

The Indianapolis Times

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

BOYD GURLEY, Editor.
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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.

KNOW YOUR STATE

INDIANA savings accounts in 1925 were reported to have been \$290,000,000, a greater portion of which was in building and loan associations. The measure of Hoosier home ownership, which makes for a more stable citizenship, was given a tremendous impetus through the medium of these associations.

THE GREAT REWARDS

The coincident deaths of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, greatest of educators, and Rudolph Valentino, most famous of film lovers, brings the most obvious and universal comment that the world pays its greatest tributes, not to its most useful, but to its most enterprising.

The serious minded will deplore the decadent ideals of a world which paid so great honor to a youth of personable face and manners and less attention to the great career of one of the great men of all time.

It is true that millions of men, women and youths watched the hospital cot in New York City for word as to the illness of the young man who was fighting for his life and that Dr. Eliot passed to his end without a watchful world to send its sympathy and its well wishes.

It may also be freely admitted that only a very few knew the name of the man who for forty years was president of Harvard, who won a Roosevelt medal for leadership of youth and the development of American character, who refused an ambassadorship in order that he might continue to serve as he had served for half a century in molding thought.

The greater truth is that for half a century Dr. Eliot had the respect of the Nation, the satisfaction of molding the character of its teachers, statesmen, preachers, leaders in every useful endeavor.

He obtained from life all the rewards that he could desire or wanted—honor, the opportunity to serve, the impress of his ideals upon the trend of civilization itself.

The Nation and the world gave to that Italian youth, who also impressed himself upon his hour and day, the rewards that he desired.

His influence, too, was great, but passing. The youth of the land copied his manners, his clothes, his hair cut.

The girls and women paid their tribute to his genius, or whatever spark it was that permitted him to play upon the romantic sense of other human beings.

He received the gushing, sincere adoration of the girls who long for romance and whose hearts he thrilled with an expression of their own dreams.

He received, also, the large rewards of money, much more in his few brief years than the world paid to the great educator during his life time.

Those who may deplore the bad taste of the times in this distribution need only to stop to consider what would have happened had the rewards been reversed.

This great educator would have been annoyed with the handling of vast sums of money. Huge monetary compensation would have diverted his thought and wrecked his glorious career.

Without the flattery and the luxury that came from the film fans, Valentino would have shriveled and soured.

Those who think in terms of money and ephemeral fame will keep on lamenting our low level of thought.

Perhaps the truth is that the world pays in similar coin for what is given to it.

Those who give dross, receive only dross. Those who give the gold of permanent gift receive the gold of permanent memory.

THAT WOOD VISIT

The visit of Will Wood, a member of Congress from Indiana, to President Coolidge, widely heralded, should be an interesting occasion.

The people of Indiana would be vastly benefited if they could have a phonograph record of the conversation and turn it on at every political meeting in the State from now until November—the real conversation, not the later announcements.

Will Mr. Wood, who has the job of electing a Republican Congress, tell the President that he would like to have the President send Postmaster General New back home to tell the voters of the greatness of Senator Watson?

Will he demand that when that other member of the cabinet, who is almost an Indianian, comes on Labor day, he should bring a confession from the White House that its attitude on farm relief and the world court was all wrong and that the salvation of the Nation depends upon the return of Watson, who fought both these policies.

Will Mr. Wood tell the President Watson and Robinson are telling the people here that the President was all wet on these measures and that they stand for pure Republicanism?

Just what can Mr. Wood say to the President about this State and about the prospects of November?

By no stretch of the imagination can there be any great elation in the Coolidge breast over being given two such staunch objectors to his policies as Watson and Robinson.

But perhaps he may bring away with him some wavering word which can be twisted and distorted into an appeal for Watson in his rather dire need of aid.

For no one knows better than Wood and Watson that at last Watson is facing a real fight for office and that unless he can get some semblance of a White House shadow to protect him from the pitiless light on his own record, he is quite likely to retire from public life.

OUR SEAMEN COME HOME

Here's a sidelight on the bargain sales of government-owned ship lines by the shipping board.

When the *Resolute* docked last Friday at New York she was flying the German flag, having been sold with the United American line by the shipping board to the Hamburg-American line.

On board were her late captain, and several other American officers of various United American line ships, and 200 stout American tars, former members of the *Resolute* crew.

They had been replaced by a 100 per cent Ger-

man crew, and had "deadheaded" back to the United States to try to find jobs, if they can.

One of the necessities for a merchant marine is to train husky American sailors for emergencies. If the shipping board is going to throw hundreds of them out of jobs by selling its fine United States-owned ships to private foreign operators, it is doing the country a good service regardless of other considerations involved in the sales?

ANYTHING—EXCEPT WHAT YOU HAVE

Mr. W. R. Adams lives in London. He has what the average American would call "a swell job." It's better than the dream of the little boy who wanted to work in a pie factory. Mr. Adams is a wine taster for a large firm.

He has to take sips of the stuff to see how it is getting along. If a shipment is to be made to bring Mr. Adams a glass and say, "Taste this and see if it's all right."

Would you think a man with such a job ever would want a vacation. What could he do for a vacation when just sipping wine was work for him?

Well, Adams is in the United States for his vacation. He was all tired out and wanted to get away from wine sipping. The sad thing about it all is he's in Chicago, but perhaps he is dodging the bootleggers.

It's the old rule of "anything—except what you have." The city man spends his vacation in the country. The farmer spends his in the city.

MODEST JIM

The persistent rumors from Washington that the Reed senatorial committee may take a peek at primary expenses and practices in Indiana has resulted in the discovery of the modesty of Senator Watson.

With great care was the treasurer of his Watson-for-Senator club chosen and perhaps with a thought of the law concerning corrupt practices which fixes the place where reports of expenses must be filed.

The law demands that the treasurer of all political clubs file a report in the county in which he claims or holds a residence.

It is true that the Watson club functioned in this city, did most of its business in a local hotel, and was operated here.

A report filed in this city, near to telegraph wires and many reporters, would have become public property instantly.

That may account for the selection of Mr. Bobbitt, collector of State gasoline tax, as collector and distributor of the funds for the Watson campaign.

For the gasoline collector lives in Crawford County, far from the maddening crowds and the maddened newspaper reporters and the telegraph wires.

To reach Crawford County is an effort, especially from the State capital.

But its little county seat holds the secret of the Modest Watson, whose record of small expenses is hidden in its archives.

No rude gaze brought it to the fore. Not even the political opponents of the Senator traced it.

It is unfortunate that the senatorial candidates in Illinois and Pennsylvania did not consult the modest gentleman from Indiana before they deluged their States with dollars and found themselves conspicuous.

For the Watson report shows that very little money was spent after the Senator had filed his petition.

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