

The Indianapolis Times

EARL E. MARTIN, Editor-in-Chief ROY W. HOWARD, President.
ALBERT W. BUHRMAN, Editor. O. F. JOHNSON, Business Mgr.

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WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

WHEN history has had time to make its fair appraisal, Warren Gamaliel Harding probably will go down in the pages as a typical American than whom no fonder ideal could be found in any story book.

The steps by which he rose to the first position in the land are the steps by which Americans love to have their heroes mount upward—poor farmer boy, laborer, printer, struggling and conscientious young editor, promoter of his home town's interest, builder of a modest fortune, United States Senator, President. What more cherished path could any American have taken from humble obscurity and the highest achievement in the land?

The wonderful thing about Warren Harding, the printer and the President, was his attitude toward his fellow men. No man ever felt more kindly and generous toward his neighbors. No man ever strove harder to practice the Golden Rule, in which he devoutly believed. No man ever stood more loyally by his friends in their times of trial and trouble. No man ever counted less the cost of this loyalty to himself.

One incident of Mr. Harding's life illustrates his feeling for his workers. It was back in the days of the Marion Star, which the young printer had taken as a struggling paper. Hopelessly in debt, he and Mrs. Harding worked day and night "making" the Star. It succeeded journalistically and financially.

The first thing Editor Harding did when the paper was out of debt was to divide a big block of minority stock among his workers on such terms that the stock could pay for itself. He wanted the Star staff his partners—not his employees.

Perhaps his conscience and his devotion to duty were the causes of President Harding's premature death. In his struggling days Warren Harding formed the habit of working without looking at the clock. Not infrequently he carried this to the extreme of laboring without thought as to his health. He had to do that when he was young. It was the only way out and the American thing to do.

Later in political life he did it from force of habit. Still later as President, he worked as no other man in Washington worked. Because of the enormity his task he was as sensitive as a child to public comment and he wanted the Nation to feel that he was doing his level best even if that meant working himself to death.

That is what President Harding did. In that sense he is a martyr to the responsibilities his people imposed upon him. He probably knew what he was doing. He had seen at least one other President crushed by the responsibilities of the White House. This martyrdom of our Presidents will give the American Nation something to ponder seriously.

Perhaps the sweetest thing in President Harding's life was his genuine modesty. He was just a plain and simple citizen elevated by his fellowmen and women against his wishes to the highest pedestal in the land. He realized his limitations always. He mentioned them often in his talks at the White House.

Mr. Harding never pretended to be a great man. He was just a simple citizen doing his best under difficulties. Therein lies his greatness.

WILSON'S NEW NOTE FOR DEMOCRACY

IT may seem sacrilegious to reduce Woodrow Wilson's lofty plea for the "salvation of civilization," published in the Atlantic Monthly, to the level of everyday politics. Yet that is where its significance lies.

Wilson's challenge to the capitalistic system and his warning that the remedy for "universal unrest and perturbation" is "not to be found in superficial politics or in mere economic blunders," is exactly what thinking folk are beginning to realize.

A very strong group of Democratic leaders has had it in mind to make just such a ringing declaration for the guidance of their party. Either they did not dare to do it, or did not know how, and now Wilson has come along to do it for them.

This may mean, if the idea finds a fertile soil, a new note for democracy. What Mr. Wilson said in the Atlantic was very vague and general. It will need application to specific party policies. That may take some time. Wilson's new note may not catch on in one campaign.

In the past, Democratic idealists have harked back to the teachings of Thomas Jefferson for their inspiration. Jefferson, you recall, chose as his motto, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

The "tyrants" of Jefferson's day were political, religious, or intellectual. In his time, economic freedom did not loom so large nor difficult a problem. What Woodrow Wilson has tried to do is bring this fight of democracy against tyrants up to date. In the long years since Jefferson's time we have almost attained freedom, political, religious and intellectual. Generally, we can think, pray and teach as we wish.

A hundred years after Jefferson's time, Wilson, leading the forces of democracy, discovered that the tyrant of today is our economic system, which we call capitalism. In both international and domestic affairs, it is boss. So he warns us, and undertakes a new objective for those who strive for democracy.

RAPER FINDS BEST HOTEL IN SCOTLAND

Enormous Bedrooms With Red Rugs and Pictures as Bad as in U. S.

BY JOHN W. RAPER
N-SCOTLAND—This time I am staying at what most folk say is the best hotel in Scotland. The building is impressive. It is of brown stone, six stories in height, the topmost story being a mass of slate roof, immense dormers and pinnacles, highly embellished with curves, carvings and stone ornamentation of Caledonian style.

An enormous and handsome tower in which there is a great clock is the crowning feature. It reminds me in some ways of New York buildings erected in the 70's and torn down in the 90's.

This hotel is owned and operated by a railway company and there is something about it that suggests a railway station when you view it from a distance of a quarter of a mile. I should not be astonished if the building's stone walls were ten feet thick and if its architect were the railway company's bridge engineer.

To Reception Room

You can enter this hotel from the train shed. Taking an elevator (marked "elevator," not "lift," and bearing an American name), you are carried to a reception room and of course where there are two girl clerks.

After registering in the aliens' book and telling all about your birth and family affairs, where you have been and where you are going, you are conducted to your room, through a maze of waste space.

And something of a room, mine is. It is about 25 feet long, 12 feet wide and is 18 feet high. The window is a marvel. It begins two feet from the floor and goes up to about three feet from the ceiling. When I want to lower or raise the upper part I go out into the hall and get a window pole twelve feet long.

Pictures Bad as Ours

The furniture includes an immense marble-topped washstand, a large wardrobe for clothes, an overstuffed chair, a straight chair, two racks for suit cases and a bureau. The rug is principally red and of hellish design but fine material. The pictures are about as bad as those in American hotel bedrooms.

There are bathrooms and lavatories at various points on the bedroom floors.

The hallways are wide, most of them, but dark. Hotels here are not careless in their use of electrical current, which is very expensive.

I noticed at a number of doorways boxes of wood, shaped exactly like typewriter covers, with brass handles on top. It struck me that a large amount of typewriting was being done. But when I ordered a fire in my room I discovered they were coal boxes.

The fire extinguishers most common in Scotland are shaped like a megaphone.

NEXT—Write your job on your tombstone in Scotland, reports Raper, describing several strange things he sees.

What Editors Are Saying

Changing Times

(Fl. Wayne News-Sentinel)—And now one branch of the Methodist Episcopal church bowing to the trend of the shifting times has lifted the ban against dancing, card playing, shows and circuses and will admit to membership actors and dancing instructors. Nothing is quite fixed in the schemes of the human race. Today's vice may be tomorrow's virtue and what today is rectitude tomorrow may be iniquitous.

—J. J. J.

Ralston
(Muncie Press)

Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who was in Muncie recently, said he believed it entirely possible that Samuel G. Ralston will be nominated by the Democrats for President, next year. Many other Democratic authorities and publications make the case stronger and say they think Ralston will prove the logical nominee after the principal candidates have worn out their strength without any body's getting the necessary two-thirds of all the delegates.

Friends of the Indiana Senator are advising that he use the convention tactics of Harding in 1920 and remain merely in a receptive attitude until the main contenders for the nomination get out of the way.

The Democrats of the Nation could fare much farther and do a great deal worse than to nominate Samuel Ralston. His pro-league leanings, of course, may offend a considerable element of the party, but he has not proved himself over-radical even on that point, while in general he has the friendship of both the followers of former President Wilson and the faction opposed to Wilson.

A Thought

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. —Matt. 25:21.

Y OU think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons, —Richter.

Heard in Smoking Room

T HE clerical appearing gentleman seated in the corner of the smoking room contributed this one:

"Edgar Smith was something of a 'liver,' having a record number of clubs, and fraternal societies on his list, but he put his religion in his wife's name and permitted her to attend to all the church duties. In fact, his presence at church was never noted.

6OM SIMS Says

Political doctors say the Governor of New York is some wetter.

One might say a Spokane fireman who rescued a little girl climbed the ladder to fame.

There is no such thing as a white collar job during August.

The anti-tobacco bugs are at work again. Spraying with a little common sense is good for them.

A hero is a boy with enough money to buy drinks for the crowd.

They are using rye for money, in Saxon, the rich, of course, having a pocket full of rye.

These are the nights you kick off the darn hot sheet that felt so blame cold last winter.

Vacationists are taking to the tall and uncut hair.

A June husband tells us she washed the ice and put it out in the hot sun to dry.

If you see a man talking to a truck driver, it may be a college head after football players.

Everybody wants to be somewhere else, even after they get there.

Golf will not replace baseball until you get three strikes.

With summer half gone the fish that get away are getting larger.

A city boy in the country thinks lightning bugs are mosquitoes hunting him with a lantern.

Editor's Mail

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

To the Editor of The Times

I continually read of deplorable occurrences daily—the loss of life and bodily injuries. Having experienced many years on the rail, I realize that for future betterment and the saving of human life, there is need of deep and thoughtful consideration by the officials of law and authority.

To avoid some of these daily fatalities install a flagman at all rail crossings within the city limits. Out-of-town rail crossings should have the electric block signal system, and for daylight the continual ringing of bells for any approaching or passing train or interurban cars.

It cannot be expected of persons, either in machines or on foot, to have their eyes in front of them, and to the right and left of them at the same time. But at all rail crossings they can take time to STOP. All of the human race are born with brains.

The block signal, installed at a fair height, showing at night with safety colors, believe, would have the tendency to curb this appalling loss of life and injury.

ALBERT HEASBY, Indianapolis.

Family Fun

Broad Hint

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length "wasn't I here on the Sabbath night?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasn't I here on Monday night?"

"Aye, an' so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday night, an' Wednesday night, an' Thursday night an' Friday night?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday night, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately)—Maggie, woman! Do ye begin to suspect something?—The Continent.

The Laundry Man

Judge—What kind of business? Rastus—My business am a laundry business.

"What's the name of the laundry?"

"Do name of dat laundry am Liza."

Judge—

Father Plays Safe

Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy."

"Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."—Practical Medical and Surgery.

Sister's Dear Chum

"You can't imagine the number of young men who paid attention to me at the dance."

"It's quite unnecessary, dear—

you've already imagined them yourself."

—Boston Transcript.

As to Ancestry

"My father occupied the chair of applied physics at Cambridge."

"Dat's nuttin'; mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at Sing Sing"—Massachusetts Tech. Voo Doo.

Your Success with Our Saving Plan

It depends largely on the number of deposits you can make in a year.

THE result obtained in using the ordinary bank plan for saving money, rests with the depositor.

The number of times to deposit in a year is not fixed. But one should deposit twelve times a year at least and fifty times out of the fifty two weeks if possible. You started in to get results; success comes through regular depositing.

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BAHAMAS USELESS AS NAVY BASE

U. S. Has Never Considered Taking Isles as War Debt Payment.

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS, Times Staff Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Excitement occasioned in England and France by the suggestion of Senator Willis, of Ohio, that the United States take over the Bahamas and other British and French possessions in the West Indies in settlement of the war claims, was premature, to say the least, I was told today.

"The proposition has never been even seriously proposed," Secretary of War Weeks declared.

Talking with other high officials I got the impression the United States already has all the trouble it cares to take on in the way of overseas possessions. From the Philippines to Porto Rico there isn't one Latin-American connection to give President Harding unalloyed pleasure to contemplate.

Canal Not Menaced

The Panama Canal is not menaced by French and British holdings in the West Indies. Army and Navy officers say, nor are the islands needed as bases for the defense of the canal zone. And these things, they admit, would be the only excuses for further West Indian acquisitions.

With Guantanamo, in Cuba; Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands—with possibly Taboga Island, at the Pacific entrance to the canal—all improved, the Navy would have all the bases it really requires.

Even the Virgin Islands are by no means vital.

Acquired as recently as 1917, they represent a diplomatic secret rather than a strategic plan. It was a desire to forestall