

## COUNTY BUDGET TO BOOST TAX RATE 21 CENTS

High Requests of Various Departments Branded as 'Unthinkable.'

The 1930 Marion county budget which, if approved, will increase the county tax rate from 31.5 cents to 53 cents, will be considered by the county council Tuesday.

Numerous civic organization leaders and high tax opponents in the county have branded the high requests of various county departments as "absurd" and "unthinkable" and have indicated remonstrances will be filed. Several council members have indicated that "numerous slashing will be done."

With Marion county's taxation valuation increased almost \$9,000,000 this year, persons who contemplated the remonstrances based objections on the theory that sufficient additional tax money would be provided by the increase.

To Oppose Gladden Raise  
County Auditor Harry Dunn, however, with county commissioners seek to pay current county indebtedness with the 21.5 cent increase to provide a working balance for 1930. The county in the last few years has floated temporary loans to pay running expenses each year. Dunn said the county would resort to the same method for the next few months. At this time the county is behind about eight months financially.

Councilmen, according to one of them, are unfavorable to the county's finance plan. It has been indicated that some council members will oppose "to the last straw" a \$1,200 a year salary boost for Fred T. Gladden, county school superintendent.

Whether they can prevent the boost is doubted in legal circles inasmuch as court action might be taken to force the council's approval. \$44,000 Request Outstanding  
Salary increase for a number of county employees proved to be a controlling factor in the budget increases. Outstanding in the list is a request of County Treasurer, Clyde E. Robinson, for an additional \$44,000 to pay thirteen clerks and extra help in the delinquent tax department. The 1929 budget of the office totaled \$71,375.

County Clerk George O. Hutsell, asked an increase of \$8,000 to meet boosts for six typists, a chief deputy and a bookkeeper. County Sheriff George L. Winkler, asks an increase of \$5,450 to boost salaries of several deputies and an additional \$10,000 to purchase riot guns.

County commissioners who studied the budget for several days, seeks to raise the free gravel road rate of 2 1/2 cents to 5 cents. They asserted the present county road maintenance fund was inadequate, providing about 71 cents a day to maintain a mile of county road.

### TWO WOMEN SLUG.

### SLASH NEGRO MAN

### Paving Block, Razor Put Victim in City Hospital.

A paving block and a razor were responsible today for the dangerous condition of Edward Crockett, Negro, 42, of 430 Tippecanoe street, in city hospital.

Crockett told police he was slugged by a woman with a paving block and cut by another woman's razor in his home, Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret King, Negro, 32, 436 Tippecanoe street, is held as the alleged wielder of the paving block. The police are searching for the razor wielder.

### METHODISTS TO MEET

### Central German Conference Will Open at Evansville Tuesday.

By Times Special  
EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 2.—The sixty-sixth annual session of the Central German conference, Methodist Episcopal church will open here Tuesday to continue six days, with delegates from all parts of the United States attending.

William Frazer McDowell, Washington, D. C., will be the presiding bishop. Dr. Thomas Nicholson, Detroit, is resident bishop.

### KNIFES BROTHER: HELD

### South Side Man Charged With Alleged Attack Sunday.

Thomas Donohue, 46, of 407 West McCarty street, was under arrest today on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill following an alleged attack Sunday on his brother, David Donohue, 48, of 1102 North Tremont street.

Police said Thomas Donohue was alleged to have cut his brother with a knife following an argument over business affairs.

### Eaten by Bear

By United Press  
WINNIPEG, Man., Sept. 2.—Driven from its woodland haunts by forest fires, a hunger-maddened black bear carried away and partially devoured a 3-year-old girl in the vicinity of Lowlands, a sparsely settled section about 100 miles from here, according to reports received here.

The tiny victim was the daughter of Fred Gorruck, a backwoodsman. Reports said the bear battered down the door of the Gorruck home. Two other children fled in terror, leaving the 3-year-old left behind.

The parents, who were working in a field nearby, later discovered the partially devoured body of the child near their home.

### Mooney's Judge



Superior Judge Franklin A. Griffin (above), who sentenced Tom Mooney for the San Francisco Preparedness day bombing in 1916, is now taking a leading part in the effort to get a pardon for Mooney. In a recent address at Los Angeles, Judge Griffin declared he is now convinced that Mooney was convicted on perjured testimony and that a gross miscarriage of justice occurred in the court over which he presided.

## FUNERAL RITES TO BE TUESDAY

### Dennis Shea Dies After Lengthy Illness.

Funeral services for Dennis B. Shea, 57, who died Sunday at his home, 2238 North Delaware street after an illness of one year, will be conducted at the home at 9:30 a. m. Thursday and at St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral at 10 a. m. Interment will be in Holy Cross cemetery.

Mr. Shea, who for many years was connected with the traffic department of the Van Camp Packing Company, was a lifelong resident of Indianapolis. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen of America and a former president of Capital Council No. 276, Young Men's Institute.

Surviving him besides three children, the Rev. Bernard C. Shea, assistant pastor of St. Joan of Arc's church, Mrs. Edgar Berry and Mrs. C. Shea, are three brothers, Patrick Shea of Newark, N. J., and Frank and John Shea of Indianapolis. Two sisters, Mrs. George McClelland of Newark and Miss Nona Shea of Indianapolis, also survive. Mrs. Dennis B. Shea died Aug. 5.

## The City in Brief

**TUESDAY EVENTS**  
State fair, fairground, all day.  
Rotary Club luncheon, Claypool.  
Grove Club luncheon, Spink-Arms.  
Meritor Club luncheon, Columbia Club.  
Indianapolis Architectural Club luncheon, 151 East Market street.  
Purchasing Agents' Association luncheon, Severin.  
American Chemical Society luncheon, Chamber of Commerce.  
Phi Gamma Delta luncheon, October of Commerce.  
University of Michigan alumni luncheon, Lincoln.  
Exchange Club of North Indianapolis luncheon, 3810 College avenue.  
Alliance Francaise luncheon, Spink-Arms.

**Boys' gym classes at the Y. M. C. A.** will open Monday, Sept. 9, and Tuesday, Sept. 10. W. G. Hansen, physical director, announced today.

**Dr. W. Stewart Carnes of Canton, O.**, president of the Car-Van Steel Products Company, will speak on "The Rediscovery of the Lost Art of the Old Damascus Sword Blade" at the Kiwanis Club luncheon Wednesday at the Claypool. Dr. Carnes will repeat the address Thursday noon at the luncheon of the Advertising Club of Indianapolis at the Columbia Club.

**George M. Bailey**, president of G. M. Bailey, Inc., distributor of motor trucks, will speak Tuesday to members of the Universal Club on the Indianapolis civic theater.

**Civil service vacancies** announced by Henry M. Trimpe, local secretary, include: Textile technologist, bureau of standards; hydroelectric engineer, war department; scientific aid (western irrigation agriculture), department of agriculture.

### Gone, but Not Forgotten

Automobiles reported to the police as stolen belong to:  
Calvin Hacker, Martinsville, Ind., Chevrolet sedan, 222-713, from 125 South Capitol avenue.  
Roger Howard, 2127 Willow street, New Albany, Ind., Ford roadster, 257-134, from New York and Meridian streets.

Harold Koehler, 907 North Hamilton avenue, Ford roadster, 713-364, from rear of Terminal station.

James S. Browning, 1108 College avenue, Plymouth coupe, 752-093, from rear of 1108 College avenue.

### BACK HOME AGAIN

Stolen automobiles recovered by the police belong to:  
Ford touring, no license, found in front of 424 North Noble street.  
Overland touring, no license, no certificate of title, two tires gone, found at 746 North Holmes avenue.

### FOUL PLAY FEARED

By United Press  
CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—Fifteen days after he disappeared while attending a meeting of the American Society of Physicians and Surgeons here, no trace had been found today of Dr. Frank M. Ende, New York physician.

Friends and associates were convinced Dr. Ende is a victim of amnesia.

## MORON SOUGHT FOR MURDER OF ILLINOIS GIRL

Fatal Shotgun Slaying Is Shrouded With Mystery.

By United Press

MANHATTAN, Ill., Sept. 2.—Handicapped by contradictory elements in the murder of 10-year-old Esther Groth, who was fatally wounded by a shotgun charge which punctured her lungs and nearly severed an arm, authorities today centered on the theory the child was slain either by a moron or by some one who had sworn vengeance against her family.

Neither of the two theories was supported by any definite evidence. On the contrary the few known circumstances only clouded solution of the murder.

The history of a quarrel which Esther's father, William Groth, a farmer, had several years ago, was being traced. Neighbors were being questioned in the hope that some evidence might be found that a stranger visited the Groth farm on Saturday afternoon when the child was shot.

Although Esther lived for several hours, her only words before her death were given in answer to her parents and physicians, who asked repeatedly who had shot her.

"I don't know—O, I don't know," the dying child replied.  
Physicians said she could not have shot herself. The shooting occurred early in the afternoon. The father and mother had driven to town, a mile and a half, to do the week-end shopping, leaving Esther on the farm with her brother Clarence, 15, and her sister Villa, 16, and several smaller children.

Clarence told police he was in the barn hitching up a team of horses when he heard a shot.

"I ran into the house," he said. "Just as I entered the kitchen, Esther came running out of the bedroom. She came up to me and dropped on the floor. She got up again and staggered over toward the stairs door and there she fell again."

## U. S. GARB FOR MEN ATTACKED

### Health Expert Also Raps Women's Diet Fad.

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance  
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2.—The overdone American male and his underfed wife.

The two "menaces" to American health greeted Dr. Woods Hutchinson, food specialist, health crusader and medical author when he returned to his native shores after seven months in Asia and other foreign lands.

"Our western men" dress too much," said Dr. Hutchinson, recalling the flowing robes of the Arab, the negligee of the heathen Chinese and the even more scanty attire of the African man-of-fashion. "They should emulate their wives. Women have been more sensible and their way of dressing has not affected the country's moral any more than the morals would be lowered if men removed their coats in hot weather. Only silly chivalry prevents it."

"Women appear to be less sensible than men in diet matters. I am appalled by this diet faddism sweeping the fancies of American women. It's 100 per cent bad. Americans don't eat too much. Too many of us don't eat enough."

## SCORES KNOCKOUT WITH BRASS 'KNUCKS'

Negro Wins Argument in Fight, But Loses One to Cops.

Isaac Clark, Negro, 40, of 726 South Capitol avenue, Sunday won his argument on etiquette, but today faced charges of carrying concealed weapons.

Clark was strolling on Ray street Sunday afternoon. At Maple street, he stopped short. There sat his girl friend and James Body, Negro, 38, of 1012 Maple street, on the curb eating watermelon.

After an argument, Clark hit Body, knocking him unconscious. Police arrested Clark when they found a pair of brass knuckles in his possession.

## SEEK MISSING PERSON

Danville, (Ill.) Man Asks Police to Locate Daughter.

Police today were asked to search for two missing persons in Indianapolis.

John Park, Danville, Ill., requested a search be made for his daughter, Helen Park, 21, who is believed following a carnival company to this city.

John J. Davis, 321 South East street, asked police to find his brother Robert Davis, 35, Baltimore, Md., who was seen in Indianapolis in June.

## USED INSTRUMENTS for Band and Orchestra at very low prices Buy Now—Save Money

Indianapolis  
27 EAST OHIO ST.  
Hume-Mansur Building  
Phone RI. 4292-4488

# "All Quiet on the Western Front" by ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

CHAPTER XI (Continued)  
I make a jump. I catch hold of one and the next instant the second. Like a madman I bash their heads against the wall to stun them. But I haven't quite enough weight.

The beasts cackle and strike out with their feet and wings. I fight desperately, but Lord! what a kick a goose has! They struggle and I stagger about. In the dark these white patches are terrifying.

"My arms have grown wings and I'm almost afraid of going up into the sky, as though I held a couple of captive balloons in my fists."

Then the row begins, one of them gets his breath and goes off like an alarm clock. Before I can do anything, something comes in from outside; I feel a blow, lie outstretched on the floor, and hear awful growls.

A dog. I steal a glance to the side, he makes a snap at my throat. I lie still and tuck my chin into my collar.

It's a bull dog. After an eternity he withdraws his head and sits down beside me. But if I make the least movement he growls. I consider.

The only thing to do is to get hold of my small revolver, and that, too, before any one arrives. Inch by inch I move my hand toward it.

I have the feeling that it lasts an hour. The slightest movement and I feel the dog's breath on my neck. I try again. When at last I have the revolver my hand starts to tremble. I press it against the ground and then say over to myself: Jerk the revolver up, fire before he has a chance to grab, and then jump up.

Slowly I take a deep breath and become calmer. Then I hold my breath, whip up the revolver, it cracks, the dog leaps howling to one side, I make for the door of the shed and fall head over heels over one of the damned geese.

At full speed I seize it again, and with a swing, toss it over the wall and clamber up. No sooner am I on top than the dog is up again as lively as ever and springs at me. Quickly I let myself down. Ten paces away stands Kat, with the goose under his arm. As soon as he sees me he runs.

At last we can take a breather. The goose is dead, Kat saw to that in a moment. We intend to roast it, without telling anybody. I fetch a stove and wood from the hut and we crawl into a small deserted lean-to which we use for such purposes.

The single window space is heavily curtained. There is a sort of hearth, an iron plate set on some bricks. We kindle a fire.

Kat plucks and cleans the goose. We put the feathers carefully to one side. We intend to make two cushions out of them with the inscription: "Sleep soft under shell-fire." The sound of the gun-fire from the front penetrates into our refuge.

The glow of the fire lights up our faces, shadows dance on the wall. Sometimes a heavy crash and the hut shivers. Airplane bombs. Once we hear a stifled cry. A hut must have been hit.

Airplanes drone; the tack-tack of machine guns breaks out. But no light that could be observed shows from us.

We sit opposite one another. Kat and I, two soldiers in shabby coats, cooking a goose in the middle of the night. We don't talk much, but I believe we have a more complete communion with one another than even lovers have.

We are two men, two minute sparks of life, outside is the night and the circle of death. We sit on the edge of it crouching in danger, the grease drips from our hands, in our hearts we are close to one another, and the hour is like the room; flecked over with the lights and shadows of our feelings cast by a quiet fire.

What does he know of me or I

of him? Formerly we should not have had a single thought in common—now we sit with a goose between us and feel in unison, and are so intimate that we do not even speak.

It takes a long time to roast a goose even when it is young and fat. So we take turns. One bastes it while the other lies down and sleeps. A grand smell gradually fills the hut.

The noises without increase in volume, pass into my dream and yet linger in my memory. In a half sleep, I watch Kat dip and raise the ladle.

I love him, his shoulders, his angular, stooping figure—and at the same time I see behind him woods and stars, and a clear voice utter words that bring me peace, to me, a soldier in big boots, belt, and knapsack, taking the road that lies before him under the high heaven, quickly forgetting and seldom sorrowful, for ever pressing on under the wide night sky.

A little soldier and a clear voice, and if anyone were to caress him he would hardly understand, this soldier with the big boots and shut heart, who marches because he is wearing big boots, and has forgotten all else but marching.

Beyond the sky-line is a country with flowers, lying so still that he would like to weep. There are sights there that he has not forgotten, because he never possessed them—perplexing, yet lost to him. Are not his twenty summer there?

Is my face wet, and where am I? Kat stands before me, his gigantic, stooping shadow falls upon me like home. He speaks gently, he smiles and goes back to the fire.

"Then he says: 'It's done.' 'Yes, Kat.'"

I stir myself. In the middle of the room shines the brown goose. We take out our collapsible forks and our pocket-knives and each cuts off a leg. With it we have army bread dipped in gravy. We eat slowly and with gusto.

"How does it taste, Kat?"  
"Good! And yours?"  
"Good, Kat."

We are brothers and press on one another the choicest pieces. Afterwards I smoke a cigarette, and Kat a cigar. There is still a lot left.

"How would it be, Kat, if we took a bit to Kropp and Tjaden?"  
"Sure," says he.

We carve off a portion and wrap it up carefully in newspaper. The rest we thought of taking over to the hut. Kat laughs, and simply says: "Tjaden."

I agree, we will have to take it all.

So we go off to the fowl-house to wake them. But first we pack away the feathers.

Kropp and Tjaden take up for magicians. Then they get busy with their teeth. Tjaden holds a wine in his mouth with both hands like a mouth-organ, and gnaws. He drinks the gravy from the pot and smacks his lips.

"May I never forget you!"  
We go to our hut. Again there is the lofty sky with the stars and the oncoming dawn, and I pass on beneath it, a soldier with big boots and a full belly, a little soldier in the early morning—but by my

### Steamship Tickets

Fletcher Trust Banks  
On All Lines

### KEEP COOL

Vacuum Bottles, Electric Fans, Shavers, Ice Cream Freezers, Beverage Sets.

### VONNEGUT'S

120-124 E. Washington St.

### SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

of the CITY TRUST COMPANY

108 E. Washington St.

### Apollo Restaurant

33 West Maryland Street

"A Good Place to Eat"

We Serve Food of Supreme Quality at Popular Prices.

## 4%

Paid on Savings

Aetna Trust & Savings Co.

23 N. Pennsylvania St.

### WE BUY

## WASTE PAPER

CALL LINCOLN 3588

American Paper Stock Co. 340 W. Market St.

### GLASSES ON CREDIT!

Have Your Children's Eyes Examined Before They Start to School!

Single Vision Lenses in Style! All-Shell Frame, Fully Guaranteed.

\$4.95

Pay \$1.00 a Week!

DE. R. M. REAMS, Optician, in Charge!

H. H. MAYER, Inc.

JEWELERS

42 W. Washington St.

side, stooping and angular, goes Kat, my comrade.

The outlines of the huts are upon us in the dawn like a dark, deep sleep.

There are rumors of an offensive. We go up to the front two days earlier than usual. On the way we pass a shelled school-house.

Stacked up against its longer side is a high double wall of yellow, unpolished, brand-new coffins. They still smell of fir and pine, and the forest. There are at least a hundred.

"That's a good preparation for the offensive," says Muller astonished.

"They're for us," growls Detering. "Don't talk rot, says Kat to him angrily."

"You be thankful if you get so much as a coffin," grins Tjaden. "They'll slip you a waterproof sheet for your old Aunt Sally of a carcass."

The others jest, too, unpleasant jests, but what else can a man do? The coffins really are for us. The organization surpasses itself in that kind of thing.

Ahead of us everything is simmering. The first night we try to get our bearings. When it is fairly quiet we can hear the transports behind the enemy lines rolling ceaselessly until dawn. Kat says they do not go back but are bringing up troops—troops, munitions, and shells.

The English artillery has been strengthened, that we can detect at once. There are at least four more batteries of twenty-fives to the right of the farm, and behind the poplars they have put in trench mortars.

Besides these, they have brought up a number of those little French beasts with instantaneous fuses. We are in low spirits. After we have been in the dugouts two hours our own shells begin to fall in the trench. This is the third time in four weeks.

If it were simply a mistake in aim no one would say anything, but the truth is that the barrels are worn out. The shots often are so uncertain that they land within our own lines. Tonight two of our men were wounded by them.

### CHAPTER XII

THE front is a cage in which we must wait fearfully whatever may happen. We lie under the network of arching shells and live in a suspense of uncertainty. Over us chance hovers. If a shot comes,

## ON GROVE BUTTER

Fresh Churned from Fresh Cows

See Our Special

BABY BRANDS

Baldwin

ON THE CIRCLE

INDIANA LAW SCHOOL

University of Indianapolis

School Year 1929-1930 opens Sept. 18.

Three years' course of study, leading to degree of Bachelor of Laws. Graduation

qualifies for Bar Examinations and admission to practice. For information, address

JAMES A. BOHRACH, Dean

Indiana Law School, Indianapolis.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.

Phone RI. 3433.