

3 KILLED AND 30 INJURED IN INDIANAPOLIS

Woman Parachute Jumper
Killed and Two Negroes
Drown in White River.

Fourth of July traffic accidents claimed three dead and thirty injured in the city Monday, according to police records. Auto crashes claimed the largest toll. Fireworks injured only six.

The dead are: Mrs. Ethel Doane McKinney, 21, of 1912 Wilcox St., professional parachute jumper; Julius Moore, 23, Negro, 3555 Terrace Ave., and Levi Crim, 22, Negro, same address, both drowned.

Mrs. McKinney, known professionally as Ethel Doane, was fatally injured early Monday evening when her parachute failed to open after her second leap of the day at Walnut Greens, southwest of the city, and she fell 200 feet into a tree. The woman died before the arrival of an ambulance. Physicians said her back was broken.

Companion Drops Safety

Mrs. McKinney and Oscar E. (Mile High) Ruth, 1222 Sheffield Ave., went up in Ruth's balloon together each using individual parachutes. Ruth completed his descent and the crowds stood horrified as the girl's body hurtled to the ground a moment later. It was her first attempt at a double leap.

Mrs. McKinney was born in Indianapolis. She was married about a year ago to Willard McKinney, now a sailor at Great Lakes Naval Training School. She is survived by her husband; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Doane; three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Hamby, Mrs. Lena Baker and Mrs. Marie Henry; two brothers, George and Albert Doane, all of Indianapolis.

Funeral arrangements are incomplete.

On Picnic Party

Moore and Crim were with a party of picnickers along White river Monday afternoon near east end of Harding St. bridge. After eating their lunch the two men plunged into the river before the eyes of their friends and never appeared again.

Police believe they were sucked into a whirlpool. The river is 35 feet deep at this point.

Frank Yates, city fireman, 2401 Union St., was taken to city hospital late Monday afternoon after the fire truck he was driving crashed into a Garfield Park street car at Madison Ave. and Orange St. Yates was thrown to the street and suffered internal injuries and a probable fracture of the skull.

Others Are Hurt

Dennis Lyons, fireman, 47, of 24 N. Temple Ave., suffered injuries to his side and John Wilson, 33, fireman, 1612 Tabor St., received cuts and bruises.

Others injured were: Miss Maude Harris, 23, of 2842 Kenwood Ave.; Idol Roberts, 61, Greenfield; A. G. Hale, 31, S. Hawthorne Lane; Edna A. Hale, 5, same address; Miss Josephine Roberts, 501 N. East St.; William Carson, 30, Negro, Chicago, fairground dirt track racer; Ed. Green, 35, Negro, Chicago, fairground racer; James Hinman, 19, of 800 W. Thirteenth St.; Manley Marks, 12, of 841 W. Twentieth St.; Charles Kaser, 15, of 557 W. Twenty-Ninth St.; Adrien Laffy, 17, of 3200 Clinton St.; James Boshey, 16, of 452 W. Twenty-Ninth St.; Lois Cox, 9, of 1506 N. Illinois St., and Pauline Elliott, Negro, of Chicago.

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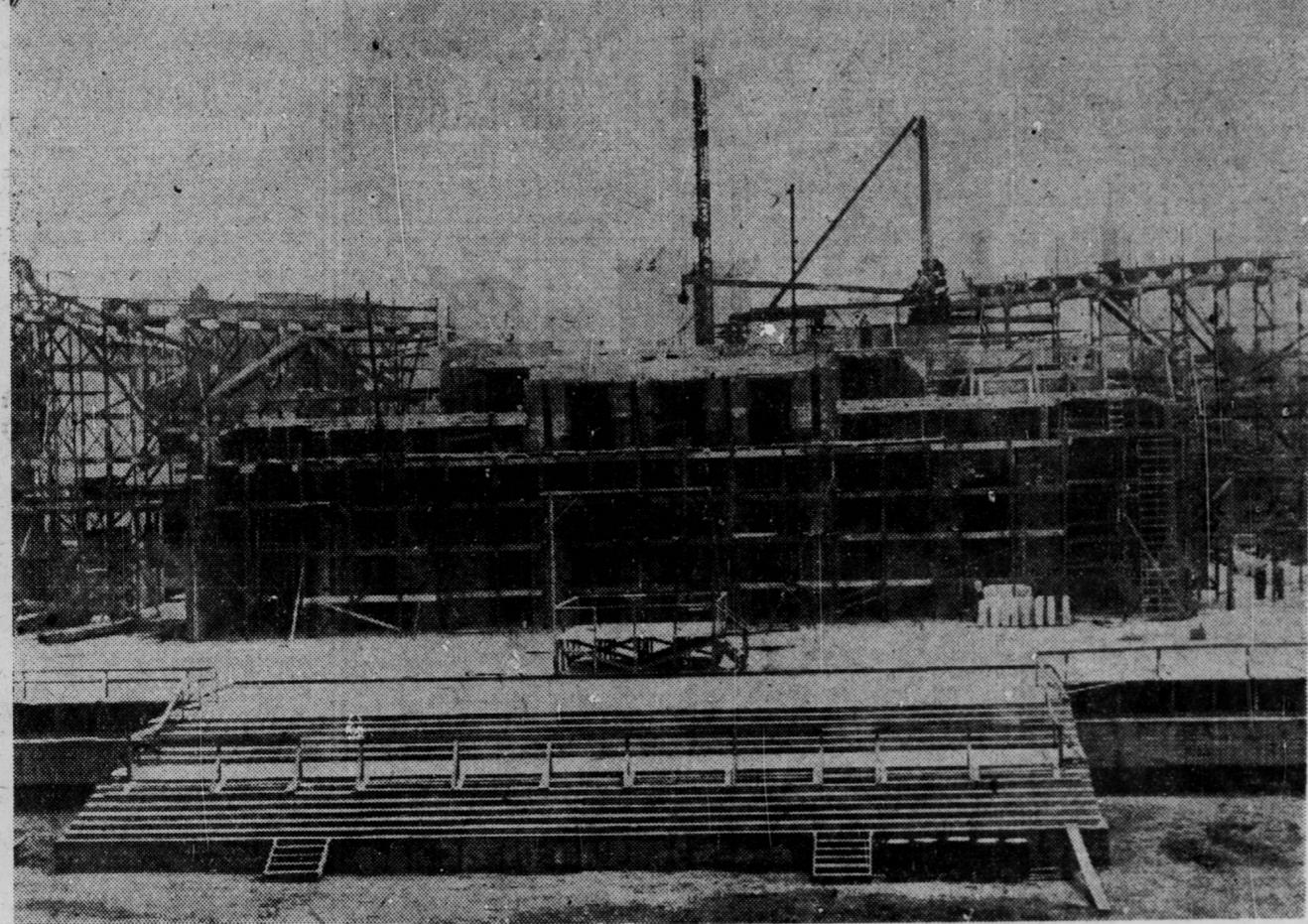
A Message From Europe!

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Conte Grande of twenty-six thousand tons successfully launched at Trieste. Christened by Duchess of Acosta, cousin of King of Italy. Greatest of enthusiasm. Steamer last word in shipbuilding and also fastest Mediterranean liner afloat. Expected to join Conte Biancamano and Conte Rosso in New York service next February.

Base Completed, Corner Stone Is Placed



How the memorial shrine with the first stage—the base—completed, looked when the corner stone was laid yesterday.

A SATIRE ON MODERN LIFE THROUGH THE LIPS OF THE ANCIENTS

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY

by JOHN ERSKINE

Published by arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc.

The Characters

HELEN, an ancient lady with modern ideas.

ORESTES, her husband while she stayed at home.

HERMIONE, her daughter and severest critic.

"I was so desperate at first, I thought of saying Aphrodite entreated you, so you thought it was Menelaos, but it turned out to be Paris. Don't smile—I didn't waste much time on that threadbare poetry."

"If we all live on my plan, you be a reformer; old enough to have ambitions."

ERTEONEUS, gate-keeper by calling; philosopher by instinct; moralist by observation.

ADRASTE, handmaiden and friend to Helen, the scandalous lady next door.

DAMASTOR, a boy who stayed from the family doorstep.

Helen back home in Sparta, is having an intimate talk with her daughter Hermione—the first real talk mother and daughter have had in ten years. Mother has been getting along on scandal and love. They strike daughter as being distinctly peculiar viewpoints.

"My dear child," said Helen. "I am a peculiar case—everyone who has known love. But there's some general wisdom about the matter which I'd share with you if I could. It's useless to try. You'll have to learn for yourself when you fall in love."

"I am in love," said Hermione.—"with Orestes."

"Yes, child, in love—but not very far in. I dare say he has never disappointed you at all."

"Never!"

"The early stage," said Helen. "We have to build up the illusion before we can be disappointed."

"I've a new light on scandal," said Hermione, "and I'll do my best to grasp your idea of love. May I ask you a personal question? I suppose this theory ought to apply to you as well as to the men who loved you. Has love for you too always been a mistake?"

"Never a mistake," said Helen, "always an illusion. It's the illusion you fall in love with. And no matter how often it occurs, no matter how wise you are as to what the end will be, one more illusion is welcome—for only while it lasts do we catch a vision of our best selves. In that sense, as I understand it, love is a disease, and incurable."

"One other question, mother—does father think as you do?"

"I doubt it, but you never can tell," said Helen. "Your father hasn't spoken to me at any length about his ideas of love—not for a long time."

"I'm sure he wouldn't agree with you," said Hermione, "and neither do I. Your praise of truth gives me courage to say I don't think all the people I know, except you, are wrong, nor that what seems their happiness is an illusion. For myself I want the kind of happiness I believe they really have."

"I come back to the scandal you spread," said Helen. "You told Charitas I went away because I couldn't help myself—Paris took me by force."

"It seemed the kindest version."

"Oh—was there a choice of versions? What have I escaped—which were the others?"

"Oh—what's the use, mother?"

said Hermione. "I knew what I was about—I was telling a lie, for your sake, and also for the sake of the rest of us. I could have told more than one lie. The first I thought of wouldn't do—I had it out of old-fashioned poetry—that situation you get so often where the gods deceive

"If we don't lead our own life," said Helen, "we are in danger of trying to lead some one else's."

"I mean, we're not alone in the world," said Hermione. "You can talk me down, but I wonder you don't realize how queer your sense of proportion looks. You take me to task because I spread a story about you—false, I'll admit, but in the circumstances remarkably generous and favorable. Yet you have been preaching ideas here, with your quiet voice and those innocent eyes of yours, ideas which would make us all wish if we followed them."

"If we all live on my plan, you be a reformer; old enough to have ambitions."

"If we all live on my plan, you be a reformer; old enough to have ambitions."

"It's only fair to remember," said Hermione, "that Charitas has been a good friend to me in your absence. She'd be astonished if she knew what you think of her."

"She knows now, and she's astonished," said Helen. "I consider her a dangerous woman. Mark my words, she'll do lot of harm. What sort of boy is that son of hers?"

"Damastor? Oh, well enough," said Hermione. "He hasn't his mother's steadiness of character, but he's harmless. He's devoted to Charitas."

"What do you mean by harmless?" asked Helen.

"Oh, he's well-behaved, sheltered and quiet, a bit young even for his years."

"You must admire his type," said Helen.

"What, Damastor?" cried Hermione.

"His mother says he's devoted to you."

"To me? I scarcely know him! Oh, I've seen him at his mother's, but not often. He's shown no signs of devotion, thank heaven! I've thought of him as a mere child."

"Then he hasn't been calling on you lately?"

"Never—who told you that?"

"Charitas. She says he told her. I thought myself it wasn't so. They're a very respectable family. No more than the normal amount of love, I dare say. You might do worse."

(To Be Continued)

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RESUME WORK ON MEMORIAL SHRINE TODAY

Impressive Dedication Cer-
emony Monday Witnessed
by Thousands.

Pomp and pageantry, Pershing and plaudits, which enshrinéd forever July 4, 1927, in the heart of patriotic Hoosierdom were replaced today at the World War Memorial Shrine by the rat-tat-tat of the builder's hammer.

The corner stone of the \$5,000,000 temple to Indiana's patriotism and objective tribute to World War heroes was placed by General John J. Pershing, A. E. F. commander, shortly before noon Monday.

Capping the climax of a July Fourth never surpassed in patriotic demonstration, the corner stone ceremony marked genuine progress in the construction of a memorial shrine that is to be unsurpassed throughout the nation.

It will be a year before the super-structure is complete and perhaps three before another great demonstration will mark the dedication. The beautiful white edifice then will set as jewel in the great plaza extending for a half mile in the heart of the Hoosier capital.

It is the prayer of Brig. Gen. William G. Everson, Muncie, after Pershing had put the final touch upon the corner stone with mortar and trowel.

The ceremony was preceded by a monster military parade, headed by Pershing, his aides and Adj't Gen. William H. Kershner.

Massing of Colors

There were speeches by the A. E. F. commander and Governor Jackson; there was the solemn task of the World War leader placing a black wreath on a gold star flag carried by a Culver cadet, to honor the dead who fought under his command; there was massing of the allied colors against the azure background of the sky by cadets on the crest of the structure, thirty feet above the speakers' platform, and then the laying of the corner stone and the closing prayer.

President Marcus S. Sonntag presided and Pershing was introduced by Brig. Gen. Dwight E. Aultman, who also took the opportunity of saying farewell to Indianapolis citizens. Well known in the community, since he became commandant at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, he leaves shortly for a new command in Wyoming.

Parade Takes Two Hours

From the reviewing stand near the memorial shrine, Gen. Pershing and Governor Jackson for two hours watched the procession. There were bands and battle flags, soldiers and sailors, veterans of three wars, Culver's Black Horse cavalry and the 150th Field Artillery under command of Maj. Gen. Robert H. Tynan.

Relatives of the citizen soldiers and preparedness as the best method of maintaining peace was urged by all speakers. Brig. Gen. Aultman made the occasion a farewell to the C. M. T. C. He leaves shortly for a new assignment at Ft. D. S. Russell, Wyoming.

Banks Need Service

The use of planes in transferring financial papers from one city to another has been cited.

"It has been suggested to me that two or three local banks could afford to keep one ship busy between here and Chicago," said Clifford L. Hardin, Chamber of Commerce manager.

The possibilities of commercial aviation can hardly be realized until a service is established. That is something folks will not think of using until the service is offered and then they take