

The Indianapolis Times

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HOGS AND GENTLEMEN

GLARING headlights on an automobile not only blind other drivers, but also throw a bright light on the character of the man who drives behind them. The lights say:

"Behind me drives a hog. He has no thought of others on the road. He behaves as if the road were made for him alone. He is not concerned with the fact that he endangers others' lives by his refusal to dim his own lights."

But the bright light that is dimmed at the approach of another car says:

"Behind me drives a gentleman."

Personal observation convinces us all the hogs we see on the roads at night are not the kind bringing around 8 cents a pound at the Indianapolis stock yards.

PICKPOCKET OR PARSON?

SCENE: A street corner with a lot of doubtful customers hanging around.

A woman, passing by, drops her pocketbook.

Behind her, a man of winning mien—perhaps a parson, perhaps a pickpocket—the crowd can't tell—stoops and picks it up.

For a minute he stops, and turns the object over in his hand.

"Say, cull," says one of the gang, "whatcher go'nter do with it?"

"Give it back to the lady," says the queer-acting man.

And he starts walking after the lady, but so haltingly that his actions belie his words.

"Like fun he is!" mutters the gang. "Watch 'im go south with it."

During the Spanish-American war Uncle Sam picked up the Philippines.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked a skeptical world.

"Give them their freedom," said Uncle Sam, looking them over.

"Like fun he will!" leers the knowing old world. "Watch 'im go south with them!"

The United States today is on trial for its honor. For years we have been telling the world how honest we are. And now we have got to make good or admit we are no better than the rest—just a great, big, powerful empire whose morals are molded to conform to the dollar.

Congress officially promised the Filipinos their freedom as soon as they proved they could govern themselves. Governor General Harrison, from 1916 to 1921, gave them a chance and they did a pretty good job. And President Wilson, in 1920, told Congress the time had about come for America to make good her promise.

Then bang! Something happened. It was General Leonard Wood. He arrived in the islands and, as governor general, instead of giving the Filipinos more freedom, took what they had away.

Now the islanders have put the whole thing squarely up to President Harding. They demand their independence and recall of Wood.

Cheating the Filipinos won't hurt the Filipinos much, but it will destroy our own great influence for good in the world.

CREATURES OF HABIT

HOW many of your actions are "thought out" in advance? How many are mechanical, without thought—the result of habit? Did it ever occur to you, why you always sit at the same place during meals instead of moving to a chair at another side of the table? Habit.

Do you realize that you are in the habit of traveling certain established routes through the streets to get to your bank, grocery, place of business and so on, although there might be a short-cut route if you paused to figure it out?

The older we get, the more we become creatures of habit, like mechanical dolls.

Unconsciously we attempt, day after day, to get the same seat in the street car. We don't always get it, but on the average there's one certain seat where we're most apt to be found.

Men, in putting on your trousers in the morning, which leg goes first—right or left? Why not the other? How about shoes?

Each of us has his own particular way of opening mail. One person tears off a corner of the envelope and inserts a finger. Another tears off the whole end. Still another slits the flap with a pencil, or hunts the scissors. All done mechanically, including the habit of holding envelopes to the light before opening. This comes from a subconscious hope that there's money inside.

There's no way of figuring it out exactly, but at least half of our actions must be mechanically performed, without thinking, the result of habit. Life is largely routine, and routine develops habit.

Are you a slave to habit? It is the worst form of slavery, for by it a man enslaves himself, especially his thought and potential powers of originality. And the habit of automatism—unthinking, involuntary action—can be as injurious to our careers as the vicious habits, such as drugs and liquor.

"Getting in a rut" is usually due to becoming the victim of habit. Here's where system and efficiency short-circuit themselves. For habit destroys initiative.

It is warm enough to leave off the heavy underwear now.

The female of the species gets more sleep than the male.

Take any county, and you'll find the holes in the roads and farmers' pockets about equal.

The "gun that wasn't loaded" isn't in it with "the water that wasn't deep."

Boston June bride wants a divorce already, claiming she has been hugging a delusion.

Very few boys are as good as their parents think or as bad as their neighbors think.

In London a hotel was dynamited. Rumor has it several hotel steaks were badly bent.

Fine thing about all the family being away is it makes a man boss in his own home.

CHINA'S situation is more desperate than at first supposed. Every foreign family over there has a phonograph.

SMALL HOTEL IN GLASGOW IS ANTIQUE

Raper Tells of Old-Fashioned Inn While Visiting Among Scots.

By JOHN W. RAPER, Cleveland (Ohio) Press Staff Philosopher and Quizzical Commentator on Life. Now Peripatetic Among the Scots and Other Second Cousins of Ours in Great Britain.

GLASGOW, Scotland: This Glasgow hotel is wonderful. If it were in an American city it would be put in the historical society's back yard, or in one of the parks, and exhibited as an antique.

A Glasgow acquaintance visiting in the United States recommended it when I asked him to name a hotel in which there would be few tourists, in which I would meet Scotch, of moderate means, where there would be commercial travelers and small business men from nearby small towns. It is owned by a woman who has a small chain of hotels in Scotland, all "temperance houses."

You enter a small vestibule from the street and next a lobby about twenty feet long and eight feet wide. At the inner end of the lobby is a tiny office, near the size of a Ford coupe.

Two girls, the clerks, sit there, filling it. Why two clerks, I can't learn. The clerks don't know. They say there have always been two clerks, so why shouldn't there be?

As you stand at the office window, the dining room is to the left. To the right is a door, marked "For Commercial Men Only." Back of the office is the kitchen, its front open, with a counter upon which the cook places the cooked food so that the waiters may take it to the dining room.

Next the door marked "For Commercial Men Only" is the lift. British for elevator. Three passengers and the operator pack the lift.

You get your key from the clerk—that is, maybe you get it. My room is one of several the keys to which have been lost. Neither clerk could tell me when it was lost. But I think it was about 1840. No doubt they'll have a new one made when they get around to it, but they've hardly had time.

Walking from the elevator to the room, the boards creak loudly. The room has a carpet. It is easy to see it not only was a good carpet thirty years ago, but it's still a good one.

The bed is of oak and modern. Not a minute over twenty-five years old. There is a walnut bureau of 1870, United States style, and in the corner is a sofa that would bring \$150 in an American antique shop.

On, You Washstand

Up against one of the sidewalls is a washstand on which there are two pitchers and bowls of china, the bowls almost as wide across the top as an old-fashioned American laundry tub.

Ah, the windows have inner blinds. They are slats of wood, two foot long, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. A cord runs through the end of the slats, and if you pull the cord steadily for something like five minutes the slats rise to the top of the window, where they form a fine, compact lumber pile.

But there is one thing I notice about this rare old relic of the days of Robert the Bruce: It is absolutely clean. There isn't a speck of dirt to be seen. And I run my hand over the woodwork in out-of-the-way places. Not a particle of dirt. It's clean, absolutely clean. Just like old Aunt Aunt's house, back home.

The room "for commercial men only" contains several writing desks, a large table seating ten or twelve, at which breakfast is served, and an assortment of furniture frightful to behold—to the American eye, of course.

Lounge and smoke rooms proved to be something like America's old-fashioned country hotel parlors of the eighties, with big, comfortable chairs and davenport, age anywhere from fifty to seventy-five, and writing desks.

Tiny Fireplace in Each Room

Each room contained a fireplace about two feet wide and a foot deep, holding not a great deal more than a peck of coal. The weather in Scotland, say Glasgow folks, is the worst in years. Six days out of seven it rains every fifteen minutes, there is a mist the rest of the time, and the air is cold, raw, damp.

But the Scotchmen sit around the toy grate and smoke and talk in comfort with all windows open, and when tired, yawn and say: "I've toasted my toes long enough. I'm off for bed."

NEXT: What the Scotch think about our prohibition experiment, and how Scotch whisky is faring on its native health.

A Thought

Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.—I Cor. 8:9.

WISE laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chains of mal-strength and defense, though something of an incumbrance.—Ruskin.

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Then he told this story as illustrating his point:

A short time ago a Russian, after all sorts of trouble, suffering and hardship, succeeded in fleeing from Moscow to this, our land of the free. He reached Boston safely and gave himself over to the full enjoyment of all

6OM SIMS --- Says

Our idea of fun is a bathers shaving his dentist.

We would hate to be a collector because they must think everybody stays mad all the time.

Early bird doesn't get the sleep.

Man wants but little here below his chin in hot weather.

Many people are afraid to dive into shallow water. What we need is more like them.

We would hate to live in a big house and have to hunt for our pipe in every room.

The latest trouble always seems to be the worst.

It is easy to get too sick to work and still feel well enough to go fishing.

The smartest dog we know of barks at every man he sees carrying a walking stick.

When the average man does stay at home he stretches out and sleeps until bed time.

It is not against the law to think your neighbors are awful, but it is a terrible waste of time.

Living a long time is hard to do because it is hard to find the money on which to do it.

England thinks peace has taken French leave.

Indiana Sunshine

Selling perfume ought to be a pleasant business, but it wasn't for Frank J. Leary who tried to operate in Crawfordville. Mayor Berry fined him \$50 and cost for peddling without a license, instructed him to collect his license and get out of town.

A police for cats has been found at last. It's in Muncie. Residents on S. Madison St. declared there are few dogs along the street and those do not bother the cats. Proof of this may be had on any sunny afternoon when a dozen cats may be seen sunning themselves in convenient places.

After driving for several miles along a rose-garlanded highway, Russell Mitchell, of Troy, stopped to investigate a buzzing noise about his head. He said he was taking advantage of his honeycomb radiator to deposit their nests.

Police at Crawfordsville were today wondering who was going to steal their badges off their coats. That hasn't happened yet but someone stole a motometer off the police car while it was in service Thursday night.

When a bumblebee flew into an automobile causing Mrs. G. Butterbaugh, of Wabash, to scream, Mr. Butterbaugh who was driving had his attention drawn from the steering wheel. They are suffering today from flies received when the machine plunged over an embankment.

Residents of Lawrence county are putting themselves on the back. Their county has the highest birth rate in the state. It is 30.6 for each 1,000 population.

Observe

Horses still exist in Boston. Otherwise it would be treachery to Paul Revere. One of the animals ran away the other day and mugged up a lot of stores—just like old times. Also, an owner was fined in court for cruelty to his horse.

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REBELLION BREWING IN PHILIPPINES

Trouble Certain if Islanders Are Convinced Freedom Is Not Forthcoming.

By WILLIAM PHILIP GIBBS, Times Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON, July 24.—Insurrection is brewing in the Philippines. Unless there is a decided change in Washington's attitude, trouble is certain the moment the islanders become convinced the United States has no intention of ever setting them free.

The most serious crisis in the whole history of America's ventures overseas has hit the archipelago. The Filipino government has gone on strike, leaving Gov. Gen. Leonard Wood to run the country as best he can without a cabinet.

The Secretary of the Interior, Justice, Commerce, and Agriculture; the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House together with the Mayor of Manila, have walked out charging the General Assembly to "intervene and control, even to the smallest detail," insular and even local affairs.

Wood Admits Error

The particular incident which precipitated the crisis was the reinstatement, by General Wood, of Ray Conley, a secret service agent accused of bribery, and whose resignation was later accepted by Wood himself.

That, however, was only the surface eruption. The disease is deeper. The Filipinos want their independence.

From the first the Filipinos