

# Indiana Daily Times

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INCOME TAX PAYING is painful, but as Mr. Elder suggests, it might as well be done early as late!

PERHAPS the school board would do as well if it abolished its counsel and submitted all its legal problems to the State board of accounts direct.

IN THESE DAYS of high prices it is hard for any one to understand the plea of a man who wanted to be sentenced to jail so that he could "sober up."

AS A PUBLIC OFFICIAL who urges all others to respect the spirit as well as the letter of the law, that \$3,000 bonus must be a great temptation to Jesse Eschbach.

IT IS PREDICTED that two classes of citizens will get beer under the government's new ruling and it is a safe bet that all who desire it will belong to one class or the other!

THE AUDITOR of Grant County can take some consolation from the fact that he is not the only public official who disagrees with the rulings of the State board of accounts!

NITHER the controller nor the sanitary board respects the law designating the time they shall file their reports, but what's a little matter like the law among the members of the Jewett administration?

MORRIS BLEWISS isn't the only defendant in a criminal case who has arranged for a parole hearing while enjoying a reprieve recommended by Judge Collins "to allow him to attend to important business matters."

THE UNEXPECTED DEATH of Judge V. G. Clifford comes not only as a blow to a host of friends, but also as a blow to the whole community, for whose interests he sacrificed himself as an able member of Marion County's bench.

## Regardless of the Law

Section 2 of the act under which the sanitary district of Indianapolis was created says:

"Such city of the first class shall furnish suitable office and storage room for the use of such board of sanitary commissioners without cost to the board, and all maps, plans, documents, records and accounts shall be there kept by said board subject to PUBLIC INSPECTION AT ALL REASONABLE TIMES."

This same section also says, "ALL MEETINGS SHALL BE PUBLIC." This is the law of the State of Indiana and the members of the board of sanitary commissioners of Indianapolis are as bound to respect it as they are to refrain from committing murder.

Failure to keep the records of their board meetings and their accounts of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that pass through their hands "subject to public inspection at all reasonable times," is malfeasance in office, all the more reprehensible because it can have only one purpose—the deceiving of the people of Indianapolis as to how their business is being transacted.

Regular and special meetings of this board, held behind locked doors, with the public excluded, are not only contrary to law but can have but one purpose—the suppression from public knowledge of facts that the public should know.

Such is the law and such is the only interpretation that can be placed on its violation.

But the facts are the Indianapolis board of sanitary commission does not keep its records and accounts subject to public inspection at any time. The reason is obvious.

The board of sanitary commissioners of Indianapolis is the weakest spot in the administration of Charles W. Jewett.

Its official actions can neither be explained nor condoned in a manner that makes it advisable for the Jewett administration to allow the public to know what it is doing.

One of the first acts of this board was the purchase from James P. Goodrich et al. of a garbage plant for \$175,000 after the president of the owning company had declared under oath that "it would cost more than the plant is worth to junk it."

Another of its secret actions was the signing of a contract with the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company to complete, for a substantial block of public money, a contract which the company had bonded itself to complete at a figure considerably lower than this board finally agreed to pay it.

A third feature of its illegal proceedings was the suppression of its report on the operation of the \$175,000 garbage plant which it bought from Goodrich et al.

The board failed to create this board says that it shall make a report of its proceedings to the mayor prior to Feb. 1 of each year.

The board failed to make this annual report until March 10 of this year. When it did make the report it failed to place a copy where it would be "subject to public inspection at all reasonable times."

The explanation lies in the rumor that this suppressed report shows that last year the sanitary commission operated its \$175,000 garbage plant at a deficit of \$33,000.

There is, of course, a way to compel these sanitary commissioners to live up to the law that created them.

If they were compelled to live up to this law the citizens of Indianapolis would, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing how much of their money the board was scattering to the four winds, even though they were unable to save the money.

The very secrecy with which the members of this board surround the affairs of the board is sufficient to destroy any confidence which the public might have in it.

The fact that its members openly violate the law relative to the maintenance of its records "subject to public inspection" is a very good indication of their willingness to violate other sections of the act.

Secrecy in public affairs does not always indicate graft, but graft in public affairs is always clothed in secrecy.

## Better and Happier

The boiler in which the daily fare was prepared, in St. George's workhouse at London, is to be preserved in a museum, because it was made famous by Dickens in "Oliver Twist." It was there that little Oliver held up his bowl and asked for more gruel, and received none. There began the story now recognized as a wonderful piece of literature. The building is to be a warehouse.

No tears will be lost over the conversion of this old workhouse into something commercial, for the lover of good literature cannot feel kindly to the shelter where little Oliver Twist was mistreated. Dickens had a wonderful ability to paint a word picture and in his books he did it, without fear or favor, and that of the workhouse makes one shudder.

Happily the time of corporal punishment is passing. No longer is an act of cruelty to a child or even to a beast tolerated, if it is known, and no longer does a resort to pain meet with approval. One of the great signs of the advancement of the human family is its appeal to reason rather than to suffering, to accomplish anything.

In Russia railroad men who make certain mistakes are flogged. In England less than fifty years ago soldiers and sailors were punished with the lash, while in America scarcely sixty years ago, labor was enforced among the slaves with all the inhumanity greed could devise.

Now, it is recognized that even horses do not need to be "broken"—trained is the proper word, and that is to be done not by the terror of the whip but by an appeal to the intellect. With children, one who would advocate the necessity of the rule of the hickory stick would not be heard. To say a child's will must be broken is savagery—to advocate its education is sense.

A better citizenship, a happier world has arisen since Dickens portrayed little, half-starved Oliver Twist saying "Please, sir, I want more," and then being punished by confinement in a barren dark room, on bread and water, and whipped daily for a week.

## THE FIFTH WHEEL

By O. HENRY

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THE ranks of the Red Line moved closer together; for it was cold. They were allured by the prospect of a hot drink, and a hot drink was a thing that was not to be despised. The Red Line moved closer together; for it was cold. They were allured by the prospect of a hot drink, and a hot drink was a thing that was not to be despised.

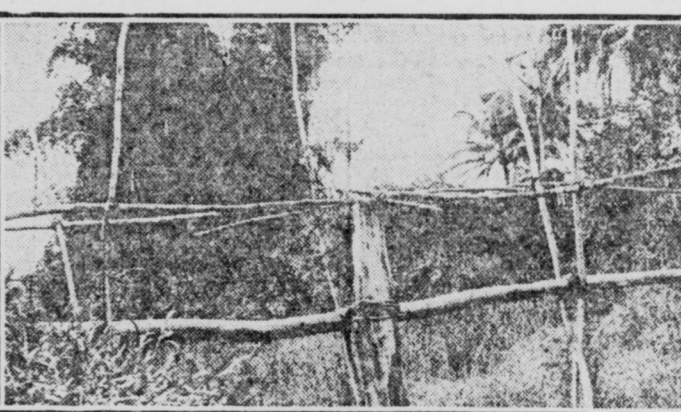
When opposite the unfortunate company the fastidious of this time became loosed. It fell to the asphalt, bounded and rolled rapidly in the wake of the spring car. Thomas McQuade, scenting an opportunity, darted from his place among the preacher's goats, in dirty seconds he had caught the rolling tire, swung it over his shoulder, and was trotting smartly after the car. On both sides of the avenue people were shouting, whistling, and waving canes at the red car, pointing to the enterprising Thomas coming up with the lost tire.

One dollar, Thomas had estimated, was the smallest guerdon that so grand an automobile could offer for the service he had rendered, and save his pride. Two blocks away the car had stopped. There was a little, brown, muffled chauffeur driving, and an imposing gentleman wearing a magnificent sea-skin coat and a silk hat on a rear seat.

Without professedly the captured tire with his best ex-coachman manner and a look in the brighter of his reddened eyes that was marked to be suggestive of the extent of a silver coin or two and receptive up to higher denominations. But the look was not so constrained. The sea-skin gentleman received the tire, placed it inside the car, gestured to the ex-coachman, and muttered "Oughtn't to be," and then he said, "Strange—strange!" "Once or twice even I myself, have fancied that at a certain point the sea-skin gentleman had been a coachman. Could it be possible?"

Then he addressed less mysterious words to the waiting and hopeful Thomas.

## Fujian Bridge Simple Affair



A Fujian bridge is not a thing of architectural marvel. Posts or heavy poles lashed to each other in the shape of a cross, and the poles are lashed to form a walk and lashed into handrails are lashed to the crossed poles and the bridge is complete.

This is a picture W. D. Boyce, owner of the Times, who is leading a "West by Southeast" expedition in the South Pacific, sent back from the island of Washington Square north.

"Oughtn't to be," replied Thomas. "I lived there. Wish I did yet."

The sea-skin gentleman opened a door of the car.

"Step in, please," he said. "You have been expected."

Thomas McQuade obeyed with surprise but without protest. He stepped into the motor car and seemed better than standing in the rain. But after the lamp had been switched on, he found himself in a room that was not a car.

"Maybe the guy hasn't got any change," was his diagnosis. Lots of these swell founders don't lug about any ready money. Guess he'll dump me out when he gets to some point where he can get a change of air. Anyhow, it's a cinch that I've got that open-air bed conversation back to a finish."

Submerged in his greatcoat, the mysterious automobilist seemed himself. He was a man of the sea, and he was a man of the sea. He was a man of the sea, and he was a man of the sea. He was a man of the sea, and he was a man of the sea.

When the car had well entered the cross-town seventies it swung eastward a half block and stopped before a row of high-stopped brownstone houses.

"He kind enough to enter my house with me," said the sea-skin gentleman when they had alighted. "He's going to dig up, sure," reflected Thomas, following him inside.

There was a dim light in the hall. He had conducted him through a door to the left, closing it after him and leaving them in absolute darkness. Suddenly a luminous globe, strangely decorated, shone faintly in the center of an immense room that seemed to Thomas more splendidly appointed than any he had ever seen on the stage or road of in fairy stories.

The walls were hidden by gorgeous red hangings embroidered with fantastic gold figures. In the rear end of the room were draped portieres of dull gold spangled with silver crescents and stars. The furniture was the most costly and most stylish. The ex-coachman's feet sank into rugs as fleecy and deep as snowdrifts.

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Thomas McQuade took in the splendor of this palatial apartment with an eye. With the other he looked for his imposing motor-car to find that he had disappeared.

"Bogie!" muttered Thomas, "this is like a spook show. Shouldn't wonder if he's a ghost. One of those Moravian Nights' adventures that you read about. Wonder what become of the furry guy?" Suddenly a stuffed owl that stood on an ebony perch near the illuminated globe slowly raised its wings and emitted from its eyes a brilliant electric glow.

With a fright-borne impression Thomas seized a bronze statuette of Hela from a cabinet nearby and buried it with all his might at the terrifying and impossible fowl. The owl and his perch went over with a crash. With the sound there was a click, and the room was flooded with light from a dozen frosted globes along the walls and ceiling. The gold portieres parted and closed and the mysterious automobile entered the room. He was tall and wore evening dress of perfect cut and accurate taste. A Van-dyke beard, a pair of gold-rimmed, rather long and wavy hair, smoothly parted, and large, magnetic, Oriental eyes gave him a most impressive and striking appearance.

If you can conceive a Russian grand duke in a rajas' costume, the crystal, the stars, the magic formulae of Zarathustra, nor the Oracle of Delphi, but we have at last discovered the true psychic force. The Chaldean Chiro-scopes have been successful in our search.

The professor's voice had a ring that seemed to proclaim his belief in his own words. This elderly lady looked at him with a little more interest.

"Why, there was no sense in those words that I wrote with my hand on it," she said. "What do you mean?" "The words were these," said Professor Chiroscopus, rising to his full magnificent height. "By the fifth wheel of the chariot he shall come."

"I haven't seen many chariots," said the lady. "But I never saw one with five wheels."

"Progress," said the professor, "progress in science and mechanics has accomplished it—though, to be exact, we may speak of it only as an extra tire. Progress in occult art has advanced in proportion. Madam, I repeat that the Chaldean Chiroscopes have succeeded. I cannot only answer the question that you have propounded, but I can produce before your eyes the proof thereof."

And now the lady was disturbed, both in her disbelief and in her pose.

"O professor!" she cried anxiously. "When?—where? Has he been found? Do not keep me in suspense."

"I beg you will excuse me for a very few minutes," said Professor Chiroscopus, "and I think I can demonstrate to you the efficacy of the true Art."

Thomas was contentedly munching the last crumbs of the bread and fowl when the enchanter appeared suddenly at his side.

"Are you willing to return to your old home if you are assured of a welcome and restoration to favor?" he asked, with his courteous, royal smile.

"Do I look bighouse?" answered Thomas. "Enough of the footback life for me. But will they have me again? The old lady is as fixed in her ways as a nut on a new axle."

"My dear young man," said the other, "she has been searching for you every-where."

"Great!" said Thomas. "I'm on the job. That team of dropical dromedaries, call them horses in a handspan for a first-class coachman like myself, but I'll take the job back, sure, doc. They're good people to be with."

The taller woman threw back her black hair and looked at her clock. She was 50, with a wrinkled and sad face. The other, young and plump, took a chair at the table, and the rear as a servant or attendant might have done.

You sent for me, Professor Chiroscopus," said the elderly woman, "sawly I hope you have something more definite than that I've got about lost the little faith I had in your art. I would not have responded to your call this eve."

## PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory.

You remember in the last story how Puss Junior starts out from the castle to find the three white doves. Well, he followed the little white feathers which they had dropped upon the ground and by and by, after a while, he came to a small white house in the woods, and when he looked in through the window he saw three girls sewing at a table. And the three dresses they were making were of white feathers.

And as soon as Puss knocked on the door, they hid away the dresses and bustled themselves setting the table for supper.

And by and by one of the girls said to Puss, "Did you never hear of the wicked witch who lives in an old tree in the forest?"

"No," replied Puss, "but I have met many witches in my travels."

"Well, if you will promise never to tell her what you see, I will show you something that will make her jealous."

"I'll be glad to do that," said Puss. "I'll be glad to do that," said Puss. "I'll be glad to do that," said Puss.

And pretty soon the clock struck eleven, and the sleeres were not made. So the three girls plied their needles faster than before and when the clock struck the prize for the best answer to all this was made.

"Make haste," said Puss. And then the three girls worked even faster and their needles flew in and out of the cloth so fast that only a little remained to be done. But, oh dear me. The great hand on the clock was almost to twelve, and just then a noise was heard at the window, and there stood the wicked witch herself waiting until the clock should strike the hour of midnight.

Well, just then a little mouse looked out of her hole, and before she could hide, she saw that the clock was struck twelve, and she was in a hurry to get away.

"If you will promise to run up the clock and keep the hour hand from going to twelve," So the little mouse promised, and ran along the floor close to the wall so that the wicked witch might not see her, and then ran up the inside of the clock until she reached the top. And then with both strong little forefeet she held the wheel behind the big hand until the last stroke was done and the dresses finished. And as soon as the three girls had put them on the clock struck twelve, for the little mouse let go the big hand when Puss nodded to her.

"What are you doing here?" asked the witch, turning to Puss with a dreadful scowl.

"I do not fear you," he said. "I have met many witches in my travels."

This made her even more angry and with a loud scream she rushed at him.

So Puss took out his little hurricane whistle and blew it, and the wind came and blew through the window like a bundle of thistle-down in a high wind. And maybe she is going yet, for I've never heard of her since.—Copyright, 1921.

(To be continued)

ing high and low for you?" "Does mother want to see me?" he asked, with a flush coming out on his pale cheek.

"She's been hunting for you high and low. Sure, she wants to see you. She wants you to come home. She's tried police and magistrates and lawyers and advertising and detectives and rewards and everything. And then she took up clear-vision. You'll go right home, won't you, Mr. Walter?"

"Gladly, if she wants me," said the young man. "Three years is a long time. I suppose I'll have to walk up, though, unless the street cars are giving free rides. I used to walk and beat that old pling team of hays we used to drive to the carriage. Have they got them yet?"

"They have," said Thomas, feelingly. "And they'll have 'em ten years from now. The life of the royal elephant has truck-horse is 100 years. I'm the coachman. Just got my reappointment five minutes ago. Let's all ride up in a surface car—that is—if Mr. Annie will pay the fares."

On the Broadway car Annie handed each one of the prodigals a nickel to pay the conductor.

"You are the way you throw large sums of money around," said Thomas sarcastically. "This nickel is a nickel. I shall take every cent of it tomorrow and give it to Professor Chiroscopus, the greatest man in the world."

"Well," said Thomas, "I guess he must be a pretty big guy to pile of things you way he does. I'm glad his spooks told him in an automobile with a swell guy give me his address, some day I'll go up there, myself, and shake his hand."

"Shake his hand?" said Thomas. "In his seat, and thoughtfully felt an abrasion or two on his knees and elbows."

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing THE INDIANAPOLIS DAILY TIMES, Attention: BUREAU, FREDERICK J. HASKIN, DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C. This office will gladly to inform you. The bureau cannot give advice on legal, medical and financial matters. Write your questions plainly and briefly. Give full name and address and enclose 2 cent stamp for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

**VOCATIONAL FUNDS.**  
Q. Who provides the funds for vocational education? F. H. M.  
A. The Government provides, dollar for dollar, the same amount of money as that given by each State for vocational education within its borders.

**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.**  
Q. When was the library of Congress established? R. D. F.  
A. The library of Congress was established in 1800, in the city of Washington, D. C. It was burned in 1814, and in 1851 lost 35,000 volumes by fire. The present library building, which cost \$8,347,000, as opened to the public in November, 1897. It is located a short distance east of the Capitol and is the largest and finest building of its kind in the world.

**SALARIES OF GOVERNORS VARY.**  
Q. What salary does a Governor of a State receive? E. D. B.  
A. Salaries of Governors of the various States in the United States vary from \$2,500 to \$12,000. The Governor of Nebraska receives but \$2,500, while the Governor of Minnesota receives \$12,000. The Governor of the Philippine Islands receives a salary of \$20,000.

**N. A. LEADS IN APPLES.**  
Q. What country produces the most apples? V. O. N.  
A. North America is the leading apple growing region of the world. It produces 800,000 barrels are produced annually.

**AN IRISH DIVIDEND.**  
Q. What is an Irish dividend? M. V. R.  
A. This is a humorous term meaning an assessment.

**CANNOT BE GARNISHED.**  
Q. Can Government insurance be attached for the nonpayment of debts? M. E.  
A. Government insurance cannot be attached nor garnished.

**WATER WEIGHT IN HUMAN BODY.**  
Q. What part of the human body is water? E. C. D.  
A. Water forms over 60 per cent of the weight of the body of the average man.

**MEANING OF "RUBAIYAT."**  
Q. What does "rubaiyat" mean? A. V.  
A. "Rubaiyat" is the plural of "rubai." The "rubai" is a quatrain or stanza composed of four verses. Sometimes the plural is construed as singular and means a poem composed in such style of stanza.

**INVISIBLE INK.**  
Q. Is there any invisible ink which becomes red upon subjection to heat? A. V.  
A. A weak solution of nitrate of copper gives an invisible writing which becomes red through heat.

**USE OF "SENTENCE HYMN."**  
Q. How did the name "sentence hymn" come into use? I. M.  
A. The term "sentence hymn" came from the practice of earlier days when hymn books were scarce. In order that all the congregation might be able to join in the singing the pastor would read the first two lines, which were then sung, and the reading and singing would continue alternately to the end of the hymn. This practice is still continued in some of the rural churches of the South.

**CYPRES DOCTRINE DEFINED.**  
Q. What is the "Cypres doctrine"? W. S. T.  
A. The doctrine of Cypres is an English and American law is a rule interpretation whereby a testamentary gift which cannot take effect in the precise manner intended by the testator is given in effect as nearly as possible as that which was intended. The doctrine has been applied in two classes of cases: In the creation of fee-tail estates and in charitable gifts.

**REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE**

## BRINGING UP FATHER.

