

THIS was the day originally set for a final fare-well before starting on a transcontinental tour. Things have come up. Certain readers seem to be skeptical about the intention of your columnist to break home ties and head for California. To these cynics the whole thing is a racket.

But those who scoff are devious descendants of the folk who laughed at Christopher Columbus and mocked Magellan. They had no faith. I never was more serious in my life.

I am off almost any day now. Arrangements have been for a red light to indicate that Broun is on his way while a steady white beam will show that McKinley has been re-elected.

Some changes have been made in the original plan. I believe I announced that the object of the object of the trip was to make America Broun-conscious and Broun American-conscious.

The first objective has been discarded. America has had its chance. If it isn't Broun-conscious now it never will be. And that on local bookmakers are offering 200 to 1, 90 to 1 and 30 to 1 for show. Nevertheless, I am not discouraged. I understand that Shakespeare was a ten-to-one shot and that Milton paid \$18.70 for a \$2 mutual ticket.

A Pure Eesthetic Urge

HEYWOOD BROUN ALL the sordid details have been eliminated by now. The object of the trip is wholly educational. There is not the slightest intention of wheeling or bulldozing anybody into taking the column on syndication. This is just a good-will tour in which a narrow-minded New Yorker seeks to extend his horizons. I want to see wheat in blossom and learn how cider and motion pictures are made. It is my plan to watch the dawn come up like thunder over Lake Michigan and inspect the production of Indian blankets. In fact, by the time I return I hope to be able to spell "Navajo."

After inspecting all the available transportation I have chosen a 1927 Buick sedan, which is called "Eddie." I chose it because it belongs to Ruth Hale, who has promised to lend it to me. "Eddie" has been 60,000 miles already, which ought to make San Francisco and Los Angeles no more than a breather for him.

Since I can not drive myself I have carefully gone over the available list of chauffeurs and decided on Earl Wilson because he works for me anyhow. He drove me quite a few years ago and then left to be valet for Jascha Heifetz. I always have been puzzled as to how he got that job. Surely it could hardly have been a recommendation if he said: "I am Heywood Broun's valet and responsible for the way he looks."

Still, he got the job and traveled around the world a couple of times in personal charge of the \$50,000 fiddle.

Ready for Frolic or Fight

I TRUST that it may be allowed some measure of frivolity or I won't agree to play. Naturally, I hope to use my eyes enough to see that which is tragic and desperate, but I doubt if I will have either the time or the skill to chase such things very far up the back roads. Still, it may be that with practice certain parts of the craft to which I was apprenticed more than a quarter of a century ago will come back to my fingertips.

Anyhow, we start tomorrow or maybe early Monday or Tuesday morning. The thing is set. Please don't cry. I can attend to that part of the leave-taking myself.

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

SNOW still fell in April, but the night skies of May give an age-old assurance that winter really is gone and summer only around the corner. Low on the western horizon, so near the place where sky appears to meet earth that you can not see it unless you have an unobstructed view of the horizon, shines mighty Betelgeuse.

Betelgeuse is the brightest star in the constellation of Orion. Last fall, when the winds grew chill and the trees began to shed their leaves, the giant Orion climbed over the eastern horizon. All winter, he dominated the heavens. The three bright stars of his diagonal belt was the most prominent sign of the winter sky. Now only Betelgeuse, which marks the shoulder of the giant, is above the horizon.

Soon now, the distinguishing constellation of summer will come over the eastern horizon. As Orion disappears in the west, Scorpio, the celestial scorpion, will appear in the east.

The ancients noticed that the two constellations were never in the sky at the same time and so they invented the legend of a perpetual feud between Orion and Scorpio, a legend which symbolized the antagonism of winter and summer.

It is an interesting coincidence that the brightest stars of both Orion and Scorpio are red in color, Betelgeuse in Orion and Antares in Scorpio. These stars are known by modern astronomers as "red giants." In fact, they are the largest of all the known red giants.

Betelgeuse has a diameter of 215,000,000 miles, while Antares has a diameter of 415,000,000 miles. These immense sizes were suspected from theoretical considerations for many years, but they were definitely established about a decade ago by the late Dr. A. A. Michelson, the "high priest of light."

These giant stars are really great balloons of gaseous material. It has been calculated that the density of these stars is less than a hundredth of the density of our own atmosphere.

A PLAN of stellar evolution was worked out by Dr. Henry Norris Russell of Princeton and generally accepted by astronomers of the world. This was the famous giant-dwarf theory, which held that a star started in life as a red giant and finished as a red dwarf. This theory, however, required an enormous time scale for the life of a star. It meant that a star like our own sun must be at least fifteen trillion years old.

But the new theory of the expanding universe will not permit any such age for our stars.

At one time this theory seemed to point to an age of less than two billion years for the universe. This created an impossible situation, since on the basis of all best geological evidence, the earth itself is two billion years old.

Newer determinations of the age of the universe, however, have smoothed out the situation. Dr. Harlow Shapley's latest estimate gives the universe an age of five billion years. But it seems very likely that all the stars in our galaxy are the same age. This means that we must have some theory to account for the diverse development of the different types of stars during a similar number of years of life.

This problem is only one of many which astronomers of today must tackle.

To settle many of these problems, the world of astronomy needs more big telescopes and bigger ones than any now in existence. It is good news, therefore, that the mirror has been poured at Corning, N. Y., for the 200-inch telescope. Within a few years, this telescope, twice as large as the 100-inch at Mt. Wilson, and ten times as powerful, will be put into operation.

Dr. Edwin P. Hubble, whose studies of the spiral nebulae with the 100-inch telescope provided the chief evidence upon which the present theory of the expanding universe is based, believes that the 200-inch will settle the problem.

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The Romantic and Beautiful LOVE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

Two Amazing Interludes in the Life of a Great Artist

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

History records no more ardent, glamorous courtship than that of Charles Dickens, brilliant but poverty-stricken Londoner, and the beautiful Maria Beadnell, daughter of a banker in excellent circumstances. After three glowing years of courtship, Dickens impulsively marries Catherine Hogarth, dooming himself to many years of unhappiness. Twenty years after Maria again enters his life and so begins the astounding "Second Interlude" in the dramatic life of Charles Dickens.

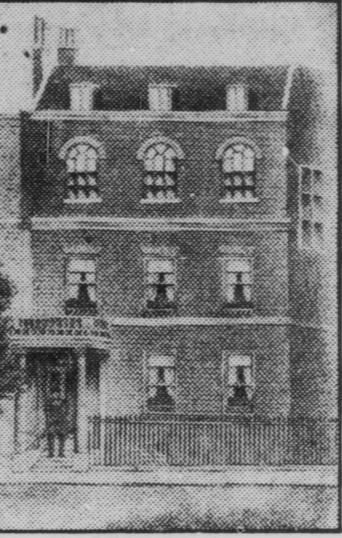
MY dear Mrs. Winter: I constantly receive hundreds of letters in great varieties of writing, all perfectly strange to me, and (as you may suppose) have no particular interest in the faces of such general epistles. As I was reading by my fire last night, a handful of notes was laid down on my table. I looked them over, and recognizing the writing of no private friend, let them lie there, and went back to my book. But I found my mind curiously disturbed, and wandering away through so many years to such early times of my life, that I was quite perplexed to account for it. There was nothing in what I had been reading or immediately thinking about, to awaken such a train of thought, and at last it came into my head that it must have been suggested by something in the look of one of those letters. So I turned them over again, and suddenly the remembrance of your hand came upon me with an influence that can not express to you. Three or four and twenty years vanished like a dream, and I opened it with the touch of my young friend David Copperfield when he was in love.

There was something so bold and so pleasant in your letter—so true and cheerful and frank and affectionate—that I read on with perfect delight until I came to your mention of your two little girls. In the unsettled state of my thoughts, the existence of these dear children appeared such a prodigious phenomenon that I was inclined to suspect myself of being out of my mind, until it occurred to me that perhaps I had nine children of my own! Then the three or four and twenty years began to rearrange themselves in a long procession between me and the changeless past, and I could not help considering what strange stuff all our little stories are made of.

Believe me, you can not more tenderly remember our old days and our old friends than I do. I hardly ever go into the city, but I walk up and old little court as I walk back to the Mansions House and come out by the corner of Lombard street. Hundreds of times as I have passed the church there—on my way to and from the Sea, the Land, and the world—not—I invariably associate it with somebody (God knows who) having told me that poor Anne was buried there. If you would like to examine me in the name of a good-looking Cornish servant you used to have (I suppose she has twenty-nine great grandchildren now and walks with a stick), you could tell you if I tried for a

point correct, though it was a monstrous name, too. I forgot nothing of those times. They are just as still and plain and clear as if I had never been in a crowd since, and had never seen or heard my own name out of my own house. What should I be worth, or what would labour and success be worth, if it were otherwise!

YOUR letter is more touching to me from its good and gentle association with the state of spring in which I was either much more wise or much more foolish than I am now—I never know which to think it than I could tell you if I tried for a



Tavistock House,
Saturday, Tenth February, 1855.

week. I will not try at all. I heartily respond to it, and shall be charmed to have a long talk with you, and most cordially glad to see you after all this length of time.

I am going to Paris tomorrow morning, but I purpose being back within a fortnight. When I return, Mrs. Dickens will come to you, to arrange a day for our seeing you and Mr. Winter (to whom I beg to be remembered) quietly to dinner. We will have no intruder or foreign creature on any pretense whatever, in order that we may set in without any restraint for a tremendous gossip.

Mary Anne Leigh we saw at Broadcasts about fifty years ago. Mrs. Dickens and her sister, who read all the marriages in all the papers, shrieked to me when the announcement of hers appeared,

what did I think of that? I calmly replied that I thought it was time I should have been more excited if I had known of the old gentleman with several thousand a year, uncountable grown-up children and no English grammar.

My mother has a strong objection to being considered in the least old, and usually appears here on Christmas day in a juvenile cap, which takes an immature time in the putting on.

The fates seem to have made up their minds that I shall never see your father when he comes this way. David Lloyd is altogether an imposter, having in the last changed (that I could make out when I saw him at the London Times) show what I suppose to have been the year 1770, when I found you three on Cornhill, with your poor mother, going to St. Mary Axe to order mysterious dresses which afterwards turned out to be wedding garments. That was in the remote period when you all wore green cloaks, cut (in my remembrance) very round, and which I am resolved to believe were made of merino. I escorted you with native gallantry to the dress maker's door, and your mother, seized with an apprehension—groundless upon my honor—that I might come in, said emphatically: "And now, Mr. Dickens" which she always used to call me—"will you good morning?"

WHEN I was writing the word Paris just now, I remembered that my existence was once entirely uprooted and my whole being blighted by the Angel of my soul being sent there to finish her education! If I can discharge any little commission for you, or bring home anything for the darlings, whom I can not yet believe to be anything but a delusion of yours, pray employ me. (Was this an invitation to Maria to write again? Editor's note.) I shall be

at the Hotel Meurice—locked up when within, as my only defense against my country and the United States—but a most punctual and reliable functionary if you will give me any employment.

My dear Mrs. Winter, I have been much moved by your letter; and the pleasure it has given me has some little sorrowful ingredient in it. In the strife and struggle of this great world where most of us lose each other so strangely, it is impossible to be spoken to out of the old times without a softened emotion. You so belong to the days when the qualities that have done me most good since, were growing in my boyish heart that I can not end my answer to you.

The fates seem to have made up their minds that I shall never see your father when he comes this way. David Lloyd is altogether an imposter, having in the last changed (that I could make out when I saw him at the London Times) show what I suppose to have been the year 1770, when I found you three on Cornhill, with your poor mother, going to St. Mary Axe to order mysterious dresses which afterwards turned out to be wedding garments. That was in the remote period when you all wore green cloaks, cut (in my remembrance) very round, and which I am resolved to believe were made of merino. I escorted you with native gallantry to the dress maker's door, and your mother, seized with an apprehension—groundless upon my honor—that I might come in, said emphatically: "And now, Mr. Dickens" which she always used to call me—"will you good morning?"

Faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

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MARIA could scarcely have expected such a long, cordial letter as this. She had mentioned the hope that they might meet to talk over old times and old friends, and he "heartily responded," as he "the suggestion facetiously" called her the "Angel of his soul" and the closing paragraph contained as poetic a touch as any fond sweet-heart could desire.

What thoughts surged through Dickens' mind during the "Second Interlude" we can only guess in part, but much we can gather from his own pen. He had given Maria a good excuse to write again and she availed herself of it. Her letter increased his fervor.

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Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., May 11.—The workmen who are building the big Norris dam across the Clinch river about thirty miles out of Knoxville, in the foothills of the Cumberland mountains, are all gentlemanly workmen and the word which best describes the community in which they live is the word "nice." It is undoubtedly the nicest community of laboring gentlemen that ever existed.

At present most of the hands are quartered in big, sanitary, wooden barracks, two to each little room but many of them are engaged in building pretty cottages of frame and shingle or red brick. When these homes are finished they will be allotted to the family men. After the dam is finished and the great lake is backed up behind the big concrete plug, industries will be invited to come to the town of Norris and keep it going.

The cottages are designed to accommodate families having not more than three children. A fact which rather pointedly implies some abridgment of the free man's rights to propagate. This preference plainly shown for small families undoubtedly will come in for some serious viewing-with-alarm in due course. It is possible, even this far in advance, to imagine the terror of that moment when the unfortunate wife of the laboring gentleman living in a cottage in Norris, gives birth to a fourth child and brings the head of the community on the run to tack a notice of eviction on the front door for violation of the quota.

Fauntleroy of Camps

BUT just at present conditions at Norris and around the great works of the dam are very nice and if this be Bolshevism the parties directly concerned are glad to make the best of it. A workman from the Boulder dam or a hunkie accustomed to roughing it among hunkies in construction camps conducted by private companies would feel as though he had stumbled into a Boston drawing room if he were set down in the Norris project. It is so nice. It is the Fauntleroy of camps.

The eight thousand men scattered about the area, mining rock, erecting conveyors, clearing timber off the hillsides, trucking and building the village, were recruited almost entirely from the Tennessee valley.

About 38,000 were examined as to their technical, physical, moral and intellectual fitness, and the eight thousand-odd finally were selected. This probably is the first time that men nominated for pick-and-shovel work have had to stand inspection in the matters of character and intelligence.

The men of the Cumberland mountains have an interesting reputation for petulance and strong prejudice. They quarrel easily and have been known to shoot on provocation which persons of other raising would consider insufficient.

A Fight—Now and Then

NEVERTHELESS, although there are many mountaineers among the personnel there have been only a dozen or so disputes which have called for the authority of the camp police and of those only one required firm discipline. In that case a working gentleman forgot that he was a gentleman when he was charged with mountain corn and fell to fighting various parties who preferred to work, study or sleep. It was necessary to take him down the valley to the camp limit and send him away, in disgrace.

There are no marshals or constables in sight. There is no roulette or faro house anywhere in the district, no wicked females plod the roads which wind through the magnificent distances of the job and, although the bootlegger undoubtedly does turn alick of business now and again among so many men who are earning good wages, the liquor problem is insignificant.

At noon, the working gentlemen knocked off work, went trooping to the cafeteria building for lunch. They filed past the warming tables where co-eds from the domestic science department of the University of Tennessee were serving, received their food and went on without a word of banter between the gentlemen and the ladies except an occasional courteous time-of-day.

Even Tools Are Safe

A CARPENTER said he never had worked in such a place before. He had left his tools right where they were to come to lunch and he was now in the habit of leaving them on the job overnight. Nobody ever stole anything in Camp Fauntleroy but in all his previous experience a man never dared turn his back on his kit.

The bulletin board in the recreation hall was covered with typewritten announcements of study classes for the various shifts and trades. Some men were passing a basketball. A mountaineer sat on the steps of the cafeteria scratching the abdomen of a guitar and whining a hill-billy song.

This camp will reveal the popular conception of life among the men who do gigantic things in the open spaces. It even tells in the papers of a laboring gentleman driving a truck of dynamite down a mountain, who was held up and robbed of \$14. It never was like this in Panama.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

IF you happen to be one of those unfortunate persons who meet often with accidents, especially while at work, don't attribute it quickly to your jinx. There may be actual physical reasons why you are so unlucky.

Heats of industry, for a long time, have known that some persons get hurt much more easily than do others. And they have discovered that, in many cases, the person who is always having accidents seems to be defective in relationship to certain special senses.

In other cases, the worker may be suffering from insomnia or may have habits of living which make him an easy victim.

In Great Britain, it has been argued that there is a larger number of accidents on Monday than on other days of the week, principally because of the large consumption of alcohol over the week-end.

Because of the age and frame construction of the building, damage was estimated at less than \$25,000. The injured fireman, William Jones, fell from a second floor window.

In any event