

## Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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MAY WE INQUIRE if anything is being done toward the construction of those oft-promised swimming pools?

THE CONTRACTOR has agreed to give a new bond on the North-western avenue bridge, thus demonstrating again that some day we may have a new bridge.

## Mr. George C. Hitt

The joint "school board" of the two administration newspapers of Indianapolis that the school board obviously has no intention of coopting George C. Hitt in the position of business director after his contract with the board expires is more than a year late.

This is, of course, exceedingly obnoxious to these two newspapers. They have been taking advantage of Mr. Hitt's connections with the schools to gather through him material which they are now using in an attempt to regain the control of the board that they lost when the public awoke to the fact that under their influences the school boards of the past had failed to make arrangements for the housing of approximately 12,000 school children.

More than a year ago, this newspaper set before the public some very real reasons why Mr. Hitt should no longer be continued in the position of business director of the schools of Indianapolis. In a series of articles which have never been refuted in the minutest degree, the Times showed that the business administration of the school affairs was disgracefully inefficient and very costly to the taxpayers of Indianapolis.

There was not then, and there is not now, any disposition to reflect on the character or the integrity of Mr. Hitt. The record of his administration of the school affairs of Indianapolis does not disclose a felonious intent to rob any one.

But it does disclose a complete inefficiency, a complacent disregard of the law and an indifference to the interests of the taxpayers that should not have been tolerated as long as it has.

Specifically, it has been disclosed that without authorization and in a manner contrary to law, Mr. Hitt expended thousands of dollars of school money. It does not suffice to assert that authorization was given to him and carelessly omitted from the records of the board for the reason that in these expenditures Mr. Hitt did not follow the law relative to receiving bids for the work done.

Possibly, Mr. Hitt can show that his expenditures were verbally authorized by the school board as it was previously constituted, but there would be nothing accomplished by a showing that the previous school board authorized him to expend more than \$50,000 on one school plant without bids, for the law requires these bids and the board members have no power to authorize the suspension of the law.

In this incident alone Mr. Hitt has displayed an utter unfitness for the position he holds. Other incidents confirm this judgment.

Mr. Hitt's fitness as business director of the schools is neither surprising, nor without precedent. As receiver for the Indianapolis Star, and in other business capacities, his training has been largely along lines that had more to do with the income than the outgo. Suddenly transplanted in a position where he dealt with enormous expenditures almost exclusively, he has demonstrated that his training was not such as to guarantee efficiency. Coupled with this lack of fitness was his worship of the false gods who have relegated to themselves the conduct of all the affairs of this community. They made Mr. Hitt the failure he is as a business director. His blind faith in their power to control all things has brought about the necessity of an airing of what otherwise might have been his retirement without public criticism.

In a way the question that confronts the school board now is whether it retains an employee who has proved inefficient at the demand of two newspapers that have found this employee serviceable to them, or whether it acts in the best interests of the public and retires him.

Some time ago we should have predicted that the influence of the News and the Star was sufficient to keep Mr. Hitt on the job regardless of all other considerations.

Today, we believe that the community has become so well acquainted with the selfish manipulations of these two agencies that the board members will dare to act in the best interests of the school children who have been neglected long enough.

## The Usual Twaddle

We fully agree with our easy-going contemporary, the Star, that criticism of negro ash haulers who insult women and interrupt funerals is "political" in at least one sense—the citizens of this community are compelled to tolerate them by political bosses.

But why the negro population of Indianapolis should resent this criticism, even at the behest of such a friendly institution as the Star, is more difficult to understand.

We take it that the negroes of this city do not desire the privilege of insulting white women or interrupting funerals and we have always felt that the negro who thinks for himself realizes that every instance of this kind adds to the handicap which he must bear owing to his color.

As to the ash haulers, it will be difficult to arouse public sympathy, even with the aid of the drive that the bipartisan influences succeed in getting into the editorial columns of our administration organs.

These ash haulers are political hangers-on, selected by politicians for political reasons. They are today occupying jobs that would be very acceptable to hundreds of the able-bodied and capable wage-earning men in this city who have been without work during the period in which this community is "returning to normalcy."

The arrogance of the ash haulers speaks for itself and is too well known to the citizens of the city to require much comment. These negroes doubtless realize that they hold their positions not because of the service they render to the public that pays them, but to the bosses who hire them, foremost among whom stands a pretended Democrat whose valiant service to the Republican bosses is the consideration by which he, in turn, holds his job.

Next on the program of the staunch friends of these political satellites will be a woeful complaint that to suggest disturbance of them in their seclusion is to provoke "race feelings." We will be advised that we must tolerate their misconduct lest by protest we arouse the resentment of decent people to such an extent that something will happen to "defame the fair name of our beautiful city."

Fortunately, however, there exists among the negroes of Indianapolis a great majority of good citizens who do not enjoy seeing their race judged by the actions of the Jewett-Lemcke riff-raff.

These negro citizens and all white citizens know that the quicker the community ceases to condone the "politically strong negro" in his arrogance and his misdeeds, the better it will be for Indianapolis.

Terry, who had never met Miss Moss, heard to his surprise and gasped: "How is she?"

In that cry there was no suggestion of his usual reserve.

Those few mental pervers who caused to be printed and circulated about the legislative halls yesterday, the malicious, indecent and silly "public sale" bill designed to give vent to their unpatriotic hatred of the Wilson administration deserve to be ostracized from the society of real Americans.

Not content with having yelped like wolves and coyotes at the heels of a President for four years, this pack of conscienceless slanderers must make of the inauguration of President Harding a time for gloating over the collapse of the most unselfish program for the betterment of mankind that has ever emanated from the Whitehouse.

Not content with having seen a President break his strength and health in a courageous assault against their walls of petty political prejudices, these jackals must make of his retirement an occasion for public taunts and indecent "humor."

There is some consolation, however, in the knowledge that long after the ashes and the memory of these smart-alecks have been obliterated, Woodrow Wilson, on whom they heaped such senseless and unjustifiable abuse, will take his place in history as a figure that can never be forgotten. We hold no brief for the Wilson administration. It is not on trial and no brief is necessary. Whatever criticism can in fairness be made of it, can in fairness be answered with the plain statement that never before in the history of this country was there such an organization to discredit an administration.

What President Wilson accomplished was accomplished in the face of a world-wide opposition.

And that opposition, far more than President Wilson, is responsible for what his critics are pleased to term his failures.

## THE SPHINX APPLE

By O. HENRY

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TWENTY miles out from Paradise City, fifteen miles short of Sunrise City, Biddis Rose, the stage-driver, stopped his team. A furious snow had been falling all day. Eight inches it measured now, on a level. The remainder of the road was not without peril in daylight, creeping along the ribs and bays of jagged mountains. Now, when both snow and night masked its dangers, further travel was not to be thought of, said Biddis Rose. So he pulled up his four stout horses, and delivered to his five passengers oral deductions of his wisdom.

Judge Menefee, to whom men granted leadership and the initiatory as upon a silver siver, sprang from the coach at once. Four of his fellow passengers followed, inspired by his example, ready to explore, to oblige, to resist, to submit to, according as their private factor might be inclined to sway them. The fifth passenger, a young woman, remained in the coach.

Biddis halted upon the shoulder of the first mountain spur. Two rafter, ragged-black, homed the road, fifty yards above the upper fence, showed a dark blot in the white drifts, stood a small house. Upon this, Judge Menefee and his cohorts with boyish whoops born of the rather asceticism of the road, they pounded at window and door. At the inexpressible silence they waxed restless, and the coacher, who had been in the saddle, sprang to the door and opened it.

The watchers from the coach heard a muffled and shuffling sound, and a light within flicker-d, glowed, flamed high and bright and cheerful. The door was open, and the coacher, who had been in the saddle, sprang to the door and opened it.

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Alfred standing talking at the gate. Then he lifts his hat and walks away, and that was the last anybody in that town saw of him, as far as this man knew.

"What about the young lady?" asked the young man who had an agency.

"Right there is where my lot of information turns to an old spavined creature and so forth, but I've pumped it dry."

"A very sad," began Judge Menefee, but his remark was curtailed by a higher authority.

"What a charming story!" said the lady passenger, in flute-like tones.

A little silence followed, except for the wind and the cracking of the fire.

The men were seated upon the floor, having slightly mitigated its inhospitable surface with wraps and stray pieces of board the man who was placing Little Gollath windmills arose and walked about to ease his cramped muscles.

Suddenly a triumphant shout came from him. He hurried back from a dusky corner of the room, bearing aloft something in his hand. It was an apple—a large, red-mottled, firm pippin, pleasing to behold. In a paper bag on a high shelf in that corner he had found it. It could have been no relic of the loved, repudiated theory that it had lain on that dusty shelf since August, in the desert house, had left it there.

Dunwoody—again his exploits demand for him the honors of nomenclature—flashed his apple in the faces of his fellow men. "Behold!" he cried, vaingloriously. He held the apple high up in his right hand, and with his left hand he pointed to the lady passenger, smiling calmly.

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and decide the question which follows:

"But a few minutes ago our friend, Mr. Rose, favored us with an entertaining but fragmentary sketch of the romance in the life of the former possessor of this habitation. The few facts that we have gathered seem to me to open up a fascinating field for conjecture, for the study of human hearts, for the exercise of the imagination—in short, for story-telling. Let us make use of the opportunity. Let each one of us relate his own version of the story of Redruth, the hermit, and his lady-love, beginning where Mr. Rose's narrative ends—at the parting of the lovers at the gate. This much should be assumed and conceded—that the young lady was not necessarily to blame for Redruth's becoming a crazed and world-hating hermit. When we have done, Miss Garland shall render the Judgment of Woman, as the Spirit of her Sex shall decide which version of the story best and most truly depicts human and love interest, and most faithfully estimates the character and acts of Redruth's betrothed according to the feminine view. The apple shall be bestowed upon him who is awarded the decision. If you are all agreed, we shall be pleased to hear the first story from Mr. Dunwoody."

The last sentence captured the windmill man. He was not one to linger in the damps.

"That's a first-rate scheme, Judge," he said, heartily. "Be a regular short-story contest, won't it?"

"I think it can do us good," said Judge Menefee, brightly. "It will be almost like a game."

Judge Menefee stepped forward and placed the apple in her hand impressively. "Behold!" he said, "Behold!"

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