

# Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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WONDER if Dr. Pfafflin's police force has its files full of "Dear Charlie" letters?

ANYHOW, no one can deny that Ed Robison knows what the people of Indianapolis want!

ONE MUST CONCEDE that Tom Meeker's advisory committee is made up of men who have lived in Indianapolis long enough for the public to recognize their names!

WITH two Republican candidates for mayor denouncing the present city administration, we ask pardon for taking the opportunity to deny that we are alone in our opinion of its inefficiency!

WILL the Howe managers kindly direct their asphalt division to patch the pavement at the Union Station entrance? It leaves a bad impression with visitors to be bumped at the first turn of a taxi!

WE very strongly suspect that in the minds of a certain crowd of disgruntled bosses the only lawyer who could possibly be satisfactory as the successor of Albert Baker is John W. Holtzman and we fear John will not get the job!

NOR do we particularly blame Charlie Jewett for a disposition to hide the favoring of Rufe Page. It is hard to reconcile the granting of gambling privileges to a negro with the mayor's well-known reputation for "good government and clean politics."

WHAT MR. JEWETT once said about the mule contract being a "graft" no doubt applies as well to the renting of horses to the city at \$1 an hour, even if the lessee is that sterling proponent of "good government and clean politics" known as the proprietor of Rufe Page's Senate avenue gambling emporium!

## For Our Children's Sake!

Indianapolis needs school buildings to house more than 12,000 school children whose education is being handicapped today by lack of proper facilities in the school plant.

There are hundreds of men in the building trades in this city today who need employment and whose employment would do much toward returning this city to the remarkable period of growth and prosperity that resulted in the over-crowding of the city schools.

A majority of the school board stands today for a comprehensive construction program that would not only provide school houses for our children but work for our unemployed.

Opposed to this group of really progressive school board members and their supporters is a clique of obstructionists composed of two classes.

One class includes those citizens of Indianapolis whose children grew up in the schools before the growth of the city over-crowded them. These citizens have no children to educate and they are not broad-minded enough to care whether the children of tomorrow are educated or not. They oppose the construction of proper schools in Indianapolis because such construction work would deprive them of a trifling share of the income that was made possible to them through the taxing of those who built up the city before these obstructionists prepared to retire and hold on to all they have gotten from the community.

The other class is composed of those obstructionists who are against any improvement in Indianapolis which they do not control and from which they cannot immediately obtain their little "take-off." This class is the dangerous class of the two, for the obstructionists interested only in preserving intact the money he has will not actively engage in any effort to block the progress of the city.

Such, however, is not the case with the class of obstructionists whose sole reason for being obstructionists is a determination to profit personally by any construction work that may be done.

This latter class is using the other class as a mask for its opposition to the improvement of the schools of Indianapolis.

It is the class that is sitting in the background and chortling over the manner in which so-called taxpayers are opposing new school buildings that Indianapolis needs.

It is the class which is engaged in a nefarious effort to impugn the integrity and the motives of those who would build school buildings for the children of Indianapolis who are now housed in barns.

It is the class that is pretending not to be opposed to new schools, but is urging "delay" in construction work until such time as it may place its own members in a position to reap big profits from such construction work.

In the very near future the second class of obstructionists will receive a jolt that will astonish them by its force. They will be surprised to learn that even with the aid of their misguided allies, the "conservative taxpayers," they cannot longer delay the progress toward better schools in Indianapolis.

And they will howl long and loud at the complete loss of their control of the school affairs of Indianapolis which they have so long manipulated in the interests of their own purses.

Their howls will take the form of abuse of the majority members of the school board who have the courage to disregard their threats and boasts of reprisals.

A few years from now every one will know that these howls are the mouthings of a disconsolate lot of pap-suckers divorced from the source of feed.

Why, then, should any clear-thinking citizen now place any credence in their discredited and discreditable yelps?

## Buying High Taxes

The people of Indianapolis are today paying higher taxes than they have ever paid in the history of the city.

The expenses of the city government for 1920 were about \$2,000,000 above the expenses for 1919.

The expenses of the city for 1921 will be even higher than they were in 1920.

The taxpayer who wonders why these expenses are so high need only to look about the streets to see that in addition to paying the expenses of the city government he is also paying the expenses of maintaining a political machine whose sole object is the perpetuation of its control of the city treasury.

An "inspector," presumed to be looking after construction work, draws \$100 a month and spends his time passing out pictures of a political candidate.

A gambler who has invested his surplus in horses rents them to the city at a rate of \$1 an hour while he works for the success of a candidate whom he has reason to believe will not only continue his lucrative rental of horses, but will also permit the open operation of his gambling joint.

These are only two instances of the expenditure of public money for political purposes.

Streets are neglected for weeks so as to afford opportunity for the employment of a large number of men who will vote "right" just before the primaries.

A garbage plant that can only be operated at a deficit of better than \$33,000 a year continues as a losing venture because the administration once declared it a success and now lacks courage enough to admit its failure.

Salaries officials whose time the taxpayer is buying and whose efforts ought to be devoted to obtaining efficiency in the city hall are out of their offices, engaged in political efforts, or making trips to Washington to try to strengthen their hold on the political jobs that cost the taxpayers millions.

More than two thousand men are on the pay rolls of the city of Indianapolis today and more than half of them are devoting all or the major part of their time to perpetuation of the system by which the taxpayers are mulcted of millions of dollars annually.

Some day the property owners of Indianapolis will realize that their taxes are high because they are actually paying to keep them held.

When that time comes the cost of operating this city government will be nearer \$5,000,000 a year than \$10,000,000 and there will be a lot of smooth-talking, hand-shaking individuals who will have to work for the living they so successfully panhandling.

## CAUGHT

By O. HENRY

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(Continued From Page One.)

followed the giant tree frogs sounded their loud and irritating chatter. Farther out, where the by-ways perished at the brink of the Indian, the guttural cries of the howling baboons and the coughing of the alligators in the black waters fractured the vain silence of the woods.

By 10 o'clock the streets were deserted. The old lamps that had burned, a sickly yellow, at random corners, had been extinguished. The moonlight, a pale, cold, silver agent, Corallo lay sleeping calmly between towering mountains and encroaching seas like a queen huddled in the arms of her abductors. Somewhere over that tropical darkness—perhaps already threatened by the sun—there was a light. The lands—the high adventurer and his mate were moving toward land's end. The game of hide-and-seek would soon be coming soon to its close.

Goodwin, at his deliberate gait, passed the long, low car where Corallo's outposts, the Anchorage military force, clung. With his bare, white, pointed hands, he held the reins. There was a law that no civilian might come so near the quarters of the chief of war after 9 o'clock, but Goodwin was always forgetting the minor statutes.

Quinn was in the car, the sentinel, watching prodigiously with his lengthy mustache.

"Americano," growled Goodwin, without turning his head, and passed on, unheeded.

To the right he turned, and to the left he looked. He had just reached the Plaza Nacional. When within the loss of a cigar stump from the interesting Street of the Holy Sepulchre he stopped suddenly in the pathway.

He saw the form of a tall man, clothed in black and carrying a large valise, hurry down the cross street in the direction of the beach. And Goodwin's second glance made him pause. The man, who seemed to surge forward, if not even to assist, her companion in their swift progress. They were no Corallans, those two.

Goodwin followed at increased speed, but without any of the artful tactics that are so dear to the heart of the sleuth. The American was too broad to feel the instinct of the detective. He stood as an agent for the people of Anchorage, and but for political reasons he would have denounced them and their money. It was the design of his party to secure the impelled fund, to restore to the treasury of the country, and to declare itself in power without bloodshed or resistance.

The couple halted at the door of the hotel. The man, who had been struck upon the wood with the impetuosity of one unused to his entry being stayed, turned back and looked at Goodwin. A time he right showed, the door was opened and the guests housed.

Goodwin stood in the quiet street, watching another car. In two minutes a faint gleam began to show between the slats of the balconies in the upper story of the hotel. "The hotel is full," said Goodwin to himself. "So, then, their arrangements for sailing have been made."

At that moment there came along one Esteban Delgado, a barber, an enemy to the existing government, a jovial plotter and a man of many guises. The barber was one of Corallo's saddest dogs, often remaining out of doors as late as the post meridian.

"What think you, Don Frank?" he cried. "In the universal tone of the conspiracy, I have heard of the 'weekers' of the president himself, of this conference? Consider! He sent for me to come. In the past, I have been a man of many guises."

"Have you ever seen President Miraflores before?" asked Goodwin. "He is tall and bald and wears a black and white suit."

"Was any one else present when you saw him?" asked Goodwin. "He is a man of many guises."

"An old Indian woman, senior, that belonged with the case, and one senior, a man of many guises."

"All right, Esteban," said Goodwin. "It's very lucky that you happened along with your horse. I'll be back in a moment. I'll be back in a moment."

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broadly. "There are no afternoon teas, no hand-organs, no department stores, and there is no extradition treaty." "He told me, and with a slight frown, 'that there were towns on this coast,' a couple of men, and that there was a pleasant social order—especially an American colony of cultured residents."

"There is an American colony," said Goodwin, gazing at her in some wonder. "He told me, and with a slight frown, 'that there were towns on this coast,' a couple of men, and that there was a pleasant social order—especially an American colony of cultured residents."

"Do not lose hope," said the lady, dryly. "I see nothing in your actions to warrant your further objection. I was admitted to a formal reception room, lavishly furnished, but empty as far as I was concerned, since Neal wasn't there. After a minute I rose and tipped across the room. The intruder I was, there in a cozy little den I discovered Neal serenely enclosed in a big wing-chair. Still sitting, I crept up back of him and I laid my fingers across his eyes. He pulled my hands down and kissed them lightly. If this was the way Neal treated Evy, it spoiled my hopes that some day he and Phoebe would find each other again."

"Neal? Neal?" I cried. "Tell her not to hurry; I've plenty of time for Mrs. Morrison."

"This is a mighty fine surprise, Babbie," said Neal, setting to his feet and giving me one of his bear hugs. "Only you thought it was Evy surprised you," I replied reproachfully.

"Since when does Evy wear a wedding ring to press against my eyeball like a ton of bricks?" laughed Neal.

"Neal—I followed you here," I confessed, thinking it wise to change the subject. "I can't hear to have you in the city and not with us. Our new apartment is so big and solemn. Won't you come and brighten it up with that joyful head of yours?"

"It may be a red head, but it isn't a dead head, Babbie. I might come for your sake—if I could pay my way."

"Oh, Neal, no job yet?" I cried, trying to hold fast to his hands while he

had experienced an unmistakable shock. Her eyes grew wide, she gasped, and she looked at him with a stare. He had been ignorant then, he inferred, that her companion had looted the Government Treasury. He was a man of many guises.

"The value opened wide to a powerful, sliding wrench, and the door swung open. The bulk of its contents—package after package of tightly packed United States bonds—was visible. The door swung open, and a tall, elderly, dark-complexioned man, wearing a shaven, hurried into the room.

All the pictures of President Miraflores, which had been hanging on the wall, were now hanging on the wall of the room.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "The door swung open, and a tall, elderly, dark-complexioned man, wearing a shaven, hurried into the room."

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## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CLXXXIII.

When I got to the top of the steps leading to Evelyn Mason's home I hesitated. I hated to give Evy this glimpse into the heart of my own life, but my longing to see Neal triumphed, and after a moment or two I pressed the bell.

"Is Miss Evelyn in?" I asked the maid who opened the door.

"She's just come in. I think she's dressing," was the reply.

I felt a little sparkle of triumph as I replied glibly:

"Tell her not to hurry; I've plenty of time for Mrs. Morrison."

Then I was admitted to a formal reception room, lavishly furnished, but empty as far as I was concerned, since Neal wasn't there.

After a minute I rose and tipped across the room. The intruder I was, there in a cozy little den I discovered Neal serenely enclosed in a big wing-chair. Still sitting, I crept up back of him and I laid my fingers across his eyes.

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"Oh, Neal, no job yet?" I cried, trying to hold fast to his hands while he

will tell you how the upholders of the law came upon him when the alarm was sounded—the Commandante in red slippers and a jacket like a head waiter's and a sword, the soldiers with their bayoneted rifles, the police with their batons, the officers with their gold lace and epaulettes, the bareheaded police with their bayoneted rifles, the officers with their gold lace and epaulettes, the bareheaded police with their bayoneted rifles.

"Extravagant," I murmured indifferently. Then my mood changed as I spied a mass of glowing red roses on the center table.

"Jim—my Jim!" I whispered to the stillness.

(To Be Continued.)

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing THE INDIANA DAILY TIMES INFORMATION BUREAU, FREDERICK J. HASKIN, DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C. This office applies strictly to information on legal, medical and financial matters. It does not accept or answer questions of a general nature, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Where possible, the answers are given briefly. Give full name and address and enclose 2 cents in stamps for return postage. The replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

**BIBLE IN MANY TONGUES.**  
Q. How many languages are there and in how many has the Bible been written?  
A. B. A. The number of languages and dialects used in the world is variously estimated. It is said to be 3,000. The Bible, or parts of it, has been printed in 450 languages.

**THE VINEGAR FLY.**  
Q. What is the name of the small fly which is seen near garbage or decaying fruit in summer time?  
A. M. A. In late summer and autumn, many specimens of a small fruit fly, known as the vinegar fly, make their appearance. It is attracted by the odor of overripe fruit.

**CENTER OF POPULATION.**  
Q. What is the town which is located the center of population?  
A. B. N. B. A. The center of population for the United States, that is to say, the point at which the population is regarded as a rigid level plane without weight, but having the population distributed thereon as at present, each individual inhabiting, being assumed to