



# The Indianapolis Times

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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."—Dante.

## BRIDGE ME ANOTHER

(Copyright, 1928, by The Ready Reference Publishing Company)  
BY W. W. WENTWORTH  
(Abbreviations: A—ace; K—king; Q—queen; J—jack; X—any card lower than 10.)  
1.—What do you bid initially holding: spades—A K X X; hearts—X X; diamonds—A K Q X X; clubs—X X?  
2.—When dummy has an established suit and one re-entry, what should your immediate aim be when playing against the declarer?  
3.—What is the rule about leading tenace combinations?  
THE ANSWERS  
1.—One spade.  
2.—To remove the re-entry card.  
3.—Avoid leading from them.

## Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution, but on request will not be published. Letters not exceeding 200 words will receive preference.  
Editor The Times.  
Dear Sir: The knock that the substitute postoffice clerks give the postoffice laborers in your paper, Feb. 10, are not true. I am a post-office laborer and have had regular work for five years. I am past president of the Postoffice Laborers' Union, Local 17930, American Federation of Postoffice Laborers, and I also organized the local. I am going to be honest with you and the public and tell you just what a post-office laborer's duties are.  
First, before any man can get an appointment as a postoffice laborer, he must pass a sub-clerical civil service examination. I have taken both examinations for postoffice clerk and postoffice laborer. There is little difference in the examinations. The postoffice laborer is a high type of man. As far as the substitute clerks think they ought to lay claim to the cancellation machines, I shall leave that to you and the public.  
Any man who has had one year of schooling can operate one of those machines, as it takes no education whatever to operate. So I shall leave it to you and the public whether the man who takes the lower examination ought to have the machines as far as setting up mail on the pick-up table or sorting mail that comes under sub-clerical, the postoffice laborer handling the mail.  
I also shall state that we are not merely laborers, but skilled laborers. The postmaster can order us to do anything from sweeping the floors to clerical work.  
I shall say this also in defense of our postmaster. When I was appointed subclerical laborer, Mr. Bryson, our postmaster, told me that he could not furnish me with steady work. I should have to take chances on extra work. He told me to keep my position at the Frank Hatfield Ford Sales Co. until I started regular work.  
I think it shameful for a man to say that he never has the same instructions from the postmaster or from his superintendent of mails.  
I am sure every postoffice laborer will tell you he had those orders when he was appointed a substitute laborer. I think this statement ought to be given the first page of your paper in defense of the post-office laborers, and one of the best postmasters Indianapolis ever has had, a Christian gentleman.  
ARTHUR TOWNS.  
Ex-president and organizer of Local 17930, American Federation of Postoffice Laborers.

## Mr. Fixit

Improvement of E. Michigan St. Is Planned by Board of Works and Railway Company.  
Let Mr. Fixit, The Times' representative at city hall, present your troubles to city officials. Write Mr. Fixit at The Times. Names and addresses which must be given will not be published.  
Need for improvement of E. Michigan St., between the car tracks was cited today by a correspondent of Mr. Fixit.  
Dear Mr. Fixit: You seem to be about the only person in Indianapolis who really listens to the complaints of its citizens and do try and correct these things for us.  
Cannot something be done for the people who live east of Sherman drive—the place between the street car tracks and the street parking is in a terrible condition and driving a car, if a car is parked on the street, you have to drive on the dirt left there by the street car company, you can very easily wreck your car and cause injuries to yourself and other passengers. It is in a terrible condition and something should be done about it. Either the street car company should pave this space or else fill it up at least even with the street so there is no danger of turning your car over when you have to turn out for cars parked along the street.  
Then too, the people who have to transfer from the E. Tenth street car certainly have to contend with a lot of discomfort and inconvenience from the conductors on the E. Tenth street car line. They refuse to give you a transfer to bus when you board the car, and then when you reach Olney St. the place the bus meets the car, you have to go back to the conductor to get your transfer, in nine cases out of ten, I have seen elderly ladies laden with heavy market baskets and bundles have to walk and carry these heavy packages from front of car to the rear to get their transfers. This matter should be taken up and people either given transfers when they board the cars or have the conductor come through and hand them out before reaching Olney St.  
Thanks for whatever you can do for the people out east. F. D. Superintendent James P. Tretton said the street railway is contemplating repair of the Michigan line in cooperation with the board of works which is discussing plans for improvement of the street in the spring.  
Conductors on the E. Tenth line are ordered to pass transfers at Olney St. If you find one who is violating the order report it to the superintendent's office.

**Watson—Another "Favorite Son"**  
Were Senator James E. Watson of Indiana to be taken seriously as a candidate for President, it would have to be said that of all the candidates thus far in the field he is the least suitable and the most unfit.

From the days when he was an agent of the National Association of Manufacturers and as "Our Man Watson" ran for Governor of Indiana, down to the latest of the score of revelations of the corruption and shame of Indiana politics, nothing commends him for President, and everything in his record shouts against it with a brazen tongue.

So it is to be taken that the nine Republican Congressmen from Indiana who fulsomely indorsed him for President did so with their tongues in their cheeks, and in pursuance of another "favorite son" scheme like that adopted in Ohio and other States, to head off Herbert Hoover.

The intent, of course, is to nominate instead some nobody to whom Watson and the other bosses can throw their hand-picked delegations after he has been selected, as Harding was.

Watson's candidacy is even cheaper and more transparent than that of Senator Willis, against which many Ohio Republicans have risen in revolt. A like course is commended to Indiana Republicans.

## Searching for Partisan Flyspecks

In their eagerness to defeat Hoover, some of the professional politicians in the Republican party are going over his history with a magnifying glass and a fine-tooth comb, hunting for some irregularity in his Republican orthodoxy.

Having found no flyspecks on his American patriotism or his splendid record of achievement as a public servant, they have examined his Republican nose to see whether it always has worn a ring put there by organized partisans.

But about the only serious crime they find indictable is the fact that in 1918, when he was serving his country along with thousands of other patriotic citizens of all parties, he appealed to the country to stand by the President. That may be a crime in the narrow eyes of hide-bound partisans, but to the great majority of patriots in the Republican, as well as Democratic party, standing by the President when the country is at war is a virtue rather than a vice.

At that time Hoover's mind was on his job as food administrator and, as was the case with many other patriots, he was thinking of his country first—and as a constructive engineer and not a destructive politician.

It is that patriotism and willingness to see his country as a whole that makes Herbert Hoover so popular with the great rank and file of the party with which he chooses to align himself when politics is in order; for they, too, are patriots first and partisans afterward.

There are partisans who wouldn't look at a gorgeous sunrise without trying to find a flyspeck on it. There are partisans who make their living at politics. There are partisans who prefer midnight presidential nominations and an administration that would wink at booze and poker parties in a little green house on K St.

There are partisans who believe that to the victors belong the spoils, even when the spoils involve naval oil reserves and the robbery of sick and injured veterans.

There are even partisans like Frank B. Willis of Ohio, who will lift on high a lusty voice to proclaim that the man whose name has been given to Daughertyism is "cleaner than a hound's tooth."

And it is the politicians of this type who are doing all they can to serve the sinister and invisible interests that don't want Hoover for President, because they know they can't get into office under Hoover the kind of "regular" partisans who will grab and distribute.

That's why it is of supreme importance that the will of the honest rank and file should express in the selection of delegates to the Republican national convention; for that means a nomination in the broad light of day instead of in a smoke-filled hotel bedroom at midnight, under the clever manipulation of the political strategist who, Senator Willis insists, is "cleaner than a hound's tooth," and who is busy again in Ohio putting up anti-Hoover delegates.

## Young Rockefeller's Wise Words

It was a fine thing that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., did in urging Robert W. Stewart to give the Senate oil investigators every fact he had that they might want. A public spirited act—and also a wise one.

For the whole oil industry is suffering because of the attitude of the officials who have been called for questioning by Senator Walsh. It is idle for them to protest against "condemning a man before he has had his day in court;" for four years the Government has been trying, vainly, to get this business settled by the courts, and the delays are, without exception, the fault of the oil men.

Public suspicion is aroused, and it soon will embrace the entire oil industry. And the oil industry, very soon, will be wanting the Government to help solve problems of over production and foreign price wars. How sympathetic do these oil men think the Government is going to be if the public has grown to regard all the leaders of the industry as smeared with the slime of Teapot Dome?

We submit that the world has come to a pretty pass when things like that can happen. To be sure, a duel with boxing gloves is ever so much more sensible than a duel with swords or pistols. But who in thunder wants to see duels conducted with common sense?

Romance is dead. All that remains is to open D'Artagnan's grave and see if he hasn't turned over.

## The Charm of Banditry

There died in Italy the other day a 93-year-old patriarch who rejoiced in the title of "the last of the Italian brigands." During his life-time he had been credited with more than thirty murders, and in his youth he was known as "the wolf of the Sila."

It is rather odd, when you stop to think of it, how much such a man can always hold our interest. Notorious bandits seem to exercise a great fascination for all of us; biographies of such men as Jesse James, for instance, are selling like hot cakes all over America.

Why is it? Is it because we are so hedged about with rules and regulations that we have a sneaking admiration for a man who defies all laws? It would make an interesting study for a psychologist.

## Preventing Diphtheria

A bulletin issued by Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Chicago's commissioner of health, stresses once again the value of diphtheria anti-toxin.  
The bulletin points out that in 1880, before anti-toxin was in use, Chicago's diphtheria death rate was 290 per 100,000 of population. In 1927 it was 14.1 per 100,000. It is added that the best time to guard against disease is before it makes its appearance; in other words, that children might well be given diphtheria anti-toxin while they are in perfect health.

There is a point you might discuss with your family doctor one of these days. You may recall the old saying about the value of an ounce of prevention.

## A Costly Experiment

A Detroit lady went to a "plastic surgeon" in Chicago the other day to have some facial defect or other remedied. The "surgeon"—somehow, we just can't help putting that word in quotation marks—noticed that her legs were a bit crooked, and offered to straight them for her.  
So she let him perform an operation to make the crooked legs straight. Unfortunately, something went wrong. She was at last compelled to call her family doctor; he discovered that gangrene had set in, and only by operating promptly and cutting off both her legs was he able to save her life.

The impulse to beautify oneself is natural. But it is a good idea to go slowly. Crooked legs are a great deal better than none at all.

## Can Cities Be Too Big?

And now they are predicting that Chicago, in the near future, will be a city with a radius of 150 miles from the center of its downtown district to the city limits.  
This implies a tremendous amount of growth, and doubtless has set Chicago's boosters to singing round-dances at a great rate.  
But will it, after all, be an unalloyed blessing? Isn't there a limit beyond which bigness ceases to be desirable? New York, even now, is too big; too big, that is for the comfort of the average resident.

It is just possible that sooner or later cities will try to find ways to keep from expanding, rather than doing all in their power to increase their size.

A Boston boy confesses he tried to burn the schoolhouse. The strange part of that is the baseball season has not begun.

They've changed the football rules again. We didn't know they had any rules to start with.

Motion picture producers say they're going to put on better pictures. Pretty soon a movie show won't be a fit place to sleep in.

## Beings Out of Sky

BY BRUCE CATTON  
A woman in Cleveland the other day killed her three-weeks-old son. She explained: "I love him too much to let him grow up to face the poverty and struggles I've been through."  
Every so often, just when we get lulled into a condition of contented satisfaction with the world as it seems, something like that pops up in the newspapers to jar us out of it.  
That little paragraph about the woman who killed her son tells of a tragedy as poignant as any dramatist ever wrote. Think of the misery, the suffering, that must have filled that woman's life to turn her mother love for a helpless baby into a channel like that. And then see if you, too, aren't jarred out of your placid acceptance of this world as an easy-going place where all things work together for good.

It is good for us to be jarred like that once in a while. For we too easily forget that life is not always a safe and sane round of working and playing and eating and sleeping. There is misery and pain and the encountering of unexciting joys and the endurance of unimportant disappointments. It has infinite possibilities; sometimes it is dark beyond belief, and for some of its tragedies we can find no solution, no rational explanation.

Yet that is not the whole story.  
If life can be cruel, bitter, unendurable, it can also be more meaningful and glowing than we dream. It can drop us into deep valleys, but it also has towering peaks, shining in the sunlight, which we may scale. It holds possibilities of ecstasy as well as terror.

It was something like this, no doubt, that the old-time makers of fables had in mind when they peopled the world with a fantastic succession of satyrs, centaurs, demons and witches, and wove stories about men who had sold their souls to the powers of darkness and so had descended lower than the lowest beast. There was truth in those old fables. For they presented a world which, while filled with lurking shadows and half-seen shapes of horror, was at the same time a world of surprising beauty and majesty. If there were demons hiding in the night there were also slender gods and white-bodied nymphs on sunlit slopes.

Most of us lead lives that are pretty well padded. Our efficient age gives us automobiles and radios and moving pictures and similar inventions that lull us to an easy belief that life is not so very puzzling, after all.  
But once in a while we are jarred into a realization that we are wrong. And it is good for us. We need to rediscover our own potentialities; to learn anew that we were meant for the utmost extremes of being; to find out for ourselves that the most commonplace village street, lined with sleepy frame houses, is a temporary stopping place for beings who have come down out of the sky.

## Let's Show Him Who's Running This Show



## THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION Did Christ Really Exist on Earth?

Written for The Times by Will Durant

EVERY one knows the rest of John's tragic story, for Oscar Wilde, drawn irresistibly to this tale of blood, has told in a silvery stream of voluptuous poetry, how Salome, dancing for Herod, asked as her reward the head of John, who had refused her love.  
And now, the great forerunner being dead, Jewish hopes blighted again, sought some other embodiment and resting place. Who was this pale and handsome youth who had stood in the Jordan under John's baptizing hand, and had seemed to himself to be a great saint, his dark eyes burning with zeal to serve his people and lighted with the vision of God's kingdom come upon the earth?  
Did not legend say that the holy old man Simeon, when he had seen this lad as an infant brought to the temple for circumcision, had pronounced over him these prophetic words, that were to be a song of parting for many centuries—"Now let thy servant depart, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples; a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel?"  
Perhaps it was through this gentle voice that God would speak the glad tidings of justice, and liberty and peace to all men of good will?  
LET us tell the tale again; it is the greatest story ever told, and surely the world will never tire of it.  
It is only legend, or did Jesus really exist? It is a legitimate doubt, as the passionate scepticism of Brandes has shown; and the mist of myth that has gathered about the name of Christ has provoked truth-lovers occasionally to an extreme reaction in which everything is denied.  
Legends grew up about St. Francis, too, and about Alexander, even before they died; none the less, presumably, these men existed. Doubtless the myths have distorted the man; but what figure in history has not been warped with inevitable romance?  
We may be content with the conclusion of Klausner, the great Jewish scholar who has vindicated the historicity of Jesus; and we may say with the skeptical Renan, that "the faith, the enthusiasm, the sanctity, of the first Christian generation is not explicable except by supposing at the origin of the whole movement, a man of surpassing greatness."  
Nevertheless the picture is obscure, and every age of history and of individual growth re-creates it in the image of its ideal; Jesus has forfeited his personality to become all things to all men. And these pages, too, will not so much paint a man as mirror another prejudice.  
WE see him first as a student; it is not unnatural that a Jewish youth should at the age of 12 puzzle the doctors with questioning. Perhaps he loved books a little more than the harsh realities of the world, and pored over them so long that the picture of God's kingdom became more real to him than the imperfect things attested by his eyes and ears.  
He seems to have read the Book of Enoch with especial care, and often in the days of his mission he used its language word for word.  
And many times over and over again he read the great prophets, and trembled at the call he heard in Isaiah's words:  
"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set free them that are wounded." It is the eternal dream of the noblest men.  
So we see him, twenty years later, standing on the shore of Galilee, telling his vision to a little group of fishermen or of simple men and women from the towns along the Lake; and even the children heard him gladly. He must have been an attractive figure, gentle of bearing, infinitely tender in every touch, beautiful of face with the characteristic brilliance of the Jewish eye.  
His slim figure was ennobled with the seriousness of his mission; he smiled upon the simple pleasures of the people, but he seldom laughed. Later, when the world seemed odorous to his call, an angry bitterness crept into his speech, and the awful doctrine of hell mingled strangely with the gospel of love.  
He had not the calm wisdom of the Greek sage, but the Puritan zeal of those Hebrew prophets whose line he traced to his zenith.  
He seems to have shared most of the theology of his times except that he lifted the conception of God and the despotism of Yahveh to the sublime beneficence of the Heavenly Father. He believed in a personal devil, and interpreted sickness as possession by a demon; or was he in the use of these ideas, merely a master of symbol and allegory?  
(Copyright, 1928, by Will Durant)  
(To Be Continued)

## Questions and Answers

You can get an answer to any answerable question of fact or information by writing to Frederick M. Kirby, Question Editor, The Indianapolis Times, Washington, D. C., enclosing two cents postage for reply. Medical and legal advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be made. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unsigned requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential. You are cordially invited to make use of this free service as often as you please.  
EDITOR.

**What is "The Spanish Main?"**  
In medieval times the name was applied to that portion of the ocean especially the Caribbean Sea, off the coast of Central and South America, traversed by the Spanish galleons in their quest for gold and other treasure.  
**What is the distinction between "knowledge" and "learning?"**  
Knowledge is all that the mind knows, from whatever source derived; learning is wide and systematic knowledge gained by long study; wisdom is the power of discerning what is true and right; understanding is clear knowledge, comprehension, correct mental discernment.  
**Does Russia under the Soviet government have compulsory military service?**  
The army is now organized on a basis of universal military service. Service is divided into (a) preparatory; (b) service with the color; (c) reserve service. Preparatory training is on a militia basis and begins at the age of 19. Men in their twenty-first year are selected for service with the colors for five years.

**Why is Rome called "The Eternal City?"**  
The appellation "Eternal Rome" is said to have been applied by Tibullus, and was repeated by Ammianus Marcellinus in *Res Gestae*. Augustus Caesar is quoted as saying to Piso—"You cheer my heart who build as if Rome would be eternal."  
**Into how many administrative districts is France divided?**  
For administrative purposes France is divided into ninety departments each administered by a perfect, nominated by the French government. The unit of local government is the commune of which there are about 38,000, most of them having less than 1,500 inhabitants. The local affairs are under a municipal council chosen by universal suffrage, and each commune elects a mayor who is both the representative of the commune and the agent of the central government. He is the head of the local police, but acts under orders of the prefect.

**Does the receipt of a wedding announcement call for a gift?**  
Not unless you wish to send one.  
**How long after the death of the husband should the wife wear her wedding ring?**  
Just as long as she chooses. If she marries again, of course the old wedding ring should be removed to give place to the new one.  
**What is the gross area of the United States including possessions?**  
3,742,903 square miles.  
**What body need does the protein in food supply?**  
Protein is fuel for the body and also provides the important element nitrogen, which is needed for growth and to keep the body in repair. Without meat or its substitutes, including milk, meals would be lacking in this body-building material. Foods depended upon for protein are: Milk, skim milk, cheese, eggs, meat, poultry, fish, dried peas, beans, cowpeas and nuts.  
**Are frappe, mousse, sherbert and water ice made in the same way?**  
Water ice is sweetened fruit juices, diluted with water and frozen; sherbert is water ice to which a small quantity of gelatine or beaten whites of eggs are added; frappe is water ice frozen to the consistency of mush; mousse is heavy cream beaten stiff, flavored and allowed to stand three hours in a mold packed in ice and salt.  
**Should one say "She plays tennis very good" or "She plays tennis well?"**  
"She plays tennis very well," is correct. An adverb must be used to modify the verb.  
**In what county is the city of St. Louis, Mo.?**  
It is not in a county.

## WANT

That

## THAT

The Rules

1. The idea of letter golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, or a given number of strokes. Thus to change COW to HEN, in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.  
2. You can change only one letter at a time.  
3. You must have a complete word of common usage for each jump. Slang words and abbreviations don't count.  
4. The order of letters can not be changed.

GAME  
CAME  
CARE  
BARE  
BARD  
BIRD

## TRACY

SAYS:  
"The Pathetic Part of the Ohio Situation Is That Senator Willis Actually Thinks He Can Be Nominated."

With Hoover entering Ohio, Smith demanding "no straddle" on prohibition, Tammany ordering a "non-hip toting" delegation for Houston, and "profits" of the Continental Trading Company travel to Republican headquarters, we may conclude safely that the 1928 campaign has begun.

Not that the news is startling or unexpected, but that the signal gong seldom fails to give us a thrill, no matter how sure we have been as to the exact moment it would go off.

Most people have felt that Mr. Hoover would give Senator Willis a chance to strut his stuff at the proper moment. They have felt, also, that Governor Smith would insist on a constructive platform with regard to prohibition.

A "non-hip toting" delegation from New York is too strictly in accord with Tammany methods, as well as what the situation demands, for anyone to be shocked.

The oil scandal has presented too many unlooked for angles and has been discovered behind too many unguessed doors to make the fact that some of the ill-gotten profits went to pay off the Republican campaign deficit of any particular consequence.

## Optimistic Mr. Willis

Senator Willis is not alarmed at the prospect of contesting Ohio with Hoover. Indeed, he is one of those calm, self-assured, optimistic individuals who never are alarmed at much of anything.

Confident that the prohibition wave which has carried him and so many other mediocrities to high places will function as of old, he feels that he faces no more difficult task than to reiterate his dryness and continue accepting honorariums from the Anti-Saloon League.

The \$500,000 recently donated to that organization by its good angel, Sebastian Kresge, should fill his soul with renewed hope.

So we find him trotting out a ten-plant platform with such spontaneity as permits the suspicion that it had been prepared in advance and held in cold storage for just such an occasion.

## Small-Minded Politics

While Senator Willis is for "an old-fashioned William McKinley Republican protective tariff," whatever that may be, "continuation of the present program of tax reduction," "solution of flood control as a national problem" and other safe, orthodox doctrines, he feels quite sure that "the party or candidate who succeeds this year must be thoroughly American in viewpoint and devotion."

His colleague, Senator Fess, who admits that he did not tell the truth to newspaper men regarding his interview with President Coolidge, makes clear what Senator Willis means when he (Fess) refers to Mr. Hoover as that "eminent British statesman," which is about as dirty an uncalculated insult as has yet graced the anti-Hoover campaign.

Other opponents may have thought it, but they waited for the smallest-minded among them to express it.

Willis and Fess should make an excellent team to bring out the real issue in Ohio. They not only reflect with accurate faithfulness the kind of politics that made such a man as Daugherty mentor of the Harding Administration and the oil leases, the cash fund scandal, and the alien property steal, but they represent that peculiarly high moral tone which visualizes an Anti-Saloon League sustained by tainted money as the greatest blessing this Nation could receive.

## Rose-Tinted Dreams

The pathetic part of the Ohio situation is that Senator Willis actually thinks he can be nominated.

The idea is borrowed, of course, from what happened at Chicago in 1920, when Harding was the beneficiary of one of the most amazing compromises ever hatched, but that makes it no less real in his mind.

The dream of just such a deadlock as occurred on that occasion, and of just such a denouement, with himself in the title role, evidently has given him a new life, his path and ambition for the last several months.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture how a man of his temperament would become infatuated with such a vision. Strong for precedents, as he obviously is, the one established by Harding eight years ago must have appealed to him as the grandest ever.

## Fit for Office?

When you contrast the eager longings of such a man as Willis with the candid modesty of such a man as Hoover, you get a vivid impression of what constitutes the real element of weakness and strength in a Democracy.

Hoover has given his life to public service for the past fifteen years, asking nothing by way of reward except a chance to do his duty in such places as the public might select. Though glad to accept the presidential nomination if it comes to him as the voluntary judgment of his fellow-citizens, he refuses to make an open bid or a personal campaign to obtain it. More than that, he refuses to engage in such political trades and commitments as the ordinary politicians believe are necessary.

The people of Ohio have a chance to show what they think of that kind of a man as opposed to one who is ready to shriek his head off for the highest place within the grasp of the country, and who does not pause to ask himself or anyone else whether he is fit to occupy it.