

Vacationing Columnist Is Catching Up on Reading and, So Far, Likes 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huck Finn' Best.

KETCHUM, Ind., Oct. 19.—I've read another book. It was "The Seven Who Fled," by Frederick Prokosch. It won the Harper prize this year and got great huzzahs from the reviewers, but I wish I had my money back.

The book is all right, I suppose, but I'm getting too old for that kind of stuff. If he could have written it 10 years ago it would have been better for me.

I no longer have the capacity for long-winded, half-symbolic, half-mystic studies of what goes on in people's minds and what sad psycho forces brought them to where they are and will take them on to what sad psychic end.

I've read a couple of other books, too. I liked them a lot. They're books I've somehow missed reading all these years. They are—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn."

But how on earth did Mark Twain ever implant such a marvelous character as Huck Finn so immortally in the tradition of our country?

Why, Huck was just a child, and yet he smoked and chewed and cussed, and the orneriest little devil couldn't tell the truth even when that was the easiest.

Of course, he had a heart of gold, but Twain glorified his bad habits. How he loved to slip Huck past all the "good people" in America and make a national hero out of him is beyond me.

Every now and then I get to thinking about the movies. And what I'm thinking now is that David Selznick has probably cheated himself out of several fortunes by monkeying around too long over "Gone With the Wind."

A few months ago he had one of the greatest publicity campaigns of the century all cut out and blowing itself around over the country, and not costing him a cent. To wit: Who should be cast in the parts of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara?

Everybody was talking about it. It was a national issue. At Selznick's studio they rubbed their hands and revelled. And didn't get started.

So far as I know, they haven't started yet. And I don't believe the public now cares who plays the part.

Pays Tribute to Producer

From what I've read, the picture of the year seems to be "The Life of Emile Zola." Paul Muni has put another star in his glorious crown, they say.

But in all the raves, I'll bet you've never once seen the name of the producer. A picture like "Zola" can't be made without the art and fire and courage of a producer behind it.

The reason I'm interested is because I wrote a column about this producer, Henry Blanke, last fall. Mr. Blanke is a producer who dares do things such as putting little known biographies into art.

And in case you figure I just think Mr. Blanke deserves credit because I happen to know him, here's a little list of his great movies—"The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Petitfleur," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Green Pastures," and "Anthony Adverse."

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

First Lady Is Thrilled by Party On Beach, Autumn's Color Scheme.

NEW YORK, Monday.—This day started early. At 5 a. m. the alarm clock rang and by 6 o'clock my hostess and I breakfasted, left the little country house in order and started for the city.

I always feel repaid when I get up early, for the sunrise is beautiful and the air crisp and clear. I shall not forget last evening's sunset as we crossed the bay. We had spent a good part of the day near the coast guard station cooking our steaks over a fire on the beach, then finding a sheltered spot by the sand dunes where we could sit in the sun.

I read the Sunday paper and was thoroughly taken as a result of the peaceful afternoon. When we started back in the little motor boat the sky was red, but gradually the sky and water seemed to merge in color until the water looked iridescent. It reflected every shade of green, purple, blue and scarlet which streamed across the sky. Here and there was a little cloud looking like a piece of cotton floating overhead, while the almost full moon shone down upon us.

The ducks came in and made for a pond where our host kindly gives them shelter. They looked graceful as they swept up and down and finally settled down behind the fringe of trees bordering the pond. Such beauty leaves one with a sense of unreality and at the same time a great sense of peace. Nature has a healing touch if we can get close enough to her and let ourselves feel her beauty.

Visits Todhunter School

Having missed the opening day at the Todhunter School this autumn, I arrived there this morning at 8:15 for the opening exercises. I had a chance to go through the school and get a glimpse of the summer. As the girls filed on their way to their classes, I also had an opportunity to meet the new pupils whom I had not seen before. There is something about a big group of youngsters at such a school assembly which always makes me want to be working with them again—I suppose they appeal to one's imagination because they have so many possibilities before them.

After seeing these youngsters, who are just beginning their lives, I went on to represent the President, as well as myself, in the last friendly act that is open for us to perform for those whose lives are completed on this earth. Grenville Emmet's funeral at St. Thomas' Church had a triumphant note throughout the entire service. Life was a triumph for him, but to those he left one can but wish courage in the fight to build up a new life without him.

I attended and spoke at a luncheon given by the Women's League of Palestine. Their work seems to be an admirable one, for homeless and friendless girls are even more helpless than boys.

Much mail awaits my attention and I am glad Mrs. Schermer is joining me today so that we will be able to catch up in the next day or two.

New Books Today

Public Library Presents—

A GRAPH picturing the demand for books on real estate would show a steady decline since 1930 up to last year, when the chart would begin to indicate a steady increase. While many of the older books are still adequate, there is, naturally, a demand for books reflecting up-to-date conditions. A new book in the Business Branch Library, **REAL ESTATE**, by William J. Grange (Ronald) will meet this demand.

Sales, mortgages and leases, the three basic real estate transactions, occupy most of the volume; but there are interesting discussions of ownership and title, and of legal problems peculiar to real property, real estate brokerage, and taxation.

THE members of an ecclesiastical group in a Cathedral city in England live in their own little world, looked up to by the rest of the inhabitants of the city. Complete in themselves, they carry on their social affairs, share their troubles, indulge in mild gossip, and sometimes even have a small scandal to live down. In **CATHEDRAL CLOSE** by Susan Goodyear (Scribner) we are given an interesting and telling description of such a little world in the imaginary city of Silbury.

The new decade will find it hard at first to enter into the spirit of the place, for they have come from the active college town of Cambridge. But soon, as they become acquainted with the members of the church family, and help them and work with them, they begin to fall under the spell of the old Cathedral.

Brady Gang Reaches End of Trail

Women Are Victims of Cowardly Gunmen in Race Through Ohio-Indiana

(Sixth of a Series)

By Jack Heil

THE break of Al Brady and his kill-crazy pals, Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr. and James Dalhove, from the Greenfield jail provoked a sweeping but futile man-hunt.

"The first thing they'll do will be to break into a hardware store for a new arsenal and ammunition," warned the Indiana State Police.

But such a clue never came. Apparently the Brady gang had a supply of arms cached.

The State Police criticized the law that made it possible for the killers to obtain a change of venue that removed them from the strong Marion County Jail to rural Hancock County.

"That was their only reason for obtaining the change of venue," the police said. Every known sweetheart and moll of the gangsters was kept under constant surveillance, but the first trace of the hoodlums came from a different source.

MRS. HASKELL RENNICK was surprised at her isolated home near Archville by a youth who demanded money. Then he kicked and beat her brutally. She positively identified the picture of Shaffer as her assailant.

"I will never forget that crooked mouth," she told State Police. A short time later L. C. Casey reported he had been shot at by three men who tried to halt him near Lafayette.

But from that time on, for days and weeks, authorities of three states found themselves chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. Reports were frequent—in Toledo heading for Michigan, in Illinois heading for St. Louis.

It was not until Dec. 17, 1936, that the manhunters got within any distance of the bandit trio. The gunmen held up the little State Bank in Carthage, Ind. The loot was \$1250, and the gang escaped under the glare of a filling station attendant across the street.

In succeeding weeks a score of cities in western Ohio and as many in Indiana were visited by a hoodlum band, but the Brady hunters were unable to get positive identifications.

Then in late March three bandits swooped down on the market of Anthony Nastorius in Willard, O. Within an hour they robbed another.

At 10 o'clock that same night three men walked into the busy Kroger store on W. Market St. in Tiffin, O.

One remained at the front door, covering the entire place. A sharp-nosed, beady-eyed man stopped over to the meat department. Dale Nott was toying with a heavy cleaver. With the automatic only inches from Mr. Nott's nose, the bandit leader forced him to drop the cleaver. Then he looted the cash register. He repeated the act on the grocery side while his pal in the rear covered Manager David Coppus, Cletus Poland, Paul Wright and Richard Puffer, clerks, and several customers.

SO smoothly was the stickup executed that Floyd Altman innocently walked in while the drama was being enacted. As the bandits' sedan sped away, Altman darted out to get the license number. Mr. Coppus notified Tiffin police.

State Trooper Ray Steward, who was in the station when the call came in, sped out with Capt. Harry Guss and Patrolmen Harry Guss and Ralph Kibley in a vain attempt to pick up the flying auto. Investigation disclosed that the plates on the bandit car had been stolen at West Milford, O., in Miami County, the day of the Carthage bank robbery.

It was just two weeks later that the trio visited Sandusky, O., and



Shown upper left is the Tiffin, O., grocery store where the Brady gang, Butcher Dale Nott (center) threatened the hoodlums with his heavy cleaver, but dropped it when Brady waved an automatic under his nose.

Police Chief Herman Schneider (right, above) broadcast the license number of the bandits' car in which they escaped with loot taken in a raid on a Fremont, O., market. Earlier the same night they robbed two markets in Sandusky.

robbed two large markets of between \$500 and \$1000 in cash. Police Capt. P. J. McGuire, with Patrolman Hutchinson, stepped out of the big Wishneski market in Fremont, O., about 25 miles south of Sandusky.

Hardly had the police car disappeared before another machine pulled up in front of the store. Brady and Dalhove leaped out. Shaffer remained at the wheel. Five minutes later the trio was racing away with another \$700 in cash.

This time witnesses got a good look at the bandit sedan in the bright glare of the store windows and Police Chief Herman Schneider broadcast the license number. Later it was learned the plates had been stolen in Sandusky earlier that night.

Thirty miles away, Sheriff Lyle Harritt of Hancock County sent deputies out to cover the highways. In Findlay, O., Patrolman Paul Frantz and his partner, Patrolman Kenneth Kope, in a cruiser, picked up the flash.

"WELL head for the junction of No. 12 and No. 224," Officer Frantz told his companion. "We can park there and catch them if they come either way." It was 10:10 when they took up their position and began examining passing cars with their spotlight. It was 10:20 when a car came roaring in from the northeast. Officer Frantz flashed the light.

"Did you see that fellow duck?" asked Officer Kope. And he added, "Look at 'em go." He reached back into the car for the police machine gun as Officer Frantz drove the police car in pursuit. For the next five minutes Findlay residents listened to speeding tires shrieking around corners. Cracking rifles split the night air. Residents ducked into houses. Pedestrians flattened themselves on lawns and sidewalks.

As the two cars swung onto Main St., the police car 100 yards behind, Officer Kope shoved his machine gun through the windshield porthole, but his aim was handicapped by the jolting car. The two officers saw the rear window of the fleeing car crash out as it passed under a light.

"They knocked it out with a rifle butt," Officer Frantz muttered and he jammed the gas pedal down to the boards. "Let 'em have it!" But already spurts of flame were coming from the rear window of the sedan ahead. Above the roar of the police car came the ping of bullet on metal.

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BUT the marksmen in the car ahead weren't aiming at the bulletproof glass as Officer Frantz soon found. The steering wheel whirled in his hands. Straightening the machine, he lunged it forward another 100 yards as the bandit auto disappeared.

Bullet holes through the front fenders and the front tires told the story. Dalhove and Brady had shot the front tires off the police car.

Another getaway. And then later—

A sedan pulled up beside the Citizens' State Bank in Greenville, O. Three undersized occupants jumped out and an instant later Brady was playing his return engagement in the little Darke County seat. Maryland

led the bandit leader as Brady and his stumpy friend, Mr. Brown knew, was Dalhove, the midge.

Bellefontaine, O., is only a couple of counties removed from Greenville, where the Brady gang had pulled a repeat job and half that distance from Piqua in Miami County, where Brady shot down Edward Lindsay.

Before Miss Pusey could open the door a leering face loomed up beside the car.

"Shut up and get out." A gun emphasized the words.

The street was narrow and dark. Across it lights glowed on a porch of the Brown residence. "Get out, Mary, get out," urged Miss McGee.

"I'll get out if you do," was the reply. Suddenly Miss McGee jumped out and dashed across the street, followed by her friend. The man jumped in the car but Miss McGee had removed the keys. He raced after the fleeing women.

He leaped up the steps of the Brown porch on the heels of the girls.

"Give me those keys," Miss McGee dropped them. An instant later her car sped away, followed closely by another.

The Browns called police and when Patrolman A. D. Pader arrived gave him the license number of the second car.

The State Police detail in Bellefontaine quickly determined that the plates on the second car had been issued and stolen in Cincinnati and tried to co-ordinate the hunt for the fleeing cars.

Miss Pusey identified the bandit as Brady.

The following morning, before dawn, state patrolmen made another discovery. West of Lebanon in Warren County, 66 miles south of Bellefontaine, they found a charred sedan, rear wheels and plates missing. From the motor and serial numbers it was identified as the machine the Brady gang had stolen in their escape from the Hancock County Jail in Greenfield seven months before.

There the trail of the cowardly bandits ended—but not for long.

NEXT—Gang Adds to Its Raids and Killings.

Congress Faces This—

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19 (U. P.).—Status of major legislation which the President wants the special session of Congress to act on is: Farm Bill—Yet to be drafted and introduced following hearings by Senate.

Wage-Hour Bill—Passed by Senate and reported favorably by House Labor Committee. Now before House Rules Committee.

Government Reorganization—All-inclusive bill now on Senate calendar. House dealt with same subject in four separate bills, two of which passed. Now in Senate's special Reorganization Committee.

Bill for Seven Regional Planning Authorities—Introduced in Senate by Senator Norris (Ind. Neb.) and in House by Rep. Rankin (D. Miss.). Norris bill pending before Senate Agriculture Committee. Rankin measure before House Rivers and Harbors Committee. Hearings held on both measures, with legislation nearly in shape to be acted on by committees.

Strengthening of Antitrust Laws—No Administration measure pending. Attorney General Cummings studying problem and presumably will make recommendations.

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Side Glances—By Clark



"May I have one of these? I'm collecting gay autumn leaves."

A WOMAN'S VIEW

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

A CHILDLESS woman, active in civic and club work and married to a man much older than herself, said:

"I consider that my real job starts at 5 p. m.," she said, "and lasts until 9 the next morning when Bill leaves for his office. What I do in the interim is my own affair. I couldn't sit home all day waiting for him to return without being bored to death, but although I do a great deal of organization work I never permit it to cut in on Bill's time."

Bill is a contented man, and usually looks as smug as the cat that ate the canary. He is paternal in his attitude toward his wife's club activities, and feels that he is an indulgent husband because he allows her to occupy herself with them.

However, a large part of Bill's domestic contentment comes from the fact that his wife goes slumming and committee-meeting and campaigning for all sorts of noble causes, because in keeping herself busy she hasn't made a baby out of Bill. She gets around, and while she is wise enough to realize that a husband must be made to think he is the main reason for his wife's existence, he soon is bored with one who actually practices the doctrine on him.

While Bill's wife is out on other duties she is letting him alone. At the same time she's intelligent enough to know that any wife who is worth her salt is not going to let her husband come home to an empty house. Bill is a lucky man if he only knew it.

Jasper—By Frank Owen



"Course you don't need help guarding the bank, but he's got his nicks here!"

Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

When Old-Timers Talk of City's Blond Girls, They Always Bring In Mention of Mayhew Sisters.

OLD-TIMERS who contend that we used to have more real-for-sure blonds around here always bolster their claims, I notice, with some reference to the Mayhew girls. They always get around to mentioning their hazel eyes, too.

Katie and Annie were daughters of Oscar Mayhew, who lived on the southeast quadrant of the Circle. It was the home next to Mr. Lingenfelter's boarding house, which was where the Tower Building now stands. That was 70 or so years ago.

Just about that time, too, there was a character in California by the name of Yuba Bill, who had the grandest collection of yarns of anyone out there. He didn't mind telling them to anyone who would listen. One day he told about the unfortunate child of "old bummer Smith," and as luck would have it, he had for his audience a tenderfoot (and a New Yorker at that) who had just been made editor of The Overland Monthly. Yuba Bill's yarn hit the tenderfoot right behind the eyes, and he got Bill's permission to touch it up and turn it into a story, Sure, Bret Harte's "The Wife of Smith's Pocket."

Well, in the course of years, another man, R. H. Cox, came along and turned Bret Harte's story into a play with the title of "Miss," the name of old bummer Smith's little girl. By this time, I guess, it was somewhere around 1875.

By this time, too, Katie Mayhew, as pretty and blond as ever, had turned up in California. She was an actress now, and in less than no time had San Francisco eating out of her hand. Her "Lady Teazle," especially, captured the town, and so it didn't surprise anybody, least of all Katie Mayhew of Indianapolis, that she was given the chance of creating the character of "Miss." It was a great success on the Pacific Coast. So much so that Kate got the idea of trying it on New York.

Fights Case and Wins

She hardly got settled in her New York hotel when, looking out of her window, she spied a big poster advertising "Miss" to appear the following week with Annie Pixley and Joe McDonough in the leading parts.

Well, Kate wasn't born in Indianapolis for nothing. Nor did she have hazel eyes for nothing. She immediately served an injunction on the company, and had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Pixley play in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the following week. In the meantime, Kate took her case to court and won. After that she had more customers than she could play to.

Annie Mayhew's public record was much briefer than that of her younger sister. She was also a great favorite, not only in San Francisco, but in all towns of the Pacific Coast. Cupid, however, got in his work, and in 1877 she was married to Alfred Singer, the head of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

For the matter of that, Kate got married, too. She became the wife of Henry J. Widmer, who had charge of the orchestra at Abbey's New York Park Theater.

Jane Jordan—

Let Friend Choose Own Partner

In Marriage, Reader Is Advised, DEAR JANE JORDAN—A friend is engaged to a young man who will make her life unhappy, I am sure. He has a good position, but spends almost all his wages gambling. He does not even buy good clothes for himself. He inherited a house but in the five or six years he has had it he has let it run down, and in that house is where they expect to live. He says he does not believe in putting money in real estate. He has no pride in his personal appearance.

Several years ago, after his father's death, his mother began living with a married man. He does not forgive her for this but cannot do anything to punish her. He has made his boast that when he gets married he is going to show a wife how she ought to be run, and in that house is where they expect to live. He says he does not believe in putting money in real estate. He has no pride in his personal appearance.

Answer—You paint a dark picture of the young man's character. If he is all you say, with no redeeming qualities, your friend is choosing a hard lot for herself. It would be interesting if we had a letter from her, so we could compare her estimate of the man's character with yours. You may be sure she hasn't fallen in love with the qualities you mention, but with something else which you have overlooked.

I doubt if any couple ever married without having a friend say, "I wonder what on earth she saw in him," or vice versa. When a bride has a close girl friend or the groom a close man friend, it is almost impossible for either to marry a person good enough to suit the critical taste of the loving friend. Often there is a soupçon of jealousy in the friend's estimate. It is not easy to like a person who comes between us and a cherished friend, even though we are certain we have the friend's best interests at heart.

You may be right in your apprehensions concerning the future of your girl friend, but there is nothing you can do about it. There is no more thanless task than breaking off a woman's engagement to an unsuitable man. I know a woman whose engagement to a man was broken by her sister 25 years ago. Everything the sister predicted came true, and the woman knows full well that she would have been miserable in marriage with the man; yet she never has forgiven her sister for the frustration. To this day she feels that her sister was motivated by jealousy rather than any real interest in her welfare and the fact that she turned out to be right was more accident.

Don't meddle with your friend's destiny. If she picks out a rocky road for herself let her travel it. We cannot stand between others and their experiences, although all of us enjoy the role of savior at times. Right or wrong, your interference only will get you in hot water with your friend and destroy your friendship in the end. JANE JORDAN.

Put your problems in a letter to Jan Jordan, who will answer your questions in this column daily.

Walter O'Keefe—

EDITH DAHL, a beautiful blond, sent her picture to Gen. Franco in Spain and her husband's life was spared.

That's why the Spanish war is lasting so long. Franco is looking over the cuties and holding out for a bid to judge the Atlantic City beauty contest next year.

Aviator Dahl was lucky that Edith is so pretty. If Franco ever saw the pictures of some wives he'd probably consider it more merciful to keep the prisoners than to send them home.

They're using this trick in politics, too. Rumor says a Congressman's wife sent her photo to President Roosevelt, hoping he'll release her husband by Christy mas.