

# It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

CORAL GABLES, Jan. 9.—Sometimes I wonder whether I am precisely the proper guardian for a growing boy. There is no lack of good intent upon my part and I do my best to sit up with him. But youth is exacting. At 16 one wants to see not just a night club, but the whole collection within the evening's span.

We older ones are content to say, "There will be another day." It is the lads who act as if each 24 hours might be the last. These hoarders of time are the very ones who possess the greatest stores of it, but perhaps it is the folly of age and not its wisdom which inspires us to say, "That can wait." Surely there is a certain recklessness in postponing potential dates so long as Samara always waits.

So if I say, "Let's not go to see the floor show at the Ambassador tonight," the risk is mine for I may not come to Florida again to watch once more the lady who does the slow, strip tease. And even if I do return a year hence or a decade it may well be that in all frankness I shall be compelled to say to the person who seems my thoughts are wandering to political economy.

Accordingly I can not quarrel violently with the philosophy that man should live as if each dawn were the end of the world. But in practice it hasn't turned out that way. I mean thus far. And there have been times along toward 5 in the morning when I would gladly have exchanged a ton of slightly faded rosebuds of my own gathering for seven hours' sleep.

## Ponce de Leon Was Right

NOR is my nightly vigil done when we have visited the last blame night club which the beach affords. There is then the suggestion that we go somewhere to eat. Even at 16 one learns that the kitchen in a night club is just a gag. After that there is the suggestion, which so far I have fought off, that we drive out to the track to watch the early workouts. Ponce de Leon was no sap when he boarded up that spring and utterly refused its waters. He had seen one dancing girl too many and maybe heard excessively the din of some ditty in his day. Like the Spanish explorer I am appalled and a little alarmed by the loyalties of youth.

"Stay As Sweet As You Are," is a pretty melody but when it is started for the seventh time in any single night I could scream—and not "encore." In the beginning of this holiday I had a fear that the slightly younger Brown was somewhat lonely for the comradeship of people of his own age.

After all there has to be somebody around to listen with interest to the story of how good the school football team was. And so my idea of introducing him to some of the Earl Carroll girls in the floor show at Palm Island was logical enough. But now the loneliness is mine. I can not seem to interest any one of the young ladies in my theories of readjustment and recovery.

Only last night a starchy-eyed maid broke through a hull in our conversation and said, "You know this is a great treat to me. I mean talking like this to a man of your age. I'll be 18 my next birthday and you, I suppose are about 56." Well, I'm not 56, but it was the tenth time the man had come out to sing, "Woman Is Merely a Question of Light," which introduces the amber tableau, the scarlet tableau, the white tableau and the dance of the black butterflies.

## Candid Opinions Available

NATURALLY from my seat on the substitute's bench I keep a fairly watchful eye on the slightly younger Brown. At one resort the captive dance has been thought by some strict observers to be in somewhat questionable taste.

So when it was about to break I said, "Be a good boy and run out to the bar and have a brandy and soda while this act is on."

"Why can't I have my brandy and soda here," he answered.

I would be false to the truth if I gave the impression that a growing boy is wholly a liability and a burden on his elders. There is nothing a columnist needs more than an occasional candid opinion. And if I want candor the place to shop is among the 16-year-olds. Let me see, was it last night or the night before when I had my brief moment of triumph? It might have turned my head quite dangerously. After the third cocktail she said, "There is something about you which appeals to me strongly. Don't ever leave me." I am fat and a little over 40 and this was a romance suddenly springing out at me from behind the moon? I mentioned the matter in a somewhat offhand way to the slightly younger Brown in the taxi.

"That was a rather pretty girl I was dancing with," I suggested. "I mean the black haired one in the yellow dress."

"Moderately," he answered, "but isn't it a pity that just one cocktail goes right to her head?"

## Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBAIN

THERE are times when you don't notice a pain until long after the cause is gone. Psychologists attribute this to some form of hysteria or to changes brought about by strong emotions.

A football player is unconscious of bruises or other injuries until after the game. Soldiers in a charge during a battle may be unaware that they have been hit until they see blood flowing from the wound.

Likewise, persons do not perceive pain during periods of exaltation or ecstasy developed by religious evangelism; neither do so-called mediums seem to experience pain when they throw themselves into a trance.

THE most conspicuous examples of inability to perceive pain are seen among idiots, imbeciles, and the insane. Similar conditions occur also among persons who have recovered from inflammation of the brain.

Doctors occasionally see instances of malingerers or voluntary production of injuries to the skin and the body in which apparently the persons concerned do not experience pain. These, however, may be examples of a mental disorder.

Thus, it is known that less pain is felt in one part of the body when the attention is directed elsewhere. One form of quackery rests on the pinching of the toes to take the mind away from a painful toothache.

THERE are persons whose anxiety and fear are so great, when going into a dentist's office, that they feel less pain the closer they approach the place in which they are to receive the dental ministrations.

The sense of pleasure you feel when a pain disappears is difficult to describe.

There is the story of the man who was pounding his head against the wall. When asked why he was doing this, he responded by saying that he felt so well when he stopped.

There are also forms of mental and sexual perversion in which pain is actually enjoyed. In such cases, however, the pain itself is seldom intense and the emotional outburst associated with the pain is exceedingly pleasurable.

## Questions and Answers

Q—Who wrote the song "Hot Potato," sung by Jimmy Durante in "Strictly Dynamite"?  
A—Duranite wrote it.

Q—How do Japanese and American men compare in average height?  
A—One authority says that the Japanese soldiers in the World War averaged 63.24 inches and American soldiers averaged 67.51 inches. Another authority gives the average height of American males as 5 feet 8 inches, and Japanese 5 feet 1 inch.

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## THE PROBLEMS OF CONGRESS

### Labor to Wield Great Power in Coming Legislative Conflicts

This is the third of a series of four stories in which Rodney Dutcher, NEA Service and Times Washington correspondent, tells what may be expected of Congress in the coming session.

BY RODNEY DUTCHER  
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WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The 74th Congress will provide a great battleground for the conflicting demands of industry and labor. The National Industrial Recovery Act and the NRA are to be made permanent. And a question of great import in the nation's future economic history is whether NRA is to be machinery of self-government for industry or a form of government supervision over industry.

Closely allied are the issues raised by the demands of labor organizations for further legislative aid in their ancient fight against unemployment and subservience to the employers.

This Congress is more pro-labor than most. Left to itself, it would pass a 30-hour week law and the Wagner bill which would virtually outlaw company unions. But Roosevelt holds the scales and is almost certain to prevent such extreme action.

NRA has been in the throes of reorganization and reorientation. Order has begun to emerge from its chaos. The new National Industrial Recovery Board has attacked and is threatening to remove two of the sorest, weakest NRA spots—price-fixing and failure to enforce compliance with codes.

Although many have considered NRA a dead duck, the Administration will be able to show Congress a more effective, efficient organization than has existed at any time previously and to obtain congressional sanction for preservation of wage and hour standards and fair practice provisions which would otherwise vanish with expiration of the NIRA in June.

YOU may anticipate with virtual certainty that the new Congress will answer the demand of many business interests for "less government interference" with a law which will provide at least as much Federal supervision as the present NIRA.

The actual administration attitude is that unregulated self-government of industry would simply mean industrial chaos.

Legislation will follow the lines of administration policy. Industries which sought the privilege of fixing prices and controlling production in return for acceptance of minimum wage and maximum hour standards have found the going rougher of late.

The Administration has learned that it must try to protect the consumer as well as the laborer unless such artificial methods and resultant higher prices are to choke off recovery.

IT has become startlingly clear that Roosevelt means to keep a whip-hand over industry and to crack his whip when he considers it necessary. Industries which accepted codes have had those codes changed by the President after periods of operation convinced officials that parts of them were not working out in the public interest.

Thus the 36-hour week was imposed on the cotton garment industry and its chief code authority officials were summarily removed when they helped organize a court fight against the order. Price-fixing has just been thrown out of the lumber code by the NLRB. And Roosevelt has just

promised to impose a code on the recalcitrant telegraph industry.

These developments are samples of a definite increasing trend toward Federal supervision of industry which Congress will abet rather than abort.

Roosevelt and Congress also will see to it that the Government retains its position as an umpire in industrial disputes. In legislative collective bargaining and other rights for labor, Congress may even pass more drastic laws than Roosevelt wants.

THE present situation with respect to collective bargaining and Section 7-A of NRA is badly muddled, with industry in open revolt against decisions of the National Labor Relations Board—which in turn is sometimes in conflict with NRA.

Roosevelt, however, isn't disposed to make much change in the present labor relations set-up. He doesn't want either capital or labor to be given "too much advantage."

But Senator Wagner of New York, a strong Administration man, is again introducing his anti-company-union bill, which would reinforce and continue the NLRB as a supreme court for labor and enable it to initiate negotiations to end disputes, subpoena witnesses, and compel submission of records.

Wagner may even ask to have the majority rule principle set up by NLRB established in law.

OF course, the bulk of industry will bitterly fight the Wagner bill. Officially, it favors a policy of collective bargaining only when agreeable to both sides, which means when labor, without the assistance of Government, is able to wrest that right.

Leaning toward the industrial



Where labor centers faith in its fight for more rights.

side in this conflict will be "Assistant President" Don Richberg, who admittedly favors the Section 7-A which he once wrote for NIRA and which was kicked out the window by Congress.

The Richberg wording, its enemies charge, would have legalized company unions and failed to prohibit employers from coercing and intimidating workers. It said that "existing satisfactory labor relationships shall not be disturbed."

The pressure of winter strike threats may figure in ultimate decisions.

Labor also has its ideas as to revision of NRA. It would give NRA power to impose labor codes on industries which don't present acceptable codes, establish separate minimum wage scales for semi-skilled and skilled workers, strengthen labor representation on code authorities, provide for inspection of employing establishments instead of the system of simply investigating complaints, reopen codes on petition of the Labor Advisory Board and make amendments where justified, and give a government agency power to collect detailed data on costs and profits from each industry to aid in long-range planning.

THE 30-hour week bill probably will be defeated by Administration opposition. But it will be one of the real fighting issues in this Congress and vigorous support by the A. F. of L. may result in compromise legislation as to working hours.

Senator Black is reintroducing his 30-hour measure which passed the Senate by a 2-to-1 vote in the last Congress and was pushed out of the picture only by development of the NRA, which was supposed to achieve a similar result in spreading employment.

The new bill will be more flexible, providing for a Federal board to pass on individual exemptions from the 30-hour limit.

Black is supported by Chairman Connally of the House Labor Committee, who insists the measure would re-employ 4,000,000 persons. Spokesmen for industry, however, insist the average working week—because of curtailed production—is now but 33.3 hours and that a 30-hour law wouldn't give new jobs to more than 700,000.

Gen. Johnson has said that such a law would bring "a depression that'll turn your hair gray."

ROOSEVELT is said to have been contemplating a compromise measure of some sort with

which to meet the Black-Connelly forces.

Several other emergency agencies—PWA, FERA and CCC among them—and the RFC lending powers will expire in 1935. The Administration will have Congress renew them.

RFC still has a couple of billion dollars to lend and plenty of busted banks and railroads on its hands which may need further aid. As soon as the HOLC stopped taking applications for home loans, foreclosures increased and a flood of letters here made it almost certain that Congress will vote another billion dollars for home loans.

As Congress meets, there seems to be less organized howling from the farmers than in any recent year. Presumably this is due to benefit payments and higher prices for farm products under the AAA.

But the farmer lobbies will be on the job—which means both the real dirt farmers and the organizations which pretend to be farmer organizations, but are really working for the interests which exploit the farmer's products.

THE AAA will encounter the second of those lobbies when it seeks passage of amendments which will strengthen its power over industries handling food products. It's this point that the cry of "regimentation" rises.

Farmers themselves don't mind regimentation. They seem, in fact, to just love it.

The Frazier-Lemke bill will be up again—not the farm bankruptcy one passed last year, but the so-called "mortgage write-off" bill, under which the Government would take over about \$9,000,000,000 worth of mortgages and against which the Farm Credit Administration was a compromise set-up.

Chairmen of both Senate and House Agriculture Committees—Ed Smith of South Carolina and Marvin Jones of Texas—have declared for a separate Government banking system for farmers, which probably will be preferred by Congress to the Frazier-Lemke act, since the farm situation has been eased by the FCA and higher income.

The idea is to set up a permanent farm credit system "as powerful as the Federal Reserve" and free from private profit. Farmers would receive credit at cost, plus a small fractional charge for reserves.

The system would issue currency as the Federal Reserve does and save interest charges of bond financing, with a probable loan interest rate of 3 1/2 per cent.

This proposal is worth watching. It may develop an enormous backing.

NEXT—Bonus, Inflation, Banking, Taxes, War Profits, and National Defense.

## CITY FLORISTS LEAD INDIANA IN AWARDS

Greencastle Man to Head State Group.

Indianapolis florists led in awards made at the 48th annual meeting of the State Florists' Association of Indiana at the Severin yesterday.

Winners announced by Edward C. Grande, retiring president, were Bauer-Steinkamp, certificate of merit on carnation and roses; Irving Estate, Columbus, begonias; Marmion Estate, pot of orchids, begonias, cyclamen and cineraria; Ladywood School, campanula and other rare plants; J. K. Lilly Jr., lachenalialeudica; Edward C. Grande, euphorbia, and Brandeins, Inc., and Joseph H. Hill, Richmond, carnations.

Jacob Eitel, Greencastle, was elected president.

## IN OLD NEW YORK

By Paul Harrison

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—There's a story in every old building in Manhattan. And Manhattan has a lot of old buildings.

You can select them practically at random. Any one of the office buildings along Broadway is full of glamour and the spice of show business and the dust of vanished dreams. Every dingy office has been a citadel of great ambition; every corridor a scene of the mingling of famed stage and musical names of one generation or another.

The dozens of rehearsal halls have resounded—and still do—to the thumping of tiny pianos, the howls of directors, and the clattering feet of panting chorus girls.

Many a hit show, assembled on a shoe-string, has been whipped into shape in one of these ill-ventilated practice parlors. And in the dance studios at one time or another have kicked and shuffled the nimble neophytes whose names later were to go up in stellar lights. "One, two, three, four, five, six... Hey, you in the blue, this ain't no funeral march!... One, two, three, four, five, six... Now into a change break and then the Maxey Ford... Rotten! Try it again..."

SOME of them, anyway. It's the haven of the wash-ups, the last stand of the despairing, the springboard of the hopeful.

Smallest of the small-time agencies occupy some of the divided and subdivided offices on the upper floors. Many a down-and-out performer has kept in the cubbyholes. The public telephone booths in the lobby are used as offices by the theatrical agents who can't afford to rent any space at all.

UP to Sixty-fifth Street and Broadway and look at the Lincoln Arcade to Seams a pretty dreary and undistinguished old shell. A mortgage recently was foreclosed on it. The office directory lists a spiritualist, a health faddist, a school of jiu-jitsu, and so on.

Yet this used to be the city's principal art center. A literary Bohemia, too. Two novels—one by Owen Johnson—have been written about the Lincoln Arcade and the life there.

Wood Cowan, the cartoonist, tells me that he and Rolf Armstrong and Ross Santee and Dean Cornwall, Craven, the critic, and a dozen others whose names you know had studios on one floor. Rosa Ponselle and her sister were residents, and Neysa McMein, in the days when she thought she'd be an actress instead of an artist. Sometimes most of the building's occupants would pool their money and have parties.

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## Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9. — When Mr. Roosevelt speaks of money, he deals in such big, fleshy figures that, say whatever you will about him and his schemes, nobody will ever call him a piker.

Mr. Roosevelt's budget message, read out loud to the statesmen of Congress, asks for \$8,500,000,000 for another year's expenses of the Government. He expects that by June, 1936, when the money has been spent, the country will owe itself about 34 billion.

These are light-year figures, formerly used almost exclusively by astronomers in the Sunday magazine pieces to make people realize for a moment that they are only very inferior beings crawling around on the hide of a very small apple, that everything will be over in a minute anyway, and that it doesn't matter much what happens to whom or how soon. It is a thought which would be a great consolation in a time of seasickness if one could only remember it.

Until a few years ago, such figures were not applied to dollars.

Thirty-four billion is so much money that if Mr. Roosevelt were somehow to search everybody on the streets, raid all the banks and cash registers and pari-mutuel rooms in the country and rake in all the printed cash now in existence, there would still be a deficit of 20 billion. It is so much money that there isn't that much money. In fact, it isn't really money. They only call it money because that is what it would be, if it were.

## Might as Well Double It

N OBODY seems to give much thought to the question whether it is ever going to be paid and if so how. Nobody now living will live to see the day when it is paid, for the debt is going to be bequeathed, with best regards, to posterity along with a system of oracles, noise highways, model tenements, electric bedwarmers and eggbeaters, trees, custom-made lilyponds and paintings of cows in the meadow eating buttercups.

It can only be reported that in Washington just now, where the figures are housed, nobody any longer feels any pain. There are about 90,000 Government employees in town, many of them with two jobs to a family; rents are up and apartments scarce; theaters, night clubs and the Washington equivalent of the old-fashioned saloon are doing very well; pay day comes regularly and the \$7 steak has been discovered on the menu of the Mayflower hotel, hewn, perhaps, from the carcass of the sacred cow.

There is something about the atmosphere of Washington which deadens the nerves and makes everything seem all right. The statesmen long ago gave up trying to appreciate the immensity of the bill which is being run up. It hurt to think about it. They are doing all right. They eat, they drink, they are housed and clothed, there is nothing that they can do about it all now and, anyway, if you already have more money than there is, why haggle about owing twice as much?

## There's No Pain

A CURIOUS thing about all this is that the citizens are regaled with these magnificent figures at a time when they are very low in money themselves. When the citizens had most their imaginations filled around with such petty items as the \$3,000,000 rate at the second Tuxedo-Dempsey fight, million dollar days at Churchill Downs; \$15,000 golf tournaments and Babe Ruth's salary of \$85,000 a year. They thought these were fairly robust sums of money. But now that a dollar is hard to catch up with, Mr. Roosevelt reports, with a note of almost apology, that he over-estimated his spending capacity and is compelled to turn back \$800,000,000 appropriated last year which he wasn't able to get faded, so to speak.

The \$800,000,000 was just the change out of the bill, but it is \$150,000,000 more than the entire cost of the government in 1910 when the tab came to \$648,000,000.

It's a little easier, breathe deeply, and keep on saying over and over, "thirty-four billion; thirty-four billion." No pain? No pain. You don't feel a thing, do you?

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## Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

WILL 1935 see the recovery of gold from sea water placed on a paying basis? That is the question which chemists are asking themselves. If the answer is yes, statesmen, economists and bankers will have something to worry about.

Gold was recovered from sea water in 1934 at the plant of the Ethyl-Dow Chemical Co., Kure Beach, 20 miles south of Wilmington, N. C. The cost of getting the gold exceeded its value, but there is no reason to suppose that this will always be the case.

For more than a century chemists have realized that the oceans, covering about three-fourths of the earth's surface, are vast storehouses of mineral and chemical wealth. But while the amount of various chemical salts in the ocean as a whole is immense, the amount in a gallon of sea water is very little indeed.

Hence scientists, while realizing the value of the materials in the sea, despaired of the invention of processes which would make their removal sufficiently easy and cheap to justify it.

The first successful "mining operation" in the ocean is that of the Ethyl-Dow Chemical Co. Although the amount of bromine in sea water is about 70 parts in 1,000,000, this plant has succeeded in making the removal of bromine a paying venture. It extracts about 15,000 pounds of bromine daily.

THE present bromine plant occupies a nine-acre tract. A huge intake leads the sea water into a pond from which it is pumped into a reservoir by two centrifugal pumps.

From the reservoir it flows into two great towers where the bromine is extracted. The bromine is set free by mixing chlorine and sulphuric acid with the water which sprays down from the top of the towers like a shower bath.

Strong fans blow the bromine gas ash out of the water spray into an other shower of soda ash solution where it is captured in the form of sodium bromide-bromate.

THERE is far less gold than bromine in sea water. The gold is estimated at a few parts in a billion. Nevertheless, the Ethyl-Dow experts estimate that at least \$100,000 of gold is in the sea water that passes daily through the bromine plant. In other words, an economical process would extract \$1000 worth of gold a day, \$365,000 worth a year.

Thus it is apparent that the ocean would supply a source of gold which would make all the gold mines in the world seem unimportant by comparison.

Q—Where is the Lodore waterfall?  
A—Near the head of Derwentwater, in Cumberland, England.

Q—Who were the winners and their jockeys, in the 1922 Kentucky Derby and Preakness races?  
A—Both races were run on May 13. Morvich, 6-to-5 favorite, ridden by A. Johnson, won the Derby, and Pillory, Jockey L. Morris, won the Preakness.

Q—Name the Middle Atlantic and South Atlantic states.  
A—Middle Atlantic: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; South Atlantic: Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia (not a state), Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

## Indianapolis Tomorrow

Indiana General Assembly, all day, Statehouse.  
Advertising Club, luncheon, Columbia Club.  
American Business Club, luncheon, Indianapolis Athletic Club.  
Acacia, luncheon, Board of Trade.  
Caravan Club, luncheon, Scottish Rite.  
Engineering Society, luncheon, Board of Trade.  
Public Health Nursing Association, luncheon, Claypool.  
Real Estate Board, luncheon, Washington.  
Sigma Chi, luncheon, Board of Trade.  
Sigma Nu, luncheon, Washington.

## SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Chains? Fosh—do you think I'm just learning to drive?"

## FILLING STATION UNION INSTALLS NEW OFFICERS

Organization to Consider Publication of Monthly Paper.

Plans to publish a monthly newspaper will be discussed at a meeting of Filling Station Union No. 18,990, next Monday night. A tentative staff consisting of W. L. Burkland, managing editor; B. S. Gantz, business manager, and J. J. Coyne, state editor, will report on their findings.

Newly installed officers who will be in charge of the meeting are O. B. Chambers, president; R. H. Kimmel, vice president; K. M. River, secretary; L. E. Brown, recording secretary; A. R. King, treasurer, and J. Curran, sergeant at arms. C. McDonald is guide and B. S. Gantz, executive board chairman.

DENTIST CRASH VICTIM DIES AT ST. VINCENT'S

Dr. Philip A. Keller Was Injured in Auto Accident.

Funeral services for Dr. Philip A. Keller, a dentist, who died yesterday at St. Vincent's Hospital of injuries suffered in an accident last Thursday, will be held in his home, 3525 Balsam-av., at 2 tomorrow. Burial will be in Crown Hill Cemetery.

Dr. Keller was struck by a taxicab at the corner of College and Fairfield-avs as he was crossing to board a street car. His death is the second traffic fatality in Indianapolis this year.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Anna E. Keller; his mother, Mrs. H. G. Springer, Santa Monica, Cal., and a brother, Ellis E. Keller, San Francisco, Cal.

KNOWING a young lady who is a guest at the White House has its thrilling aspects for any young swain, but for one abashed college lad, home for the Christmas holidays, it also has its bad sides.

The young man, Harvard classmate of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., was spending the holidays with his family here when his most beloved came to Washington as one of about 40 young girls