

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, by
Palladium Printing Co.

Palladium Building, North Ninth and Saffor Streets,
Entered at the Post Office at Richmond, Indiana, as Second Class Mail Matter.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use
for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or
not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local
news published herein. All rights of republication of special
dispatches herein are also reserved.

The Opening of School

Although the resumption of school sessions is still a matter of weeks, parents will be doing their children a service by planning for the coming term. The parent may exercise a highly efficient influence over the child by entering into its studies, helping it over hard spots, and co-operating with the teachers in its development.

Teachers welcome visits from parents and opportunities to discuss the strong and weak points of a child's career in the school room. Many of the obstacles that make school life irksome for a child could be removed if the parent co-operated with the teacher. A parent's visit to the school room, often gives the teacher valuable data about the child, enabling her to understand why the pupil is unable to advance. In other cases, the mother or father may impart to the teacher information about the future career of the pupil, which will permit her to see that the child makes special effort to acquire knowledge that will be of help to it.

Too many parents dismiss the education of the child with the excuse, "teachers are paid to do that work." Every one admits that the real work of schooling must be done by the teacher and that the parent is treading on dangerous ground by trying to dictate methods to the teacher. But on the other hand, the parent that discusses school work with the children, takes an active interest in the problems that confront the pupil, makes the boy and girl feel that the school room is only a part of the home transplanted to another building, does an infinite amount of good.

When this course is pursued at home, the pupil soon realizes that the school is not a prison and the teacher a boss. The boys and girls learn that the teacher, next to their parents, is one of their best friends and is anxious to impart knowledge so that he and she may become useful citizens in the republic and able to take care of themselves in this life.

The President and the Senators

It is believed that final action on the peace treaty will be measurably nearer after the president and the senate committee on foreign affairs hold their conference tomorrow. He will be interviewed by the senators on the details of the peace treaty and publicity will be given to the discussion.

The country at large, it seems certain, is anxious to have the peace treaty problem solved as quickly as possible, so that congress may give undivided attention to the vitally important domestic problems that are pressing for solution.

The Republican members will go before the president with a program of reservations to the peace pact. The Chicago Tribune presents the gist of the reservations as follows:

The reservations safeguard the Monroe doctrine in unmistakable terms. We are told that it is preserved and recognized in the present draft. Then make the language so plain that it could not possibly be construed otherwise.

Article X is eliminated so far as the United States is concerned. The president says this article does not bind the United States in agreement to preserve boundaries in Europe, Asia, and Africa as they are established by the peace and by subsequent plebiscites. If it does not, then it can be eliminated. If it does not mean what it says, the United States need not say it. If the

United States does not mean to undertake to "preserve" the territorial integrity and political independence of all members of the league, it ought not to sign an agreement which says it will so undertake.

The stipulation in the article that the council of the league shall advise upon means of meeting the obligation is no protection if the council advises that the United States should preserve Armenia, as the peace council already is urging. The United States ought not to pledge itself to any such performances. We might be advised to get the Japanese out of Shantung if they do not restore Chinese sovereignty.

The reservations demand a plain statement protecting the sovereignty of the United States over such questions as the tariff and immigration. Does that need argument for Americans? They demand the unqualified right of withdrawal from the league. Does that need argument with Americans?

The fifth reservation stipulates that the American representative in any decision of the league shall have been confirmed by the senate or the decision shall not be binding upon this nation. The senate already has had experience which illuminates the wisdom of that declaration of policy.

Decisions arrived at in Paris, treaties and covenants to bind this country in extraordinary alliances and to astonishing obligations were the decisions of men having no touch with the legislative body of the nation. The senate had nothing whatever to do with the decisions. It was uninformed as to what they were. It was eliminated. Autocracy was almost absolute when the decisions thus made were finally given the senate with the declaration that they were inviolable and could not be altered.

Such a theory wipes out two-thirds of the government. It essentially amends the constitution by the proclamation of one man.

The senators who support these reservations are working for the security and well being of the United States. They are not seeking to injure any chance the world has of peace. They are not seeking to impair the process by which the proponents of the present covenant are seeking to maintain peace.

They are American statesmen doing their duty to their country.

Stop Jewish Massacres

The enlightened nations of the world should lose no time in putting an end to the frightful massacres of Jews which is going on in lands where race hatred is engaging in monstrous programs. More than 120,000 Jews were killed in the Ukraine in the month of June. In this list were 1,500 school children. Reports of massacres of Jews in Russia, Roumania and Poland also have been received in this country.

The Jews have behind them a glorious history. Their contemporary history is one of superior achievement in almost all avenues of life. They have given the world a great religion, men conspicuous in music, science, literature, business, finance, philanthropy and the arts. They are swayed by high ideals of virtue and rectitude.

No one can condone the action of a nation that visits upon them bloody massacre, which finds its genesis in bigotry and race hatred. Measured by the standard of achievement and morals, the Jews can stand by the side of any civilized race. Mere possession of power to inflict bloodshed on a conspicuous race is reprehensible.

WHAT ABOUT WE, US & CO?

Ohio State Journal.
Well, we see the cost-of-living problems are getting into the courts, and we suppose the perishable foods may as well make up their minds to perish.

UNDER PRODUCTION AGAIN

Toledo Blade.
It is apparent that the supply of weekday Christianity is not equal to the demand.

If You Save Money, Money Will Save You

From the Muncie Press.

If you save money, money will save you. No sounder advice can be given to a young person just starting in life than this. Money should never be made a fetish and the possession of a good fortune is even undesirable, especially if it means that you shall sacrifice worth while things for it at the time when you should indulge your love for good literature and the arts. But the possession of some money, some wealth, is all important.

As a young man or woman strolls forth into the world he will find many classes of persons and gradations between them all, but two of distinct kind will be the money grabbers and those who profess to despise wealth of all kinds. One class is just as foolish as another. It is true great wealth is merely a burden and prevents the mind from developing; prevents the consideration of beautiful things and turns the mind into wrong channels; and that it is considered by blind men as an end instead of a means.

But if there is any greater discomfort than to be without ability to supply your needs and your small comforts and luxuries for yourself and those about you, one who has lived long will tell you he does not know what it is. The reason that individual Americans are not better off financially is because we are so wealthy nationally, paradoxical as that may seem. Money being generally plentiful in the mass, we have spent it as individuals as though the collective wealth were ours when the truth has been that a very small part of it may have belonged to the individual. Other nations save their pennies; we throw them to the birds as we do our nickles and dimes and quarters and dollars. In spite of the lessons of war and in spite of the excellent publicity campaigns conducted by the banks and similar organizations urging thrift, we are more extravagant today than ever before.

The veriest infants scarcely able to prattle nevertheless are able to toddle to the nearest store with their hands filled with coins to buy indiscriminately of sweets and stomach-disordering cold drinks and to do so about as often as they wish. Children of the parents who are in the salaried class and not possessors even of large salaries, stroll forth before they have reached their "teens" and in a night spend more money foolishly than a man who was bent on "seeing the sights" in the then approved style, would have spent twenty-five years ago.

When the war came on it was supposed that the buying of Liberty Bonds and Thrift stamps would cultivate a spirit of thrift, but it is doubtful if it has done so. The spending for foolish things goes on more recklessly than ever before.

Yet just around the corner of every body is old age. There are slowly to come into your life not only rainy days, but snowy ones and zero days; and on these days the best friend in all the world that you will have, the one that will stand by you when wife, children, friends, all have deserted you save maybe only your faithful dog, will be the dollar that you have saved against these very circumstances.

And if you have enough of these dollars you may laugh at the winds that howl and the friends that desert and the family that pursues its way apart from you, for with money, even though you cannot buy love and friendship you can at least buy service and comfort which are stable while the other things are likely to be transient.

We do not seek to glorify great wealth and we are well aware that thinking men and women affect often to despise it, but we urge all who are able to do so, which means about everybody who has a source of income, to begin putting by Now Today, something for the drab days whose coming is seldom heralded and whose departure can seldom be predicted.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving was born in New York in 1783 and died at his home "Sunnyside" on the Hudson in 1859.



Washington Irving, 1783-1859

helped him greatly. But his really creative and original work, such as the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker will always find the most devoted readers of the earliest American man of letters.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

Condensation by Mabel Herbert Urner

In a sequestered cove of the Hudson lies the drowsy valley of Sleepy Hollow—once a remote, enchanted region, abounding in haunted spots and twilight superstitions.

The dreamy, visionary Dutch folk descendants of the early settlers, were given to marvelous beliefs. Many were their fables of ghosts and evil spirits.

The most awesome wraith of this bewitched neighborhood was a headless figure on a powerful black charger, which at midnight rode forth from the church graveyard.

At every country fireside were told blood-curdling stories of the weird and ghoulish pranks of this Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Perhaps the most superstitious soul throughout the valley in the days just following the revolution, was the country school-master, Ichabod Crane. Tall, lank, long-limbed, he was a grotesque figure, yet not lacking in conceit.

As was the custom he led an itinerant life, boarding with the farmers whose children he taught. Since he brought the local gossip and helped with the chores, his periodical visitations were welcomed by the housewives.

He also enlivened the long wintry evenings with dreadful stories of witchcraft. In a snug chimney corner before a crackling wood fire, there was a fearsome pleasure in these blood-chilling tales.

But for this gruesome enjoyment, how dearly he paid when out alone at night. What menacing shadows beset his path? Every snow-covered bush stood in sheeted specter in his way.

However, it was not only these phantoms of the night that disturbed his peace, for his days were haunted by the most bewitching of all witches—a woman.

In his weekly singing class was Katrina Van Tassel, the child of a substantial farmer. Famed for her beauty and vast expectations, the enraptured Ichabod became her ardent suitor.

Gloatingly he surveyed her father's rich meadow lands, the overflowing barns, and the great sloping-roofed farmhouse, filled with treasures of mahogany, pewter and silver. All these rich possessions made Ichabod covet the peerless Katrina.

The most formidable of his many rivals was the roystering Brom Van Brunt, nicknamed from his herculean frame, Brom Bones.

He was the hero of all the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. A reckless horseman and foremost in all rural sports, he was always ready for a fight or a frolic.

Yet even the old dames, startled out of their sleep as he clattered by at midnight, looked upon him with pranks with more good-will than disfavor.

This rattlepate hero had chosen to lay, siege to the blooming Katrina. And when on a Sunday night his horse was tied to Van Tassel's palings, all other suitors passed on in despair.

Ichabod, however, in his role of singing master, made frequent visits at the farm. Neither old Van Tassel, an easy, indulgent soul, nor his busy housewife, interfered with the pedagogue's suit; yet his wooing was beset with difficulties.

Brom Bones had declared a deadly feud, and as Ichabod shrewdly avoided a physical combat, he became the object of whimsical persecutions by Brom and his boon companions.

They smoked out his singing school; broke into his treasure chest; and, as schoolhouse, and still worse, taught a scoundrel dog to whine as a rival instructor in psalmody to the fair Katrina.

One fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in a pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from which he ruled his laggard pupils.

The buzzing stillness of the schoolroom was broken by a galloping messenger, who brought an invitation to a "quitting frolic" that evening at Van Tassel's.

However, it was not this buxom lassies which held Ichabod enthralled; it was the sumptuous abundance of the supper table. Such luscious ham and chicken, and heaping platters of doughnuts, crullers and ginger cakes! Ichabod's rapacious appetite did ample justice to this repast, while he gazed over the opulence of which some day he might be master.

Soon the sound of fiddling bade all to the dance. With Katrina as his partner, smiling graciously at his numerous oglings, the lank, but agile, Ichabod clattered triumphantly about. While Brom Bones, sorely smitten

with jealousy, kept brooding aloof. Later, Ichabod joined the sager folk, who sat smoking and spinning tales of ghosts and apparitions, and of the headless horseman, that nightly tethered his steed among the churchyard graves.

Most terrifying were the adventures of those who, on dark nights, had met that gruesome specter. Even Brom Bones testified that once overtaken by the midnight trooper, he had raced with him to the church bridge, where the horseman had vanished in a flash of fire.

When at a late hour the revel broke up, Ichabod lingered for the customary lovers' talk. What passed at that interview with the heiress was never known, but when he finally sallied forth it was with a dejected, chop-fallen air.

Had Katrina's encouragement been only a coquettish trick to secure her conquest of his rival?

It was near the witching midnight hour that the crest-fallen Ichabod pursued his solitary travel homeward. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that that evening now crowded hauntingly upon him.

The night grew deeper as he approached the lonely churchyard—sombre scene of many of the tales. Suddenly through the leaf-stirred stillness came the clatter of hoofs! Something huge and misshapen loomed above the crouching shadows.

In quaking terror Ichabod dashed ahead, but the unknown followed close. Then the moonlight, through a rift in the clouds, revealed the headless horseman! More ghastly still, his red rested on the pommel of his saddle.

Away they flew, Ichabod madly spurring Gunpowder, while the sinister horseman came galloping after.

As they reached the haunted road, turning off to Sleepy Hollow, the girth of Ichabod's saddle broke. Gripping his steed around the neck, as the saddle slipped from beneath him, he still plunged on, with the ghostly rider pursuing.

The church bridge, where in Brom Bones' tale the specter had vanished, was just ahead. Another moment and old Gunpowder was thundering over the resounding planks.

Here Ichabod, casting a backward glance, saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head.

The horrible missile crashed against Ichabod's cranium and he plunged headlong into the road—while Gunpowder, and the ghostly horseman swept on.

The next morning the old horse was found saddled, grazing at his master's gate. But no Ichabod!

In the road by the church was found the saddle. Farther on was the trampled hat of the unfortunate pedagogue—and close beside it a shattered pumpkin!

The whole neighborhood was aroused. Brom Bones' story and all the other weird tales were called to mind, and the good folk sagely concluded that Ichabod had been carried off by the headless horseman.

Soon the school was removed to a less haunted section. Another pedagogue reigned, and Ichabod became only a legend.

It is true that several years later an old farmer, returning from New York, told that Ichabod was still alive; that fear of the goblin, and chagrin at his dismissal by the heiress, had caused his flight; that in another part of the country he had taught school, studied law, and become justice of the Ten-Found Court.

Brom Bones, who shortly after his rival's disappearance, had led the blooming Katrina to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related. At the mention of the pumpkin, he never failed to laugh heartily, and he let some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to disclose.

The old country wives, however, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by the headless horseman. And many gruesome tales of his being seen in the neighborhood of the wintry firesides of Sleepy Hollow.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in U. S. by the Post Publishing Co. Colonies and dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved. (Published by special arrangement with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. All rights reserved.)

"The Wreck of the Grosvenor," by W. Clark Russell, as condensed by James B. Connolly, will be printed tomorrow.

RAIN PREVENTS BOSTON GAME
BOSTON, Ind., Aug. 18.—Rain Sunday caused the Richmond players who were scheduled to play the Boston C. & O. team here, to default.

As a result no game was played.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

WHAT'S YOUR TRADE-MARK?

We are all marked men and women. We carry about with and on us the evidence of what we are. We are trade-marked!

I once heard an interesting story of a man who, being unable to meet a friend at the train, sent his chauffeur. "But how shall I know him?" asked the chauffeur. "By his smile, and by the fact that he will probably be helping some one," replied the man. And, sure enough, as the train pulled in, a tall robust man with a smile on his face, was seen helping a woman with several children from the car steps. And he was the man expected!

What do people know you by? Just answer to yourself—that's all. I once knew of a woman who was so mean that every small boy for blocks around knew about her and gave her the name of "Old Miss Cranky." She was trade-marked all right!

There is an air of fineness about some people that one instantly feels. It seems too compact to be analyzed. But we are more and more emphasizing our trade-mark. So that it is well for us to find out what it is that is making us wanted around or not. For it is the thing that most distinguishes us that gives us our station in life. And it is the only thing that we are able to leave when we are gone, to bless our memory.

"Honest Abe," "Old Hickory," "Stonewall Jackson," "Fighting Joe,"—big men are always trade-marked!

What is your trade-mark?

IS VICTIM OF BOMB ATTACK



Oscar Lawler.

A gasoline bomb Sunday destroyed the Los Angeles home of Oscar Lawler, former assistant U. S. attorney general and former federal district attorney, badly burning both Mr. and Mrs. Lawler. Revenge on the part of a man sent to the penitentiary in connection with dynamiting outrages in the middle west several years ago is believed by police to form the motive for the crime.

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

DEPARTED HEROES

In passing drop a bouquet on The grave of Anson Farr, Who never held you for an hour To lie about his car.

In passing drop a brick-bat on The head of old man Buck; Who's always knocking at the door To sell your wife some truck.

In passing kindly drop a tear For William Rotter Reef, He had some trouble with his ear, But never said, "I'm deaf."

\$420 A POUND—CHEAPER THAN PORTERHOUSE

FOR SALE—Monarch "8" seven-passenger car, weighs 2,200 lbs. This is a great bargain at \$550.—Adv. in Detroit News.

THE FLORA GLEASON HOUSE. Percy Husted and family of Grayling have moved back into our vicinity and are settled in the Flora Gleason house. Mr. Husted's health having failed him, it thus became necessary for him to live in the outside air more.—Lum correspondence in Lapeer (Mich.) Press.

SOME HAVE SUSPECTED IT
Dear Roy—In a recent interview with Prof. Charles Kennedy of New Jersey he stated that Jess Willard is not a maulodon but a lithysaurus.—Bob Speck.

The party who invented the typewriter increased the output of anonymous letters about 98 per cent.

Somebody writes in that I. Press is a tailor in Harlem. He-hum! It's a sad life.

Frank Pickup is a New York printer, according to the city directory.

A FEW DRAMATIC THOUGHTS. Many a man who is a star in the theatre is not even a prompter in his home.

All the world may be a stage, but most of us stay in the chorus all our lives.

No wonder mummies are "high-fliers," for has not the stage wings and flies?

If we believe in a hereafter, the final curtain is not so final after all—just an entr'acte for further trouble to follow.—Walter Pulitzer.

CANADIAN WHEAT \$2.25.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 18.—The Canadian wheat board has decided to fix \$2.25 as the minimum price for the 1919 wheat crop, it was learned from an unofficial source here.

Dinner Stories

"Scientific management," said a senator, "came from Germany. It is of no real good, because it ignores the human element in workmen. Every scientific management sharp butts up, sooner or later, against the human element."

"Look here, my man," a scientific management chap said to a hod carrier, "let me show you how to pack those bricks in your hod. You don't place them right. You should do it this way. There—See that? By this new scientific method you actually get eight more bricks in the hod."

"Yes, I know," said the hod carrier. "But I like the old way best."

"Why? Great Caesar's ghost! Eight less bricks, I tell you! Why?"

"Because the boss is easier to carry the old way, boss."

The young man had been married just a week, but had commenced to spend his evenings at the club. He was enjoying a friendly game of whist when the question of marriage was mentioned in a casual way by one of the company.

This remark brought the young man to a sense of his position, and, noticing an old man across the table, he thought he would extract from him a little information.

"Mr. Oldweld," said he, "how long does a man have to be married before his wife agrees with him in everything?"

"I'm sorry, my boy," replied the man, "very sorry, but you'll have to ask someone else. You see, I've only been married forty years."

"Contentment," remarked Shimbone, "am a mighty fine thing; do only trouble 'bout it if it's kin' o' hard to 'stinguish from jes' plain laziness."

There were two Browns in the village, both fishermen. One lost his wife and the other his boat at about the same time.

The vicar's wife called, as she supposed, on the widower, but really upon the Brown whose boat had gone down.

"I am sorry to hear of your great loss," she said.

"Oh, it aint much matter," was the philosophical reply; "she wasn't much to me."

"Indeed!" said the surprised lady. "Yes," continued Brown; "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

And then the outraged lady fled.

A Hamden woman recently received a notice from the medical inspector of a certain school, that "after a careful examination, it develops that your small son's tonsils are infected and must be removed at once." To which she made reply:

"Dear Doctor—I have received your note in regard to the removal of my young son's tonsils, which action, I gather, must be taken immediately. I assure you that I am ready and eager to follow your advice, and would do so instantly but for the fact that you neglected to state where you wished them removed. To the tonsils you speak of are now, I believe, in a bottle in Dr. Blank's office, having been held in trust by him for me since the spring of 1915. Do you wish them removed to the school building, or your office, or elsewhere? Yours very truly, Mrs. J. B."

"My uncle left me only \$5,000. Wonder if I could break his will!"

"Sure thing! He must have been crazy to leave you anything."

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

Honorable John W. Foster, former secretary of state, and ex-minister to different capitals in Europe, replied to E. M. Haas, secretary of the Commercial club, that he would speak here on peace.

A heated controversy took place at the meeting of the Board of Public Works over the paving of Eighth street.

E. H. Bates, associated with the Richmond Water Works expressed himself as favoring the sale of the company to the city.

Lydia M. Price, 85 years old, mother of Benjamin, Frank, Harry and C. T. Price, died at her home here.

Funeral services for Charles Land were held. Pallbearers were William Campbell, S. S. Stratton, Harry Gilbert, Samuel Gaar, Milton Craighead and Jonas Gaar.

Masonic Calendar

Tuesday, August 19.—Richmond Lodge No. 196, F. & A. M. Called meeting. Work in Master Mason degree, beginning at 6:30 p. m. N. J. Haas, W. M.

Wednesday, August 20.—Webb Lodge No. 24, F. & A. M. Stated meeting. Clarence W. Foreman, W. M.

Friday, August 22.—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Called meeting. Work in Master degree. Light refreshments.