

# Vagabond FROM INDIANA

By ERNIE PYLE

SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 7.—It seems to be a fad among people who travel, to come home and rave about what a beautiful place Salt Lake City is. Now I know the reason.

They've got the city mixed up with the girls. Salt Lake City isn't by a long shot the most beautiful place in the world, but it certainly has more beautiful girls per square foot than any city I've ever seen. I don't know whether it's the climate,

or religion, or just an unfair distribution of fair feminine features, but it sure is something. Salt Lake has got 'em.

About Salt Lake City itself. I guess I had heard too many praises ahead of time. It isn't as beautiful as I expected.

The setting is lovely. The city stands 4300 feet above the sea. Mountain ridges make a "U" around it on three sides. The mountains are bare and not awfully high.

The ridge over to the west doesn't look very far, but it must be about 20 miles. The valley floor is as flat as a table. This is room in this valley for Salt Lake to expand indefinitely.

I had always supposed the city was on the shore of Salt Lake. But no. The lake is more than 20 miles to the west, in a break in the mountains.

One thing I have against Salt Lake is the way you come into it. I like a city, especially a desert city, that you can drive right up to and smack your nose in. But not Salt Lake. Arriving from the south, you're getting into it for 50 miles.

The valley extends far to the south, and it's all irrigated, and has mines along the edges. The result is a very prosperous valley, with a town practically every 100 yards.

## Churches Like Others

I HAD expected Salt Lake City to be a place of great domes and mosques and tolling bells and things mysteriously Mormon, and very, very white in the sun. It isn't that at all. The only dome is the state capitol. The Mormon churches mostly are like any other churches.

Main-st. has so many neon signs it looks like the Fourth of July. There are dinky little shops of all kinds, and open-front vegetable markets, in the southern California manner.

Traffic in Salt Lake City is a joy. The streets are 132 feet wide (said out that way by Brigham Young nearly 90 years ago), and there's plenty of room.

Despite the fact that the valley is pure desert, the city is full of trees. The Mormons get their water from canyons back in the mountains, and, by irrigation and much sprinkling, they've made the city one of trees and bright flowers.

## Temple Square

THE great Temple Square of the Mormons is the thing around which Salt Lake gravitates. It is two blocks square, right downtown, and is enclosed by a high, thick adobe wall.

Inside the wall is the huge Mormon Temple. It doesn't look like a temple. It looks like a cathedral. It cost \$4,000,000, and took 40 years to build. It was finished in 1893.

Just a few paces from the temple is the famous Mormon tabernacle. It is oval-shaped, one story, high curved roof, and will hold 10,000 people. It is world famous for its perfect acoustics. The Mormon guides take visitors in there, and sit them at the back of the building, and an attendant on the altar (half a block away) drops a pin, and rubs his hands together, and whispers "Can you hear me?" and you can hear it all very plainly.

## Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT  
NEW YORK, N. Y., Tuesday.—This has been a full day! At 9:15 a. m. I picked up Mrs. Morgenthau and we went to Mr. Jesse Straus' funeral. Funerals are sad for those who are left behind to live on without some one they love.

One can not help being glad that Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was so useful, so full of interest and achievement. Emphasis was laid on the words: "And may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark." A fitting salute to one of whom it may be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Later I paid a call on the National Progressive League for Roosevelt. I lunched with the League of Progressive Republican Women who have come together to keep the present Administration in office because they feel it has done a service to the nation.

From there I went down to the armory on 34th-st., where Col. Somervell met me to show me the WPA exhibition. What interesting work is being done for health, for recreation and many other things in the public schools of this great city! As I walked around I kept thinking of Mayor La Guardia's remarks when he opened the exhibition last night. He said that every good thing seen here represented one more individual who had retained his independence and supported himself and his family. That was the first consideration. Then we came to what has been accomplished by this work and here we find benefits spreading out to hundreds of thousands of people.

Think of the children kept from possible wrongdoing by the programs in the play-grounds and camps. Of men, women and children helped by the tuberculosis project, which is perhaps bringing to light many cases of this disease which otherwise might have gone undetected and infected whole families. Of the clinics for social diseases which are beginning a much needed work.

I went on to the WPA art exhibit at 11 W. 53rd-st. and was very much impressed by the work. Especially interesting is that exhibited by a group of children, some of which is to remain in the museum.

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## Daily New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

It is not scenery and people as they appear to the casual traveler that concern Geoffrey Gorer in his new book, *BALI AND ANGHOR* (Little, Brown; \$3). Rather he is interested in the physical features of a land as it has affected the natives in their religion, morality, customs, music, dancing, and architecture. In his account of a journey to the Malay Islands and French Indo-China, the author presents a stimulating and provocative discussion of Bali and Anghor with brief treatment of Sumatra, Java and Siam. Because so much has been written about Bali, this traveler went there half-unwillingly but left wholly convinced that he had seen the nearest approach to Utopia. Although Anghor impresses him as a dead ruin of a vanished past, he found much to admire in Anghor Wat, "one of the loveliest pieces of architecture in the world." Supplemented with hints for tourists and detailed photographs, this is a scholarly study of a people's art and religion, in addition to general observations on their life.

THE inside story of European diplomacy for the past quarter century is related in *EUROPE AND EUROPEANS* by one of the chief players—Count Carlo Sforza (Bobbs-Merrill; \$2.75). The account is characterized by his awareness of continental trends and by illuminating details of personalities and private conversations that do not find their way into official diplomatic annals.

He defends past diplomacy based on "realism," which traded on national weaknesses and alliances to maintain the balance of power. However, he sees that the future strength of Europe must lie in co-operative unity of action for collective security. He quotes a statesman, "Yes; these gentlemen around me know many dead things and very little of life." He shows that nationalism is a thing of the past, maintained only by dictators to hold their power; for "dictators can not do without wars."

His theory of co-operative unity is not sentimental idealism but the starkest realism, because Count Sforza is convinced that such co-operation is necessary if Europe is to maintain its prestige.

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## THE MODEL GIRLS OF AMERICA

### Shortage of New Faces Insures Chance for All Qualified Posers

(Last of Two Articles)

BY JOHN ROBERT POWERS

(Copyright, 1938, NEA Service, Inc.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—

Modeling is a sure-fire opportunity for making a good income for any girl who can qualify. It is indeed a model business, for it is one of the few in which there aren't enough suitable workers to supply the demand.

And that is true despite the presence of scouts all over the country who are willing to interview any one who thinks she has the necessary qualifications.

The field is wide open. Any beginner who gets a fair start has a more than even chance of a lucrative profession while becoming a headliner. While it lasts.

But, lest I paint too rosy a picture, let me point out the catch in this seemingly perfect setup. A model's career is comparatively short-lived. The more successful she is, the shorter her career.

A model doesn't find herself out of the running because a gray hair appears or because she gets a wrinkle across her forehead. Usually she is gone and her face forgotten years before she begins to show a sign of age.

A girl's picture can appear in advertisements and on magazine covers for just so long, then photographers, for fear the public will tire of it, stop calling her. Come-backs are unheard of.

HOWEVER, this situation doesn't discourage the currently successful models. They realize that their profession is the gateway to a film career.

But most of the girls marry young and stop worrying about a career anyway.

At the moment, we have exactly 100 models on our list. If we could find the right sort of new faces (about 100 applicants are turned away every day) we would increase it—gladly.

We need more natural redheads. You have little idea how difficult it is to find a NATURAL redhead who has the other qualifications, too.

Twenty-five dollars a day is the usual fee a photographer or artist pays a model. Prices per hour range from \$5 to \$50 depending on her popularity. Ten percent goes to her agent.

A large and varied personal



Janice Jarratt... she can hold that smile indefinitely.

wardrobe is a necessity. Only when a model is posing for fashion illustrations are the clothes provided. Otherwise, she must bring her own. These have to suit her own personality as well as the situation to be portrayed. You can see how important it is for her to have a natural clothes-sense as well as regular features, good posture and so on.

A FAIRLY large percentage of a model's salary must go to the beauty shops. Her looks being her livelihood, she can not go around with hair that should have been washed the day before or with nails that aren't manicured within an inch of their lives. Just any little hairdresser won't do over a period of months either. A model's hair requires ultra-expert attention by a coiffure man who can arrange her curls and swirls into new shapes and styles.

The actual work isn't as simple

as it sounds or as a finished picture looks. One has to be able to strike the proper pose and to hold it for hours if necessary. You may be sure that the girl who has to stand half-way up a ladder for three hours honestly earns her \$15.

If you doubt that modeling can be tedious, try posing on the edge of a diving board for half a day. Or wearing a heavy fur coat for an hour on a sultry August afternoon. Or a chiffon dress on a penthouse roof in midwinter.

The idea that all professional models wear sables and live in Park-av penthouses is as silly as the once-popular myth that all chorus girls drove 16-cylinder roadsters. The majority of our girls live with their mothers, work long hours and have practically no social lives.

You can't get up, clear eyed and fresh-looking, ready to take a pose and hold it for hours—eight hours, if you have been night-clubbing the night before.

Unless you are willing to work, take criticism and make the sac-



Betty McLaughlin... wearing clothes smartly pays her well.

rifices necessary to preserving your assets of face and figure, there's no use in thinking about

modeling. If you are—remember we're always looking for new faces.

## America's 'Brainiest' Man Is Discovered by Expedition

BY SCIENCE SERVICE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Science has discovered America's brainiest man. He lived and died hundreds of years ago, and his immense skull has now come to light through archaeological digging in Alaska. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institution reports the discovery as a notable one from his expedition to the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, this summer.

America's greatest big-head, thus revealed as a man of the Aleutian Islands, had a skull shaped to hold a brain of fully 2005 cubic centimeters. The average human has no more than 1450 cubic centimeters of brain if he is a man. A woman averages less, about 1250 to 1300.

Dr. Hrdlicka compares this big-brained American to other big-brained men on record. Daniel Webster is credited with having the largest head of any American within historic times. But his massive brain was smaller than the Aleut's, being about 2000 cubic centimeters. Bismarck's brain is estimated to have been about 1965; Beethoven's, 1750.

The Russian poet Turgenev, with a huge brain of 2030 cubic centimeters, still holds the entire world record in this respect, though the American discovery comes close.

High Weather Bureau Station Set Up

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Oct. 7.—Near the sky line in the Eastern United States, a new Weather Bureau station has been set up on the summit of Mount Mitchell, near here. It is in charge of Ed Wilson, forest warden, and Warren Jones. The two men will spend their entire time on this peak, loftiest mountain east of the Rockies. Every six hours they will send reports by telephone and telegraph to the Weather Bureau Observatory at Atlanta. These "sky-high" meteorological observations are expected to be of particular value in connection with commercial aviation in the East and Southeast.

There is a rough but definite correlation between brain size and intelligence in normal human beings. Dr. Hrdlicka explains. Brain size, he points out, is the most essential physical difference between man and beast.

In the National Museum's rare scientific collection of 16,000 skulls, the largest such collection in the world, the smallest normal adult skull of a human being is capable of holding no more than 910 cubic centimeters of brain. This is close to the edge of the gulf separating man from ape, so far as brain size is concerned.

Preventives for Horse Plague Announced

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Two preventives for the horse plague, equine encephalomyelitis, have been on the market for some time. Dr. E. W. Schoening of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, informed Science Service. One is an immune serum, developed several years ago at the agricultural ex-

periment stations of California and Nevada. The other is a vaccine, first worked out by the Bureau of Animal Industry. Both are now produced by private commercial laboratories.

The Bureau of Animal Industry has made some fairly extensive tests of both vaccine and serum. Dr. Schoening said, and has obtained fairly encouraging results. In spite of the similarity of name between the encephalomyelitis of horses and the encephalitis lethargica of human beings, commonly called European sleeping sickness, the diseases are not related. Furthermore, reports that human beings have been infected with the horse disease are looked upon with considerable conservatism by Dr. Schoening and his associates, who feel that much more information will need to be obtained before sweeping assertions on this point can be made.

Although heralded as a "new" disease, equine encephalomyelitis is not really that. Animal pathologists have known about it for many years, and have been conducting very accurate researches on its cause and possible cure since it began to spread rapidly, about six years ago.

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BY MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Yesterday was exactly four weeks before the election. It sounds trite to say, but it is probably true, that not in any election within recent memory have so few observers, or so few politicians, been confident about the outcome. There are Democrats who believe their party will win largely, there are Democrats who believe their party will win by a narrow margin. There are Democrats who believe their party will lose. And there are Republicans having the corresponding shades of belief.

The most formidable straw vote on a national scale, that of the Literary Digest, points strongly toward Republican victory, and every one bears in mind that in previous elections the Digest barometer has turned out to have been uncannily accurate. At the same time some straw votes covering single states or smaller areas, as thorough within their fields as the Literary Digest on a national scale, point toward Democratic victory.

One aspect of the Literary Digest poll is alone sufficient to account for the current mystification and to justify the statement that this is an extraordinary campaign. The Digest inquires of those to whom it sends straw ballots how they voted in 1932. The result of this part of the Digest compilation is itself unique. It turns out that apparently about 28 per cent of those who in 1932 voted Democratic will in this year vote Republican. And it turns out that about 12 per cent of those who in 1932 voted Republican will in this year vote Democratic.

But let us omit any inference bearing on the outcome in November. Let us consider the simple phenomenon that apparently 28 per cent of one party and 12 per cent of the other are this year shifting their allegiance. That is an extraordinary condition. It alone is enough to make this election

unique. There have been occasions when large numbers of one party shifted. In 1932, for example, a large percentage of the Republican Party shifted, away from Mr. Hoover. In 1928, a large percentage of the Democratic Party shifted, away from Al Smith. But never before, I think, has it happened that large percentages of both parties shifted their allegiance. This one condition is sufficient to make the outcome of November's election confusing to predictors and estimators.

The prevailing mystification about the outcome can be accounted for in part by some other developments which are new in this campaign. It is frequently stated that for the first time in America, or at least to a greater degree than ever before, the division of voters in this election is horizontal. That is, that persons in the middle and upper economic levels are prevailing for the Republican candidate, while persons in the lower economic levels, especially those on relief rolls, are prevailing for Mr. Roosevelt.

In this assumption there is probably some substance. But it is subject to some decidedly important qualifications. Many of the persons on relief, or otherwise in the lower economic levels, are inhabitants of the densely populated parts of large cities. As such, they have in the past habitually been led in their voting by the city political machines. Some of the machines, as in New York, are Democratic. It follows that in New York most of these who this year will vote Democratic because they are on relief would in any election vote Democratic as followers of Tammany.

In some other large cities the most powerful machine is Republican. And in such cases it may be that the Republican machine will be superior to the Democratic relief command organization in ability to command

the votes of persons on relief. In some cities, such as Pittsburgh, where once a Republican machine was dominant, a new Democratic machine now has the greater power. In cities where a Democratic machine is dominant and where also the Democratic leaders have control of relief funds, the persons on relief will almost certainly vote prevailingly for Mr. Roosevelt.

In the country as a whole it is doubtful whether the relief funds are an unqualified asset for Mr. Roosevelt. Many on relief are, for one reason or another, sullen against the party that is administering the relief. Either they feel that the relief is niggardly, or they hear that some are getting greater relief than others, or they lack heart for this kind of work. Or they resent the very existence of a relief system, feeling that they would prefer normal jobs in private employment. Some on relief are sullen against the pressure which Democratic officials put upon them to support Mr. Roosevelt and in the secrecy of the election booths will vote their resentment.

In one respect there is abundant testimony that the relief projects are a detriment to the Democrats. However the persons on relief may feel, the onlookers have a point of view of their own.

They observe the waste and inefficiency which is probably inseparable from relief projects even if they were conducted in the best possible way. Wherever relief projects exist, the neighbors and onlookers, the farmers and those engaged in private employment, tend to take a strongly critical attitude toward the relief work and toward the party responsible for it. It is expected that during the remaining weeks of the campaign there will be exposures of Democratic management of relief work in at least one large state.

Best Sellers

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

The best-sellers for the week ending last Saturday in 23 cities as revealed by the Scripps-Howard book-of-the-week poll are: Fiction, "Gone With the Wind," "Drums Along the Mohawk," "White Banners," "I Am the Fox," "Eyes in the Sky," "The Unknown," "Live Alone and Like It," "An American Doctor's Odyssey," "Jefferson in Power," "Around the World in Eleven Years."

Best sellers for the week in Indianapolis were: Fiction, "Gone With the Wind," "White Banners," "The Enchanted Voice," "Drums Along the Mohawk," non-fiction, "Live Alone and Like It," "As I Knew Them," "Around the World in Eleven Years," "The Unknown," "Lies for a Lonesome Drum."

## Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

IN the course of my tireless search for romances around this town I ran across Mrs. Henry Runge the other day. Mrs. Runge was 82 years old last week and it was the cause for very much celebration. It was also the occasion of Mrs. Runge's confession that James Whitcomb Riley had kissed her any number of times. So many that she lost count, she said. Which, of course, calls for an explanation all around.

It all goes back to Lockerbie Street and the fact that Mrs. Runge and the Theodore Weiss, who it turns out are her daughter and son-in-law, were Mr. Riley's most intimate neighbors. "From the beginning (1882) to the end (1916)," said Mrs. Runge.

Mrs. Runge always made it a point to call on Mr. Riley every day and if, for any reason, she was late, he would say: "Damn it, where were you been keeping yourself?" Some times, she admits, she was late just to hear him say it.

Every Sunday morning, Mr. Riley would return the call, always bearing a bunch of flowers or a box of candy. He always came in the kitchen way and if they were at dinner and things smelled good, he would say: "Well, it had some taste, I'd sit down, too."

Mr. Riley had reason enough to like about Mrs. Runge's cooking because for nigh on to a quarter of a century she brought him tid-bits from her kitchen. He was passionately fond of sauerkraut and spare-ribs and German pot roast and Kartoffelkoesse. Indeed, it was after a sauer-kraut offering that Mrs. Runge got her first kiss.

Comes to Lockerbie Street

MRS. RUNGE knows the inside story of how Mr. Riley came to live in Lockerbie Street. Seems that, early in the nineties, John Nickum, Major Holstein and wife, and Mr. Riley were together in Martinsville when Mr. Nickum proposed that Riley come and live with them. "It's high time you were having a home," said Mrs. Holstein, who was Mr. Nickum's daughter. Up to that time Mr. Riley had been living at the Denison.

Mr. Riley agreed, provided the Nickum-Holsteins would allow him to contribute the amount he paid the Denison people. They humored him, and that's how Mr. Riley came to live in the Nickum home in Lockerbie Street. That's also why Mr. Riley had such fine manners. "It was Mrs. Holstein's beautiful indifference," said Mrs. Runge.

Riley had, of course, always loved Lockerbie Street because, as early as 1880, he wrote a poem about it. Seems he took a walk one day. "As I walked back to the office," he said, "I repeated every time my feet went down—Lockerbie Street—Lockerbie Street—Lockerbie Street—and I couldn't get the words out of my head. That night I wrote the poem and it appeared in the morning paper. When I reached my desk that day I found it covered with flowers sent me by the people of Lockerbie Street who had read the verses that morning."

Liked Christmas Trees

MRS. RUNGE also likes to recall a certain Christmas Eve long ago when Mr. Riley showed up. When he saw the lighted tree he was quite beside himself. "Like a little boy," said Mrs. Runge. After that the Runge-Weiss household always trimmed two trees and carried one to Mr. Riley on Christmas Eve. Toward the last they had to climb the stairs and put it beside his bed.

The two households had a lot in common. Mr. Riley, for instance, had a female Maltese terrier, "Lockerbie." Mrs. Runge had Lockerbie's brother, "Polly." Mrs. Runge also kept Mr. Riley's parrot. "Polly" wouldn't eat after Mrs. Holstein was gone. The parrot perked up under Mrs. Runge's care, but died finally at the age of 78. Mrs. Runge buried "Lockerbie" and "Polly" under Mr. Riley's bedroom windows—one under each window.

## Hoosier Yesterdays

AS a vagabond drifting from community to community, James Whitcomb Riley, beloved Indiana poet, born Oct. 7, 1849, in Greenfield, learned the language and lore of people revealed in his verses. His mind full of the day-by-day routine of his native town, Riley roamed the country playing a violin for a show and writing signs for storekeepers.

As he listened to the gossip of people on street corners and saw the pageant of life in the cities and the rolling prairies there was stored in his mind a wealth of impressions.

His poems retold the charm of youth and the joy that comes to boys in the country as they walk down dusty country roads or smell the brisk fragrance of Indian summer.

Riley's genius is that his writings strike deep to the memories of the people. He talks the universal language of the village storekeeper.

Those who knew Riley intimately recall him as a delightful companion. Although he never grappled with social problems, Riley had the same feel of the common man's language and dreams as Walt Whitman and Carl Sandburg.—By T. C.

## Watch Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBURN

Editor, Amer. Medical Assn. Journal

A DOG bite, or the bite of any small animal, should always be investigated promptly to determine whether the animal has hydrophobia or rabies. If there is no question of hydrophobia, the wound is treated like any other ordinary wound.

In the event of a sting, the stinger of the bee, wasp, or yellow jacket should be pulled out if it is visible in the tissues. Then a drop or two of diluted ammonia water may be applied to the wound. Swelling and pain may be alleviated by application of cold compresses.

Most spider bites in the United States are due to the black widow spider, the "black widow." This spider looks like a black shoe button and is called the "black widow" because the female frequently eats the male. Occasionally, persons who are bitten by this kind of spider suffer a general reaction affecting the whole body, and become seriously ill. They should, of course, have immediate medical attention.

The ordinary sting of the centipede or scorpion may be more severe than that of a wasp or bee. In such cases bleeding should be encouraged to wash out any material deposited with the sting or bite.

Tincture of iodine may be applied to prevent infection. Cold compresses will take care of pain and swelling. A physician usually will treat a severe scorpion sting by injecting an anesthetic solution around the bite or sting.

Bites of fleas and mosquitoes seldom are disturbing unless they become infected. Constant scratching will break the blister, and the raw surface may become infected easily.