

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 him 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 Scots, 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.

Near 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.

Oh, 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.

On 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 Mary'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 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 the weather open, and when tired, yawn and say: "I've tasted 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 heath.

A Thought

Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.—1 Cor. 8:9.

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

Heard in Smoking Room

THE famous Southwestern Limited was bowling along out of Boston for the West and the men in the smoking room fell to discussing affairs in Russia. An item in a paper, relative to the shooting of some thieves by the Lenin crowd, started the talk. One smoker thought Russia to be hopelessly bad and a very dangerous country to live in. Another admitted matters and things are bad over there, but, he said, "all countries are bad, each in its different way. It all depends on the way you look at it."

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

TOM SIMS --- Says

Our idea of fun is a barber 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 Crawfordsville. Mayor Berry fined him \$50 and cost for peddling without a license, instructed him to collect his wares and get out of town.

A paradise 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 basking 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 auto. He found bees were taking advantage of his honeycomb radiator to deposit their nectar.

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

When a humbly 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 bruises received when the machine plunged over an embankment.

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

Observations

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

Austria has a bureau that advises young people when and when not to wed.

Three cases of "botanical specimens" have arrived in Boston, in refrigeration, from South Africa. Still in refrigeration, for that keeps the specimens in "their winter sleep." The cases will be hurriedly forwarded to California. In the glorious climate the specimens will awaken and at once get busy. They are South African bugs and are brought to make deadly war on insects that worry California.

We are going to gallop now. A German physician claims to cure cancer with a horse serum. A specialist insists he can cure tuberculosis in a week with another serum, and another German medic, with a slight stroke of the knife, rejuvenates the old and causes them to cavort. Giddy!

Berlin has just adopted a midnight closing law, binding on proprietor and guest alike, that is designed to stop the all-night carousals that have shocked the old town for some time.

The good things our freedom offers. He was mightily glad and happy to have escaped with a whole hide from Bolshevik Russia. Well, among other things, he went down to see the Yale-Harvard boat race. On the train he was robbed of \$2,000 in cash. Hurrying back, he reported his loss to the police. The next day he appeared again at police headquarters.

"You are too early, man," said the big policeman who greeted him. "We have not had time to get your \$2,000 yet. Come back in three or four days."

"I did not come down here to ask about my \$2,000," replied the Russian. "No; I came to tell you that, last night, somebody stole my two trunks and about all of my clothing, and now what I want is advice from somebody who can tell me the easiest and safest way to get back to Russia."

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 as he can without a cabinet.

The Secretaries of the Interior, Justice, Finance, 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 exceeded his authority to "intervene and control, even to the smallest detail," insular and overseas 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 were given to understand they would be set free as soon as they proved they could govern themselves. This promise was made official by the Jones Act, passed by Congress during the Wilson Administration.

When Gov. Gen. Francis Burton Harrison went to Manila in 1916, he was instructed to give the Filipinos a chance to show what they could do. He did. A native cabinet, a Senate and a House, just like those in Washington, were set up, and from that time until the coming of General Wood in 1921, the natives governed themselves with Harrison merely looking on.

Does Good Job

Comparing the Filipino Congress with its pattern in Washington, it did a pretty good job. They had a petty election scandal or two, but the United States Senate had its New Deal. It was charged, some times went awry, but New Mexico's governor has just admitted one of his courts was a disgrace and a blot on the State. And so on.

At any rate, President Wilson, in 1920, thought so well of the Filipino effort at self-government he said the time had come for America to make good her promise.

At this a howl went up from the Americans in the Philippines. They hated Governor Harrison bitterly for giving free rein to the Filipinos and the Wilson note to Congress was fuel to the fire. Annexation pure and simple was their demand.

General Wood and former Governor Cameron Forbes of the Philippines, arrived on the scene about this time. The writer was sent by this paper to accompany the mission which was to find out if the islanders could govern themselves.

Predicted Negative Report

From the start it was clear the Wood-Forbes report would be in the negative. The writer, in his first story from Manila, said the Filipinos would not get their independence and was able to say that instead of freedom the islanders would be "lightened up."

This "lightening up" process is what has galloped the natives. General Wood, now Governor, has taken the islands back out of their hands, they charge.

"We'll wait for independence indefinitely," a Filipino Senator told me, "and we'll fight. But such freedom as we have attained must not be taken from us. If it is, there'll be trouble."

Now the trouble has begun.

Family Fun

Don't Worry

After much excitement the Smiths had at last managed to catch the train.

Now, when they could sit quietly for a while, they began to wonder if they had left anything behind.

"Mrs. Smith gave a shriek. 'Oh, Harry,' she gasped, 'I forgot to turn off the electric iron!'"

"Don't worry, darling," he replied; "nothing will burn. I forgot to turn off the shower bath."—Christian Ad. vocate.

Pa Not Particular

A married couple had engaged a cook. She was pretty as a picture, but her cooking was terrible, and one morning the bacon was turned to such a crisp as to be wholly inedible.

"Dear," said the wife to her husband, "I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning."

"All right," responded the husband gruffly. "Call her in."—American Legion Weekly.

Try This On Wifey

"He enjoys showing his wife how to drive."

"Really?"

"Yes; it's his first chance to tell her anything."—Judge.

Safety First With Father

"John," it says here that a lawyer told a man in court that he was participating in the affair. What does that mean?"

"My dear, you should not ask me to explain such things to you because the children."—Boston Transcript.

'Course, Ma's Economical

Wife—"What's that you are telling me? I'm not economical? Why, this is the twelfth hat I've used this hatpin with."

What Sister's Fellow Said

"What did the young man say when you told him you would be a sister him?"

"He declined with thanks. He said he already had two sisters who borrowed his golf clothes."—Washington Star.

Now Comes the Next Big Show



Editor's Mail

Fiery Cross

To the Editor of The Times

I have been a reader of The Times since it began publication and believe it to be the nearest to a "square" paper in this city. I am sending you this communication because I believe you will print any thing along this line, whether it is Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, without fear or favor.

In Saturday's paper was a piece headed "Mayor Launches War Against All Peace Disturbers." I wish to say he would be doing something worth while if he would put that race horse of his in the barn or let Sarah run it while he takes care of the city.

I am not interested in the Fiery Cross, but I think this town is in fine shape when Christian people cannot meet with the Fiery Cross (emblematic of the cross that our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was crucified upon). I also think something should be done here beside stopping the sale of "The Fiery Cross" and "Tolerance" magazines.

I think white mule is more of a public nuisance and hot inciter. You might say this was sent by

SEVERAL CITIZENS.

To the Editor of The Times:

I have just noted the headline in your issue of July 21, "Grain Gambling Blamed for Price Drop." Fully appreciating the article may be considered "feature news," I cannot help but wonder if featuring in such sensational head lines can accomplish any good. In the present day of increasing unrest and dissatisfaction what is the sense of sensationally worded head lines creating wrong impressions regardless of how much common sense and good argument may be contained on the editorial page. Why is it necessary to feature statements that grain gambling is responsible for this, that and the other evil just because some individual, more or less prominent, says so, particularly when his statement is not backed by act or reason.

Grain gambling is not responsible for the low price of wheat. It is the condition of present plenty and surplus production confronted with a restricted demand. During the past several weeks there have been millions of bushels of wheat sold on the Chicago Board of Trade which were hedging sales. Who but the speculator has bought the hedging sale?

If note your article attributes Mr. Johnson, Wisconsin Senator-elect, with saying there is something wrong with the Capper-Tinch law. This is unquestionably true. There is something wrong with it. The leading exchanges and the grain trade in general are trying to consciously combine with its provision despite its many restrictions but even so it has, as much as any one factor, served to depress the price of wheat by curtailing speculation, thus restricting the ability of the market to absorb the hedging sales always incident to the crop movement.

"Grain gambling" is a very euphonious phrase, but of all the asinine assertions and fallacious arguments that have been made under its classification I have yet to see one that could be substantiated.

HENRY HOLT,
Thomson & McKinnon, brokers.

Animal Facts

There is no such native bird as a pheasant in this country. The ruffed grouse is often confounded with the English-known pheasant, an entirely different bird. Also, we call our ruffed grouse a partridge when it isn't that. Our bob white is a partridge, in fact, and not a quail. The latter is also an English bird and much smaller than our bob white.

The little animal thief known as a fisher is not a fisher at all—it is a marten—the pennants marten. Why it ever was called a fisher no one knows unless the name grew out of the animal's habit of following trapping trails and stealing the fish bait in the traps. In reality, the little fellow never catches a fish and abhors water. It has one characteristic denied to other animals, however—it knows how to kill a porcupine without damage to itself. It pushes porcupine on its back and bites the spiny one in its unprotected belly.

Balance

BY BERTON BRALEY

A little less of politics, a little more of sense,

A little less of blindness and a little more of vision;

A little less of theory and more experience,

A little less of doubtfulness, a little more decision;

A little less, a little more, of one thing or another

Would tend to clear the heavy fog in which we grope and smother.

A little less of selfishness, a little more of charity,

A little less of ugliness, a little more of beauty;

A little less mendacity, a little more of verity,

A little less of shirking and a little more of duty;

A little less of standing still, a little more of movement,

Would give a lot of added speed to progress and improvement.

A little less stupidity, a little more of thought,

A little less of serpent and a little more of dove;

A little more of faith and works by which a task is wrought,

A little less of hatred and a little more of love;

A little more, a little less, of one thing or another,

Would make each mortal, more or less, his fellow mortal's brother.