

# The Indianapolis Times

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## DEATH AT GRADE CROSSINGS

A automobile. A grade crossing. A wreck. Five persons killed. Two others hurt. It occurred near Terre Haute the other day. There are innumerable crossings—railroad and interurban—in this immediate locality where such a disaster may occur today or tomorrow.

Fatal grade crossing accidents are increasing in alarming proportions. Educational campaigns, safety weeks, placards emphasizing the perils of carelessness and recklessness apparently are having but limited effect. Almost every day in some section of Indiana the death toll is increased.

In its report for June the Pennsylvania Railroad System shows an increase of 60 per cent in grade crossing accidents this year over June, 1922, and an increase of 115 per cent over June, 1921.

The primary causes are given as—

High speed.

Reckless driving.

Defective brakes.

Disregard of crossing watchman's signals.

Stalling on tracks.

The report may be taken as an average for other railroads of the United States.

The admonition of the grade crossing sign—STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! must be complied with before there can be any decrease in the number of crossing accidents.

The Indianapolis Times has discussed this question before and will continue doing so, hoping by reiterating the necessity of carelessness that some good will come of it. Sanity in motor driving is increasing to some extent, but not as it should be.

## NOT FOREVER, MR. DAUGHERTY

THE law, says Attorney General Daugherty, is now settled forever. He refers to the order of Federal Judge Wilkerson at Chicago making permanent the injunction against the striking railroad shopmen. (This strike, by the way, was amicably settled in the case of the more reasonable railroads nearly ten months ago, when they conceded the justice of the shopmen's demands.)

Daugherty's action in asking for the injunction startled a great part of the country, including many of his own friends. It was regarded as unwarranted interference on behalf of the railroads in a dispute wherein, to say the least, the protest of the workers was founded on simple justice.

But, says Daugherty, the law is now settled forever.

The present attorney general is mistaken as to that, of course. It may be that the law is settled so long as the present forces control the appointment of Federal judges in America. That means the dominant forces in society.

The history of the Federal courts, including the Supreme Court, reflects accurately from generation to generation the element in society that has the most power. Just now the courts are largely filled with justices whose prominence was obtained as railroad lawyers. Naturally years spent in the employment of the railroads has enabled such judges to see the rights of the railroad owners with the greatest clarity.

Who knows how long it will be before the tables are turned? The workers, exerting their political power intelligently, may one day have a control of affairs equal to that possessed by the present dominant interests. That time may be soon. When it comes, we may see the people's lawyers on the Federal bench. And won't the precedent set long ago of straining the meaning of the United States Constitution to fit the needs of dominant interests provide a useful tool for these people's lawyers after they reach the bench?

No, Mr. Daugherty, the law may be settled for a while, but not forever.

## SAFEGUARD YOUR NERVES

DID you ever lock the house door, climb into your auto for a motor trip, then get out and go back to make sure the door was locked? Did you have to try the knob not once but several times before convinced the door wouldn't swing open at the first touch of a thief who might happen along?

Did you ever get out of bed and "make sure" the lights were turned off in a certain room, or in the cellar, even though you recalled very distinctly having turned them out?

Did you ever go over the house carefully before retiring or leaving the premises, to make sure that nothing had been forgotten in the way of smoldering cigarettes that might start a fire? Did you make the rounds of the house several times, repeatedly scrutinizing the same places, and even then not be confident that there was no fire hazard?

Did you ever . . . O what's the use? All of us are subject to these occasional losses of confidence in our own memory and judgment.

Cases such as these are apt to make us wonder occasionally if we are "all there" mentally. An insanity specialist, interrogated, might not be very comforting in his answers.

These queer brain short-circuits or throw-backs are not so much matters of sanity as of nerves. They belong in the same class as nervous drumming with fingertips, tapping of shoes to keep time to music, counting stairs as we climb, making freakish moron pencil designs in absent-minded moments while talking over the phone or waiting for a number.

Such brain lapses, unless curbed, can become annoying habits. Fundamentally they are nervous disturbances.

And they demonstrate that good memory, confidence in one's judgment and acts, and the alertness that is the opposite of absent-mindedness—all these are in varying degree a condition of nerves, rather than of education or determination or the hanging of "pep" mottoes over the desk.

Safeguard your nerves, for only when they are functioning harmoniously does your brain do its best work. You've observed how difficult it is to concentrate and reason when nervously restless.

PROBABLY the men who are boasting Henry can be listed as Ford accessories and it will be all right.

WE KNOW our exports to Canada have increased, but what about our moist imports? Eh, Roy Haynes?

THERE IS some talk about farmers holding wheat for higher prices. Who is going to take care of the mortgage on the old homestead in the meantime?

## ALABAMIAN LOOMS AS WET HOPE

Boomers Say Underwood Would Carry East and Solid South.

By Times Special

WASHINGTOM, July 19.—Zealous wetters, thirsting for a chance to wallop the Volstead act by voting for an anti-prohibition candidate in the next presidential election, stand about a one-to-ten chance of gratifying their wishes. And no more.

And their candidate will not be Governor Al Smith, champion of the New York wet legion. The truth of the matter is, Governor Al has been so all-fired victorious in his State he is now a public figure to be nominated, even if other odds were not against him.

So thoughts of conservative Democrats are turning fondly to Oscar Underwood, United States Senator from Alabama, pride of the sunny South, and author of the now dead and buried Underwood tariff.

Emissaries of the aforementioned conservative wing of the Democratic party have been sounding out local Democratic bosses of the East and of New England on Underwood's candidacy and report as follows:

Quite a flock of New York State Democrats think Underwood might do, if he would run on a platform with a damp plank in it. They think they could capture New York City and Bumble Bee that basis, which virtually means that State.

Similar hopes were expressed by Democrats leaders in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Of New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland the Underwood boomers seem quite sure.

This set-up, if staged, would mean the East and the South might elect a President without aid from the Middle West and the West. The East and the South have the votes in the electoral college, if they are solid for one candidate. Sectional pride is counted to carry the dry South for Underwood, even if the East voted for him as a wet.

## Laughs

Not Particular

A woe-begone specimen of the tramp tribe made a call at a rural residence to ask for aid. The door was opened by a woman of angular proportions, severe in demeanor and uncertain age and temper. Having speedily ascertained the object of the unexpected visit, in raspy tones she observed:

"I shall not give you anything. If you had been wise, you would not have come here. Do you know who I am?"

The weary wanderer replied he had not the pleasure of knowing.

"Well, I'm a policeman's wife, and if he were here he would take you and very quickly, too."

The tired tramp looked at her quietly for a minute, and then said: "I believe you, ma'am. If he took you he'd take anybody."—Argonaut.

Like the Family Hooch

A stranger in the city went up to a barkeeper and ordered a drink.

After serving the stranger the barkeeper immediately grabbed him by the collar and hustled him to the door.

"Whaddye putting me out for," the stranger demanded, indignantly. "I ain't started nothin' yet."

"I know," the barkeep replied, "but you are going to in a minute."—Youngstown Telegram.

Sister's Face Value

Didn't I hear Jack remark to you that my face was my fortune?

No, he said your face must have cost a fortune.—Boston Transcript.

When Her Feller Popped

One can be very happy in this world with health and money.

Then let's be made one. I have the health and you have the money.—Boston Transcript.

Points Made by Poets

No flower-bells that expand and shrink Gleam half so heavenly sweet As shine on life's untroubled brink A baby's feet.

—Swinburne.

Heard in Smoking Room

THE plifflit wall of a babe arose

Above the rattle and roar of the train, but the solitary man at the smoking-room window gave no sign that he heard or was disturbed. Steadily he gazed at the monotonous sage-brush plains and smoked. The wailing continued. Suddenly another man stamped into the smoking-room; then he burst into a seat and protested:

"Ye Gods, I'm tired of listening to the bawling of that kid! It's done nothing but cry since it was brought aboard. What the devil does a man mean by traveling about the country with an unmothered babe, anyway?"

The man at the window turned:

"I wouldn't kick about it, friend," he said. "I learned two years ago to accept a situation like this gracefully

"In the baggage car," the young fellow replied in a strained voice.

"In the baggage car!" shouted the big woman. "What in heaven's name is she doing there when this baby needs her?"

"Yes," said the father, as tears filled his weary, bloodshot eyes, "baby doesn't need her, but she—she—is dead. I am taking her home to her mother to be buried."

"Say, man—oh, man! You should have seen the change that came over the face of that big woman—that came over all of us. Rage turned to pity and pity to kindness in an instant. Well, from then on, during the whole long trip, that baby had the best and most care it ever had in all its short life. All of the women cuddled and cared for it in turn, and it cooed sweetly and soundly on the arm of the big woman by night. We men bought elegant meals for the young father, and, in a manly way, tried to let him know how we felt. Sometimes he smiled through his tears and looked the thanks his trembling lips could not utter. He was going to a little town near Cincinnati, and the big woman was bound for Baltimore. She volunteered to stay with him until she could put the babe in the arms of the sad grandmother who waited for the homecoming of her own baby—the baby in the baggage car. I saw them last at Chicago when they changed cars. The big woman was full command with the baby in her arms. Every one of us kissed that baby good-by and shook hands sympathetically with the sad young father."

"So, friend, I never say a word when a baby cries on my sleeper. Its mother may be riding in the baggage car."

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WE KNOW our exports to Canada have increased, but what about our moist imports? Eh, Roy Haynes?

THERE IS some talk about farmers holding wheat for higher prices. Who is going to take care of the mortgage on the old homestead in the meantime?

## TOM SIMS Says

Keep your temper. Alabama man broke his arm hitting a fly.

Too much sunshine makes a desert, but not enough makes arctic regions.

Statistics would show that every rich uncle in the world has some baby named after him.

The world gets faster. A man can get married in two minutes or drink himself to death in one.

Entirely too many people are going down to the movies to talk about something.

Wearing old clothes is all right if you know you don't have to.

The first time a man slaps a neighbor's child is always the last time.

Every time they build a new railroad crossing the auto dealers order more cars.

No home is complete without a few uncomfortable chairs to offer unwelcome company.

If you hear a great silence it is the children yelling for school to start again.

Some people will stand for anything, but help with nothing.

A bigamist says he married three times because he was crazy. Most everybody agrees.

## High Time

By BERTON BRALEY

When you're tired of work and you're tired of play,

When you're sleepless by night and you're restless by day,

And when you're convinced that it's every old way

There's something wrong

With creation.

When you are a pest to your children and wife,

When everything stirs you to anger and strife,

And all you can see is the dark side of life,

It's time that you took a vacation.

When you start to think, "I'm a downtrodden wight,

And there's simply nobody treating me right!"

When all of the world seems to ride you for spite,

And life is one long as gravitation;

When little things bother, and big things appeal,

When most of your thoughts are of wormwood and gall,

And you are fed up and disinterested with it all,

It's time that you took a vacation.

When rain makes you ugly, and sun makes you sore,

When you and your virtuous don't fibe any more,

When all of your fellow men's ways you deplore,

And view them with sour indignation;

When you're all the symptoms of sullen despair,

Stop gnashing your teeth and quit tearing your hair;

Snap out of it, beat it—go on, get the air!

It's time that you took a vacation.

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## A Thought

Not that goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.—Matt. 15:11.

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PEAK not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.—Carlyle.

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It's a mighty good thing to have

one's own buttons on one's coat.

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