

It Seems to Me

By

Heywood Broun

MIAAMI, March 10.—Dear Boss: You have been very indulgent, and I will be back almost any day now. I realize that this holiday column has been concerned too much with horse racing, gambling and other forms of frivolity which should be discouraged and rooted out. Do not let me near the office safe when I come back.

I understand thoroughly how fine, clean, American manhood can be betrayed and seduced by the sport of kings. If there is any society for the abolition of horse racing, please send it a check for \$1 in my name and take it out of my salary at the end of July. I promise you out of a full heart that when I get back this column will be devoted wholly to economics, politics, theology, the revolution and other serious subjects.

If by any chance you happen to see "It Seems to Me" during the next twelve months I will lay you five, two and even that there will be no mention whatsoever of any thoroughbred horse. Even if Man o' War should bite John D. Rockefeller I will make no comment upon the episode. You see, I am the sort of person who can take a hint.

For the Sake of College Days

GATHER that my good angel is whispering to me to stay away from Hialeah Park. I wouldn't be surprised if she has been whispering this for several days. I didn't quite get it on account of the roar of the crowd. I wish my good angel would learn to speak up and enunciate more clearly or buy herself a megaphone. But I must admit that she spoke in no uncertain terms today. After beginning rather badly I happened to run into an old college mate of mine who has become a professional hand-capper.

"Let me give you a winner in the fifth race," he said, "just for the sake of the old days." "What are the odds?" I asked. "Twenty-five to one," he told me. We clasped hands and sang the verse and one chorus of "Fair Harvard." "Clarence," I said, "I appreciate this more than I can tell you. I realize that you find it hard to make both ends meet here in Miami, but if you can ever get enough money together to come to New York I'd love to see you and buy you a drink. What is the horse's name?" "Dornoch," he answered. "Doornob" seems a very interesting name for a horse. How shall I play him?" "Not Doornob." His name is "Dornoch." He is by Donnacona-Dearle. Play him across the board. He can not fail to be in the money. I would gladly guarantee the bet except that I am without funds," said the racing expert.

The race, for no good reason, was to be run on the turf. Dornoch came out prancing around and full of spirit and personality. He was a picture horse, and so I rushed down and bet an additional \$2 on him to show.

Favorite Reads Signs

THEY'RE off, and who is in front? Who but Dornoch? His first mad charge from the barrier shoots him into a lead of six or seven lengths. The only trouble with Dornoch is that he is quite a bit too fast for his own good. The other horses are nowhere. Neither is Dornoch. The racing authorities have neglected to bank the turns, and Dornoch skids all the way over to the inside rail. From that position he can detect through his blinkers that there is a nice dirt track only a few yards away. "Am I or am I not the silly old tick to be over here on the grass?" says Dornoch to himself. "I think I'm in a horse race, and I must have got off at the wrong floor."

By this time Dornoch, making fifty-five miles an hour, finds a fence right in front of him. "Why, of course," he murmurs, "a steepchase. I wonder what's coming over me. I must have the mental condition." And so Dornoch, to the astonishment of his jockey and the biggest bettor behind him, rises like a swallow and sails over the obstacle. His jockey, S. Trenchard—a stranger to me—goes with him.

It is one of the prettiest leaps I ever saw. Of course, by this time grooms, unemployed jockeys and assistant starters are waving their arms at Dornoch and shouting: "The first doon on your left!" "Follow the green line!" "Would you like my compass?" and other bits of useful, but belated advice. By the time he manages to convince him that the sign at which he shied didn't say "Keep off the grass" the other horses are indulging in a driving finish. If I had not sworn off race tracks forever I would put my last penny on Dornoch next time. That is, provided his trainer gives him a road map.

Garlic of Different Mould

BUT that reminds me that I haven't got my last \$100. That went on Garlic in the seventh race. Garlic's personality is nothing like that of Dornoch. Just the reverse. He isn't in the least impressive. He has a technique of his own. Like Ulysses S. Grant, Jack Quinn and William De Morgan, Garlic is a slow starter. If through any mishap he fails to get off last Garlic drags back until he is trailing all others. He wants elbow room. Today he let the others get twenty or thirty lengths ahead. By that time everybody thought he was hopelessly beaten. But two of us had faith—myself and Garlic.

Half a mile from home Garlic started to run. With every stride he was picking up rival steeds and tossing them aside like withered violets. He was the Empire State Express trying to save the rebate on the run down from Rochester. On came Garlic and on and still on. Only two horses remained in front of him. He was moving at twice their speed, but there was such a little distance left to go. Gathering all four feet beneath him, Garlic made one final leap. He'd won! Garlic was first by a nose.

"It isn't the small fortune I've won," I said to myself. "It's the moral lesson. There he was half a mile behind the others, but he never gave up. I can still make something of my life in spite of the years I've frittered away. All I need is character and a purpose. Tomorrow morning at 7:30—The words froze on my lips. There seemed to be a commotion in the judges' stand.

What's that? Garlic is disqualified. The men who struck down the great Caesar were shining saints compared to those judges who disqualified Garlic. It seems that some Percheron in the race got in his way and Garlic calmly ran over him.

One fence summer and one disqualification. I may start in the morning, boss. I can't catch the night train, because I'm going to the dog races.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

WHEN your nose begins to run and you feel feverish and ill, that form of the common cold, called rhinitis, is setting in.

Rhinitis begins with a burning and prickling sensation in the nose or throat. And it is then that you are confronted with all sorts of remedies for cutting the cold short.

The simplest of these comes under the classification of treatments which produce sweating.

After the cold has started, take a hot bath in a warm room and go straight to bed. Take plenty of hot drinks, such as hot lemonade, and, with them, an alkali-like sodium bicarbonate, common baking soda, or sodium citrate.

Keep the mucous membrane of the nose protected with an oily spray. Such sprays usually contain menthol, camphor, or eucalyptus, which seem to decrease the irritation and swelling.

MANY a person injures his ear from too vigorous a cold. And too frequent blowing of the nose, during a cold.

It is important not to blow both sides of the nose at the same time, since this tends to drive the infection to the ear through the Eustachian tube.

Since the exact cause of the cold is not known, you should do your best to prevent it by avoiding exposure to drafts and dampness, by avoiding sudden changes from hot to cold, and by keeping your body as well nourished as possible.

"THE LIFE OF OUR LORD"

Written by

CHARLES DICKENS

The Manuscript Kept
Secret for 85 Years

CHAPTER THE SIXTH
SIX days after the last Miracle of the loaves and fish, Jesus Christ went up into a high mountain, with only three of the Disciples—Peter, James and John. And while He was speaking to them there, suddenly His face began to shine as if it were the Sun, and the robes He wore, which were white, glistened and shone like sparkling silver, and he stood before them like an angel. A bright cloud overshadowed them at the same time, and a voice, speaking from the cloud, was heard to say: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him!" At which the three disciples fell on their knees and covered their faces, being afraid.

This is called the Transfiguration of Our Saviour.

When they were come down from this mountain and were among the people again, a man knelt at the feet of Jesus Christ, and said: "Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is mad and cannot help himself, and sometimes falls into the fire, and sometimes into the water, and cover himself with scars and sores. Some of Thy Disciples have tried to cure him, but could not." Our Saviour cured the child immediately, and turning to his disciples told them they had not been able to cure him themselves, because they did not believe in Him so truly as He had hoped.

The Disciples asked him, "Master, who is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" Jesus called a little child to him, and took him in His arms, and stood him among them, and answered, "A child like this. I say unto you that none but those who are as humble as little children shall enter into Heaven. Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. But whosoever hurts one of them, it were better for him that he had a millstone tied about his neck, and sea. The angels are all children."

Our Savior loved the child, and loved all children. Yes, and all the world. No one ever loved all the people, so well and so truly as He did.

Peter asked him, "Lord, how often shall I forgive any one who offends me? Seven times?" Our Saviour answered, "Seventy times seven times, and more than that. For how can you hope that God will forgive you, when you do wrong, unless you forgive all other people?"

AND He told His disciples this A story. He said there was once a Servant who owed his Master a great deal of money, and could not pay it. At which the Master, being very angry, was going to have this Servant sold for a slave. But the servant kneeling down and begging his Master's pardon with great sorrow, the Master forgave him. Now this same servant had a fellow-servant who owed him a hundred pence, and instead of being kind and forgiving to this poor man, as his master had been to him, he put him in prison for the debt. His master, hearing of it, went to him, and said, "Oh wicked Servant, I forgive you, why did you not forgive your fellow servant?" And because he had not done so, his master turned him away with great misery. "So," said Our Saviour, "how can you expect God to forgive you, if you do not forgive others?" This is the meaning of that part of the Lord's prayer, when we say "forgive us our trespasses"—that word means trespasses—"as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And He told them another story, and said, "There was a certain Farmer once, who had a Vineyard and he went out early in the morning, and agreed with some labourers to work there all day, for a Penny. And bye and bye when it was later, he went out again and engaged some more labourers on the same terms, and by and bye went out again, and so on, several times, until the afternoon. When the day was over, and they all came to be paid, those who had worked since morning complained that those who had not begun to work until late in the day had the same money as themselves, and they said it was not fair. But the master said, "Friend, I agreed with you for a Penny; and is it less money to you, because I give the same money to another man?"

Our Saviour meant to teach them by this, that people who have done good all their lives, long, will go to Heaven after they are dead. But that people who have been wicked, because of their being miserable, or not having parents and friends to take care of them when young and who are truly sorry for it, however late in their lives, and pray God to forgive them, will be forgiven and will go to Heaven too. He taught His disciples in these stories, because He knew the people likely to hear them, and would remember what He said better, if He said it in that way. They are called Parables—THE PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOUR; and I wish you to remember that word, as I shall soon have some more of these Parables to tell you about."

THE people listened to all that Our Saviour said, but were not agreed among themselves about Him. The Pharisees and Jews had spoken to some of them against Him, and some of them, called Scribes, came running in, with great cries and shouts, dragging among them a woman who had done wrong, and they all cried out together, "Master! Look at this woman. The law



Jesus With the Woman Taken in Adultery, by Gustave Doré

grand—although He was very simply dressed; almost like the poor people—that they could hardly bear to meet his eyes.

One morning, He was sitting in a place called the Mount of Olives, teaching the people who were all clustered round Him, listening and learning attentively, when a great noise was heard, and a crowd of Pharisees, and some other people like them, called Scribes, came running in, with great cries and shouts, dragging among them a woman who had done wrong, and they all cried out together, "Master!

Jesus stooped down, and wrote with his finger in the sand on the ground, "He that is without sin among you, let him throw the first stone at her." As they read

says she shall be pealed with stones until she is dead. But what say you? what say you?"

Jesus looked upon the noisy crowd attentively, and knew that they had come to make Him say the law was wrong and cruel; and that He said so, they would make it a charge against Him and would kill Him. They were ashamed and afraid, as He looked into their faces, but they still cried out, "Come! what say you?"

Then said Jesus Christ, "Woman, where are those accusers? Hath no man condemned Thee?" She answered, trembling, "No, Lord!" Then said our Saviour, "Neither do I condemn Thee. Go! and sin no more!"

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(Continued Monday)

ROUNDING ROUND
THEATERS

WITH WALTER D. HICKMAN

ON Thursday night, March 29, at English's, Katherine Cornell will bring her repertory to Indianapolis on her first visit since "The Green Hat."

On the opening night, this evening, actress of the theater will present her conception of Juliet in "Rom and Juliet."

This schedule gives to Indianapolis the entire repertory which she is carrying on tour.

The following data on Miss Cornell and her plays has been received.

Miss Cornell now acts a Shakespearean role for the first time. She has said that her aim in this production has been to give Shakespeare's romance not as a vehicle for a star or as a musty museum piece, but as a great and sweeping tragedy.

To this end, she has restored three scenes not acted in thirty years in the American theater. She has employed new stage technical devices which permit the twenty scenes to be changed rapidly one after the other without breaking the spell or the movement of the drama.

There is only one intermission. In no sense has she "modernized" this classic story, though her approach to it is realistic as it is to all plays she produces.

Her method, her acting and her production have aroused much discussion wherever she has presented "Romeo and Juliet."

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has reached its 600th performance in the United States. As Elizabeth Barrett, Miss Cornell is seen in one of the longest roles ever written. She is on the stage from the rise of the first curtain until within three minutes of the end of the play.

The story is the famous romance of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, set against the cruelty of Elizabeth's father.

Before she became a star, Miss Cornell acted "Candida." Now she is seen in the comedy for the first time outside New York City. Shaw is reported to have said that she is the greatest of all the Candidas.

The play tells of Morell, the suburban London parson, his wife, Candida, and the rebellious young poet, Marchbanks; of how the familiar triangle theme takes life when the participants become human beings acting at cross purposes.

According to detectives, the Negro woman slipped and fell and a car driven by Vernon Doyle, 31, Negro, 2909 Boulevard place, struck her as she was lying in the street. Doyle's car stopped without passing over the girl's body. A second car struck Doyle's car, causing the wheels of his car to pass over the girl. The driver of the car that struck Doyle's machine left the accident scene without giving his name.

THIS is the first public announcement of the presentation of "The Passion According to

CITY CAFES TO
BE INSPECTEDHealth Board Maps Fight
Against Spread of
Dysentery.

All public eating houses in Indianapolis will undergo a rigid inspection by the health board, Dr. Herman G. Morgan, city health officer, said today.

Determined to clean up all unsanitary conditions in restaurants and eating places that might bring on an outbreak of amebic dysentery which took a toll of forty lives in Chicago, Dr. Morgan ordered the second general cleanup of the year.

"Most of the restaurants in Indianapolis are in good shape as far as sanitary conditions are concerned," the health officer said. "At least 95 per cent of them have a rating from excellent to good."

The purpose of the inspection is aimed at the 5 per cent of restaurants and lunch rooms that have not maintained their establishments in strict conformity to the city code. Dr. Morgan said.

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ELLIS CUNNINGHAM TO
RUN FOR CITY CLERKFather of Ten Will File for Demo-
cratic Nomination.

Ellis Cunningham, an employee in the city engineer's office, today announced his candidacy for the office of city clerk.

A life-long resident of Indianapolis, Mr. Cunningham has been active for many years in Democratic politics. Mr. Cunningham is 39, married and is the father of ten children. He lives at 1550 Tallman avenue.

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