



The Indianapolis Times

Mostly cloudy tonight and Wednesday; probably

occasional rain; not much change in temperature.

HOME

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INDIANAPOLIS, TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1929

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TWO CENTS

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HEALTH BOARD FIGHTS DELAY ON HOSPITAL

City Council's Indication of Piece-Meal Plan Draws Fire.

APPEALS TO PUBLIC

Asks Citizens to Visit Institution to View Conditions.

Indication by the city council that it favors piecemeal enlargement of city hospital with completion of only the power plant unit at once drew from the city health board today a declaration:

"It is beyond human understanding how anyone with eyes for seeing and vision for guidance can, after visiting the hospital and dispensary, conceive any valid reason for delaying the plan of construction as outlined by the board of health."

The board did not deliberately take the council to task for the attitude indicated in a recent conference and the announcement last week that the council would receive a bond issue for \$530,000 for the power plant unit.

The board did, however, issue a strong statement in an effort to arouse the public to the need for adequate provisions for the hospital at once.

Must Extend Work

The board contends that \$1,921,000 must be expended at once and directed its attorney formally to request the city controller to present a request for a bond issue for this amount to the council at a special meeting Friday night.

This issue would provide for the power plant, the \$516,000 out-patient and laboratory building and the two ward units costing \$875,000. The council is expected to authorize at least part of the program at the regular meeting, Monday night.

Dr. Frederick E. Jackson, health board president, supplemented the board's statement with the assertion:

"It is a pitiable condition of affairs when a department of governmental administration is compelled to organize an irresistible moving force before it can arouse public interest sufficient to protect the public welfare," pointing to the three-year effort of the board to get action on the hospital program.

Statement Is Issued

The board invites the public to inspect the hospital this week in its statement:

"The city hospital and dispensary are the two chief units of the health department of Indianapolis for the sick poor and will continue for all time to come as such.

"Every person, rich and poor, should be vitally interested in this municipal hospital. We wonder how many citizens, rich or poor, know that in case of accident outside of their own home the chances are nine out of ten that a city hospital ambulance will carry them first to city hospital.

"In most respects health is a purchasable quantity, yet there are rumblings that Indianapolis cannot afford to pay for her sick poor. The real reputation of a city and of its individual outstanding citizens is not measured finally by the number of smoke stacks, by the number of banks, by the parks, the large stores, the churches, lodges, clubs, number of millionaires or geniuses, but by the attitude of that city toward the common people.

Picture of Conditions

"A child with scarlet fever separated by a sheet of muslin from a child with measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, erysipelas; a ward built for twenty-eight sick people crowded with forty-three to forty-nine patients; sick Negroes crowded six to eight in a room meant for two with a little basement window for refreshing air; psychopathic patients who need quiet and to the tax payers in free service to the poor a sum of money equal to hundreds of dollars.

"Another picture might be that of the tax receipt were the medical profession to become suddenly class-conscious. Still another picture might be one comparing the out-patient department and the city hospital of Indianapolis to that of other cities of similar size and wealth.

"For nearly three years the board of health has appealed to the public and to city governments to give the poor Negro, the poor child sick with contagion, the poor man and woman with incurable tuberculosis slowing but surely coughing his way to the grave, a wholesome place commensurate with the Christian religion in which to pass from this life into the eternal unknown.

Soak Soars

From Manila to White House to Be Fate of Once Humble Parakeet.

BY RANDALL GOULD, United Press Staff Correspondent

MANILA, P. I., April 9.—This is the history of The Old Soak, soon to become the "first parrot in the land."

The Old Soak, Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson's pet parakeet, was disconsolate when his owner left the Governor-General's mansion to go to Washington, but more recently found solace in the company of a Manila policeman.

Now word has been received that he is ordered to Washington, where, it is reported, he will grace the White House menagerie.

The skeleton in The Old Soak's closet is that he can scratch like a Chinese pirate and, sad to relate, is an addict to furniture chewing.

MRS. STIMSON was responsible for the rise of The Old Soak to his exalted position, and it is feared that she now has regrets.

She sought a present for her husband, who is fond of pets, and decided on a parakeet. She hunted a long time for a bird which would suit. As she explained shortly before sailing, "it had to be a bird which wouldn't bite ears, because a husband insists on petting his animals."

Finally, a bird was found whose owner solemnly vowed it never chewed furniture. He said nothing about furniture.

Even then, the parakeet's fate was in doubt, because he was moulting and looked like something fragile caught in the rain.

His owner promised, however, that in a few weeks he would be a handsome bird, and he was, with glistening white feathers.

However, his disreputable appearance, in the meantime, earned him the name that stuck.

STIMSON Grew Devoted to the Bird

The Old Soak would hop on his shoulder, march all over his person, and make ineffectual efforts to eat the pearl buttons from his tropical suits. Not once did he try to bite his pleased owner.

Other dwellers in Malacanang palace were less charmed with The Old Soak. Captain Regnier, aid to the Governor-General, had a room across the hall from The Old Soak's sleeping place, and he insisted that the screeches sounded like a trolley car going around a curve and could be heard for several city blocks.

Caretakers of the veranda furniture were scandalized by the bird's devastation of wicker and bamboo pieces. Every chair and divan bore the marks of a parakeet beak.

WHIPPED; SUES DAD

Missouri Girl Asks \$10,000 for Shock of Beating.

BY BUTLER Press

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 9.—Charging she suffered humiliation and nervous shock from a whipping with a cattle whip administered by her father, a prominent farmer, Miss Chloe Ehart, 22, filed a \$10,000 damage suit against her parent here today.

As another result of the whipping, the girl's mother, Mrs. Nellie Ehart, seeks a divorce from the father, Sylvester V. Ehart. The Eharts have been married thirty years.

The whipping came after she attended a weiner roast, the girl asserted.

Her father appeared at the party, she complained, and forced her to walk home while he rode in the family buggy.

Hourly Temperatures

6 a. m. 49 10 a. m. 53
7 a. m. 52 11 a. m. 50
8 a. m. 53 12 (noon) ... 48
9 a. m. 54

AIR FIRM TO USE RADIO

Curtiss Buys Broadcasting Station; Will Talk to Planes.

BY UNITED PRESS

NEW YORK, April 9.—Radio communication with Trans-Continental passenger airplanes and radio inter-communication between the twenty-five airports of the Curtiss flying service will be inaugurated immediately, C. M. Keys, head of the corporation, announced today.

The company has purchased the radio stations WRNY and W2XAL.

CRITICS OF 'ONE WOMAN-THING' OF SEA WARNED OF PUNCH IN NOSE

BY GEORGE H. BEALE, United Press Staff Correspondent

LOS ANGELES, April 10.—Critics of Joan Lowell and her much discussed best seller "had better watch out or they're going to get a good punch in the nose."

Captain Nicholas Wagner, a seafaring man for fifty of his 68 years and the father of the 24-year-old authoress of "The Cradle of the Deep," intends to do the punching. And the captain's condition is much better than his years might indicate.

Captain Wagner, now retired and living here, offered any number of opinions today on the controversy raging around his daughter's written experiences as the "One Woman-Thing" aboard a windjammer in the Pacific trade.

"One of them said my daughter never was on the sea, did he?" and the captain's eyes blazed.

"Well, tell him to come around here and I'll change his mind."

"Oh, and he said he didn't think I was a sailor, either, did he?"

"Feel that," Captain Wagner demanded. "That" was a bicep that a professional puglist would envy.

Mrs. Wagner's "they'll think you're boasting, captain," ended his belligerent mood.

"The trouble with all those critics," he said, "is that they don't realize she wrote the book to sell and not to be used as a sailor's manual. They ought to know that a book writer is allowed a little latitude."

SOCIAL RATING OF MRS. GANN STIRS HEFLIN

Proposes to Take Fight Over Curtis' Sister to Congress.

ENVOYS TAKE ACTION

Clearing Up of Tangle on Vice-President's Hostess Demanded.

BY PAUL R. MALLON, United Press Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The controversy over the social status of Mrs. Edward Everett Gann, half-sister of Vice-President Charles Curtis was thrust forward as a national issue today when Senator T. J. Hefflin of Alabama, a Democrat, announced seriously his intention of proposing a law at the coming session of congress establishing Mrs. Gann as the "second lady of the land."

Hefflin's move was assured of serious and expeditious attention when he called on Chairman William Borah of the senate foreign relations committee and received Borah's promise that the resolution would not be permitted to languish long in committee.

Stimson May Rule

Borah, like Hefflin and Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, who recently asked the state department to send the matter to the World court, has long been displeased with the activities of the so-called social lobby and they are rallying sentiment for a strong fight on the side of the Vice-President.

While these formidable forces were massing at the capitol there developed a possibility that Henry L. Stimson, secretary of state, might settle the dispute before the senators could swing into action. Mrs. Gann is invited to a dinner at the Chilean embassy Thursday night. The embassy will follow in its seating arrangements whatever may be the official rule of the state department.

The ruling of Frank B. Kellogg, former secretary of state, still stands, placing Mrs. Gann behind the wives of heads of foreign missions here.

If Secretary Stimson should change the Kellogg ruling before Thursday night, Mrs. Gann might be elevated to the dinner chair of a hostess of the Vice-President, to which Curtis contends she is entitled.

Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, was expected to call at the state department late today and request clarification of the social status of Mrs. Gann. He will be accompanied by Viscount D'Almeida, Portuguese minister, dean of ministers.

A meeting of the members of the diplomatic corps was held Monday night at the British embassy and Mrs. Gann's social rank and problems precipitated by the Vice-President's protest discussed lengthily.

"I'm for Charley"

The formal request for clarification will take the form of a note, drafted and approved at the meeting last night. The note, it was said, affirmed the desire of the diplomats to abide by the state department's decision, but points out that confusion has arisen since the earlier ruling made during Secretary of State Kellogg's administration.

"I want to settle this thing in the American way," Hefflin said. "I do not want to leave this issue to a bunch of diplomats chattering like blackbirds, nor will I leave it to a ruling of Nervous Nellie who sat down at the state department with his sunburnt head, and introduced to her after he had made her acquaintance and formed her friendship."

Recites Tex's Song

White convulsed the courtroom and even amused Tex by reciting at Morrison's request (the attorney asked him not to sing) a chorus which he said was a favorite of Tex's. It ran:

"It's tough to be a hostess in a Broadway cabaret; It's tough to holler 'Hello, sucker,' when you want to hit the hay; It's tough to fall in love until you're almost sick."

And then you find your lover is a central office dick."

White testified that he had made many purchases of liquor at the Salon Royale, paying \$10 a pint.

His daughter sailed with him first in 1903 when she was only 11 months old, the captain said. She continued to go with him on trips until 1918, he said.

During that time, he estimated, she traveled some 100,000 miles on sea and on a dozen separate cruises. Four round trips between Puget Sound and Australia, considering the tacking a sailing ship must do, accounted for 86,000 miles of that total.

These facts differ from the book accounts in some instances, he admitted, but he covered them in the "latitude" class.

Even if his daughter didn't swim three miles to shore when the Minnie Caine burned, as she said in "The Cradle of the Deep," she could have managed that distance providing the boat had gone down that far out instead of at the wharf at Port Adelaide, Australia, he said.

The captain admitted he was doing a little literary work, himself.

"I've finished 150 pages," he said. "I'm writing the story of the wreck of the Ino, that went down in the Arctic seas in 1889."

SCIENCE SAYS EVELYN IS RIGHT

Sulphur and Molasses No Longer Prescribed as Spring Cure-All



TEX GUINAN GOES ON TRIAL

None of Elderly Jurors Ever Heard Her Famous 'Hello, Sucker.'

BY UNITED PRESS

NEW YORK, April 9.—Texas Guinan, famous Broadway night club hostess, went to trial today in federal court before a jury of twelve elderly men, none of whom has ever heard her famous shout of "hello, sucker."

The twelve men who are to determine whether Mabel Walker Willebrandt's raiders last June were right when they declared that Tex was conducting a public nuisance in the Salon Royale, are not night club habitués, nor have they ever been to Tex's club "just to see what it's like."

Neither are they prejudiced against night clubs, those who keep them, work in them as entertainers, or frequent them, and in particular they are not prejudiced against Tex.

Judge "Kind Looking"

Although ten others were arrested with Tex in the Salon Royale by Mabel Walker Willebrandt's raiders last June, Tex is to have the jury all to herself. The ten others entered pleas of guilty today to the accompaniment of a disdainful sniff from Tex.

"I feel sorry for the poor Greeks," she said. "They don't know what guilty means."

Tex looked over the dignified Judge Edwin L. Thomas of Connecticut, who sentenced her brother, Tommy Guinan, to four months in jail on a charge similar to the one that faces her and observed:

"He's a kind looking fellow, even if he did give Tommy four months."

Special Agent Testifies

Tex was a study in black and tan beneath her flashing array of jewels, pearls, near pearls and diamonds.

She wore a tan satin dress, a black transparent velvet coat and a becoming black hat.

She carried a brilliant orchid handkerchief which she waved violently as an accompaniment to her spirited conversation with those near her, as she awaited the beginning of the selection of the jurors.

James L. White, one of Mrs. Willebrandt's special agents, was the first witness against Texas.

He described in considerable detail a series of visits to the Salon Royale from February to June of last year, partly in company with his wife and another agent, David Beazell, whom he introduced to Tex after he had made her acquaintance and formed her friendship.

"Who's there?" piped a childish voice.

"Policeman!"

The door opened on an 11-year-old girl hugging a doll.

"My mama isn't at home," she said.

AFIRE, SAVED BY RIVER

Clothes in Flames, Sailor Lives by Plunge Into Water.

BY UNITED PRESS

SACRAMENTO, Calif., April 9.—His clothing saturated with gasoline and in flames, Robert Knott, 21, sailor from the schooner Sawyer, leaped into the Potomac river at a wharf here to save his life. He was forced to swim about under water until the flames were extinguished, because of oil left atop the water after his plunge.

Judge Hardy to Mrs. McPherson and her mother, Minnie (Ma) Kennedy, after the evangelist's reappearance on the Mexican desert with her story of her "kidnaping."

For this advice, the prosecution charges, Almee paid Judge Hardy \$2,500. The evangelist contends the check was only a "love gift" from Angelus temple.

Mother Sued for 'Balm'

SEATTLE, April 9.—Minnie (Ma) Kennedy, who recently gave her deposition for use in the impeachment trial of Judge Carlos Hardy, was named defendant today in a \$50,000 breach of promise suit filed by the Rev. H. H. Clark, elderly Seattle widower.

The mother of Almee Semple McPherson, Los Angeles evangelist, "made love to the plaintiff and promised to install him in a tabernacle in Seattle," according to the complaint.

While the plaintiff was "heart broken, humiliated and dishonored," Mrs. Kennedy, who was in Portland, insisted that the Rev. Clark was "a degree lower than the man who was kissed and told about it."

"Only he was not kissed," "Ma" added.

"Do we have to take that," mutters Warren Little, 8, of 4525 Guilford avenue, and Evelyn Lavon Shuey, 8, of 989 Dorman avenue, in the photo at the extreme left as they eye a sulphur and molasses bottle and a big spoon.

"Ugh," says Evelyn in the center photo as she fills the spoon with what's good for spring fever. "Hurry! into the trash can this goes," is Evelyn's jubilant cry, in the photo on the right, as she hears that science has declared spring fever's home remedy passe.

"Maw, I don't wanna take that—I ain't go no spring fever." This plaint of the Sallys and Sams of Indianapolis, as mothers dump spoonful of the old-time tonic of "sulphur and molasses" in mouths screwed up in distaste, is borne out by science.

For Dr. R. A. Dutcher, professor of biological chemistry at Pennsylvania State college, in a press dispatch says there's not the slightest excuse for the so-called spring fever, nor its accompanying remedy.

"Modern dietary habits prevent the rundown conditions common twenty-five years ago and make spring tonics unnecessary," Dr. Dutcher says.

Dr. Herman G. Morgan, secretary of the city board of health, added to Dr. Dutcher's plea for a non-medicinal spring for Indianapolis children with:

"The discovery of vitamins and an increased balanced rations for children has cut down the need for spring tonics."

DR. MORGAN allows the cobwebs to grow on the "sulphur-lasses" bottle without condemning it to absolute discard with the statement:

"We can't say that the home remedy of sulphur and molasses is completely without its benefits, although its use has depreciated. Science has never justified the use of it, but neither did science justify the use of cod liver oil, and yet today it does justify its use as a maker of internal sunshine and builder of growing bodies."

"Who knows what the future in turn will hold for the good old-time home remedy of sulphur and molasses?"

"We don't use it—and the spring fever doesn't seem to bother us much," exclaimed Mrs. M. L. Bowen, principal of the Theodore Potter fresh air school.

BAD WOLF IS DEAD

Ripple Safe for Red Riding Hood

LITTLE Red Riding Hood now can go through the woods to see her grandmother in Broad Ripple without fear of meeting the bad old wolf.

The wolf is dead. Not Little Red Riding Hood's wolf, of course, but possibly it was a near relative.

Anyway the wolf was a resident of the Broad Ripple park zoo until today when it decided to move into "one of those cute little green kitchenette apartments with running water."

The wolf, a great gray lobo, pushed through the iron bars of its cage and started for the woods a half mile east of the park.

Mary Jane Maxwell, 4, and her sister, Emily, 2, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart W. Maxwell, 1826 East Sixty-second street, were playing in their front yard when the wolf appeared. Jack Ebert of Broad Stanbo and his father, Fred Stanbo, also of Broad Ripple, watched.

Then the four men started in pursuit.

An hour after the escape the wolf was cornered in the woods and shot in the leg with a shot gun by Thomas O'Brien, 1903 East Sixty-third street. Then Ebert finished the job with a revolver. Gordon Stanbo and his father, Fred Stanbo, also of Broad Ripple, watched.

The search resulted in the uncovering of 136 gallons of wine in bottles, barrels and kegs in the attic. It was destroyed and a watch kept for the return of the mama and papa of the "mama" of the doll house.

"Well, we have a search warrant. We just want to look through your house," said Lieutenant Huston. "All-rightie," retorted "the mama" of a floor of dolls as she returned to her play.

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