

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

THIS was the day originally set for a final farewell 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 devoted 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 Brown 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 on that 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 Esthetic Urge

ALL the sordid details have been eliminated by now. The object of the trip is wholly educational. There is not the slightest intention of wheedling 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 a plan to watch the corn come up like thunder under 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 Brown'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 I 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 leaving-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 only 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.

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.

The Indianapolis Times

Full-Featured Wire Service of the United Press Association
INDIANAPOLIS, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1934

The Romantic and Beautiful LOVE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

Two Amazing Interludes in the Life of a Great Artist

History records no more ardent, glamorous courtship than that of Charles Dickens, brilliant but poverty-stricken London youth, and the beautiful Maria Beadnell, daughter of a banker in excellent circumstances. After three glowing years, Maria discards Dickens. Impulsively he marries Catherine Hogarth, doom-ing 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.

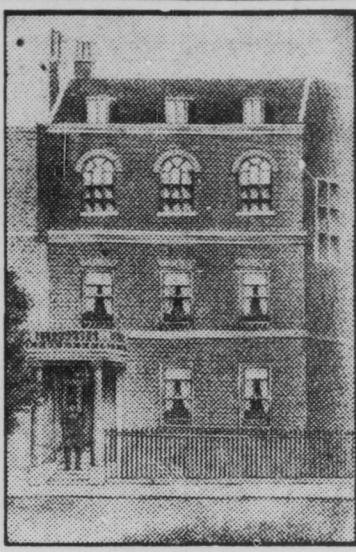
MY dear Mrs. Winter:
I constantly receive hundreds of letters in great varieties of writing, all perfectly strange to me, and (as you may suppose) have no particular interest in the faces of such general epistles. As I was reading by my fire last night, a handful of notes was laid down on my table. I 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 I 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 busy 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 an old little court at the back of the Mansion House and come out by the corner of Lombard street. Hundreds of times as I have passed the church—on my way to and from the Sea, the Continent, and where 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 will find my knowledge on the point correct, though it was a monstrous name too. I forget 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 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 Broadstairs 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.



Tavistock House, Saturday, Tenth February, 1855.

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 immense time in the putting on. The faces seem to have been made up their minds that I shall never see your father when he comes this way. David Lloyd is altogether an impostor—not having in the least changed (that I could make out when I saw him at the London Tavern) since what I suppose to have been the year 1770, when I found you three on Corn hill, 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 were in 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. Dickin"—which she always used to call me—"we'll wish 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 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

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" to the suggestion. Facetiously he called her "Angel of his soul" and the closing paragraph contained as poetic a touch as any fond sweetheart 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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The DAILY WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

WASHINGTON, May 11.—The atmosphere is getting bluer and bluer around the NRA.

The blight of non-compliance is mounting steadily. Latest critics in the field of the so-called service codes—those covering beauty parlors, restaurants, hotels, taxis, dry cleaners, barbers, and the like—confidential reports on file with blue eagle administrators indicate non-compliance in these lines running in some cases as high as 99 per cent.

What to do about the desperate situation has General Hugh Johnson at a virtually stumped. Prosecution, because of the pettiness and overwhelming number of the cases, is considered out of the question. The widespread unpopularity of charging five cents less to press a suit of clothes than specified in the code left its mark on NRA chiefs. They don't want to risk any more Pyrrhic victories.

A YEAR ago the fierce feuding of Senator Carter Glass and Huey Long was the daily sensation of Capitol Hill. The Little Virginia pepper-pot and the ebullient Louisiana Kingfish wrangled close to the point of personal encounter. The last day of the 1933 session ended with Carter in a towering rage on the senate floor, hurling unprintable epithets against his foe.

But this session all is sweetness and light. Carter saunters over to Huey's desk, exchanges pleasantries, slaps him familiarly on the knee. Huey, not to be outdone, returns the compliment.

Never-ending are the mysteries of politics.

ADMINISTRATION leaders have put the following names on their black list of Democrats who tried to sabotage the stock market bill in secret house committee sessions.

Alfred Bulwinkle of Gastonia, N. C., town controlled by cotton mill owners. Although as head of the Wirt committee, he pooh-poohed the Red menace, actually Bulwinkle is inclined to see Reds around the corner.

George Huddleston of Alabama, usually a liberal leader, but for some unknown reason one of the most reactionary opponents of stock market regulation.

Ed Kenney, who comes from a brokers' commuting district in New Jersey.

E. W. Marland, deflated Oklahoma oil millionaire, who recently went back to promote his campaign for the governorship.

Parke C. Corning of Albany, N. Y., one of the most reactionary old-time Democrats in the house.

On the other side of the ledger were two Republicans who got a big vote of thanks from majority Democrats for helping defeat the forces of Wall Street in the house committee.

They were: Carl Mapes of Michigan, and Charles Wolverton of New Jersey.

NOTHING fazes Sol Bloom. The plump Tammany congressman is busy these days promoting a Lafayette celebration. Sol has a special interest in the event.

As executive director of the George Washington bicentennial commission, Sol considers himself chiefly responsible for the rebirth of the "Father of the Country." The celebrated Frenchman being Washington's good friend, Sol, therefore, considers it his duty to do what he can for him.

One of the greatest needs of the celebration is funds, and Sol has been soliciting his wealthy friends for contributions.

The other day he encountered New Jersey's multi-millionaire, drooping-mustached Senator "Ham" Kean. He was conversing with his colleague from New Jersey, Congressman Mary Norton.

"Ah, Senator," said Sol ingratiatingly. "How about a check for the Lafayette celebration? You surely won't turn us down."

"Well, Sol," replied Kean, always the Wall Street trader, "I'll give you \$100 for the celebration if you get Mrs. Norton the French Legion of Honor."

Sol never blinked an eye-lash. "Done," he shot back. "It's a bargain. I'll get Mrs. Norton the

WILLIAM A. HACKER WINS HIGH HONOR

City School Official to Be Feted in Kansas City.

For outstanding work in social service, William A. Hacker, assistant school superintendent, will be honored by the national conference on social work at Kansas City, Mo., Paul C. Stetson, superintendent of schools, announced today.

Mr. Hacker was chosen as Indiana man who has contributed most to social service. One man from each state was chosen and will be honored at a banquet in Kansas City on May 23.

Mr. Hacker is in charge of social work in the Indianapolis public schools and served on both the Governor's and the mayor's unemployment relief commission.

INDIANA SENATORS TO BACK ELECTION PROBE

Borah Bill Requires Light on Expenses for Senatorial Campaigns.

By Times Special

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Both Indiana senators will back the Borah resolution providing for investigation of campaign expenditures of senatorial candidates, it was reported at their offices today.

Senator Arthur R. Robinson, who will be the Republican nominee, will be among those to be investigated. Under terms of the resolution, introduced in the senate by Senator William E. Borah, (Rep., Idaho), the investigating committee will consist of five senators drawn from states where no senatorial races are to be run this year.

Edison's Son in U. S. Post

By United Press

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Charles Edison, elder son of the late Thomas A. Edison, electrical wizard, has become a staff executive of the national emergency council here, it became known today.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



TODAY AND TOMORROW

By Walter Lippmann

NOW that a federal grand jury has dismissed the charges against Mr. Mellon, it can not be called premature criticism to say that the department of justice has been guilty of a most discreditable performance. For two months Mr. Mellon has stood under an accusation which, if it had been true, would have marked him out as contemptible beyond words.

The accusation was in substance that the secretary of the treasury had defrauded the treasury of money he owed it. This very grave accusation was made publicly on March 10. Then two months passed before the department made an effort to substantiate it and before Mr. Mellon had a chance to answer it.

That is not justice. It is the business of grand juries to decide whether a man shall be accused of a crime. Until they have decided that there is evidence justifying the accusation, it is not the business of administrative officials to accuse him in the newspapers and arraign him before public opinion.

If Mr. Cummings thought he had a case against Mr. Mellon it was his duty to lay it before a grand jury without any preliminary publicity, and let the grand jury decide whether Mr. Mellon should be accused. That is what grand juries are for. They exist to determine not whether a man is guilty or innocent, but whether there is enough evidence to justify an accusation against him.

BY bringing the accusation two months before the grand jury had even seen the evidence, Mr. Cummings committed an act of profound injustice.

The injustice of the thing is matched only by its stupidity. Any one who thought about the matter for three minutes should have known that the chances of Mr. Mellon's cheating on his income tax were not one in a million. He was the secretary of the treasury during the year covered by the tax return. Is it conceivable that a man in his position, with an income of nearly \$7,000,000 that year, deliberately would have

cheated the government out of \$700,000? It is idiotic. To believe that Mr. Mellon would have the audacity and the downright imbecility to falsify his income tax is to believe the utterly incredible.

It does not matter how good Mr. Cummings thought the evidence was. His common sense should have told him that the chances of its demonstrating willful fraud was negligible. To sustain the accusation the evidence had to be perfect, conclusive, absolute. It obviously was not, and therefore it was stupid and irresponsible to bring the charge.

AT the motives which actuated the department one can only guess. But the thing has the appearance of being a low and inept political maneuver. It looks like one of those stunts that politicians stoop to every now and then, thinking that they can gain some advantage by it for their party. It is not the first stunt of its kind within recent memory.

In 1921 when the Republicans came into office they did everything they could to discredit the Wilson administration. They also raided over the records and made accusations that could not be sustained.

If any one has forgotten those episodes they will come back to his memory by remembering that General Dawes became famous for the noble profanity with which he denounced the proceedings.

But why in the name of sanity should the Roosevelt administration stoop to such petty nonsense? In its main endeavors it is acting to carry out great conceptions of public policy.

It should not have the time, the interest or the taste for the little view of politics. It should be above such things, and those in its ranks who take the little view should be resolutely suppressed or swept aside.

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CHICAGO LOOP STATION DESTROYED BY FIRE

Fireman Injured as 10,000 Watch Spectacular Blaze.

By United Press

CHICAGO, May 11.—More than ten thousand persons yesterday saw the loop station of the Chicago South Shore & South Bend railway destroyed by a spectacular fire in which one fireman was injured seriously.

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.

BLACK FAVORS DIRECT LOANS TO INDUSTRIES

RFC Can Handle Matter Better Than Federal Reserve, He Feels

By United Press

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Direct loans to industry by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, rather than by the federal reserve system, is favored by Governor Eugene Black of the federal reserve board, Speaker Henry T. Rainey said yesterday.

Mr. Rainey said that Mr. Black informed him that he considered the RFC was better able to do the job, and that "he was not anxious to have the loan authority, but if congress passed it he would try to see that loans were made."

Second Section

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind.

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 military wooden barracks, two to each little room but many of them have been 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 is 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 man 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 are very nice and if this be Bolshevism the parties directly concerned are glad to make the best of it. A workman from the Boston area of a hunky accustomed to roughing it among hunkies in construction camps conducted by private companies likely would say 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 men 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 at one another 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, working gentleman forgot that he was a gentleman while 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 are no rowdy or fero 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 a lick 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 warning 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

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 revise the popular conception of life among the he-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 FISHBEN

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.

Heads 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.

ON the other hand, the worker also is likely to sleep later on Sunday and go for a long walk in the afternoon—and yet no attempt has been made to trace any relationship of accidents on Monday to indulgence in these highly moral and pleasant habits.

In any event, the figures establish quite clearly the fact that some persons are much more likely to sustain accidents than others.

Of course, the person who has just had an accident is likely to be more careful for a while; but he also may be more nervous and for that reason less steady in his reactions.

To make a scientific study of the case, a number of workers who seemed to have accidents much more frequently than did others were submitted to intelligence tests and to tests of sensitivity of the nervous system in response to stimuli.

IT was proved by this investigation that persons with poor motor response to nerve stimulation are likely to have accidents more frequently than those with good response.

Accidents in the field of the motor car and other street mishaps frequently are associated with delayed reaction, sometimes with bad sight or difficulties of hearing.

Altogether, however, there probably is no single cause of susceptibility to accidents. The entire constitution of the person concerned must be investigated, including not only his mind and his nervous system, but also his whole makeup.