

The Indianapolis Times

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No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

A Great Man Is Dead

HERE died at a country home northwest of Indianapolis Wednesday night a plain Hoosier.

Instead of columns of obituary and black headlines and many pictures, Samuel M. Ralston would have preferred that his death be announced by some such expression as the foregoing. But the fellow citizens of Senator Ralston saw in this plain Hoosier a great man. And he was beloved because he could be a great man and still be a plain Hoosier.

He walked with kings yet kept the common touch.

He served his people long and well. He did not seek honors, but when his party and the voters called him he responded as long as his health and strength permitted.

The administration of Samuel M. Ralston as Governor of Indiana was one on which the State can look back with satisfaction. It was a good administration. Following his term in office Mr. Ralston retired to the practice of law.

But in 1922 his party needed a candidate for the United States Senate who could win. It naturally chose Ralston as the man. For weeks he declined to be a candidate and not until almost the last minute, when he thought no other candidate would enter, did he consent to make the race. Another candidate entered, however, and Ralston said that if he had known of his entry he himself would not have been a candidate. In the election he defeated the brilliant Albert J. Beveridge and went to the Senate.

Then came the Democratic national convention at New York. It was deadlocked. A contest of unparalleled bitterness proceeded from day to day in Madison Square Garden, while the world looked on. The party leaders were in despair. They saw the chances for victory in the November election, seeming so bright a few weeks earlier, steadily growing dim. A man on whom all elements could unite was desperately needed.

But Senator Ralston was not at the convention. He was at his country home looking

Secretary Weeks' Resignation

THE resignation of Secretary of War Weeks from President Coolidge's cabinet, long expected though it was, will be keenly felt in the Army.

Not that anything demanding genius arose during his term in office, but the Army always felt it had in him a friend who would go the limit in its behalf. And he did.

Just as happens after every war, a wave of economy-at-any-price struck Congress leading to the demand in certain quarters that the Army be greatly reduced and that less and less money be spent on its upkeep. Secretary Weeks bitterly fought this plan whenever it cut so closely as to threaten, in his opinion, the national defense.

Took ill to sit at his desk at the War Department in Washington, he even found the strength to go to Swampscott, where the President summered, to plead the cause of the Army and the national defense against any too drastic cuts in appropriations.

Secretary Weeks' resignation will affect the Army largely on sentimental grounds for, since he was stricken months ago, his going has been considered merely a matter of time.

In Weeks' absence from Washington, Dwight F. Davis of Missouri had been acting Secretary of War. He has now been raised to cabinet rank. He should be able to carry on successfully. In fact, as acting Secretary of War he was largely instrumental in having President Coolidge appoint the special board now investigating the aircraft row raised by Colonel Mitchell.

Mostly since Secretary Weeks' illness the armed service of the country has been pretty badly shot to pieces by internal rows and differences of opinion.

In restoring harmony and efficiency in his own organization, at least, the new Secretary of War may well find his first job already cut out for him.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

You can get an answer to any question in The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 322 W. New York Ave., Washington, D. C., including a cent stamp for reply. Medical, legal and many other questions can be given full and extended research. All other questions will receive a prompt reply. Unsolicited requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

Can you tell something of the life of Emil Waldteufel? He was born at Strasburg, Dec. 9, 1837. He was a pupil of the Paris Conservatory of Music, studying un-

der Marmontel and Laurent. Later he was employed in a piano factory, and then became pianist to the Emperor Eugenie. His first waltzes, "Jolies et Paines" and "Manola," were published at his own expense, and were such a success that he devoted himself exclusively to the production of similar things. He became director of the court balls, besides making tours to London, Berlin, Vienna, etc. Eventually he

orchestra, but also arranged for the piano. He died in 1915.

What is the meaning of the word "velocipedestrianistic?" This is the adjective form of the word and means one who rides on a velocipede.

What is the tax on cigarettes sent to Germany?

They are taxed at the rate of 7,500 gold marks per hundred kilograms.

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION

JOHN F. WALKER and his co-workers are up to their necks in plans and publicity for the Mardi Gras celebration which will be a regular downtown Halloween party in Indianapolis. The State at large is invited to come and make merry.

Halloween is of particular interest to small boys—and others not so small. They feel small. They feel that it is one occasion in the year when they should be allowed to act loose and enjoy themselves.

They generally do, but too often the carnival spirit degenerates to mere destructive pranks.

To the peaceful householder with movable possessions Halloween is apt to be a night of anguish. He is run ragged keeping the goblins from carrying off his property piecemeal.

Already police authorities in Hoosier cities are issuing warnings against Halloween depredations.

The Chief of Police of Elwood has announced that any boy caught in Halloween mischief in that city will be jailed. Similar edicts will be promulgated hither and yon in the next two weeks.

Nevertheless All Souls' Eve will come and go and will be observed in the customary manner. There will be a certain amount of harmless pleasure mixed, as usual, with destructive pranks. The carnival spirit characteristic of the occasion cannot be stifled by official frowns.

The proposed Mardi Gras in Indianapolis may not make the city bigger, busier or better. But as a civic celebration it will be worth while.

Colorful and entertaining, it will give the Halloween carnival spirit full scope for its imagination without the necessity of heaving brick through the neighbor's window to make a large evening.

Modest by nature, he did not belittle his own capacity. He had the best of reasons for believing he had proved a worthy Governor of his own State. His four years in the State House had been successful. His administration had been one of constructive achievement.

Recognition of this had been given by the State when it sent him to the Senate. But he knew the years had told on him and he could not give comparable service in the White House.

The temptation was strong, but he put it aside. A unique episode in our national history. An almost unexampled instance of self-sacrifice. A great man.

Senator Ralston is dead. The event he feared might occur in the White House has come on his little farm.

Other women present gave darning socks, making beds and dusting as their pet aversions. All agreed it wasn't the big household tasks but the small irritating jobs that got on their nerves.

They are no different than the common run of folks in that respect.

Most any man can storm a trench, commit a murder, or attack any of the larger affairs of life with enthusiasm under the proper incentive. But he hates the drudgery of detail and the small, necessary tasks. He would rather go out and slay a mess of dragons for dinner than hang a picture or shake down the furnace.

But unfortunately the ordinary human being can't make life just a succession of big jobs; the irritating little tasks are bound to creep in. Even George Washington couldn't devote all his time to being father of his country. He had to stop occasionally to wash his face and his socks had to be darned like those of other mortals.

Maybe even beyond the grave people won't escape the irritating little tasks. They may have to polish up their halos, brush their wings, and keep their harps in tune. So all they can do about the irritating little jobs is to grin and bear them.

The chances are you wish you were in some one else's shoes because you don't know they hurt.

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