

The Indianapolis Times

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PAYING FOR DEAD HORSE

RAILROAD men estimate that it would cost ten billion dollars to abolish all highway grade crossings in the United States. This, comments Barron's Weekly, is about half the entire original cost of building the railroads.

When the roads were built, construction costs were very low compared with now. Grade crossings could have been eliminated in thousands of cases, by bridging streets and roads above the steel tracks or tunneling them under, at no great increase in cost.

But the builders were not sufficiently prophetic in imagination to look into the future and realize that grade crossings would later become a grave traffic problem.

Now, at enormous expense, the railroads are gradually eliminating grade crossings—repairing their original blunder. It's like paying for a dead horse.

The big traffic problem in many cities today is that streets are too narrow. When the streets were laid out originally no one dreamed that the day would come when they'd not be wide enough. The general measure seems to have been to make roads just wide enough for two wagon loads of hay to pass each other without going into the ditch.

Despite this precedent, many old cities continue laying out narrow streets, and even new mushroom towns fail to build wide enough highways for steadily increasing congestion of traffic, bound to come.

A large portion of human effort is devoted to undoing the mistakes of the past. This is especially true of individuals. For instance, the majority of people seeking health in middle age, when they should be sturdy, are the victims of improper living in youth. Ill health as a rule is the payment of a bill that has been piling up for years.

In some ways it's a good thing we can't rend the veil and have our futures revealed to us. But, if we could see ahead ten years or more, most of us would change our habits, methods, goals and purposes—abruptly and decidedly.

Most people drift with the current. Only a few inquire carefully of veterans who have made the voyage before, and then steer a charted course to a definite destination.

EAGLE PLAYS DOVE

THE American eagle is not generally regarded as a dove of peace. But it is—and one of the most dependable—providing it is on a gold piece.

J. Pierpont Morgan's banking group has just announced a \$100,000,000 loan to France, to mature, according to reports, in one year. This can mean by one thing and that is that Wall Street—always pretty good at finding out which way the eat is going to jump—is convinced reparations and kindred troubles which France and Europe are now up against, will shortly be satisfactorily settled.

This but coincides with what The Times has been saying ever since the committee of experts, headed by the Americans, "Hellan-Maria Daves, Young and Robinson, was named to examine into Germany's capacity to pay, and suggest a way for her to do it.

A hundred million-dollar loan to France, sans such a settlement, would help neither France nor prove profitable to those who furnished the money. France can not stabilize her budget by borrowing. It only increases her national debt and swells the amount which she must raise to meet interest payments. Such a loan can only afford a very temporary relief and save the franc pending a definite settlement.

Wall Street knows that. And when it makes this short-time loan it does so secure in the belief which virtually amounts to a certainty that a general and satisfactory European settlement is imminent.

Let us hope the eagle, in its role of peace harbinger, is right; not so much for the sake of Wall Street's \$100,000,000, but for the sake of the plain people of Europe and the world. They need the peace which the eagle now definitely promises for the first time since the Armistice.

Our own prosperity is very largely tied up with world prosperity. Our farm and other surplus products are growing much faster than we, ourselves, can consume them, and there must be an outlet for them.

If the eagle is right, as we hope he is, it only goes to show that America should have done its bit long ago to help settle the problems which, it seems, are now nearing a solution.

MARCH, the month when the lion and the lamb lie.

IT IS oily talk to say that a poor memory covers a multitude of sins.

ONE remarkable development of the oil jamboree is that, apparently, there were no innocent bystanders.

GOVERNOR DAVIS of Kansas says he would rather be a farmer than President. Now there, messmates, is an optimist.

MR. M'ADOO resigned from the Cabinet in order to keep the wolves from his door, and he did a good job of it. He made them feed him.

Mah Jongg

Are you a mah Jongg fan? If not, you soon will be. The disease is as prevalent as radioitis, and this fascinating Chinese game has taken hold of the American public with a vengeance. But there are a lot of hard things in the rules of the game that are difficult to understand unless simply and clearly explained.

Our Washington Bureau has a booklet ready for you on RULES FOR PLAYING MAH JONGG that DOES explain clearly and simply how the game is played. Every step in the play from the throw for position and the building of the wall to the counting of the score is explained. If you want this bulletin, fill out carefully the coupon below, clip off, and mail as directed with the required postage stamps enclosed:

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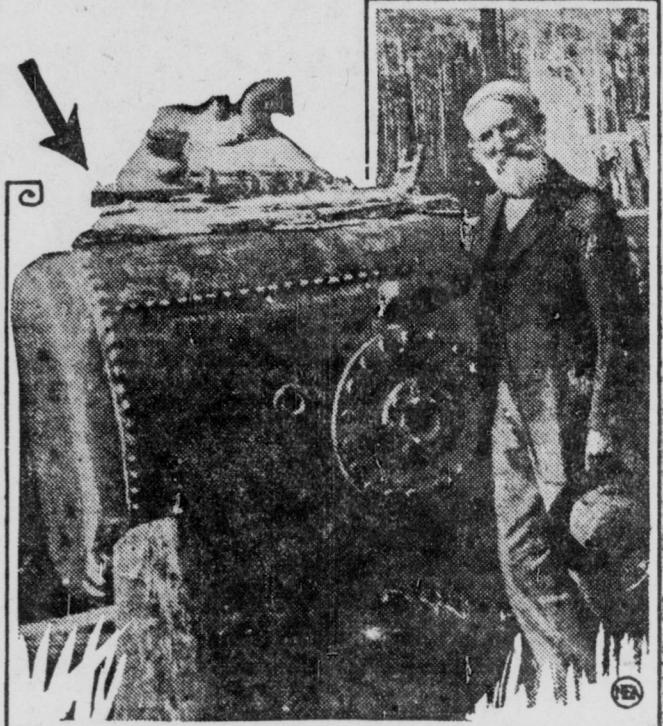
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I want a copy of the booklet MAH JONGG, and enclose herewith four cents in loose postage stamps for same.

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Contentment Found After 80 Years, in Boiler Along Road



JOHN MUELLER, WHO LIVED IN A BOILER. ARROW INDICATES WHERE HIS BUNK WAS BUILT.

By NEA Service

CAINSVILLE, Fla., March 18.—"The Old Man Who Lived in a Boiler" is dead. Unlike "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," John Mueller lived in solitude.

Several years ago he shuffled his palsied way down the road to Gainesville, burdened with more than four-score years. His joints ached with rheumatism and his heart with a longing for peace and contentment.

There, along the road, was a rusty, discarded boiler. He crept into it to find a moment's respite from the strife of the passing world. Within it seemed there was a little world all his own.

And so John Mueller fixed a bunk for himself. He obtained an oil stove. He found that his rheumatic pains left him. The peace he had

sought all his life was his at last. Forty-six years ago he left Germany, after serving in two wars. He said that he was a true cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm, but cousin or no cousin, he wanted no more of fighting.

In America he found no wars. But he found that here, as everywhere men live in combat of wits, that all of life is a battle. And so he a crusader seeking peace for himself set out on a long journey—that ended when he found that old boiler alongside the road.

When he died it was found that he had saved \$55 in small coins against burial in a pauper's grave. And when he was laid away there were tears in the eyes of those who had understood the love of peace that had been in the heart of "The Old Man Who Lived in a Boiler."

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Editor's Mail

The editor is willing to print views of Timers on interesting subjects. Make your comment brief. Sign your name as an evidence of good faith. It will not be printed if you object.

Carrying On

To the Editor of The Times
I served overseas. I am neither for nor against the bonus. All I ask is a square deal so I can make a fair living for my family. When I enlisted I gave up the chance to learn a trade. When I came back my place was filled and my trade gone. Since then I have married and have a family, but nothing else. I cannot support them, for my trade is truck driving, which I did while in service. Whenever I apply for a job as driver they ask me for recommendations and my honorable discharge papers, but I refuse to give it any more.

I was out of work for weeks. Recently I applied for a job with the State highway commission on W. Market St. The boss asked me if I ever drove an Army truck, and when I replied I had pushed one for three years, he replied: "Oh, we do not hire any ex-Army drivers for their tear our trucks all to pieces." They were glad to get us during the war. Nothing was too good for the boys, then, but now nothing is too bad for an ex-soldier. Give them a bonus and always say, "I want you. I want you."

What could a man do to God which would in any sense hurt God and for which a man ought to apologize to God? The wrong done springs out of the character of God and the nearness of God to the life of man. God is close to the life of a man, always saying, "I want you. I want you."

PRAYER: We pray Thee, Almighty God, that Thy grace may rest upon our spirits. May we feel the impress of Thy love upon our lives. Let Thy love enlighten our path as stars in the night. Abide Thou with us, in Christ's name. Amen.

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17th of March

To the Editor of The Times
Whilst poor Pat appreciates his adopted home, the States, is cognizant of the comforts that bring him.

Please excuse him once a year, if to you he does appear

To transfer his affections in the spring.

On the seventeenth of March, he'll remove his glass and starch, The veneer unto his manner will not cling.

Who can blame him, once they've seen.

The "Old Dart" in mantle green? It's a sight exhilarating in the spring.

Memories which God assigns to ease tumultuous minds

Convey to Paddy's musings—taken wing.

That if God but spares his health to secure a little wealth,

He'll visit friends and country next spring.

—Dan Riley.

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