

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM
AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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Another Explanation of the H. C. L.

Director Engleken of the United States Mint at Washington asserts that one of the causes of the recent advances in the cost of living was the great influx of gold coming to the United States and now being coined into American money. The unprecedented export trade, which had widened the field for employment and created an abnormal demand for goods, he considers material factors.

"There is such a vast demand for goods," said the Director, "that prices rise responsively."

"We are reaping a golden harvest and are spending it in our turn with a prodigal hand. Profits are out of the ordinary; a greater number of people are employed at pay above normal, and our supply of available goods, already heavily drawn upon by foreign buyers, is further called upon to stand the increased purchasing capacity of our own people."

Sam Blythe on Indiana.

Sam Blythe used 10,000 words in the Saturday Evening Post last week to tell the United States that Indiana "may go for Hughes and may go for Wilson next month." Sam admits he cannot foretell how the state will go. If it takes 10,000 words to tell how Indiana may go or may not

THE SANDMAN STORY
FOR TO-NIGHT

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Once upon a time there lived a poor little boy named Joel, who lived with his uncle, who was a miser.

Poor little Joel had to get up early in the winter mornings and go into the forest for fagots before the sun was shining and without his breakfast, too.

One morning when Joel was picking up the fagots and shivering with the cold he heard a voice close beside him, saying: "Joel, here is a nice warm cloak for you. Put it on."

When he turned around there stood a fairy, and on the ground beside him was a cloak of dark green cloth lined with down.

"Put it on, little Joel," said the fairy, "and you will never be cold or hungry.



when you have it on; but do not let your wicked uncle see you wearing it. Leave it behind the rock at the edge of the forest."

Joel put on the cloak. He had never felt anything so soft and warm before, and he thanked the fairy the best he knew how and asked her if he was always to have it.

"As long as you need it, little Joel," she replied and disappeared.

He was hungry, for that was one of the mornings when his uncle said he had overslept and sent him out without his porridge.

Joel felt something in the pocket of the cloak, and when he put in his hand he drew out a nice buttered cake.

And where he was standing felt warm. Joel looked and saw a little kettle steaming over a fire, with a dinner beside it.

Joel tasted what was in the pot and found it was broth, the very finest he had ever tasted.

When he had eaten all he wanted Joel picked up the fagots and he was so warm and felt so strong he carried more than he ever had before.

When he reached the edge of the forest he hid the cloak as the fairy had told him to do and went into the house.

The first morning he did not eat all of the porridge his uncle did not notice it, but the third morning he became suspicious and followed Joel the next morning when he went for the fagots.

He saw Joel take the cloak from

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go, we wonder how many thousand words would be required to tell how every state in the Union will go. Blythe's contribution has nothing new in it. We know that every man in Indiana is a politician, and we also know that this statement is an exaggeration.

Munitions Export.

Twenty-five per cent of our foreign trade can be classed under munitions of war. That's why we are paying a dollar more for a pair of shoes than we did four weeks ago; that's why flour is going up; that's why meat, potatoes and the other foodstuffs needed on our tables and in our stomachs are becoming prohibitive in price. If the United States, as we have pointed out before, would slap an export duty on foodstuffs and make manufacturers of munitions pay a heavy war tax, some of the poor people of this country would not be worrying today how they will pay for a bucket of coal and a quart of beans this winter. War prosperity is too one-sided to suit us. The maker of the stuff that kills men is reaping the harvest but the poor people of the United States are forced to do the work.

The Price of Bread.

Wheat is advancing in price, so is the price of flour, so is the price of bread. Apostles of thrift have been preaching for a decade that we ought to eliminate all luxuries and live on the plain substantial foodstuffs. It strikes us that if prices of the necessities of life continue to go upward such as they did last week, many persons will not be able to buy even the "plain substantial" foodstuffs. Bread was regarded as the staff of life until recently; now it has become a luxury that many can hardly afford to buy.

and all he saw was Joel eating his breakfast.

His uncle knew that Joel could have let him die if he had chosen, and he began to see how cruel he had been to poor little Joel and how good Joel had been to him.

"I have been a bad uncle to you," he said. "but I never will be again. You can throw away the cloak, for you will never be cold or hungry any more. I have money enough to make us comfortable. We must find a better place than this to live, as this old house is ready to fall to the ground."

The next morning instead of calling Joel as usual, he went to his uncle and put on the cloak.

But no sooner had he put it over his shoulders than he began to dance and scream with pain, for instead of soft down the cloak was lined with thistles which pierced his flesh and hurt him terribly.

"I'll make the little beggar pay for this," he said, throwing the cloak to the ground and running back to the house.

He called little Joel and followed him to the rock, and when Joel had put on the cloak he said: Now wish for gold—bags of it, too."

Poor little Joel did as he was told, but no gold appeared, and his uncle, thinking Joel was playing a trick, so he could not have the gold, picked up a stick and raised it to whip him.

But just as he brought it down the stick turned into a rope and wound itself around the wicked uncle's neck, and in another instant he was hanging from a tree.

Little Joel, seeing what had happened to his uncle, threw off the cloak and climbed the tree and cut the rope, which let his uncle fall to the ground, where he lay, too frightened to speak. "Oh! what will I do?" said poor little Joel. "I wish I had some warm drink for him."

And right beside him appeared the kettle of broth with the dipper, so Joel gave his uncle the dipper filled with the broth. But quick as a flash the dipper flew up to Joel's mouth and he had to drink.

By this time his uncle was sitting up and looking about with frightened eyes, but the rope had disappeared.

BETHEL WOMEN AID
TUBERCULOSIS WAR

Contribution of \$8 to the Wayne County Anti-tuberculosis society was made by the Home Economic club of Bethel Saturday after Miss Mary Garvin of Purdue, who is a country nurse, had addressed members of the club. The Bethel women also voted a donation of \$25 to help defray expenses of repairing

the town hall. Year books will be issued later.

An all-day meeting will be held on Nov. 18, when Miss Alma Garvin of Purdue, will be assisted by Miss Grace King of Richmond in giving demonstrations of "The School Lunch Box," and "Eggs, Milk and Cheese as Meat Substitutes."

Events in Liberty

Mrs. Harry Morgan and Mrs. Flora Wilson, of Indianapolis, were the

guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Hunt, this week. Mrs. Kate Casey returned to her home in New Castle Friday, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Coffman. Miss Rebecca Haven, of Cincinnati, was the week-end guest of Miss Elizabeth Driper. Miss Quenda O'Keefe, of Oxford, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buffler, Sunday. Mrs. Clarence Goodrich and little son, Fosdick, of Indianapolis, were the weekend guests of W. A. Fosdick and family. Miss Kate Husted spent Sunday with friends in Anderson. W. E. Morris, Rev. C. W. Whitmore and son Kenneth, Gilbert Bond and Harley Paddock at

tended the Miami-Kenyon football game at Oxford Saturday. Mrs. John Garrett spent the day Friday with friends in College Corner. Mrs. J. P. Howe spent the week-end with Albert Howe and family in Cincinnati. Miss Marcia Hart of Muncie, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Stivers this week.

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Ordinance No. 464—1916.

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