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Profiteering Solely to Blame

The present crisis in our country is solely the result of profiteering, of everybody trying to get his while the getting is good. It is no use asking who started the vicious wheel on its mad circling; as well ask one to find the needle in a haystack.

Some distributors or middlemen, in other words retailers and wholesalers, have been increasing the percentages they add to the cost of their stocks and of doing business. That is profiteering.

Labor in many lines has run wages up to high figures and cut down production by forcing shorter hours of work. That is profiteering.

Some manufacturers have unduly increased the percentages they charge to the cost of their raw materials and of doing business. That is profiteering.

The farmers are not profiteering because, unlike the distributor, laborer and manufacturer, they do not control the market price of their products. But they have been the beneficiaries of the most remarkably high prices ever paid for farm products, because the world practically quit farming for fighting for five years. The resulting great decline in the production of farm products has created famine prices for such as have been produced. Furthermore these high prices will remain and even go higher until the rest of the world gets off its Bolshevik drunk and gets to work growing its food.

Even President Wilson's administration has been guilty of profiteering for the government through the medium of the currency supply. Just as the unscrupulous dairyman waters his milk and thus basely increases the supply but not the quality thereof, so has the supply of currency been increased. By allowing Liberty bonds the rediscount feature at the Federal Reserve banks thus permitting currency to be issued against them, our volume of money has been inflated but its quality or purchasing power has fallen. By printing reams of currency, new money, in this manner, the sale of Liberty bonds was made much easier and Son-in-law McAdoo gained great credit for the successful way in which he handled the loan campaigns. Today the people are footing the bill in the higher prices that always result when money's purchasing power is debased by such methods of inflation.

Now, with the results of their profiteering, this easy come money, multitudes of distributors, laborers and manufacturers, as well as many farmers, suddenly enriched by the high prices world wide scarcity has handed them on a golden platter, have gone on a mad money spending spree. Sudden riches always go to the head this way. This is particularly true of the younger business men, laborers and farmers who have not lived through a panic and great depression. The old hard heads of all these classes are thankfully taking all the extra money coming their way these days and salting it away. They learned why in the panic of their early days. The youngsters still have their stern lesson ahead of them.

Dr. Murray Butler's Views

From the Grand Rapids News.

ABOUT the sanest discussion of the causes of the high cost of living and the remedies for present conditions that has come to our notice is that by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university of New York. Dr. Butler is in California, where he has given out a tabulation of the causes of and the remedies for high prices, which we are going to quote at some length.

Dr. Butler gives as one of the first causes of high prices inflation of the currency, which is in a large part due to public and private extravagance and waste. No one people has a monopoly on inflation. In the United States, he declares, there has been steady inflation. Down to 1881 our per capita circulation had never gone above \$20. In 1918 it was \$50.81.

"If this cause alone had operated to affect prices," he argues, "food would have grown much dearer, but to express it in another way, money was growing much cheaper. Any attempt suddenly to correct inflation would bring new evils in its train.

"The real corrective is public economy and private frugality and thrift. We must stop borrowing in order to meet current expenses, private or governmental, and confine borrowing where the money is to be used in productive industry which will more than repay the cost. No fewer than 18 states in the union are expending annually more than their income from taxation. The aggregate annual interest charge on debts of the governments of the world is estimated to have grown from two billion to ten billion in five years. These acts and the economic consequences which they entail explain one of the main features in the high cost of living."

As the second cause of high prices Dr. Butler names the decrease of industrial production due in part to the war and in part to shortened hours of labor. "The eight-hour law is to be strongly defended for most occupations," he adds. "In order, however, to prevent general adoption of an eight-hour day from permanently increasing prices through diminished production, new means must be found of building up production by the use of improved machinery, more scientific devices, better organization of industry and more economic distribution of its products.

"Increased cost of food is due in part to operation of natural economic laws and in part to the shutting

Of course, the wild spending for non-essentials, for luxuries, simply drives all prices higher. There is no relief short of a God sent miracle that would bring people to their senses and make them be thrifty—wise spenders—or, finally, the inevitable over-production of luxuries, the curtailing of further production thereof, that is the shutting down of factories, the attempt to work off the unwieldy and unwanted surplus by cutting and slashing prices, in other words, liquidation both voluntary and forced, then depression.

Depression, the inevitable working out of the immutable law of compensation. The profiteering business man will be without business or profit. The profiteering laborer will be without work or wages. And so it will be throughout the list.

The savers of all these classes will receive the reward their thrift and lack of waste entitles them to. Their savings will gain in purchasing power as prices fall. Many bargains will come their way. The spenders of all these classes will know want and will many times wish back the dollars they threw away on foolish extravagance.

You can't get something for nothing. If you want protection against the evils of both prosperity booms and depressions, produce the maximum amount you are individually capable of, spend wisely and thriftily and your savings will guarantee you against want due either to the high prices of a boom or the lack of work or business during a depression. But you have to do this for yourself. If everyone were doing this life would proceed normally and there would be neither booms nor panics. And there is happiness in normal living.

An Echo of Roosevelt

"The spirit of Theodore Roosevelt must have been brooding over the war department when it issued its order that every officer below the grade of brigadier general must take half an hour's physical exercise every day," says the New York Times. "At the same time the ex-president's ghost must have been grimly amused by the solemn announcement that the European war had demonstrated the need for it—had demonstrated that physical fitness was one of the essential qualities of an efficient officer. It did not really take such a cataclysm as that war to demonstrate anything of the kind. It is now twelve years since President Roosevelt ordered horseback exercise for officers, was ridiculed for his pains, and yet was right about it. Horseback exercise, by the way, is one of the things provided for in the new order.

"There was a good deal of jesting then about 'swivel chair colonels.' Well, there are not so many of them now. They have been tried out in European fields. The regular army has given a good account of itself, and we imagine there will be little merriment of that kind over their new regimen. But the order of 1907 was merely one of the ways in which Mr. Roosevelt proved himself ahead of the times, especially in the two parts of the United States machinery most dear to his heart—the army and navy."

NO LACK OF SPURRING MATERIAL

Baltimore American.

Investigations will amount to nothing unless outraged public opinion constantly applies the spurs. Therefore, if the people want the cost of living lowered, let them persistently and incessantly demand it in such positive terms that Mayors and Governors and Congressmen and the President will know trifling and political procrastination are dangerous for them.

off from the markets of western Europe of the great food supplies formerly obtained from Russia, Roumania and Hungary. Our government's policy of price fixing and rigid control has contributed to this particular cause. Whenever governments or other forms of human organization attempt to control the operation of natural economic laws the results are sooner or later disastrous.

"The heavy taxation introduced in Great Britain and this country, particularly excess profits taxes. We need an equitable revision of the income and excess profits taxes, not with a view to relieving wealth of its proper public burden, but with a view to distributing these taxes so as to encourage business, promote employment, increase production and so tend to decrease the cost of living.

"5—Profiteering by individuals or corporations, particularly by retailers. This profiteering should be sternly punished, but all the profiteering would not have operated to affect the cost of living very seriously had it not been for the other and purely economic causes that have just been described.

"When the question of present day costs is gone carefully into it, I think, be found that capital is securing very little if any more return than before the war, while greatly increased amounts are paid out for labor and taxation, unless I am greatly mistaken. Therefore, a thorough inquiry into the high cost of living would make it plain that the problem is a world-wide one."

Dr. Butler then goes into a discussion of what he considers the remedies. He says the first step toward its solution is government economy and private thrift, leading to the discharge of outstanding obligations and to bring the national expenditure within the limits of annual income, the increase of economic production by better shop organization by more labor-saving devices, by more effective and economical processes of distribution, by opening up to an effective and scientific agriculture without delay the rich grain producing provinces of Russia, Roumania and Hungary and, finally, by checking profiteering as an offense against the public welfare.

There is not much to be added, except, as Dr. Butler says, it is necessary to have speedy action. In the long run the American people, who got safely over the greenback craze and the free silver fallacy, will find an effective solution of their present ills. And we shall find it, not through revolution, but rather through evolution.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

RUSSELL



Wm. Clark Russell, 1844-1911.

THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL

Condensation by James B. Connolly

We were bound out of London with a general cargo. The wind dying out, we had to come to anchor in the Downs. The crew had been grumbling about the grub; and were now grumbling yet more, I was second officer, and to me came the cook saying: "Mr. Royle, would you mind tasting this?" and handed me a bit of a ship's biscuit. "Sugar, molasses, tea and pork—if they call 'em that—they're all the rotten mess, sir."

The biscuit was bad, and though it was not my place to do so, I took it to Captain Coxon, but got nothing from him except curses and the cold advice to mind my own affairs. Mr. Duckling, the first officer, added a few obsequious remarks on his own account. The result was that the crew, getting no redress, refused to make sail on the ship, and were put ashore. Next morning a crimp came down from London with a fresh crew.

A fair wind sprang up, the ship was got under way, but we were not clear of the Channel when the new crew were also complaining of a grumble. Hot words were passed between them and the captain, so hot that the captain had to take notice. He finally promised to put into some handy port, in Spain or elsewhere along the route, and lay in a fresh supply of ship's stores.

"What injustice in the meanness of owners and captains!" I thought. Here were good sailors and ordinarily harmless men who might be made into criminals, and all to the end that our banking balances might be kept large and our national power supreme. Without the British sailor there would be no British Empire, and what treatment is meted out to him! He submits to hardships and danger, and receives low wages, poor food and mean living quarters; even should he be granted a bare grievance, nineteen out of twenty persons appointed to investigate the trouble are qualified neither by experience nor sympathy to render a just verdict.

The Grosvenor, of which I was second officer, was a fast-sailing, full-rigged little ship of 500 tons. The captain, under owner's orders to make what time he could to Valparaiso, was out to drive her. We were rushing along under a press of canvas when we ran over a small craft of some kind. I got a glimpse, in the dark, of a mast and a sail before they vanished under us.

No word came to bring her to. I asked Captain Coxon, who was on deck, if he was not going to try to save the possible survivors.

"Save? We haven't time. Why didn't they keep out of our way?"

I knew what I wanted to say; but it is in the power of a ship's captain to injure, even to ruin, the future of an officer under him. I held my tongue.

"We ran into a three days' gale. We have a terrible time, but managed to live through it. As it was moderating we sighted a wreck, a most mournful and piteous sight. It was in my watch, and I ordered the ship luffed to have a better look at her. What I saw was an arm projecting through her deck-house window. I at once called the captain and asked for instructions.

"Keep her away!" was his order. I called him a murderer, and appealed to the men. They cried to save the lives on the wreck. The captain then allowed me to take a boat's crew and see what I could do.

After a hard struggle our boat made the wreck. She was an English ship. At no little peril I ran along the deck to her house, where I found a young girl and her old father. Another man was also there, but insane. Seeing a panikin of fresh water, this man grabbed it, drained it and dropped dead.

When we were back aboard the Grosvenor, I, for my part in the rescue, was put in irons. This wreck incident, added to further needless abuse of the men and the further failure of the captain to live up to his promise of putting in for better food, inflamed the crew beyond endurance. They watched their chance, rushed the poop in the night and killed the captain. They then killed Mr. Duckling. They might have killed me too, notwithstanding that I had shown sympathy to them, but somebody had to navigate the ship to within fifty miles of the Florida coast, which was where they intended to abandon her and row ashore.

Having the safety of the young girl and her old father as well as my own life to think of, I agreed to act as navigator.

I was having my supper in the cabin under the new regime when I felt a touch on my arm. I looked up. It was Miss Robertson, the rescued girl. Before I could prevent her, she took my hand and kissed it. She told me then of the wrecked ship. Her father, a wealthy Liverpool merchant, was the owner of the ship, which had been bound home from Capetown. After the storm, the officers and crew, fearing the ship would sink under them, had taken to the boat. She and her father had spent a terrible three days on the wreck, and now her father, already a nervous wreck, was shaken anew by the frightful threats of the mutineers here. She trusted to me for the safety of her father and herself.

Her trust inspired me with new energy. To save them I was now ready to play any game whatever with Stevens, who was the leader of the mutineers. Our boatswain, who had not wished to join them, but to save his life had done so, was on my side. It was he who told me that Stevens was intending to scuttle the ship before they took to the boats, and so leave me and the passengers to our fate.

We planned to frustrate him. By this time we had taken Miss Robertson into our confidence. One night the boatswain apparently fell overboard and was drowned; but he had not fallen overboard—it was a box of ten-penny nails, which I had thrown over the side. This was the night before that day when Stevens went below and bored the auger holes which were to do for the ship; but as fast as Stevens bored a hole, the boatswain, who had been hiding below for that very thing, followed and plugged it up.

Thinking he had scuttled the ship, Stevens came on deck and led the crew to the boats, grinning evilly at Miss Robertson and myself as he did so. They had not rowed far from the ship when the boatswain showed himself on deck. Stevens saw him. "We've been tricked!" he cried, and headed back for the ship. The wind was rising at the time, but there was not enough way yet on the ship to outrun the boats. They tried to board us by the main chains. As they did, the boatswain with a handspike and I with a revolver killed or hurled back into the sea all but one of them. That one was not so bad as the others, and we saved him to help work on the ship.

Throughout the fight Miss Robertson, who had been gaining strength with every hour, held the wheel so that the ship should not be caught aback and the spars come down on us.

We had now to work the ship to the nearest land; but the increasing wind made it dangerous, with our meagre crew, to keep sail on her. We worked like dogs to reduce sail, but the wind became too much for us. It came on us like a solid wall; the seas rolled to our tops. Spars cracked and hung down over our decks. Only after the most exhausting toil did we manage to take away the most dangerous of the broken spars. In the height of it poor Mr. Robertson died. I read the 11th Chapter of St. John over his body.

In time the wind abated; but the sea, continuing to tumble and roar, strained our ship so that she sprang a leak. There were not enough of us to keep her pumped out. We pumped till our arms fell to our sides; but of no avail. When the water was to our main chains we took to the boats; and it was then, when we believed we were doomed to die, that Mary Robertson and I confessed our love for each other, she the daughter of a wealthy man and I a poor penniless sailor.

The sun was setting; the sky, far to the north and south, a golden color; the sea was a purple glare, the heavens a tender green and blue; and while we were gazing on all this glory, the ship went down.

That night, before the rough seas could swallow us, a steamer picked us up. Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its 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 Right of Way," by Sir Gilbert Parker, as condensed by Helen B. Dole, will be printed tomorrow.

Good Evening

BY ROY C. MOULTON

HER

Ah, how I loved her graceful lines. She was a beauty, I vow. How for her my poor old heart pines. My tale of grief you must allow. Last summer I did spend with her; I loved her with a passion mad. In my spare hours I would not stir away from her, I had it bad. She had me lashed right to the mast. I'll tell you that is true, by heck. The trouble was she was too fast. And now she is a total wreck. How I yearn for the days gone by. The passing years cannot atone. I can't forget her, though I try—That motor boat I used to own.

WHAT A LIAR DAVID HAS TURNED OUT TO BE. I stood on the bridge at midnight. The sun was shining fair; When somebody took the bridge away And left me standing there.

—David Rogers. The average man climbs to success while his wife holds the ladder. If he gets there she may be left behind; but if he takes a tumble, she is right on the job to take the blame.

THE AUTCAST. Old Judd Lewis says the very shape of a child is conclusive proof that the Lord intended it to be spanked on certain occasions.

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND BRIDE SNAPPED AFTER MARRIAGE RECENTLY



(c)—Underwood & Underwood

Howard Chandler Christy and Nancy May Palmer, his model, whom he married recently. Nancy May Palmer, the model who has posed for Howard Chandler Christy for nine years, recently became Mrs. Christy. She posed for well known war posters, including "Americans All" and "I Want You for the Navy." She is twenty-six. He is forty-seven.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

ONLY AS YOU BELIEVE

The greatness of anything done is always proportionate to the belief that backed it from its inception.

Most of the things which we believe we can do—we do. Back of every fine enterprise, every notable achievement, every courageous act, has been the believe-spirit which lived and grew in the heart of man whose blood never ran cold.

Only as you believe, can you be sure that ultimate winning will be yours.

Small belief only gets small things across—but BIG belief may reshape a whole decade, or a world, or an endless number of human lives. Only remember this: the greater your belief becomes, the greater your responsibility and the larger the number of those who are apt to oppose you.

Belief is able. It is resourceful. It is the essence of patience, and the very source of all courage.

Before you can believe in anything, however, you must believe in yourself. And that belief must be as dogged as your will can make it. Believe—and it doesn't matter whether it rains or shines. Believe—and each step in the progress of the thing you do, grows simpler and plainer. Believe—and you may name your own station in life. Only as you believe, are you a real factor in the world.

Dinner Stories

Captain Libaire was particularly sensitive about his hearing. He was deaf, or at least the members of the board believed such to be the case. One morning Fred Rook, a fellow member, who was hard up, said to Libaire: "Captain, won't you please lend me \$100 until Saturday?"

Libaire, placing his arctural appendage in his left hand, asked, "What was that you said, Rook?"

Fred answered: "I asked you to lend me a couple of hundred dollars until Saturday."

The captain flashed back: "You said a hundred a minute ago, and I like a man of his word—be honest!"—and he went off in high dudgeon.

The head of one house where Bolshevism had left the place helpless drove his daughter to a party.

The head of the house where the party was held was performing acting as his own carriage man and door opener.

Afterward, when they were formally presented, one said: "I certainly must beg your pardon for something, sir."

"What is it?"

"You know that night when you drove your daughter to my daughter's party?"

"Well, when I came to open the door I thought you were your chauffeur."

"Cheer up! I thought you were your butler."

"Say, can you let me have five or ten—"

"—minutes? I think I can show you how to make some money."

"—objection, old chap. You can have twenty, if you want."

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

AUGUST 19.

Mrs. William Spalding, riding in a wagon in front of Glen Miller park was injured when she was struck by an automobile.

A. D. Gayle, Dr. Charles Bond, Russell Gaar, James Gaar, Lee Ashley, Frank Taylor, Sam Dunlap were among those who attended the races in Indianapolis.

Matilda Elderkin Stratton, 75 years old, wife of Stephen S. Stratton, died at Reid Memorial hospital.

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.

Women in England are buying their own farms or their own truck and garden spaces in rather conspicuous numbers.

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.

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Prices Can't Go Down Until Production Begins In Europe—Poundstone

An increase in the price of sugar next year is probable, says John Y. Poundstone, of the John W. Grubbs company, wholesale grocers, because the contract with Cuba which provide that we shall take all she has at a certain price expires January 1 and there will be higher competitors in the market.

"Just as long as we have a demand greater than our supply we shall have high prices," declared Poundstone. "This applies not alone to food, but to clothing, shoes, etc., only food prices are attracting more attention because food is the one necessity of life."

"Our exportations are far greater than they were last year. We are feeding peoples in countries where practically nothing is being produced. So long as this condition exists we shall have high prices. I believe that prices will go down when production begins in the devastated countries. So it will probably be in other things as well."

"Just now it is between order seasons and it is not known whether retailers will order normally or not. In September and October deliveries will be made and the orders for next fall will be taken in January."

Indiana News Brevities

TERRE HAUTE—Terre Haute firemen and patrolmen were granted a wage increase Monday from five to twenty-seven per cent, to become effective September 1.

GARY—Henry G. Gray, Sr., 72, assistant treasurer of the United States Steel Corporation, and pioneer builder of the west, died here Tuesday of heart disease.

BLUFFTON—Robert Dick, 70, was bound over to circuit court Monday for involuntary manslaughter of his nephew, John Grim, July 20. Dr. Blue testified that Grim's death was due to heart disease, brought on by the excitement of a quarrel.

BLOOMINGTON—Isaac Mathias, 76, died suddenly Monday, in his buggy, six miles south of here, from apoplexy.

FRANKLIN—Frederick H. Hodge, for nine years head of the mathematics department of Franklin college, has resigned, to become head of the mathematics department at Purdue university.

HARTFORD CITY—Sergt. George Overmyer returned home here from overseas Monday, wearing an American Distinguished Service Cross, he Croix de Guerre, vice presented him, and he Victory ribbon with five major action citations.

COLUMBUS—Thirteen hogs, valued at \$800, belonging to Ely Garst, a farm near here, were killed by lightning Monday.

INDIANAPOLIS—Indianapolis patrolmen won the first step for their wage increase to \$4 a day when the city council passed an ordinance granting the increase Monday night.