

The Indianapolis Times

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COAL CAN BE MINED!

HIS newspaper feels constrained to remind Governor Pinchot on whom the public's hope of an anthracite fuel supply this winter rests, of a suggestion made earlier this week.

Coal can be mined without operators; it cannot be mined without miners.

This reminder is offered as a result of the jam that apparently has occurred in Harrisburg, Pa., where the Governor has miners and operators in conference. Based on their public statements, the positions of the two contending factors, stripped down to essentials are as follows:

Miner's willingness to accept in principal the Governor's proposed ten per cent wage increase with the reservation that in the case of the day wage men the increase be a definite number of cents per day. This is to prevent the present inequities in the wage scale being widened any further, as would be the case with a percentage increase. The amount paid by the operators would be no greater than under a percentage increase.

Operators—Willingness to accept the ten per cent increase with the reservation that an agreement be made for several years, this agreement being subject to revision annually with power lodged in arbitration board to fix the wages when miners and operators cannot agree.

The difference in the two reservations can be readily seen. The operators can accept the miners' reservation. It would cost them nothing. If the miners accept the operators' reservation their organization is practically wrecked. It would mean that all future wages in the anthracite industry would be fixed by an arbitrator. Long experience has taught the miners to refuse any such plan.

"We feel," said the miners in their statement to the Governor, "that your action has paved the way to re-opening of joint negotiations. The miners will hold themselves in readiness to enter such joint conference at any time such a meeting can be arranged.

In those words the miners opened the door wide but the operators appear to have dumped a load of dust upon the doorstep. Governor Pinchot's chance for success seems to depend upon his ability to clear away this dust. And that ought not be impossible. It certainly ought not to be impossible when he knows now that he will have the miners with him in any fair settlement, and as we now say, for the third time, so long as he has the miners with him he can mine coal.

HELPING TOURING MOTORISTS

These days of universal motor travel, cities are frequently largely judged by traffic and street conditions as the traveler encounters them. Not infrequently the stranger's most lasting impression of a city through which he or she passes is formed by opinions of these two outstanding features, regardless of other attractions or defects and too much attention to these details cannot be given by any municipality that wishes to create favorable sentiment with the visitor within its gates.

Plain and understandable markers are most welcome sights to the wayfarer entering strange cities. If street is well paved and, above all, well marked so that traffic rules of an unusual order are explained and principal highways clearly marked, the stranger is immediately impressed with the desire of the city to make pleasant the short stay of the traveler.

Indianapolis has some traffic rules, such as the tower system, that are wholly unfamiliar to strangers from cities as large or even larger, not to mention those of lesser size. Why couldn't some large, yet slightly markers be suspended from the trolley wires at intersections explaining the signals and indicating which corners have no left or right turns or designating the hours such turns can be made?

Travelers with out-of-State licenses have frequently been observed to disrupt traffic at downtown intersections because they could have had no way to know what various traffic signals stood for. These were not wanton law violators—any one might do exactly the same thing in some strange city—and were therefore not strictly accountable for their error. Even the most courteously conveyed information in such times is embarrassing, as no one likes to be made the center of attraction at a crowded intersection, when busy motorists are honking their horns and clattering for right-of-way.

Some small, almost illegible signs have recently been suspended from trolleys at downtown intersections here, but the information which they bear could scarcely be said to be adequate. Wouldn't a small investment in something a trifle more elaborate pay dividends in the higher regard the passer-by might have for the city?

EMOTIONS AS TOLD IN NEWS

An Indianapolis couple tells of the happiness life has shown them in fifty years of marriage.

A bookkeeper is charged with embezzeling his company's funds. Preparations are made for the State fair, showing activities throughout Indiana.

Rumbles of war come from Europe.

Announcement is made that Indianapolis donated generously to children at Fairview summer camp.

Love, greed, progress, war, charity.

It is life. Day by day, in greater or lesser degrees, humans run the same gamut of emotions.

The older a little girl gets the more her candy costs.

An eclipse and ten million predictions of the end of the world are due Sept. 10.

Magnus Johnson says he believes in books. We believe in book books, but not in cook books.

Flax crepe is large. Go ahead and get cinders in your eyes. Help use surplus flax seeds.

Your lot could be worse. A whale's bones weigh twenty-five tons. Suppose you were a rheumatic whale?

One of the books we would like to see written is "Confessions of a Coal Dealer."

IOWA man who weighs 300 pounds divorced a wife who weighed 287, because she was fat, we'll bet.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) doctor is 105. Been doctoring eighty-three years. A long time to owe him money.

IN ENGLAND FOUR DAYS MAKE WEEK

Britishers Take to Country
After Finishing Their
Work.

By JOHN W. RAPER.
ENGLAND: If you want to see the "merry England" you have read about, you must go to the country town. You won't find it in the city.

Nobody knows better than the Englishman himself that the villages and small towns, the rural districts, are the best part of England. The Englishman whose salaried position or business permits him to do so, closes his desk at noon on Friday or early in the afternoon and hurries to his country home, or to a country inn, or to the seashore. He returns to business some time Monday.

The commercial traveler in England knows nobody will talk business with him on Saturday, so he goes home on Friday. If he is a long distance from home, say 150 or 200 miles, and he has a high-class job, he starts for home Friday morning and sets out again for his territory Monday morning, reaching his field too late for work that day, so that he really works only Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Cities Are Deserted

On Friday afternoons the trains leaving the cities are crowded. Saturdays they are packed with outward-bound passengers. All the Monday trains are jammed to suffocation with the returning hordes. The boats are packed even worse than the trains.

The workers who cannot afford a railroad or boat trip go to the country and the shore in automobiles, starting out Sunday morning with baskets of food, returning in the evening.

An English city is a cemetery on Sunday. Even London, excepting in a few spots, is a deserted village.

The resorts, the villages, the country roads and lanes, are filled with city strollers, drinking in the pure air and enjoying the trees and flowers.

Towns Are Clean

The small towns of England are nearly always picturesque. They are as clean as new pins and the yards are always filled with flowers. If there is one without some historic interest, the scene of a battle, the birthplace of some famous Englishmen, the burial place of some king, such will have to hunt long to find such a town.

You always find in the villages some wonderful little tea rooms, delightfully clean and serving home-cooked food. The restaurants in these places are nearly always clean and serve food so much better than you can buy in the cities that you feel like remaining a month.

It is in the small towns that you find the old-fashioned English tavern with the quaint name and the sign with the picture illustrating it. Two of the most popular tavern names I found were: "The Red Lion" and "The Nag's Head." In one place the lion was of stone, painted red, but the others had red lion on a wooden sign attached to the front of the building or suspended from a post.

The Nag's head was the picture of the head of a fiery white horse that looked as though it was having its first view of a railway train.

A thief at Richmond robbed the collection box of \$100 at the Grace Presbyterian Church. Lucky man, he wouldn't have got away with anything like that from a lot of churchmen.

Five brothers and sisters, the youngest 78 and the oldest 96 years old, attended the reunion of the Arnold family at Hartford City.

Family Fun

Short of Help

It seems that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to Heaven he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh boy! Diz here is some pice," replied Rastus. "All we have to do is to wear a red suit wid horne, an' ebry now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But, tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to get up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an' gathin' in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how comes it yo' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Honor

A close friend of Lincoln called upon him at the White House in 1862 and found him in low spirits.

The old friend opined that being President probably wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Lincoln agreed. "No," he said, with a slight indication of brightening up, "sometimes I feel like the Irishman, who, after being ridden on a rail, said, 'If it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd rather walk.'"

"But, Sam, how comes it yo' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Observations

Dr. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, says the day is not far distant when men will work but four hours a day. We'll bet that will worry Judge Gary almost to death.

A Rhode Island man has invented a machine that will tell a woman's age, but no one ever invented a woman that would do it.

In Indiana they are wondering whether the Ku-Klux Klan, by buying that college, will be able to make their Klan any stronger.

Man wants to start a butterfly "farm" in the Angeles forest, but Hollywood would be a better place, perhaps.

In other words, France will pay us if she has anything left after Germany pays her and she pays Great Britain. Lafayette, do you hear?

The coast-to-coast aerial mail service is a great achievement, but why should any one desire to hear from New York in twenty-eight hours?

Heard in Smoking Room

The man next the window gazed gloomily out as the train sped along. He was glum—anybody could see that. Finally, in conversation with the other passengers, he revealed the burden of his soul. He had gone against Wall Street and lost. "It is the first experience I ever had of that kind," he said, "and it is the last."

"You remind me of old Bill Jones, a colored man down our way," said the smoker sitting next the gloomy loser. "Old Bill did some work for a friend of mine and received a check in payment. Bill didn't want the check, but my friend assured him it was just as good as money—that he could go to the bank and get it cashed whenever he pleased. Bill hiked for the bank with speed. A long line of men and women stretched out from the paying teller's window, and Bill got a place after some difficulty. The line moved along slowly,

60M SIMS --- Says

S NOWED five minutes in Nebraska. What's the price of coal?

Argentina wants a big loan. She can get it from Firpo.

Every nation has its pleasures. China recently shot 750 bandits.

A man who landed in Chicago without a cent owes \$4,000,000.

It was a shoe salesman who swam the English Channel, not a book agent after customer.

Miss Robinson, world's champion woman walker, did not learn it returning from auto rides.

Kansas City pair, divorced twenty-five years, will rewed. This is the longest vacation on record.

Mexico will elect a President. If she needs any candidates we can let her have a few.

Ten movie actors really drifted two days on the Pacific, showing fans' wishes come true.

Delaware has such a big apple crop there may not be enough jugs and bottles to hold it.

Never hit a train with an auto. Illinois railroad sued a man who did and won the case.

School days threaten to return. No joy is permanent.

Indiana Sunshine

CHEER UP, boys and girls who are wishing that school days were not so near. On account of injuries to his legs Everard Raines, 18, Kokomo, was never able to attend high school. But he worked at home under private tutors and will be graduated this year with an average grade of between 90 and 95 per cent.

The proposition of organizing a girl's band in Tipton has been suggested and has found favor among a number of girls and their parents. They wish to show the boy's band already there what a girl's band can do.

Nearly twelve bushels of beans, cooked in twenty-four big iron kettles and seasoned with plenty of onions, pork sides fed several thousand persons at the annual bean dinner held recently at Fountain.

There are at least two Bibles in the world that don't agree. Alleging cruel treatment, Amos E. Bible of Tipton asks a divorce from his wife, Nellie Bible.

A thief at Richmond robbed the collection box of \$100 at the Grace Presbyterian Church. Lucky man, he wouldn't have got away with anything like that from a lot of churchmen.

Cuba in Turmoil as Result of
Private Control of
Affairs.

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS.

OW revolution is brewing in Cuba. Disorder may break out at any time, according to information received here.

Underlying it, and at least partly responsible for the unrest, is the almighty dollar. And sugar.

A large faction of Cubans resent what they term American interference in Cuban affairs and the dollar domination of their country.

Cuban business is largely in the hands of Americans or is dollar controlled. American sugar investments in the island amount to \$1,000,000,000. Sugar mills and sugar estates owned outright by Americans alone are valued at something over \$600,000,000, while another \$125,000,000 worth are financed with Yankee money.

Interests Have Influence

Then there are railroads which haul sugar, factories which make mill supplies, steamships and what not, which are similarly controlled.

These interests naturally have an overwhelming influence in Cuban affairs. Note, for example, the hullabaloo today over the Tarafa bill. This, in effect, would consolidate Cuba's principal railways into one system and close about fifty private "sugar ports," almost exclusively American.

Cuba is like a shoestring. It is 730 miles long, with an average width of only fifty miles. So sugar mills and sugar estates, instead of shipping their product by rail to regular ports, which may fairly distant simply build a private railroad to the nearest coast, never more than a few miles away, construct a jetty and load ship right there.

Losses Necessary

There are forty-seven of these "private ports" sapping Cuba's economic vitality.

Obviously if every "sugar central" is to have its private railway and its private port, the necessary national or trunk-line roads and the necessary national ports—like Havana—will have to operate at a loss. And the government treasury stands to lose enormously on imports and exports, difficult to control when jetties abound all around the island.

Cuba, therefore, wishes to classify twenty-five Cuban ports as "national ports" and encourage shipment exclusively via these by granting a 20 per cent freight reduction on stuff carried ninety-four miles (150 kilometers) or over. Sugar imported via private ports would pay the Government a tax of 15 cents a hundred pounds.

Business Wishes Control

American sugar interests say this tax would be confiscatory. They will have to close their ports, they charge, if the Tarafa bill—named for Col. Jose M. Tarafa, its sponsor—is passed.

The truth of the business is, American business men have gobbled up most everything in Cuba and now only need to run the country to suit, while Cuba is desperately trying to preserve her own independence against the dictates of the dollar.

Protest, against the Tarafa bill, has been lodged with the American State Department and President Zelaya of Cuba has been asked to delay passage until it could be studied here.

Meantime Cuba is in ferment over this and similar incidents. Billed down, the issue in Cuba is this: Is Cuba independent, or does she have to jump when Washington cracks the whip?

There will be bloodshed over this issue if—yet not now, at some other time. But surely.