

# The Indianapolis Times

ROY W. HOWARD, President

WM. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.

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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.

## Another Sidney Carton

FORMER Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan in a letter to President Coolidge suggests that he be allowed to serve the remainder of Warren T. McCray's term in the Federal penitentiary and that McCray be released.

Of course, Osborn knows that such a thing is entirely out of the question. There is no way for a substitute to serve a prison term—if the authorities find it out.

But Osborn has by his letter brought the McCray petition for executive clemency back to front page prominence and this may be the means of bringing about a decision on the subject. The petition has been reposing for months somewhere in the Government files at Washington.

There would not be any considerable objection among Indiana citizens to the pardoning of McCray. Most people, we believe, feel that he should be treated just as any other criminal. But he should not necessarily receive harsher treatment than other criminals because of the prominence of his previous position.

## Farmers Protest

INDIANA farmers have joined those of Iowa and other States in insisting that they expect something more of the Government than a slap on the back and the statement that they are good fellows.

"We demand that Congress face the issue squarely and recognize the critical condition of the farmer and the problem involved," says a resolution of the Indiana Farm Bureau Federation. "We warn Congress that our farmers will not tolerate any sop or makeshift legislation simply because it is labeled 'agricultural relief.'"

Evidently Hoosier farmers were not so enthusiastic about that Coolidge speech at Chicago. They are looking for the same sort of protection that the Government accords some other lines of business.

## Munsey and Art

EN often do queer things at the end, things that seem quite out of line with what they thought and the way they lived.

You wonder if it is to satisfy balked ambition, or if it is their better selves coming to the surface.

Take this case of Munsey, for instance, in which he surprised everybody by leaving his millions to art, and what is the explanation?

No one suspected that he was particularly interested in art, yet in the end he made art his legacy.

Did he come to the conclusion that art is the most wonderful thing in life, or was his action the result of a secret longing?

He got his start in the publishing business, though after some bitter experience. He stayed with the publishing business, in one form or another, as long as he lived.

Why didn't he remember it, if only in a small way, as Pulitzer did?

Certainly there is room for aid and encouragement in the publishing field, room for special libraries, schools, prizes and pension funds.

But Munsey would have none of these in his will, and you can't help wondering why?

What was it that turned his thoughts to painting, statuary and curios at the last?

What was it that made him content to have his magazines and newspapers sold out leaving hundreds of workers to shift for themselves

never guess, no matter how greatly you may love, just what aches of spirit throng beside you, nor what longings may beset the heart you think of as your own.

Have you never looked into the enigmatic eyes of your own children—mere babies perhaps they were—and felt near to tears at glancing the strangers who looked out at you?

For we cannot be to others much more than a contact of physical being. Sometimes we scale the heights and for a blissful, swiftly-passing moment feel that soul has touched our soul, but rare indeed are these instances and precious. And no one is ever quite the companion of our spirit which we crave.

Each human soul goes groping on its way, surrounded by the emptiness of the finite, and ever aching for that something to which it feels it must be joined before it reaches completion, that perfect Oneness which is God.

And today our gropings have taken on strange guises. We ride and dance and drink and play a great deal and think very little. We rush about looking for companionship and yet never seeking it within ourselves, where is only to be found perfect and lasting content.

That man who cannot live with himself over a period of days is not fit associate for his friends, for in crowds we may exist with laughter, but in solitude we grow with contemplation.

Have you never looked into the face of the one you loved best and longed for the power of seeing into the innermost recesses of that mind, nor wondered what thoughts we were actually harbored behind those eyes which you will never know. You can

## Ask the Times

You can get an answer to any question you may have by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1205 New York Ave., Washington, D. C., enclosing a postage stamp for reply. Medical, legal and marital questions will not be answered, nor will extensive research be made on any one question. All letters are confidential—Editor.

To what does the name "Palouse" refer?

It is the name of a small tribe of Indians inhabiting the Palouse River Valley in the State of Washington. It is an Indian proper name.

How many members of the Roman Catholic Church are there in England, Scotland and Wales?

Roman Catholics in England and Wales combined are estimated at 1,230,000. In Scotland there are approximately 600,000.

How many grams in an ounce?

An ounce has 28.35 grams and one gram weighs 0.03527 of an ounce.

Where can I find the poem "Birds of Killingworth"?

It is from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." (The Poet's Tale), and may be found in any edition of Longfellow's collected poems.

## A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah 11:5.

WHAT a blessing children are to the great big world. "I love these little people," said Dickens, "and it is not a slight thing when they are so fresh from God love us." Unfortunate is the man who does not know what it is to have the companionship of children. They bring to our firesides bright faces, happy smiles and tender hearts. They make men unselfish, sympathetic and affectionate. The recollection of the little ones in the home has often been a safe guard to reckless men and careless women.

The sweetest epitaph ever written on a tombstone were the words of a little girl, spoken when she took her farewell look at the pale face and beautiful form of her schoolmate. Looking through her tears, she said: "It was so easy to be good when she was with us." Somehow the influence of children helps us all to be good.

Some time ago I read a most touching story, showing what an influence a child has over men. This

## RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

### THE MICROBES CAN WAIT

THE State board of health adopted a resolution at a special meeting Monday formally charging its secretary, Dr. William F. King, with neglect of duty and other crimes. Hearing of the removal proceedings will start Jan. 11.

Consequently consideration of the survey of the water supply of Washington (Ind.) scheduled for the regular board meeting on Jan. 13 has been postponed until Jan. 20.

A year ago typhoid appeared in Washington. Citizens suspected a contaminated water supply and called on the State health board to investigate. Seven or eight months ago the sanitary engineer completed examination of the situation.

He found the city's sewage emptied into White River above the intake of the city's water system. Perhaps that condition wasn't responsible for the typhoid. Still it must add age, strength and whiskers to Washington's drinking water. Certainly it called for immediate attention and action of the State board of health.

But since last summer the sanitary expert's report of the Washington situation has been kicked around, and has never been considered by the board. If typhoid germs are in that city's water they can slide down the citizens' guttles undisturbed as far as the State board of health is concerned.

Since last summer the full attention of health board members—the majority faction—has been devoted to ousting Dr. King from his position. They are out to "get" King—the microbes can wait. How does such activity benefit public health?

### FOR WHOM WAS HE FIGHTING?

NOMINATION of Robert H. Bryson for the postmastership in Indianapolis, to succeed himself, has been sent to the Senate by President Coolidge.

No hitch in confirmation of the reappointment is expected.

The action rather leaves our pugnacious Congressman, Ralph E. Updike, all dressed up and no place to go.

He has fought the reappointment of the present postmaster, without his— the Congressman's—approval, as an assault on congressional dignity and an infringement of congressional rights and privileges. He appealed to the President. The next day the President sent Bryson's name to the Senate.

Congressman Updike has oft proclaimed that in Washington he will always be found battling valiantly for his constituents. So far his biggest fight, which he has just lost, has been over the nomination of a postmaster for Indianapolis—a vendetta against the reappointment of Mr. Bryson.

What interest does the average constituent of the Congressman have in that battle? As far as most citizens of Indianapolis know the present postmaster is satisfactory and competent. They aren't opposed to his reappointment for another term.

Then why should our Congressman fight, bleed and die on that issue? For whom is he fighting—his personal interest or the public's?

There is no one who knows you like you do, of course. You can't kid yourself about you. Your honest opinion will come from the source of the really worth-while things you stand in a crowd?

A man is a man—that's according to Burne—but it's not the full story, by far. The real tests depends as a man lives and learns, on the kind of a man that you are.

The world's full of things that are meant to be done, and we all have our share, so they tell us. To do things alone, 'cause you want to, is fun, much more so than when things compel us.

There's no one who knows you like you do, of course. You can't kid yourself about you. Your honest opinion will come from the source of the really worth-while things you stand in a crowd?

Though mirrors may cast a reflection of style, of good looks, appearance and such, it's what's inside that is really worth while. Think it over. Do you count for something?

"Look on either surface of a bright new dollar, if you want to see the bright side of things," advises a kind friend. But he neglects to tell how to get the dollar.

Why worry if a cute pug nose May happen in your cup? For, as life comes and goes A lot of things turn up.

NOW, HONESTLY

Hey you! Why don't you pull up your tie?

Why not button that top button on your shirt?

Oh, so you're not worried about personal appearance?

Well, you're standing on the wrong foot!

Clothes don't make the man, but appearance helps to make him fit in where slovenliness has no place.

Tidy up a bit. It's worth while.

Son—Hey, Pop, what does liquid date mean?

Pop—That's what the party your mother and I want to New Year's eve turned out to be.

## Allowing Bruce Wallace and Gerald Griffin to Appear on the Same Program

By Walter D. Hickman

ENORS are hard to find these days; that is, good ones. So they say.

The phonograph has been a fine medium of developing singing talent.

With the great increase in appreciation for vocal music, the tenor has been in big demand upon phonograph records.

In Gerald Griffin and Bruce Wallace, tenor, who specializes to a great extent in ballads of sentiment. This is recognized in two new Okeh records which include "June Brought the Roses," "Summer Nights," "Brown Eyes Why Are You Blue?" and "Mother, Me, Tennessee."

Wallace does not hesitate to sing the songs which are best sellers. He puts a sort of inspirational glow in such a song as "Brown Eyes."

It is interesting to note with what charm and vocal sincerity a great artist brings to the popular songs of the day.

### Dance Records

Have been asked to list some new Vocalon Dance records. I submit the following list of Vocalon Dance records:

"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue," Fox Trot

"Bambola," Fox Trot

"I Never Knew," Fox Trot

"The Ambassadors," Under Direction of Louis Katzman

"That Centaur," Fox Trot

"(With Vocal Chorus)," Fox Trot

"Under Direction of Louis Katzman," Fox Trot

"Sleepy Time Gal," Fox Trot

"Ben Sevin and His Orchestra," Fox Trot

"Who's Been Lovin' You," Fox Trot

"It Must Be Love," Fox Trot

"Harry Asbury and His Orchestra," Fox Trot

"I Was Built for Lovin' You," Fox Trot

"Harry Asbury and His Orchestra," Fox Trot

"I'm Sitting On Top of the World," Fox Trot

"The Ambassadors," Under Direction of Louis Katzman

"Military Mike," Fox Trot

"Dixie Dishes," Fox Trot

"House Party Stomp," Fox Trot

"Bingo-Piano-Clarinet," Fox Trot

"Grand Opera," Fox Trot

"Lucy Long," Fox Trot

"(With Vocal Chorus)," Fox Trot

"Show Me the Way to Go Home," Fox Trot

"Park Lane," Fox Trot

"Meeting Me Tonight in Dreamland," Waltz

"I'd Love to Live in Loveland with a Girl Like You," Fox Trot

"With You," Fox Trot

"Miami Marimba Band," Fox Trot

"Saxophone," Fox Trot

"Amor Perdido," Fox Trot

"The Castillians," Fox Trot

"Camel Walk," Fox Trot

"Down and Out," Fox Trot

"The Hootenays," Fox Trot

"Song of the Yagabands," Fox Trot

"From the Hills to the Hills," Fox Trot

"Lucy Long," Fox Trot

"(With Vocal Chorus)," Fox Trot

"The Circle," Fox Trot

"Dixie Dishes," Fox Trot

"House Party Stomp," Fox Trot

"Bingo-Piano-Clarinet," Fox Trot

"Grand Opera," Fox Trot

"Lucy Long," Fox Trot

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