

INDIANAPOLIS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1933

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Postoffice, Indianapolis

## MOLEY DENIES CLASH LED TO RESIGNATION

Magazine Proposition Had Been Considered for Months, He Says.

ASTOR IS ENTHUSIASTIC

Millionaire Thinks His New Publication Will Meet Long-Felt Want.

BY SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE  
United Press Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—Raymond Moley, deserting the field of practical politics for magazine publishing, mildly denied today that his resignation from the state department was caused by friction with his titular chief, Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

On the other hand, he asserted, with the vigorous support of Vincent Astor and W. Averell Harriman, his associates in a forthcoming politico-economic weekly magazine, that his plans for establishing the new journal of thought have been in the making for years, with the blessing of President Roosevelt.

In a recent interview in the cool, white-paneled offices of Vincent Astor, the three editors enthusiastically outlined their plans for printing a thought-compelling magazine which will back the liberal Rooseveltian theories "in plain, square-toed English, which will be understood by the man on the street and the man on the farm."

**Friction Is Denied**  
Moley dismissed reports that his resignation from the administration had been brought about by disputation with Hull.

"That is not so," he said. "Mr. Astor and I have talked over this magazine business for months. Our plans have been laid since February. This is just their fruition."

"At one time," said Astor, towering over his desk, "we thought we might make the magazine a daily. In fact, we thought of buying a daily—one in Washington or in Boston—but that fell through. This was no sudden conception to give Raymond a job."

From then on, the wealthy master of the Nourmahal, explorer, scientist and lord over many square miles of New York real estate, pleasantly dominated the interview.

"Our whole idea," he said, "is to put out a popular journal for 5 cents—which will publish articles on controversial subjects dealing with politics and economics. It is the idea of service to the people."

**Magazine Is Independent**  
"It won't be tied up with the administration; it will be independent, except that all of us are thorough believers in what the administration is trying to accomplish. In other words, the administration is meeting our ideals."

"It will not be the organ of the NRA or of any other department. We will welcome articles that conflict with our opinions, if they offer anything substantial or contribute to understanding. But they will have to be well written."

The Messrs. Astor, Harriman, Moley and V. V. McNitt, veteran syndicate man who is to be executive editor of the publication, believe there hasn't been a real national political magazine since Alexander Hamilton's "Federalist" or perhaps since Horace Greeley's weekly editions of the Tribune. The new magazine, they hope, will fill that want.

"I've been talking about the desirability of such a magazine for years," Vincent Astor said, "and now, through a combination of circumstances, the time is ripe for it and the personnel is available."

**NAMES HOME LOAN AID**

McKinney Chooses Kokomo Man as Local District Appraiser.

Following a tour of inspection of the northern Indiana offices of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, E. Kirk McKinney, star director, announced appointment of William T. Mitchell, Kokomo, as state appraiser for the Indianapolis district.

Carl J. Getz, Ft. Wayne, was appointed temporary appraiser for the Fort Wayne district.

McKinney accompanied by Joseph G. Wood, state counsel for the organization, held meetings in each of the three northern Indiana district headquarters with the county counsels and appraisers, outlining details of the home owners loan act.

**ILL; ENDS OWN LIFE**

William Caldwell, 67, Hanks Self From Garage Rafter.

Suffering from illness, William Caldwell, 67, of 944 West Thirty-first street, committed suicide Monday afternoon by hanging himself from a rafter in the garage at his home.

Mrs. Nancy Caldwell, the widow, who found the body, told police her husband had been despondent for some time.

Surviving are the widow, a son, a daughter. Funeral arrangements have not been made.

**FARM DEVICES AT FAIR**

Better Handling of 21 Common Duties to Be Demonstrated.

Better handling of twenty-one common farm duties by use of electrical appliances will be among features of Purdue university's exhibit at the Indiana state fair, opening Saturday.

Baby chicks in electrically-heated brooders and hotbeds heated electrically for growing plants will form part of the exhibit, which will be in charge of Gall Redfield and Inez Kent, extension research specialists in home management at Purdue.

## Defendant Weeps Over Death Tale



David A. Lamson

Iron Nerve of Lamson Is Broken by Stories of Wife's Fate.

By United Press  
SAN JOSE, Cal., Aug. 29.—Tears rolled down David A. Lamson's cheeks Monday when state witnesses at his murder trial described the moments following discovery of his wife's body in their Stanford university campus home.

It was the first time in six days of court ordeal that Lamson lost his composure, his cool and reserved manner.

The outbreak came when Mrs. L. A. Place, a real estate agent, told of the 30-year-old defendant's actions after he came running to the front door, crying, "My God, my wife has been murdered." She had gone to the home to take a client through the place.

**Tears Shed by Defendant**  
Lamson "strode up and down the room, calling his wife 'sweetheart' and 'darling,'" the witness testified.

Tears trickled down Lamson's cheeks as he wept. A distinguished gallery of peninsula society witnessed the defendant's display of emotion.

Both Mrs. Place and the next witness, Mrs. Alfred Raas, said they were mystified by a peculiar noise that sounded like "laughter" which came from the bathroom where Lamson had gone before showing them the house. It immediately preceded his appearance at the front door and "discovery" of his wife's body in the bathtub.

"Could it have been hysteria you heard?" asked Maurice Rankin of the defense staff.

**Disagree on Word**  
"Yes, it could have been that," each witness replied.

Mrs. Place and Mrs. Raas disagreed on what Lamson cried as he ran to the door. The former said he used the word "murdered." Mrs. Raas was positive the word was "killed."

Mrs. Place told of seeing blood on the Stanford university press executive's clothing and around the house. On cross-examination, she said Lamson appeared "in great distress" and gave every evidence of a man in "an agony of grief and horror."

Neither woman recalled seeing any tears in his eyes at that time.

**CARELESS DRIVING**

GIVES THEFT CLEW

Three Men Charged With Copper Cable 'Job.'

Complaints to police Monday about a motorist who drove over a sidewalk led to arrest of three men as suspects in the theft of 400 pounds of copper cable, property of the Southeastern Indiana Power Company.

Captain Jesse McMurtry was told that the motorist did most of his driving at night, and after leaving his car with bundles entered a house at 227 West McCarty street.

Officers sent to the address first encountered Wilfred Rackeman, 33. He is said to have told them that he had not worked for four years, but explained that he borrowed \$200 for living expenses on the strength of a will "an uncle in Boston."

Upstairs police found Frank Wolf, 21, of the McCarty street address, and James Chenault, 18, of 2042 South Dakota street, who were said to have been caught cutting up lengths of the missing cable. All three men were arrested on vagrancy charges.

**McLafferty Hangs to His Lead in Brown Derby**

SKULL STANDINGS	
Joe McLafferty	3,540
E. W. Muehrbach	2,430
T. H. Rogers	2,280
Bob Shank	2,060
Ed W. Dierker	1,410
Al Feeney	820
Leon Carver	770
Dr. William Smith Jr.	670
Ernest Marker	360
Clarence L. B...	360

ALL'S EVEN—Stephen!

The Brown Derby hoarders are in the pen. Joe McLafferty gets a life sentence for being His Highness of Honorable Hoarders, for Courthouse Joe dug up a 1,100 vote lead over his closest rival, "Riverside" Muehrbach, as the last undated ballots were counted on Monday night.

Daily, from now through Sept. 5, the candidates for the skull and "right to be called the city's most distinguished citizen, with a crowning at the Indiana

## INSULL ARREST LEGAL, GREEK COURT RULES

Fallen Utility Magnate Must Remain in Custody for 60 Days.

LAWYERS LOSE PLEA

United States Must Make Its Case for Extradition in Two Months.

By United Press  
ATHENS, Aug. 29.—The appeals court today ratified the arrest of Samuel Insull, American utilities magnate. Insull was arrested at the request of the American government.

Insull's lawyers contended the arrest was unjustified because Insull had made no effort to evade authorities since the first request for his extradition was made last year.

The court had been expected to satisfy the arrest on the ground that it was in accordance with the extradition treaty under which the American government asks that Insull be extradited to answer charges that he violated bankruptcy laws.

The United States has sixty days within which to convince the court that the request for extradition should be granted.

**Arrested by Verbal Note**  
Before announcing the ruling, the president of the appeals court informed Insull that he was arrested by virtue of a verbal note from the American legation, accusing him of bankruptcy.

No details of charges against Insull were produced, and the court intimated that if no warrants or prosecution papers were produced within the necessary sixty days, Insull would be released.

Insull testified he was born in England and was 74 years old, and gave his occupation as a business executive in the United States.

Insull said he was a British subject until 1896, when he became an American citizen by naturalization.

**Reserves Bail Decision**  
Now, he said, he was uncertain as to his citizenship status.

The court reserved decision on Insull's application for release on bail. Denis Lazarimos, Insull's lawyer, argued there was no reason why Insull would try to leave Greece if released, because he had not done so before when free. He knew the United States was preparing new charges against him.

The state's attorney, in reply, said it would not greatly inconvenience Insull to remain in custody for sixty days.

**Dies for Dog**

Master Rushes to Street to Save Pet; Struck by Automobile.

By United Press  
SAVOY, Ill., Aug. 29.—An old rule of journalism that when a man bites a dog, it is news, whereas if a dog bites a man, it is commonplace.

On the same basis, the death of Allen Bussey, 50, should be news of considerable import, for while there have been many recorded cases of dogs giving their lives for their masters, Bussey probably is one of the few men recorded as giving their lives for their dogs.

Bussey, who was postmaster here, owned a pet fox terrier.

While they were playing together the terrier darted suddenly across a street. Bussey saw that the dog was going to be struck by an automobile. He raced into the street, pushed the terrier to safety, but in doing so was struck by the vehicle. He died shortly after the accident, and the dog was being made today for his funeral.

**CONFUSION IS CLEARED ON BARBER TEST LAW**

Regulations Are Effective Friday; Blanks Must Be Filled.

Misunderstanding of provisions of the barber license law, effective Friday, has resulted in issuance of a statement, explaining the law, by Arthur C. Wilson, state barber board president.

License application blanks may be obtained by writing to the state board of barber examiners, senate chamber, statehouse, Indianapolis.

The blanks must be filled out, physical examination made by the designated physician, and the application returned with the proper fee and, if a male, a poll tax receipt.

If approved, the license and poll tax receipt will be mailed to the applicant. It is not necessary to join the barbers' union to obtain a license.

**Robinson Named Board Chief**

Members of the advisory board of Volunteers of America Monday elected Senator Arthur R. Robinson chairman of the board. Other officers elected were Ralph Polk, vice-chairman, and Eben H. Wolcott, treasurer.

**one of the Feeney managers.**

"Motor Inn" Rogers and "Walgreen Krueger" held, respectively, third and fourth places, and ordered husband stretchers to aid them in corralling the dun-colored kelly.

Photographs, head - sizes, and toe-nail histories of the first ten skull hunters are desired by Jo-Jo, the dog-faced judge, for printing in Friday's paper.

**ANY kind of photo will do.**

The family album, the picture taken rowing a boat in a dime photographic museum, or the one in the days when ye king-seekers wore tulle suits and affected the "dun-colored kelly" is all right. It is rumored strongly that Tom Quinn, of furniture fame and former king, is

## FIREBUG IS TRAPPED BY LIMP Handwriting Seals Case Against Crazy Thrill Seeker

This is the fifth of a series of stories on the adventures of the firebug. The stories are from records in the possession of Fire Marshal Thomas P. Brophy. A. Bruce Bielaski, investigation head of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and other official sources.

BY LOU WEDEMAR  
Times Special Writer

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—New York City received one of its worst pyromaniac scares in the summer of 1924. Fire after fire occurred on the west side of Manhattan. After the first two, Fire Marshal Tom Brophy began an investigation.

But since the firebug left no clues and since it was impossible to tell where he would strike next, the investigation got nowhere.

Most of the fires were in empty loft buildings, between Canal street and West 125th street. Every third fire, however, was in a building occupied by human beings—either a residence or factory.

The authorities classed them as pyromaniac fires because of two things: They were occurring with such frequency and in such a narrow area that they could not be accidental, and they were too minor to have been intended for collection of insurance.

Apparently, Marshal Brophy mused, "he is anxious to see the fire engines, and that's all."

Pyromaniacs, like other periodic criminals, are ordinary-appearing folk who conduct themselves in unsuspectable manner until the impulse seizes them. Then they must commit the crime, regardless of where they are or whom they hurt.

That, in the marshal's opinion, explained why some of the fires were set in apartment houses where they might do damage. The firebug just couldn't wait until he found an empty structure.

The public knew nothing of the epidemic of fires for some time. The newspapers devoted no space to them, except in the listing of fire locations in the back pages.

It was not until a reporter stumbled on Marshal Brophy's elaborate trap for the firebug that the public became frightened.

**THEN** word spread swiftly through the city that a pyromaniac was at large. The number of fires he had started was exaggerated and as the stories spread it was reported that scores had been burned to death and that the newspapers were afraid to tell the truth.

Marshal Brophy found himself with a young panic on his hands. The clanging of fire bells brought traffic to a halt in the busiest streets and people fled from every nearby house when apparatus stopped at a routine fire.

The marshal decided to explain the situation to the public, but before he could do so he received a mysterious postcard.

"You never will catch me," the postcard read. "I am too smart for you! The Firebug."

It was printed in red crayon. Marshal Brophy called in the police department and postoffice, in an effort to trace the card and trap its sender. They got nowhere.

And, on the night of Aug. 4, things began to happen in earnest. An alarm was turned in at 3 a. m. at a tenement at 62 West 104th street. It was extinguished quickly.

Before the apparatus had left the scene, another alarm was sounded from a box near 782 Columbus avenue, a few blocks away. This was minor, too.

At 4:35, soon after the excitement at No. 782 had subsided, flames were seen in an apartment house at 768 Columbia avenue. Before apparatus arrived the fire had swept upstairs, driving the occupants before it.

A small boy, trapped on the second floor, climbed out on a cigar store sign, where he was rescued by a passerby. Three alarms were necessary to prevent the fire spreading through the block.

**MARSHAL BROPHY** had no time for rest before he was compelled to race to 105 West One hundred third street. On the top floor lived an elderly woman with her family. All but she got safely to the roof.

She climbed a few rungs of the ladder, and fell back into the building, to burn to death. A man, attempting to rescue her also was trapped and burned to death.

Grimly, Marshal Brophy checked every clue that might lead to the fire-setter. The blaze had started in the cellar, and he learned everything he could from the remaining evidence there.

Until now he had not been able to get a description of the firebug. But this time a milkman came forward and described a man he had seen in the hallway. The description was vague, however.

And another trick of the trade didn't help the marshal at all. Usually firebugs returned to the fires, and made themselves conspicuous in some way. Foley, a firebug, set eleven fires on Christmas eve, had done that, and Brophy had spotted him instantly.

This firebug wasn't so stupid. The marshal went to the haberdashery store. He recognized at once the face behind the counter.

It was George Gustow, the firebug. "Come with me," said the marshal. "I want to talk with you a while."



She climbed a few rungs of the ladder . . .

In the Wadsworth avenue police station he was questioned at length.

"Just a coincidence, Mr. Brophy," the young man said airily. "I just happen to work in the same neighborhood where there's a fire. I wasn't out of my store."

The neighbors, questioned again, were not so certain. If Gustow said he hadn't been there, then he hadn't.

**THE** marshal circulated Gustow's description to every one of the thousands of policemen and firemen who were on watch. An outstanding part of this description was the statement, "Walks with a slight limp."

That night, in a vacant house at 259 Amsterdam avenue, neighbors suddenly saw flames through the uncertainly windows. They called firemen, who quickly extinguished the blaze.

"See any strangers around?" the marshal asked.

No one had. The only person who had been in the vicinity was a young man who worked in a haberdashery store around the corner.

"What does he look like?" No one could describe him, except that he "walked sort of funny." "Did he limp?" "No; just walked funny."

In his office the marshal found a boasting card, again in red crayon:

"Four more fires. But you can't catch me. I don't talk to you one, so no one can tell on me."

**Next — The Public Spirited Citizen.**

**Belle of Civil War Days Is Dead in Her Famed Hotel; Recluse 40 Years**

By United Press

GREEN BAY, Wis., Aug. 29.—The body of Harriet Mills lay in state today in an expensive casket in the ancient and broken furniture of the Old Mills hotel, where she first gained fame among crowds, then lived alone for forty years.

Persons who had known for years, "Old Miss Harriet," yet seldom had seen her, filed past the coffin for a last look at the wrinkled face of the woman whose life had been an enigma since Civil war days.

Miss Mills died Sunday. She was 85 years old. Her funeral will be held today in the same ancient hotel where she was the belle of many parties before going to the other extreme and becoming a recluse.

She was the last member of the pioneer family of James G. (Deacon) Mills. Her father was used as character by George W. Peck in the book, "Peck's Bad Boy."

**DURING** the Civil war, the hotel was a center of many activities intended to keep up the morale of the northern people. Almost nightly a bell ringer would march through the streets announcing a dance or party, and almost always the entertainment was in the three-story Mills hotel, then one of the finest and largest buildings in Wisconsin.

And night after night, Harriet Mills was the "life of the party." Residents here credited her with playing an important part in the war, for, they contended, it was her in which morale was an important thing, and she did more to keep up the morale in this state than any other woman.

Villagers often gathered at the hotel during the day, and always at the call of Miss Harriet. They came then to grate horseshoes for soldiers to use in fighting scurvy, or to scrape lint from linen to make wound dressings.

**AFTER** the war, members of the Mills family died, one by one, until only Miss Harriet remained. She then closed the hotel to the public, but continued to live there herself.

For forty years she lived in a small room of the first floor. She never ventured into the ballroom. She seldom had guests and never seemed to welcome them.

**Whose Brown Derby?**

What Indianapolis man will be crowned with the BROWN DERBY at the Indiana State Fair on Sept. 7?

What man will win the plaque that goes with the derby?

Clip this coupon and mail or bring to The Indianapolis Times. Just write your choice on the dotted line. Vote early and often.

AUG. 29

OFFICIAL BROWN DERBY BALLOT

To the Editor of The Times:

Please crown \_\_\_\_\_ with

the Brown Derby as Indianapolis' most distinguished citizen.

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