

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.

VOTE FOR REMY

Whatever other selections the men and women of the Republican party may make in tomorrow's primary, let it be hoped that they will not surrender to the machine in the matter of William Remy.

The machine is planning to defeat this courageous prosecuting attorney who refuses to be either bluffed or bought.

The machine does not like men who show the courage which it took to send D. C. Stephenson to the penitentiary.

There is really no use in having a machine that you cannot control the men who enforce laws and thus secure favors for underworld characters.

The machine understands that if it can get rid of Remy in the primary, its chance of making a farce of all law and justice, of selling privilege to gamblers and bootleggers, will be greatly increased.

That is the reason the men who control that machine have lined up their forces to defeat Remy.

These bosses are much more concerned in the defeat of Remy than in the selection of Watson and Robinson, although they have made definite bargains for them.

They want to punish Remy, to make independent unpopular and discourage any other men from asserting the right to obey their oaths of office.

To defeat Remy means even more than revenge for his refusal to take orders or for his successful prosecution of Stephenson.

It means the defeat of decent government, the downfall of law.

The attack on Remy is a challenge to every man and woman of the Republican party who has a regard for either that party or for the welfare of the county and city.

The defeat of Remy can only mean that the party itself has passed to the control of those who will rent it to the lawbreaker, the bootlegger, the gambler, the disorderly.

Can that happen?

EGYPT AND THE OLD HACK HORSE

It was not without a smile of sympathetic understanding that we read of Egypt's shying at John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s \$10,000,000, gift and his final withdrawal of the more than generous offer.

Did you ever reach out to rub the nose of some poor old hack horse and have him violently jerk his head away and show you the whites of his eyes? Used only to blows and unacquainted with caresses, the animal thought you were going to do him an injury.

Egypt is like that horse. She is an ancient country and in all her thousands of years of history few have been the disinterested acts of kindness done her. The only rubbing her nose has received has been into the ground.

Thus when young Mr. Rockefeller, a few months ago, offered her \$10,000,000 to build and endow a great museum of antiquities and bureaus of archaeological research, she couldn't quite comprehend it. A hundred thousand dollars she could have understood, but ten million! Mr. Rockefeller certainly must have designs on the Sphinx or the pyramids or something.

There were, however, no strings tied to the Rockefeller gift. The museum was to be Egypt's, lock, stock and barrel. America's richest young man merely asked that American, British, French and other archaeologists should be allowed to cooperate with Egypt in bringing to light, for purposes of study, some of Egypt's fascinating and distant past. The museum would have brought the whole world to Egypt, to marvel.

But Egypt, like the hack horse, was suspicious. Nobody in Egypt ever does anything for nothing. Baksheesh is expected for whatever is done, and the greater the service performed the bigger the baksheesh demanded.

So Premier Ziwari Pasha, under the politest of exteriors, examined the ten-million-dollar gift so microscopically, top side, bottom side, sideways and so thoroughly, that "to relieve Egypt of further embarrassment," Mr. Rockefeller withdrew his offer. It's too bad but, under the circumstances, it was the only thing to do.

YOU WOULDN'T. THE GOVERNMENT WOULD

One fault to be found with the Government's plan to dispose of Muscle Shoals is that it seems to be based on the same theory as an European debt settlement.

In the case of Italy, Belgium and the rest there is some justification for the terms agreed to. It can be said that we must take what we can get—or nothing. In doing so it may be true, as Senator Howell of Nebraska argues, that we are presenting these European countries with vast sums of money—even \$1,500,000,000 in the case of Italy. But if we get something, that is better than nothing, and perhaps we should be satisfied. The money is gone. We can't get it back. Let's forget it.

Where does this theory apply to Muscle Shoals? Nowhere that we can see.

The people have Muscle shoals. It is ready to start paying the people dividends. It will not only make a direct profit on the investment, but indirectly, through providing real competition in the sale of power, will save millions to the people of the country.

It is not a case of take what we can get and be satisfied. We don't have to sell this great project. There is no reason whatever for selling it.

Yet a committee of Congressmen has solemnly presented to the House and Senate a proposal to sell Muscle Shoals on terms as extraordinary as any of the debt settlements thus far reached.

In effect, it is proposed to lease Muscle Shoals, which cost the taxpayers \$150,000,000—and is worth the money—for fifty years at a total rental of \$119,000.

Would you lease your \$15,000 home (furnished, a. m. i.) for fifty years for \$11,900? That is a little less than \$20 a month. You wouldn't.

Would you lease a \$150,000 factory, fully equipped and ready to produce goods, for fifty years for \$113,000? That is a little less than \$200 a month. You wouldn't.

But, it seems, the Government would.

NO TRIFLES

The man who, years ago, went over the Niagara Falls in a barrel was killed when he slipped on a bit of orange peel in a crowded city.

His challenge to death when he took the trip over that great abyss of water attracted the attention of the world.

The danger was unquestioned. It seemed as though death would be certain. The peril caught the imagination. He was acclaimed a hero because of his daring and his bravery.

Yet when death did come, it was caused by a trifling thing, so small as to be unnoticed.

That is the history of most of us, although we never recognize the fact.

Not only life, but death, is made up of the small moments and not the one big one.

Every big tragedy in life can be traced to some thoughtless moment, some momentary weakening before temptation, some yielding to an impulse which seems unimportant.

The youth who thinks that he can loaf upon the job will in his later years find his mediocrity or failure due to the habit he formed in a moment of laziness.

The girl who lives to regret her disregard will find the starting point in that hour when she decided that there was no harm in being a "good fellow."

The dangers of big temptations sound their own warning in advance. The insidious pitfall of the trifle has no such red light.

The big triumphs in life never come from one effort or from one glorious moment.

Success must be won. It comes only from living each moment as though it were a great moment. It follows the determined effort in which each incident of life is given all the importance of an epic.

Trifles? There are no trifles in life.

LETTING THE BOY LEARN

A physician in New York State wanted to give his 11-year-old boy a first-hand picture of what life is like in a city. So he handed him enough money to last three days and put him on a train for Buffalo.

The doctor had faith that his son's steps would turn in the right direction, and that faith was justified. The boy spent a time in the business district, visiting stores, the banks, riding street cars, asking all kinds of questions.

Another day he spent in an art gallery, went to the zoo, and then to the top of a twenty-three-story building to get a birdseye view of the thing. He got a big kick out of this.

Then he took his first ride on a ferry—to Fort Erie, Ontario, and compared the Canadian side with ours.

He visited the editorial, business and press rooms of a daily newspaper. He got a thrill out of watching the papers stream from the presses.

His last comment, as he boarded a train for his home after three days, was: "Gee, but this is a great world."

We congratulate the New York physician. He has given his son a start in the right direction by letting the boy find the way himself.

VANDALS OF THE SHOE BOX

Nature is beautiful. It is admirable for the family to take a day out under the trees and admire her beauty. But leaving shoe boxes, tin cans, banana peels and other trash doesn't help the fair face of Mother Earth one bit.

It is a curious thing, how inconsistent some "lovers of the great outdoors" are. They rave of the beauties of nature, then go away leaving a litter of papers or other refuse that spoils an ideal picnic spot for any others who might choose to have an outing there.

And the tourists! For many the only common dumping ground is the side of the road. In one Western State you can tell the main road because of the rubbish along the sides of the pike.

Picnickers and tourists should be a little more considerate of the other fellow.

If you need a kit of auto tools work all day as a mechanic in some garage.

Fish will bite better if you will disguise yourself as a country boy.

Even saxophones could be worse, maybe. They never make any noise unless some one is bothering them.

YOUTH AND YEARS

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson.

An actress of the American stage has come forth with an interview in which she asserts that it is possible to be young at 70 and old at 20. To prove her point she cites Joan of Arc and says, "There was a girl at 18 who had all the seriousness of a sage, and there are many like her in this respect today. Life to me is a serious business."

The tone of this leads us to suppose that it is wiser to strive for youth at 70, to shake off the solemnity of life and too look upon it as some sort of hilarious frolic.

Nobody denies that we should keep youthful in appearance as long as possible, or that we should not allow our minds to become permeated with the prejudices of age, but it is the part of common sense and intelligence not to try to look like 18 at 48, nor to act like 15 at 60.

We have an alarming youth complex these days. We are ashamed of our years, though they may have bestowed upon us honors. We belittle them and deprecate their numbers, although they may have brought us opportunities which we have grasped to our credit. Joan of Arc did take life seriously and her name will be remembered and venerated long after these proponents of eternal infancy have been forgotten. All those who are fit to live through the ages have taken life seriously and believed that years should add dignity and thoughtfulness and knowledge to man.

Sometimes I think this is one reason why so many of our youngsters fail to regard their elders with respect or attention. Do we merit consideration at their hands when we spend half our time acting worse than they do, and yet in our half lucid moments constantly admonish them to more strict behavior?

May it not be because so many of us wear our years and our experiences ungraciously, because instead of setting them an example we strive so hard to ape their manners and occupations, that the boys and girls have lost respect for us and our boasted wisdom?

Of one thing we may be sure: If youth does not respect and listen to maturity, it is the fault of maturity and not of youth.

The Foreign Viewpoint Is Reflected in Three New Movies on View This Week

By Walter D. Hickman

The foreign viewpoint in matters political as well as of love is reflected in "The Volga Boatman," as well as two other movies on view in the city this week.

This new Cecil B. De Mille directed movie will be the cause of much discussion because the theme itself is concerned with the overthrow of the old Russia and the introduction of the "new freedom." De Mille has taken the title of a well known song, "The Volga Boatman" and has given that title to the story by Leopold J. Coffee, adapted from Konrad Bercovici's novel.

APOLLO—"The Blind Goddess," has many virtues as a movie and some nice character work on the part of Louise Dresser. After it gets started it is corking good theater.

Movie Verdict

CIRCLE—"The sight of royalty suffering when Vienna was at war is shown in "The Greater Glory." The story is weak but a most magnificent directed production and a costly one has been given.

COLONIAL — The very theme and the method of handling the "The Volga Boatman" is going to cause a lot of discussion.

APOLLO—"The Blind Goddess," has many virtues as a movie and some nice character work on the part of Louise Dresser. After it gets started it is corking good theater.

At the Ohio all week.

The Stuart Walker Company tonight opens its season of ten weeks at Keith's by presenting "White Collars."

Other theaters today offer: "The Oxford Four" at the Lyric; "Brown County Vs. Broadway" at the Palace; burlesque at the Broadway and "The Border Sheriff" at the Isis.

"Sally," annual show of the Harlequin Club of Purdue University, will be presented tonight at the Murat.

At the Circle all week.

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