a fielder's choice. And whenever he chooses to walk the earth I will explain to him in great detail this fine point of our national recreation.

I am just a little bit afraid that we are straying, but my point goes about like this: Let the dead bury their dead, and let the living make our laws and write our newspaper columns. The ghosts won't mind. They had their chance.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

WATCH your children, especially when they are between 3 and 5 years, for any sign of infection of their joints. And, while you're watching them, be on guard against use of infected milk, because that's the medium through which the youngsters are most likely to become infected with the disease called tuberculosis of the joints.

In fact, tuberculosis of the bones and joints more frequently follows infection through milk than does tuberculosis of the lungs.

This type of tuberculosis is one of the most difficult diseases for medical treatment, largely because of the way in which it is associated with tuberculosis elsewhere in the body.

If your doctor could treat this disease alone, and ignore the rest of the body, he could do much more than is possible today, to cure the stricken child.

Usually one joint is affected, but sometimes several joints become diseased. You can tell it by a swelling of the joint, a rise in temperature, pain in motion, and then a disability and stiffness of the joint.

The child will be disturbed during sleep and will let you know about it by crying out during the night.

Because the disease generally affects the whole body, the child will get sicker, lose weight, and become inactive.

The doctor examines the joint with the X-ray, to tell how far destruction of the bone has gone, and he takes the skin test for tuberculosis.

He also can withdraw material from the infected area, inject it into a guinea pig, and discover whether tuberculosis develops in this test animal.

Today treatment begins early and carefully controlled will bring about successful results in a great many cases. The first thing the doctor does is to "immobilize" the joint by putting it into splints to prevent muscle spasms, which tend to produce deformities, and to prevent pain.

In the case of an ankle, a plaster of paris cast is put on to keep the foot at the proper angle with the leg. At the same time, the joint is treated with ultra-violet rays.

While such treatment occasionally may be done at home, it is best applied in institutions especially equipped for this purpose.

Direct sun treatment is particularly beneficial, because it provides an outdoor atmosphere.

This type of treatment is not a matter of days or weeks, but of months. In one case, this treatment lasted three years.

The child should be protected from over-exposure to sun treatment. If the sun is very hot, there should be less exposure, and if the weather is too cold, the treatment may be omitted rather than have the child suffer from chill.

Sometimes an operation is necessary to remove abscesses.

'WE MAKE YOUR NEWSPAPER'

George Denny—Cowboy, Golfer, Newspaper Man—and Wit

This is the twenty-second of The Indianapolis Times series on the members of its editorial staff. Today's article is about George H. Denny.

BY NORMAN E. ISAACS,
Times News Editor

GEORGE H. DENNY of The Indianapolis Times met a lawyer friend in a drugstore. The attorney friend was in high dudgeon, mostly because he had just come back from the Indianapolis Power and Light Company's office where, he told George, it had taken him an hour to get a simple little transaction disposed of.

The clerks, he told George, were rude. The service was terrible. He was disgusted.

"You ought to write a story about it," he said.

George did. It was a whimsical little yarn about the young attorney and his wanderings through the maze of offices. It took an hour, George wrote, for the young attorney to save 40 cents on a special billing for his refrigerator.

Scarcely a week later, George walked into the Power and Light Company office—to get a special billing for his refrigerator service.

Clerks leaped to their feet, smiles wreathing their faces. A pained look passed over George's face. Poor clerks caught Hall Columbia, thought George. Too bad.

George paused in front of one clerk, explained what he wanted.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk briskly. "No trouble at all, sir. What's the address, sir?"

"41 Berkely road," said George.

"And the name?" smiled the clerk.

"George H. Denny."

The clerk's head snapped up, like a private coming to attention.

Round eyes stared at George.

"Where do you work?" came the surprising question.

"The Indianapolis Times," smiled George.

"Ah—Yes, sir. We will attend to it, sir. Good-by."

George went out. He stopped and looked back.

"Now, I wonder," he said aloud, "if I'll get that special billing. I wonder."

GEORGE DENNY is just like his stories—dry humor. His face rarely changes expression, but the homely humor of a philosopher passes off his tongue continually.

His biggest fault is that he's an incurable punster. He simply can't be cured and some day, he is going to be swatted on the head with a typewriter—probably a typewriter from The Times office.

For George spares none. His puns are good—if puns ever can be good.

A tall, rangy young fellow, George is the office's golf champion. He shoots in the seventies and he's won several club championships—notably at Woodstock.

He also is the office champion outdoor sportsman. He loves the outdoors and he admits he fires a pretty good shot.

"And he'll walk four miles to catch one fish," chimed in one of the office pals.

Mr. Denny took a firm grip on the niblick in his hand and took a few practice swings.

All three stopped in the middle of the bridge. They eyed George anxiously. That gentleman measured his swing and took a particularly vicious cut at nothing in particular. The three on the bridge conferred. A foursome hove into view and the trio disappeared, across the bridge.

George sized up the situation magnificently. He took to his heels, the trio behind him. Across a narrow, one-man bridge he fled. He pulled up at the end of the bridge and smiled as the pursuing trio came on, single file, across the bridge.

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So George and Mary Lois made a "date" to see the Wabash homecoming football game on Nov. 23, 1929. A couple joined them at Danville, Ind., the party halted and Mary Lois and George procured a license to wed.

From Wabash, George went to Arizona, where he helped to build a "dude ranch." He stayed after it was finished, washing dishes, making beds, cooking, and guiding "dudes."

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