

# The Indianapolis Times

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Published daily, except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 25-29 S. Meridian Street, Indianapolis. • Subscription Rates: Indianapolis, 12 Cents a Week; Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week. • PHONE—MAIN 3900.

## HI HIRAMER THAN EVER

**H**IRAM JOHNSON, back from abroad, says he "went to Europe an American and came back an American."

What he should have said was he went to Europe Hiram and came back still more so.

He is still against the League of Nations. Still against the world court. Still against the United States lifting its finger even to try to stop another war which, he admits, is plainly "in the making." In his New York speech, Hiram prided himself on being a liberal. He is the same sort of liberal as the old fellow over in Maryland who voted against the B. & O. Railroad passing through his town because "if the Lord had intended folks to ride that fast he'd make 'em with that kind of legs."

## "THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT"

(Written by John Carson, Washington correspondent of The Times, who is back home again in Indiana for a few days.)

**P**AUL DRESSER'S dead and gone. But today, under the official proclamation of the Governor of Indiana, a memorial is to rise along the now dirty Wabash River water front in Terre Haute. And from the memorial a driveway of beauty is to extend around the city. The call is out to Hoosiers sojourning throughout the world to contribute their mite to the memorial.

Dresser touched the heartstrings of the Hoosier, and today, be it in Rome, Vladivostok or New York, Dresser still touches them, with his:

"The moon is fair tonight along the Wabash,  
From the fields there comes a breath of new-mown hay,  
Through the sycamores—"

Hoosier though I am—an exiled Hoosier now—I know not the words, but the refrain still lives and in a chorus where I can halt and drag now and then, I can dawdle along, and I know how the Southern heart responds to "Dixie," know how the New Yorker responds to "East Side, West Side." But I know considerably more how the Hoosier heart at home or abroad responds to "The moon is fair tonight along the Wabash."

I was thinking it all over as I leaned across the bridge at Wabash Ave. and over the Wabash River, Terre Haute; thinking it over as I looked down the dirty and even disreputable water front as a friend pointed to a spot near Wabash Ave. and said:

"That's where Dresser was born. He never amounted to much, but was one of those apostles, a sort of a hobo who liked to take his boat and just loaf along the river."

The dirty water front and its spell over Terre Haute, its spell which certainly has germinated a goodly part of Terre Haute, will be gone. In place of that dirty decay and ruin will be something inspiring and beautiful and mayhap all Terre Haute will catch the inspiration to go on to better things—

And Paul Dresser, the hobo, who was not understood and "didn't amount to much" may look out from the shades and shadows and know that at last he has amounted to something "along the Wabash."

## PERSHING AND MILITARY CAMPS

**T**HERE is no more eloquent apostle of preparedness than Gen. John J. Pershing, who has been at Camp Knox, Kentucky, this week inspecting Indiana guardsmen.

When General Pershing was in this city recently attending the Rainbow Veterans' convention, those who saw him remarked that his body was erect, shoulders back, eyes clear, nerves steady, and zeal unspent. They probably did not know the general will be 63 years old in September.

None of the simple life for the general. If it had been his preference he might have retired from active military service before this. Pershing believes in and practices the business of keeping himself physically fit. Now he is making a tour of inspection of citizens' military camps and reservations. His mission involves almost ceaseless activity afoot, on horseback and on hot trains. It is to minimize the sting of war, not to invite bloody strife, that he is lending his influence and genius for a larger citizenship taught in the fundamentals and technique of military service.

INDIANAPOLIS WOMEN are firmly opposed to an increase in the water rate, but they're not planning a boycott as they did in their effort to bring down the price of sugar.

AFTER READING all these stories about Senator Magnus Johnson's leonine voice and how he tends his cows, we wonder how he ever yells, "So, Boss!" without clabbering the milk.

PERIODIC ANNOUNCEMENTS from the Department of Justice that it is about to start a rip-roaring trust-busting campaign somehow recall the axiom about a barking dog and how far he'll go.

THAT ROW between those Los Angeles and Washington wig manufacturers, each of whom claims the distinction of making wigs for John D. Rockefeller, confirms our suspicions that the oil king is pretty slick, but is keeping under cover.

A BIT too late in the summer, Edison and Steinmetz and the national board of fire underwriters have reinforced the lightning rod. Many a youth who is working his way through college would have welcomed the opportunity to switch from cooking utensils and Bibles, had the announcement come in May.

THE WORLD may be growing worse after all. Stephen Vadesz, a Hungarian engineer, has invented a vest pocket gramophone no larger than a watch. There is room inside for ten plates giving a repertoire of twenty selections. England has a six-inch gramophone, with a collapsible horn, that takes full-size records. Folded, it is no larger than a kodak.

PRESIDENT CROMWELL of the New York Stock Exchange wishes to emphasize the "wide distinction between members of the Stock Exchange and the bucket shops." Sometimes the latter pocket the whole of the sucker's payment for a 100 per cent profit, he pointed out. He didn't specify just what per cent the stock exchange members counted on pocketing, so the question becomes "How much is a wide distinction?"

SAMUEL GOMPERS and Charles Evans Hughes have been assuring one another once more that they are perfectly right in refusing to recognize the Russian government. All they ask, in effect, is that Russia set up a government exactly like the American Government. Trouble is, however, that after Russia had done that for them, Gompers probably would demand that Russia elect a Democratic President and Hughes would demand that Russia elect a Republican President.

## RAPER GOES SHOPPING IN SCOTLAND

Cynic Finds There's No Such Thing as Union Suit in Glasgow.

By JOHN W. RAPER

Philosopher and Gentle Cynic, Creator of "Josh Wise," and Cleveland (Ohio) Press Staff Investigator of the Universe.

**G**LASGOW, Scotland, July 27.—The commercial traveler is Chicago from his feet up. He came over with a bag just large enough to hold two shirts, half a dozen soft collars, as many pairs of socks, there or four handkerchiefs, pajamas, a suit of underwear, comb, hairbrush and toothbrush. And I think the bag was only half full when he boarded the ship. He has business in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, London, Paris, Marseilles, Berlin, Antwerp and Rome.

This afternoon he started out to buy a union suit a shirt and collar, and I accompanied him. We went first to a small haberdasher's shop, not more than twenty feet square, and found there the two proprietors and there girl clerks. One of the proprietors, a man of about 65, waited on him.

**L**ots of Bundles "Union suit?" repeated the proprietor inquisitively. "Cotton union suit?" "Yes—underwear, you know," explained the Chi man.

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly, of course," and he turned to the shelves, taking down a parcel, neatly wrapped in heavy, light-colored paper, and tied with heavy cord.

He placed the parcel on the counter, unrolled it, carefully unwrapped the contents, showing several suits.

"This," he said, "is cotton, sir, all cotton, pure cotton."

"Pure cotton?" said the Chi man. "What else could it be? How could you adulterate cotton?"

"Oh, easily, sir. It might have wool in it. Let me show you some lighter weights," and he turned to the shelves and brought down another parcel.

You Want a "Combination"

"I fear you misunderstood me," said the Chi man. "These are two-piece suits."

Plainly the old gentleman was puzzled.

"Yes, sir, of course. Didn't you say underwear?"

This led the Chi man to explain what a union suit is.

"Oh, of course, now I know what you mean. You mean combinations. I am sorry, but we have no combinations. Nobody in this country wears them."

So we went to the largest store in Glasgow, one of the best known in Scotland. Ah, here was a real store. A floorwalker rushed up with a greeting.

Only Faddists Wear 'Em

Out came the underwear—more two-piece suits, more explanations.

"I fear you won't find them in Scotland, sir. Nobody wears them there," he said, "but a few faddists."

"Union suits? No, Scotland doesn't wear union suits. We had some once, but they didn't sell. You'll have to wait till you go to the city."

"City?" echoed the Chicago man. "Glasgow has over a million. What a mecca city?"

"London," whispered the clerk.

Next: Raper tells of strange choo-choo cars and gasless trucks in Scotland.

## What Editors Are Saying

### Cheap

(Huntington Press)  
Some reputable authors of the profiteers' tariff must be feeling pretty cheap in the face of their repudiation by a big agricultural State which they attempted to baffle. But of course they don't feel nearly so cheap as the farmer's wheat is.

Lepers

(Richmond Item)  
Senator Brookhart doesn't ask the United States to invite the lepers of Molokai to come and make their home with us Americans. But why not? Of the two, the Hawaiian lepers would be the less loathsome, the less dangerous. For Russian sovietism is a moral leprosy, an even greater and more terrible danger to the American people, if once tolerated, than the most horrible case in Molokai.

Mr. Gompers is right. Secretary Hughes is right.

The American people can have no traffic with such rascality, such bloody guilt, such abominable tyranny and double-dealing, such venomous hatred for all our Americanism stands for.

We might as well make that plain, as our secretary of state has done, so frankly and so honestly. And American sentiment will back up his policy, unanimously.

Monopoly

(Bloomington Star)  
Indianapolis seems to have more trouble over her water than she does over her "white mule." Mayor Shank wants the city to have her own waterworks. No suggestion has been made, however, as to a municipal still, and the bootleggers will likely retain their monopoly.

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It was getting along toward dusk and the Irishman got up to turn on the lights in the smoker. The switch was one of the kind which turns the lights throughout the car on a series, the first turn lighting the cluster at the end of the car farthest from the smoker. The Irishman gave

## Heard in Smoking Room

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## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

### 6OM SIMS --- Says

Many a wife wonders if hubby has gone fishing for speckled beauties or freckled beauties.

It takes a lot of sense to get by without knowing anything.

Summer is passing. It is estimated electric fans have blown out nine million matches already.

Women with the most clothes seem to wear the least.

Things will get better when a man to buy a house.

Men with light heads don't shine like those with lantern jaws.

A man can be happy without a home if he is only staying away.

It takes a marriage license to get married on and an auto license to get a date on.

As a man thinks so is he, unless somebody changes his mind.

Summer resort engagements are dangerous. They are liable to end in marriage.

You don't have to go in swimming to have a shark pull your leg.

Only five more shopping months until Christmas.

Camping gets one out in the open. Not paying rent does the same.

## Editor's Mail

The editor is willing to print views of Times readers on interesting subjects. Make your comment brief. Sign your name as an evidence of good faith. It will not be printed if you object.

To the Editor of The Times

In your column Ask The Times I noticed answer to a question Is there any reference to blood in connection with the Jewish feast of the passover. Yes, see verse seven, chapter twelve of Exodus.

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Who can tell what has passed through the dog's mind? He must have been thinking that Friday night had arrived and with his mistress. Anyway, through dark storm and rain he trotted ten miles into town and found where she lived, although he had never been there before.

Some men are chivalrous. All dogs are chivalrous. We humans are taught chivalry. Chivalry is born in the dog. Some men are loyal to their friend, to the one they love. The dog is always loyal to his friend, to the one he loves. He never hesitates or counts the cost—he flies to his master's defense, no matter what odds are against him. If it be death, he plunges into it at full speed. When his human friend is downcast, grief-stricken, he sorrows with him sincerely. When that friend is happy and gay, none can be friskier and merrier than Friend Dog. No man is so poor, no man is so down and out, no man is so low and abandoned that a dog will not be his friend.

We receive service from many animals. Only the dog gives us all he has in friendship, chivalry and flaws—loyalty.

Brother Dog; shake, old fellow!

## Animal Facts

A northern