

Vagabond

FROM INDIANA

ERNIE PYLE

TOLEDO, May 11.—You might as well get this straight right off the reel. I'm not in the habit of browsing around art museums.

But the spectacle of a rough-and-ready city like Toledo making such a to-do over its art museum got my curiosity aroused. Why, to hear people tell it, the four main things in Toledo are the art museum, the C. & O. coal-loading docks, the zoo and the Maumee River at low-breaking time. So I hire a taxi and taxies out to the art museum.

The Toledo museum has the highest per capita attendance of any art museum in the world! The city's population is around 300,000, and last year the museum had 350,000 visitors. And practically all of them local, since Toledo isn't much of a tourist place.

Do you know what caused this? Education caused it. The Toledo museum has been educating people in art for 35 years. Toledo people know art when they see it. And they enjoy it.

The museum is a vast and magnificent place. It doesn't cost the taxpayers a cent. It was built and stocked almost wholly by gift upon gift from the art-conscious pocketbook of the late Edward D. Libbey, Toledo's glass king. It cost millions and millions.

My trip through it was swift, and not very inspiring. An art museum looks like an art museum to me. When I wound up in the office of Director Blake-More Godwin I said:

"I don't know anything about art. To tell the truth, where I would have liked to spend a couple of hours is down there in that room full of kid paintings, where they have pictures of horses with one leg two feet longer than the others."

And Godwin said: "You're exactly right. That's where the imagination is. You and I don't count any more. We're dead. We hate to admit it, but we're all washed up. People over age aren't going to change our ideas or have many new opinions from now on. Nobody but children look forward."

Concentrate on Kids

SO Godwin sat down and told me why Toledo appreciates art. It's because they concentrate on the kids. Why, right today nearly 1800 children are attending free classes at the museum in art appreciation, in art design, in music and so forth.

And they're not even trying to teach them to be artists. Just showing them how to understand and love good art. "Why, if we trained 1500 people to be artists, 1499 of them would starve to death," says Godwin. "So it's appreciation we try to teach."

Godwin says art is for people, so why get so high-brow about it? He says art is 90 per cent trash anyway. He says he hasn't any sympathy with the old guys with beards and dirty fingernails who are horrified at commercialism in art.

Why not commercialism? asks Godwin. That gets it to the public. And art is for people. Godwin says the fellow who designs one of the suave Zephyr trains, or a silver snook of a transcendentalist artist, is producing art, too, more so than the fellow in the snook. And certainly more people get to enjoy it.

Starts Them Early

THE Toledo museum starts kids when they are 5. They are taught the most simple fundamentals. They are taken up, step by step, through the years until they have a genuine grasp of art, the way a child finally gets a grasp of arithmetic.

They don't hang onto every kid that comes in. Some children just can't be taught art appreciation. The museum says, "Many children have no mental equipment for its enjoyment, no manual equipment for its manufacture." These kids wind up the way I did, reading funnies.

Sometimes I sort of boast about it in good, corned fashion, but the truth is I'm not proud of the fact that I can't sit through a symphony concert, or that an art gallery give me the willies. There's apparently something fine there that I don't understand, and maybe if I could study it, like these Toledo kids, I would understand.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

ALBANY, N. Y., Monday.—Some of you may remember that I told you when I was in the mood I would give you that other inscription from a Charleston, S. C., tombstone in St. Michael's churchyard. Here it is:

"James Louis Pettigrew, born at Abbeville, May 10th, 1789. Justice, Orator, Statesman, Patriot."

Future time will hardly know how great a life this simple stone commemorates.

The traditions of his eloquence, his wisdom and his wit may fade.

But he lived for ends more durable than fame. His eloquence was the protection of the poor and wronged.

His learning illuminated the principles of law. In admiration of his peers.

In the respect of his people.

In the affection of his family.

His was the highest place.

The just deed.

Of his kindness and forbearance.

Of his dignity and simplicity.

His brilliant genius and his unwearied industry.

Unwaved by flattery.

Undimmed by disaster.

He confronted life with antique courage.

And death with Christian hope.

In the great Civil War.

He withstood his people for his country.

But his people did homage to the man who held his conscience higher than their praise.

And his country heaped her honours on the grave of the patriot.

To whom, living, His own righteous self-respect sufficed.

Alone for motive and reward.

Died at Charleston, March 9th, 1863."

This pictures a character and a way of life which is rather unique.

New Books

PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

HOW often the minutes of our days swell to the bursting point with cares and events! You'll enjoy reading of one woman's day, a day so crowded with joys and sorrows and human interest that it encompasses a complete book.

TIME AT HER HEELS, by Dorothy Aldis (Houghton) is the provocative title. Mrs. Aldis has written several books of children's verse, but this is her first adult novel. The characters—among them a typical "funny story" professor, his wife, their three children, a spinster aunt, and a varied procession of minor actors—are unusually human and likable.

Mrs. Aldis is in Indianapolis today to speak at the May luncheon meeting of the Women's Press Club of Indiana and at the English Club of Roberts School later in the afternoon.

WOMEN of all countries—of the harem in Arabia the slave trade in Abyssinia, workers of the new Russia, women of China, Haiti, Java, Turkey—are the general subject of a book of short sketches by Rosita Forbes. WOMEN CALLED WILD (Dutton) has no unity except that its stories are all about women.

We are transported into an atmosphere where anything may happen and nothing can surprise us. We are left with the feeling that a woman author has succeeded, where possibly a man would not, in collecting a series of episodes from the inner lives of all sorts of women. Whether completely authentic or not, the book is readable.

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NEW KING ENTHRONED TOMORROW

Brilliant Pageantry Is Shortened Due to George VI's Health

By MILTON BRONNER
NEA Service Staff Writer

LONDON, May 11.—Unlike the inauguration of a President of the United States—a political act—the coronation of a British King is a solemn religious consecration, dominated from beginning to end by the Established Church of England.

It unfolds, proudly, slowly, in royal and mystic pageantry, founded in ancient tradition and ritual, uniting the vast British Empire as in one stupendous sacrament. Cuts in tomorrow's ceremony ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, presumably out of regard to King George VI's state of health, make it the shortest coronation for centuries.

The litany, famous "versicles and responses" of the English church, will be chanted in all its length before the King and Queen even appear at the West Door of the Abbey. There will be no sermon. Most profound change of all will be in "The Homage of the Peers." Formerly the homage of each peer to the new King was done individually. On May 12, it will be done "en masse," or rather in several masses.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of the Church will be first. But only the Archbishop will advance to the throne in the great "crossing" of Westminster Abbey, kneeling there, and then kiss the King's left cheek. Then will come the Princes of the royal blood, led by the Duke of Gloucester. Then will come the peers, in their categories of importance. Dukes first, then Marquesses, then Earls, then Viscounts, then Barons. But only the first of each order will advance to the throne for the traditional fealty.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. The heart of the empire, the theater of this majestic pageant, is ready. The principal ceremony takes place at the intersection of the choir and transept. Here a square platform has been built, covered with cloth of gold. The King will sit in a richly draped chair in the center to receive the homage of his peers.

In the sacristy which forms part of the altar space, are placed the thrones in which the King and Queen are crowned. The most ancient one is known as King Edward's and is for the King. The Queen's is known as Queen Mary's. The back of the altar has been draped with purple and gold silk. The floor of the sacristy has been covered with a purple and gold carpet.

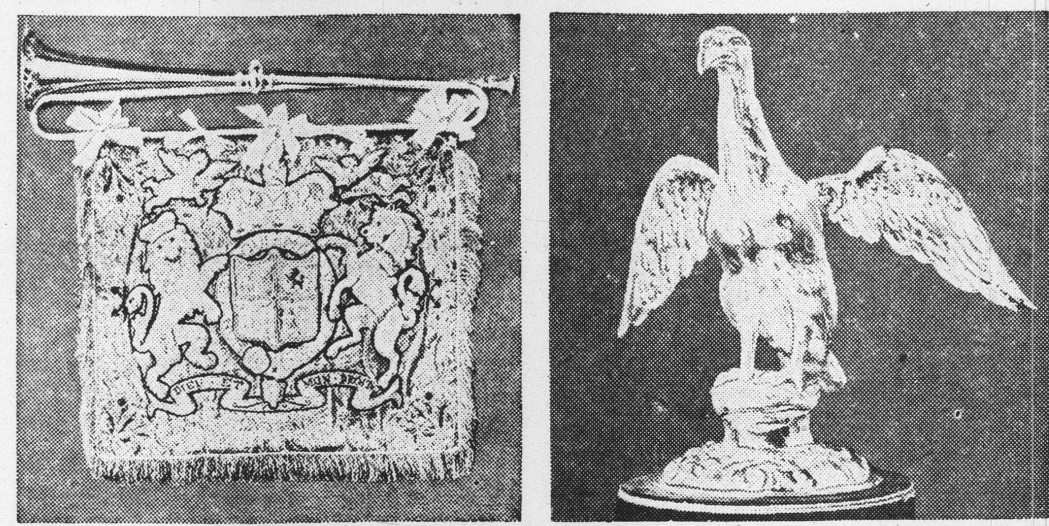
When the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey reaches the great West Door, the sovereign will be received by the Prelates and the Dean of Westminster Abbey, followed by the King's equerries, gentlemen ushers, grooms-in-waiting and high officers of the Crown—all in gorgeous uniforms. Next will come the staff, spurs, orb, scepter and sword of state, all carried by peers whose hereditary job it is. The King will wear a robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine—the Queen, purple velvet and ermine.

As the royal pair steps inside the Abbey, their ears will hear the choir intoning the anthem: "I was glad when they said unto me: we will go into the House of the Lord."

The King and Queen will walk to the "theater" where they will kneel for a moment of silent prayer. Now the Arch-



When George VI receives the royal crown of Great Britain at Westminster Abbey will be turned into a theater of brilliant pageantry as when George V and Queen Mary were crowned above. The late King, surrounded by peers of the realm and dignitaries of the church, is seated on his throne in the center, with Queen Mary's throne at the extreme right in the picture. Members of the royal family are seated in the rear, in a gallery surmounted by the arms of Scotland, England and Ireland.



is handed the orb. A ring is placed on his finger as a symbol of royal dignity and he is given the scepter as a symbol of royal power. At last the crown is placed on his head, while the people cry: "God save the King!" After another prayer and an anthem, the King is handed a Bible, the Archbishop of Canterbury reciting an allocution which begins: "Our gracious King we present you with this book, the most valuable thing this world affords. Here is wisdom. This is the royal law. These are the lively oracles of God."

After the Archbishop pronounces the benediction upon him, and the choir sings the "Te Deum" the King at last seats himself upon the throne for the peers' homage. Then the drums beat, the trumpets sound and the cry is heard:

"God save King George!" "Long Live King George!" "May the King live forever!"

Tax Sit-Downs by 'Economic Royalists' Confuse Clapper

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

WASHINGTON, May 11.—It will be a long time before the argument as to where the sit-down strike originated is settled conclusively. The Government has introduced a confusing element into the controversy. It is trying to show that long before the Akron rubber workers began their sit-downs and showed labor how to do it, the economic royalists had developed a high degree of technique, which they use on the tax collector.

There have been earlier hints of this, as when the Pecora banking investigation ferreted out the tidings that J. P. Morgan, while far from poverty-stricken and in fact able to live practically in the style to which he had long been accustomed, paid no income taxes in the early 1930s.

Now, proceeding in a more scientific attempt to demonstrate its contention, the Government is before Judge Richard Disney of the U. S. Board of Tax Appeals, with evidence concerning Pierre du Pont and John J. Raskob, business associates who engaged in an elaborate series of stock selling and repurchasing transactions with each other, winding up with a difference between them of only \$46 after nearly \$30,000,000 had changed hands between them. The Government is trying to collect \$1,026,000 in taxes from Raskob and \$617,300 from du Pont for 1929. At the moment the case against du Pont is being heard but part of the evidence is being gathered from Raskob.

It appears that Raskob, while still chairman of the Democratic National Committee and acting as its angel, was, for tax purposes, practically starving. In 1930 he paid no income tax at all, although it was at that time that he was financing the rejuvenation of the Democratic National Committee and was staking Charley Michelson to a fancy contract in order to induce him to leave the old New York World as its Washington correspondent and become the ace political press agent of all time for the Democratic Party.

When the New Deal moved in on the Democratic Party, Raskob moved out, leaving nothing but

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

ANOTHER quaint fallacy of amateur historians is the assumption that style in photography came to us by way of Hollywood.

Nonsense! Stylish photography came to Indianapolis in the early Nineties by way of Marceau and Powers, who had their Gallery in the old Windsor Building. It was where the Black people now do business. Hollywood wasn't even on the map at the time.

I don't know why all the stylish establishments, circa 1890, had their common center in Illinois St. in the block between Washington and Market Sts. All I know is that they did. Billy Tron, for instance, picked the east side of that block for the fanciest saloon in Indianapolis, and so did Albert Kuhn for the fanciest grocery. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kuhn advertised that he sold "fancy groceries."

Across the street was Joe Rink's spiffy "Clock House," and farther down the block in the Bates House was George Knox's sumptuous barber shop, than which there was nothing more stylish this side of the one in the Palmer House in Chicago. They were all there when Marceau and Powers arrived.

The first thing Marceau and Powers did was to set up a ground floor gallery which was enough of an innovation to startle the natives. But they didn't stop there. They had a show window, too, and it was worth anybody's time to stop and examine what it contained, especially in the way of feminine pulchritude.

Indeed, a girl's picture in Marceau and Powers' show window was a pretty good sign that she had arrived. Anyway, it was as good as having her name in the Almanach de Gotha, and a lot more to the purpose.

Steeped in Atmosphere

ON the inside, the Gallery was steeped in atmosphere. The floor was carpeted, I remember, and tapestries depicting the love affairs of shepherds and lovely ladies decorated the walls. Instead of doors, the openings were hung with heavy draperies, every fold of which appeared to be carved by a sculptor.

There was a kind of hush and stillness about the place which was not unlike that of a church. And made it appear even more like a church was the fact that Marceau and Powers used candlesticks like those in a cathedral.

The furniture, too, was good enough for a bishop. Especially one chair. Everybody remembers the chair because everybody remembers that it was an integral part of Marceau and Powers' photograph studio.

Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Tom Marshall, Albert Beveridge and Julia Marlowe. To say nothing of the thousands of Indianapolis girls who sat in that chair. I guess the girls must be close to 65 years old now. Sixty, anyway.

Chair Still Around

BRING up the subject of Marceau and Powers old chair because it's still in existence. Edward R. Sittman, the artist, owns it. Mr. Sittman says that Joe Rink bought out Marceau and Powers in 1895 and put his father-in-law, George Pfau, in charge. When the Windsor Building was sold to the Black people, the Gallery was moved across the street. Later the present Rink's store was erected, and the Gallery disposed of.

It was just about this time that Mr. Sittman happened to visit Mr. Rink and found most of Marceau and Powers' furniture in the kindling heap. He got permission to pick out what he wanted and that's how his solidifies it. Although the laws themselves change as frequently as does the moon, the legal mind is fixed in one permanent pattern.

As a consequence we are forever bumping our heads against the stone wall of decisions which were handed down about the time of William III of England, and we get very little done since the courts always have to spend months and years of research to find out what some long-dead judge ruled on a similar question back in the 1800s.

Today there's no such thing as tackling any sort of legal problem according to the simple standards of common sense or even of plain moral justice. The lawyers have seen to that.

No citizen of the U. S. A. can perform the simplest act these days without the advice and approval of the barristers. From the minute when his birth is registered and he will die, he transacts his business—financial, civil, political and sometimes domestic—according to the promptings of his attorney.

In short we are enslaved not by the law, but by the lawyers, to whom we have surrendered our right to think.

So we hope the girls will stay out of the law schools.

Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

RHEUMATIC heart disease tends to occur in families in which there previously has been rheumatic disease.

In many cases, the sole evidence of a disturbance of the heart was a heart murmur which the doctor could hear only when he examined the organ.

The exact cause of rheumatic fever is not known. For its cure there is no specific remedy that has been scientifically established. When a rheumatic condition attacks the joints or some other part of the body, there seems to be no certain way to protect the heart.

We do know that rheumatic fever occurs much less often in warm climates than in the temperate zone, and that patients do much better in Florida, Puerto Rico, or similar places than they do in the Northern part of the United States.

When the heart is involved in cases of rheumatic fever, there may have been various symptoms for several years before definite signs of the attack on the heart became evident.

No child suspected of having rheumatic fever should ever be allowed out of bed until his temperature has been normal for at least two weeks or more. In rheumatic fever the whole heart may be inflamed, including the pericardium or membrane which surrounds the heart; the muscle of the heart, or the lining of the heart.

As these changes take place, there may also be deformities in the heart valves, in which case signs of damage such as are represented by murmurs may be detected by the trained ear of the physician.

In order to compensate for the damage to the heart, the tissues may enlarge and the muscular walls become stronger. The heart has to pump more blood at each stroke to make up for the blood that flows back into the heart through the damaged valves.