

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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Prosecute Car Thieves

Massachusetts is tired of the long list of automobile thefts. Under a new law, effective next month, prison sentences from five to ten years will be imposed upon persons who believe automobiles may be taken at will for joy riding or for disposal to the first buyer who is willing to take a chance.

An effective cure for many evils is the inflicting of a penalty sufficiently severe to deter an indulgence in the practice. Thieves and law-breakers have little respect for laws that impose only fines and in extreme cases a mild prison sentence. Attempts to enforce the liquor laws, for instance, showed that fines were no deterrent. As soon as judges began to send violators to the prison, bootleggers and dealers in illicit goods ceased trespassing the laws with impunity.

Automobile thefts by the thousands are perpetrated in America. The ease with which a thief can steal a car and dispose of it seemed to be the underlying inducement. If the state law did not provide a drastic punishment, thieves kept up the practice with impunity. Massachusetts seemingly was one of the states in which automobile thieves flourished. The new law is intended to act as deterrent.

Indiana University's Centennial

Indiana University will celebrate its one hundredth birthday in 1920. To most of us the announcement comes somewhat as a surprise, for the state itself has passed the century mark by only a few years, and to learn that one of our leading educational institutions is almost as old as the state itself naturally evokes amazement.

And yet the first surprise gives way to a calm realization of the fact that Indiana's pioneers were keenly bent on developing the cultural factors of the commonwealth, a policy which their descendants carried out persistently through the lapse of years, the result being that the state has always enjoyed an enviable reputation for its educational endeavors.

Along with the state university are many sectarian colleges that are nearing a hundred years of educational service. The institutions of Indiana have contributed their quota of scholars who have enriched the knowledge of the world by their research. Hundreds of the graduates of our colleges and universities have attained high position in the field of literature.

The centennial celebration of the state university will bring to the foreground in emphatic manner the educational progress of Indiana in the last hundred years. Other institutions of higher learning as well as our public school system, which is intimately related to the colleges and universities will join in expressing their joy in the hundredth birthday of the university.

Adjusting Wages to New Standards

No doubt any belief or conjecture that final and satisfactory settlement of the wage question will eventually be reached is Utopian, says the Christian Science Monitor. In its very nature the question is one that permits of no conclusive and irrevocable adjustment. Constantly varying industrial and social conditions seem to make frequent revisions of the wage scale imperative, within certain limits more or less generally recognized and admitted, sometimes to the apparent advantage of the employer and sometimes to the apparent advantage of the wage earner, but always, theoretically at least, upon a sliding scale adapted to the related earning power of Capital and Labor cooperatively employed. But this adjustment, which should always be brought about automatically, as it were, is frequently delayed or retarded, and as frequently prematurely forced, through the apparent inability of the factors

concerned to take due cognizance of conditions constantly changing. The result, too often, is industrial stagnation, either continued or temporary, the direct result of the refusal of wage earners to continue an unsatisfactory employment or of the inability of capitalism to continue production under existing economic conditions.

During the last four or five years, as everybody well knows, remarkable changes have been witnessed in industrial conditions in many parts of the world. All costs have advanced in an unprecedented degree. Possibly no single commodity has been exempt from some advance. One result has been that the wage earner in every branch of industry is receiving, in dollars and cents more for his services than before the war, and in many cases more than he had ever received before, whether or not he is actually receiving a greater pecuniary reward than heretofore, all things considered, is another question, but it may be said in passing, but not, however, as a conclusive and final answer to the question, that if the dollar of the wage earner is worth, intrinsically, but 50 cents, it must be true that the dollar of the employer should be measured by the same standard of value. It is really a poor rule that does not work both ways.

If the hypothesis just stated is correct, analytically, it follows, naturally and conclusively, that nothing at all has happened except that the value of the circulating medium, the dollar, for instance, has become depreciated, through inflation or otherwise. The net result is that the producer must charge more dollars for the things he has to sell, in order that he may pay to the men he employs more dollars, that they in turn may pay more dollars to the producer or dealer from whom they buy. Reduced to the simplest form, the problem is not so complex as it might seem. Abnormal and unusual conditions are reflected, and for either Capital or Labor to insist that nothing can happen to alter these conditions seems extravagant and foolish. The world has gone into debt almost countless billions of dollars to pay the costs of war. Paradoxical as it may seem, the wealth produced, or released, through the operation of tremendously large bond issues, has flooded the beneficiary countries with a surfeit of wealth. A readjustment will follow. There can be no doubt of this, and economic conditions will be adjusted, sanely and intelligently, or otherwise, to a corresponding basis. It is as idle, it would seem, for Labor to boast that the present standard of wages, or even a higher one, will be maintained, no matter what happens, as it is for Capital to insist that there can be no reduction in the selling price of the commodities it produces.

There is no intention to minimize the difficulties of the masses or of the individuals who are perplexed because of some of the conditions which now exist. Patience in some instances, may seem to have ceased to be a virtue. Adjustments which should be made automatically do not always seem to be so made. The delay, perhaps, is due largely to the fact that the economic system is a ponderous one. Individual needs are not always sufficiently considered. The result is individual or collective protest, prompted by impatience at seemingly inexcusable delay. Of course, the fact should not be lost sight of that heroic remedies must be applied to some of the conditions which exist today. The profiteer must be eliminated, as he will be, no doubt. He is but an incident, however, and has nothing at all to do with the larger problem which, sooner or later, must be solved in the process of general readjustment.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

SAME OLD STORY

Philadelphia Press.
When the president hands it to congress, and congress hands it back to the president, the chances are that about all that is done will be the people.

FINE WAY TO WASTE TIME

Washington Star.
Ascertaining what became of money loaned to Russia will test the capacities of the most patient investigators.

WHAT IT NEEDS IS PARACHUTES

Baltimore American.
A Department of Aviation is urged for the Cabinet. That august body appears to be in the air, as it is.

Japan Digs in in Shantung

From the Kansas City Star.

If the statement made by Viscount Uchida in regard to Shantung is the long awaited pledge President Wilson has told the country was coming, and which he said he was convinced would be perfectly clear and satisfactory, it must be as disappointing to him as to everybody who wants to see the injustice done to China by the peace treaty undone.

That the statement is not satisfactory is sufficiently evidenced by the president's action in making public with it a reservation as to its terms. It is plain that the president and the Japanese foreign minister have not understood each other. The country was led to believe that the Japanese declaration, when it came, would be an unequivocal pledge of that government's purpose to restore Shantung, and perhaps even fix the date when it would be done. Instead of that, Viscount Uchida says the restoration will depend upon the carrying out by China of a previous agreement made by her with Japan, at a time when the United States was not a participant in the war. The president, of course, was bound to take notice of this string tied to the Japanese pledge and bound to declare that the agreement of 1915 was not a part of the understanding reached at Paris.

The only thing that has gained any additional emphasis from the Japanese statement is that economic control of Kiaochow is to remain in Japanese hands, and that was made sufficiently clear in the treaty. If Japan yields anything, whether as to Kiaochow or the whole province of Shantung, it is political control and nothing else. With Kiaochow and Esingtau hers, together with the Tsingtao-Tsinaifu Railway necessary to the development of the mines in what was the German leased territory, Japan can well afford to declare that she has no "intention to retain or claim any rights which affect the territorial sovereignty of China." She wants no territorial sovereignty beyond what she can easily exercise through the economic administration of the region she means to exploit.

The whole Shantung situation is, therefore, right where it was. The much heralded Japanese explanation and pledge explain nothing and pledge nothing. All they do is to reveal that Japan has a tighter grip on Shantung than we knew of, and that Japan was holding a card back all the time she was giving assurances at Paris. And whatever the Uchida statement is worth it is worth merely as a statement of policy and not as a part of the treaty. Japan's rights in Shantung are in the treaty, her explanations and pledges are all outside of it.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

CERVANTES

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, dramatist and novelist, was born in 1547, the son of a Spanish druggist and surgeon. He died in Madrid in 1616, 10 days before Shakespeare's death.



Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra,
1547-1616

"DON QUIXOTE"

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Condensation by Nathan Haskell Dole

In the sixteenth century romances of chivalry, written in absurd, exaggerated style, were extremely popular in Spain.

A dignified gentleman by the name of Quixada, who lived between Aragon and Castile, went crazy over these books, which he spent all his substance in buying. His brain was stuffed with enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, magic salves, complaints, amours, torments, giants, castles, captured maidens, gallant rescues, and all sorts of impossible deeds of daring which seemed to him as true as the most authentic history. Every inn-keeper was a magician; every inn-keeper was a cavalier. He decided that for his own honor, and for the service of the world, he must turn knight-errant and jaunt through the world, redressing wrongs, rescuing captured princesses and at last winning the imperial sceptre of Tripliconda.

He changed his name to Don Quixote de la Mancha, got himself dubbed knight by a rascally publican whose inn he thought was a castle with four towers crowned with pinnacles of glistening silver. In order to carry a full purse he sold one of his houses, mortgaged another and borrowed a goodly sum from a friend. When his practical housekeeper and his pretty niece, together with his neighbors, thought to cure him by burning his books, he was persuaded that his library had been carried away by a necromancer, and became crazier than ever. He scoured up a rusty suit of mail which he called Dulcinea, one of his ancestors, mended the broken helmet with a pasteboard visor, patched with thin iron plates, and thus accoutered, set forth on his old hack Rocinante, whose ribs stuck out like the skeleton of a ship, accompanied by a rustic named Sancho Panza, persuaded into serving as his squire.

Their departure was a brave spectacle; the tall cadaverous lantern-jawed knight, mounted on his bony nag, wielding his long lance and carrying his sword, his eyes gleaming with enthusiasm and dreaming of his beautiful mistress, went forth, followed by the fat, paunchy, long-haired servant with a canvas wallet and a leathern bottle, mounted on the diminutive ass, Dapple.

On the plains of Montiel stood a score of big windmills. Don Quixote took them for outrageous giants and prepared to do battle against them, and despite Sancho's protests that their huge arms were only vanes, he plunged the wheels into Rocinante's thin flanks and with couched lance, dashed off to the encounter. The wind blew violently and the knight and his steed were whirled away into the air, where they lay motionless as if dead; his lance was smashed to splinters. Sancho hastened to aid his master and found him unable to stir; but he was soon able to go on again.

Their next adventure was with two monks, riding on mules as big as dromedaries, in company with a coach in which sat a lady escorted by men on horseback. Don Quixote imagined that adventurers had captured a princess and in the haughtiest terms bade them release her. Then without further parley he drove against the monks, one of whom ran away while the other fell off his mule. Sancho nimbly slipped from his ass and began to strip the luckless man, while he was thus engaged in this legitimate appropriation of the spoils of battle, two mufters overtook him, tore out his beard by handfuls, mauled him and left him senseless. Don Quixote engaged in a terrific combat with one of the lady's guards who sliced off half his helmet and one of his ears. Undaunted the knight pressed the combat to victory, but just as he was about to give the finishing stroke, the frightened lady begged him to desist and he complied on condition that the defeated opponent should go and present himself before the peerless Dulcinea, who in reality was a buxom woman known through all la Mancha for her skill in salting pork and who had never deigned to look at her amorous neighbor.

A few days later, bruised and battered in untoward adventures, they came upon a flock of sheep which Don Quixote conceived to be a prodigious army composed of an infinite number of nations led by mighty kings. He spurred like a thunder-bolt from the top of a hillock, shouting his battle-challenge, putting the hapless sheep to flight and trampling both the living and the slain. Impatient to meet the commander of the enemy, he shouted: "Where, where, art thou, haughty Alifanfaron!"

At that moment the shepherds rallied in defense of their flocks and overwhelmed the unlucky knight first with stones and then with cudgels, leaving him in a desperate case, with nearly all his teeth knocked out or loosened, and his ribs half broken. Did this adventure discourage him? Not at all. It was all a part of chivalry. He and Sancho rode on in do-

lorous discourse. They were overtaken by night and had no shelter or food. Suddenly appeared a band of about twenty horsemen, all in white robes, with torches in their hands and followed by a hearse draped in black. It was a funeral of a gentleman of Segovia: Don Quixote took it to be the train of some knight either killed or desperately wounded, and assured that it was his duty to avenge the fortunes of a brother-in-arms, halted the cortege and demanded an explanation. The replies of the clergymen failed to satisfy him and he flew at them in high dudgeon. Encumbered by their long robes they became easy victims and all took flight.

They possessed themselves of the edibles deserted by the clergymen, but unfortunately had nothing to drink, nor did they dare stir from the forest because of the awful clamor made by a fulling-mill which Don Quixote supposed to be enchantment.

The next morning they met a barber riding on an ass and wearing his brass basin on his head to save his hat from the rain. Don Quixote recognized this as the golden helmet of Mambrino and flew at this enemy as if he would grind him to powder. The barber fled, leaving his helmet which Sancho appropriated, though it seemed to him merely a common dish.

They came to another inn. In the night Don Quixote, while sound asleep and dreaming, enjoyed the most famous of his career. Dressed in a short shirt which exposed his lean, long, hairy shanks, and wearing a greasy red nightcap, with a blanket wrapped around his left arm for a shield, he was repeatedly plunging his sword into the plump bodies of several giants. Their blood flowed across the floor in wide, crimson streams.

Imagine the wrath of the worthy inn-keeper at discovering that his famous guest had dismembered all his wine-sack, which were made of goatskins with the heads left on.

After this Don Quixote was got home by the curate and the barber; he broke his lance. First he visited his Dulcinea, but came away convinced that through more enchantment she had been changed into a blubber-cheeked, flat-nosed country wench, the pearls of her eyes into gall-nuts, her long golden locks into a cow's tail and her palace into a hut.

He had adventures with strolling actors and lions; he attended the rich Camacho's wedding; he explored the deep cave of Montesinos; he rode on a magic bark and visited the nameless duke and duchess, through whose complaisance Sancho was granted his ambition to rule over an island and did it with wisdom worthy of Solomon. Many more adventures followed, but at last Don Quixote returned to his home and recovered his senses on his death-bed, dying as a lovable, high-minded, noble-hearted gentleman.

Cervantes' masterpiece is not all satire. Don Quixote has lucid moments; Sancho's simplicity veils common-sense, often expressed in witty sayings. There is occasional coarseness, but not so much as in Shakespeare. The chief fault is the treatment of insanity, in its author's fondness for cruel and brutal, practical jokes, which may perhaps explain the maintenance of bull-fighting as the national amusement of Spain.

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"Paul and Virginia" by Bernadin de Saint Pierre, as condensed by Irving Bacheller, will be printed tomorrow.

Masonic Calendar

Tuesday, Aug. 12.—Richmond Lodge No. 196 F. & A. M., called meeting. Work in Entered Apprentice Degree, beginning 8:30. N. J. Haas, W. M.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.—Webb Lodge No. 24 F. & A. M., called meeting. Work in Master Mason degree beginning 8:30. Clarence W. Foreman, W. M.

Friday, Aug. 15.—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4, R. A. M., called convention. Work in Mark Master Degree.

CONSPIRATORS EXECUTED.

ELPASO, Texas, Aug. 12.—Fifteen leards of conspiracy to cause a mutiny in the Chihuahua City Federal garrison last week and to deliver the city over to General Francisco Villa were executed following the discovery of the plot, according to an American who arrived here today from Mexico. He said the identity of the men executed was unknown when he left.

LATEST MOVES IN THE ADRIATIC REGION



1—A settlement of the Adriatic question is declared to be imminent. Fiume, Zara and Sibenico become free cities. This will be a compromise solution.

2—Bolshevik riots are reported to be in progress in Trieste.

3—According to unofficial reports, Greece and Italy are about to partition Albania. Italy will establish a firmer hold on Avlona and will assume a protectorate over the rest of the country.

4—Greece will probably annex northern Epirus, or, as it is now called, southern Albania. The Greeks have claimed this territory for a long time. The Adriatic sea seems to bid fair to become an Italian lake. The heavy broken line shows the boundary of Italian influence and the tinted areas the lands on the eastern shore where the Italians are established.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

ENJOY YOUR BODY

No one ever had a better friend and helper than his own body. Even when it is most deserted, when it has been abused and neglected, still does it stick true—until utterly broken.

No servant ever served his master as your own body will serve you if you will let it.

For your body becomes just about what you desire it to be. Keep poisons from its stomach, exercise its muscles, put fresh air into its lungs and great thoughts into its brain. Enjoy your body—by making it your pal.

One of the greatest reasons for the success of the Y. M. C. A. movement lies in the fact that it looks out for the development and care of the body as well as of the mind and one's spiritual nature. Be unafraid. Face the music! Your body will serve you well—if you enjoy it.

The other day I saw a man literally play with every muscle in his body. As he chose, he stretched and rolled his tiniest muscles. They were trained and ready servants to his will. He told me that he had worked 14 years at it. But the most interesting thing about the exhibition was the joyment he got out of it.

When one least expects it, a well-cared for body rises to emergency. Few great minds work for long in an ill-kept body—bodies are keener indexes to what goes on in brains than almost anything else. So treat your body right—and enjoy it. Have an inward reverence for it. And remember that every thought has its certain effect upon the moulding of your body toward strength or weakness—and that as the body grows or weakens so, in turn again, does the mind. The strong body is magnetic, capable, full of power. If you have this kind—enjoy it! If not—then get it!

Dinner Stories

The Wild Onion school teacher lectured on the United States a few nights ago to a large audience, reports the Hogwallow Kentuckian. In the course of his remarks he paid a glowing tribute to our country, and it is reported that everybody in the United States was not present. "One reason we keep so far ahead of the other nations," said he, "is because we are getting up and going to work every morning while the folks around the other side of the world are just going to bed."

"The advantage of universal service," says former President Taft, "is that it puts every man in the place best fitted for him."

"It's like the case of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a new hand loafing by the rail."

"What was this chap in civil life?" he demanded.

"A milkman, sir," was the reply.

"Then," roared the captain, "to the pumps with him at once!"

"Are you sending your wife to the seashore this summer?" he was asked.

"Nope," he replied, "can't afford it."

"But your wife's tastes are simple. Surely she can stay at the seaside without spending much money!"

"That's all right, but last year while she was away I spent nearly \$60 a week."

French Profiteers Given Rough Treatment By "Klan"

PARIS, Aug. 12.—French profiteers are now being lashed by the wrath of "Klan Klux Klan."

Throughout the nation vigilance committees have been organized to deal "as they see fit" with traders who charge too much. Spreading with tremendous rapidity, the movement bids fair to exceed both in size and effectiveness those picturesque vigilantes who deal with the suppression of lawlessness in America's early days and with pro-Germanism in recent years.

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

THOUGHTS OF SUMMER.
Long ago, another year,
When the summer last was here,
I was much too small to know
How the summer came to go!
But the next time I shall see
The first leaf on any tree,
The first warm that's in the air,
I shall feel when it's there,
I shall know the very mind
First the world has summer in it
—Josephine Van Dolzen Pease.

An actress in the average musical show has a good chance to see most of the country and the country has a good chance to see most of the actress.

In Mt. Pulaski, Ill., where 1,500 persons reside, not one of them had a bath for forty-eight hours. A citizen of the town left his faucet open all night. Morning found that the town tank was empty.

Why is it a woman, who expects a telephone call from a man, fixes her hair before the mirror, or before she answers the phone, when the bell rings?—Dixie Wallies.

Dear Roy—I am ninety-seven. Two years ago the doctors gave me up. Then, upon the advice of a friend, I began reading your column. Today I feel like a man of fifty. How can I ever thank you? B. D.

Dear Roy—I understand a movement is being inaugurated by a number of prominent ex-socks throughout the U. S. to make Memorial day June 30 in memory of the departed spirits. BOBBY SPEC.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, WHAT?
When Rev. Miller and his bride returned to the parsonage from their wedding trip late Thursday night they found the lock on the parsonage could not be forced. By getting Charlie Thomas awake and Mrs. Thomas, they arranged for accommodations with them.—Mercyville (Iowa) Banner.

Memories of Old Days
In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

One of the largest stock deals made in the country for some time was that by C. E. Wiley, who bought 37 head of hogs at \$7.80 per hundred pounds. The cash consideration was \$287, making an average of \$22 per hog.

The name of the Westcott carriage company was changed to that of the Westcott motor car company.

The Commercial club boosted the action of the South Side Improvement association in bringing the National Automatic Tool company here.

The rhinoceros, notwithstanding its unwhimsy shape and short legs, is one of the most agile of beasts.