

## Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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J. W. FESLER'S "friends" also managed his campaign for him!

HAVE YOU been recognized as among the "good people" yet or do you still retain the right to cast your primary ballot as you please?

AS THE CAMPAIGN closes we look in vain for the "sinister influences" concerning which we heard so much four years ago!

FEDERAL prohibition officers who interfere with the liquor traffic "on the avenue" will not become very popular with the Jewett administration!

IN JANUARY of 1919 the Times exposed the mayor's garbage plant deal, but it was not until the last of April, 1921, that the mayor got up his "explanation!"

IT APPEARS that all that effort to prevent the building of school houses for the children of Indianapolis has collapsed with the final announcement by the State board of accounts that it will not seek to stop the letting of contracts!

HAVING FAILED to compel the school board to retain the services of Mr. George Hitt, Alfred Potts is now free to devote his time to an equally successful effort to compel the county commissioners to act in the interest of the mysterious league he says he represents!

## Frauds of Yesterday!

In this quarrel among the Republicans of Indianapolis as to who is honest and who is not honest, the Times naturally has no more interest than the truthful reporting of public utterances and actions that grow out of the controversy.

Long ago this newspaper presented to its readers the undisputed evidence of primary corruption about which Mr. Jewett and Mr. Bookwalter are now arguing. Long ago it endeavored, in the belief that justice could be done in this community, to lay the facts before the proper authorities for investigation.

In the effort to move recalcitrant public officials to the performance of their duty to punish the miscreants who corrupted the last city primary, the Times had neither the support nor the sympathy of Mr. Jewett or Mr. Bookwalter.

Mr. Jewett was the willing beneficiary of the election corruption of which complaint was made. Mr. Bookwalter was not then interested in a clean ballot box.

Now that the statute of limitations has expired these two very good Republicans are engaged in a moot controversy, not over the question of whether fraud was committed, but over the question of who committed it.

It is almost as entertaining as the speech of a Democrat this week in which he deplored that the "people of Indianapolis did not know there was fraud in the primary four years ago."

As a matter of fact there is, in the Circuit Court of Marion County, a judgment proclaiming fraud, there is an official protest on the part of a grand jury against being adjourned without opportunity to investigate evidence of fraud. Columns of newspaper space was devoted to the uncovering of evidence concerning these frauds and that part of this community that was not steeped in prejudice and misled by a hypocritical newspaper well knew that there was fraud.

Today, these smothered frauds that stand as a black spot on the party records of the Republicans of Indianapolis, are of interest only as showing what has been allowed to go unpunished and what may be repeated next week.

We honor Mayor Jewett for having the courage to defy Mr. Bookwalter to name "the man or men he threatens to expose," but we cannot understand why he should confine the defy to Mr. Bookwalter.

Why doesn't he defy Henry Fleming to tell the truth concerning the primaries?

## Defamation and Coercion!

"GOOD people, the city over, who have the welfare of their home at heart, are unwilling to support Mr. Howe,"—Indianapolis News.

Is the foregoing statement, which appeared in the Indianapolis News April 23 a defamation of the thousands of good citizens of this city who are not supporting Mr. Thomas C. Howe for the Republican nomination for mayor?

Is it a plain attempt, through the drawing of a line between Howe supporters and supporters of other candidates and declaring the Howe supporters the GOOD people of Indianapolis, to make the price of being designated as a good citizen the support of the News picked candidate?

Caleb S. Denny, former mayor, former head of the Good Citizens League, former head of the Indianapolis Church Federation and a citizen against whom no criticism of character has ever been raised, is not supporting Mr. Howe. Does that fact take him outside the classification with "GOOD people?"

Boyd M. Ralston, brother of former Governor Samuel M. Ralston, and himself a reputable business man of Indianapolis against whom no one has ever raised a question of honesty or integrity is not supporting Mr. Howe. Does he thereby lose his right to be regarded as one of the GOOD people of Indianapolis?

Are the thousands of Democrats in Indianapolis who are not "united" to support Mr. Howe? therefore to be classified as not GOOD people?

The pastors of the several churches of Indianapolis have an organization which in years gone by has not hesitated to go on record against a moral menace to Indianapolis. This organization is not "united" to support Mr. Howe. Are the ministers not among the GOOD people of Indianapolis?

There are nearly one hundred civil organizations in Indianapolis whose members are all pledged to the support of the welfare of Indianapolis. Not one is "united" to support Mr. Howe. Are these organizations beyond consideration as among the GOOD people of Indianapolis?

The climax of vilification and slander has been reached in the community when a newspaper whose management has already admitted deceiving the public for years as to its ownership, attempts to class the citizens who refuse to be coerced by it in the exercise of their franchise as outside the class of GOOD people!

## Recognition

It is refreshing to have a peace-time hero, in these days after the war, and it is well to know that the Government will not always forget brave actions, in spite of politics and technicalities.

Seventeen years ago a gunner in the Navy flooded a magazine on a battleship and saved it from destruction. An explosion had killed thirty men and fire raged in the adjoining room when the gunner took this action. The law prevented any recognition because the hero was a petty officer and it provided only for enlisted men to receive any reward for such actions.

So sixteen years passed before Congress enabled the President of the United States to pin the congressional medal of honor on the gunner—giving him the Nation's highest award for valor.

Usually it is the second or third generation that recognizes anything of valor or as deserving special praise, unless it occurs in time of war and there is a special duty of some one, charged with the recording of great deeds. Too often flowers are sent to a funeral when they should have been shown appreciation to the living.

There is a trait of human nature that few try to overcome, which requires to express any thanks or acknowledgment to the other fellow. Sometimes this is excused on grounds of alleged conservatism, on the theory that an unworthy person might receive them, or that if too freely bestowed, thanks would be too common. These are but poor excuses and on reflection are unworthy.

Charity should not be withheld because some are unworthy—our schools must not be limited on account of the lack of desire on a few pupils' part for an education, nor can differences be made in hospitals in the worthy patients' care. So, "thanks and thanks, still thanks" should be bestowed as long as an occasion appears or seems to be presented.

The giving of an appreciation, even if it takes an act of Congress, never makes the giver poorer but does enrich the recipient.

## The Flag Paramount

By O. HENRY

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(Continued From Page One)

mural, prompt at his spot of waiting, leaped across the room to receive it. The message was passed to him. Slowly spelling it out, he found it to be his first official order—this running.

"Return immediately with your vessel to mouth of Rio Ruiz; transport beef and provisions to barracks at Alforan."

Small glory, to be sure, in this, his country's first call. But it had called, and joy surged in the admiral's breast. He knew that portion of the coast was wild and solitary. Through a gorge in the Cordilleras rushes the Rio Ruiz, cold and bubbling, to glide, at last, into warm and idle waters, through an alluvial morass into the sea.

In two hours "El Nacional" entered the river's mouth. The banks were crowded with a disposition of formidable trees. The sumptuous undergrowth of the tropics overlaid the land, and a drowned itself in the fallow waters. Silently the ship entered there, and met a deeper silence. Brilliant with greens and ochres and floral scents, the sun-bright mouth of the Rio Ruiz furnished no sound of movement save of the sea-going water as it pulsed against the prow of the vessel. Small chance there seemed of wrestling beef or provisions from the forest.

The admiral decided to cast anchor, and at the chain's rattle, the forest was stimulated to instant and resounding reply. The mouth of the Rio Ruiz had only been taking a morning nap. Parrots and baboons screamed and howled in the trees; a whirring and hissing and a booming marked the awakening of the forest. The admiral, who was visible for an instant, started rapidly for the shore.

The navy, under orders, hung in the mouth of the Rio Ruiz. The crew served the dinner of sharks' fin soup, plantains, crab gumbo and sour wine. The admiral, with a three-foot telescope, closely scanned the impervious foliage fifty yards away.

These were strange-looking men to be conveying beef and provisions. One was a large and exceedingly active man, with a Spanish type, with curling, gray hair, and a beard, and a three-foot telescope, closely scanned the impervious foliage fifty yards away.

"Oh! Señor Almirante," called the large man. "Send to us your boat."

The dory was lowered, and Felipe, with one of the Caribs, rowed toward the left bank.

The large man stood near the water's brink, waist deep in the curling vines. As he gazed upon the admiral's figure, in the stern of the dory a sprightly interest beamed upon his mobile face. He gazed upon the admiral's figure, in the stern of the dory a sprightly interest beamed upon his mobile face. He gazed upon the admiral's figure, in the stern of the dory a sprightly interest beamed upon his mobile face.

"Polite regarded him with a stolid face, and said nothing."

No fault of the butchers, Almirante mio, that the beef was so far from good. You are come in time to save the cattle. Get us aboard your vessel, señor, at once. Then I will send you the beef, as you wish."

The dory conveyed the two officers to the shore, and returned for the large man.

"Have you no gross a thing as food, good Admiral?" cried the large man. "And, perhaps, coffee? There is no coffee here. No coffee here. No coffee here."

The Carib prepared a meal, to which the three passengers sat down. The large man, smiling, "Too late for the slaughter."

Further than his orders to his crew, the Admiral was saying nothing. The tropical and his were spread, and the large man and his companions had been stowed themselves with what comfort pleased them at the bare deck. Behind the thing big in their minds had been their departure from that critical shore; and now that the hazard was so far reduced their thoughts were loosed to the consideration of further deliverance. But the large man, smiling, "Too late for the slaughter."

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a trifle restively. "To acknowledge, at least, that you catch the sound of my words." "You are right, but you follow me in lacking in senses as well as intellect."

The admiral emitted a creaking, harsh laugh, and spoke: "They will stand you," he said, "with your face to a wall and shoot you dead. That is the way they kill traitors. I knew you when you stepped into my boat. I have seen you in the past. You are Sabas Placido, traitor to your country. With your face to a wall, I will take you to them. With your face to a wall, yes."

Don Sabas half turned and waved his hand, with a flagrant and toward his fellow fugitives. "To you, caballeros, I have related the history of that season when the island of the Rio Ruiz was a commission. Of a truth our ship has been turned against us. Behold the Frankenstein monster we have created."

Don Sabas glanced toward the shore. The lights of Corrala were drawing near. He could see the beach, the verandah of the Rodega Nacional, the long, low, curtained occupied by the soldiers, and, behind that, the high, white, and a stretch of high white wall. He had seen men stood with their faces to that wall and shot dead.

Again he addressed the extravagant figure at the helm.

"It is true," he said, "that I am free of the country. But, receive the assurance that I am not a traitor. I am a patriot. I am a patriot. I am a patriot."

Don Sabas pressed a plump purse against the youth's hand, and said: "I have no need to the words or the movement. I have no need to the words or the movement. I have no need to the words or the movement."

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## Final Examinations, Crises of School Life

Boys and girls must be in the best shape to meet them.

Every parent should understand the physical defects, which, without actually making the child ill, may nevertheless handicap him in his approaching examinations.

The School Child's Health, prepared by the American School Hygiene Association and published by the American Book Company, gives an authoritative explanation of this problem of child efficiency.

You can get a copy of this booklet by writing our Washington Information Bureau, Enclose 2 cents in stamps for return postage, or in filling out the coupon print name and address or be sure to write plainly.

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, The Indiana Daily Times, Information Bureau, Washington, D. C.

I enclose herewith 2 cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of "The School Child's Health."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

your country. Mirel! This rotten tub we stand upon is its navy—that dead cockpit lying there was its commander that struck a little green and gold flag a sea battle. All a piece of absurd folly, I grant you—but, anyhow, there has never been another flag like this, and there never will be another. This is the whole world. Yes, this is the whole world. Yes, this is the whole world. Yes, this is the whole world.

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## Rides Only 'Grownup' Horses

The world's youngest bareback rider, will be one of the features of Sells-Floto circus, which will exhibit in Indianapolis next Thursday at Belmont avenue and Washington street.

"Baby" Hodgini is a member of the famous Hodgini family of riders. The little lady insists that she be given "grownup" horses to ride.

Harriet Hodgini, who is said to be the world's youngest bareback rider, will be one of the features of Sells-Floto circus, which will exhibit in Indianapolis next Thursday at Belmont avenue and Washington street.

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