

The Indianapolis Times

FELIX F. BRUNER, Editor.

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

WM. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.

Member of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance * * * Client of the United Press and the NEA Service
 * * * Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.
 Published daily except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis
 * * * Subscription Rates: Indianapolis—Ten Cents a Week. Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week * * *
 PHONE—MA in 3500.

No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print, freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

Coliseum and Schools

MAYOR SHANK, evidently following his announced policy of economy, has signed an ordinance calling for an expenditure of nearly half a million dollars for a site for a municipal coliseum.

Indianapolis needs a coliseum. It has needed it for years in order to carry out its reputation of being an ideal convention city. Other cities have demonstrated that a coliseum centrally located can be made to pay for itself.

But we fail to see why the city chose a site so far from the center of things. The new coliseum, if the project is carried out, will be eight blocks from the center of the city. From the very nature of the institution, it should be downtown. It seems to us that the same amount of money could have been spent for a site, perhaps somewhat smaller, nearer downtown.

Perhaps somewhere directly south of Washington St., or directly west of the Statehouse, within walking distance of the downtown district.

A number of business men have pledged themselves to get behind the bond issue for the ground and the building—to cost in the end probably some \$3,000,000.

In a short time the city must go to the paternalistic tax board and, on bended knee, ask the three gentlemen in whose hands the ridiculous tax law places our destiny, for permission to erect some more school buildings.

We need them as badly as we do a coliseum. The high schools and the grade schools both are overcrowded. Already opposition to these school buildings is being organized, as it always is organized when anything is proposed for the education of the youth of our city.

Will the gentlemen who are pledging themselves to work for the purchase of a site out E. Washington St. way for a coliseum also pledge their support to fight the opposition to adequate school facilities in Indianapolis?

How Many and Who

CENSUS bureau experts find that in the past five years Indianapolis has grown measurably in population. It is a good sign. In normal times a city that does not show a steady growth has cause for serious thought. There is apt to be something wrong with it.

But there is more to population increase than figures. Perhaps it is just as important to consider who the new citizens of Indianapolis are as to rejoice in their numbers. Perhaps it would be as important to know why they came, what it is that brings them to this city rather than to another. And then there is useful speculation as to who among the newcomers has brought the most good to Indianapolis. We try to make all newcomers welcome.

Man and Woman In Fight For Throne of Hungary

Times Washington Bureau.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—In the shadow of Hungary's gallloping romance of Ruritania and "The Prisoner of Zenda" contains no chapter more alive with thrills and intrigue than the real-life struggle for a throne now going on in Hungary.

The leading man is the handsome regent, Admiral Von Horthy, who had the audacity to order his king and emperor, Charles the Handsome, out of the country and into exile, where he died a heartbroken man.

The leading woman is the ex-empress Zita, Charles' widow, pretty, ambitious and resourceful. And the necessary touch of pathos is furnished by little Prince Otto, her eldest son, a beautiful child with large, blue eyes and flaxen ringlets covering the head a Greuze would love to paint.

Seeks Throne for Boy

Today Zita, the queen-mother, is scheming to oust Von Horthy and place curly-haired Otto on his father's throne. And Horthy is countering by driving through the Budapest parliament an act creating him "first peer" for life—really king save for the crown.

Now, if Zita succeeds in cajoling the Allied Council of Ambassadors into permitting Otto to mount the throne of Hungary it is more than likely that Horthy will play his final trump, namely, crown himself and order his troops to stop Otto and the queen-mother at the frontier.

The advantage is Admiral Horthy's. Many Hungarians oppose a Hapsburg restoration. A majority, perhaps, would prefer electing a king from among the descendants of one of the old reigning Magyar families. Horthy is already a Magyar noble and he is now making himself "first peer" and uncrowned king. The chances, therefore, are that Hungary would readily accept him as a happy compromise between the Hapsburg and Magyar princes.

Whatever else Horthy may be, he is a man of courage. In 1821, when King Charles secretly crossed the frontier from his exile in Switzerland and suddenly appeared at the Royal Palace overlooking the Danube, Horthy layed his life against that of the king as nonchalantly as a born gambler might roll dice for a dime.

King Charles himself tells the story in his diary, just published in the Italian *Corriere della Sera*.

"Horthy," the king announced

bluntly, "I have come to take over Hungary from you."

That, says the king, was the signal for a struggle for power that lasted two hours. And in the end I had to yield before Horthy's base and diabolical greed." Skipping all but the last pages, here is the climax, in the king's own words:

Heated Conversation

Horthy: "I can't do it. I have sworn an oath of loyalty to the National Assembly."

The King: "But long before that you swore fidelity to me."

Horthy: "That oath is no longer valid. Only my last oath counts that to the National Assembly."

The King: "That oath is not worth a snap of the fingers before a king. You, yourself, used to say so."

Horthy: "But now I have my duty to you."

The King: "Your duty ended the moment I arrived here. The duty is now mine. (Horthy's face clouded with irritation and dissent.) If you refuse, it means revolution. Turn over your authority!"

Horthy: "No." Then, after a pause: "Your Majesty can not count on the army."

The King: "That does not agree with my information from other sources."

Horthy: "The army has sworn obedience to me."

The King: "How can you expect your army to be loyal to you if you, yourself, are a perfumer?"

Horthy: "I would shoot any man who did not obey."

"I realized what was in Horthy's mind," King Charles confided to his diary. "Outside the door stood his Aides de Camp and his other satellites ready to obey his orders. I found myself in a trap. The gentleman who had accompanied me to the Castle were gone. I did not even have my revolver. So I asked bluntly:

"Well, what do you propose to do? Make me a prisoner?"

"No," Horthy replied slowly. "I will not make Your Majesty prisoner."

Instead Horthy indicated the quickest road out of the country and, in effect, told King Charles to take it. Desereted by his former supporters, there was nothing left for him to obey.

A few moments later he tried a second, and still more desperate, coup for his lost throne when, failing he was hustled off to exile and death.

The final installment of this story is right now being lived. Watch the news dispatches for the finale.

BEAUTIES

To The Editor of The Times:

HAVING read the article in The Times on "Pretty Girls Pretty Dumb" I am very much of the opinion that the first remark was made by a man. The other remark I can not vouch for. Not being entirely left out so far as beauty is concerned, I really feel the article ought to be answered. I have found, and have friends, who are very wanting when it comes to good looks, but who have minds, yes, but not always so far advanced as one more beautiful.

As a rule the average homely woman will, at a glance, see one beautiful, and without knowing her, make the remark "beautiful, but dumb," because she has a certain amount of jealousy that prompts it. Would not any homely woman be glad and much happier if she could

TOM SIMS SAYS

History doesn't repeat itself. It stutters, that's all.

Saw a hot dog yesterday with its tongue hanging out.

Bald hair is ill right. We know it is, because a professor of psychology says it isn't.

Court says Charlie Chaplin's makeup belongs to him alone. Better have your trousers pressed.

A truck driver failed to beat a train in Cairo, Ill.

We like spring better than we like fall because you can't make cranberry shortcake.

Movie star is wearing a snakeskin muffler. It's all right, but what's the snake wearing?

Spokane clubwoman says woman's place isn't in the home. Bet she hasn't looked lately.

German sculptor is making a bust of Hindenburg. The French might enjoy a bust at Hindy.

You can't always believe what you see. Henry never makes more than 7,500 flivvers a day.

Those thinking they are better than others should be more careful with their thinking.

There are no bigger fish in the ocean than have gotten away.

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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

THEY CATCH A FEW

JUDGE DAN WHITE, in his court No. 2, fined four speeders Tuesday. The four culprits had been caught by alert and zealous State motor police in the act of burning up State highways.

The speediest of the quartet was doing about fifty miles an hour

when the strong arm of the State of Indiana brought him down. The other three were turning off about 45 m.p.h.

Of course they all ran the State speed limit. Quite properly. They were arrested.

But one night last week Cannonball Baker—chief tee pilot for an automobile manufacturer—averaged more than fifty-four miles an hour from Indianapolis to Cincinnati and return.

The next night he did better than fifty-six miles an hour on Hoosier roads in a run from Columbus to Indianapolis.

Both performances were heralded to the world in paid advertisements. But there is no report of his arrest by State motor police.

Speed, of course, is his business—he breaks road records for a living. Nevertheless the statute does not permit a greater speed than thirty-five miles an hour on Indiana roads.

Probably that limit would be more cheerfully observed by plain mortals if State police fell on every violator, no matter what his business, color of hair or previous condition of servitude.

ANOTHER BANDIT VISITATION

THE Rural St. branch of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company was visited by a lone, unmasked bandit yesterday morning. He casually strolled in, put the employees through their callisthenics, and escaped with about \$3,000. No clews.

Last fall a midday robbery at that same bank was staged. That time the bandits got away with about \$4,000. They were never caught.

Neither the drought, the ukulele nor the gypsy moth is causing as much havoc in Indiana as the bank bandit. Hardly a day passes, but some Hoosier financial institution is despoiled by a rude stranger.

Various methods to combat the bandit plague are advocated. Some believe a State police force is the only answer. Into the past few weeks a plan to organize volunteer, armed vigilance committees in every community has received attention—and is being perfected.

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