

The Indianapolis Times

TELEPHONE—MAIN 3500.

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Ye simple, understand wisdom; and ye fools, be of an understanding heart.—Proverbs 8:5.

Color Blind Elections

Out in the Sixth and Seventh Precincts of the Ninth Ward it has been shown by the recount commissioners that a number of the officials were seized with a sudden attack of color blindness on the day of the recent momentous Indiana primaries.

Lenient souls will no doubt find some good excuse for color blindness on election day. In the first place the poll officials have to be routed out of bed at an early hour and we have personally known quite a few early risers who for reasons various have started off the day more or less lacking in a keen appreciation of the various hues of the rainbow.

But when it comes down to passing into the ballot box yellow sample ballots in place of regular pink ones and finally admitting them to be counted for Harry New or any other favorite son, it looks to us like an opportunity for legislative action.

Perhaps some legislator from up-State will favor us with a bill next session to compel any person serving on an election board to undergo a color test the same as railroad engineers. Until that happens the primary in certain parts of the Ninth Ward will continue to bear a yellow if not a golden tinge.

Up-To-Date Mothers

Based on observations of what they see on the shopping district streets, many folks are apt to become oracular about the disappearance of the good old-fashioned motherly woman. But we are not of them. We laugh at such. We know it isn't so.

Mrs. Charles Cole of Sheffield Ave. is the mother of thirteen children. She hasn't missed doing but one washing for her family in twenty-three years.

Mrs. P. S. Thomas of Baltimore Ave. is the mother of her thirteenth infant.

What grandmother or great grandmother of any of us could claim a record more worthy?

We have seen some of these mothers, fifty years old or thereabouts, dressing youngish and looking youthful enough to be real pals of grown sons and daughters. And why not?

Medical science rapidly is conquering disease. We get the same kind of heat from a thing of some beauty that looks like a phonograph that we used to get from the homely canary ball stove. The latest model motor car looks more classy than that Kokomo product of some years ago, and does its work much better.

And isn't it just as logical that the experts on dress take away from our mothers and grandmothers the appearance of age?

But averaging them up, our women folks are just as good and maybe a little better than any past generation of womankind, even though more of them appear on the streets looking far younger than their grandmothers at the same age.

If any of our readers hold opinions different from our own about this, we would be glad to have them.

Mob Hypnotism

Under the influence of that peculiar form of psychology known as "mob hypnotism," it takes the average person about thirty seconds to throw off the mask of civilization and revert to the lowest form of savagery.

The other day in Cleveland, an auto driver speeding fifty miles an hour through the congested streets was pursued by motorcycle police. Other auto drivers joined in the chase, like small boys chasing the fire engine.

By the time the reckless driver was arrested on a charge of driving while intoxicated, the pursuing autos numbered fifty, and cries of "Lynch him!" were ringing forth.

The atrocities of the recent mine massacre in Illinois were committed by men who probably never would think of committing murder while alone.

The mob spirit hypnotized them.

Most of us are reasonably sane—when alone.

But whenever human beings congregate in large groups, something crazy always happens or is started.

Mob hypnotism is what makes a man, who is a genius of economy and practicalness in private life, "fall for" visionary and impractical projects when serving in public office.

Carry the idea on and you understand why, the larger the population grows, the worse the government becomes. China, for instance.

Investigation of Primary Vote Fraud Demanded of Evans by Times Reader

To the Editor: I have been reading about the discovery by the recount commissioners of the use of sample ballots in the last Republican primary. This is clearly a deliberate law violation. It can be construed in no other way. There is no possibility that the election officials could have made a mistake. No man could have taken a ballot with a candidate's advertisement on its face to be an offical ballot.

Under the circumstances it is up to the prosecuting attorney to act and to act immediately. The election was corrupt and those responsible should be punished, regardless of their party. There were both Republicans and Democrats on the boards in the precincts where these irregularities occurred. Both should be brought to time.

William P. Evans, the county prosecutor, has thus far shown a tendency to enforce the law, regardless of whom his activities hit. He should do so in this case. Unquestionably it is an unpleasant duty, for members of his own party are concerned. Nevertheless, action at this time would most certainly bring forth the approval of the better element of his party as well as of the citizenship of Marion County generally.

Why doesn't he act? B. E. K.

To the Editor: I have noticed often county commissioners are seldom in their offices. I am under the impression, perhaps a false one, that the taxpayers pay these men to render service to the county.

Yet, many a time have I seen persons come into the office to see one of the commissioners, only to be told that he is "out."

Are they always out? T. O. R.

To the Editor: Indianapolis thesaurus evidently do not appreciate to the fullest extent the excellence of stock productions which have been presented this year. In addition to the numerous old favorites who have gladdened the public, new faces have appeared and behind them personalities which will make them favorites, too.

Mr. Walker is to be congratulated on his year's presentations, especially in the field of literature.

NOBLE INDUSTRY

By BERTON BRALEY.

I DO not feel a bit like work today: The summer breeze is like a soft Great Outdoors is calling, "Come and play!"

I'd rather spend the day in idleness. But here's my job, and here's my work to do.

And so I'm sticking at it, dogged, grim. And so I'm going to play when work is through. But I can't quit it for an idle whim.

It isn't hard to tell when toll is fun. When there is vim in every vein and In spite of weariness, THAT shows what's in you!

To come along when you would like to rest. To finish up the thing that you began. Long after it has lost its pristine zest—Well, that's a proof of courage in a man!

S, though the breeze is sweet, the sun is bright. And though in labor I take no delight, I keep on plugging at my daily task.

And that's a fact. I cannot keep it hid. I'd like to close my deal and go and play. But Gosh! the Boss would fire me if I did!

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