

# FIVE PERSONS ARE HURT IN SERIES OF TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

Autos and Street Cars Figure in Collisions—Girl Pedestrian Hit.

Three men and two women injured in automobile accidents late Monday were recovering today.

The injured:

Iaria Dominic, 18, of 715 Lord St., concussion of the brain and left leg broken; Deaconess Hospital.

Joe Zucco, 29, of 737 E. Georgia St., left arm fractured; Deaconess Hospital.

Otto Fox, 20, of 217 S. Davidson St., right ankle broken; city hospital.

Miss Adele Brenner, 19, of 2740 Central Ave., bruised and cut. Taken home.

Mrs. May Johnson, of 419 S. Noble St., bruised and cut. Taken home.

The accident in which Dominic and Zucco were injured occurred at College Ave. and Thirty-Fifth St., late Monday. Dominic was driving a truck east on Fairfield Ave. when it struck a College Ave. street car in charge of Andrew C. Miller of 913 Stillwell St.

Dominic and Zucco were hurled to the pavement.

Fox was injured at Rural St. and Southeastern Ave. He walked in front of an automobile driven by Paul M. Trout, 28, living at the Marion Club.

Miss Brenner was injured when struck by an automobile after she got off of a street car in front of her home. The driver of the automobile, whose name was not learned, carried her home.

Mrs. Johnson was riding in an automobile driven by her husband, Irvin Johnson. The automobile was struck by a car driven by Charles Harris of Shelbyville, Ind., at Liberty pike and Emerson Ave. Johnson's car was turned over and Mrs. Johnson was caught under it.

Albert Close, 324 Forest Ave., was learning to drive an automobile and in turning around at Michigan St. and Keystone Ave., he struck a bicycle owned by Harry Zech, 436 Keystone Ave.

Three automobiles were damaged at Alabama and Thirteenth Sts., at 6 p.m. Monday. Sam Solomon, 6026 Oak St., driving an automobile, was struck by a car driven by John Spann, 533 Prospect St. Solomon's car was knocked into an automobile driven by T. C. Rutledge, 721 E. Fifteenth St.

## Weekly Book Review

### Walpole's 'Cathedral' Will Live as Long as People Desire to Read Good Books

By WALTER D. HICKMAN

HUGH WALPOLE'S "The Cathedral" is a Gibraltar of fiction.

Meaning that this book will last as long as the famous rock by the name of Gibraltar.

I feel that these are not mere words because good books will never cease to be read. Walpole's "Cathedral" belongs to the better class of modern fiction and deserves to live and be popular.

I approached "The Cathedral" with some fear and depression, but the minute that Walpole got his "mental fingers" in my brain box, I knew that I found a rare thing—a big theme handled in a big way.

I obtained "The Cathedral" from the book department of L. S. Ayres & Company for review purposes. Walpole has written a great drama of much length, not too long when one considers the great amount of human wreckage along life's highway, which the author has depicted.

Walpole does not create a character or a situation in a few words. His drama is people with real personalities—good and bad. He dips his mental paint brush into pots containing many tints. The result is that each character is a completely developed one. Words, words, yes, but Walpole uses not an idle word. He gives you a complete knowledge of each character. He leaves nothing to the imagination. He is a master painter in words.

From the pages of "The Cathedral" comes, I believe, a grave challenge and a warning. What is the church? Does some strange power crush man when he feels that the cathedral is his playhouse in which to parade his supposed virtues. Is the cathedral a living thing? Does it move out like a great army to crush humans who attempt to steal the glory of the deity?

Those are a few of the many questions which came to me as I read of the rise and fall of Archdeacon Adam Brandon. Did the cathedral "get" the Archdeacon or did the bitter realization of the "great" churchman that he was a sham and a false alarm, forgetting that religion is the property of all men, not the elect.

How the Mighty Fall Under the Shadow of the Cathedral

The central character of this drama is the Archdeacon. He is made of clay. Why should he be so haughty and proud. Why should he place caste in religion? Couldn't his son fall in love with the daughter of a public house in England? The son of the great Archdeacon did that very thing. His father ordered that his son's name be never mentioned in the house again, but that did not pre-

## Demand at Books in Public Library

New Books of fiction most in demand at the public library during the past month are: "The Cathedral," by Walpole; "This Freedom," by Hutchinson; "Black Oxen," by Atherton; "Dim Lantern," by Bailey; "Fascinating Stranger," by Tarkington, and "The Enchanted April," by Arnim.

New books of non-fiction most in demand at present are: "Mind in the Making," by Robinson; "Outwitting Our Nerves," by Jackson; Post's "Book of Etiquette"; "Life of Behavior," by Pini; "Perfect Behavior," by Stewart, and "Man From Maine," by Edward Bok.

Walpole does not create a character or a situation in a few words. His drama is people with real personalities—good and bad. He dips his mental paint brush into pots containing many tints. The result is that each character is a completely developed one. Words, words, yes, but Walpole uses not an idle word. He gives you a complete knowledge of each character. He leaves nothing to the imagination. He is a master painter in words.

From the pages of "The Cathedral" comes, I believe, a grave challenge and a warning. What is the church?

Does some strange power crush man when he feels that the cathedral is his playhouse in which to parade his supposed virtues. Is the cathedral a living thing? Does it move out like a great army to crush humans who attempt to steal the glory of the deity?

Those are a few of the many questions which came to me as I read of the rise and fall of Archdeacon Adam Brandon. Did the cathedral "get" the Archdeacon or did the bitter realization of the "great" churchman that he was a sham and a false alarm, forgetting that religion is the property of all men, not the elect.

How the Mighty Fall Under the Shadow of the Cathedral

The central character of this drama is the Archdeacon. He is made of clay. Why should he be so haughty and proud. Why should he place caste in religion? Couldn't his son fall in love with the daughter of a public house in England? The son of the great Archdeacon did that very thing. His father ordered that his son's name be never mentioned in the house again, but that did not pre-

Ronder win a victory? Or was the Cathedral getting ready to grind him into dust also?

Who could the Archdeacon turn to in his hour of need? His elderly and marvelous bishop tried to point the way. The only one who remained loyally by the side of this human wreck was his—his daughter. She too was just a piece of furniture in the Archdeacon's household. But she was wonderfully loyal.

After reading this book, I am sure that you will agree with me that it will live as long as people read good books.

**A Circus Elephant Even Trumpets Disaster For Brandon**

There is one marvelous bit of writing in "The Cathedral" which will cling to me for ages. For many pages, the Archdeacon had known no reverse. He was all powerful. He even thought the Cathedral was his. One day a circus came to town and during the parade one of the elephants had the nerve to grab the hat off the Archdeacon's head and trample it under foot.

An elephant putting an Archdeacon in a Ben Turpin comedy. The very idea.

Walpole is not kind and sweet to his characters because life is not kind unless the character is genuine. The bishop, aged though he is, seems to me to be the one character who does not suffer.

This gives a marvelous flash into the real soul of the bishop when he tells the nearly wrecked Archdeacon: "I am tempted often to look upon men and women as shadows that have no longer any connection with me. I am very weak and feeble and I wish to sleep." But the love of God continues, and through Jesus Christ, the love of men. It is the only truth—the love of God, love

of man—the rest is fantasy and unreality. Look up, my son, bear this with patience. God is standing at your shoulder and will be with you to the end.

You are learning through this trouble your need of others, your need to love them, and that they should love you—the only lesson worth learning in life.

Isn't that a wonderful knowledge of life? It sounds like a great benediction.

There are great treasures waiting for every one in Walpole's "The Cathedral."

After reading this book, I am sure that you will agree with me that it will live as long as people read good books.

**FIREWORKS CAUSE KICK**

**South Side Citizen Complains of Premature Noise.**

"From early morn till dewy eve, this neighborhood—Fletcher Ave. and Shelby St.—has been rocked by loud reports of Fourth of July noise-making explosives."

This was the written complaint made by E. Forsyth, 1014 Fletcher Ave., to the chief of police. Chief Elkoff today ordered that the patrolmen of this district enforce the law and halt the use of fireworks before July 4.

**Condition Is Serious.**

The condition of Stanley Hibbs, 9, son of Mrs. Nellie Hibbs, 2147 N. Pennsylvania St., who suffered a fracture of the skull Saturday when he was crushed at the "old mill" at Riverside, was still in serious condition today. It was reported at the Methodist Hospital.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Castor*.

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**MOTHER**—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Castor*.

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**How the Mighty Fall Under the Shadow of the Cathedral**

The central character of this drama is the Archdeacon. He is made of clay. Why should he be so haughty and proud. Why should he place caste in religion? Couldn't his son fall in love with the daughter of a public house in England? The son of the great Archdeacon did that very thing. His father ordered that his son's name be never mentioned in the house again, but that did not pre-

Ronder win a victory? Or was the Cathedral getting ready to grind him into dust also?

Who could the Archdeacon turn to in his hour of need? His elderly and marvelous bishop tried to point the way. The only one who remained loyally by the side of this human wreck was his—his daughter. She too was just a piece of furniture in the Archdeacon's household. But she was wonderfully loyal.

After reading this book, I am sure that you will agree with me that it will live as long as people read good books.

**A Circus Elephant Even Trumpets Disaster For Brandon**

There is one marvelous bit of writing in "The Cathedral" which will cling to me for ages. For many pages, the Archdeacon had known no reverse.

He even thought the Cathedral was his. One day a circus came to town and during the parade one of the elephants had the nerve to grab the hat off the Archdeacon's head and trample it under foot.

An elephant putting an Archdeacon in a Ben Turpin comedy. The very idea.

Walpole is not kind and sweet to his characters because life is not kind unless the character is genuine. The bishop, aged though he is, seems to me to be the one character who does not suffer.

This gives a marvelous flash into the real soul of the bishop when he tells the nearly wrecked Archdeacon: "I am tempted often to look upon men and women as shadows that have no longer any connection with me. I am very weak and feeble and I wish to sleep." But the love of God continues, and through Jesus Christ, the love of men. It is the only truth—the love of God, love

of man—the rest is fantasy and unreality. Look up, my son, bear this with patience. God is standing at your shoulder and will be with you to the end.

You are learning through this trouble your need of others, your need to love them, and that they should love you—the only lesson worth learning in life.

Isn't that a wonderful knowledge of life? It sounds like a great benediction.

There are great treasures waiting for every one in Walpole's "The Cathedral."

After reading this book, I am sure that you will agree with me that it will live as long as people read good books.

**FIREWORKS CAUSE KICK**

**South Side Citizen Complains of Premature Noise.**

"From early morn till dewy eve, this neighborhood—Fletcher Ave. and Shelby St.—has been rocked by loud reports of Fourth of July noise-making explosives."

This was the written complaint made by E. Forsyth, 1014 Fletcher Ave., to the chief of police. Chief Elkoff today ordered that the patrolmen of this district enforce the law and halt the use of fireworks before July 4.

**Condition Is Serious.**

The condition of Stanley Hibbs, 9, son of Mrs. Nellie Hibbs, 2147 N. Pennsylvania St., who suffered a fracture of the skull Saturday when he was crushed at the "old mill" at Riverside, was still in serious condition today. It was reported at the Methodist Hospital.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Castor*.

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**MOTHER**—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Castor*.

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**How the Mighty Fall Under the Shadow of the Cathedral**

The central character of this drama is the Archdeacon. He is made of clay. Why should he be so haughty and proud. Why should he place caste in religion? Couldn't his son fall in love with the daughter of a public house in England? The son of the great Archdeacon did that very thing. His father ordered that his son's name be never mentioned in the house again, but that did not pre-

Ronder win a victory? Or was the Cathedral getting ready to grind him into dust also?

Who could the Archdeacon turn to in his hour of need? His elderly and marvelous bishop tried to point the way. The only one who remained loyally by the side of this human wreck was his—his daughter. She too was just a piece of furniture in the Archdeacon's household. But she was wonderfully loyal.

After reading this book, I am sure that you will agree with me that it will live as long as people read good books.

**FIREWORKS CAUSE KICK**

**South Side Citizen Complains of Premature Noise.**

"From early morn till dewy eve, this neighborhood—Fletcher Ave. and Shelby St.—has been rocked by loud reports of Fourth of July noise-making explosives."

This was the written complaint made by E. Forsyth, 1014 Fletcher Ave., to the chief of police. Chief Elkoff today ordered that the patrolmen of this district enforce the law and halt the use of fireworks before July 4.

**Condition Is Serious.**

The condition of Stanley Hibbs, 9, son of Mrs. Nellie Hibbs, 2147 N. Pennsylvania St., who suffered a fracture of the skull Saturday when he was crushed at the "old mill" at Riverside, was still in serious condition today. It was reported at the Methodist Hospital.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Castor*.

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**MOTHER**—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Castor*.

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**How the Mighty Fall Under the Shadow of the Cathedral**

The central character of this drama is the Archdeacon. He is made of clay. Why should he be so haughty and proud. Why should he place caste in religion? Couldn't his son fall in love with the daughter of a public house in England? The son of the great Archdeacon did that very thing. His father ordered that his son's name be never mentioned in the house again, but that did not pre-

Ronder win a victory? Or was the Cathedral getting ready to grind him into dust also?

Who could the Archdeacon turn to in his hour of need? His elderly and marvelous bishop tried to point the way. The only one who remained loyally by the side of this human wreck was his—his daughter. She too was just a piece of furniture in the Archdeacon's household. But she was wonderfully loyal.

After reading this book, I am sure that you will agree with me that it will live as long as people read good books.

**FIREWORKS CAUSE KICK**

**South Side Citizen Complains of Premature Noise.**

"From early morn till dewy eve