

Vagabond

FROM INDIANA

ERNIE PYLE

NEW YORK, April 13.—There has been much talk lately about burlesque and strip-tease dancers. A Congressional Committee has heard the strip-tease praised as a native American art. Columnist Pegler has damned it as a social infection. People are talking about it.

So I went to a burlesque show on Broadway. You can't tell anything from one show, so I went to another one. I have always felt that a writer should not attempt a discussion until he is thoroughly familiar with his subject. So I went to a third one.

A complete grasp of the burlesque situation is still not mine, but after all, a writer can't study forever. Seven shows have given me a sort of inkling of what burlesque is like. The one tonight will make eight.

Burlesque, in case you don't know, is like a Broadway musical show, except the women are naked, the jokes dirtier, the audience louder, and you can get the best seats for 55 cents at the box office, instead of \$7.70 at a scalper's.

Burlesque has always been a show of dirty jokes and party-dressed women. But in recent years the undressing business has grown into a national phenomenon. The strip-teaser has become an institution.

There are usually six strippers during the hour-and-a-half burlesque performance. The stripper comes on the stage alone, just after the musical chorus number.

She's Good to Look At
SHE is good to look at. And she is beautifully dressed. The music plays. The stripper either dances, or marches swingingly back and forth across the stage. Smiling, of course. The spotlight is on her. She never says a word.

She reaches behind her waist. But nothing happens. She goes on walking. She reaches for the clasp at the back of her neck. But nothing happens. She walks and swings and smiles.

That's the tease. But finally she really goes after the clasp, and boy she unhook it, and boy, down comes one side of the front of her dress. And then, boy, down comes the other side.

She keeps walking and smiling. After a while the dress starts coming off at the hips. Just as it falls, she disappears into the wings. But the applause brings her back. She comes out holding the dress in front of her, and she walks and smiles and swings to the music, and after a while she throws the dress into the air and there she is walking and swinging with nothing on but a figurative fig leaf which you can't see.

Backstage All Is Modesty
BURLESQUE, as you see, is designed for bringing out the ah, shall we say, beast in man? And yet I've never been in a less sexy place than backstage of a burlesque theater.

You stand in the wing, with a side view of a stripper dancing and undressing and smiling out there on the stage.

At last the garment drops off; she slides back into the wings. And do you know what she does? She folds her arms in front of her, and grabs a hanging curtain and hides until somebody hands her a dress, and then she slips it around her and runs up to her dressing room. You never saw anything so modest as a strip-tease backstage.

(Tomorrow: Burlesque's "Grand Opera.")

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

GALLINBURG, Tenn., Monday.—We reached Natural Bridge, Va., Saturday at about 7 p. m. after a most glorious drive through Shenandoah Park. The skyline drive is really very beautiful.

Having started late, at 12:45 to be exact—we didn't stop until nearly 3, when we pulled out at a parking place, with a glorious view down into a ravine, and drank hot coffee. We had brought orange juice also, but our hands were so cold we could not unscrew the top of the bottle.

We've learned, however, to accept such vicissitudes with calm, and were grateful that the coffee which we were able to unscrew. With my usual optimism I thought spring began in April, but it was really mid-winter—a beautiful, clear, blue sky and as cold as Greenland.

After dinner we wandered down to see the illumination and the fountain. The lighting is beautiful and gives it all a mysterious, almost prehistoric effect. This morning, after breakfast, we walked along the stream again, and thought it just as impressive as it was last night.

It is extraordinary to think of the years it has taken for the slowly dripping water to break through that stone wall. The old arbor-vitae trees, said to be over a thousand years old, were a tremendous surprise to me, for I didn't think they ever lived that long.

Sunday's drive began at 10:30 and, until we came in view of the Great Smokies, the scenery was not as impressive as it was yesterday.

We reached Gallinburg about 7:30 and we are enchanted with the hotel in which the future is all made by local craftsmen. The rooms are paneled, the curtains are woven in the local craft shop and, though it is too dark for me to be sure tonight, I feel we are going to look out on a panorama of mountain tops tomorrow morning.

The last thing we saw this evening as we drove in, was the deep blue of the mountainsides in contrast with the snow on their peaks. The white clouds floating above looked like mountain peaks themselves. Mountains have a beauty and a calm which should have a soothing effect on the most worried of little human souls.

New Books

PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

"DESTINY had been cruel in ordaining that a man of his temper and temperament should be Emperor of a great nation." Thus E. F. Benson speaks of Kaiser Wilhelm II. in an illuminating biography, **THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS** (Longmans, Green).

Against the background of a hopelessly involved Europe, the character of William is limned. The book begins with the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, Queen Victoria's 17-year-old daughter, to Fritz, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who was destined to fall prey to an incurable disease after a reign of only 98 days.

When their son, Frederick William Victor Albert, ascended the throne at 29, his kingdom was already committed to the policies of the "Iron Chancellor," but was to be deprived of the guiding genius of Bismarck. Except for a prolog showing the exiled emperor of today living the peaceful life of a country gentleman at Doorn, the story ends with the beginning of the World War.

HERE is a refreshing presentation of what an intimate acquaintance with Emerson can yield to richer living and thinking. A stockbroker, Newton Dillaway, analyzes in his **PROPHET OF AMERICA** (Little, Brown) the validity of Emerson's philosophy as applied to our modern problems of government, economics and human relations. The core of Emerson's thinking is that change and growth in civilization must come from the individual and that there is little to hope for in reforms which are imposed by institutions or authority.

Mr. Dillaway, although familiar with studies and research about Emerson and his period, confines his book to the message of the essays. If you have never encountered his magnificent prose, you will find this study a stimulating and contemporary account of a practical and living philosophy.

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BASHFUL? MEET DALE CARNEGIE

Author Amazed at Brisk Sale of His Book on How to Make Friends

By MORRIS GILBERT
NEA Service Writer

NEW YORK, April 13.—

"Be a good listener.

Encourage others to talk

about themselves," says

Rule 4 in Chapter Four,

Part Two, of Dale Carnegie's

famous handbook on

charm, "How to Win

Friends and Influence People,"

which its author was

amazed the other day to

learn had sold more than

269,000 copies.

That put it up to Mr. Carnegie.

Should Mr. Carnegie encourage

the interviewer to talk about himself?

That would be guaranteed

to make the interviewer like him.

Or on the other hand, should Mr.

Carnegie break the rule and talk

about himself?

"I," said the interviewer, "like

New York. I don't care much

about baseball any more. The

best kind of beer is—

"Nobody," said Mr. Carnegie,

"was more amazed than I was

when the book began to sell

in those figures. I wrote the book

for two reasons. First, to correct

the mistakes I used to make my-

self. Years ago I did practically

everything wrong. I was always

criticizing, arguing, talking too

much."

"Now, Mr. Carnegie," said the

interviewer, "I want to tell you

about the time—

"The second reason I wrote the

book," Mr. Carnegie continued,

"was to have a textbook for the

classes in my Institute of Effective

Speaking and Human Relations

here in New York. I thought at

the most it would sell

around 15 or 20 thousand copies."

"Now, I think," said the inter-

viewer, "I," said Mr. Carnegie, "have

written a book. One of them is

much better written than this

latest one. It is called 'Lincoln

the Unknown.' That is the book

I like best among those I've writ-

ten. It sold less than 10,000 cop-

ies."

"As I was saying, Mr. Carnegie,"

the interviewer began, "The

reason," Mr. Carnegie

said, "it didn't sell like 'How to

Make Friends' was because the

thing that interests people most

in this world is their own human

problems. Come right down to

it, isn't the human relation prac-

tically YOUR own problem?"

"Yes, Mr. Carnegie," said the

interviewer.

DALE CARNEGIE has the con-

genial, evangelical expression

of a pedagogue untroubled by worry

or guile. His graying hair, side-

parted, curls in a lavish roll high



A woman well known in Manhattan's upper society busily records the aphorisms of Dale Carnegie at the opening of "Get Acquainted" session of the new term.

above the brow. He has discarded those octagonal nose glasses of his pictures and replaced them by silver-rimmed spectacles. He talks rapidly and easily.

It's hard for him to keep from quoting himself because his book is peppered with epigrams, and an epigram once knocked together isn't easy to improve on. "Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in the English language. That's a sample of the Carnegie line. 'Make the other fellow feel important—and do it sincerely.'"

Again: "You can't win an argument," he declares with earthy shrewdness. "You can't because if you lose it, you lose it; and if you win it, you lose it." A rule for making home life happier: "Why wait until your wife goes to the hospital to give her a few flowers?"

Mr. Carnegie was born in '88, "the year of the Great Blizzard," on a farm near Maysville, Mo. The family was nearly poor, but Dale Carnegie's father sent Dale and his brother to school and college. "If I leave you money," Dale's father said, "somebody's liable to come along and beat you out of it. They can't take away an education."

Hard luck dogged the Carnegies on their Maysville farm, and pretty soon they trekked to Warrensburg, Mo. His parents' ambition kept Dale in State Teachers' College there. The farm was three miles out of town. Dale was too poor to spend the dollar a day it



Unaccustomed as she is to even semipublic speaking, the young pupil (above) succumbed to a violent attack of the giggles when required to address the class and felt obliged to call for Mr. Carnegie himself.

cost to live at the college, so he rode in on horseback every day.

"My clothes were awful," he said. "Hand-me-downs. I developed a terrible inferiority complex. That's the reason for the work I'm doing now. If I'd had good clothes and lots of money, I don't suppose I'd be interested in it. It's compensation."

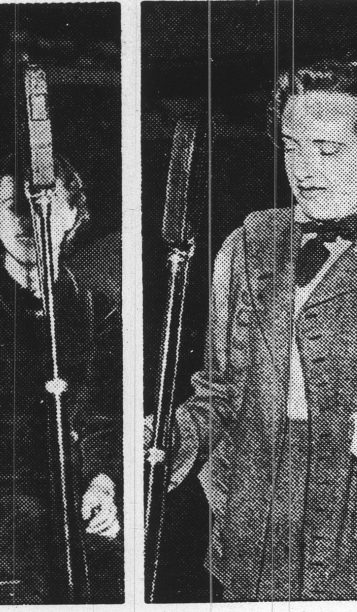
He went in for debating at college. He was a flop at first, then he began to win. He was so good in local debates that he started a correspondence school. It failed. He became a salesman. A hard, grinding period set in for him when he sold and traded and played poker and rode the range all up and down the West.

Jan. 11, 1911, found him arriving in New York. He went on the stage, touring in "Polly of the Circus." He wasn't a good actor.

Pretty soon he was trying to sell the idea of courses in public speaking in New York College extension courses for adults. The authorities wouldn't hire him, but agreed to let Mr. Carnegie start such a course on a percentage basis. He did well. "I had to be practical," he says. "I had to give them something they could use in their daily lives and business."

His "little institute," as he calls it, began privately, with no reputation, no endowment, became a success.

Thomas H. Nelson is now dean of the school. Its offices are in 42d St., but the classrooms are



But the soothing influence of America's No. 1 prophet of personality had an almost mesmerizing effect when he came to her rescue. In his presence, the nervous student calmed down and was able to face the mike.



Relaxed and comfortable, Dale Carnegie takes his ease at his desk in New York and considers the astounding sales of his book on personality and friendship for which he modestly disclaims any spectacular personal part, emphasizing that it's the book's message which causes people to buy it.

hotel banquet halls, and classes are limited to 40. There are 10 regular teachers, who work evenings, and a few extra ones from time to time. Courses last 16 weeks. Under the impetus of the famous book, the school is rapidly expanding.

"The classes at the beginning of each term are as funny as a Broadway show," Mr. Carnegie says. "Everybody has to make a speech. They're so nervous the first night we let them sit on a table. Later they get better."

HE listed his commuters, other than the famous one who came from Havana to prepare to make one three-minute speech down there, after which he was labeled one of Cuba's most sterling orators. A Colgate has been a student. So has Mr. A. Lee White, president of Dun & Bradstreet, and Mr. Hillock of Hillock's Applejack, and a big executive from Mueller's Macaroni. Mr. Wilson B. McCandless, president of the Denman Tire & Rubber Co. of Warren, O., pullsman to New York Sunday nights, spends Mon-

day preparing his lessons, attends class Monday night and catches the late sleeper home. Others commute from Albany and Philadelphia. A retired rear admiral in the United States Navy has been coming down from New Haven.

Mr. Carnegie lives in a small house in a quiet street in Forest Hills, L. I. His two nieces, Josephine and Pauline Carnegie, live with him. "I was married once," he said. "I'm not married now."

"I'm not a prohibitionist exactly," said Dale Carnegie, "I hardly ever drink, and I think it's the cause of a lot of crime." He doesn't smoke. Sometimes he goes to the Community Church in Forest Hills.

He doesn't believe in the study of ancient languages or higher mathematics. They're a waste of time, he thinks. "They say Latin helps you to know English better and that mathematics trains the mind. Once I went out to Kansas City to see my folks. I went by way of Mexico. But it didn't prove that that's the best or only way to go from here to Kansas City."

By JOHN T. FLYNN
Times Special Writer

NEW YORK, April 13.—Word comes from London that Norman Davis, American ambassador-at-large, now attending the sugar conference, is in reality looking over the situation with a view to a disarmament conference. This is merely a suspicion formed in the minds of London pressmen. But the idea, of course, has been knocking about in the President's mind for some time. And probably before long we shall hear of a gathering of diplomats and perhaps premier in Washington in another conclave to reduce armaments.

In this business of armaments, of course no stone should be left unturned to check the vicious rivalry of nations. But, in the end, if we hope to accomplish anything we shall have to be realistic about it. Disarmament conferences, of course, have one quality. They are spectacular, dramatic, get an immense amount of newspaper space, give the impression of doing a great deal. We have had conferences to disarm and to end war frequently these last 20 years. If they have accomplished anything, it has been to prove that agreements about limiting arms and ending war are utterly, hopelessly futile.

There is one reason why a conference on disarmament now is tragically hopeless—so much so indeed that it amounts to nothing more than a great international show to tickle the vanity of statesmen who cannot or dare not face realities. It is as follows:

THE principal threat of war now comes from several nations, like Germany, Italy, Austria and Japan. These countries are absolutist countries, and the very existence of their regimes depends on fighting off the economic depression which hangs over or around them persistently and grows more perilous with each month.

At present the one thing which is holding back the flood-gates for these nations is war industries. All life, the same reactionaries yell like the wolves on Unalaska's shore.

Senator Wheeler (D. Mont.)—I think the President could pick (for the Supreme Court) from the group of college professors who have testified before the Committee on the Judiciary men who would decide anything any way any office boy told them to decide.

Senator Black (D. Ala.), referring to Senator Wheeler—He believed in minimum wages, and he believed in maximum hours. Then, the first time he gets a plan that will work, it frightens him, just like boys who are going through a graveyard are frightened.

Senator Ashurst (D. Ariz.)—Mr. President, let me state the issue. The so-called reactionaries have stretched the Constitution to protect every dollar in the land, but when an effort is made to strike the Constitution to protect human life, the same reactionaries yell like the wolves on Unalaska's shore.

Second Section

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

(Photos, Page 6)

BETTER keep your eye on Mrs. Essie Burke, the lady who fixes up the display windows over at the State Library. Especially this month, because if I know anything about Mrs. Burke, she's going to do her fanciest work during April. You can't miss her windows, they're bang-up against the elevator.

Maybe you don't know it, but April is the War Month of the United States, and it's something right up Mrs. Burke's alley, because there isn't anything she likes better than to show off a good war. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Burke is going to show off three (3) good war this month, and it's going to keep her more than busy. It's going to keep the rest of us busy, too, keeping up with Mrs. Burke.

Mrs. Burke had her window going good with the Civil War when I arrived on April 7. I got there just in time to see Gen. Robert E. Lee hemmed in, Mrs. Burke had it fixed to have Gen. Lee retreat the next day. And the day after that—April 9—was the date she had set for his surrender. I don't know whether I've made Mrs. Burke's plan clear or not—goodness knows it's complicated—but she's doing her level best to maintain a successive display of newspapers and war telegrams throughout April, changing as frequently as it may be necessary to meet anniversary dates. It keeps her hustling. I don't suppose anybody but a woman would have tackled a job like that.

Mrs. Burke's display of war newspapers is exciting even if you don't care a whoop about the Civil War. You can pick up all sorts of other things. For example, on the very day Gen. Lee was hemmed in, the English Opera Company, consisting of 40 artists of acknowledged ability, put on "Mariana" at the Tabernacle on the Court House Square.

'Peg Woffington' on Too
OVER at the Metropolitan Theater, Mr. and Mrs. Peter White were billed in "Peg Woffington." And over at the Masonic Hall "Paradise Lost" was playing, "carrying out Milton's idea of Heaven, Hell, Chaos and Paradise." Anyway, that's the way The Indianapolis Journal of April 7, 1935, advertised it.

There's even more to it. Willie Gen. Lee was on the spot, J. H. Baldwin & Co. was advertising in the English Opera Company, consisting of 40 artists of acknowledged ability, put on "Mariana" at the Tabernacle on the Court House Square.

Papers Didn't Recognize War
MOST of this information comes by way of the old best battle news. Anyway, it's the paper Mrs. Burke leans on most for her display windows. I asked her why. "Well," she said, "the old Sentinel didn't know Legation had the same notion, she said, and practically ignored the whole affair."

After Mrs. Burke gets done with the Civil War, she's going to do the same thing with the Spanish-American War, and then finally the World War. They're all April babies.

A Woman's View
By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

SOPHIE TUCKER says chorus girls make better wives than college girls, and there may be something in the idea. The main business of every chorine is to look pretty, to please, and to smile as a good trouper must, and certainly these attributes are valuable in marriage.

The finest asset of the show girl is her good disposition. She knows how to take hard knocks, and the peculiar nature of her job obliges her to be merry at times when merriment is a mighty tough assignment.

The ability to laugh things off—that's her greatest asset. When your fairy godmother endows you with such talent, you're bound to grow into a pleasant woman and to make some man an excellent wife.

Most women are too solemn about everything, and college women are usually the worst of the lot. Which is the real reason they are less popular with men than they would like to be.

There's something about the whole system of higher education for both sexes which appears to take away the ability to find joy in life's simpler routines. We get culture in great gobs, but somehow in the getting we lose so much of the mystic, elemental qualities which are essential to heartiness, ease and soul's delight.

During the past few decades women's colleges have undoubtedly committed the error of ignoring the importance of emotion in the feminine nature. Some of them are recognizing their mistake and have taken steps to rectify it.

The spinsterish ideal is doomed, and while it is inevitable that many modern women will never marry, neither will they be spinsters in the old-fashioned meaning of the word.

Any education that dehydrates does more harm than good. For the edification of all men and women, and afterward intellectuals. When we get away from the elemental intelligence which so often distinguishes unlettered people and which is the very core of wisdom, we often forfeit both our personality and our happiness. That's why a good many of our Beta Kappas might well take a few lessons from the chorus girls.

Your Health
By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN
Editor, American Medical Assn. Journal

PNEUMONIA is essentially a disease of winter and early spring. It is estimated that, in the Northern part of the United States, 75 per cent of the cases occur in the four months from January through April.

The condition may begin with chills, fever, pain in the chest, and coughing. Frequently, however, it follows an ordinary cold, measles, or some other infectious disease. It is largely with the idea of preventing pneumonia, incidentally, that physicians constantly urge prompt attention to the common cold.

In coughing, the patient expectorates a thick sputum which frequently is dyed red by blood cells from the inflamed lung. A massive inflammation of one or more lobes of the lung is the first important symptom of pneumonia.

Since it is a communicable disease, passing from one person to another, people who are fatigued, undernourished, or subject to colds should be particularly careful to avoid contact with anyone who has pneumonia.

There seem to be people who can carry pneumonia germs without themselves suffering acutely from the disease. Fortunately, these germs do not thrive in the presence of sunlight and air; otherwise the disease would be much more common.

The germ ordinarily does not multiply outside of the body. Yet it actually may live for months in the dust of a room in which a person who has had pneumonia has deposited his sputum.

Pneumonia affects alcoholics more frequently than other people, and it is likely to attack those who are "run down." For this reason, it is especially dangerous to the aged and to people enfeebled by other conditions.

It seems to be well established that overcrowding, which favors the spread of the common cold, influenza, sore throat, and other diseases affecting the nose and breathing tract, is an important factor in the spread of pneumonia.

In some cities, attempts have been made to isolate victims of the disease, but this, in general, has not been found practically feasible.

Care should always be taken to dispose suitably of the patient's sputum.