

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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"Production a Moral Issue"

The following article by Roger W. Babson, a noted statistician and economist, on the real causes and cure for the high cost of living drives right to the heart of the great blight that has befallen all of us. Some of these days the great masses of Americans, who are really sound at heart and want to do the right thing because it is right, are going to awaken to the truth of the economic situation as Mr. Babson explains it. When that day comes it will be a sorry one for the agitators and false prophets who have been misinterpreting the signs and misleading the people. The day is nearly here now when the people will clearly see which of their leaders are unselfishly working to guide them aright and which are self-seekers and seeking to lead them to destruction and suffering. The Law of Compensation is immutable. It will always smash the evil doer, the false of heart.

Mr. Babson says:
"It is very wrong to attempt to blame the merchants and storekeepers for the increased cost of living. It is doubly wrong:—first, because it is unfair to these people, and second, because the publicity connected therewith directs the people's attention away from the real cause and the real cure. It likewise is wrong to blame high prices onto high wages, or vice versa. Both are relative and always will be. When expressed in dollars neither prices nor wages mean anything. It does us no good to get \$10 a day and work only 6 hours a day if this means that bread will be \$1 a loaf. A discussion of either wages or prices alone is like arguing which existed first, a hen or an egg! We have fooled ourselves long enough by putting our thumb on the thermometer bulb. It is time that we went down cellar and put some coal in the furnace. The increased cost of living can be reduced only by increasing production or decreasing consumption, or by both. When production exceeds consumption, the cost of living declines; but when consumption exceeds production, the cost of living increases.

"Usually, the cost of living is reduced thru the latter method,—namely, by reducing consumption. This comes about by prices getting so high that people curtail their buying to a point which makes prices decline. When prices begin to decline they fall further than is needed, because people get panic stricken and refuse to buy on a falling market, even for their legitimate needs. Hence, in accordance with the law of equal and opposite reaction, prices on a declining market fall as far below their normal, as they rise above their normal during boom times. This is why the cost of living declines during a business depression even though production falls off and unemployment is common.

"The ideal way to reduce the cost of living is by increasing production! Reductions in the cost of living which come thru reductions in consumption are only temporary. As soon as business picks up and people again become employed, the cost of living again begins to climb and we are worse off than before. This explains why all the commissions and other attempts to reduce the cost of living during the past decades have failed. The high cost of living is a necessary reaction to the grasping attitude which 95% of us take toward life. We are taught to get all we can and give as little as we can.

"As long as only comparatively few families had this grasping nature, things went on very well. In our fathers' days enough people had the right point of view toward life to keep the rest fed, housed and clothed on a decent basis. We are like a party in a rowboat. As long as all row, we get along finely. One, even, may loaf and still we make progress. Now, however, almost everyone is slacking on his oars, and the boat is stopping. We can get on with a few robbers. The country will stand a certain amount of burglary and still prosper; but when all turn burglars, production falls off and prices shoot up. That

is what we are up against now. Hence, I say, the cost of living can be reduced only by a nationwide revival which will change men's hearts! "The cost of living is more of a religious question than an economic one. Its solution awaits a religious revival rather than the passage of more legislation or the adoption of a new industrial order such as the Socialists, the Bolsheviks, or the I. W. W.'s demand. Until the hearts of men are changed, we should be no better off under Socialism than at present; with the hearts of men right, we can get on well under any system. Hence I again say, we should quit fooling with the thermometer either by changing the scale or by putting our thumb on the bulb. We should go down cellar and put more fuel in the furnace. This means go out into the forests and cut more wood, mine more coal and produce more of everything.

"How can we increase production? First, let me say there can be no such thing as too much production, or over-production, provided all is properly distributed and labor is properly proportioned among the different industries. There could be an over-production of pepper, or even of sugar; but it will be many, many years before there could be an over-production of foodstuffs in general; while I cannot imagine a time when there could be an over production of good homes and comforts. We need not fear over-production. What we must fear is that too many people will loaf on their own jobs, and consequently will not be able to buy their share of good things. In other words, the problem is to get everybody to producing something useful! We can't do this by merely stating economic facts. We must make it a moral issue!

"The abolition of slavery was never accomplished by an argument of economics, but when the majority of people were made to feel that slavery was wrong, it was abolished. When the majority of people were made to feel that drinking was wrong and were ashamed to be seen in a saloon, we got prohibition. In the same way, when the people are educated to regard with contempt the non-producer or the man who curtails his production, we shall strike at the tap root of the high cost of living!"

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

THEY'LL BE BOUGHT NEVERTHELESS
New York World.

Ostrich feathers at \$100 a pound at the second great warehouse sale in a New York aspirant to a world mart will not figure largely as a new factor in the cost of living.

CAMOUFLAGE'S WORST
Brooklyn Eagle.

Germany's war guilt tribunal, with no power to punish anybody from the Kaiser down, is hypocrisy's last resort. It will belong permanently to the humors of history.

HANDS UP!
Chicago News.

Milk profiteers do not care how the babies find 15 cents a quart for milk, knowing that the babies must find it or starve.

"PESSIMISTS"
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"History is a series of lies agreed upon," said Wendell Phillips, many years ago. "History is bunk," says Henry Ford. Must we give up having history?

SEEING AIN'T BELIEVING
Indianapolis News.

One of the main differences between a lot of soft drink establishments and the average "blind tiger" seems to be a few bottles of something soft on display.

A BID FOR "BRASS TACKS"
Dallas News.

Really, though, if the new Democrats of Texas wish to make a serious bid for public support we suggest that they offer every recruit 40 acres of oil land and an automobile.

THE CHANCE OF A SNOWBALL
Charleston News and Courier.

Bela Kun is out, but he says he will get in again. Not if his fellow Hungarians remember how hungry they were while he was in the first time.

HUH! THEY'VE HAD THAT MUCH FUN
New York Post.

The jury at Mt. Clemens, Mich., ought to get \$1,000, 000 damages from somebody.

LAUGHED WHEN HE SAID IT
Detroit News.

Carranza says Americans in Mexico will be protected.

A Warning to Mexico

From the Dayton News.

THE United States government has informed Mexico, probably for the last time, that one of two policies will have to be changed. Either the administration there will have to prove itself capable and willing to protect the lives of American citizens, or the American government proposes to see to it that a definite step is taken to improve the situation.

There is a solemn warning to Carranza, and those associated with him in the conduct of governmental affairs in Mexico, in the recent ultimatum dispatched to the nation's capital. It is a much more serious suggestion than any heretofore sent.

Three avenues of action are open to the American authorities in the event speedy and satisfactory service is not rendered by this troublesome neighbor to the southwest.

First—intervention. An American army may march into Mexico and, modernly equipped, soon establish a form of government that would brook no nonsense from the bandit gangs which have terrorized the frontiers for many years. This course is not desirable, since diplomatically we are on friendly terms with the nation.

Second—withdrawal of recognition. Our government might find it necessary to recall its ambassador to Mexico City. In which event, of course, the Mexican embassy at Washington would be closed and strained relations would thereafter ensue. This, too, is hardly acceptable since both countries during such a period would be in a state of near-war, and the opportunities for dispute and resort to arms would be omnipresent.

Third—economic pressure. The United States has at all times proven a fertile field in which Mexico can purchase much-needed supplies to enable her people to continue their agricultural and industrial growth. It would be a staggering blow if America should cut off business relationships and enforce economic pressure.

Unless the recent warning bears fruit a "radical change in the policy with regard to Mexico" is forthcoming. These are serious words coming from a nation that has recently demonstrated its potentiality in both peace and war, at home and in Europe. The filtering process of leniency no longer exists. Ruthless murder of our citizens will bring stern and unrelenting justice to this crazy quilt republic of Carranza's.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

PARKER

Gilbert Parker, British novelist, was born at Camden East, Addington, Ontario, on the 23rd of November, 1862. He was educated at Ottawa and at Trinity University, Toronto. At one time he lived in Australia, and while there was editor of the Sydney Herald. In the early nineties he began to make a reputation as a writer of romantic fiction.

He took for the subject of some of the most important of his stories the history and life of the French Canadian. His reputation rests largely on the fine descriptive and dramatic quality of these Canadian stories. "Pierre and His People" was followed by "The Trail of the Sword," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "An Adventurer of the North," and "The Secret of the Mighty" (dramatized in 1897).

The scene of "The Battle of the Stron" is laid in the Channel Islands. Parker's chief later books are "The Right of Way," published in 1901, "Donovan East," "The Ladder of Swords" and others. "The Right of Way" is the story of a man who tried to "come back" after making a failure of his life.

Parker's Canadian connections and his experiences in Australia, and elsewhere made him a strong imperialist in politics. He was elected to Parliament in 1900 (re-elected 1906-1910), as a Conservative member from Gravesend.

In 1902 Parker was knighted, and he strengthened his position in the party by his energetic work on behalf of the tariff reform. He came to rank, by 1910, as one of the foremost men of the Unionist party.

Sir Gilbert Parker, Born 1862.

THE RIGHT OF WAY

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

Condensation by Helen B. Dole

"Not guilty, your Honor!" Such was the unexpected verdict in Jo Portugal's murder trial at Montreal. The result was due to the remarkable pleading of Charley Steele, popularly called "Beauty Steele," a brilliant, handsome young lawyer, addicted to strong drink. His success in this case also won for him the hand of the beautiful Kathleen Wantage, whom he admired, although he did not love any more than she loved him.

After the trial Jo tried to thank Charley: "Get out of my sight," he replied, "you are guilty as Hell." Five years later found him still more brilliant and still more a slave to the bottle. He had corrupted Kathleen's brother Billy, and demoralized the popular preacher, the Rev. John Brown. Billy had forged Charley's name and squandered \$25,000 of trust money, but Charley resolved to save him from ruin. He went that night to the "Cote Dorion" tavern where he drank heavily, quarreled recklessly with some rough river-drivers and was kicked senseless and flung into the river.

Just at that moment Jo Portugal, on a raft opposite the tavern, heard the scuffle and the splash, jumped in to the water and rescued the insensible man whom he recognized as his former deliverer. Taking him to his hut on Vadrome Mountain near Chaudiere Parish, he nursed him seven months till he was restored to health, but with his memory completely gone. After the cure's brother, M. Loisel, a skilled surgeon, operated on him his memory returned. He did not know Jo, but his eye chanced to fall on a newspaper which told of his own death, of the marriage of his wife to a former admirer, and accused him of having embezzled the trust money.

What was he to do. He could not go back even to clear himself. He decided to remain unknown, as Charles Mallard, in Chaudiere. The village postmistress, Rosalie Evanturel, a charming girl of fine family and convent education, made his acquaintance by bringing up to him a parcel post package from the surgeon. Charley became apprentice to the elderly, crochety tailor, Louis Trudel, and went to live with him. Louis was suspicious of him because he was an infidel, and determined to show him a sign from heaven to convert him. He stole from the church door the little iron cross blessed by the Pope, and late one night after Charley had gone to bed, he heated it red-hot and rushed upstairs, dropped it on Charley's bare chest. Rosalie from the postoffice opposite noticed a light under the tailor's door at that unusual hour and suspecting something was wrong, saw through the shutters what the man was doing. She hastened through the kitchen and upstairs but too late to stay the tailor's hand. He turned and saw the red-hot cross and fled, calling Charley "a black infidel from Hell."

Rosalie took the cross to the post-office and afterward restored it to the church door. Claudiere believed the tailor's death was due to the infidel and was ready to rob him, but the cure took his part and urged the people to pray that he might be brought into the fold.

Charley lived on in the tailor's house, and continued his business, giving most of his earnings to the poor and the sick, and fighting the demon drink which frequently assailed him.

It was St. Jean Baptiste's Day. Chaudiere was filled with festivity. As the militia came noisily down the street, Charley rescued a man and his frightened horse from death. The man proved to be John Brown, now become a quick doctor, and advertising his nostrums by singing comic songs. Charley, hiding behind some trees, heard him telling the story of his old friend "Champagne Charley." All day he had been fighting a fierce battle with a raging thirst and questioning himself about Rosalie. Could he marry her while his wife was still living? Should he tell her all and let the law separate him from Kathleen? But Rosalie was a Catholic and the Church opposed divorce.

Just then a bottle of whiskey fell from the pocket of a drunken "habitant" at his very feet. With an uncontrollable impulse he seized it and drained it. Jo Portugal followed him as he staggered home and Charley in his delirium recognized him as the murderer he had pleaded for. He took Jo by the throat, then fell to the floor. For five days Jo struggled to save his life and then carried him back to Vadrome Mountain. Rosalie came to learn that he was suspected of stealing the gold vessels from the Cathedral in Quebec and trying to blow up Government House. She had hardly finished speaking when the cure, the seigneur and the Abbe Rossignol entered with two constables. The abbe charged Charley with the act, which he stoutly denied. Jo called the abbe aside and confessed his crime in order to save his friend, promising to give himself up at the end of the year. Meantime Charley took a vial of laudanum from his pocket, but as he was about to uncork

it, Rosalie sprang from behind a curtain, crying, "If you go, I go also." Footsteps were heard and he promised to take the poison. The abbe came to announce that he believed Charley's denial. His great temptation still remained but he found help in Rosalie's eyes. It was the first time he had yielded to a power outside himself.

The cure was planning to give the Passion Play at the Indian Reservation of Four Mountains at Easter and asked Charley to translate the German text and to make some drawings for the costumes. He did so. About this time Rosalie took her crippled father to the hospital at Montreal and was gone some months, which were months of misery for Charley. What could he do? He felt that it had been dastardly of him to win her love, when he could give her the empty hand, the hopeless hour, the secret sorrow in return. He fought his old enemy with desperate resolve.

The week before Easter he went to Montreal with Jo's dogs and sled. In the dead of the night he entered the white house on the hill where Kathleen was living, made his way to a secret cupboard and removed two packets. One contained his mother's pearls worth ten thousand dollars and the other a thousand dollars in notes. As he turned after restoring the panel Kathleen stood before him in her nightgown. She was asleep. Charley followed her as she walked out of the house, across the lawn towards the river where the gate was open. His life was in his hands. For a moment he hesitated; then noisily stole between her and the gate, closed and locked it. Her husband, not fifty feet away, called to him.

"Hush! She's asleep," Charley whispered, and disappeared, unrecognized. Rosalie's father died soon after this, and she was ill for weeks. The Passion Play brought unwelcome crowds to Chaudiere; the last three days strangers were prohibited. At the final performance Rosalie chose to take the part of Marie Magdalen. (It was an act of expiation for the play ended she received absolution.) Far away under the trees sat a man in misery immeasurable. It was Charley. That night he wrote for a long time; then put the paper with the pearls and the money in the safe. That same night John Brown lay drunk in the church. He lighted a match and threw it on a pile of straw. Soon cries of "Fire" were heard. Charley and Jo saved the sacred treasures. Rosalie went back for the little cross and Charley dashed in and rescued her.

By his eloquence the people were induced to give one fortieth of their possessions for a new edifice. The money collected was placed in his charge and locked in his safe under the parish seal. While he and Jo were kept guard over it, Billy Wantage, John Brown and three other rogues having learned where the money was, entered the tailor's house to steal it. Billy shot Charley. Jo killed John Brown, two of the other men fired at and killed him. The seal was found intact. Rosalie helped bind up Charley's wound and the cure was preparing to give him the sacrament. Suddenly the bandage slipped—or did he purposely let it slip—and he died faithful in his love for Rosalie. She was rejoicing in her memory of him and her life-long service for the poor and suffering of the parish.

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CHENOWETH 'PLANE HERE; FLIES SUNDAY

The new Curtiss passenger airplane of the Chenoweth company, which will be used beginning next Sunday to take Richmond passengers on flights over the city and county, arrived in this city Tuesday evening.

A business man in a hurry at once rented the plane for a trip to Connersville, Wednesday morning, and Lieut. Edward Rodefeld, the aviator, will spend the rest of the week there making trips with passengers. Saturday the plane will make flights from College Corner, Ohio.

Sunday morning Rodefeld will return to Richmond and to the new hangar at Hoover's field, whence flights will be made indefinitely. A passenger was brought over on the first flight Tuesday, from Dayton.

DANIELS NEAR HONOLULU

HONOLULU, Aug. 20. — Four destroyers, vanguard for the battleship New York, which is bringing Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, arrived off Honolulu Tuesday morning.

SEEKS TAX RELIEF TO HELP CITIZENS IN BUILDING HOMES



Senator Calder.

Senator Calder of New York has asked the senate to support the federal loan banking system plan and relieve taxation on mortgage income, thus assisting the people to obtain money on reasonable terms to build homes. Senator Calder also hopes to reduce the cost of construction by making the financial part easier in this way.

Dinner Stories

While sea fishing with a friend a doctor lost his sinker, rather than cut the day's fishing short he hit upon a happy idea of utilizing his flask. The bottle was filled with water, carefully corked and sent down on its mission. A few minutes later the doctor was lucky enough to pull up a pair of whiting, one on each hook.

"Ha, doctor," exclaimed the companion, "twins this time?"

"Yes," replied the doctor with a smile, "and brought up on the bottle."

Dr. Rathbone Gough, at a "bone-dry" banquet in Boston, said:

"What a change we shall see when all America goes bone dry! Why, friends, America will seem like heaven then!"

"I don't know about that," the soldier heckler shouted.

"You, a soldier, to talk so!" exclaimed the noted temperance lecturer. "Least of all men should a soldier express such pernicious doubts. Why, don't you know, my young friend, that whiskey has killed more people than bullets have ever done?"

"May be so. But, all the same, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets."

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

"May I not flag your train of thought long enough to inquire whether this country is going Plumb crazy?" asks Nik-Nub.

THE LATEST VERSION

Little Shimmy.
Don't you cry.
You'll be respectable.
By-and-by.

—J. M.

Fashion journals say women will wear fewer clothes next summer than they did this summer. Some things are impossible and this is one of them.

TO THE FISHERMAN

O promise me that some day you will send the bass that you have promised I've longed to hear them sizzle in the pan.

I've kept my faith in you, O fisherman. But something seems to tell me I may wait in vain.

Your oft repeated promises give me a pain I hope that some day you'll make good, by gee!

O promise me.

O promise me.

Anybody can save up enough cigar coupons to note housekeeping, but starting housekeeping is the easiest part of the whole game. It takes a strong guy to finish what he starts.

Mrs. Lucy Mustard, of Boise City, Idaho, asks a divorce from William Mustard. It is expected to be one of the hottest cases the court has heard in some time.

Masonic Calendar

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.

GERMANS TO MAKE HOME IN ARGENTINE

(By Associated Press)

BERLIN, Aug. 19.—It is expected that several million Germans will attempt, as soon as passes are available, to leave Germany and secure more lucrative employment abroad.

The newly organized Imperial Migration bureau denies that a German commission in Argentina is attempting to arrange for the acceptance of 5,000,000 Germans, which is vastly more than the South American country could suddenly assimilate, but says that delegates of the new bureau will shortly go to the Argentine to protect such Germans as do arrive there of being robbed and deceived.

The bureau says the Argentine is friendly to Germans and offers good chances for skilled labor, such as carpenters, watchmakers, mechanics and printers.

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

The C. C. & L. railroad favored interstate interchange of freight at Richmond, but opposed only state interchange at this point, was the explanation offered by James P. Goodrich, receiver of the company, in the fight before the state railroad commission for a reduction of local rates advocated by the Commercial club.

Senior Tennis Tournament Planned to Start Friday

Fifteen men have signed up for the senior tennis tournament which, according to S. S. Vernon, playground supervisor, is, if possible, going to start Friday, August 22.

Vernon wants at least twenty entrants in the tournament and men desiring to enter the tournament can do so by leaving their names at the playgrounds, not later than Thursday of this week.

The entry fee is to be regulated by the number of entrants, and as a loving cup is to be purchased with the money derived from the entries, the fee will probably amount to about fifty cents.

Vernon has spent a great deal of time and labor recently on the courts and they are in the best condition that they have been this season.

Athletic Plans Laid For Chautauqua Devotees

Plans for an athletic carnival to be held at the Chautauqua grounds, on Saturday, August 23, are being made by chautauqua officials.

"Pete" Heyward, who has been acting as physical director in a Chicago Y. M. C. A., has been asked to take charge of the carnival. A potato race, three legged race and a sack race will be held, the event being highly informal.

Every evening from about 4:30 p. m. until about 7:30 p. m. there is a great demand for indoor baseball and volley ball and to accommodate the campers, officials say that a volley ball net will be erected back of the big tent and indoor balls and bath can be had at the chautauqua office tent.

Volley ball is especially popular with the campers as middle aged men and young boys can play the game together and all will get the same amount of enjoyment out of it.

MAY BE CHOSEN AMBASSADOR FROM GERMANY TO U. S.



Dr. W. S. Wolf.

Dr. W. S. Wolf, former German colonial secretary, is mentioned now as a possibility for the post of ambassador to the U. S. from Germany.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

LET'S LIVE NOW!

There is one thing in this world and during this life which cannot be changed. It's the Past! Leave it. Let's live now.

How relentless is Time—how unkind in its gait thru the years, how impartial in what it has to give! Anyone may take from Time freely.

There is a sweetness and a nobleness to the very atmosphere of honest effort, everywhere, if you will but take it. Throw away the dregs.

Oh there is nothing to Tomorrow—for tomorrow has never been. And every Yesterday that ever was, is long dead.

Let's live now.

Leave unremembered the things you so unthinkingly said. Blot out the words that scarred your heart—forgive, forget, forbear.

Let's live now.

Get up from where you are. Take a grip of steel upon your self. Unloose your limbs, unbind your heart, throw open wide the thoughts within your brain. Delight in new and untried things. Keep getting bigger—better. Nothing counts but the NOW. So—

Let's live now.