

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, by
Palladium Printing Co.
Palladium Building, North Ninth and Sailor Streets.
Entered at the Post Office at Richmond, Indiana, as Second Class Mail Matter.

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Experience as a Warning

Experience is the best teacher. The results of experiments, tried under identical conditions, cannot be denied. We know that fire burns today as it did nineteen hundred years ago; if we doubt it, contact with fire will dispel the illusion.

Let us study the theory of government ownership of railroads in the light of experience. Austria's experiment with government owned railroads cost her about \$25,000,000 and Belgium \$14,000,000. In 1915 Canada lost \$11,000,000 on government owned lines. Switzerland's experiment with government owned lines produces an annual deficit of \$2,500,000. "A public calamity and a financial disaster" was the predicate ascribed to government owned railroads in France before the war. Most of the lines of South America have been returned to private ownership after the government had tried to operate them.

Federal control of the railroads and wires during the war period in the United States has been a failure. No one will deny this fact.

Experience evidently has proved the weakness of the theory.

Tremendous obstacles will be met if the government tries to borrow the money to purchase the roads on a 4 per cent basis. During the war the government was forced steadily to increase the rate of interest on its liberty bonds. In the market today most of these bonds are selling at a rate that will net about 5 per cent on the investment. If an issue of \$20,000,000,000 is floated to purchase the bonds, there is every assurance that the price of liberty bonds will go lower and will not reach par for many years to come. Indications under present conditions point to their selling at par within a short time.

It is almost impossible to believe that government ownership will bring a more economical administration of the railroads. The deficits that have been shown by the companies since the government took over their control proves that no economies were effected. The public knows that service under government control is not as good as it was under private ownership. The majority in this country is against an experiment that has failed abroad and that showed no beneficial results when tried in the form of government control at home.

The Chautauqua Season

Richmond is approaching the opening of its annual chautauqua season. The entertainment, instituted here many years ago on a limited scale, has steadily increased in popular favor and patronage until today it offers a program of such varied content that it receives not only generous patronage but also is accepted as one of the features of the summer season in Wayne county.

The chautauqua movement is a typically American product that appeals to our democratic instincts. Its daily program condenses a round of popular instruction and wholesome entertainment. It caters to every class of the community. Man, woman and child find something on the program that appeals.

The Richmond management has shown excellent judgment in the arrangement of the chautauqua program. No criticism has been heard on the selection of speakers and entertainers. The best proof of their wisdom in this direction is the large attendance which each year has been attracted to the chautauqua grounds.

The President on High Prices

From the Chicago News.

IN his address to congress on the excessive cost of living the president did not offer a sovereign solution of that complex problem. No thoughtful person has expected him to present such a cure. Much of what Mr. Wilson said, however, was timely and helpful. Instead of undertaking to criticize anything that was vague or tentative in his address—for example, the suggestion of a licensing system for all corporations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce—congress should give immediate consideration to such specific and practical remedies as the president definitely proposed.

The public, too, should heed the admonitions that were intended by the president for general application. There are undoubtedly "psychological" factors in the economic situation, and the appeal to the fundamental sanity, business sense and instinctive fairness of Americans should not fall on deaf ears.

Mr. Wilson promised active prosecution of unconscionable profiteers deemed guilty of violating existing laws against the hoarding of food or the artificial raising of prices by monopolistic agreements. He pointed out that foodstuffs legally can be forced out of storage to be sold at moderate prices. He advocated the extension of the war act for the control of food, the incorporation of deterrent or "persuasive" penalty clauses now lacking in the law, the adoption of a cold storage law modeled on that of New Jersey, the enactment of pending legislation to regulate issues of corporation securities and to prevent fraudulent promotions and stock gambling, and several other measures.

The president wisely emphasized the necessity of

stimulating production and the folly of aggravating the peril of scarcity by needless strikes, intemperate demands and angry recriminations. He deprecated manifestations of class spirit and pleaded for harmonious co-operation in all efforts to solve the economic and social problems now confronting the country and the world. Thus he made a real contribution toward the rational solution of the present tangled situation.

In urging reasonable speed in the discussion of the peace treaty with Germany the president spoke proper and timely words. He said, with obvious truth, that uncertainty as to peace encourages speculation and hoarding. No senator who desires to secure a righteous peace and promote sound national prosperity should take exception to this admonition, though it is proper to suggest that the responsibility for delay in giving the country the benefits of a definite peace and a resumption of normal industrial activities does not fall exclusively upon the senate.

The question of the high cost of living is, of course, too intricate to be settled offhand by President Wilson or anybody else. It will have to be approached from many sides. Prosecuting officials have their part to play. Consumers should practice thrift and reasonable self-denial. Producers and traders should refrain from taking short-sighted advantage of scarcity or of suspense and apprehension, and should content themselves with moderate profits. Labor leaders should earnestly discourage interruption of production or distribution at the bidding of revolutionary or erratic agitators. National teamwork alone will reduce prices, and industries sabotage and bring steady progress broadly beneficial to the closely wrought fabric of our social existence.

Andrew Carnegie's Maxims

We study the lives of great men to seek the secret of their success and to fathom the principles of sound achievement. When such a man seeks to interpret the causes of his success, he sometimes lays down maxims of great worth.

Often, to be sure, he is unable to give a correct analysis of the principles upon which he acted. He may be prejudiced by a whim or notion, overlooking entirely the real dayspring of his astounding achievements. Consequently his expressions must be weighed in the balances of judgment and subjected to further analysis.

In the proneness of human judgment to err in searching for underlying causes lies the danger of slavishly following the advice of men who have succeeded. Circumstances over which they had no immediate control, opportunities which they did not create, an element of luck which they did not take into account in their reckoning, a happy combination of small successes that attracted attention far beyond their intrinsic worth, may have conspired to bring about achievements that presently led to the pinnacle of supremacy.

Their own ability and judgment may not have been the determining factors after all, but only contributory elements in a chain of circumstances in which, fortunately for them, they found themselves a link.

A study of Andrew Carnegie's maxims of success reveals a positive optimistic tone, which may be accepted without reservations as one of the great contributing factors of his success. Most great men have possessed this quality. Marshal Foch in the darkest hours of the World War never plunged into pessimism. His faith in the leonine courage of the French poilu, the bulldog tenacity of the British, and the dashing prowess of the Americans was never shaken.

Carnegie's courage and lack of fear probably had more to do in amassing his fortune than any element in his wonderful business acumen. Some of his maxims are appended for what they are worth to the individual reader who cares to study his life in the light of his own revelations: To educate the people is the foundation of all true progress. They'll do the rest themselves.

I never was miserable. I don't see how any man can be if he does what he feels to be right.

"To save and to serve, not to maim and destroy"—that will be the text of the hero by and by.

There is no heritage like being born poor. The leaders and teachers of this nation came from the poor.

The only sure way to keep "the submerged tenth" from drowning is to teach them to swim for themselves. Old age should be spent not in "making mickle mair," but in making good use of what has been acquired.

I believe in true democracy. When the people are really interested in anything their voice will be heard at the polls.

I think I am the greatest optimist ever born. Were I to choose a motto it should be: "All is well since all grows better."

I would rather be a grandson to one who could teach me to make shoes than the descendant of thirty worthless dukes.

If you stand near a good thing, plunge well into it. Fear is old womanish; it has kept untold millions from making fortunes.

I do not believe in the socialistic idea of municipal ownership, but a proper municipal ownership is as certain as that I am alive.

This republic is immortal. No matter what trouble it goes through it will weather it without having its foundations shaken.

I object to the term philanthropist when applied to myself. I have always understood it to mean a man with more money than brains.

Poverty develops us. It makes us work our hardest. It brings out the best in us. But bravery must go hand in hand with adversity, else we are doomed.

REFUSE TO SEE OR HEAR

New York World.

While it is announced that Japan will issue a statement in a few days that will clear away all misunderstandings growing out of the Shantung controversy, it must not be expected that there will be any clarification of the subject so far as Senators Borah and Hiram Johnson are concerned.

JUDGED BY HIS WORKS

Columbia Record.

A profiteer is not without honor save in—everywhere but Washington.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

SAINT-PIERRE



Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, 1737-1815

Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was born at Havre in 1737 and died at Eragny, near Pontois, in 1815.

An emotional dreamer, an irascible personification of the rolling stone, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was constantly wandering from one thing and place to another.

Educated for an engineer's profession, he went to sea, served in the army, was dismissed, received an appointment at Malta, held various posts at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Dresden, Berlin, Mauritius, was superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris and professor at the Ecole Normale, was a member of the Institute, and was ever meeting with tumultuous and romantic adventures. Yet he found time to write many volumes, of which the world remembers one: in "Paul and Virginia" he created two figures which have caught the popular imagination, not only of France but of every country where books are read.

The story inevitably suggests the Greek pastoral "Daphnis and Chloe" by Longus, and one sees in all his life the interest he took in Crusoe. He was a disciple of Rousseau; he led the way to Chateaubriand; he broke away from the French classic tradition, and was one who started the movement back to nature and paved the way to the great romantic spell. Among the friends of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and the admirers of "Paul and Virginia" was the first Napoleon.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

BY SAINT-PIERRE

Condensation by Irving Bacheller

In the year 1728 a young man of Normandy brought to the Isle de France his young wife, whose family was of noble blood. Shortly afterward he was taken with the fever and died, leaving her alone on the isle.

Estranged from her family and without means, the young widow made her way to an uninhabited island where she could cultivate the soil without the payment of rent, and there she built a rude home for herself and her little child, a daughter whom she named Virginia.

At the same time another woman with a little son named Paul settled on the same island, and the two women, mutually grateful for aid and comfort, became fast friends, although they had been of different stations in life.

Marguerite's servant named Domingo, a powerful black man, was the husband of Marie, who was Madame de La Tour's hand-maid. Bound to each other by similar needs the two lonely women spent much time together, and the two children were almost inseparable. Their attachment was very marked even from the cradle.

If Virginia was in trouble, the cries of Paul made it known. When they learned to speak, the first names they learned to give each other were brother and sister. For the rest, they went almost naked, and could neither read nor write.

From the beauty of their bare limbs one might fancy them two of Niobe's children escaped from the marble.

As Madame de La Tour saw the unfolding charms of her daughter she became alarmed for her future and humbled herself to write to an old aunt in France asking for aid for Virginia's sake.

The aunt replied coldly, commending her to the governor of the island, adding: "Your disgraceful marriage has brought its righteous punishment."

Deserted by her kinsfolk, the poor widow took Paul and Virginia to her arms.

Paul became a planter, busy and skilful, while Virginia spun or tended the goats and helped in the house. Thus passed their innocent youth.

To them Madame de La Tour read the stories which time had hallowed, teaching them to find their happiness in serving others.

Their lives seemed bound up in that of the trees. They knew no historical epochs, no chronology save that of their orchards. No care wrinkled their brows, no intemperance poisoned their blood. They had all the freshness of the morning of life. They loved each other naturally and purely.

It was wise Marguerite who said: "Let us marry our children. Soon Paul will be a man, and then we will have much to fear."

Madame de La Tour hesitated. "Let us send Paul to India for a time. There he will be able to earn money with which to provide a home for himself and Virginia."

To this plan Paul would not consent. "I am needed here. Domingo is old and our mothers are alone. I shall stay."

At this moment came another letter from the aunt in Normandy asking that Virginia be sent to her for education. "If she follows my wishes," the aunt wrote, "she may look forward to being my heiress."

Virginia was alarmed at this offer and Paul was angry. The madame decided against it.

The governor of the island now urged that Virginia be sent.

A missionary of the island joined the governor in urging that Virginia go to her kinswoman, and at last with a heart filled with anguish, mother and daughter, thinking it God's will, consented.

Paul was puzzled by all this secret council.

Meanwhile Virginia's consent had brought from her aunt gold to pay for clothes and jewels and her passage, and she was a transformed being. In her muslin and taffeta, with her hair in the fashion of the period, she looked the duchess, and Paul was thrown into despair at sight of her beauty and her alien magnificence.

Distressed by his grief and hoping to cure him of his false hopes, Marguerite now told him that he was only the illegitimate son of a peasant, while Virginia was the daughter of a noble woman.

Paul, pressing her in his arms, assured her that as he had no other relative, he would love her the more. "But I see now why Madame de La Tour avoids me."

As he thought of losing Virginia came to him, Paul lost control of himself. Clinging her in his arms, he said: "I am going with you. Nothing shall part us. I swear it by the sea that I must cross, by the air, to which I have never breathed a lie."

Nevertheless, Virginia was taken away from him while he was wandering in the forest mad with his fears. When he returned to the cabin and found her gone, he rushed to a high point from which the outgoing vessel could be seen, and there he stood till the darkness fell and the night winds began to sing their songs in his ear.

Thereafter when he saw the two mothers weeping, he bitterly said: "Seek someone else to wipe away your tears."

At last he turned his thought to the garden and to a new task. He determined to learn to read. He wished to be able to read of the country to which his love had gone. In a very short time he was able to read it for himself. It was a sweet letter, but not a cheerful one. The girl's heart was in her happy island, and she asked Paul to plant the flower seeds which she sent upon the spot where they had last talked together—a place she called Farewell Rock.

As the months passed, envious folk began to whisper that Virginia was about to marry a nobleman, and Paul was a prey to doubt and despair.

One morning at daybreak Paul saw a white flag flying on Mount Discovery. It was a sign that a ship was in the offing. A little later a letter from Virginia to Madame de La Tour was handed to Paul. Rapturously kissing it, he thrust it into his bosom and hastened to his home.

To all the household Madame read the letter. Virginia was coming home! She would soon land. Masters and servants all embraced.

"My son," said Madame de La Tour, "go tell all our neighbors, Virginia is coming home!"

To this happy household a Negro messenger came to say that the ship was in distress and firing guns for help. A storm was approaching. By midnight the sea was hammering the rocks with fearful roar. The sound of the signal guns was dreadful in Paul's ears. All night long he and his faithful Domingo waited for the dawn in silence and dread.

At dawn the governor with a file of soldiers arrived at a point near which the ship could be dimly seen in the fog. All signs pointed to a hurricane, and the people gathered in the hope of assisting the ship to land its passengers.

At 9 o'clock a whirlwind swept the harbor clear of fog and the ship was seen moored near the rocks. Her head was set toward the billows which rolled from the open sea.

Suddenly, in the midst of a terrible rush of sea, the cables parted. The ship was thrown upon the rocks. A cry of despair arose among those who stood on shore. Paul, in frenzy, was about to throw himself into the sea, when a strong hand prevented him.

In order to save his life, they bound him fast with a long rope and let him leap into the water. He tried to reach the ship, only to be flung back upon the sands.

The crew threw themselves into the sea. Those on shore saw a young woman stretching out her arms in piteous entreaty. It was Virginia, almost the last to remain on board. In a moment, she, too, was struggling in the cruel sea.

Paul, unconscious and bleeding from his last attempt to reach the ship, was carried to a neighboring house while old Domingo and other friends searched the beach for the body of Virginia.

At last in despair they started back to tell Virginia's mother of the girl's tragic death. On the way some Negroes told them that wreckage had been driven in at Palm River Valley, and so Domingo and his companion turned aside to look once again for the body.

There on the sand, half buried, yet with a serene and beautiful face, lay the maiden, richly clad. One hand rested upon her gown, the other was pressed to her heart and covered a picture of Paul.

Lifting her gently, the servants carried her to a fisherman's hut and left her there.

In the morning Paul was brought home. He had regained his senses but he could not utter a word. His coming brought a ray of hope.

After a beautiful and touching ceremony, in which the black people took a part, they buried the lovely body on a point where she had often rested when on her way to mass, with Paul, and there a few weeks later they brought his body in order that he might rest forever by her side.

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Tom Brown's School Days, by Thomas Hughes, as condensed by Professor William Fenwick Harris, will be printed tomorrow.

ELECTRICIANS WALK OUT.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 13.—Electrical workers of the Southern Public Utilities company, supplying electric light and power for scores of cities and hundreds of manufacturing plants in the two Carolinas, went on strike today. Power immediately was shut off.

NEW YORK'S LEADING WOMAN SCULPTOR WINS A PRIZE WITH "THE FIRST KISS"



Mrs. Clio Bracken modelling "The First Kiss."

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

A WHITE POND LILY

A white pond lily always inspires a happy feeling in my heart. It is so typical of the beautiful in life.

In the first place, its loveliness is rarely matched. Its golden-tinted centre, its white, wax-like walls and its outside coat of green, form a perfect combination of color harmony.

But the marvel of the white pond lily is its environment. It is always found where the water is muddy and black, with weeds as neighbors. But this only adds to its beauty as it sits in its seat and smiles toward the sun.

It makes very little difference where we work or live, so long as the best that is in us is brought out. We can be finer than our environment and bigger than our time. We can move in a comparatively small circle, so long as our thoughts and acts reflect the feelings that are the essence of our hearts.

The white pond lily never looks so beautiful as when it is in its own place of life and growth. There it stands out from every other flower, queenlike, supreme. Birds sing to its beauty during the day and sunsets, such as no painter ever achieved, close its petals at night-time and tuck it to sleep.

But beautiful things do not just happen. They are always products of growth—outcomes of struggle. The white pond lily shoots its way to the surface of the pond from many feet below, its long stem held strong and firm to its tough roots at the bottom of the pond.

A face is beautiful only as it reflects a beautiful heart. A character is beautiful only as it rises toward beautiful things. We can learn many inspiring things from the white pond lily.

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

THE TOWER.

They're going to take Bill Hohen to the Tower.

The Tower whence many royal hopes have fled.

And in a grim and ultra-tragic hour,

They'll try the ex-Alt Highest for his head.

Full many a royal bloke has said adieu To his imperial titles and his job;

Has lost his crown and lost his ermine, too.

And gone to that same tower and lost his knob.

If Wilhelm is of superstitious mind, In other words, if he at all is hep, He will not use the swagger of his kind.

But will approach with meek and humble step.

There seems to be a feeling in the air, That they are slightly peeved at Wilhelm's deeds.

And if he doesn't exercise due care He'll get it right where Mamie wore the beads.

Dear Roy—What's all this hallabaloo about "Darbs"? "It's a darb," is purely and simply an antiquated expression, once used by showmen. It was in the vocabulary of the old-time showmen, possibly since the beginning of time, and was discarded about the time the Ringling Brothers came into prominence in the circus world, for which all showmen are thankful.

Harry Sharrock, of the Sharrocks now in vaudeville tells me in 1897 he was with the Lemon Brothers circus, and that Frank Lemon, more familiarly known as "Joe Hepp," used it when he wanted to forcibly characterize a good "stand" or day's business.

If it was good he called it a "darb," if bad or a bloomer he passed it to the wrong side of the ledger as an "okum patch."

—William Judkins Hewitt.

A rain cloud will chase all over a state until it finds a Sunday school picnic and then settle down to spend the day.

WHISKY MAY BE BOTTLED.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Wholesale dealers in whisky, who recently asked permission to bottle spirits for export, were informed by the Bureau of Internal Revenue that if the wartime prohibition law should be revoked, it would not be illegal to divert to domestic trade whisky bottled for export. Rectifiers have been informed that they may proceed to rectify whisky which they may have on hand, but are not permitted to purchase other spirits to be prepared for beverages.

BODY RECOMMENDS RETURN.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The Yorkshire Miners' council recommended Tuesday that work be resumed by the more than 200,000 men who have been on strike in that district for several weeks, refusing to accept the settlement reached by the government and miners' representatives.

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

August 13.

Arrangements were made to accommodate 50 boys at the Boys City at the Richmond Chautauqua.

County Superintendent of Schools, Charles W. Jordan and the township trustees went to Indianapolis to discuss with State Superintendent Robert J. Aleay, the question of certified high schools in this county.

There were a number of daylight house robberies in the city.

George Bond was on the honor roll of the state medical examination board for a physicians' license.

Plans for the proposed west side hose house were discussed by the board of works.

Warner Leeds, former Richmond man, sent to the Richmond Art Association a check for \$500 to pay for the "Tortoise Fountain" by Janet Scudder, already purchased by the Art Association, but which Mr. Leeds wished to present to the association because of his friendship with Miss Scudder.

Dinner Stories

"Why did you get rid of your parrot? Did it talk too much?"

"No; I could stand its talk, but it was learning to imitate our neighbor's honking flivver."

"Women are quick to learn," remarked the waiter of a fashionable restaurant.

"How's that, Henri?"

"I can point out half a dozen wives of war millionaires who had never been inside of a place like this until a year or two ago, but now they are as lofty and as hard to please as if they had been dining here all their lives."

"If I was rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?" asked the hopeful young man.

"Well, I might not love you any more, but I should look forward to our wedding day with a great deal of more impatience than I do at present."

Masonic Calendar

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 Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Called convocation. Work in Mark Master Degree.

The "Orlov," a magnificent diamond of 103 karats, and the chief adornment of the sceptre of Russia, was for centuries one of the eyes of an idol in a temple in Mysore, until a French soldier stole it.