

# IF YOU were to DIE TONIGHT

—what would the Newspapers say about you tomorrow? Outside your own immediate family, how much would it really mean? **WOULD INDIANAPOLIS CARE?**

MY ambition is to so live that when I die the cook and the COLORED BARBER and the man who carries out our ashes will FEEL THE LOSS. For after all, the only thing that really counts is the dent you have made on JUST RAW HUMAN HEARTS.

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Who would care if you DIED TONIGHT? Nobody.

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This world is full of mute human beings who have been cut to the VITALS and who are bleeding to death internally—**TOO PROUD** to complain—silent, glorious SUFFERERS.

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And Indianapolis has HER SHARE.

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You know—this game of JUST LIVING is no CINCH. A man still possessed of his full strength, with friends, money, position and political pull, can not always stand the gaff. Right here at home we all know of instances where strong men of our own acquaintance have given up the fight and put an end to it all, simply because the game was too strong for them.

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And still out in West Indianapolis a little sick woman with five small children grits her teeth and in spite of the hacking cough that she can not shake and of the two degrees of fever that invariably come up every afternoon STICKS TO HER WASH TUB. Six months at Sunnyside would probably save that woman. Do any of you men want to smoke a few less cigars or cut down on your Kelly pool and give her and those kids A CHANCE for their white alley?

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Out at the Florence Crittenton Home there is a little flapper—probably about the age of your own happy daughter. Her mother never knew enough to put her wise. Her father didn't give a damn. She'll be out in a couple of weeks—**TOO WEAK TO TAKE UP THE BATTLE**. She needs a lift. She needs to learn that Indianapolis down in its great heart **UNDERSTANDS** and isn't altogether **DOWN ON HER FOR LIFE**. There's a way to throw

your arms around that MERE CHILD and fight off the gang till she has time to figure out what it's all about and **COME BACK**.

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And how about the youngster? You know it can't be to blame; and after all it's just another HUMAN BEING—maybe destined and endowed to serve America and do a good turn in the world—and perhaps hand out alms to your grandchildren in the uncertain days that are to come.

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There is a BANK in which the only deposits are GOOD DEEDS and it is the only bank whose checks are good at **CROWN HILL**.

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Then somewhere, too, there's a BIG BOOK in which are entered all the debits and credits of everybody—your debits and credits and mine.

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I wonder how we stand.

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This is no time to get MUSHY and to rave over the good work that the Community Fund is doing. The man who doesn't try in some way to help others is rare. By and large, we all have soft moments—and that's what's making the world over.

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Of course you're going to give somebody a lift in 1926.

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The only reason for the Community Fund is the simple fact that it is **THE ONE BETTER WAY**. It protects us against helping unworthy SOBBING CROOKS, and makes sure that our money GOES TO THE RIGHT SPOTS. Incidentally, it is the CHEAPEST and SUREST WAY of healing human hearts.

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Therefore, when a man who is just as busy as you are comes to your office BEGGING FOR OTHERS, don't get hard nosed. Make it SNAPPY and **COME THROUGH**. And don't forget that just another NAUGHT on the end of that check will save a HUMAN LIFE.

## INDIANAPOLIS COMMUNITY FUND

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