

It Seems to Me
by
HEYWOOD BROUN

CLEVELAND, June 13.—It is a pity that Reinold Werrenrath, the most interesting performer at the Republican convention, did not sing "The Road to Mandalay" at the end of the session rather than at the beginning. In that event he might have used the logically revised version which runs, "Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst, where there ain't no Ten Commandments and our ticket's Hearst and Hearst."

Before the conclave opened I suggested that in common gratitude Mr. Hearst deserved a place on the national ticket. But I had no idea that he would get both. It will be necessary at the moment to suggest that San Simeon may have carried more weight than Topeka in bringing about the nomination of Alf Mossman Landon. The case of Col. Knox is something else again. To some extent the good gray colonel owes his choice to the spirit of sportsmanship in the Republican Party. There was no crowding or pushing around the door of the lions' den. On the contrary, all the candidates, even the small fry, were eager to get up and withdraw in the interest of "homely."

In the final session the race to avoid the laurel became a panicky rout. All the eligibles except Col. Knox seemed to regard the vice presidential wreath as so much poison ivy.

Hearst Not Mentioned

NEVERTHELESS, all previous new lows were shattered on the final morning sessions of the Republican national convention. Whenever the lightning seemed about to strike a potential vice presidential candidate he promptly ducked under the bed. That is, all but fearless Frank. The most telling argument advanced in favor of his candidacy was that "he followed Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill." In the light of yesterday's events it would seem that Frank was a fool ever to come down again.

But having pursued Theodore Roosevelt up the hill, Col. Knox most indubitably did come down. Indeed he came down sufficiently to gain the post of general manager for all the publications of William Randolph Hearst. By some oversight this was not mentioned in any of the nominating or the seconding speeches for Frank Knox. In fact, the good taste of San Simeon's squire was 100 per cent throughout the Republican convention. Not once did he send any direct orders to the delegates and his name was never mentioned.

There was no convention in which the decisions was reached in a small and smoke-filled room. On the contrary, the issues were decided in a large California chateau with a huge room constructed in rough imitation of Westminster Abbey.

"That's All for Today"

THIS time the Harding technique was completely reversed. John Hamilton, the small town slicker who has been hailed rather prematurely as a new political genius, would get off in a hideaway somewhere with William Allen White and a few others to decide the problems of high strategy. But when they came up for air they would discover that the whole thing had been settled otherwise and elsewhere without their knowledge. Thus, in the final session, while John Hamilton was out in the corridor firmly convinced that Vandenberg had been drafted something went on in the twinkling of an eye and he found Frank Knox sitting in his lap about as welcome as a Morgan midget.

When the choice of the Chicago publisher became official the din of the demonstration was so terrific that one could scarcely hear the boomin of a butterfly. A young soprano tried to stampede the delegates and visitors by singing that excellent ditty, "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along." You remember it, "In and out roundabout."

"Keep 'em rolling" sang the little lady, as if her throat would break. They just wouldn't roll. But in far-off California an elderly gentleman put down the telephone, smiled pleasantly to his secretary and said, "That will be all for today."

My Day

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

FORT WORTH, Tex., Friday—Such a changeable day! Bright sun this morning, and I never saw a prettier sight than the stadium in the Dallas fairground. Dresses and hats and every color we may see anywhere in summer. However, here we had parades of men due to make the whole stadium look like a garden of flowers in full bloom.

One incident marked the morning for me. Out in the heat stood detachments from the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Suddenly I saw a boy being almost carried out to a car on the sidelines by two of his comrades. I knew how badly he would feel if dropping out, but I was even more afraid he might be really ill. My husband stopped long enough on the way out to ascertain that he was feeling better.

After lunch we started out for Fort Worth. Soon the clouds began to gather and then we had wind and quite a heavy rain. This was a great disappointment to many people, I know, but thongs still lined the sidewalks and cheered the President. I only hope no one is the worse tomorrow for a drenching. At least it is deliciously cool now.

We are about to go out and spend the night with our son, Elliott, and his wife and baby. It is rather pleasant to have a family dotted around in various places, for one always had an added interest in the locality where a child is living.

In this case I have seen Elliott's home before, but his father has never been here and I know Elliott will want to show him everything. Since I was here last autumn he has made certain improvements—and then grandchildren do grow so rapidly I expect I will hardly know Chandler.

Every one seems to think that my husband will be too tired to really enjoy this short interlude in an official trip—but I think he really thrives on the feeling that he is seeing an improvement in conditions wherever we go. He certainly shows no sign of fatigue.

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New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

KIMI-SAN, a beautiful Japanese girl, is sold into bondage to the Yoshiwara, by her starving family. Rescued by a Christian army officer and teacher, she falls in love with one of his university students, Shigeo, the son of a rich merchant whose mistress she has been. Forbidden to marry by old family traditions, Kimi and Shigeo find their only possible solution in shinju—love suicide.

In the love story *TO THE MOUNTAIN* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50) Bradford Smith, a university professor in Tokyo, has interwoven the problems of modern Japan, with its conflict of Oriental and Western ideas, of Christianity and Shintoism, with its political upheaval, Communism, and Manchurian warfare. Especially enlightening are his pictures of the various classes in Japan—the destitute, the merchant, the farmer, and the student.

"WE are never bored," says Patience. Neither will any reader as he follows the adventures of the three delightful children of James E. Abbe, international photographer, and Polly Platt, his beautiful wife, formerly an actress. The entertaining and hilarious account of their travels, is recounted chiefly by the 11-year-old daughter, "I, Patience," in *AROUND THE WORLD IN ELEVEN YEARS* (Stokes, \$2). Co-authors are her brothers, Richard and John. They write of life in France and Germany, give a vivid touch to their sojourn in Russia; take the family to America via England and land them finally on a ranch near Denver.

Their reactions to the people and the life in each place they lived is told with a youthful frankness that is sometimes breath-taking to an adult; yet their naive and original observations are often pointed and very wise.

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'SCHOOL'S OUT' FOR THE TEACHER

Mary Brigham Has Decided to Build Some New Homes

This is the last of a series of articles on Indianapolis school teachers who retired this month.

BY ELIZABETH CARR

"I NEVER thought of doing anything else."

That's Miss Mary K. Brigham's explanation of a teaching career that ended this month after 33 years.

"My mother taught and I just naturally followed in her footsteps," she said.

Not so her brothers and sisters, however. In the Brigham family, which made its home in Howell, Mich., there were two boys and three girls. One boy became a farmer, and one a railroad man; one girl is a housewife, one a teacher and one a doctor, "because," explains Miss Brigham, "she didn't want to be a teacher."

But if Miss Brigham had to live the last 33 years over again, she would still be a teacher.

The first of next week will find her in her car and headed for Michigan and home. And by home she means a real home, for she's going to build it herself. Real estate, her one-time hobby, is to be her profession.

She taught fourth and fifth grades at School 7, fifth at Schools 61 and at 36; moved to department at School 50 and to junior high at School 72 where she concluded her teaching career.

Geography, civics and history were the subjects she taught in the high school.

"A one-room schoolhouse? Of course I taught in one. Every one had to get his teaching experience there," she explained.

There's a very marked change in teaching, said Miss Brigham, confirming the opinion of the other retiring teachers.

"THE pupil and the teacher are more interested and the subject more interesting," she said. "Everything used to be so cut and dried, but not so today. The radio, the newspapers, movies and theaters have helped to make teaching problems easier."

She has traveled a good bit about the United States, but when she contemplated a trip to Europe a sister asked her why she didn't see more of America first. This same sister journeyed to Europe several years later. Her report was: "I can understand now why you were so anxious to go abroad." They were agreed on the beauty of the country and the evidence of old cultures.

Miss Brigham intends to spend the winter in California with a friend. She may even remain there.

She's excited about the trip already. She's got the route all mapped out, straight out 66. And if she gets tired she'll stop over and do some sight-seeing.

THE END

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