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High Prices and Less Work

Union labor realizes that higher wages mean higher prices and consequently the real purchasing power of work cannot be increased by mere wage raising. This is the substance of statements made by leaders of the railroad unions at Washington. A public long suffering from constantly increasing prices agrees with this conclusion.

So far, however, union labor has not seen that reducing production also raises prices by increasing the cost of production.

The farmer controls the production of food. The cost of food in turn ultimately controls the price of nearly all other commodities. In other words practically all of us are working to produce something to trade to the farmer for food.

A man, we will say, is working ten hours a day on a railroad and through the medium of money, trades that ten hours work to some farmer for 10 bushels of grain. To produce that grain the farmer is working anywhere from twelve to sixteen hours a day. He can't strike for shorter hours, either, for Mother Nature is his employer.

The railroader through his union reduces his working day to eight hours. This compels the railroad to take on twenty per cent more men to do the same amount of work with the eight hour day as against the ten hour day. Naturally this higher cost has to be met by higher freight rates which the farmer has to pay to ship his grain to the workman with whom he is trading.

Of course the railroader now expects to trade eight hours' work daily for ten bushels of grain. The farmer, however, whose hours of labor are as long as ever and who is compelled to pay the higher freight rates won't see it that way. The farmer only trades the railroader eight bushels of grain for eight hours work. That is, the farmer charges enough more for his grain to pay for his increased freight charges.

Reducing hours of labor, therefore, at the expense of production is, by the great law of compensation that rules the universe, paid by those responsible for the consequent decrease in production and increase in the cost of production.

The schemes of men are powerless before the everlasting mandate "You can't get something for nothing."

High Costs and the Remedies

The problem of reducing the high cost of living is one of labyrinthine complications and difficulties. Insight, a high order of ability, and determination of a persistent quality are requisite in public officials who are charged with securing relief. Patience and fairness must be the contribution of the rest of us.

Profiteering in clothing, food and shoes must be checked first. Inordinate profit taking in times like these must be regarded as criminal. The spirit of "Oh, well, the people have plenty of money and will pay extra prices rather than appear cheap," must be torn up by the roots.

The federal trade commission tells us that the big packers have been getting a strangle hold on the production and sale of more and more food products, and that by monopolistic practices they have made huge profits. The packers are to be prosecuted. Very well.

We read that foreign demand for shoes and leather goods has run up prices and encouraged excess profit taking. Shoes that cost \$6 to \$8 not long ago now sell for \$15, and we are to be "educated" to the point where we will stand for \$25. We shall see about that.

The world's average price for wheat is \$2.46 a bushel. American farmers are guaranteed \$2.26 a bushel. Wheat is high because of a tremendous shortage. Bolshevism has well-nigh excluded Russia from participation in the world's affairs, and Russia's wheat rots. Our own crop will be short of expectations. Shipping is limited and ocean rates are high, so Argentina's wheat is dear. The war is responsible for the cost of bread.

The effects of the war upon the machinery of civilization, upon transportation and the means of exchange are as appalling as its bedeviling effects on men's minds. Thousands of ships were sunk by submarines. Millions of Europe's farmers, artisans, and other producers of necessities were killed or disabled. The stock of material goods was destroyed or used up in incalculable amounts. Production is not going on in anything like the old pre-war manner.

In brief, the world is woefully short of the necessities of life, and the limited supply is being manipulated to their own profit by unscrupulous men.

Prices cannot go back where they belong until supply equals or exceeds demand again, but vigorous administrators may help us by choking off the profiteers.

The great ultimate solution lies in vast new production of things to eat, wear, and use in daily life. The man who would curb or limit or hamper production is an enemy of society.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

BUT IT MUSTN'T REACH CALIFORNIA

Ohio State Journal.

Hiram Johnston, of California, has not announced his whole platform yet, but apparently the leading plank is: Charity for Chinamen begins at Shantung.

NOT A LOCAL DIFFICULTY, MERELY

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Russians are said to have difficulty in understanding the American policy in Siberia. Can't blame them. There is similar difficulty experienced in this country.

BRUTAL DISSECTORS

Indianapolis News.

The Philadelphia scientist who has discovered that American "pep" is merely nervous irritability would, however, probably not oppose the theory that it is induced, in part, at least, by causes similar to those which give rise to an itching palm.

BUT NOT TO FLY

Detroit News.

If it is true that \$1,000,000 worth of aeroplanes were destroyed in a bonfire under orders issued by American officers, maybe it was done to show those who were criticizing our aeroplane strength that we had 'em to burn.

SOMETHING IN A NAME

Chicago Post.

"United we stand, divided we fall," is an old and time-tried motto, but the naval department tosses it into the discard when it stations half our fleet on the west of the continent and half on the east of it.

THE PLAIN, VULGAR TROUBLE

Detroit Free Press.

Containing that a poor man cannot afford to be ambassador at Washington, the British propose to raise their ambassador's salary. No wonder it has been impossible to get anybody to take the place.

A SKUNK CABBAGE BOUQUET

Chicago News.

Victor Berger's vigorous efforts to serve the country in congress rather than in the penitentiary are flattering to congress.

A GLIMPSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.

New York World.

Airplane weddings would be more romantic if the participants didn't have to come back to earth.

YEA, AND IT VAMPETH HIS PURSE

Baltimore American.

Cold storage is a good thing overdone. It maketh the consumer hot.

THE SOLE CONSOLATION

Brooklyn Eagle.

Long Island City Grave Diggers are on a strike for \$4 a day, and the high cost of dying may come to rival the high cost of being sick, with \$3 a visit for the doctor. That dying comes only once in a lifetime, however, is a consideration not to be ignored.

'TIS DONE, WHY PARTICULARIZE?

Houston Post.

When the Cincinnati Enquirer tells us about a naval hero marrying an Ohio girl, we think it ought to go further and tell us if she is marrying him because he is a hero or if he is a hero because he is marrying her. It is well enough to be clear.

LINES AND LINES

Ohio State Journal.

Anne Rittenhouse says that the line of a woman's back is the most beautiful line in the world but we are going to keep looking at the other lines also as opportunity affords, as it so often does, and make up our mind for ourselves.

What Other Editors Say

THE WAY OF THE PROFITEER

From the Chicago Daily News.

WHO are the profiteers? Some persons lightly assume that a few conspicuous corporations, combinations and "interests," are doing all the profiteering of which the consumers justly complain. Such a notion is fallacious and dangerous. It unduly narrows the problem that faces the country and turns blame away from many who are engaged in the present unsavory game of grab.

The truth of the matter may be seen more clearly after one considers a few concrete instances. Thus the federal trade commission, in its report on the shoe business for the years 1914 to 1918, affirms that, while there is no economic justification for the prices which consumers have been charged for shoes, the extortion practiced has not been confined to any one element. According to the commission, the packers started the process of pyramiding shoe prices by profiteering in hides. Then the tanners followed suit and took "exceptional profits." The shoe manufacturers in their turn demanded and got "an unusual margin." Last, but not least, the retailer made "unprecedented profits." The combined results are shocking enough from the consumer's point of view.

In the shoe business, then, everybody profiteered. So in other businesses. Warren S. Stone, chief of the organization of railroad engineers, admitted to a congressional committee that he did not know of anybody that "did not get all he could out of the war" and that labor certainly "got all it could."

The Cook county superintendent of public service furnishes a telltale list of current wholesale prices for foodstuffs, and, comparing it with a similar list of current retail prices, asserts that food retailers are "cleaning up a profit of 100 per cent" in many instances. With this kind of grabbing in progress it is evident that the need of a renewal of the spirit of justice and moderation is a very general need.

Look at the "rent hogs" who are shoving up the prices of city flats to an inordinate degree. A moderate advance is probably justified. An immoderate advance is cruel and reprehensible.

There are profiteers in all ranks and strata of this business community. The task of eradicating the evil is, therefore, not so simple as many affect to believe. We shall need wide co-operation in any effective campaign against profiteering.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

HARDY

Thomas Hardy has been reviled by critics and public as a pessimist, determined to look upon the dark side of life. Careful reading reveals him disappointingly true to the realities of life. He depicts with matchless skill the struggle of human beings against fate—the fate of an inner weakness or a cruel and inescapable circumstance.



Thomas Hardy
(A portrait of his middle life)

He paints these struggles with a background of nature which is beautiful, subtle and ugly, but is always inevitable and organic. Yet his own "solitary, brooding, strongly-colored mind" dominates men and landscape.

This is especially true in his most famous novel, "Tess." It is at once the most tragically pitiful of his books, and, if deeply read, the most hopeful, for the sorrows of Tess are due to stupidities in our civilization which may be done away with.

"Jude the Obscure" is a far more terrible and depressing book, for in its tragedy, man is more at the mercy of chance and the inherent weakness of human nature.

The rustics of Hardy, comparable only to Shakespeare's, seem to grow out of the very soil of that half-imaginary Wessex which he has made famous. Their humor and quaint wisdom constitute a kind of Greek chorus in the Wessex books.

Although Hardy sees "All that is irresponsible for good and evil in a woman's character, all that is trustworthy in her brain and will, all that is alluring in her variability," he has yet ventured to marry twice, first in 1874 and again in 1914.

He lives in his own Wessex, writing occasional poems of flashing insight.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

BY THOMAS HARDY

Condensation by Miss Ruth McCall, Winchester, Mass.

"Good morning, Sir John." The bewilderment of a dusty, threadbare peddler thus addressed was speedily converted into a majestic pride upon learning that he, John Durbeyfield of Marlott, was actually a lineal descendant of the noble family of D'Urberville.

And no sooner had Joan, his handsome, shallow-minded wife, the easy-going mother of his many children, heard of her exalted estate, than her romantic soul began secretly to devise a brilliant and fitting alliance for her beautiful young daughter. To which end Tess was artfully prevailed upon to seek work in a wealthy upstart family of the same illustrious name.

And so the innocent child, whose single-minded desire was to mend the broken fortunes of her family, became poultry keeper for a blind old woman of spurious title and ultimate prey for her son, a dissolute wretch, young Alec D'Urberville. After a while back to Marlott came the disillusioned girl, where she lived in a gray seclusion until her weazened little baby's death.

But after several bitter years of heart searching, she determined to leave home again—this time to be dairymaid at Talbothays, a large, fertile farm in the valley of the Great Dairies. And here, too, was a young man, the youngest son of a stern and zealous divine of the old school, Angel Clare, had sadly disappointed his father, first by non-conformist views and then by sincere scruples against taking orders. So now, in process of becoming gentleman farmer, he was specializing at various farms. Cultured, idealistic, sympathetic, he seemed to Tess a demigod, and though she had forced propinquity upon intimacy and drifted into love. Together they went afield in the wondrous dewy dawn and the warm summer afternoons found them making butter and cheese in the cool, white dairy house.

The stars shone and the whole verdant valley, teeming with richness and increase, gave up its odoriferous vapors. Young, happy, pagan-hearted, the universe was theirs. Her quick mind grew in contact with his, and her rich voice and his country speech and unconsciously adopted his cultured accents.

Tess' spectre loomed but vaguely now, until love's honest declaration brought her to poignant realization of her situation in this man-made world. But all within her was overcome by Clare's gentle insistence, all her fears at revelation were lightly thwarted. Finally, within a week of the wedding day which she had reluctantly set, her resolution takes shape in writing—a four-page confession is breathlessly thrust under the door. Ironically concealed under the carpet, it is found by Tess, with a sudden late intuition on her wedding morn, discovers its hiding place and tears it up. In a lumbering old relic of coach days (symbolic of an ancient D'Urberville legend of crime) Tess and Angel are carried to church, and upon their first departure a white cock crows thrice. "An afternoon crow," and the dairy folk shake their heads at the evil omen.

To an old farmhouse—a derelict of an ancient D'Urberville mansion—in the midst of a model mill, Clare, with a sense of the ridiculous and the romantic, takes his lovely bride, and the panelled wall outside her door, two old D'Urberville portraits gleam evilly and Clare and Tess shiver as they trace a subtle likeness to her own in the features of the noble features. Before the glowing fire the wedding bridegroom, his wife's hand clasped in his, tells the story of his one aberration, of his 48 hours' dissipation with a Scarlet Woman, and confidently craves her pardon, which Tess is only too delighted to grant; and, with the first gleam of hope, unfolds her own sad story.

The wanton action of a man of maturity—the deceived innocence of an ignorant child! And yet, the man cannot forgive the woman! All the rigid rule of his forebears, all the domination of an unjust social order grip him. Angel Clare, the prophet of emancipation, no longer exists. For several days they lead a formal, isolated existence. Tess, whose sole wish is to please her idol, acquiesces in his attitude, and, after a first wild outburst of herself, does nothing to exonerate herself, and her chance for reinstatement is blighted by the living witness of the vindictive portraits. No chaste-minded, unsophisticated peasant maid she, but the last dregs of a decadent stock! A separatist, temporary at least, is decided upon, and while Clare rages afar, Tess again creeps home. Joan, after the first bitter reproaches for the mad disobedience of her repeated injunctions of secrecy, treats the affair with her usual fatalistic light heartedness; but the harsh words of the father in a drunken moment of excessive ancestral pride cause a dignified departure with the conciliatory donation of half her means and subsistence and the intimation that she is rejoining her husband.

Determined, however, to make no appeal to Clare's family, Tess easily finds summer employment among the farms; but with the coming of winter and too lavish contributions to her family's support, privation stares her in the face. Day after day she wanders on until at length on the high, chalky tablelands, in a great drab field of desolation she finds the meanest, most arduous of tasks rendered tenfold difficult by a churlish boor of an employer in all the rancor of an ancient grudge against her. In the stinging rain and the chilling snow she toils unceasingly, uncomplainingly, living wholly in the hope of her husband's return. Songs that he loved she practices; the sweet, gay notes contrasting sadly with her tragic lips and great sorrowing eyes. At length distraught by the continued silence, she bravely decides to seek news of him from his parents, and walks the long, tremulous miles to Emminster Vicarage. Of rare spiritual as well as physical endowments, she would have undoubtedly received a welcome at the hands of the benevolent old clergyman and his wife, but an empty house reverberates to her knocking, and while she unobtrusively awaits their return from church, she overhears a wayside conversation between Angel's two exemplary brothers that sends her home with rended heart.

The voice of "ranter" triumphantly consigning a barnful of rustics to eternal damnation caused Tess to pause a moment in a doorway, and there on a platform of corn bags, in sanctimonious side whiskers and semicircular black staid Alec D'Urberville. Animalism had yielded to fanaticism and the bold, rolling eyes gleamed with a ferocious righteousness. As she passed on down the lane he came after her, imploring forgiveness and offering redemption. Repulse after repulse failed to deter Alec, who persisted day by day, at first with a linear and then with a holy words, and then his former passion uncontrollably revived by Tess' compelling beauty, his newfound religion dropped from him like a cloak, the convert disappeared and all the arts of man and devil were employed to ensnare the girl. And poor, hopeless Tess, grinding on under a benumbing strain, was in more danger than her scorn of the man could realize. Finally her father's death, resulting in the eviction of her family from their home, precipitates Tess' doom, and as a last desperate reparations her helpless mother and sisters she yields, with a fatalistic calm, to the inevitable.

To Sanbourne, a gay watering place, a melancholy spectre of a man, wasted by illness and regret, comes in search of his lost bride, and in a fashionable boarding-house Clare finds Tess and learns the agonizing truth. Just beyond the town he overtook him, her eyes wild and trance-like, her whole body as if bereft of soul and will. "I have killed him," she taunted me. "He called you by a foul name. I owed it to you and I owed it to myself. . . . It came to me as a shining light that I should get you back that way."

With a final realization of the immensity of her love and the piteous plight it had brought upon her, Clare held out tender, protecting arms, and together they wandered through the untrodden ways like two children—their feet and their tribulation quite forgot.

For five days they continued in this idyllic state and on the sixth night Tess half jestingly claimed sanctuary among the conspicuous ruins of the ancient pagan temple to the sun at Stonehenge. With the dawn came the glare of the law, looming dark against the silvery horizon. In a grim, inexorable circle they waited until the sun's level rays, relentlessly reminiscent of a bygone sacrificial day, fell full upon another victim, and Tess deserted by the gods, awoke. Quietly she faced her captors. "I am ready," she said.

Eight metallic strokes shiver the morning air and from a nearby hill a stricken figure rivets involuntary eyes on the flag-staff of a sullen cage of a building. For Angel the pison where Tess is confined was at this fatal hour deadly and significant fascination. Slowly, silently, a black square creeps up the pole and flutters chill against the morning sky.

Tess, more stung against than sinning, had paid the great penalty. Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its colonies and dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved. Printed by permission of and arranged with Harper & Sons, authorized publishers. (Published by special arrangement with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. All rights reserved.)

"Don Quixote" by Cervantes, as condensed by Nathan Haskell Dole, will be printed tomorrow.

South Africa annually produces between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 gallons of wine.

Committee Appointed to Represent Cabinet, in Coming Battle on High Cost of Living



Left to right, above, Russell C. Leffingwell and William B. Clover. Below, Walker D. Hines.

These men have been appointed to represent the cabinet in the present battle to reduce the high cost of living. R. C. Leffingwell is assistant secretary of the treasury.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

GET THE SPIRIT

The only difference between success and failure is in getting the spirit.

No man ever won who did not have the spirit. Even down to the commonest and most menial task, you have to have the spirit in order to make it work out to any purpose.

What is the spirit? It is to FEEL your work. And then it is to pass this feeling on to those about you.

The business office in which this spirit moves is a place of happiness and accomplishment. And this spirit is a ruling element in every fine and dominating personality.

Get the spirit—and you will rise from the deepest depth that despair and discouragement could ever hope to drop you.

Get the spirit—and what before seemed of little meaning and importance, will loom as something definite in the formation of your plans.

Get the spirit—and folks will want you around. They will send for you. They will welcome you when you break in on them unawares. They will tell the rest of their world about you—and that will mean just that much more of this great spirit everywhere.

Get the spirit and you will face every problem bravely and well.

Get the spirit—and only about one-tenth of one percent of all the troubles that you think you have, will prove to be real.

Get the spirit—and rule with it, lead with it, be a somebody with it. But keep giving it away all the time, if you want it to grow in you.

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

A meeting was held at the court house and the county commissioners discussed an addition to the county jail.

One hundred and five motor cyclists passed through Richmond on the eighth annual motor endurance and reliability run.

Samuel G. Whitesell, 63 years old, an attorney of Richmond, died here.

John W. Taylor, 68 years old, the oldest service man in the railway service of the Adams Express company died.

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

It is difficult to get a dreadnaught launched before she is eight or ten years behind the style.

SOME COW, THIS.

Want "ad" in Long Island Star: FOR SALE—One young cow, gives 8 quarts of milk a day and one Billy goat. C. G. Jamaica.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

He posed as a wit and he basked in his fame, and told funny stories when company came.

With laughter each guest doubled up like a knife.

But no smile widened the lips of his wife.

Her face wore a look of mixed sadness and pain— She'd heard his jokes over and over again!

Sir Robert Bridges, the English poet laureate, is in a terrible fix. If he doesn't get busy and write a poem about the war they are going to take his annual salary of \$500 away from him. Can you imagine a quiet gentleman sitting down in cold blood and writing a poem about the war when forty or fifty of the wisest men in the world couldn't do it out in six months at Paris?

FLYING.

My bonnie flies over the ocean, My bonnie flies over the sea. But, somehow, I've got a small notion I'd want a good boat under me.

MRS. SCHEUBLE'S DOMESTIC TOOLS.

Somebody visited the home of Mrs. Frank Scheuble Saturday night and carried off her crowbars.—Reading, (Pa.) Times.

DOCKMEN'S STRIKE ENDS.

HAVRE, Aug. 11.—A settlement has been reached between the official commission sent here and the striking dockmen and their employers, and the strike, which has been in progress a long time, has ended.

Farmers in Pittsburgh Held For Profiteering

(By Associated Press)

PITTSBURGH, August 9.—In a drive to curb profiteering among farmers who sell food stuffs in this city at abnormal prices, and do not properly mark measures, as required by the state law, Murray Livingston, city or finance officer, today arrested 32 farmers, charging them with misdemeanor. The arrests were made at market in different parts of the city. The defendants will be arraigned before a magistrate this afternoon.

Dinner Stories

An absent-minded Japanese went into a store to buy a jar, and noticing one turned upside down, blurted out: "He! absurd! This jar has no mouth."

"Turning it over, he was once more astonished.

"Why, the bottom's gone, too!" he exclaimed.

A certain judge could not control his temper, and consequently could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in court, and at last the judge could stand it no longer.

"It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he said, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length in taking the one step that will stop it."

There was a long silence, then one of the leading counsel rose, and with just the trace of a smile inquired:

"If it pleases your honor, from what date will your resignation take effect?"

SPECIAL SESSION IN OHIO IS IMPROBABLE

AKRON, O., Aug. 11.—As has been intimated previously by leaders of the General Assembly, there will be no special session of the Legislature to deal with the high cost of living question unless Attorney General John G. Price says additional laws are needed forthwith and Governor James M. Cox requests that they be enacted. The special session question formally was disposed of today by the Joint Committee empowered to reconvene the lawmakers, if necessary, before December 1.

A statement given out by the committee after its meeting said that the members of the Assembly were deeply concerned, "today, by the Joint Committee of unrest due to the high cost of living" and "desirous to assist in solving the problem if such assistance be needed from this department of the government."

So far as they have been informed, the statement says, no additional legislation was required to "check the evil or punish the guilty." Governor Cox, the statement added, has advised that existing laws were sufficient.