

STREET CAR RUNS INTO WAGON, MAN AND SON INJURED

Police Hunt Muncie Driver and Hold Companion After Accident.

H. A. Day, 803 E. Maryland St., and son, Roscoe, 13, today were recovering from injuries received late Monday when a wagon on which they were riding was struck by a street car, in front of 730 E. Washington St.

As Day drove around a parked automobile, E. Washington street car no. 933, in charge of motorman Earl Saxon, on 135 S. Oriental St., hit the wagon. Day was taken home in an ambulance. Roscoe was only slightly bruised.

Carl Moore, 570 W. Twenty-Ninth St., was under arrest today charged with drunkenness and police

were searching for Walter W. Applegate, Muncie, Ind., whose automobile is being held at police headquarters. Applegate is said to have been the driver of a car that struck an automobile owned by Victor Raible, 2616 E. Washington St., in front of that address Monday night. Applegate's car was taken to a garage at 2705 E. Washington St., but two men in the car had gone before the police arrived. Later the police arrested Moore, who said he had been with Applegate, but did not know where he had gone.

Bernard Moyer, 6, of 619 N. Noble St., was suffering from a broken collar bone and bruises today. The boy was rolling a hoop at Noble and North Sts. late Monday when he ran from behind an automobile into the path of another car driven by Henry Muegge, 341 Lincoln St. Witness told police Muegge was driving about ten miles an hour.

WHITFIELD'S WIFE GIVES STATE SLIP

Prosecution of Alleged Slayer Hard Hit by Disappearance.

By United Press CLEVELAND, July 24.—Mrs. John L. Whitfield, wife of the man now on trial for the murder of Patrolman Dennis Griffith, has vanished.

The prosecution had relied on her to supply a most important link in its chain of evidence. She is the only witness the State had to prove Whitfield was armed when the policeman started with him in Whitfield's automobile for the police station on May 11.

JILTED SUITOR TRIES SUICIDE

Blames Fiancee Who Changes Mind for Rank Act.

By United Press

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 24.—The uncertainty of a woman's mind on her love affairs resulted in Boyd Meyer, 21, shooting and seriously wounding himself at midnight when he saw his former fiancee riding with a rival.

Miss "Ted" Lawrence and Meyer had been engaged to marry and the date for the ceremony set on several occasions, but the girl changed her mind.

In March a license was obtained, but again the girl wavered and jilted him.

Last night Meyer called for Miss Lawrence, but she refused to accompany him on a ride. She went with B. F. Kindall in another automobile. Meyer followed half block behind.

Patrolmen found Meyer leaning over the wheel of his automobile, probably fatally wounded.

"The woman made me do it," Meyer said.

WIFE GOES TO RESCUE 'FATHER OF 57 CHILDREN'

Mrs. Mina B. Allen Has \$2,500 to Get Hubby Out of Jail.

By United Press PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 24.—Mrs. Mina B. Allen is speeding toward Los Angeles, Cal., today with \$2,500 to get her husband, Dr. Helen B. Allen, out of jail.

Allen, known as the "father" of 57 children, mostly girls, was jailed in Los Angeles on a charge of violating the Mann act.

Miss Gladith James Allen, the girl he brought to Pittsburgh, is at present under the care of the Children's Service Bureau.

NEW ORPHANAGE WANTED

Child Welfare Society Proposes Building Cottages.

Leo K. Rappaport, represented the Child Welfare Society of the County Welfare League at a meeting held before the county commissioners at the courthouse this morning where proposals are to be considered relative to the erection of a new colored orphanage in Indianapolis. The old orphanage is said to be unfit for use, and is no longer to put across a measure calling for a number of cottages to house about thirty children each. The meeting adjourned after a brief discussion and will reassemble Wednesday morn-

Minnesota's Dirt Farmer Senator-Elect Says "Call Me Magnus"—Overall-Clad Rustic Likes to Do "Chores" About Rural Home

Johnson Says 'Those Fellows' Ain't Going to Learn Him Anything.

By GEORGE BRITT
NEA Service Writer

KINGSTON, Minn., July 24.—"You've come a long way just to see an ordinary Minnesota farmer."

That is the comment of the neighbors in this village, ten miles from the railroad, when an interviewer asks the road to the farm of Magnus Johnson.

And when the visitors arrive at the old, white, six-room house overshadowed by a huge barn, it is a surprising, overall-clad farmer with two dogs bounding beside him, who comes out to give them welcome.

His impressive sincerity and zest for combat does not appear until later.

The neighbors' phrase of "ordinary" fits Magnus Johnson so far as his appearance on the farm is concerned. He is slightly below average height, but broad of frame.

His hair is brown with a bald spot on top, and his bushy mustache is reddish brown. Small, light-blue eyes snap behind heavy-rimmed ever-thin glasses. It is a square-cut, cheerful, alert face.

His picturesque crudity externally will make him anything but ordinary in the Senate. Aside from the ordinary is a striking similarity in appearance to Theodore Roosevelt which this rustic radical is delighted to have referred to.

"Call Me Magnus"

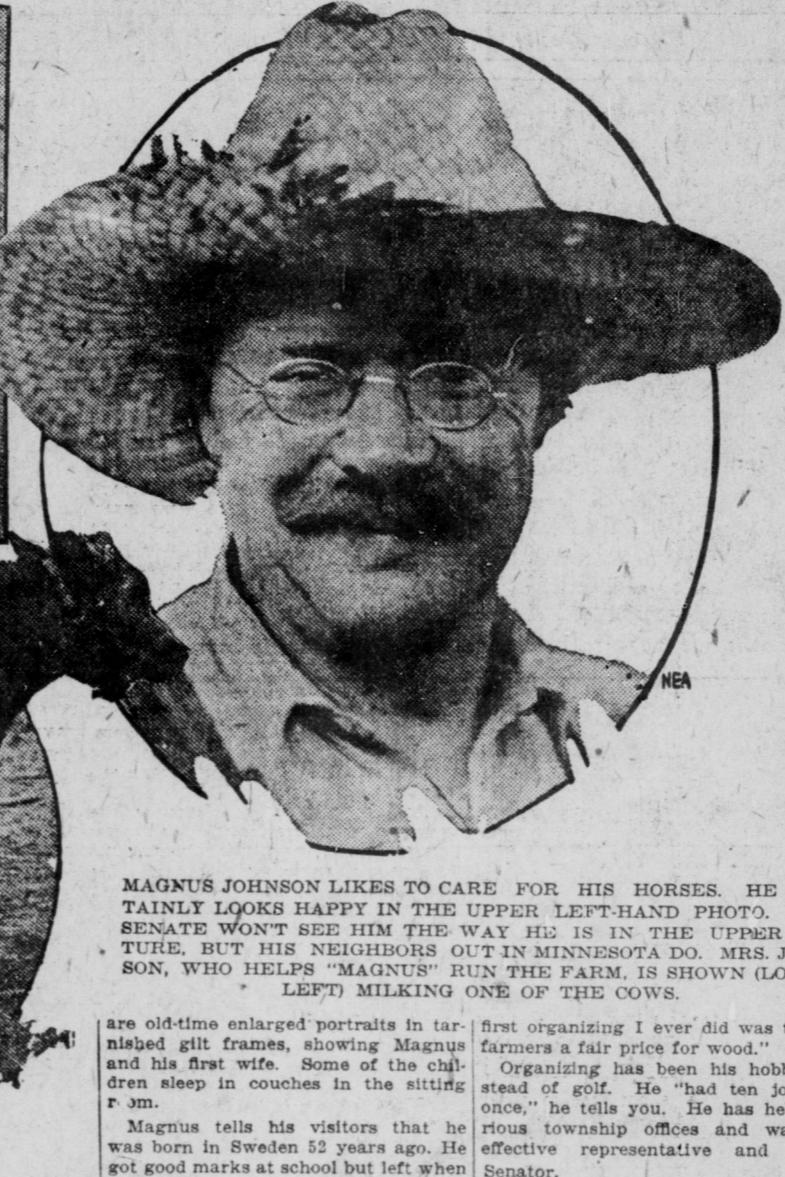
First greetings include the new title of "Senator."

"Call me Magnus," says the Senator, and the manner is anything but a pose.

A rich Swedish accent shows as he belts his words in the conversational tones which can be heard on the next farm. The accent will be found to include "gentlemen" for "gentlemen," "very" for "very" and "shores" for "chores."

"This is Magnus Johnson, Jr.," he says, as he seizes his stage-frightened the family's twenty-four cows before going to Minneapolis to receive election returns. "Ma" and Magnus will take the younger three children to Washington when they get home.

By a back door the Senator leads his visitors through the dining room to the "sitting room." The kitchen is in the rear, but in the dining room



MAGNUS JOHNSON LIKES TO CARE FOR HIS HORSES. HE CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY IN THE UPPER LEFT-HAND PHOTO. THE SENATE WON'T SEE HIM THE WAY HE IS IN THE UPPER PICTURE, BUT HIS NEIGHBORS OUT IN MINNESOTA DO. MRS. JOHNSON, WHO HELPS "MAGNUS" RUN THE FARM, IS SHOWN (LOWER LEFT) MILKING ONE OF THE COWS.

during the campaign. On election day Mrs. Johnson herself milked seven of

the family's twenty-four cows before going to Minneapolis to receive election returns. "Ma" and Magnus will take the younger three children to Washington when they get home.

By a back door the Senator leads his visitors through the dining room to the "sitting room." The kitchen is in the rear, but in the dining room

is a sink with a pump at the end instead of water faucets. On the sideboard stand freshly filled kerosene lamps.

As Magnus talks he opens letters at a small roll-top desk in the sitting room. There are two sections of bookcases over the desk, but the books consist almost entirely of volumes of Minnesota legislative proceedings. Most conspicuous on the walls

are old-time enlarged portraits in tarnished gilt frames showing Magnus and his first wife. Some of the children sleep in couches in the sitting room.

Magnus tells his visitors that he was born in Sweden 52 years ago. He got good marks at school but left when he was 12. He worked on coast sailing vessels, developed his lungs in a glass factory and came to America at 20. After a few years as a lumberjack he moved to the farm which is home today, paying \$15 an acre for the first forty acres.

"Those fellows there ain't going to learn me anything," says Magnus.

"I've been going to school in politics since I was a boy in the old country. I've been to Washington a couple of times, and they're not going to slip anything over me on me."

Again it wasn't a pose. Magnus is convincing.

He's an Organizer

"I chopped over all this land myself," he tells you. "For sixteen years

I hauled cordwood to town, and the

first organizing I ever did was to get farmers a fair price for wood."

Organizing has been his hobby instead of golf. He "had ten jobs at once," he tells you. He has held various township offices and was an effective representative and State Senator.

It is suggested that Washington will be different from the serenity of the farm.

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WHAT WILL COUNTRY DO FOR ITS MENTALLY ILL?

(Continued From Page 1)

"new wing" at Julietta still was in process of construction, so no help could be expected from that source. And Central Hospital was reporting that "seventy men were sleeping on the floor, and that the Marion County quota was full."

So the man died.

What if Indianapolis could, in another case, have seen the gray-haired old man wearing the coat of a Civil War veteran, knocking for admission at the iron door of the county jail?

He had been picked up on the street by the police and brought to the city prison in the police station to await court action. When found, he was bewildered and helpless. He had wandered from the Soldiers' Home at Marion. The Sheriff and officers at the jail were kind to the old man, and cared for him as best they could until his daughter came and took him home.

Another, a feeble-minded man who had committed a misdemeanor, had to be released after serving a ninety-day commitment made necessary for the protection of society in the absence of any other institution to which this mentally ill man could be sent, and further, to enable an investigation to be made which might lead to permanent care for him at the colony for feeble-minded at Butlerville. But no one was willing to sign commitment papers. This man had run away from the School for Feeble-Minded at Ft. Wayne three times. He is a menace to any community, but in the proper institution, would be self-supporting at least, as he is able-bodied. At present he is at large.

Another, a woman viciously insane, cannot be committed for the same reason. She, too, is at large. When last heard of, she was brandishing a meat knife in the face of her employer. This woman is a non-resident, and efforts to locate relatives have failed.

Family Does Not Help

A man, a legal resident of this city, was in jail from April 11 until June 18 because neither Central Hospital for the Insane nor Julietta could admit him. Daily he grew more thin and pale, herded in the crowded quarters in the jail. I finally located two brothers in a distant State, but they merely wrote: "We would be glad to learn what action is taken in regard to our brother."

Mr. M. had been a steady worker, and his employer spoke well of him. Also his "land-lady" said he had been honest, industrious and sober.

And what of the refined gentle-woman, the daughter of a former business man of another State? In search of employment she had come to this city, had taken a room and was suffering by the day. One night, she suffered severe pain in her head, a doctor was summoned, advised hospital care, but instead, the police were called because the City Hospital cannot take mental cases.

She awoke to find herself on an iron cot in the city prison. There were others in the same cell, women arrested for drunkenness and even worse offenses. "Why was I brought to this terrible place?" she asked the matron the next morning.

Or that her sorrowful face could have been seen, and this question could have been asked of the committee of the last Legislature that killed the bill providing an appropriation for more State hospitals for the insane and a short discussion of conditions was transacted.

Perhaps they could answer.

This happened on May 3.

State Board Acts.

It was June 15 when she was removed from the environment of prisoners and taken to a State institution, and this was done only after I had made a special appeal to the board of State charities, which alone has authority to authorize the permanent care of non-residents. Meantime, they and other organizations had cooperated in an effort to locate friends or relatives. The relatives could not be found and friends were unable or unwilling to come for her.

There were letters in her trunk giving highest praise both to her character and ability, one from an employer for whom she had worked thirteen years.

SCOUTS TO GIVE FETE

Athletic Events on Program at Fountain St. Church.

Scout mothers of Troop 73, Fountain St. M. E. Church, will hold a lawn fete Monday night at the church, Roosevelt and Fountain Sts. A musical program and athletic events will feature the program. The troop will take an overnight hike Friday to the Scout reservation near Ft. Harrison. Scoutmaster G. B. Watkins will be in charge.

RABBI MESSING TO CONDUCT FUNERAL OF FIRE VETERAN

Capt. Isaac Rosengarten to Be Buried Wednesday Afternoon.

Rabbi Meyer Messing will pay last tribute to Capt. Isaac Rosengarten, 57, retired fireman who died Monday, at 2 p.m. Wednesday at the home, 2326 N. Alabama St. Burial will be in the Jewish cemetery.

Mr. Rosengarten had lived in Indianapolis all his life. For thirty years he was connected with the fire department. He entered the department Jan. 3, 1881, at Chemical House No. 2, in Prospect St. His last post was Fire Station No. 17, Madison Ave. and Prospect St., where he served fifteen years.

He was promoted to captain in 1900 and held that position until he retired in 1921. During his many years as a fire fighter he suffered many injuries. Once while he was sitting in front of the old Prest-O-Lite plant in South St. he was thrown several feet in the air by an explosion in the plant.

Before he became a fireman, he was a clerk for O'Connor & Co., wholesale grocers, in S. Meridian St. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and Eagles.

Surviving are a brother, Moses Rosengarten, and two sisters, Miss Fanny Rosengarten and Mrs. Rachel Steark.

Store Manager and Others

Lead Pursuit—Suits

Dropped in Flight.

Fifty persons, including several women, joined Trafficman Charles Viles today in a chase through downtown streets today, which ended in capture of Virgil Peters, 23, colored, 727 Edgemont Ave., in a machine shop at Kentucky and Senate Aves. C. Murphy, manager of the Hub Clothing Company, 133 W. Washington St., told police, he looked up from some work in the rear of the store to see Peters walking out the front door with an arm load of suits, valued at \$159.

With a cry of "Stop thief," "Catch him" and "Burglars," the manager and several clerks started after Peters. Viles, stationed at Capitol Ave. and Washington St., heard the commotion and started after the alleged thief.

The faster Peters ran, according to Viles, the faster he dropped the suits, one by one. Viles said Peters was reaching for his hip pocket when captured. The trafficman whipped out his own revolver.

Just then Smith Meyer, 22 S. Capitol Ave., came into the shop and declared, Viles said:

"Why, that's the same guy I chased yesterday. He came into my store and left with a bundle of leather and a gross of rubber heels. He dropped the leather and left me behind."

Then in came Hillard Morris, 23, colored, 818 Hiawatha St., and, according to Viles, remarked:

"Never mind, Virg. I'll get you out on bond."

So Viles arrested Peters on a charge of grand larceny and Morris on a vagrancy charge.

ILLINOIS POSSES CONTINUE SEARCH FOR 13 LUNATICS

Authorities Believe Several of the Men Have Made Good Their Escape.

By United Press CHESTER, Ill., July 24.—Thirteen lunatics—inmates of "bad men's row" at the Illinois State Hospital for the Criminal Insane—were still at large today following a wheels-and-jail break at the institution Sunday night.

Twenty-seven of the forty-one mad men in Ward D-1, restricted to the most dangerous cases, were taken into custody by posse of several hundred guards, police and citizens who have combed the surrounding territory since the escape.

The round-up was still in progress today with fresh reliefs of possemen taking the place of those who have searched throughout the night.

Several of those at large have made good their escape