

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROUN

SATMORD, Conn., July 5. — The Broun farm never has had a name or any reputation to speak of either. I wouldn't go quite so far as to call it an abandoned farm since I strive to give it respectability by paying it visits almost every holiday and week-end. It serves to grow a few unwanted green apples and does its best to keep me from being a city chap with all the provincial notions which that term implies.

Although the fact trains make the Grand Central station in less than fifty minutes, something of the wilderness of the frontier still obtains along these few narrow acres. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field are occasionally in evidence even though the big town is scarcely thirty miles away as the crow flies. The men who laid the highways to Manhattan had not a drop of crow's blood among the lot of them. The roads to this retreat double and turn and help to preserve the illusion that here one might turn hermit with very little outside interference.

At times I have considered that possibility quite favorably, but each year I put it off. Being a hermit is one of the things which I am saving up for my old age. But I do not think it is a profession which any man should embrace without some preliminary training.

If I couldn't be a regular first-class hermit then I wouldn't want to be a hermit at all.

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Heywood, You Bore Me

AND it isn't easy. Any hermit worthy of the name, first of all, must be companionable. He ought to be the sort of person who delights in self-examination and in exploring the attic corners of his own mind. Until I am able to become vastly more interested in myself I shall continue to comute.

Vanity, conceit and self-assurance are not altogether lacking in my makeup and even so I can not quite accept myself as a fascinating sage. I know how the plot comes out.

I could wish for a greater number of vagaries, all too often when I sit upon the porch and commune with myself I can not escape becoming rude and saying, "You bore the life out of me. Why don't you get a new line?"

As far as I have ever heard, no newspaper columnist has ever succeeded as a hermit. Too much introspection has gone on before the great adventure begins. The average columnist knows himself and his limitations so well that he finds no joy or kick in spending a week-end with no other companion than his own ego.

I imagine that even the better hermits have this difficulty at times and their salvation apparently lies in turning to nature as a friendly gossip and a convenient stooge.

There have been gifted individuals to whom a little grove of birch trees offered more scandal, detail and surprises than Monday column written by Walter Winchell.

These fortunate folk know just where the swallows may be expected to be blessed with events and the precise season of the year when every oriole is "that way" about some other. Until I know the birds a little better I must depend upon friends and neighbors to save me from being solitary.

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Broun, the Naturalist (?)

EVERY much indeed I would like to be Broun, "the old naturalist," and a reporter on the home life of the native flora and fauna. Flora, however, I never have known very well and my contacts with Connecticut fauna have been only slightly more extensive.

Captain Flagg, I suppose, is fauna and I like him, but he no longer has much to contribute to any symposium on the affairs of the world and how to stop them. Flagg is, I fear, a tired radical. Much in the world is not to his liking, but he has given up all active protest.

In the days of his youth he bayed at the moon. But at the end of thirteen years he has reached a conviction that no matter how he howls the blame this will wax and wane and never alter its appointed rounds by any little in spite of his disapproval.

So Flagg won't do as a representative of the most inspirational potentialities of the Broun farm fauna. The big black snake who lives upon the rock at the edge of my neighbor's lake has somewhat more rugged revolutionary character than Captain Flagg, the airdale.

Not in eight years during which I have known him has that snake ever despaired of establishing the rock as his own domain. Hundreds and hundreds of times he has been chased back into the swamp and yet on every sunny day he swaggers out again to take up his accustomed post. There is no slinking about this snake. Whatever he does is frank and above board. And yet I find his technique merely a matter of being dogged. He brings no new idea or method into his war against the advance of civilization.

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Writing Columns—Such a Life!

TO be sure I speak symbolically. I am referring to my own efforts to bathe without benefit of water snakes as the advance of civilization. The garter snake may have quite opposite ideas. Indeed I don't even know that he is a garter snake. I don't know that he is he. All I can say is that he has bitten no one as yet. If he possesses effective weapons of aggression he is fool to have waited so long.

And that is the great heresy of nature and most of the members of its current kingdom hereabout. Birds, snakes and little mammals are fatalists, every one of them. They accept without criticism the state of life to which it has pleased providence to call them.

It is true that the tadpole becomes a frog but here ambition ends. Never does a frog work himself up into being a pickerel, or a woodchuck. As soon as he becomes a frog he admits, "This is as far as I can be expected to go."

And so I guess I won't become a hermit for fear that I might be infected with the same defeatism. I do not want to live and die a columnist. I can do better than that. Who couldn't?

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

YOU may have read recently of the sudden death of a banker while he was flying in an airplane. His death was due to the condition called coronary thrombosis, or the clogging of the small blood vessels in the heart muscle.

President Coolidge and Senator Thomas Walsh died of this kind of heart disease, and so have many other well advanced in business and statesmanship.

The coronary arteries, which supply the heart muscle with blood, are small blood vessels, about the size of a quill on a feather, which go around the heart and which give off branches passing downward toward the apex of the heart.

The result is an occasional attack of pain in the heart, but this is not so serious as the sudden and complete blocking of the heart.

WHEN such sudden and complete blocking occurs, there is severe and tremendous pain.

This pain is not a matter of a few minutes, like the pain in angina pectoris, but lasts for hours and, if the person lives and is kept absolutely quiet, it will gradually wear off in a few days.

Some slight soreness persists and, with a sudden effort, the severe pain may come on again.

There is no way to reach the point at which a coronary blood vessel is blocked. The only possible treatment is absolute rest, so that nature can do as much as possible to repair the damage.

This done in two ways:

First, the blood vessel that is not blocked will not only supply the side of the heart that it usually supplies, but will also send blood in a round-about manner to take care of the part that has been shut off.

Second, the clogged artery may gradually be dissolved and blood may work its way through it.

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SIGHS FOR 'THE GOOD OLD DAYS'

Veteran Stagehand Remembers Era of Richard Mansfield

BY JACK HOWARD
Times Staff Writer

THERE is no such thing as a bad actor.

Starting as this may seem, you may take the word of Sam James, 410 North Jefferson avenue, and Sam James should know. An old-time stage hand, Mr. James says that he is the only man living who was part of the stage force at the opening of English's theater in 1880.

Looking back over his seventy-five years, Mr. James recalls a host of thespian celebrities who trod the boards in those early forgotten gas-light days when the theater belonged to the entire country and biology had not usurped the pedestal of drama.

Road shows and one-night stands were the order of the day then and Keokuk and New York shared the era's theatrical jumaniaries.

Mr. James' familiarity with the stage was gleaned first hand in six crowded years from 1876 to 1882 when he shifted scenes, turned "flats," hauled on ropes and arranged lighting effects here and on the road.

He listened to rumbling applause greet Lawrence Barrett's portrayal of "Hamlet" on that opening day at English's, he watched in awe the immortal Richard Mansfield in "Persian Romeo," he thrilled to Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett," he laughed at Sol Smith Russell in "The Poor Relation," and he cried over Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans."

"In all my experience," Mr. James says, "I never saw a bad actor. They were all good. Some were better than others that's all."

"But," he recalled smilingly, "none of them could touch a feather to Richard Mansfield. Why, he could play to perfection any part. He always filled the house."

"IT makes me tired," Mr. James said, "the way people refer to the old school of acting with scorn. Why, the best actors of today came from that old school, either directly or indirectly."

"Look at Otis Skinner, George M. Cohan and all the Barrymores. Otis Skinner used to play with Barrett years ago and he is still going strong."

Mr. James sighs for the "good old days" insofar as acting is concerned, but he is all for the present where stage hands and their work are involved, for stage hands of yesterday had no organization such as now exists.

As a result, Mr. James confesses, the world was apt to be long and their pay short.

"We had to hold hard in my time," the veteran stage hand said. "Our equipment was crude compared to what they have today and maybe that had something to do with conditions."

"You know, our flats—those pieces of scenery immediately coming forward from the backdrop and preceding the wings—sometimes were no bigger than twenty feet across."

Many times they had different scenes painted on either side and, during an intermission, we hands would run them to the center of the stage. (They were mounted on rollers.) Then we'd turn them around and run them back. Sometimes we even used two of them run together for a backdrop.

"OUR lights," he continued, "were all gas and had to be hand lighted. For this purpose one man went about with a torch, with which he lighted all lamps."

"Footlights were easy, but the fly lights had to be lowered before anything could be done about them. Now a flip of the switch does most of the work we had to do by hand."

Mr. JAMES paused a moment and then explained that one of the reasons why the audience didn't burst out laughing when the bell interrupted "Camilie" was

that at that time J. K. Emmet had a troupe playing at the old Holiday street theater there and I went around to see him and he

scattered them there for the beauty of their coral sand and bending palms.

Columbus was reminded of the Christian legend of St. Ursula, prioress of a convent, who went forth on a religious mission with her band of 11,000 virgins.

So he called them the Islands of the Virgins.

But possibly the most glorious memory Mr. James' dreams evoke is that of Edwin Booth (lower, left), great even to the "greats" costumed for the title role in "Richelieu."

Fanny Davenport (lower, right), a stage beauty of those halcyon days is another vision appearing in Mr. James' memory.

the vaudeville act which later he wrote into the widely played "The Old Homestead."

He also remembers the time the great Salvini came to Indianapolis and played at the Park theater.

"He was a most peculiar man," Mr. James recalled. "He never would use gas lights when he made up, but insisted on having the stage carpenter make him a crude wooden candlestick, just a block of wood with a shallow hole in it, in which he would stick a candle. That's all he ever would use."

The curtain fell on Mr. James' career as a stage hand in 1882 and he became a city fireman, a post he held until his retirement before the war.

Now, he spends most of his time sitting with "the boys" at engine house 20, at 352 North Beville avenue, but his thoughts are in the wings of the English theater

—listening to Lawrence Barrett render in magnificent fashion the words of Shakespeare's famous melancholy Dane.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

By Walter Lippmann

TO those who for one reason or another have been losing faith in constitutional government

and democratic methods, the course of events in Germany must bring a sharp realization of what the Nazis really are. "The national socialist state," says Dr. Frick, the minister of the interior, "is built up on unconditional obedience to the orders of the fuhrer and his deputies."

How has this doctrine worked out? To express disagreement with the fuhrer is forbidden. Yet many Germans disagreed with him. The result was that they plotted underground. In place of free discussion there was conspiracy and intrigue.

It required about five hundred years of constitutional development among the English-speaking peoples to turn the pugnacity and the predatory impulses of men into the channels of talk, rhetoric, bombast, reason and persuasion.

Deride the talk as much as you like; it is the civilized substitute for street brawls, gangs, conspiracies, assassinations, private armies. No other substitute has as yet been discovered.

THE doctrine preached by the Nazis that a nation can think and feel with one mind and one heart, except on details, is contrary to all human experience.

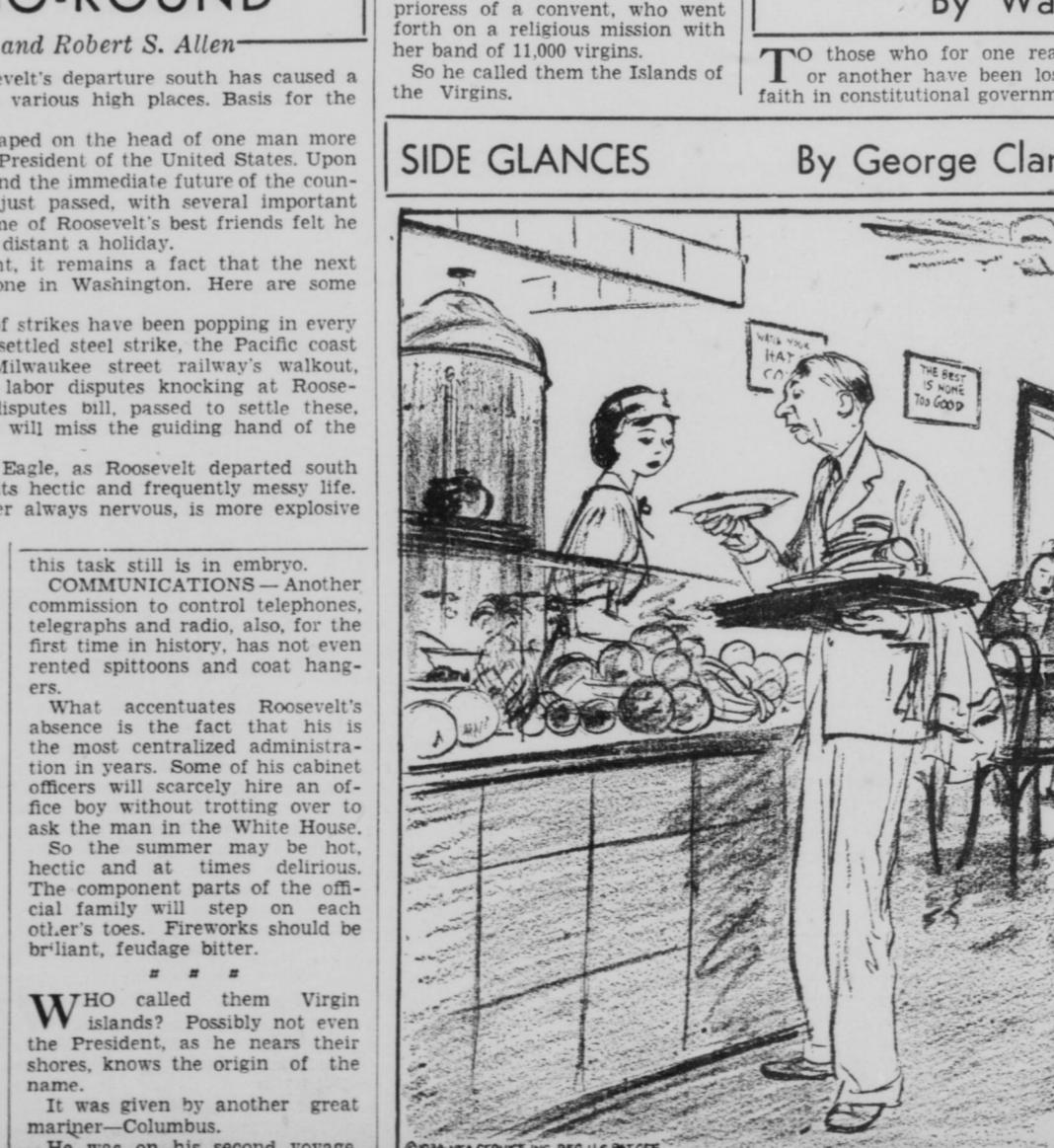
For a short time in a mood of exultation or under the crushing power of terrorism, a nation may appear to be of one mind.

The idea that these armies of Black Shirts and Brown Shirts represent some great new twentieth century invention can be entertained only by those who have never read any history.

They are unmistakably a reversion to political practices which prevailed in western Europe up to about the seventeenth century.

Democracy is not the creation of abstract theorists. It is the creation of men who step by step through centuries of disorder, established a regime of order.

(Copyright, 1934)



"Maybe it's the return of prosperity or maybe it's just that new cook, but the customers are leaving more on their plates."

Today's Science

By
David Dietz

RAINS in various parts of the United States during June made a start toward breaking up the drought, but it still is too early to consider the drought as ended.

The United States weather bureau reports that a tropical storm moved inland from the Gulf of Mexico into Louisiana on June 16. It moved to the northeast from there into the middle Atlantic area. High damaging winds were experienced in the gulf section and in some localities in the south the rainfall for the week was in excess of nine inches.

Moving eastward, the storm had, by June 19, brought much needed rains to Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. There were also satisfactory rains in western Oklahoma, most of Kansas and Nebraska, the northern Mississippi valley and the northwest.

The southwest, however, including practically all of the great basin, failed to receive any benefit.

During the first twenty days of June, according to the weather bureau, rain occurred over practically all drought sections east of the Rocky mountains. Little or no rain fell in most southern states while unevenly distributed showers occurred in the central and northern districts.

The temperature averaged from 6 to 12 degrees above normal over a large area of the interior of the country while over most eastern states the temperature was from 2 to 5 degrees above normal.

Light to moderate rains were the rule in the interior valleys and northwest with some heavy falls in the southern Ohio valley area, the western lake region and a few north-central localities.

The showers were sufficient to maintain the improved outlook resulting from the previous rains in most parts of the drought area, and cultivated crops, especially, show substantial progress in many places." J. B. Kincer, chief of the division of climate and crop weather of the United States weather bureau, says.

WHILE the improved situation is being maintained," Mr. Kincer continues, "the rains in most places have been sufficient only for current needs of cultivated crops, with widespread rains in substantial amounts still necessary for permanent relief.

This is emphasized by the fact that most of the interior drought states, following an extremely dry spring, have received, so far, less than the normal rainfall since the beginning of June.

A favorable feature of the showers has been their occurrence at frequent intervals and mostly in moderate amounts, which have assured the maximum of benefit from the amount of rain received. Only in limited areas have they been excessive and damaging.

Questions and Answers

Q—What are the latest years when the new moon appeared on Dec. 15, and the full moon was on the same date?

A—New moon, Dec. 15, 1925, and full moon Dec. 15, 1910. These are repeated approximately every thirty years.

Q—Where and when did Calvin Coolidge take the oath as President to succeed Warren G. Harding?

A—Early in the morning of Aug. 3, 1923, in his father's farm house at Plymouth, Vt.

Q—What is the average life of a railroad locomotive?

A—About forty-six years.

Q—Does the sun maintain approximately the same altitude daily at the north pole? What is a six months day?

A—at the north pole, the sun maintains approximately the same altitude during each day. About March 20, the center of the sun