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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 every body 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 em-

phasis 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 Eisingtao hers, together with the Tsingtao-Tsinan 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.

As a young Cervantes went to Italy, where he served as a private in the army. In a naval battle off Greece he was thrice wounded, his right hand remaining permanently maimed. While returning to Spain he was captured by pirates and taken to Algiers, where he was held as a slave for five years.

After his ransom he wrote many plays. They brought him more fame than fortune, and he added to his responsibilities by marriage, at the age of 37, a girl of 19. It was evidently a marriage of love, as her dowry consisted only of five lines, an orchard, some household furniture, four beehives, 45 hens and chickens, one cock and a crucible. As he could not live by his pen, Cervantes turned to a minor governmental position; but he was in constant difficulties because of pressing debts and his unbusinesslike habits. He was thrown into prison for debt; released, he sank into abject poverty.

Part of "Don Quixote" was probably written in jail. This novel, a maze mirror that reflects nobles and kitchen wenches, barbers and ladies of both degree, all the varied life of a bygone period, is considered by many to be the world's greatest humorous masterpiece. The wonder of it is that it was written by a man nearing his 60th year, who had all his life been poor, who had known little except misfortunes. Children turn its pages, young people read it, grown men understand it; old folks praise it."

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 foolish books, which he spent all his substance in buying. His brain was stuffed with enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, magic, saves, 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 Tripolitana.

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 turrets 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 secured up a rusty suit of mail which had belonged to 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 black 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 dreams of his beautiful mistress, whom he called Dulcinea del Toboso, the short, squat, bunch-bellied, long-horned squire, wearing a greasy red nightcap, with a blanket wrapped around his left arm for a shield, 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 goat-skin with the heads left on.

After this Don Quixote was got home by the constable and the barber; but he broke loose again. 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 queen of the man-of-war. He saw a new hand-lobing 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."

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"Paul and Virginia," by Bernardin 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 6:30. N. J. Haas, W. M.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.—Webb Lodge No. 24 F. & A. M. Called meeting. Work in Master Mason degree beginning 6:30. Clarence W. Foreman, W. M.

Friday, Aug. 15.—King Solomon's Conclave No. 4, R. A. M. Called convocation. Work in Mark Master degree.

Conspirators Executed.

EL PASO, Texas, Aug. 12.—Fifteen leaders 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.

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

LATEST MOVES IN THE ADRIATIC REGION



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 exercise was the enjoyment he got out of it.

When we least expect it, a well-armed 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 brain 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

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 come

The first leaf on any tree,

The first warm that's in the air,

I shall feel when it is there,