

How One County Chairman "Called" D. C. Stephenson

The letters below are of particular interest at this time. The first is a typical letter sent out by D. C. Stephenson, now in jail at Indianapolis, on charges including most everything from attempted rape to murder. In his role of "running" the Republican party as the head of a Ku Klux Klan element he arrogated to himself a great deal of power and in most places he got away with it. At Elkhart he seems to have stumped his toe.

The second letter is the interesting reply to this letter from David M. Hoover, county chairman of Elkhart county. Evidently Mr. Hoover was not disposed to accept a straw dummy for a real man and accordingly "called" him in no uncertain way. This is the first publication of these two letters, the one typing the invisibility of the Stephenson "management" and the other being a retort that speaks loudly of the sagacity as well as the punch of Mr. Hoover.

THE STEPHENSON LETTER.

D. C. STEPHENSON, 304-5 Kresge Building,
Indianapolis, Ind., March 7, 1925.

Mr. Davis M. Hoover,
Elkhart, Indiana.

Mr. David M. Hoover,

The Legislature is just about over. It has made a brilliant record. Perhaps everything has not been entirely satisfactory but in a larger sense no Legislature assembled in Indiana has come nearer satisfying all the people of the State.

Upon this record we can make substantial claim for recognition in the future, for indeed it was the Republican party, through faithfulness and Loyalty to the Republican organization, throughout the State, that put the present Legislative program through, and to the organization goes the credit.

I am thinking of the city election this year, and the importance of municipal results with reference to 1926. The leadership of the Republican party, from the Precinct Committeeman to the State Chairman, at the present time, is in the cleanest hands, and is being guided from the most lofty motives, with less strife and discord than at any time within the past fifteen years. Let's keep the standard high.

So far as I am concerned, it makes no difference who you support, and certainly I do not want to be in the attitude of attempting to dictate, but merely offer a friendly suggestion that you back a vigorous man for Mayor in all towns and cities, who can conduct the affairs of their cities in a way that will meet with the approval of the public, and win still more honors for the Republican party.

Anything I can do to help, will be forthcoming, unselfishly; bearing in mind always, that I never will be a candidate for any public office in the State of Indiana.

I only want to help in a constructive way, the men who rallied to the standard of the Republican party at a time when I felt my own reputation and business future was psychologically interwoven with the success or failure of the Republican ticket. Therefore, gratitude to you, and the whole Republican organization, inspires me to manifest my appreciation by offering any service that it may be possible for me to render in the future.

Faithfully yours,

D. C. STEPHENSON.

TROWEL WILL EFFACE EFFECT OF FOOTSTEPS

Sentiment Also Marks De-
pression in Doorway of
City Public Library.

SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE

Thousand Old and Young
Who Wore Down Stone
—Pathetic Reminder.

A depression worn in the stone doorstep of the Anderson public library by thousands of footsteps will soon disappear by the unsentimental trowel of the cement workman as a part of the repairs which the library board has decided are necessary to be made to the library steps.

This evidence of the institution activity which has been a curiosity to many for a number of years is the subject of an article written several years ago by Miss Kate J. Chipman, assistant city librarian. Permission to reprint the article was recently granted a widely known magazine.

The Worn Doorstep.

Under the heading of "At the Sign of the Worn Doorstep," Miss Chipman wrote:

"Anyone who enters the doorway of the Anderson public library cannot fail to notice the worn doorstep. In the solid block of stone is a hollow as smooth and symmetrical as if it had been shaped by the hand of an artisan. How eloquently it tells the story of the many feet that have crossed the threshold. How well it answers the question 'Do many people come to the library?' which is often heard.

"Childish steps, unlike those of Whittier's verse, 'Feet that creeping slow to school went storming out to playing'—joyously enter the portal and reluctantly depart. The boy and girl who come rushing in perhaps with a roller skate on one foot, the student seeking knowledge in the realm of history, literature or science; the working man