

The Indianapolis Times

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RALSTON'S "MUNICIPAL GUARDIANSHIP"

"MUNICIPAL guardianship" is the term used by Boyd M. Ralston, former candidate for mayor of Indianapolis, in describing a somewhat new plan of utility ownership he has outlined to the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Ralston would have the consumers of a utility product own the stock, preferably each subscriber to own a share, and the city to exercise paternal guardianship over it even to the extent of controlling stock transfers. The city would operate the utility and the consumers would own it, with certain restrictions.

The restrictions are the important point. When the Citizens Gas Company was formed, it was to be something of a mutual organization. Stock sold from door to door. Then along came interests which bought up the stock from the consumers. Now the ownership of the gas company is little different from that of any public utility. Admittedly, Mr. Ralston's plan would eliminate a recurrence of this situation.

Mr. Ralston presumably would have the city operate a utility. He says nothing about the stockholders having a vote. Therefore, on election day, persons who do not have stock would have as much to say about operating the utility as those who do. Of course, the stockholders stand a chance of collecting a profit, if any.

As a whole, Mr. Ralston's idea seems to differ very little from a plan of municipal ownership.

INDIANAPOLIS TRAFFIC REGULATIONS

THERE is a lot of good common sense in what Miss Maurice J. O'Connell, winner of The Times traffic contest, has to say about traffic regulation in Indianapolis. The suggestions have the added advantage of not including any radical changes in regulation.

Much of the difficulty in traffic regulation is due to the fact motorists are not acquainted with traffic rules. Miss O'Connell's suggestion that they learn them is well taken. Of course, motorists can not be expected to keep up with regulations if they are to be changed over night on an average of once or twice a month.

Miss O'Connell suggests no parking be permitted in the downtown congested district and that no parking be permitted on Meridian St. from St. Clair St. north to the creek during rush hours. This brings up the old problem of where cars are to be parked. One suggestion is that street cars be looped around the congested district and that the middle of Washington St. instead of the outer edges be used for parking. This suggestion, however, has met with much opposition in the past.

Widening of Meridian St. also is suggested. This may have to come eventually, but when it does it will be an extremely expensive undertaking. Many of the larger cities, the streets in most of which are not as wide as those in Indianapolis, have found one way traffic regulations successful. Capitol Ave. and Meridian St. are the main arteries to the north. It might be well to make one street a north traffic street and the other a south traffic street.

Traffic in Indianapolis runs much slower than that in many large cities. This is due to some extent to the fact that the police department insists on slow driving, but extremely slow traffic often is due to the fact a slow driver gets in the middle of a street and holds up everything behind him. Miss O'Connell's suggestion that slow traffic stay next to the curb contains real common sense. A rule of this kind should be enforced as strictly as the rule that cars must stop before crossing or entering boulevards.

There is nothing more aggravating than to be compelled to crawl along Meridian St. during the rush hour behind a slowly moving truck. Incidentally, dozens of trucks can be counted on Meridian St. at almost any time. One wonders if they all have permits to use a street that is supposed to be used for passenger vehicles only.

Horse sense can do a lot toward straightening out traffic jams.

OSTRICHES AND POLITICIANS

STRANGE birds, these politicians! The Indiana type is no different from his brethren in Ohio, Maine or California.

We laugh when the ostrich buries its head and thinks it is safe from approaching catastrophe. But isn't it just as funny when a politician buries his mind under the praise of friends, and squats ostrich-like in his office until a public upheaval bowls him over and out?

Saw one of those upheavals in Minnesota! Republican leaders are "amazed" at the election of Magnus Johnson, one of the people, to the United States Senate. The President is "chagrined," so say dispatches from Alaska. Just as if Minnesota folk lacked the right to differ with the powers enthroned by them!

And Democratic leaders rejoice! They think that by some hocus pocus they will be richer by this popular discontent! Maybe they will, and maybe they won't.

What difference exists between the two parties, anyway? Folks are asking that. And justly, too. To a few earnest Democrats, their party may differ from the Republicans. It may be more liberal, more a party of protest. But to the politicians today in power, the party, be it Democratic or Republican, is merely a vehicle to power.

It is time for one party or the other to change that. Chances that the Republican party will do it are almost nil. Chances that the Democrats will do it are a little better and that is more than nothing.

This is the chance of a lifetime, if ever there were one, for the minority party leaders to cease being phonographs and to set forth some ideas for fulfilling the will of the people.

Now is the time to put coal in the cellar if you can get prices in the cellar.

European nations can't get peace with each other by trying to get a piece of each other.

The ambitious amateur thinks the golf course hasn't enough holes so digs a few himself.

Too many people's idea of a good time seems to be too many people's idea of a wicked time.

Some people making long summer trips are wished success going, but not coming.

A bee or not a bee, that's the pient question.

MORALE OF REPUBLICANS CRUMBLING

Leaders in Washington Agree

Chance of Harding's Re-

Election Is Slim.

By JOHN CARSON
Times Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The morale of that part of the Republican party remaining in Washington has gone.

Call it "sour grapes," the "buck" and "anything you wish, or just ascribe it to an ability to discover a silver lining—the fact is, Republican leaders in Congress are now insisting a Democratic victory in 1924 will benefit the Republican party.

"They can't do any more than we have, and the result will be a reaction against them," insisted one of the most prominent Republican Senators. "I think a Democratic victory in 1924 will result in burying the Democratic party. We'll get a favorable reaction before 1926."

That is just evidence of the mental slant of the Republicans. Invariably they agree the chance for re-election of President Harding is very slim and it will be less as the months roll around.

Other Factors Hurt Party

To this lack of spirit is added various other factors which have hurt the party organization and especially hurt it so long as the President is regarded as the party leader. These factors are:

Growing dissatisfaction within the President's Cabinet. It is now known the Cabinet members upon whom the President leaned most a year ago are irritated and discouraged. One resignation is not an impossibility.

Concern among the Senators and Representatives over their own political future. Unmistakable tendencies are noticed among Senators to look out for themselves and this attitude of "every man for himself" is about the peak of party disintegration.

Leader Is Needed

Within the last two days I've had one Senator, a stalwart Republican of the old school, tell me that the country needed a "Roosevelt or a Wilson."

"But this man Harding is not that, and he can't be changed," he continued. "He's not strong now when we need a strong man. He's weak and he's flitting with this and that in an effort to develop strength, whereas he should have stuck to the policies of the first year of his Administration."

Some one of the newspaper correspondents with the President suggested Mr. Harding was "talking too much." Immediately that became a cry with the Republican Senators.

"Preaching out there in the West," exclaimed one Senator with evident derision. "Why didn't he think about practicing those things he's preaching about during the first two years?"

These are just suggestions of a spirit within the party which is ominous for the President. And most remarkably, it is the spirit within the Old Guard and especially the liberal Old Guard of Eastern States. It is a development of a feeling that the President began playing "Ohio politics" a few months ago in order to save himself and his State. The belief the President had returned to the dictation of Attorney General Daugherty and cast aside the advice of such men as Secretary of War Weeks and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon caused this resentment.

With this going on, you might say the party would get rid of Harding. But the fact is it is conceded Mr. Harding will be the party nominee if he wants it—and it is agreed now he wants it and the only question is his courage in facing the probability of defeat.

Alternative Is Wise

The real reason why there is no suggestion among the conservatives to get rid of Mr. Harding is that the other alternative is regarded as worse. With Mr. Harding out of the race, the conservative fear the presidential possibilities of a Pinchot, a Kenyon or a Hiram Johnson. They'd rather have a Democrat with the presidency than have this type of a Republican.

A Thought

He that gathered in summer is a wise son; but he that sleeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—Prov. 10:5.

AGS will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it.—Johnson.

Science

One of the greatest inventions of man is the microscope.

Thirty or forty years ago every boy tried to produce snakes by putting horse hair in a glass or bottle of water. Many country people believe to this day that eels can be grown by putting horse hairs in a pond.

The microscope destroyed these and many other similar ideas, when it overruled what is called the doctrine of spontaneous generation. That doctrine taught that lifeless matter was suddenly converted into living matter. For example, a dead carcass was supposed to breed insects and maggots.

The microscope revealed the hitherto unknown world of cells from which every living thing is composed. Small bits of matter, such as a grain of sand or a spoonful of water, are now known to be composed of many small units. In a similar way the bodies of all living things are built out of these units.

Heard in Smoking Room

A LOT of lawyers were present in the smoker and the talk had gone on to damage suits. When a gent connected with Forbes Magazine told that a certain electric specialty company had just acquired a funny damage suit. The petition against the company was filed by a woman and read:

"Plaintiff alleges that this defendant represented to her that this range would not become heated on the up-

COM SIMS - - - Says

"Nice thing about a porch swing is it never has a puncture or runs into a ditch."

Keep looking up and you will learn the sky is the limit.

You are not getting old until you leave the swimming hole before it is time to leave.

Value of a kiss depends upon the law of supply and demand.

It is estimated a great many people get fat loafing around trying to keep cool.

Wouldn't it be funny if everybody believed everybody?

Lots of birds think they are wise as owls because they are always hooting at somebody.

Quite a few married men carry their religion in their wife's name.

Some people have to brag about their ancestors because they have no descendants to speak of.

Everybody should talk as well as they do loud.

Most weather-beaten men in this town is the weather man.

Ninety per cent of the men hunting trouble are single.

What the United States needs is a serious reformer shortage.

Indiana Sunshine

Teachers and pupils of the old district school No. 5, near Elwood, are making plans for the annual reunion to be held July 29, at Elwood Grove.

The 1923 graduating class of the Crawfordville High School has announced that it will purchase three sections of bleachers to be placed on the auditorium stage, as a class gift to the school.

A rebate of \$1,000 to farmers of Bartholomew County was announced by the farm bureau. The money, saved through cooperative buying, will be equally distributed to members.

Rare specimens of Indiana Indian relics were presented to the Miami county museum by John Reynolds, 72, Penn., a lifelong devotee of the relic hunt.

W. D. Colvert, 80, farmer near Franklin planned to spend his recent birthday in his usual manner, attending to his farm, but his activities were interrupted by visits from about 150 friends who called on him during the afternoon and evening.

Work on the new Lawrence county Speedway to be constructed near Bedford is under way. Eighty acres of ground along the Dixie highway were purchased. The grandstand will seat 5,000.

Family Fun

Impossible

The auctioneer was endeavoring to dispose of a stock of cigars.

White was among the listeners, and having sampled this particular line, was not quite in agreement with the auctioneer.

"Yes," said the auctioneer, "these cigars are absolutely without equal in this country today. In short, gentlemen, you can't get better, whatever you do, you can't get better."

White was unable to restrain himself any longer.

"No, you can't get better," he broke in. "I smoked one yet."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

One for Him Who Sells You Coal

Bill Jones drove a coal wagon. In the course of work he delivered a load of coal at the house of a citizen with whose cook he was acquainted and was greeted by her warmly after the coal had been unloaded. Bill's boss wondered what had become of him, as time passed, and called at the house. He found Bill in the kitchen.

"What are you doing here?" asked the boss.

"I thought I went with the coal."

"Why?"

"I was weighed with it."—Judge.

Road to the Doctor

Doctor: "Didn't I tell you I'd have you on your feet soon?"

"You bet; since I've paid your bill I've had to give up my car!"—Film Fun.

Sister's Young Feller

"What is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter?"

"I have no reason, sir; I am in love."

One on the Landlord

Landlord: "I'm here after the rent."

Tenant: "You're wrong. I'm after the rent—you're ahead of it."—American Legion Weekly.

When Brother Buys

I'd like to see something cheap in a straw hat.

Clerk: Try this one. The mirror is on your left.—Boston Transcript.

AMERICAN 'HICK' SEES SCOTLAND

Philosopher Given 'Razz-berry' and Reminded He Is Foreigner.

RAPER LETTER No. 2.—In this communique, Correspondent Raper tells why he's a hick in a strange land although visiting with our hospitable cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. There's some fun in Raper's letters, considerable snuff and a flavor of ordinary, everyday things that he finds different abroad.

By JOHN W. RAPER
Cleveland Press Philosopher and General Cynic Now "Visitin' Round" With Our Ancestors, Cousins and Such, in Great Britain.

GLASGOW, Scotland: Here I am, a hick in a strange land. And a foreigner. The Scotch aboard the ship told us Americans we would not be foreigners in Great Britain; that we would be Americans, much different from being foreigners. But official British reminds us pleasantly enough that we are aliens.

An immigration officer came on board down the Clyde, five or six hours before we reached our Glasgow dock, and all passengers were instructed to pass before him in line, that he might examine our passports.

As we formed in line, a ship steward sang out, "British subjects will be examined first," and when we half dozen Americans dropped out, two or three Scots, who were returning from a tour of the North, gave us the well-known American "razzberry."

"To the rear, you aliens! Foreigners last!" they called out. The Scotch I learned on the boat, have a way in their razzing that enables you to laugh with them. But it was a reminder. We are foreigners.

The immigration officer read my passport two or three times as carefully as though it was the first he had ever seen. Then he asked, "How long do you expect to be here?"

"I told him about two months, whereupon he gave me a card, upon which were instructions regarding registering with the police in case I remained more than two months, and handed me a debarment ticket, remarking pleasantly, "I hope you have an enjoyable visit in Great Britain."

Tells All His Secrets
At the hotel I was reminded again that I was a foreigner. I signed a printed form giving information as to my citizenship, birthplace, age, residence, street and number, profession, reason for being in Great Britain, my destination and address by which I could be reached while in the country.

But American or foreigner, I am doubly a hick. I have been in Scotland only an hour, half of which I have spent walking through town streets of Glasgow and standing on the corner watching the parade.

I am a hick. I wear a soft hat instead of a cap or stiff hat, as the natives do. My trousers are creased—not any too well creased for Cleveland—but here they are considered the only creased pair in sight.

The cloth is smooth, instead of being a shaggy tweed and absurdly light in weight compared to the "summer" clothes that I see now and then on a Scot, though mine is winter weight at home.

My shoes are winter shoes at home, heavy ones, you would say, but in Glasgow they are light. Both of them together will weigh no more than one Scotch shoe of the same size. And their style is wrong. The prevailing style is a square toe, something like the last-toed boot or shoe that was popular in the United States in the early eighties.

Wear Tight Collars
My collar is too tight. It is not tight at home, but should be three sizes larger, perhaps four. There should be room enough between my collar and the backband of my shirt to drop a golf ball.

Then, too, I am wearing a heavy overcoat, and incidentally shivering all over. A few Scotchmen are wearing light raincoats, but only a few. A few have sweaters under their coats, but more walk along with under coats open, and no vests.

Scores of boys wear short pants not much longer than trunks, and short socks, as far below the knees as the pants are above.

Girls of 6 or 8 years are dressed in French socks and skirts of summer material, not more than 12 inches long, for all the world like a little American girl on a July day. But I notice that mother, who is with daughter, wears a coat, furs and woolen stockings.

Keep to Left
Traffic keeps to the left. I have known the rule for years but I always look to the right. I expect to be bumped in the eye sooner or later by a taxi.

I keep staring at the chimneys and the chimney tiles on these three and four-story Glasgow skyscrapers, when I am not staring—not too impudently—I am rubbing at the chimneys I hear the roar of something over the stone block pavement. There is a rattle of machinery. Turning away from the chimneys, I see a strange choo-choo car coming up the street. It choo-choos past me and I watch it, openmouthed, until it is out of sight.

Anybody would know I am a hick, and in a strange land.

NEXT—Oddities of a Scotch "temperance hotel" attract Mr. Raper's comment in his next article, the tiny "hick" and the smooth room key, and a bright Glasgow girl who subdues a Chicago traveling man.

Observations

"If you can't say it, whistle it." In Boston a free clinic employed whistling as a help to those afflicted with impediments of speech.

Amarillo, Texas, has decided street cars are has-beens. It declines to renew the franchise of its street railway company and calls on motor bus concerns to make bids for use of the public streets.

Forty States have capital punishment. Twenty-two use gallows, 17 use electricity, and in Nevada, lethal gas.

Canada, at least, is grateful. It will give an annuity to Dr. F. G. Banting, discoverer of insulin, large enough to permit the doctor to devote his life to medical research.

How Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth



What Editors Are Saying

Spirit (Alexandria Times-Tribune)

There are not enough willing helpers in the average small city to put anything big across. It is too true that whenever a civic enterprise worth while is started, the load falls upon the same few who bear all the burdens of voluntary contributions in such cases. If all the citizens would help in proportion to their means, no civic or community enterprise would fail for want of support. There is nothing like community spirit backed up by sensible liberality to make a town or city the envy of the envied.

Liquor

(Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel)

Announcement by George R. Winkler, central Indiana group chief of the Federal prohibition department, that the campaign against liquor law violations in this city is to be continued until Ft. Wayne is thoroughly cleaned of the disreputable dives and the miserable bootleggers is an encouraging bit of information, for it is very apparent that Mayor Hosey and his police department have no intentions of enforcing the prohibition law. They are "agin" it and they don't care who knows it.

Memorial

(Lafayette Journal and Courier)

In erecting a memorial to Indiana soldiers on the plaza site at Indianapolis, the artistic values and the enduring beauty of the monument should not be cluttered up with any so-called utilitarian adjuncts which might in years detract from or make a standing mockery of the original purpose of the structure. It is feasible to provide headquarters for patriotic organizations adjacent to the memorial, well and good, so long as those offices or office buildings do not have the effect of spoiling the sentimental and artistic effect. The monument is to stand for generations. Human organizations and their headquarters come and go. A monument to World War soldiers raised as headquarters building for an existing organization or organizations, might fifty years from now or 100 years hence be found occupied and used for commercial purposes, or by groups utterly different from those to whose use it first was dedicated or offered. It is wise to divorce the utilitarian from the memorial idea. The monument must be a monument and a memorial for all generations and not alone for the one that gives it form and substance.

Animal Facts

Wisconsin is worried about its muskellunge, "the tiger of the fresh waters." It is being fished out and is near extinction there. Muskie fry cannot be hatched as can the eggs of bass, trout, pickerel and pike, and the adult fish cannot be netted because of obstructions in the lakes and rivers it inhabits. So it must be left to increase in its own home or it will disappear forever. Wisconsin is thinking of establishing a closed season of several years in order to restock its streams with this greatest fighter of all fresh-water fishes.

If you want to kill cougars and bobcats, go to the mountain districts of Arizona. The ranchers will welcome you, and even will give you gas, oil and oil for your autos, if you stick around and kill off the predatory beasts. One lion killed means many head of stock saved in a year.

If you ever saw a "jumping mouse" you have sharp eyes, because, although there are many from New England to California, they do all their visiting around at night. Fur is a dusty yellow and they have long hind legs and feet, just like the kangaroo, so they can jump fast instead of run. Jumping mouse has pouches in his cheeks and he carries his food home in these handy valises. He likes beechnuts best. He sleeps all winter doubled up like a ball of fur, and if you carry him in where it's warm he will awaken and be lively as in summer. Take him back to his nest and he'll drop to sleep right away.

TAKE A LOOK

By BERTON BRALEY

We read in myths and fairy tales Of how the mountains and the vales, The woods and lakes and dewy daisies, Were much frequented

By hamadryads slim and fair, And nymphs of pagan beauty rare, Who were encountered everywhere In forests scented.

And there is much mythology Regarding ladies of the sea Who, in a manner bold and free, Vamped many sailors;

Their garments were exceeding sheer (According to the yarns we hear), They didn't give much work, I fear, To ladies' tailors.

Where are those nymphs and dryads, too, Who roamed the forest pathways through? Where are the sirens of the blue, Blue ocean reaches?

"Where are they now?" the poet cries. It is a cinch to put him wise. He merely needs to use his eyes Upon the beaches!

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From the Referee's Tower

By ALBERT APPLE

Bets

The first bets on the coming presidential election are offered in Wall Street. An unknown gentleman, who apparently is connected with the Safety First movement, will bet you \$2,000 against \$40,000 that Governor Smith will be the next rent-free tenant of the White House.

Another offer is \$1,000 against \$3,000 that Ford will be elected if nominated, either by Republicans or Democrats. Easy money.

Ford

Henry Ford visited the historic Massachusetts tavern, built in 1656, that inspired Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The guide gave his ballyhoo about the ancient hinges reputed to ward off evil spirits.

Henry listened patiently. Then while the rest of the crowd moved on, he remained behind to examine closely and learn whether a new set of hinges would work better. This trait is what gives Henry a chance at the presidency.

John

Rodger Dolan reports that he is not having much luck with his Rockefeller-for-President Club, started as a backfire to check the Ford movement. Dolan says he can't understand this, inasmuch as Rockefeller has proved himself Ford's equal as a business genius and organizer, and in addition has always paid his average employee as much as Ford pays, not to mention that John is half a billion dollars or so ahead of Ford in contributions to charity.

Waiting

The undertakers' association of Long Island, N. Y.,