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## WET AND DRY FACTIONS GIRD FOR NEW WAR

Laws Will Be Modified by 1932, Declaration of Liberal Element.

NEVER, VIEW OF DORAN

Sponge Army Working to Good Advantage, Says Commissioner.

BY JOSEPH S. WASNEY  
United Press Staff Correspondent  
WASHINGTON, May 8.—General attention was focused on the prohibition question today, as wet and dry political factions organized for the presidential campaign.

Prohibition leaders and Government dry authorities told the United Press in exclusive interviews that the experimental stage of prohibition has passed and the dry law is in America to stay.

On the other hand, opponents of the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead law contended people are being aroused against the anti-liquor decrees, and that before 1932 the dry law will have been modified materially.

Dr. James M. Doran, Federal commissioner of prohibition, said that prohibition law enforcement work is improving and that the general prohibition situation has improved.

Doran is Optimistic

"The Government dry organization now is functioning satisfactorily and what the country needs to make the Eighteenth amendment more effective is better State and local enforcement work," Dr. Doran said.

"States, counties and municipalities must measure up more fully to their responsibilities and not call on Washington to do police work for them," he declared.

"The Federal organization now is adjusted with the Federal courts and the United States attorneys' offices. Therefore, there is no objection in increasing the Government enforcement machine unless Congress increases the size of the judicial establishment."

"The greatest opportunity for immediate betterment is local expansion of enforcement work and better local cooperation. I don't personally believe communities want to turn Uncle Sam into a policeman."

Moonshine Big Problem

Dr. Doran said moonshine is the greatest problem of prohibition enforcers. Bootleggers are manufacturing moonshine alcohol as well as moonshine whiskey, he said.

"There will be very little diversion of industrial alcohol in 1928," Dr. Doran asserted. "Production will be limited to 90,000,000 gallons, 5,000,000 gallons less than last year. A little or no surplus will be available for diversion into illicit channels."

"Sacramental wine diversions no longer present a problem. Withdrawal of wines will be held to about 1,000,000 gallons this year. Medicinal whiskey withdrawals are diminishing, because physicians are prescribing less liquor."

"Real beer no longer is a reality. All cheating breweries have been put out of business and the only illicit beer making comes from plants that use wort or some similar preparation."

Smuggling Is Extensive

Smuggling still troubles Federal authorities, however, Dr. Doran said that rum-running from Canada was an organized industry and that Canadian authorities estimated \$47,000,000 worth of Canadian liquor entered the United States illegally in a year.

He characterized New York and Chicago as America's two "wettest" cities and Florida and Michigan as the two wettest States.

"But prohibition is here to stay," he declared. "It is so intensely tied up with industry that America could not afford to repeal the law under any circumstances. This is a mechanical age and prohibition cannot be disposed of."

FRENCH IN TIME HOP

Brothers Hope to Wrest Record From Americans.

By United Press  
LE BOURGET FIELD, Paris, May 8.—France today made a bid for the sustained flight record now held by Americans, when the Arrachart Brothers hopped off at 6:29 a. m.

They hoped to be able to remain in the air in excess of 54 hours—the record now held by Capt. George Haldeman and Eddie Stinson, American aviators.

Before leaving, they said they expected to fly mostly in the vicinity of Le Bourget field.

SPEAKS WITH COOLIDGE

Frank Strayer on Memorial Day Program at Arlington

Frank T. Strayer, national commander, Veterans of Foreign Wars, will speak on the theme program with President Coolidge at Arlington, Va., May 30 at memorial services.

A third speaker on the program will be former Senator Guy Means, Colorado. A wreath will be placed on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier during the ceremony.

Honor for De Pauw Head

By Times Special  
GREENCASTLE, Ind., May 8.—President Lequel H. Murlin of De Pauw University left here today for Kansas City, Mo., where Wednesday evening he will be honored guest at a dinner given by the Methodist Episcopal board of education. He is dean of Methodist institution presidents in the country.

## When A Girl Loves

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FICTION BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

## CHAPTER I

If you marry that girl I'll jump in the river!" The man at whom the reckless speech was directed smiled his disbelief.

"But I mean it, Niel," the girl persisted.

"Yes, of course, you do. Just as you meant it with Berto last year and Harry the year before and . . ."

"Oh, shut up! I never pretended to care about them, but you are different. I'm crazy about you, Niel. The whole village knows it."

The young man made a gesture of weariness with one hand. His other was busy at the table before which he stood, arranging the decorations for a buffet supper.

"Please stop being childish, Chiri," he said, "and help me with these flowers."

Chiri sniffed. "Orchids! I suppose she sent them."

This time the man paused in his work to regard her seriously.

"Why not? She sent this cloth, too," touching the fine lace and linen cover, "and these," lifting a piece of sterling silver tableware.

"In fact, she sent all this stuff, Chiri, but what does it matter if she wants the things she's accustomed to? It's her party, too, you know, and if I hadn't won the mural competition and used it as an excuse to celebrate down here we would be announcing our engagement uptown."

Across the richly appointed table the girl called Chiri, drew back and looked at him scornfully.

"You . . . poor . . . fool," she said slowly.

"For heaven's sake," he returned impatiently, "stop trying to quarrel with me and get busy; can't you stick these candles up straight?"

"I didn't come here to straighten candles! Every one's talking about you, Niel, and this . . . what's her name? . . . Brewster girl. We all think you're mad. Why, Niel, dear," she changed her voice suddenly from anger to tender pleading—"can't you see it will ruin you to marry an outsider such as she is? Look. Listen! And we are used to bare boards, or Italian brocade when some one is lucky. How will you like to sit down day after day at precisely the same hour to precisely the same correct table?"

"The butler will sneer at you if you touch anything when you should not, and pretty soon you'll want to kill him; and what will you do when they call you to dinner just when you've caught the thing you couldn't get into your work for weeks and weeks . . ."

"Good lord, Chiri, you don't know what you're talking about. I doubt if you've even seen a butler off the stage, and, besides, we aren't going to live on Park Ave. I hope to take Virginia to Rome next year and I imagine we'll be able to find a common meeting ground for our tastes."

"That kind of imagining has ruined many artists, Niel, and you know it. O, I can't let you do it, I can't."

Chiri came like a whirlwind round the table and threw herself into his unwilling arms. Her hands clung round his neck and her ragged bow brushed his lips. He disliked her perfume. It was a struggle to free himself without hurting her.

"Chiri," he began firmly, "I want you to stop this. You know you're only acting and that you aren't worried about my career."

Chiri smiled straight at him and threw pretense to the four corners of the big studio.

"Well, what if I'm not? I don't want you to marry, and one reason's as good as another."

"Then please save your acting for a better occasion. The only thing I've ever liked about you, Chiri, is your defiant truthfulness."

"But you don't like it when I say I love you."

"Because you're lying. But I'd be sorry if it were true, as I honestly believe I'm monogamous. Anyway, I've never loved any girl but Virginia, and I have an idea that I never will."

Chiri had a peculiar little sound that meant "too bad" escape her lips. "You're talking like a bourgeois already," she declared reproachfully.



Chiri . . . The Artist's Model.

proachfully. "That's what her influence has done for you. Monogamous! My God! Ain't nature wonderful?"

"Must you be vulgar?" Nathaniel asked quietly.

"O, I don't care what I am," Chiri cried with genuine tears in her eyes. They were, however, tears of exasperation. "You're the only man I love and you have to go monogamous."

Nathaniel laughed. "You talk as if that were a political platform. Chiri, I'm ashamed of you, honestly I am. Do you think even if I loved you I'd let myself be just another scalp at your belt? I'm beginning to be afraid of you."

"The trouble with you, Niel, you ought to have more conceit. Why should you care what brand my affections bear? It's my love I'm talking about, and I guess I know more about it than you do. I'll guarantee it's interesting."

"Not to me, Chiri; please believe that. And there's the doorbell. A nice mess if it's Virginia. If it is, for heaven's sake behave yourself."

He moved off to answer the summons and the girl looked after him with mischievous eyes. She could not have him. Not now. She knew that. But men change. Things change. And nothing could make her stop trying. There hadn't been another man like Nathaniel Dann. If only she could make him say, just once, "I love you!"

Suddenly, like a cat springing, she reached out and grasped a beautiful purple and white orchid in her slim, nervous fingers and crushed it spitefully. It gave her the feel of hurting the girl who had won forever what she desired and could not have for ever one hour.

Between her and the door stood a screen. She glanced at it with eyes made X-ray by her obsession. Nathaniel was kissing his love—she knew that, and if she hadn't known already she would have when she saw the girl's face.

It was radiantly beautiful as only the face of a woman happy in love can be. Niel's kisses seemed to linger in the shining tenderness of the clear gray eyes and the curves of the smiling lips.

Chiri hated to look at it when Nathaniel introduced her to Virginia. And the voice that greeted her afforded further irritation. It held notes like those that Nathaniel coaxed from his violinello when he played under the stars on hot nights.

Chiri loved poetry, beauty in sight and sound. She knew that Nathaniel loved it, too. And here he had found his dream girl. Chiri could see that.

For a moment she felt defeated, without hope. But having her way with Nathaniel had become like the battle of life itself to her. She could not give up.

But she knew she could gain nothing by creating a scene, and her passion being what it was—a flame which she fed with conquests and fleeting satisfactions—she was able to control it, to speak calmly and act with ease.

She might believe herself desperately infatuated with Nathaniel, but she would never be swept into an ungoverned demonstration of feeling. What she did, no matter how unconventional, was done with purpose. Only true love makes one forget oneself.

"What did you say her name is?" Virginia asked Nathaniel when Chiri had left them.

"Chiri, as though you spelled it 'cheery'. Odd, isn't it? Says it is part of the name of a South American fruit. Must have had strange parents, poor little kid."

"She seems . . . sort of . . . tropical. Who is she, what does she do?" Nathaniel asked.

"I've used her quite a lot lately," Nathaniel went on, still watching. Virginia lifted calm eyes and spoke. "For your illustrations. I can see she was the woman's figure."

Virginia did not know why he did it. He came and took her in his arms and said, "Virginia, you are sweet."

first time to the artists of Greenwich Village.

But he soon forgot about it in the happiness of receiving the congratulations of his friends. They were a jocular herd that came mostly in groups, each with a central figure—a famous man or woman.

Chiri came in late, with two fascinated young males and a pale, indifferent poet. "Dance with me, Niel," she begged when some one began talking with Virginia.

Nathaniel, overflowing with good will, was about to comply with her request when his butler, hired for the occasion, came to tell him he was wanted on the telephone. He turned to speak to Virginia, but the man put up a warning finger and Nathaniel noticed then that his face was grave and his manner one of suppressed excitement. He asked Chiri to excuse him and withdrew with the butler.

"There is trouble at the Brewsters were out of earshot of Virginia. "Mr. Brewster's man is on ster home, sir," the man said when the wire. He said not to let Miss Virginia know until he had talked with you. It's her father, sir."

Something like a cold finger seemed to reach into Nathaniel's heart and coil round it for an instant. Nathaniel knew it was fear. His mind, sensitive and psychic, had leaped to a dozen alarming conjectures and settled to the conviction of tragedy.

Though not a skeptic, yet he knew that life allowed no perfect bliss, and his recent happiness had been so great as really to concern him about the inevitable rift.

But Virginia! Why must it touch her? He paused for a moment at the door of the small room adjoining his studio, which he used as a bedroom, and glanced back at the girl whose joys and sorrows must henceforth be his joys and sorrows. No foreboding seemed to trouble her now. She was smiling, being gracious to his friends, Nathaniel was proud of her, of her calm beauty and poise.

He took up the ear-phone reluctantly. There was bad news for Virginia, and he must carry it to her.

"Hello, Dann speaking." His voice brought a rush of information uttered in a frightened whisper that barely carried to him. Nathaniel made out the fact that Virginia's father was dead.

"Have you called a physician?" he shouted.

"I'll get one at once, sir," came back faintly in reply, and Nathaniel heard a click that told him the connection had been broken.

He stepped to the door, uncertain of the best thing to do. He might beckon her . . . but she was not looking for him. Then he saw her dancing. A slight tremor shook him and left his flesh cold. Dancing! Laughing, too, and he could see the grim shadow of the reaper over the gay crowd, dimming the joy, mocking ambition and hope.

Would he have to go and take Virginia from her partner's arms? He drew upon the courage that must never fail her, took a step forward and was halted by a touch on his arm.

"Niel. What is it?"

"Chiri! Go and tell those musicians to stop playing."

It was like Chiri, so unbalanced in her way with men, and yet so understanding and quick to grasp the essential elements of any situation, to move off swiftly and without comment to do as Nathaniel bade her.

As the music came to an unmelodious end Nathaniel reached Virginia's side.

"Please excuse her, Lionel," he said to the man she had been dancing with; "there's been something happening at her home and we'll have to go at once. Will you tell her that?"

Purposely he had given Virginia a few seconds to realize that trouble was impending. When he turned to her he saw that already fear was changing her features.

"Let's get your wraps. Is your car downstairs?"

Virginia grasped his arm with both hands. People were gathering round them now, but she did not notice. "Tell me," she demanded; "tell me, Niel, what has happened . . . my father . . ."

"I don't know . . . for certain. We'll go at once."

He was leading Virginia toward the door now, where he saw Chiri standing with Virginia's blue and silver wrap.

In the car Virginia made him tell her of the message from Pounds, her father's valet. One moaning, protesting "no" burst from her lips when Nathaniel said Pounds feared the worst, and Nathaniel tried to tell her that the man could not have been sure; he had not yet called a doctor when he telephoned the studio.

Virginia accepted his words in stricken silence. The drive home was a nightmare of tortured uncertainty.

A man, evidently a physician, lifted his head and looked solemnly at Virginia and Nathaniel when they entered her father's library.

(To Be Continued)

## FORD VISIONS PROSPERITY IN U. S. TO STAY

Motor Magnate Returns From 'Time of Life' in England.

TALKS OF AIR ADVANCE

Evades Question on Lindy; Interested in Visit of Junkers.

By United Press  
NEW YORK, May 8.—Continued prosperity in the United States was predicted by Henry Ford when he returned today on the majestic from his trip abroad.

"I am confident that current prosperity in the United States will continue," Ford said. "The business outlook is good and there is no factor in sight to disturb it."

With Mrs. Ford, the automobile man traveled on the liner as "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Robinson," but the incognito was merely a pleasant subterfuge that had no effect in concealing his identity from the passengers.

Regarding production of the Ford Motor Company, Ford said about 1,000,000 orders were on hand and that production was being increased as fast as possible to meet the demand.

Business Good in England

Business conditions in England are good and are improving steadily, Ford said.

Among his fellow passengers were Samuel Insull, Harvey S. Firestone Jr., Bertrand L. Taylor, member of the governing body of the New York Stock Exchange, and Charles S. Pillsbury, vice president of the Pillsbury flour mills.

Asked about reports that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh would become associated with the Ford interests before starting his air tour of the world, Ford said:

"You will have to see Edsel about that."

Denies Deal With Junkers

The automobile manufacturer was interested intensely in the trip of Dr. Hugo Junkers, manufacturer of the Bremen, to the United States, but denied he and Junkers would pool their aviation interests.

Ford sat in the regal suite of the Majestic and chatted freely with reporters, explaining he had the "time of his life on this trip."

"On the return voyage my wife and I danced the polka and other old-fashioned dances every night. We enjoyed them."

England is a great country. Everywhere there is a gentleman and you can come and go as you please. We spent most of the time motoring through southern England, where the roads are perfect.

Aviation in Infancy

"Aviation is just in its infancy there, as it is here. I think the next problem airplane builders must solve is how to make a plane leave the ground without getting up so much speed on the take-off."

Mrs. Ford, dressed in a rose-colored ensemble, read a book while her husband was being interviewed.

Fellow passengers said they were surprised how democratic Ford was on the trip. He mingled with them freely, they said, and seemed like a boy out for a holiday.

Stewards of the Majestic said Ford's lips were so close to theirs as they thought they would be all expressed personal liking for him.

KNIFE KILLER TO FARM

Monroe County Man Given Six Months and \$10 Fine.

By Times Special  
BLOOMINGTON, Ind., May 8.—Raymond Stevens, slayer of his cousin, James Stephens, is under a six months sentence to the penitentiary and a \$10 fine, on an assault and battery charge. Robert W. Miers, sitting as special judge in the Monroe Circuit Court imposed the sentence.

At a previous trial on a manslaughter charge, a jury disagreed. The slaying occurred last October when the cousins fought at James' home. Raymond wielded a knife.

POLAR FLIGHT DELAYED

Italia Held at Kingsbay for Repair to One Engine.

By United Press  
OSLO, Norway, May 8.—The dirigible Italia, in which Gen. Umberto Nobile will attempt a flight over the North Polar area, probably will remain at Kingsbay several days while repairs are made to one engine, it was understood here today.

Meanwhile, Premier Mowinkle sent congratulations to the Italian explorer on his successful flight from Milan to Kingsbay and wished him success on the polar venture.

(To Be Continued)

## Miss Indiana



Betty Dumbis, chosen "Miss Indiana" in the finals of the State bathing beauty contest at the Indiana Theater Monday night. She is from Anderson. Contest story on Page Two.

## FEAR OF BREAK IN DAM ABATES

End of Rain May Avert Structure Collapse.

By United Press  
GREENVILLE, S. C., May 8.—Fears that the Greenville City waterworks dam at Table Rock Cove would give way abated today, with a cessation of the rainstorm that has added to the great volume of water held in the reservoir.

Predictions today were for fair weather, which will come as a needed relief to the thousands of residents of the South Saluda valley, forced to leave their homes when the dam started crumbling.

Many have been living in the open and Red Cross relief was sent to them yesterday.

Engineers examined the dam yesterday and indicated it was in much safer condition than for several days. However, the vigilant watch around the portion that has crumbled away in the last few days was maintained.

At Piedmont, S. C., thirty miles below the dam, residents were much more optimistic today, and the Piedmont Manufacturing company ordered its employees to return to work.

PROBE SINKING OF U. S.

DREDGE; 18 LIVES LOST

War Department Hearings Start Today in Accident.

By United Press  
NEW YORK, May 8.—Hearings before a special board of inquiry, into the sinking of the War department dredge Navesink Monday, with a loss of eighteen lives, will start today.

The dredge sank after it crashed into the anchored Lampart and Holt freighter Swinburne in the narrows off Clifton, L. I., Monday morning. Twenty-nine members of the crew of the dredge were saved.

Eighteen other crew members still were missing today and War department officials believed they had been trapped in the lower part of the vessel. Divers will go down today in an attempt to locate the bodies and also in an attempt to ascertain the damage to the dredge.

SCHOOL METERS STOLEN

Burglars Loot Physics Laboratory at Technical High.

Scientifically inclined burglars stole two volt meters from the Technical High School physics laboratory Monday night. Police have an accurate description of the instruments and are checking the pawnshops and second-hand stores.

Two lenses were taken from a motion picture machine owned by the Golden-Feldman Theater Corporation at the show at 24 S. West St., which is closed for repairs.

HUSBAND TURNS KILLER

Centenary Man Asserts Knife Victim Attacked Wife.

By United Press  
CENTENARY, Ind., May 8.—Hoke Spurgeon, 33, is dead of a knife wound in the heart inflicted by George Terrell after Spurgeon is alleged to have attacked Terrell's wife.

Terrell told authorities that Spurgeon came to his home after a mushroom picking trip had been drunk. He said some liquor was drunk and that Spurgeon attacked Mrs. Terrell, whereupon he stabbed him with a knife.

Fast Oriental Train Derailed

Athens, May 8.—The Simplon Orient Express to Constantinople was derailed in Western Thrace today. The locomotive was wrecked. There was no report of casualties.

## BRITAIN WILL OUST CAROL; WAR BREWS

English Balk Prince's Plan to Dash by Plane to His Homeland.

RUMOR PEASANT RISING

20,000 Rumanians Reported on March Toward Capital City.

By United Press  
LONDON, May 8.—Prince Carol of Rumania, who had made plans to fly back to his fatherland and distribute manifestos saying he was ready to assume the throne he one time renounced, will be requested to leave England, it was learned today.

Officials of the foreign office and the home office declined to request Carol to leave and the Daily Express today said that a Scotland Yard officer already had served Carol with the deportation order.

Carol has been visiting England for the last week or so, remaining quietly at Godstone, Surrey.

Yesterday it was announced officially that British authorities had learned Carol planned to fly from the Croydon airfield, Saturday, to Rumania, and distribute manifestos announcing his willingness to assume the throne now held by his small son, King Michael.

The British prevented Carol from making this flight, it was announced, on the grounds he did not have the necessary papers to land in Rumania.

The Evening Standard, in an interview with the former Rumanian crown prince, quoted him as saying: "There is no plot, but the moment has come, and I am now striking."

The newspaper said this referred to his plans to reclaim the Rumanian throne.

Report 20,000 on March

By United Press  
Conflicting reports marked the Rumanian internal situation today. Advises to Berlin newspapers and press associations told of a peasant force of 20,000 marching on Bucharest, after adopting a resolution at the peasant congress at Alba Julia demanding resignation of the Government of Premier Brătianu.

These advisers said all the participants in the Alba Julia congress had returned to their homes and complete order prevailed.

Advices in both Berlin and London told of the arrest of newspaper editors and correspondents, including the Daily Express, for the London Daily Express.

Juliu Maniu, leader of the peasants, was expected in Bucharest momentarily and will be received by the regency Thursday. He will carry the petition asking resignation of the Government.

AUDITOR JOBS OPEN

Civil Service Tests Announced for Bureau Positions

Civil service examinations for assistant chief accountant and auditor to fill vacancies in the Bureau of Animal Industry have been announced by Hery M. Trimpe, secretary.

Qualifications include the degree of certified public accountant and at least three years public accounting experience. Appointees will make audit investigations relating to trade practices and examinations with a view of revising installation of accounting systems and records of market agencies, dealers, stockyard companies and packers.

PARTY GIFTS LISTED

Marion County Democrats Get \$3,815 Donations

Sterling R. Holt, treasurer of the Marion County Democratic committee, has filed a list of donations received by the committee from June 17, 1927, to May 4.

The receipts totaled \$3,815, the largest amount, \$1,500 being received from the Dailey-for-Governor Club. Louis Ludlow was listed as giving \$150 and the following as contributing \$100 each: Walter Myers, Albert Stump, E. Kirk McKinney, E. Walter McCord, Charles Sumner, Sterling R. Holt, Fred Hoke, L. J. Keach and Meredith Nicholson.

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## BAD BOY OF GRADES BECOMES TEACHERS' PRIDE WITH HIGH SCHOOL RECORD

By DAN M. KIDNEY

AT School 75 there are two teachers who are literally "thrilled" over their leading "bad boy."

They are Miss Olive Selby, principal, and Mrs. Leona B. Knight. The "bad boy" we all call him Jack, since that is farthest from his real name. Besides he isn't a bad boy now but an honor student in one of the fourth year classes at Shortridge. It is his progress there and not his original misconduct