

# Heart Problems That Men Have Just Faced



BY FRANK DALLAM.

A splendid play has just been produced. From the viewpoint of that more or less indefinable attribute called technique, it was perfection. Its action was rapid; its scenes were tense; its love periods were tender and delicate; its dialogue was natural and pointed. Not a man or woman in the cast was superfluous. Yet it is a glittering failure. It was played by a company of excellence and its settings were faultless. But the public did not like it. So the thing was withdrawn a week and for ten years or more has been quite forgotten.

The title of it is of no consequence here. What is of consequence are the words of the author spoken to the writer of this article as we discussed in the Touraine hotel in Boston the causes of failure. The playwright never again will please American audiences with a new play. He was one of those whose lives were lost on the Louisiana. Some of the plays he wrote before this notable failure are still being used by the stock companies throughout the country, a fact which testifies to his keenness in studying and analyzing human nature.

"My play failed," said the author, "because its leading character faced a heart problem in the only way a man in real life could and would have faced it. The very naturalness of the ending was what the public did not like and resented by not coming to see the play. Let me tell you that in writing all my plays my chief trouble has been to write sufficiently artificial. Men all around us every day are facing heart problems of their own in better dramas than are ever written. Why any drama needs to be written, or rather why the public feels an occasional need of a thrill or an extra heart throb, is because it is too lazy to look around. It must have its thrills brought ready to wear. When I want a heart problem for a new plot I search for it in the daily news columns."

True words. Are you skeptical? Try it for yourself. It were better that you had a file of your favorite daily at hand to play this game, but no matter; we'll take it as it comes. The program reads: Recent weeks which you will at once recall. How about the heart problem faced, and faced manfully, by Frederick L. Schwartz and Gertrude Schwartz?

FOR SHEER purpose of carrying out the illusion of the theater, though the characters are as they are in life, the programme reads: Lieutenant Schwartz, United States navy, junior grade; Gertrude, his wife, a trained nurse; Raleigh Mann, a young physician in civil life; Judge Van Nostrand of the San Francisco circuit court.

Synopsis: The war calls Lieutenant Schwartz to duty at the Pelham Bay naval training station near New York. Gertrude, thus separated from her young husband, seeks occupation of mind and talents, finding it in the Erie county hospital in Buffalo. Professional work throws her into contact with Dr. Mann. They fall in love. Gertrude's moral fiber rebels at any other course in the affair than one of strict honesty. She presents the matter to her husband in a letter. Lieutenant Schwartz is heart-broken. Bruised in mind and weakened by shock he falters to thoughts of revenge. Then the depth of his love is revealed to him. He will do none of the things which first seemed to be the only recourse. He will do only that which the woman he loves has requested. A friend in the law shows him there is a way in which it can be done and still leave the name of the woman untarnished. He applies for the divorce. While Judge Van Nostrand considers the facts, Lieutenant Schwartz writes to Washington for a transfer of duty and receives it. A few weeks go by and the decree is granted. Today Lieutenant Schwartz is stationed in Manila and Gertrude is Mrs. Mann, living with her husband in—well, the city is of no importance; her happiness, though, is of importance and her friends say she has found it.

What, ask you, could Mrs. Schwartz have written to her husband that could impel him to make the sacrifice of surrender? Brief extracts from her remarkable, yet simply phrased, letter show its power. Once he had told her that she could ask nothing of him which he would not do to make her happy. She only reminded him of his promise.

## Why Lieutenant Schwartz, U. S. N., Surrendered His Own Wife to Another Man and Why Captain Stokes, U. S. A., Retired, Refused to Plead the Unwritten Law, Revealed Through Tense Situations in Recent Real Life Tragedies.

to me you have kept," she wrote. "This is the hardest, the most critical, the least fair. Will you keep it? Whether I am deserving of such generosity is another matter."

"Had you not proved to me in our married life that you possess these qualities I know that my appeal to you would be in vain. I know that you have been a very good husband to me; I know that you want all of my love or none. That alone ought to solve the problem."

"Now it is up to you entirely. What will you do? It would be quite simple to get a divorce. I have no reasonable cause for complaint. I cannot pose even as a neglected wife. Still I am more than sure that you would not want me to put myself in a position where you could obtain a divorce from me. I could not do that; I would not do that because I regard marriage as a sacred thing and not to be dealt with lightly. I know that I have

hurt you and I am sorry, but I cannot help it. There was only one of two courses to follow and I know that the other would have hurt you more and wronged you, too."

A Problem Which Kipling Wrote About.

Thomas White, a restaurant man of Chicago, well off and happy in the possession of a pretty wife some years his junior, faced his heart problem when he opened the door of a Chicago hotel and beheld the girlish wife with the son of one of his most intimate friends. The presence of the young man was a complete surprise, but it did not entirely sweep away Mr. White's reasoning powers.

"I am astounded to behold the son of my old friend," he said simply. "Well, sir," said the ingenuous youth, stammering a bit in his juvenile embarrassment, "you see I love

her very much and I wish she were free so I could marry her."

"So you shall, my boy," replied Mr. White, unconsciously paraphrasing Kokko. "I love her myself and I don't blame you at all for wanting to marry her. If you will promise me now that you will make her your wife I'll start about getting a divorce tomorrow."

The pledge was given and Mr. White lived up to his word and when the reporters interviewed him about it the next day he gave his solemn oath that he had never read Barrack Room Ballads and hadn't the slightest notion what kind of advice Mr. Kipling had given to be followed in precisely the same circumstances.

To Prison to Shield His Wife's Good Name.

To those who may be inclined to criticize the faint heart of Lieutenant Schwartz' love and to question his decision, let us introduce another service man and follow sketchily what he did when faced with a similar heart problem. Meet Captain Charles L. Stokes, formerly of the United States army; also meet his wife and Dr. E. R. Roberts of Sawtelle, Cal., likewise once a regular army man.

Dr. Roberts loved Mrs. Stokes. She responded. When the captain returned from overseas last fall he heard all about the affair—only in this case the wife was not the one who told. The freely wagging tongues of the neighbors saved her the ordeal. The captain wrote to the doctor and told him to keep his distance. It was a

prescription the doctor would not take.

Captain Stokes returned home one evening and found the doctor in the act of departing—just stepping into his car. Captain Stokes jumped aboard and the car rolled away with both men, one at the wheel and the other in the rear seat. Presently they fought. As the story was unfolded in the Los Angeles court, the captain beat the doctor into an unconscious pulp. Too helpless to take himself further, the captain started to drive the doctor to his home. On the way, Dr. Roberts revived and renewed the fight. Both men sprang from the car, which thus released, darted over a ravine and caught fire.

By the light of the blazing vehicle in itself a spectacular stage setting—the two men hammered with their fists until, so Captain Stokes testified, Dr. Roberts taunted him, while they struggled with the fact that he already had won Mrs. Stokes' love. Then the captain dropped his outstretched right hand to draw his pistol. He shot the doctor dead in his tracks.

But it was not here that Captain Stokes settled his heart problem. Indeed, it cannot be said that he had even begun to face it. He was arraigned in court. To the charge of first degree murder he entered a plea of not guilty. His friends assured him that the unwritten law would uphold his action. However, to plead the unwritten law, one must bare the most intimate secrets. There were two children. They would have to know

the whole miserable story. Besides, Captain Stokes still loved his wife. The unwritten law would mean her being cruelly cross-questioned on the witness stand. He could not think of her undergoing such humiliation.

So it was that despite the wishes of his closest friends, though with the consent of his lawyers, he faced his heart problem squarely by changing his plea. He withdrew the plea of not guilty for one of guilty of manslaughter in one of the lesser degrees, entailing a prison sentence and no more publicity for all concerned. By turning his back on his heart problem, Captain Stokes could have had his liberty. Facing it, there was punishment. He faced it.

All for the Love of a Woman.

A heart problem with a curious twist which may require the courts of New York to pass upon a question unique in law is the one presented by Mr. and Mrs. Jake Miller—that is, if Mr. Miller, who is spending his honeymoon alone in Sing Sing prison, may be said to exist, which is questioned despite the fact that he is living and breathing this very minute.

Jake loved little Hannah Rosenbaum of 1079 Washington avenue, the Bronx. His love was so deep it soaked from himself the vow to forsake his profession as an expert burglar. In his own language he "laid off on the easy jobs" and took a regular man's place in a Bronx store. But it was hard to save money and little Hannah, the seamstress, seemed to grow so much prettier each day. Jake decided he couldn't wait. He

would do one more trick with the limmy and then with the money marry Hannah and be a square guy for the remainder of his life.

He opened a dentist's office and received enough gold leaf to have given him and Hannah a wedding trip to Havana and then kept them in New York for a year without working. Unfortunately for Jake, the dentist a few months before had contributed to some other burglar's solution of the high cost of living, and he had installed in his office a device that meant certain detection. When Jake, therefore, stood in front of County Judge Gibbs' desk it was as a fourth offender and as such there was naught for the judge to do but sentence him to prison for life. And little Hannah, too, standing right along side all the time, sobbing out her young heart and protesting that she would wed Jake in spite of all. She did. The next day as Jake was being taken "up the river" for all time, he walked from the jail, of course with the permission of the sheriff, and in company of his keepers, over to the courthouse and he and Hannah were married in the office of the chief clerk of the license bureau.

Now here is the real muddle of it all. In facing his heart problem the night he opened the doctor's shop, Jake set Hannah into one which promises never to be settled: Is Hannah a wife or a widow?

Section 511 of the New York penal code proclaims a man sentenced to life imprisonment as occupying the civil status of one dead. Section 4 of the New York domestic relations law sets forth that the wife of a man so convicted may marry again without divorce.

"There does not seem to be a parallel to the Miller-Rosenbaum case in the law anywhere," says John C. Meyers, of District Attorney Swann's staff. "The marriage is open to a question of validity."

"I never heard of a case where a marriage was contracted after a life sentence had been imposed," said William Travers Jerome. "In case of marriage before sentence it automatically becomes voidable when such sentence is made."

Further complications are seen by Abraham Levy, New York lawyer. "The man is certainly dead, according to civil law," he says, "as soon as the prison doors close on him. Still if he possesses any property it cannot be touched until after he is actually dead. More than that, Hannah could not get a divorce, in my opinion, as she married the man knowing as she did that he was doing, after sentence had been pronounced, it's a tough legal knot."

But little Hannah says she will never want a divorce, much less ask for one. She took Jake to the shadow of the prison and she tearfully asserts she will wait and hope.

Sacrificed His Own Son.

Another instance of a brave man's conduct in facing a heart problem comes by cable from Geneva. A doctor is the hero, a Frenchman named Andre Tissot, who lives in Bonneville, near the Swiss border. One of his patients suffered a relapse suddenly. The messenger said there was probability of death if the doctor did not hurry.

As the physician sped away to the bedside in his car, a servant overtook him to say that the doctor's son had been brought into the house with mortal injuries. The little fellow had been gathering Alpine flowers and had fallen over a precipice. For a brief second the doctor hesitated. Then he proceeded in haste to the cottage of his patient. When he returned home his son was dead.

Here, in skeleton form, are some of the heart problems men have faced around us every day while poets pine and cry that the age of chivalry has passed and dramatic critics lament that there is no more fresh material.

## MISSIONARY RAMBO RELATES HARROWING EXPERIENCE WITH DESPERATE BANDIT GANG

Oregonian, Accompanied by His Wife, and Engaged in Relief Work Among Armenians, Is Forced to Make Long Detours in Order to Escape Flying Bullets of Outlaws.

A THRILLING account of the personal experiences of an Oregon missionary and his wife, who accompanied the French forces in their retreat from Harounie to Adana, Cilicia, is contained in a recent letter from Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Rambo, formerly of Klamath Falls and Baker, to Rev. J. J. Handsaker, 6235 Fort-fifth avenue Southeast.

Rev. Mr. Rambo and his wife, it will be remembered by their friends, are the two Armenian relief workers whose safety was a matter of grave concern during the massacres by Turkish brigands last February.

For several weeks their fate was unknown, until a letter from the two Oregonians stated that they were located in Harounie, where Mr. Rambo was in charge of a school of 200 Armenian children. Harounie was described as being located in a country of remarkable beauty, due north of Damascus and about 70 miles east of Adana. At that time the Turkish brigands had been effectively driven back into the hills, and the valley was in comparative quiet, but on March 17, writes Rev. Mr. Rambo, the Turks were becoming dangerous again.

Turks Fire on French.

"Apparently they want war," he writes, "for about 10 A. M. on that date they began to fire on the French, and kept it up until dark. We tried to 'carry on' in work and school, but the danger made it of no use. The children got tired and bold after awhile, and began to play in exposed parts of the building; and

no bullets having arrived up to that time, we let them go on."

By March 21 the approaching Turks were so close that the bullets were falling in the building where the children were quartered, and it was decided to move over to the city of Adana.

"There was fierce fighting all day," the letter continues. "We had to keep the children in the stable, woodshed and alley back of the building from daylight till dark; even the captain had to abandon his pleasant room on the third floor and take a dingy, dirty, crowded one on the ground floor. We moved like ghosts at a banquet, cringing at every point where we were exposed."

When the time for their departure was at last agreed upon, delay was caused by the heavy firing, and the fact that the horses bargained for from the Armenians had failed to arrive.

"Our exodus was something like this: Our captain had ordered an escort at noon; then the time was changed to 5 P. M.; then the firing was so heavy that he said we must wait till dark. That came about 6 o'clock. All our baggage was down, but our horses, previously arranged for from Armenians, had not come! What to do? They will soon be there. We had agreed for 25 per cent of the normal price and promised to pay for the horses, if killed! I was called to go down to the Gregorian church, under escort of soldiers, where soldiers driving the mules for return of reinforcements were to start immediately.

"In a kind of stupor hard to ac-

count for, we pushed out and started down the steep hillside. Immediately we had to detour and keep to the ravine on the north to escape bullets that were coming from the south slope. We reached a turn where we had to go over a short open space, met a soldier going up who told our escort to be careful for many bullets were crossing from clear out of sight over the same slope to the south! We ducked our heads and made fairly good time, for us—rather better than usual. We met none of the bullets that we know about. At the church we were put inside with the mules; sat down on a ledge of stone—the church is not finished—and waited. Fearing our horses would be too late, I quickly wrote on a scrap of paper to Gilbert to hustle them down and get a French soldier we knew to take it up. But the cavalrycade started by the time he reached the orphanage; and fearing to go back, and hoping that the horses might come down a different way, in which case the men could not know what to do, if we returned, we started on foot with the mules.

The progress of the party as they advanced on foot through the leader's darkness, the uncertainty and suspense, the strangeness of their surroundings is described in graphic detail:

"The dead silence, the darkness; the frequent stops, with breathless peering into the darkness; the constant tattoo of the German rifles in the hands of the Turks up the mountain-side within range of us, with the consciousness that only the curtain

of darkness rendered us immune from their fire; the rattle of our mules' feet over the stones; the clatter of their iron pack-saddles and loads; the noise of a stone dislodged by our feet; the whispers of the men; all seemed to peep every square yard of space with evil spirits foreboding that struck to the core like doom!"

After many painful adventures the party at last arrived at Adana March 24. Here Rev. Mr. Rambo received orders to proceed back to Harounie. He intended to leave his wife at Adana, as the return trip was known to be even more dangerous and trying than the first, but the doctor's orders prevented the trip as scheduled, as the missionary was almost worn out from exposure and hardship.

On March 24, they proceeded to Yarbasha to arrange for the coming of the children. This, too, was a trying journey because of continued rain and congested traffic. The children were awaited with great anxiety.

Children Reach Camp.

"I was so dead tired and cold that I was drowsy that night; and so, after keeping my ear open from 3 o'clock to daylight the next morning, I concluded the orphanage would not come out till the next day; and went to sleep. I heard certain sounds that were suspicious of their coming, but did not heed them. About 7 A. M. I awoke and heard children shouting, out of sight, in the camp. Soon they were straggling across the muddy field—a disheveled, weary throng. It was a picture of the exodus, for Israel was driven out in the night! Many of them had lost a shoe in the mud. Some had started barefooted. All carried a cloth bag, or pocket, especially made for the purpose, hung on their necks, with nuts, raisins, bread, lebbiebe and dried curds for food.

"My first question was, 'Are all the children and helpers here and alive? Were any of them hurt by

bullets? Were any left behind?' All were safe, a marvelous experience, and I had to turn my head away from them while I thanked God for the deliverance."

At the last date of writing, April 3, the letter concludes:

"But now—things appear no safer here than at Harounie, only little later in coming to a crisis. Unless more forces and more efficiency are put into things, Adana will as surely be the time that the nation's United States senate, in fact—will let them go. A peculiarity of the situation, I believe, is that to suffer and die with the country would be foolhardy rather than brave and noble. The missionaries, some of them in Turkey for 40 years, declare that things have never seemed so hopeless as now!

The French are generally discredited—being accused of all sorts of politics and graft and trickery and inefficiency. I think these things are greatly exaggerated. Still I do not think it wise to do anything to sacrifice my life or the life of my mother to no purpose; and that it would be to seem certain, because if the Turks get in and massacre, we should not be able to do anything to save them—we could only die with them.

"In this conviction I have put myself on record by stating to the rector that I think it wise to move on to Mersene, the seacoast town beyond Tarsus, about 50 miles west. But that will not escape attack either, if the Kemalists programme goes through. I was anxious to know the effects of my radical suggestion, but I find it coincides with the general view. It seems to have put wheels on skids under the impression; and a man went to Mersene last night to see about housings."

Rev. Mr. Rambo was sent to Armenia when the first call for relief workers was sent out. His former experience in India, where he did missionary work for 20 years, peculiarly fitted him for the work.

Prior to leaving for Armenia, he was pastor of the Christian church at Klamath Falls, and later at Baker, Or.