

CHARITY WILL OBTAIN ESTATE OF MRS. PRINCE

Rites for Society Leader Probably Will Be Held Tuesday.

Funeral services for Mrs. Helen English Prince, wife of Frank J. Prince, former well-known Indianapolis newspaper man, who died Thursday in Los Angeles, Cal., will be held here probably Tuesday, according to word received today by friends.

Mrs. Prince, widow of Captain William E. English, prominent in Republican politics, a former representative in congress and state senator, was stricken in a Los Angeles hotel and died six hours later at a hospital, where she was removed.

Mr. Prince will leave the California city tonight for Indianapolis with the body.

With death of Mrs. Prince, entire estate of Captain English, valued at from \$3,000,000 to \$3,500,000 became property in fee simple of trustees of the Indianapolis Foundation, according to attorneys. The money will be used for charitable purposes.

Autopsy Is Planned

The real estate, from which Mrs. English received a life income, consists of the English hotel building on the Monument circle, and a building fronting on Illinois street opposite the Traction Terminal building, and a large summer estate near Lexington, Scott county.

Death of Mrs. English came unexpectedly as she apparently was recovering from an illness of a week ago. Attending physicians said she was unconscious when stricken. She was accustomed to use of sedatives to overcome sleeplessness, and it was said she may have taken an overdose of the drug.

An autopsy was to be performed today by the Los Angeles county coroner, according to dispatches.

Mr. and Mrs. Prince had made their home in Chicago, but also spent some time in their English hotel apartment and their Scott county estate.

They completed a tour of Panama and other Central American countries and returned to Indianapolis for a few days late in May. They left here May 29 by airplane, and had planned to make an extended visit to Hawaii.

Born in Ohio

One of the outstanding figures in early social life of city, Mrs. Prince, was born in Lima, O., in 1873, the daughter of John A. and Emma Orr Hufnagel. The family later moved to Indianapolis, where Mrs. English was educated in public schools and was graduated from Shortridge high school.

She was a member of Christ church, Caroline Street Harrison chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Propylaeum.

Her daughter, Rosalind Orr English, died Dec. 22, 1924 as a result of injuries suffered in an auto accident when returning from Terre Haute to Indianapolis. The accident occurred near the state farm at Putnamville. Captain English died early in 1926.

In 1928 Mrs. English founded the "English prize," an award totaling \$1,500 annually to the Indiana newspaper man or woman rendering distinguished service.

Prize Led to Marriage

Mr. Prince, then a reporter for The Times, received first prize for his work in connection with investigation of political corruption in Indiana and the resulting friendship with Mrs. English led ultimately to their marriage in Baltimore in 1928.

Only surviving relatives in addition to Mr. Prince are an aunt, Mrs. Anna Orr Griffith, and a cousin, Mrs. Chiron C. Pierson, both of Indianapolis.

Reverting of the estate to the Indianapolis Foundation executed under terms of Captain English's will, designating that the money be used to erect on the site of the English hotel or elsewhere an office building to be known as the "William E. English Charity Home," to house central offices of all organized charity offices in Indianapolis and to maintain at English park, in Scott county, a home for "poor and indigent girls of Marion and Scott counties" in memory of the daughter who was killed.

Under a court ruling, however, the English hotel block was leased, prohibiting erection of the charity office buildings, but the money may be used for any charitable purpose, according to attorneys.

WOMAN HURT IN CRASH

Machine Overturns in Collision With Another Car.

Daisy Cash, 28, of 580 West Twenty-eighth street, suffered bruises and cuts today when the car driven by Fred Cash, Negro, of the same address, overturned when it collided with an auto driven by William J. Tete, 5840 Broadway, at Fifty-eighth street and Broadway. She was treated at the city hospital and taken home. The Cash car was wrecked. No arrests were made.

ROTARIANS LEAVE CITY

Twenty Going to Convention in Seattle, Wash.

Twenty Indianapolis and Indiana Rotarians and their wives left today for Seattle, Wash., to attend the twenty-third annual convention of Rotary International, June 20 to 24. On the convention program is Wilbur T. Gruber, assistant secretary of the Indianapolis club. He will discuss "Present Day Rotary and Its Problems."

STARS HELP NEEDY

Film Folk Liberal for Charity



Here are three of Hollywood's movie greats who see a large part of their incomes go to sweet charity each year. . . . Marlene Dietrich (above) keeps her donations as quiet as possible. . . . and so do Constance Bennett (left inset) and Al Jolson (right inset).

BY DAN THOMAS

NEA Service Writer

HOLLYWOOD, June 17.—And now we get a new angle on what the film stars do with their money. A good deal of it, far more than any one would suspect, goes to charity.

There has been plenty said about the enormous pay checks received by some members of the celluloid colony.

These four and five-figure weekly salaries received by Jack Gilbert, Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Maurice Chevalier and others are known to the entire world.

So is the fact that they live in luxurious homes and drive expensive cars.

BUT seldom is anything said about the charity donations made by these persons. Not only do they contribute to organized charities, but most of them privately help various individuals besides. And how the requests for this aid do roll in.

Connie Bennett told me a few days ago that if she answered every request for funds made to her she would pay out about \$150,000 a year—which, by the way, is considerably more than she earns. She receives requests for every sort of a check ranging from \$5 "to buy a hat like the one you wear in your last picture," to \$40,000 to start a glue factory in Bismarck, N. D.

Naturally, nothing can be done about most of these requests except file them in the waste basket.

JUST a short time ago, however, she did find one deserving case and after a thorough investigation agreed to send a young New Hampshire student through his last year of normal school.

In addition she is supporting five families, clothing half a dozen New York school girls and rendering other miscellaneous assistance.

Most stars, true to the tradition of show business, are inclined to heed appeals for assistance—nearly all of them having found it necessary at one time or another to ask for help themselves.

However, they recently have adopted the plan of investigating thoroughly, sometimes even calling upon private detective agencies, before rendering any kind of aid.

Helen Twelveteens says that she has discovered that very frequently the most convincing and heart-rending letter very often is written by a person not at all in need of help.

The poorly worded and direct appeals are quite apt to be more legitimate, in her opinion.

AND, believe this or not, Al Jolson showed me how it is absolutely necessary for him to have an income of \$2,000 a week to get along. Only a small portion of that is for his own expenses, too.

The rest is distributed among various persons absolutely dependent upon him for their livelihood.

Strangely enough, very few of the stars receive appeals from persons in the picture business, although there are plenty right now who literally are starving to death.

Whether this is a result of pride or a conviction that the money would not be forthcoming anyway, nobody seems to know.

POOR inventors and girls who crave new clothes head the

list of those seeking aid. Sometimes the girls receive help—the inventors seldom do. Next in line are cranks, whom investigators say are more in need of sanity tests than money.

Their letters invariably give them away and most of the stars pay no attention to them.

After all, it isn't exactly polite to condemn a man for earning a lot of money and then ask for a portion of it.

However, Marie Dressler received such a letter a short time ago and it upset her so that she was in bed for two days. And if there is any actress in this town who earns her salary, Marie is the one.

TAXI, \$67 IN CASH STOLEN

Filling Station Is Robbed, Attendant Kidnaped.

A taxicab and \$67 in money formed the loot Thursday night and early today in holdups and robberies reported to police and the sheriff's office.

Glenn Sutton, attendant at a filling station at Fifth street and State Road No. 52, reported to deputy sheriffs that two white bandits robbed him of \$40, kidnapped him in their car, and took him for a one-mile ride before freeing him.

Albert Vlah, 19, of 423 North State street, driver for the Red Cab company, reported to police that two white men hired his cab, and after driving around for two hours forced him from the cab at Eleventh and Bellefontaine streets and drove away. The taxi was found in the rear of 1140 English avenue.

Robert Cooper, 32, of 530 West Merrill street, reported to police that two fares, a man and woman, who rode in his taxicab Thursday night picked his pocket of a billfold containing \$7. Cooper said the man and woman were sitting in the front seat of his taxi and that they left his car at Alabama and Merrill streets.

Burglars entered the Standard Grocery Company's store at Morris street and Belmont avenue today by kicking a latch off of a window and robbed the store's money cache of \$20. The thieves overlooked \$10.

\$5,000 of Rubber Boots Stolen

By United Press

CHICAGO, June 17.—A number of persons were walking softly and going far, police believed today, as they sought trace of the thieves who made off with \$5,000 worth of rubber boots taken from a freight car.



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SWELL AFFAIR-- 'Snow Baby' Sails for Arctic to Erect Monument to Peary 'BOYS' WOKE UP

Celebration Like Yanking Teeth From Delegates, McLeomore Finds.

BY HENRY MCLEMORE

United Press Staff Correspondent

CHICAGO, June 17.—The Republicans crowned Herbert Hoover queen of the mardi gras. Miss America 1932, Miss Atlantic City 1931, King of the Peach, Apple and Pear-Few Festivals, King of Gasparilla and Queen of the May Thursday.

The demonstration started when the coronation was accompanied by a demonstration spontaneous as a golden wedding anniversary and exciting as a second honeymoon.

For a part of an hour the delegates tore around the hockey rink at the mad mad pace of a vassar daisy-chainer with fallen arches, and with the frenzied enthusiasm of a guy going to pay February's rent.

The demonstration started when Hoover was nominated for king of the cling stone peach festival by a man whose name I did not catch, but who could be identified anywhere by a set of eyebrows vast as the African bush and just as tangled.

"Ain't We Got Fun" As this gentleman ended his speech with "I give you Herbert Hoover, a man who for three years has stood on the bridge of the ship of state without a raincoat," six delegates from Oregon yawned, two from Mississippi stretched and one from Idaho beat his feet, which had gone to sleep upon the floor.

The riot was on. There was no stopping it now. For as fast as delegates rose up to stretch they awakened their sleeping neighbors, who, naturally, resented the interruption of their slumber with loud and vigorous complaints.

The confusion was increased when Senator Fess signaled to a workman in the rafters to release huge crates of balloons. The minute the balloons struck the hard heads of the delegates, they exploded, frightening everybody, especially the Chicago delegates, who threw up their hands and tossed their wallets on the floor.

What a Grand Affair!

Fearing that the convention's record of not having had a sincere demonstration all week was about to be broken, Senator Fess mounted to the platform and appealed for quiet.

But the delegates, fully awake now for the first time since Senator Dickinson put them to sleep with his keynote address on Tuesday, would not be orderly. They shook hands, swapping telephone numbers, straightening their ties, and tying their shoes in an effort to show their admiration and excitement for Hoover.

Angered, Fess apparently decided to teach the delegates a lesson. He hurried to the rear of the arena and unlocked a door, releasing a regiment of trombone players.

The trombonists rode straight toward the spot where the crowd was thickest. When they were but ten paces from the enemy, the leader called "Hill."

And the Real Story "Men," he said in a voice choked with emotion, "the honor of the Republican party is at stake. This unruly demonstration must be stopped. Now cock those pieces!"

As a man in the regiment drew a deep breath—a sort of snicker—"oomph"—and the slides were ready for the forward stab, or "poomph."

"Charge," barked the lieutenant. "And don't fire until you see a bay window you can't miss."

There was a tremendous "poomph" as the trombonists fired their first round. The entire North Dakota delegation, which occupied the front line, fell on the first blast. New Mexico was next to go. And then Georgia, Texas, New Hampshire and Maine.

Finally, there was not a delegate standing.

And that, my children, is how order was restored in the national Republican convention.

'Snow Baby' Sails for Arctic to Erect Monument to Peary



Woman Born Farther North Than Any Other White Child Honors Father.

BY EVELYN SEELEY

World-Telegram Staff Writer

NEW YORK, June 17.—The "snow baby," now Mrs. Marie Ahnighita Peary Stafford, wife of a Washington lawyer and mother of two tall sons, has set sail for Greenland in memory of Admiral Robert E. Peary, her famous father.

"It's not an expedition," said Mrs. Stafford, who, born farther north than any white child, went on five northern expeditions in the days when the word meant danger.

"I wouldn't know what to do with an expedition if you gave me one. I only am representing the family in a plan we long have had, to erect a monument to my father at Cape York, Greenland."

I wouldn't let my mother do it—it would be too harassing an experience. My brother couldn't leave business. So I was the only one left."

Raised on Canned Milk

The "snow baby," raised on canned milk, frozen into Arctic waters for a whole winter, fatherless through years of anxiety, sent to a convent by her father, who wanted her to be a nice young lady, instead of a tomboy who liked rough whalers, but was afraid of women, has turned out very well.

She is a tall, pleasant-looking woman. She has charm and an excellent sense of humor. "It's mother's monument," Mrs. Stafford said. "Capt. Bob Bartlett, my father's skipper, is giving his schooner and crew. My father's college, his fraternity, the Masons, the Explorers' Club and other friends of his are covering the necessary expense."

"We always have planned it. But we are doing it now because another summer Captain Bob may not have his schooner. He is one of the best ice navigators in the world."

Bartlett in Command

With Captain Bartlett in command, the schooner, Effie M. Torrey, sailed for Arctic waters to stop at Brigus, Newfoundland; sail along the coast of Labrador and through Melville bay to Cape York, Greenland, 76 degrees north.

They will start back not later than September 15, lest they be frozen in.

"Cape York has a lot of meaning to mother and me," said Mrs. Stafford. "It was our point of contact with father, the only place mail to him or from him could be picked up. "One of the best of the Dundee whalers came that way. We had to write a lot of duplicates of each letter, not knowing which one would reach him."

The monument, rising sixty feet, tapering to a shining cap of non-corrosive steel, will catch the midnight sun and act as a beacon to passing ships.

"Captain Bartlett, although he

doesn't know it yet, will lay the cornerstone," said Mrs. Stafford. "I'll just be there to see that it's erected as mother has planned."

Mrs. Marie Ahnighita Peary Stafford showing her sons, Peary D., 12, and Edward P., 14, the destination of her trip this summer.

VOTE FOR 'GIN FIZZ'

Huey Long Stages Burlesque on Rump Parley.

By United Press

BATON ROUGE, La., June 17.—"Gin fizzes before beer" is the platform pledge made by a third state delegation to the Democratic national convention, selected here Thursday in a burlesque on a rump convention Tuesday at Shreveport.

The burlesque was staged by Senator Huey Long, whose domination in state affairs was criticised loudly and at length in the "rump" session. George W. Delderfield, named by the delegation as its choice for Vice-President, pledged himself to "graft every dollar he could get his hands on and divide it with the unemployed."

The delegation named as its choice for national committee woman Dorothy Dix, who advises the loveless.

MAYR'S FOES PREPARE FOR OUSTER FIGHT

Democrats Eye Battle on Secretary of State; Peters Cautious.

Only one topic was being discussed today by Democratic leaders who are gathering here for the work preparatory to the state convention which begins Monday night, and that is the possibility of a fight on the renomination of Frank Mayr Jr., secretary of state.

It is taken for granted that the platform will declare for repeal of the eighteenth amendment and the Wright bone-dry law, so managers are turning their attention to other political phases.

Robert Codd, deputy secretary of state, who is one of the focal points in the fight on Mayr, conferred with R. Earl Peters, state chairman, today, and it was intimated that he was seeking to point out the political ill effects of discarding a state official in a two-year post after only one term.

Peters insisted that he was keeping "hands off" in the secretory situation, but it was understood later that Codd received scant comfort.

Although several names have been mentioned as possible contenders for Mayr's post, leaders of the opposition have decided to pit only one opponent against him.

Which of these mentioned will get the call to be the champion of the anti-Mayr cause is not known yet, although those mentioned are Thomas McConnell of Fowler, Third district chairman and president of the state trustees' organization; William Kraus, mayor of Elkhart; Virgil Simmons of Bluffton, state representative and Fourth district chairman, who was a candidate two years ago; and Lawrence Handley of Richmond.

Following the conference with Codd, the state chairman met with Walter Myers, house speaker and candidate for the senatorial nomination and his managers, Hendricks Kenworthy and William Vogel, all of Indianapolis.

Contrary to general belief they insisted that Myers was gaining ground. Reports from over the state are that Frederick VanNuy, also a candidate, is getting the edge.

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