

The Indianapolis Times

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WHY DO YOU WORRY?

At the ripe age of 80, Sgt. Fred Binder, a Civil War veteran living on the outskirts of Washington, has learned life's greatest lesson—that it doesn't pay to worry over anything or anybody.

Awakened the other night by fire, the graybeard calmly dragged his easy chair to the front porch of a neighbor, lighted his corn cob pipe and, between easy puffs, sat and watched the firemen while his little cottage went up in smoke.

"These things will happen in the best regulated families," drawled the old soldier-philosopher to a newspaper reporter. "But it don't matter much, as I was figuring on moving down to Old Point Comfort soon, anyhow. No, sonny, there ain't any loss, the house is covered by insurance."

"I'm kinda sorry to lose my clothes and things. There was a lot o' pictures and papers about the Civil War, when I was a member of the Pennsylvania 'Riding Seventh,' that I wanted to keep. But that's all right."

"My pension check just came yesterday and that's being burned up, too. But I guess I won't have much trouble in getting another from the Government. The fire certainly lights up the sky pretty, don't it? No, I won't be homeless, and I've got money in two different banks. I'm thankful that I didn't burn up in my bed."

With eighty full years of life behind him, Sergeant Binder has apparently found that worry is not only futile of results but a cruel, slave-driving master of its victim. By constantly keeping the bright side of things before him, he has reversed the tendency of a lot of folks who go out and hunt for the dark side just to have something to fret about.

HE DOESN'T TOOT HIS HORN

HERE is a modest little man who has an office in a corner of the Statehouse who could, if he were inclined that way, make an appeal for popular favor such as could be made by few men in Indiana. There is nothing that appeals to the mind of the average citizen so much as "trust busting," the breaking up of "special privilege." That is the job with which this man is occupied to a large extent. He is U. S. Lesh, Attorney General.

Lesh, either does not seek particular prominence or is a poor publicity getter, for he has conducted more "trust busting" conquests in Indiana during the past two or three years than have been conducted in any previous decade. Some of his fights have been successful and in others he has failed, but he seems to keep everlasting at it.

What a splash he could make if he had the faculty of conducting a "ballyhoo!" But Lesh doesn't seem to have the faculty of "pointing with pride" and as a consequence his efforts are going, to an extent, unsung. A better politician would toot his own horn oftener.

HOW ABOUT THE PRICE?

THIS year bids fair to be a record-breaker for the production of coal. The cumulative production of bituminous to May 31, according to the United States Geological Survey, was 227,780,000 tons, a greater production than any year since 1914, with the single exception of the war year, 1918.

More important still to the Indiana householder who is concerned with heating his home next winter, is the fact that the total production of anthracite in these first five months of 1923 was 42,504,000 net tons—the maximum production ever recorded for a like period, and 15 per cent more than the average for eight years preceding 1922. Not even during the World War was any such amount of anthracite ever lifted to the surface.

There is every reason, therefore, to expect record-breaking production of both kinds of coal before next winter. According to the good old moth-eaten law of supply and demand, therefore, coal should be plenty and cheap. Is it? There is plenty, all right, but as to cheapness—that, as Kipling says, is another story. But why not? Maybe some one can answer.

PASSING OF WOODEN INDIANS

THE cigar store Indian is almost an extinct species. He is seen in Indianapolis now almost as seldom as his living prototype.

Which reminds us other signs of trade are passing. What has become of the mortar and pestle that used to stand in front of nearly every Indianapolis drug store? And what has become of the big bottles of colored liquid that druggists used to have in their windows when drug stores were drug stores and not merely incidental attachments to restaurants and general merchandise establishments.

The jewelry store clock on the sidewalk still stands, but it is frequently wrong. Nobody seems to have put up a new one recently. Perhaps they will be the next to go.

How many of the things we see every day will be curiosities ten or twenty years from now?

TO YOUR SENSES, GIRLS!

JUST why we have had five missing girls in one week is inexplicable. And why girls who are of an age to know and realize better, should want to thrust upon their parents the anxiety and worry of their absence is unreasonable.

The daughters of today are going to be the mothers of tomorrow, and we do not want the coming generation to depreciate in standards.

Out from the protecting care of the experienced father and mother, these girls are subject to temptations that do not arise in the home. Associations are dangerous.

Daughters should realize that it is very thoughtless and inconsiderate for them to place themselves and their parents in such an undesirable predicament. Daughters, come to your senses!

"POPULARITY"—Rockefeller, Volstead and Bryan have been nominated for the title of "most unpopular man in America." Well, there's Dempsey, and then there must be communities where Doc Cook doesn't rate so high.

A SLAP!—Secretary Hughes believes the newspapers are to blame for the difficulties encountered by his twelve-mile run line treaty proposals. Not very flattering to foreign diplomats—this assumption they would not have seen the absurdities without assistance from American editors.

Lew Shank is showing symptoms of leading another "army" on the Statehouse.

TARIFF IS DOOMED—RALSTON

Hoosier Says No Party Can Win in 1924 With Present Duties.

WILL BE BIGGEST ISSUE
Senator Declares People Beginning to Realize Evils of Bill.

By JOHN CARSON,
Times Staff Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Senator Samuel M. Ralston was seated in his room at the Willard Hotel gossiping about things in general and politics in particular.

"I tell you the big issue will be the tariff," he insisted and he pounded his knee to emphasize the point. "No party can win in the next presidential race with this tariff. The people are going to learn something about it."

We shook our head rather dubiously. Memories of Senator "Jim" Watson orating on the tariff came back. It was one subject that made "Jim" a star. He could dress up a volume of two of meaningless figures about which he knew little and his audience knew less and get away with it. All he had to do was to shout figures in the millions and then wave the flag and cry over the full dinner pail and the tariff speech was a success.

Hard to Realize

So, with these memories, the suggestion the tariff would be an issue, understood by the people, and that they would vote against the insane Fordney-McCumber bill, seemed hardly possible of realization.

But word comes into Washington that the tariff will be a big issue, perhaps one of the biggest, and that Ralston is right. The farmer's plight and his sad story of being headed a tariff gold-brick, the story of sugar, the story of aluminum, the story of housing costs jumping faster and faster have made the tariff an understandable issue.

And worse than that—

Every authority, Republican and Democratic, in the Government service says we are on tariff stilts and are threatening now to topple over. The inevitable result is going to be less prosperous times and some unemployment.

Steel Is Example

Take the steel industry. It's running full speed ahead now satisfying a demand in this country. The speed probably will continue throughout this year. But the future does not look so good. The steel manufacturers have to import a considerable quantity of raw materials. The tariff wall has boosted the price and the inevitable result is steel production costs are high. That means higher building costs. That means higher construction costs throughout and the fact is being pointed home here that foreign producers are capturing business our steel men used to get. When the domestic demand is somewhat satisfied there will be less market for our steel manufacturers, less production, less employment and more idle hands. And that's coming. Wall St. knows it.

Indiana Sunshine

Show girl with the Dodson carnival at Columbus saw a bootlegger buy several bottles of whisky. She set her bulldog on the man. Man fled. Dog dug up the whisky. The girl called other members of her troupe. Result—troupe has good supply.

The Marshall County Hospital, Plymouth, will receive about \$500 from performance of a pageant, "The Pilgrim at the Book."

A committee of Rushville citizens will go to Franklin to try to make arrangements to bring to Rushville the cabin in which Gen. Pleasant A. Hackleman, civil war hero, once lived. It is planned to erect the cabin in Memorial Park.

William Hamilton and Doris Goldberry, Frankfort boys, set out on a hike which will lead them across the Canadian border.

A note for \$1,200 which has been held against the First Baptist parsonage, Columbus, was burned at the church. J. R. Dunlap, supervisor of the church, paid \$600, after the church had raised an equal amount.

Bluffton Rotarians have pledged \$1,500 to the Riley hospital.

Lebanon high school students won't have to worry about their clothing and books next year. New steel locks have been provided.

Plump women may have less sickness than their slim sisters, as the doctors say, but my—my, what a time they have with their clothing.

The Pullman smoker was stationed at a little station, not far from Cincinnati, upon the platform of which a little country brass band was doing its loudest on "Hot Time," when one of the smokers said:

"I never see a trombonist work his piston rod, but I'm reminded of my career as bandmaster up in Ashtabula County."

"There was one time when we headed the Knights of Pythias uniformed at a prize drill over in Buffalo's ball park. They'd filled out the Ashtabula quota of driller by picking barbers, horseshoers, printers and such, and when the Maltese cross, I think it was, was ordered, the mothers of those Ashtabulanians couldn't have plucked out their own sons from the scrapple of the ranks. Your bandmaster, meaning me, simply marches his band through a hole in the fence and we stood outside swapping profanity and blowing our fellow townsmen for the Courier read:

"Finally, it was up to me to go to the 'POPULARITY'—Rockefeller, Volstead and Bryan have been nominated for the title of "most unpopular man in America." Well, there's Dempsey, and then there must be communities where Doc Cook doesn't rate so high.

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Unprecedented

By BERTON BRALEY
Whatever the spot you may visit, A mountain or seaside resort, If you should remark, "Oh, why is that rain interferes with our sport?"

The natives will give you this reason, As though they were chanting together, "It's normally dry at this season. But this is unusual weather!"

And when from the city you're flying To some "breezy country retreat," And find everybody is frying In almost unbearable heat, When all of the countryside blazes With fires of a world that is neither, You hear this most frequent of phrases, "It's really unusual weather!"

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