

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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The Fight of the Cincinnati Reds

No world series has attracted so much attention in the Central West as has the fight of the Cincinnati baseball team to capture and keep first place in the league race. Interest in the outcome of the games is as keen as if the two teams were trying to settle the world's championship.

Baseball has a deep-seated hold in the affections of the people of the Central West. When a western team, and particularly the Reds, makes a bid for league supremacy, baseball fans in Richmond can hardly await the outcome of the games. No team has a warmer place in the affection of Wayne county fans than the Cincinnati Reds. They have stood by the Reds for many years, vainly hoping that some day their favorites would be in the running for league supremacy.

This year their dreams seem near the point of being realized in fact. Cincinnati has put up a fight that has won the admiration of fans all over the country. Richmond sincerely hopes that after years of patient waiting the pennant will be won by the Reds and the world's series annexed by the Cincinnati players.

Food Investigation Here

No harm can result from an investigation of food price conditions here. The real benefit of a probe often does not lie in the prosecutions that may follow but in the facts that are presented for our study. Usually conditions are uncovered which enable consumer, distributor and producer to see where improvements can be made for each of them.

This holds true of the general investigation which is being made the country over. Incorrect methods of marketing are disclosed, faulty means of distribution are unearthed, poor systems of buying by the housewife are revealed, and suggestions for a closer co-operation of producer, distributor and consumer are made.

One cannot peruse the reports of investigations made everywhere without concluding that the problem is a big one and that all parties interested in it must correct methods if prices are to tumble. An adjustment of a local case here and there where injustice has been practiced will lead to no lasting reform. A general readjustment of the methods of distributing food-stuffs is necessary, and consumers must realize that they cannot indulge in luxuries or riot in expenditures far beyond their means.

The prices for the necessities of life must never be allowed to attain a point where the average man is forced to slave long hours to obtain enough money to keep body and soul together. On the other hand, our craving for luxuries must never reach the point where our failure to satisfy it becomes a cause for discontent and unrest.

Everybody Busy

The Social Service Bureau, which is in very close touch with the charity problem of Richmond, reports that there have been very few appeals for help from persons who need aid to live. This report should be a gratifying one to every citizen of Richmond. It shows that every one who wants to work can find employment, and that at a price which enables him to live without falling back on charity to bridge the chasm between his earning capacity and the cost of the necessities of life.

Where such conditions prevail, no one can doubt the prosperity of the community. It pro-

claims in loud tones that the city is on a sound basis and that poverty is not to be found.

Throughout the war and since the signing of the armistice Richmond has been on a stable footing.

A United Front

Again has a common national necessity or great and unusual moment had the beneficial effect of tempering political disputes and drawing men together. As our entrance into the war tended to adjourn factionalism, so have the problems of the soaring cost of living and industrial unrest served to turn our national leaders from discord into something like unity of purpose.

Dispatches from Washington bring the welcome news that Republicans and Democrats alike are working for ways to check the rise in prices. The president's suggestions are being considered in the light of public interest only, and such of them as are possible of application will doubtless be followed. Members of both the leading parties take practically identical views of covert threats of soviet rule of transportation and industry.

There ought to be a great measure of comfort in all this for those of us who believe in sane, orderly democratic government. Healthy differences of opinion are to be expected in a government like ours. Parties are necessary, and rivalry is the very breath of life to them. It is, then, a very reassuring thing to find at a time when party feeling is strong, that a condition of affairs bringing great economic discomfort to the country, not to mention danger, serves to unite our representatives in Washington in a solid front.

There will be no revolution in America. We may modify our plan of doing things from time to time, but only as the majority are willing. Our national institutions shall not suffer violence.

We know all this to be true when we see men in authority drop all the issues over which they are at odds, in order to make common cause for the public relief.

It was a great thing to discover, as we did during the war, that we can stand shoulder to shoulder in an emergency. It was a pleasant experience to do for a while with a minimum of politics. It is good to know that in all vital matters all real Americans think pretty much alike.

Country Boys

War statistics show that 100,000 country boys furnished on an average 4,790 more soldiers than did the same number of city boys. This seems to prove that the best physical soldiers came from the rural districts of our country. The proportion of rejections from agricultural states, such as Kansas for instance, was smaller than from New York.

These facts are interesting because since the Civil war days, the impression has prevailed that the city boys made the stronger and better fighters. A good many persons drew the erroneous conclusion that exercise and work in the open air were not a boon to health, and the method of life led by the city boy was conducive to stamina and bodily vigor. The results of the tabulations made by the army show the error of the conclusion in a powerful manner.

Figures also show that the best men physically came from a belt that ran south from the Dakotas to Texas. This would indicate that the prairie states with their extremes of hot and cold weather are producing a set of young men who physically are superior to those developed elsewhere in the United States.

Boys from the city can no longer boast of their physical prowess and strength. The evidence is against them. Out of the reports of the war department should come a determination on the part of city boys to see that they get enough sleep and exercise to keep them in good physical shape. If the urban lads do not correct the deficiencies noted by the army surgeons, they will go through life hopelessly handicapped.

A SLIGHT DISTINCTION

Pittsburg Gazette.
Even the pawnbrokers complain that prohibition has hurt business—their business.

Germans to Go to Mexico

From the Indianapolis Star.

MENTION was recently made in these columns of a report that Germany is preparing an extensive emigration scheme, with the emigrants pledged to work for the fatherland above their own personal interests. Further information now is that this plan is well under way to organization. Edwin L. James, the well known correspondent, writing to the New York Times from Coblenz, offers details of the plan as they have reached him.

According to this story, German interests claim to have acquired large grants of land in Mexico, Argentina and Paraguay, which lands are to be colonized with emigrants financed by a semi-official corporation. The name of the corporation is Kolonial Handels und Farms Gesellschaft of Berlin. Circulars in great numbers are being scattered over Germany asking "How can I help myself and the fatherland?" and making inviting propositions to possible emigrants. Summed up, it is to the effect that as the war has made extensive emigration necessary the Farms Gesellschaft has been formed for the promotion of agriculture and the raising of cattle.

The land purchased will be parceled out in lots of the desired size, and if it is wished, the company will also care for the starting of a farm or ranch and give the emigrant the position of foreman with absolute control. The necessary materials, seed, cattle, motor plows, and machinery of all kinds may be obtained from agents of the company. In this way, if it is desired, the company will completely equip a farm and turn it over to the farmer at the lowest cost to him.

This is an enterprise with which no fault could be found except for the provision of loyalty to Germany first. That, of course, means future mischief and so far as Mexico is concerned it is mischief in which the United States has a direct interest. Argentina already has a large German colony and much more was expected of it by the home government than it was able to perform because it could not control the government of Argentina, though its influence there showed some strength. But in Mexico, which has virtually no government and where Carranza and his supporters in nominal power have been in friendly communication with Germany throughout the war, German influence could soon be paramount and the situation one for the application of the Monroe Doctrine.

It has been plain to any one of common intelligence that sooner or later we should have to pay for our cowardly and shilly-shallying course in regard to Mexico in the past six years, the chief result of which has been to make Mexicans despise us. We are fairly sure to have plenty of trouble ahead in that country before we have compelled reparation for the murder of Americans, and a new form of trouble is likely to come from the proposed German colonization. While congress is investigating conditions in Mexico and looking into the history of our government's proceedings, it will do well to bear this threatened immigration of Germans in mind. Government experts estimate that 20,000,000 Germans may emigrate, and propaganda articles setting forth the advantage of the American countries named show a preference for Mexico.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot was the pen-name of the famous English writer, Mary Ann (or Marian) Evans. She was born in 1819 at Arbury Farm in Warwickshire and died at Chelsea, Dec. 2, 1880. Her father, Robert Evans, was the agent of Mr. Francis Newgate, and the first twenty-one years of the novelist's life were spent in the Arbury estate. At her mother's death while Miss Evans was still in her teens, she became her father's housekeeper, and pursued her studies away from school and classes. All through her youth she was somewhat subdued by a very strict religious training; and she was a great reader of religious and philosophical subjects, and in later years wrote of them also.

In 1841 the family moved to Coventry, and it was there that Miss Evans made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray, and Mr. Charles Hennell, who became her staunch friends. Both Mr. Bray and Mr. Hennell were men of literary tastes; the latter had, just before this time, published "An Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity." Miss Evans' ideas and opinions were much affected by the line of thought this work contained.

In 1851 she became the assistant editor of the Westminster Review. She made several notable contributions to the Review, and during the time of her connection with it, made the acquaintance of many distinguished authors of that period; among them, Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Francis Newman and George Henry Lewes. Her friendship with Mr. Lewes led to a closer relationship, which she regarded as a marriage, but which was much criticized among her friends.

Miss Evans first attempted the writing of fiction in 1854, and published in Blackwood's magazine the first of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Although she received much encouragement from her friends, notably Charles Dickens, the critics were rather non-committal. Then in 1859, in the judgment of many, she published "Adam Bede." It has been said that in the character of Adam Bede she drew a portrait of her father; and certainly "Dinah Morrell," the heroine of the story, was a favorite character. There followed "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner" and "Felix Holt." In the latter work she aired her views on the subject of Radicalism.

George Eliot, 1819-1880

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ROMOLA

BY GEORGE ELIOT

Condensation by Professor William Fenwick Harris

"Romola mia," said the blind scholar, "thou wilt reach the heedful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and he pointed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes me so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—I will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark, beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life sunk to that murmur. It seemed to both of them that they were looking at each other a long time before their lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know now what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for a moment with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the bookshelves and reached down the needed volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for the first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by the immediate sensation.

It had been as rapid as an irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

When they told her father, he wanted time for reflection. "Be patient, my children; you are very young."

No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering for the wrongdoer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on their parting that evening the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as anything else but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into the danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingled with that fountain of sweets.

George Eliot's magnificent study of character concerns itself with Florence at the time when Christopher Columbus was discovering America, when Savonarola was prior of St. Mark's, and ruled the city by his moral energy and his fanaticism, when his pious frenzies, his visions and his predictions of heavenly wrath seemed to the majority of his fellow citizens as coming from a more than mortal source; when Charles the Eighth of France invaded Italy; when the plague brought dire dismay; when the city was distraught by the struggles of the austere devotees of Savonarola, and the gay partisans of pleasure; when the mighty ones of the land were united against poor, distracted Florence; when Piero de' Medici was conspiring to regain the power once held by Lorenzo the Magnificent; when finally Florence turned against Savonarola, and he met his death in ignominy or martyrdom, as one viewed it as foe or partisan. Across the scene there flits the figure of Pico della Mirandola, of Fra Bartolommeo, of Domenico Ghirlandajo, of Cosimo di Piero, of Poliziano, of Bernardo del Nero, of Strozzi and Tornabuoni, of Niccolò Machiavelli, of a "promising young man" Michaelangelo Buonarroti and many others. All these make the setting for the lives of a woman and a man and the progress of their souls, the one upward and the other downward, as wonderfully drawn as ever human lives were portrayed by pen of man or woman.

Florence saw Tito Melema ever making his way upward from the day when he found himself adrift after shipwreck, and was carried to the market by the omnipresent Bratti, merchant and huckster, and introduced to breakfast and a kiss from pretty little Tessa, and passed under the deft hand of the wonder-working barber-philosopher Nello. That shrewd craftsman with edged tools—razor or tongue—inspired him to the bright and powerful folk who frequented his shop. If it were a club, and brought him to the notice of the blind scholar Bardo, who needed just such a clever young student as Tito for a helper. From that his path was easy to the confidence of the great; Latin secretary to the State, embassies to Rome, everything was his, even to the envy of Niccolò Machiavelli. The world saw only the dazzling success; there were a few who marked "the change that came from the final departure of moral youthfulness," who saw the perfidies and desertions of the dextrous and facile Greek, the baseness that smiles and triumphs; who knew how he had left to slavery the adoptive father who had rescued him and made him what he was, how he proved false to the memory of Romola's father, who set him on his way to triumph in Florence, how he betrayed his great patrons, how he deceived poor Tessa, that "sweet, pouting, innocent, round thing," how he threw away the great treasure of Romola's love, and how his only bitter thought was that a finely well devised falsehood might have saved him from every fatal consequence.

Over against the figure of the man she married stands Romola, "fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome and turned red," as the rhapsodic Nello described her. Her contempt of all injustice and meanness, the noble serenity with which she accepted, though not without inward struggle, all the life and duty brought her, the willing service she rendered her father, her husband, the poor, the sufferers in the plague, Tito's abandoned father, even Tessa, her rival to the title of wife, the mother of Tito's children, the majestic self-possession which at the slightest touch on the fibres of affection or pity, could become passionate tenderness—all this justified her godfather, Bernardo del Nero in his exhortation to her father, "Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare gem of thine own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a little sleekness about him that seems marvelously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his eyes upon."

But he that smiles and triumphs does not always triumph to the end. He is sometimes found out. So was it with Tito. He had made the last preparation for departure to a larger field of action. Pursued in the night by a crowd of angry men, he barely had time to leap from a bridge into the Arno. A long swim in the darkness—in the tumult of his blood he could only feel vaguely that he was safe and might land. But where? The current was having its way with him; he hardly knew where he was; exhaustion was bringing on the dreamy state that precedes unconsciousness.

But now there were eyes that discerned him—aged, strong, and of the distance. Baldassare—his father—looking up blankly from the search to which his poverty had led him, had seen a white object coming along the stream—could that be any fortunate chance for him? He looked and looked till the object gathered form; then he leaped forward with a start as he sat among the rank green stems, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a new light—yet he only watched—motionless. Something was being brought to him.

The next instant a man's body was cast violently on the grass two yards from him, and he started forward like a panther, clutching the velvet tunic as he fell forward on the body and flashed a look in the man's face.

Dead—was he dead? The eyes were rigid. But no, it could not be—justice had brought him. Men looked dead sometimes, and yet the life came back to them. Baldassare did not feel feeble in that moment. He knew just what he could do. He got his large fingers within the neck of the tunic and held them there, kneeling on one knee beside the body and watching the face. In his eyes there was only fierceness.

Rigid—rigid still. Those eyes with the half-fallen lids were locked against vengeance. Could it be that he was dead? Surely at last the eyelids were quivering; the eyes were no longer rigid. There was a vibrating light in them—they opened wide. "Ah, yes! You see me—you know me!"

OLD HIGH COSTS HAS BEEN BUSY ADVANCING PRICES THE WORLD OVER

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

The advance of prices is not confined to the United States or to the countries which participated in the war. It has been world-wide. Nor has it occurred exclusively in the products required for war purposes, nor for the use of the millions engaged in the war. Practically every article entering international trade has advanced in price in the countries in which produced, irrespective of their proximity to the war area. Nor have prices been reduced to a perceptible degree in any part of the world since the close of the war. There are, of course, a few exceptions to this general rule, but they are so few and so plainly due to peculiar conditions that they "prove the rule" that the advance has been world-wide, and that the termination of the war has not reversed the movement, or at least caused any material decline in any considerable proportion of the important articles of world production and world consumption.

The extent of the increases in world prices and their distribution to all parts of the globe, irrespective of relation to the war area, is illustrated by a compilation by the National City Bank of New York, showing the 1919 prices in the country of production of the principal articles forming the international trade of the world, and comparing these 1919 prices with those of the month preceding the war. In the distant Orient, in the tropical world, in the interior of Africa, Australia and South America and in the islands of the Pacific the prices demanded for the articles offered for exportation have been and still continue to be far above those of the pre-war period, the advances ranging from 50 to 100 per cent, and, sometimes, 150 per cent.

The following table shows the monthly average import prices of principal articles entering the United States in July, 1914, October, 1918, and May, 1919, based on the wholesale price in the markets of the countries from which imported for unit of quantity stated:

	1914 July	1918 October	1919 May
Macaroni, vermicelli, &c., pound.....	\$ 0.04	\$ 0.10	\$ 0.11
Rice, pound.....	.026	.054	.06
Rice flour, meal, &c., pound.....	.019	.044	.061
Wheat, bushel.....	.678	1.63	1.93
Flour, wheat, barrel.....	4.065	7.34	9.58
Brittles, assorted, &c., pound.....	.932	1.59	1.58
Nitrate of soda, ton.....	26.65	44.82	57.40
Cotton, bituminous, ton.....	2.96	5.69	5.31
Cocoa, crude, pound.....	.104	.11	.114
Coffee, pound.....	.111	.099	.167
Copper, pig, ingots, &c., pound.....	.140	.239	.138
Cotton, raw, pound.....	.147	.264	.376
Cotton, cloths, unbleached, square yard.....	.145	.297	.255
Cotton, cloths, bleached, square yard.....	.155	.40	.383
Cotton cloths, colored, square yard.....	.179	.44	.434
Eggs, dozen.....	.155	.46	.428
Flax, ton.....	\$09.43	\$56.68	\$125.18
Hemp, ton.....	181.85	169.70	567.24
Butter, salted, 100 lbs., ton.....	49.56	68.56	122.58
Manila, ton.....	204.25	274.26	310.41
Sisal grass, ton.....	128.66	340.39	308.09
Binding twine, pound.....	.080	.323	.209
Cod, haddock, &c., pound.....	.038	.098	.097
Herring, pound.....	.032	.067	.068
Mackerel, pound.....	.049	.130	.137
Bananas, bunch.....	.334	.454	.413
Currants, pound.....	.039	.211	.124
Figs, pound.....	.082	.102	.102
Almonds, pound.....	.339	.218	.341
Peanuts, pound.....	.037	.077	.079
Walnuts, pound.....	.090	.442	.356
Califskins, pound.....	.263	.365	.484
Cattle hides, pound.....	.184	.256	.253
Goatskins, pound.....	.245	.430	.628
Sheepskins, pound.....	.180	.306	.307
India Rubber, crude, pound.....	.465	.390	.405
Pig iron, ton.....	34.50	98.14	60.31
Bar iron, ton.....	23.61	66.00	173.92
Steel, ingots, blooms, &c., pound.....	.031	.045	.171
Tin plates, pound.....	.32191
Matting and mats for floors, square yard.....	.091	.185	.264
Beef, fresh, pound.....	.086	.158	.180
Cheese, pound.....	.164	.358	.473
Oils, olive, edible, gallon.....	1.27	1.78	1.85
Seeds, flaxseed or linseed, bushel.....	1.47	2.73	2.44
Silk, raw, pound.....	3.84	6.12	5.90
Champagne, dozen quarts.....	16.76	26.43	19.05
Sugar cane, pound.....	.0215	.0468	.056
Tea, pound.....	.198	.224	.243
Tin, in bars, blocks, &c., pound.....	.348	.750	.708
Tobacco leaf, for wrappers, pound.....	1.25	2.05	1.93
Tobacco, other, pound.....	.467	.375	1.20
Beans, bushel.....	1.56	4.67	3.14
Onions, bushel.....	1.17	1.03	1.19
Potatoes, bushel.....	.814	1.09	1.05
Pulp, wood, cord.....	7.19	9.96	9.74
Boards, deals, planks, &c., thousand feet.....	19.46	30.50	30.03
Wood pulp, mechanically ground, ton.....	16.35	26.82	25.14
Wood pulp, chemical, unbleached, ton.....	36.95	75.70	80.53
Wood pulp, chemical, bleached, ton.....	49.20	109.00	107.36
Wool, unmanufactured, Class 1, clothing, lb.....	.279	.545	.474
Wool, unmanufactured, combing, pound.....	.244	.715	.240
Wool, unmanufactured, Class 3, carpet, lb.....	.187	.434	.422

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

FALSE PRIDE

One of the marks of intelligence in a man is his willingness to admit ignorance—and then to correct it.

For equally to know that you know and to know that you do not know, is intelligence. Pretense is soon tripped of its glamour. Falsehood dies without mourners. Only frank admission is immortal. The name of a man who was a notable instance of a man who was not afraid to seek from those under him information which he desired. He would hunt out and question those from whom he could gain knowledge.

Too much do we credit the belief that many "get by" with lack of effort and failure to use their brains. As a matter of fact, FEW "get by"—and those few only for a little while.

The man who knows, and goes ahead with his knowledge, using it to its fullest possibilities, never has to apologize for the false colors under which he marches.

Frankness, openness, straight-from-the-shoulder honesty, always get the most in every way.

For there is nothing smart or clever or successful about misrepresentation. It is bad enough to trade under false colors in commerce, but for a man to do so in regard to his character, is to lower his soul flag—in disgrace.

And, besides, it takes precious time to explain and excuse. And that is what false pride always calls for in the end.

Over the door of every schoolroom and on the walls of every office in the land, there should be displayed these words of Shakespeare:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Tito knew him; but he did not know whether it was life or death that had brought him into the presence of his injured father. It might be death—and death might mean this child gloomed with the face of the hideous past hanging over him forever.

But Baldassare's only dread was, lest the young limbs should escape him. He pressed his knuckles against the round throat and knelt upon the chest with all the force of his aged frame. Let death come now!

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Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

A MUSHY SOLOIST. WHAT? Abbie Mae Harding rendered a solo Sunday at the church which was very effective.—Valparaiso (Ind.) Messenger.

BUSINESS CHANCES. FOR SALE—Ten shares in a cork-sole factory. Paid \$1,000 for them. Will sell for \$1,000 or what you have. Will—From a Factitious Fellow.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce because her husband expects her to run the house on \$6 a week.

Wandered From Wild West Show. Cigar Store wooden, Indian, old. Owners call at 108 West 40th.—From New York Evening Paper.

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

Articles of incorporation were filed for the Metaphysical Healing Home of Richmond, operated on West Fifth street by Mrs. Lydia Hazlett.