

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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A National Asset

Our greatest national asset is our abiding faith in the principle that the majority rules. And the majority in our republic is made up of men and women who stand firm in the conviction that changes must be brought about through due processes of law.

Against this national bulwark insane attempts to wreck the country have always failed. Last winter when it seemed that bolshevism might rise in tyrannical might, the whole country rose in opposition.

The mouthings of radical agitators, asserting that the country was ripe for revolt, were conclusively refuted by the overwhelming faith our people expressed in their institutions.

Time has tested the worth of the republic, and the people who have enjoyed its manifold blessings believe that it can solve all vital problems by methods prescribed in its basic law.

This accounts for the almost unanimous opposition that has developed all over the country to the Plumb railroad bill. In essence the measure is diametrically opposed to the best thought of our people and at variance with the principles which they hold dear. They cannot be shaken from this stand.

The Indianapolis News interprets our national consciousness in these words:

"Our people have seen that what was proposed was the management and control of the railroads by a class whose chief object would be to get out of them in the form of wages as much as they could. Our purpose now is to make it clear that the American people have not taken leave of their senses, but that, on the contrary, they retain much of their old conservatism. They understand that things are not likely to be quite as they were before the war, and that there will have to be changes and readjustments. But that very fact makes them feel the need for caution. If there must be changes our people will demand that they be for the better. The revolutionary program makes no appeal to them."

"It seems well to suggest once more that there are important differences between this country and Russia, between Americans and Russians. We are strangers to political and ecclesiastical oppression. Our people are educated and well-informed. They believe in their country and its institutions, and are devoted to both. They are mostly at work in profitable callings, own their own homes, and are in control of their own government. This is still the land of opportunity, and today men and women all over the world are looking to it for help and support. We have always been successful in dealing with our problems under our time-tested institutions. We shall be successful now. We imagine that few men have ever been so greatly surprised as the sponsors of the Plumb railroad bill. Perhaps there will be more of such surprises. It is never safe to assume that 100,000,000 such people as the Americans can be stampeded."

Getting Results

Under the pressure exerted by federal, state and municipal authorities, a solution of the high cost of living is bound to emerge. Every day brings a new development, shows a cause, and suggests a remedy. The result of these developments will be an ultimate solution. In the meantime, the patriots of the nation, with the welfare of the whole country at heart, will exercise patience.

Forbearance, it is admitted at the outset, has almost ceased to be a virtue in this particular, for every day brings examples of unholty profi-

Kultur Again

From the Outlook.

WHEN several hundred men and women cheered the statement, made in the hall of the Deutsche Liederkreis in New York City a few weeks ago, that "the German spirit is not dead and never will die," and when the same speaker who made this statement further said that all men and women of German descent must do all in their power to bring "the German spirit, Kultur, and education to the American people and to the people of the whole world," America received notice that the war is not yet won. Nominally held to promote plans for helping starving people in Germany, this meeting was in fact a means for disseminating ideas against which this country has fought. It was one of many signs that what we have known as German propaganda is still a menace in America.

It seems easy for Americans to forget. Sometimes good nature is a vice, and good nature is an American characteristic. It was good nature that made our people slow to believe the reports of what the Germans were doing in Belgium in 1914. It was good nature that made our people dismiss as incredible the threats of the Germans to murder civilians and neutrals at sea. It was good nature that inclined our people to ignore as a fantastic dream the outspoken ambitions of the Germans to secure at the cost of their neighbors world trade and world domination. It is good nature now that tempts our people to forget these things, to treat the beaten foe as if he were nothing but a beaten foe, to take what is called a sportsmanlike attitude, to go more than half-

earing and shows how prices have been manipulated without justifiable ground. The most cheering phase of the revelations, however, is the firm decision of the authorities to correct them, and a growing public opinion that will make it unhealthy for men to persist in the nefarious practice.

It seems as if the whole food distribution system of the country will undergo a thorough study and investigation to discover the weakness that permits the charging of high prices to consumers for products that were bought at a small outlay of money from the producers.

An investigation of conditions in the Indianapolis market showed that dealers were making a profit of 200 per cent on apples bought for a very small sum from farmers who delivered them to the middlemen. In Chicago, on the other hand, a dealer showed that under competition he was selling apples and peaches for 25 to 50 cents less than he paid for them because he was forced to contract for a portion of the crop with the growers at an exorbitant price. The contradiction between the two instances just cited presents only one ramification of the gigantic problem.

The buyers often complain about prices which they themselves have encouraged. For instance, few commodities are now bought in bulk. Housewives demand coffee, tea, bacon and scores of other foodstuffs of the highest quality put up in fancy packages. The cost of the choice brands, as well as the manner in which they are packed, must in the very nature of the case be borne by the purchaser. Only a thorough going investigation will disclose to what extent manufacturers of these products have indulged in profiteering and how far they have taken advantage of the wishes of their customers.

Besides this many of us have developed a taste for luxuries, which is beyond our purchasing ability. It seems to be almost a primitive instinct to wish to "live beyond our means" and to indulge in that which we cannot afford. Self-restraint too often cannot overcome the longing, and we develop a spirit of covetousness and jealousy which makes us dissatisfied with our lot and prone to blame an economic system for our folly.

Our indulgence in these luxuries, multiplied by the other millions who have the same longing, naturally creates a demand in excess of the supply, the result being that the prices keep on increasing.

In a period such as we are now in, when war has impaired the normal functioning of our economic system, an indulgence in luxuries only adds to the seriousness of the crisis and tends to keep up the price level.

The demand for luxuries also entails the employment of additional capital and labor in their production, pulling it away from the creation of essentials. This results in a competition for capital and labor by the producer of essentials, forcing him to pay more for both, and automatically increasing the price of the essential products.

Behind the present high price level of food products are many factors which are not thoroughly understood by the public and which even our federal legislators have not been able to grasp. The nation-wide investigation, coupled with the concentration of our national mind on the problem, should be fruitful of results that will give us a true insight into its complexities.

It is not rash to assert, however, that mere processes of law will not entirely solve the problem. Unless the individual lends his support by indulgence in thrift and wise expenditure of his earnings, all the laws of the world will not prevent men remaining poor and becoming dependent on public charity.

The investigations that are being made all over the United States should clarify the situation, give us reliable data on which to base our expenditures, and restore confidence in the ability of our republic to safeguard the rights of the individual.

IF

Detroit Free Press.

If 90 per cent of his ammunition is made in the United States how long could Lenin persist were he compelled to rely on the other 10 per cent?

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

HUGHES

Thomas Hughes was born Oct. 20, 1822, at Uffington, Berks. In 1834 he was sent to Rugby to be under the charge of Dr. Arnold; the doctor and the schoolmaster had been fellow students at Oriel College, Oxford. Both school and master were made world-known by the book, "Tom Brown's School Days." Tom Hughes must have been very much the same sort of schoolboy as the hero of the story, but in fact, George, his brother, was the original of Tom, as Dean Stanley was the original of Arthur. Thomas Hughes followed in his father's footsteps at Oriel; he was later called to the bar, and eventually was appointed a county court judge. His life was one of true service to humanity; Frederick Maurice was the great influence that worked upon him, and he was of the group along with Charles Kingsley, who devoted themselves to the cause of the Workingmen's College. He sat in parliament, always a devoted friend of his friends, the workingmen; he tried his hand at an idealistic colony, called Rugby, Tennessee; he was a frequent visitor to America, and was a great friend and admirer of James Russell Lowell, whose influence over him is shown in the frequent quotations in his books. His other volumes included a sequel to "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Memoir of a Brother." But he will always be remembered as the sage and great-hearted author who has understood something of the soul of a schoolboy, and who has written the greatest book in English of the schoolboy's life.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

BY THOMAS HUGHES

Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

BY THOMAS HUGHES

"Just as Tom was swallowing his last mouthful (three o'clock in the morning), winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds. Boots look in and says, 'Tally-ho, sir,' and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters, and the townsmen drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock."

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby," answers a hostler.

"Tell young gen't to look alive," says the guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting the parcels in after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top—I'll fasten him presently. Now there, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-by, father—my love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he clasps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the hostlers let go their heads, the four bays, plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they had pulled up."

So Tom Brown started to begin his school-days at Rugby when William the Fourth sat upon his throne. Squire Brown had meditated something as follows the night before. "Shall I tell him to mind his work and to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, trusting, and a gentle, and a man, and a Christian, that's all I want." Upon this view of the case he framed his last words to Tom. "And now, Tom, my boy, remember you are going at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your wits before you—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps." (Tom was nine.) "If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk, but never fear. You'll find a kind, helpful, and kind heart, and never listen, or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

Tom's father was a great asset to the boy. For though he belonged to that opinion which the squire loved to propound above all others was the belief that a man is to be valued wholly and solely for that which he is in himself, for that which stands up in the four fleshly walls of him, apart from clothes, rank, fortune, and all externals. It didn't matter a straw whether his son associated with lords' sons, or plowmen's sons, provided they were brave and honest. So Tom had a merry and right democratic time with the boys of the village, and learned much that stood him in good stead when he got to Rugby, among other things to value men or boy wholly for what was in him, whether it was Harry Winburn, the quickest and best boy in the parish, who taught him the turns and holds which later carried him through his great fight with the bully of Rugby; or poor Jacob Doodle-calf (as the boys nicknamed him), in whose hands everything came to pieces, and in whose head nothing would stick, or Job Rudkin whose scandalized mother demanded, on the occasion of a visit from Madam Brown, "Job, Job, where's thy cap?"

"What! beante on ma head, mother?" replied Job, slowly extricating one hand from a pocket and feeling for the article in question; which he found on his head and left there, to his mother's horror and Tom's great delight.

Rugby was a new world for Tom. He was a sturdy and combative urchin, able to fend for himself on his own heath; yet it was a great boon for him that he fell into the hands of a boy of his own age, but a bit ahead of him at Rugby. The first sight he encountered when his arrival was a lordly crowd of youngsters who looked quite as if they owned the place. One of these young heroes ran out from the rest and accosted Tom. "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment, glad, however, to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming today, and asked me to give you a lift. You see," he held forth a lordly crowd of youngsters who looked quite as if they owned the place. One of these young heroes ran out from the rest and accosted Tom. "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

this half, and perhaps'll double it next if I keep in her good books."

Thus began a friendship which lasted through all their school days and meant much to both of them. Friendship and loyalty and good sportsmanship are great features in this book, which shows an insight into the brain and heart of a boy which is just as wise in the year of our Lord 1919 as it was in the days of William the Fourth. Tom and East were together in games, in mischief, in fights, in good deeds, or in deviltry, as they were in ingenious syndicated methods of working out the mysteries of the Greek and Latin languages. And years later, when the wise "Doctor," Arnold of Rugby, decided that Tom was headed towards destruction, it was by means of friendship for a weaker boy who needed his protection that he rescued him. What was the marvel of the Doctor's power over boys? "We couldn't enter into half that we heard, we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their later moods will listen (aye, and men too, for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not he cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and colling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, was brought home to the young boy, the first time, the meaning of his life; that it was a tool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered, by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time by every word he spoke, and by his whole daily life, and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their guard. The sort of captain, too, for a boy's army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and let who would yield or make a truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood."

And so Tom lived his life from the first green days to the last memorable night when he was "chucked" round the quadrangle by the eleven, shouting in chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," himself as great a boy as all the rest, despite the passage of the years and his dignity of captain. It is a story of humanness, with all its good points and its frailties, but especially of loyalty and friendship, of games, so much like our own in spirit, and yet so different in details; of East and Arthur, of the brutalities of the old fagging system, the school bully and Tom's classic fight with him; of the time when he was "chucked" round the quadrangle by the eleven, shouting in chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," himself as great a boy as all the rest, despite the passage of the years and his dignity of captain.

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MRS. DOLLY MATTERS LOSES IN SECOND ATTEMPT TO GET MARGARET RYAN'S BABY



Margaret Ryan (left) and Mrs. Dolly Ledgerwood Matters.

Mrs. Dolly Ledgerwood Matters of Chicago has lost in her second attempt to obtain possession of four-year-old Katherine Ryan, who, as "Baby Irene" was the central figure in a sensational trial in the federal courts of Chicago three years ago, when the baby was awarded to Margaret Ryan. This time Mrs. Matters attempted to kidnap the baby in Ottawa, Canada, according to the mother's charge. She is under arrest.

Dinner Stories

Colonel "Bill" Hayward, of New York's Fighting Fifteenth regiment is a rival of Irvin Cobb as a story teller. Here is one of his latest.

During the early days of the Fifteenth infantry's sojourn in France, some of the men were used to carry up ammunition to the artillery. At first, each man carried only one shell, but as the need became more pressing, they undertook heavier loads until many of them were staggering along under the weight of four or five of them. Finally one of the soldiers whose back was bent from the task stepped up to his sergeant and asked:

Sergeant, how you all got my name on this list?"

"I've got it all right," replied the other. "You're Private Simpson, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the ammunition carrier. "But how you all got my name spelled?"

"Why, S-I-M-P-S-O-N," replied the sergeant.

"That's right," answered the soldier, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I thought maybe you had it down Sampson."

A farmer whose orchard is near a school for boys was annoyed by the depredations of the youngsters. Finding two boys helping themselves to his apples, he escorted them off the premises, giving each a parting kick at the gateway. Next day the boys were loitering near his orchard again.

"What are you scamps hanging around here for?" he cried. "I told you yesterday what you would get if I caught you here again."

"Yes, sir, we remember," said the spokesman. "We haven't come for apples this time. We came to ask you to join our football team!"

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

AUGUST 14.

The Richmond City Water Works asked the city for a 25-year contract.

Work on St. Mary's church was at a standstill because of a difference between the architect and the stone contractor.

Representatives of the R. L. Polk company were in Richmond making a canvass for the new city directory.

Mrs. Ray Robinson entertained at home and announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Lillian Kaminski, and Dr. Charles W. Edmunds, of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

"Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens, as condensed by Miss Carolyn Tickner, will be printed tomorrow.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

HOMELY VIRTUES

(Which aren't so homely, after all!)

- To say "Please!"
- To be kind and considerate of other people.
- To respect misfortune and old age.
- To be honest, even if you don't make as much money as the other fellow—right off.
- To be slow to criticize.
- To be quick to forgive.
- To see the good in people—first.
- To trust everybody until they prove themselves unworthy, not as a business proposition, but as a personal privilege.
- To carry around clean thoughts, inasmuch as "thoughts are deeds."
- To cultivate a happy bearing, a low, clear voice, and a good reputation as a listener.
- To lead but not to boast.
- To keep surpassing your best.
- To do one thing at a time, and that regardless of reward.
- To keep your eyes on jobs ahead and not those behind.
- To be calm and brave, if in the right, tho the big crowd walks off. (It will come back!)
- To stick by your friend, come what may, if his heart is square.
- To bear no ill will toward anyone, even your enemies. (Only big people have enemies.)
- To be broad-minded and tolerant.
- To do the best that you know how and leave the rest—with no regrets!

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

"We must protect the small notions," is the statement accredited to a member of the peace commission. It was undoubtedly a typographical error, but it sounds rather pat, at that.

A Wisconsin hen has laid nine eggs in forty-five minutes. It is cheerful to note that at least the hens are trying to lower the cost of living.

A good many statesmen are built on the bungalow style of architecture—no attic to speak of.

"We are facing a crisis," says a Washington statesman. But can the statesman tell us of any time when we were not?

ANOTHER SUICIDE ADVERTED. Dear Roy: Friend of mine sent a "pome" to an editor, entitled, "Why I Live." The aforesaid friend received the following reply from the herein-above-mentioned editor, to wit: "My Dear Sir—The reason you live is that you didn't come with this yourself." Harry Kirshenbaum.

Masonic Calendar

Friday, Aug. 15.—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4, R. M. C. held convocation. Work in Mark Master Degree.

Airplane is Purchased By Chenoweth Company