

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, by
Palladium Printing Co.

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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College Education

Not only the high school boy but also the college student may be wondering whether he should resume his educational pursuits this fall. High wages and the pleasures and luxuries they buy may tempt the college lad from returning to his books.

Against all the siren calls of high wages, the college student should turn a deaf ear. A college education has been an asset at all times, it will be a greater asset in the years to come.

Competition of brains will be greater in the next decades than they were in the past. Wealthy men are not endowing colleges and universities to gratify a whim or fancy, but because they believe intellectually trained men and women are essentially necessary in a democracy. The youth who spurns a college education is doing himself an irreparable injury, from which he will never recover. Knowledge is power, says an old maxim. It never was more apropos than now.

Many of the great men of our republic obtained their collegiate training by the hardest kind of self-denial. They had no easy road from the freshman year to their diploma. But they trod that road fully convinced that it would lead to ultimate success. How foolish to spurn an education that is yours almost for the asking. If they made heroic sacrifices and practiced self-denials of the most rigorous kind to attain mental discipline, why should a youth of today, who has every chance imaginable to obtain this training with hardly any self-denial, rob himself of the privilege?

Reports from many institutions indicate that thousands of young men and women realize the importance of sharpening their intellects and broadening their culture. Many college heads expect an unprecedented attendance. Let him who is thinking of interrupting his academic training take notice of what his associates are doing. The wise young men and women are persisting in their intellectual development. The wisdom of their decision will be reflected in their later careers.

Steel Workers Call for More Production

Increased production and not wage increases is the true solution of the cost of living problem, according to the elected representatives of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance company, who adopted the following resolution at a meeting in Atlantic City:

Whereas, the high cost of living needs to be abated by diligent, efficient and conscientious labor, by thrift and by avoidance of waste and extravagance;

And whereas, the price of commodities is regulated by the day's labor of a man and the real unit of value or the unit of compensation is not a dollar, but the purchasing price of a dollar, and that the price of all things, meaning the average price of everything we use and consume, which is commonly referred to as the average price of commodities, is fixed, regulated, raised or lowered by the average compensation received for one hour's work by every man and every woman;

And whereas, we believe the only sure remedy for the high cost of living is increased production and the stabilization of prices in conformity with wages now being paid:

And whereas, we believe any workman who

demand a greater proportionate return for his labor than his fellow workmen in other lines are getting is as guilty of profiteering as a grocer who charges exorbitant prices for the necessities of life, and that increases in wages paid to certain classes of workers by the government or others will result in higher prices being set by the profiteers for the necessities of living to all purchasers alike;

It is, therefore, resolved: That the persistent and unceasing demand of workmen employed in all classes and kinds of industries for a shorter day's work and an increased wage in order to meet the present high cost of living is uneconomic and unwise and should not be encouraged.

Resolved further: That private monopolies should be controlled and profits restricted to a rate that shall be fair to the consumer.

Resolved further: That unnecessary exports of food and clothing be restricted and that all stores of hoarded supplies be uncovered and placed in the open market.

Resolved further: That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the president of the United States, to the senators in congress from Pennsylvania and to the congressmen of the various districts in which are located the various plants of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, and to the state and municipal authorities, to the end that they may by all the powers and means to them available, endeavor to bring about normal conditions, with special privileges to none but justice to all, and sure and swift retribution for those who may attempt to profiteer in the necessities of life.

A perusal of the resolutions should convince us that the steel workers take a sane view of the situation and believe that a conservative solution of the problem is infinitely better than listening to the mouthings of radical agitators who seek personal notoriety rather than the good of the country.

A Distinction

The announcement of Attorney General Palmer that the government will exercise due caution in forcing the sale of foodstuffs so that no injustice will be done, should meet with the hearty approval of the people. There is a difference between food hoarding and food storage.

Food that has been stored, simply, for the purpose of driving up its price should be released at once, but foodstuffs that have been accumulated to feed us next winter should be held for that purpose. It takes little mental effort to understand the wisdom in the decision of the attorney general.

Almost every housewife stores food. Vegetables and fruits that have been canned for winter consumption can be described as stored food. It would be folly to condemn housewives for laying in supplies of potatoes and vegetables in the summer months. And so also would be a criticism against a legitimate storing of canned foods in large quantities by concerns who make it a business to supply the country with food.

If the storage plants were stripped of their contents now, because public agitation demands it, many of us would certainly starve next winter. An accumulation of food for use in winter months is a normal procedure. In fact, one difference between a civilized man and a savage is the practice of the former to store food against the season when it cannot be obtained. We cannot exist without storage plants.

The authorities are not worrying about a legitimate storage of foodstuffs but are intent on punishing dealers who take advantage of a situation to hoard food for the purpose of extorting high prices. This practice is nefarious. Punishment should come fast and hard on conviction.

Professor Calhoun

From the Indianapolis News.

PROFESSOR CALHOUN is alleged to have written a letter which, if he did write it, ought to disqualify him for membership in any college or university faculty in the United States. Calhoun is now head of the sociological department of DePauw university. The letter in question is addressed to Professor Zeuch, former member of the faculty of Indiana university but who resigned on request of President Bryan, who properly objected to a letter in which the professor said that the German atrocities were only such as had been common in all wars. The letter ascribed to Calhoun, and addressed to Zeuch, proves that the latter is a radical of extreme type, and that the writer sympathizes with him.

Calhoun, in the letter attributed to him, describes himself as one of "the radical Socialists." The following is certainly interesting:

One of the things that will hasten the revolution is to spread the notion that it can come soon. If the Left Wing adopts impossibilist methods of campaign I shall stand aloof, but if they push for confiscation, equality of economic status, and the speedy elimination of class privilege, and keep their heads, I shall go with them rather than with the yellows.

There are strong indications in the letter of the existence of a closely organized group of professors pledged to the promotion of revolution. Of one of them it is said that if he "is doing what he says and I am doing what he says, he is doing the better job," though the writer wonders whether the students of the professor in question "draw the necessary conclusions." Another man is said to be "feeling at Columbus and also at Illinois." "Ross," it is said, "had some hand in the game."—the game apparently being appointment of Calhoun—Ross being a progressive instructor at the University of Wisconsin. The letter closes with these words:

Beals was here last week. He is pushing the

Nation. Says the circulation has quadrupled since they became Bolshevik.

Calhoun says, if the letter is his, that he told President Grose all about himself and his views. We quote:

The president has been here three times and had long interviews with me. Besides, we have written a lot. I told him I belonged to the radical Socialists. I expounded my general principles on all important points. He knows also of the circumstances of my leaving Clark and Kentucky. He says he is in substantial agreement with most of what I have said and that he sees no reason why I can not get along at DePauw.

Perhaps it would be well to have a fuller statement of the professor's views, though we do not think that any man ought these days to be preaching revolution and confiscation to our young men and women. If these are indeed parts of his program. Then we must know whether President Grose is "in substantial agreement" with them. No plea for freedom of teaching will serve in such a case as this, for freedom of teaching, like freedom of speech, must be subject to certain limitations. The plea was raised in behalf of Scott Nearing, and was properly disallowed. Our colleges and universities must not be made the instruments of a vicious and dangerous propaganda. There is such a thing as sound instruction, even in economics and sociology. The public will be glad to hear from President Grose, and in the meantime will withhold judgment. It is a disheartening fact that the federal authorities should find it necessary to extend their investigations to our institutions of learning. The district attorney at Chicago said yesterday that "it is generally known that there is in his country a coterie of professors connected with colleges and universities who have a leaning toward Bolshevism," and that "it is a matter of common knowledge that some of the professors are radical Socialists."

Edmond had fallen in with a band of

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

DUMAS

Alexandre Dumas was of mixed blood, the grandson of a French marquis and a native of the West Indies. His own father was a private in the French army when the Revolution broke out. He was swiftly promoted until he held the rank of general-in-chief in Spain but he quarrelled with Napoleon and when he died, he left but 30 acres of land to his widow and two children.

Alexandre was born on July 24, 1802, in a town not far from Soissons. As a boy he had few advantages, for his mother was poor. He was, however, ever carefully instructed by a kindly priest. He then studied law but his desire to write drove him to Paris where he began his career by penning "mauveville sketches and melodramas." He wrote plays for several years and his "Henri III" scored the first great success of the romantic drama. Short stories appeared at intervals and then his novels, "The Three Musketeers" came out in 1844 and thereafter romance, after romance came in such rapid succession that his collected works in French fill 227 volumes. He told Napoleon III that he had written 1200 books.

Prodigiously as he worked, he wasted just as prodigiously. He entertained a whole army of parasites, and in his last years was constantly harassed by creditors. He had married, in 1840, Ida Ferrier, an actress, but they did not long live together. His daughter came to his aid in 1868 when he was debilitated and ill and two years later, on December 5, 1870, he died in the home of his son, the author of the popular "Camille."

Alexandre Dumas, The Elder
1802-1870

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SR.

Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

On February 28, 1815, Edmond Dantes sailed into Marseilles. He was but 19 years of age and ardently in love. His conscience was clear; he had violated no law. Yet the next night he was in a cell in the gloomy Chateau d'If, a fortress on a bare rock off Marseilles. And fourteen years were to pass before he strode again in the sunlight.

Three men had wrought his ruin. Danglars envied Edmond's rapid promotion. Fernand was crazed with love for Mercedes, Edmond's beloved. Danglars wrote and Fernand despatched a letter warning the authorities to intercept the missive Edmond was bearing to Paris. Change, then, this warning, addressed to Villefort's father, fell into the hands of the unscrupulous Villefort himself.

Of this dark intrigue Edmond knew nothing. At his captain's dying request he had called at Elba where he had seen the captive Napoleon and been entrusted with a sealed letter. Villefort, a turncoat devoted to the aristocracy, had changed his name to make men forget that his father was a Bonapartist. He destroyed the incriminating letter before Edmond's eyes and promised that the lad should be free. Even as he spoke the words, he knew that in the disappearance of this youth lay his own security.

Thus it happened that while the Corsican came out of Elba by stealth and rode to Paris amid tumultuous cheers, Edmond lay in a dungeon. The thunder of the guns at Waterloo did not penetrate the walls of the Chateau d'If. Napoleon was borne away to St. Helena; the Hundred Days were over. And Dantes knew naught of these things. He ate out his heart in thoughts of Mercedes and yearned what mad freak of fortune had thrust him away from the world of men.

Days dragged into years. He lost track of time. Confined in a black and slimy dungeon, he saw only his jailer. There were moments when he hoped hours when he despaired, weeks when he yearned in impotent anger, and rolled past. He was starving himself to death. Then he heard a rasping, scratching noise. The spark of human hope burned anew. He swallowed his broil; he must win back his strength. Somewhere near him was a human mole, burrowing stealthily, worming toward freedom.

Four days later a section of flooring fell in and out of a dark tunnel sprang an old man. He was Abbe Faria, a prisoner for eight years. His tunnel, dug with arduous toil, had failed to reach the sunlight but it led to fellow-jails. Unsuspecting by their jailers, two men met daily and talked unwearily. Out of his ripe wisdom and his prodigious memory, the Abbe taught Edmond mathematics, history and languages.

Less guileless than Edmond, he was able to prove to the youth's own story, than Danglars, Fernand and Villefort were responsible for his living death. So Edmond had a new incentive for freedom. He sought revenge. The Abbe revealed to the secret of the great treasure of gold and jewels hidden in a cave on Monte Cristo, an uninhabited island off the coast of Genoa.

The years rolled on. Another attempt to escape was frustrated by the paralysis of the Abbe's right side. Edmond refused to leave him. He was a very different man from the careless sailor who had been so suddenly jerked from the joys of a marriage feast to the gloom of a dungeon. He was a man of the world—educated, cynical.

One night he heard a cry of anguish. Hurriedly he rolled aside the great stone that concealed the tunnel opening, crawled swiftly to his neighbor's cell. He found him writhing in agony. At dawn he was dead.

That night Edmond carried the corpse to his own cell and laid it on his own bed, face to the wall, so that the jailer would think it Edmond asleep. Secreting a crude knife with which to effect an escape, he then sewed himself into the coarse sack in which the jailers had put the body.

Two men later bore out the supposed corpse, weighted the legs with a great iron ball, and swung the sack powerfully. Edmond suddenly realized that he was falling from a great height. He had been flung from the chateau roof into the sea.

He screamed aloud as he struck the water and then the weight dragged him into the ice-cold depths. He ripped open the sack, convulsively cut the rope that was knotted to the shot, and rose to the surface. He had not forgotten how to swim. He struck out in the darkness for an islet. Just as he was losing hope, his knee struck rock. He staggered to his feet and above him rose a gloomy mass, his goal.

At daybreak he flung himself into the sea and pulled aboard an outward-bound bark. Each moment Marseilles receded further into the distance. He learned from his shipmates that it was February 28, 1829. He had been shut away from the world for 14 years. He wondered what had become of Mercedes and thought of Danglars, Fernand and Villefort. A baleful light flickered in his hard eyes.

Edmond had fallen in with a band of

EX-KAISER'S COUSIN, PRINCE LEOPOLD, HOARDS FOOD WHILE NEIGHBORS STARVE



Prince Friedrich Leopold and his family

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

HAVE YOU A PROSPEROUS HEART?

Folks take a lot of pride in a nice, fat bank-roll, in estates from which profits accrue, in individual fame and honor, and other profitable possessions. But you don't often hear them boast about the value of their hearts.

How about it—have you a PROSPEROUS heart? Of course you can't talk much about a thing so fine and wonderful—but you can FEEL it! For a prosperous heart keeps rolling in the dividends showering its possessor with rewards and unexpected gifts. A prosperous heart doesn't have to depend upon fine clothes and gems and estates. It passes right by these things and pays attention to people's needs and wants and happinesses.

If you have a prosperous heart, you know it all right. You won't have to be told about it—you WILL be told about it. Material prosperity comes thru addition, whereas heart prosperity comes thru—giving away! You can't keep heart prosperity to yourself. For if it is genuine, it will overflow of its own accord. That's its characteristic.

How are you to get heart-prosperity? By staying around where people are—using your eyes and keeping the doors of your heart open. Soul-starvation is a thousand times more terrible than body-starvation. And there is only one way to feed the soul—and that is by keeping the heart full. And the only way to keep the heart full is to keep emptying it.

The only altogether HAPPY prosperity is—heart-prosperity!

Dinner Stories

"Did you get the bill for my bathing suit, father dear?"
"Yes, the bill was a great improvement on the suit."
"In what way?"
"It was so large."

Pangs of jealousy were in Miss Coldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her in the bargain rush could not resist giving a thrust.

"I hear that you've accepted Jack," she gushed. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me."
"No," answered Jack's fiancée. "He once told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

One of our honest old farmers came home and found a sewing machine man in the house demonstrating to the women what fine work it would do. The agent asked the farmer to bring in a shingle, and said: "I will show you that the Woman's Warer machine will do heavy work, for I will stitch right across the tip of the shingle, where it is at least one-sixteenth of an inch thick."

"Not interested," said the farmer. "Over 'cross here 'bout three miles northeast a young man built a house last summer and I'll be darned if his wife didn't take her Mechanical Marvel sewing machine and stitch on every blade corner of clapboards, from gable and eaves, clean down to the sills."

As the agent slammed his machine into his light truck and chugged away, the farmer turned to his wife and said: "Well, Rita, I sewed that agent up all right, didn't I? Now let's have supper."

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

A traveler slips this report to us. Sand your track, here it comes: She was, rather hoydenish, is sitting in a street car. A roughneck enters and sits beside her. She begins to laugh boisterously. "Well," said he, "what the h— tickles you?" Gallant youth, across the way, arises and addressing the roughneck says, "Hey, ho, you want to say 'lady' after that there remark?"

TUT! TUT!

Man's wife wants but little here below. A poet sang, with fire. There's only one comment to make—That poet is a liar. She wants a good deal, yes, indeed, and yet, ah, vain regrets! We're telling you of what she wants. And not of what she gets.

The little boy who used to go to the butcher shop for three cents worth of liver is now grown up and goes to the same shop for three dollars worth.

Have you wondered what the boys will do with their helmets now that the war is over. The Home News solves the mystery in its "Household Hints," for does it not print the following: "Stretch a taut wire along the pants' shelf and slip tin lids back of it."

LIGHT PLANT IMPROVEMENTS NEW PROBLEM AT OXFORD

OXFORD, O., Aug. 28.—Electric engineers have notified the board of public affairs that in the village light plant, in its present condition, cannot carry the extra load which will be occasioned when the schools of the village open next month. It is claimed that two boilers must be refitted, and a new exchanger purchased. The cost of these improvements is estimated at \$2,500. In the meantime the board cannot furnish the money; neither can the village council. All legislation looking toward an improvement of the light situation in the village is tied up by injunction proceedings, and the socialists are circulating petitions asking for a referendum on council's action to purchase outside current.

SOCIETY NAMES OFFICERS.

OXFORD, O., Aug. 28.—The Ladies' Aid society, of the Methodist Episcopal church, yesterday elected these officers for the coming year: president, Mrs. Grafton Shullenberger; vice presidents, Mrs. Charles Hoffmeister and Mrs. Irving Bowman; secretary, Mrs. Carl A. Murchison; treasurer, Mrs. J. Gilbert Welsh.

TRUCK SMASHES FOUNTAIN.

OXFORD, O., Aug. 28.—J. M. Van Metre, who runs a truck line between this village and Richmond, Ind., backed his truck into the only remaining public drinking fountain on High street, and put it out of commission. Several months ago some person smashed another fountain in front of the Oxford National Bank. Van Metre has been ordered to appear before council, and an effort is being made to locate the person who is responsible for the breaking of the other fountain.

ANSWER TO INJUNCTION SUIT.

OXFORD, O., Aug. 28.—Village Solicitor Williams yesterday filed answer in the injunction suit recently brought by five women to stop the paving of East High street. It is stated that every claim brought forward by the lawyers for the plaintiffs can be contradicted by the records of the village council. Judge Harlan has been requested to give the case the earliest possible hearing.

DORMITORY PURCHASED

OXFORD, O., Aug. 28.—The board of trustees of Oxford College for Women yesterday purchased the John W. Fenton homestead, on College avenue, one square from the institution. This is one of the finest residence properties in the village. It will be used for dormitory purposes. Also the residence of Mrs. S. Vansickle, opposite the college, has been leased for the coming school year. College authorities say that the enrollment of the institution this year will be the biggest in its history.

Masonic Calendar

Thursday, Aug. 28.—Richmond Lodge No. 196, F. and A. M. Called meeting. Work in Master Mason degree, beginning at 7 o'clock.
Friday, Aug. 29.—Webb Lodge, No. 24, F. and A. M. Called meeting. Work in Master Mason degree, beginning at 6:30.