

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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Hoodlumism and Rioting

Richmond has been disgraced by the display of hoodlumism Thursday night when a crowd in the typical mob spirit smashed in the doors and windows of the offices and plants of the Mallean, F. and N. and Reliance foundry companies.

Regardless of the questions at issue between striking workmen and employers, window smashing tactics never have and never will settle industrial disputes. Such measures are only taken by hot heads and immature youngsters, and both of these classes when they take the initiative simply and solely lead into trouble.

Mob spirit is peculiar. It will not tolerate calm judgment. It delights in destruction and by so doing adds to everyone's cost of living. Practically all businesses carry riot insurance. The cost of this insurance is covered in the price of practically everything we buy. Therefore, the more riots there are and the more windows that are thereby broken, the higher goes the cost of riot insurance. This simply means higher prices for everyone, rioters as well as law abiding citizens.

When the mob started stone throwing Thursday night calm headed workmen tried without success to stop it. The hot-heads and hoodlums, most of whom had no connection with the moulders on strike, however, would not listen to reason. They wanted to indulge freely their appetites for destruction. One young hoodlum in the uniform of a messenger boy was particularly conspicuous for window breaking.

Workingmen have a right to strike. Their cause is lost, however, when violence develops. Public opinion will not tolerate violence and lawlessness. Generally it is not the strikers who start the violence. It is their pretended sympathizers who butt in and make a mess of things.

A crowd is easily turned into a howling mob and under the excitement of the moment individuals do things they sincerely regret later in their saner senses. The way to prevent mobs is to keep crowds from congregating. Richmond's police force should be increased until it numbers enough resolute men to cope with such a situation as arose Thursday night. Then it should be trained to keep units of people seeking to crowd together on the move and disperse them. There will be no mob if there is no crowd.

This does not mean to interfere with orderly and decent picketing by striking workmen. Rather it is as much for the advantage of such strikers as it is for the protection of the property where they expect to work again when their industrial differences have been ironed out.

The American Legion

The American Legion has espoused principles which should make it a powerful force for good in our republic. From its very inception, its founders have asserted that no attempt would be made to gouge the government. Col. Roosevelt, voicing the opposition of the Legion to the six months' pay bonus, said: "We are not going to try to sandbag the government; primarily we are going to try to put something into the government."

In his speech at Indianapolis, Col. Roosevelt enunciated the following principles: First, the organization is non-partisan, concerning itself with policies, not with partisan politics; secondly, it is to be composed of all men who served, whether

overseas or at home; thirdly, the organization is to be strictly civilian, where every man will have an equal right to assert his opinions and an equal vote.

The collective effort of the young men who served in the World War to further the welfare of the public and to keep the veterans keenly alive to their duties as citizens, will be felt in our national life. They have it within their power to become a powerful agency in promoting the common good. Their espousal of high principles at the very outset should give the organization a firm basis for growth and expansion.

Their first caucus at St. Louis proved that despite their young years most of them possessed and exercised excellent judgment. The lofty attitude they have assumed toward their duties as citizens will redound greatly to the expansion of the Legion and the promotion of a feeling of good will and mutual assistance.

The work of perfecting the Wayne county branch of the Legion is progressing with satisfactory results. The adoption of a name for the post, the appointment of committees, as well as the general interest which the veterans are taking in the movement, show that the service men of the community are alive to the situation here.

Salaries for Policemen and Firemen

The public and city officials should not overlook the wage scale paid to policemen and firemen. These men have been hit as hard by the increased cost of living as have persons in other walks of life. They perform a public service of great importance.

The protection of life and property is entrusted to their care. Like soldiers they are on duty always and must answer calls that jeopardize their lives. Failure to perform their duties is accepted as cowardice. Their hours are regulated by rules.

Men who devote virtually all their time to the public good should be paid adequate salaries. The city should appreciate their services by paying them salaries that are in proportion to the time and attention they give to the interests of the community.

The Home of the Playground

European cities may excel in other lines of municipal enterprise, but no country leads the United States in the number of public playgrounds and the facilities for recreation offered to the children.

The establishment of playgrounds is a distinctive contribution to the world's play. Greece emphasized the importance of play and sports for adults, and Great Britain democratized sports in her schools and universities. The United States, however, was the first nation to provide adequate recreational facilities for the children.

Last year more than 400 cities maintained 4,000 public playgrounds. No one can tell accurately how many children took advantage of their facilities. Besides the presence of many public playgrounds, thousands of cities have clubs, organizations, and churches that maintain places where boys and girls may enjoy athletic pastimes. Few "Keep Off the Grass" signs are to be found in our public parks nowadays. Children are invited to enjoy themselves in the open places maintained by our municipalities.

The full effects of the playground systems will be noted in the sturdy boys and girls who are to be found enjoying the equipment that a thoughtful public has provided.

No one can visit Glen Miller park, public playground, or watch the children using the equipment of the school yards without becoming convinced of the wisdom of spending money for the maintenance of these places. Richmond was one of the first cities to take up with the movement. Year by year it is increasing the play facilities. It is a movement that has every argument in its favor and none against it.

The Old National Road

From the Indianapolis Star.

In all the talk of the past few years about the improvement of public roads and the building of transcontinental lines little, if anything, has been said about the extension of the old National road, a fact that must have caused a good many people to wonder. At last, however, some steps have been taken looking to the continuation of that once famous and still existing thoroughfare beyond the point where the work suddenly ended in 1838.

A plan has been filed with the Bureau of Public Roads under the Federal Aid Road Act which contemplates the completion of the old road along the original line, but with a much more substantial surface. The proposed type of surface is monolithic brick and concrete pavement, the average cost of which is about \$30,000 per mile. The proposed improvement includes also the construction of forty bridge structures of lengths ranging from twenty-two feet to 300 feet. The work ended a few miles beyond the Indiana line in Illinois west of Terre Haute when the project was abandoned.

The road was authorized by act of congress early in 1806. Commissioners were appointed to lay out the line from Cumberland, Md., on the Potomac to the Ohio river. Thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for the work, a sum that seems trifling in these days of millions and billions, but a hundred years ago it would build quite a length of dirt road, which was all that was attempted at that time, though macadam or something similar was planned and perhaps undertaken as the work progressed.

The progress was slow, as in such government projects it is apt to be, and as stated, it was 1838 before the road was finished across Indiana. By that time its construction and maintenance had cost \$6,821,246 and con-

gress had passed sixty acts relating to it. It was supposed to have lost its importance by the time it reached Illinois because of the projected building of railroads, which also put a stop to the building of canals. It took the country half a century or more to realize that canals and good highways are needed as well as railroads and are aids to railroad traffic.

The National road, first known as the Cumberland road, served a good purpose for many years. It was for one thing a thoroughfare for "movers" from eastern states seeking new homes toward the setting sun. The late Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood wrote in "Old Caravan Days" of such a journey taken over this road when, as a child, she went with her parents from Ohio to Illinois to find a new home. The process of work on the road is described in a little book of reminiscences called "Etna to Kirsksville," published a number of years ago, the writer, an old army officer, whose name is not here recalled, telling of the interest he felt as a boy in this then highly important undertaking. The names of the title refer to two little Ohio towns east of Columbus.

The old road is probably not in good repair for the most of its length and the new project does not, so far as known, contemplate any renovation by federal aid. It will mean only a new and substantial thoroughfare for Illinois. If it were macadamized its full length it would serve a far greater public than was dreamed of originally. It would help if each community would do its part. Even Indianapolis does not keep Washington street, which is a length of the famous road, free from chuck holes. Main street of Richmond is also a bit of the old road, and it runs through many attractive small towns on its way across the state.

Condensed Classics of Famous Authors

BARRIE

James Matthew Barrie is one of that great army of Scotchmen who take general charge of England. He was born at Kirriemuir, May 9, 1860. He was educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. He was created first baronet in 1913, but long before that date, by universal suffrage he had acquired the title of Prince of Whimies and First Lord of All Hearts. Unlike other British titles, these latter are perfectly valid in the United States as well as in Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the seas.

After the usual skirmishes of a penman to find himself by way of the newspapers, Barrie published "Better Dead" in 1887. Then at intervals of a year or less came "Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," "A Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine," "The Little Minister," followed by "Sentimental Tommy," "Margaret Ogilvy" (the infinitely tender story of his own mother), and the immortal "Peter Pan." He soon found his way to the stage (a way all his own) with "The Professor's Love Story," "The Little Minister," "Quality," "The Admirable Crichton," "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and "Dea Brutus," and has been most successful with plays, or rather playlets, of the war, such as "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." His appeal to public imagination was almost instantaneous, and he has continuously held a warm place in the hearts of the whole English-speaking world.

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THE LITTLE MINISTER

BY J. M. BARRIE

Condensation by M. E. Alley, Brighton

Gavin Dishart was barely twenty-one when he and his mother came to Thrums. All Thrums was out in its wind and clothes—a few of the weavers still in knee-breeches, to look at the new Auld Licht minister. I was there, the domineer of Glen Quahary, four miles from Thrums, and heavy was my heart as I stood afar off so that Gavin's mother might not have the pain of seeing me. I alone of the crowd looked more at her than at her son.

Eighteen years had passed since we parted, and already her hair had lost its brightness, and Margaret was an old woman at only forty-three, and I, who have loved her since I was a boy, looked on her with a new respect.

Many scenes in the little minister's life came back to me. The first time I ever thought of writing his love story as an old man's gift to a little maid since grown tall, was one night in the old schoolhouse, when my gate creaked in the wind, and my mind drifted back to another gate creaking, the first time I ever saw Gavin and the Egyptian together.

Gavin was brought up to be a minister from his earliest days, and took to the idea enthusiastically. It had been the dream of the two of a manse, of which Margaret was mistress, and Gavin the minister, and now it was fulfilled.

Gavin became at once popular in Thrums, and though short of stature, he cast a great shadow. He converted a drunkard, Rob Dow, who adored him, and would do anything in the world for him.

On the fateful evening of October seventeenth, Gavin was returning from Rob Dow's, and going through Caddam Woods, when he heard singing. The singer came dancing up in Windyhead. Only when she passed him did Gavin see her as a gypsy, with her bare feet flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of rowan berries in her black hair. She was pale with an angel's loveliness. A diamond on her finger shot a thread of fire over a pool as she danced by.

Undoubtedly that morning he told me all that had passed, and my anxiety for Margaret at the consequences of his rash act, led me to attempt to reach Thrums. But before I left, it was necessary for me to tell Gavin my story, that he was my son, and Margaret was my wife. Margaret had married Adam Dishart first, and he had gone to sea, and after two years all thought him lost, and she married me. Then when Gavin was three years old, Adam suddenly returned, and I passed out of Margaret's life forever.

Gavin sought to learn if Babbie had been carried off by Lord Rintoul, and found the earl on an island in the midst of floods. Gavin jumped to his aid, but nothing could be done, and it was thought both must perish. His congregation, gathered by the precipice, forgot they had meant to expel him, and listening with dim eyes to his brave last words, knew only that they loved him. Then Rob Dow threw his life away to save his friend, and the rope with which he sprang into the flood withdrew minister and earl to safety.

So Gavin and Babbie were married, and no one seeing Babbie going down to church on Gavin's arm would guess her history. Yet some times at night, Babbie slips into her gypsy frock, with rowan berries in her hair, and Gavin always kisses her. My little maid knows this story as well as I do. She was named for Margaret, and has been my dearest comfort since my Margaret died. I have lived to rejoice in the happiness of Gavin and Babbie and their children.

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"The White Company," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, will be printed tomorrow.

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

Rev. Morton Hobson, pastor of the United Brethren church for five years, resigned.

Harry Gilbert, who had been assistant collection manager of the Gaar-Scott company, was made manager of that department to succeed Charles Land.

The approaching marriage of W. Ramsey Poundstone, city editor of the Palladium, and Miss Afton Clapp was announced.

Miss Mary Mather entertained at her home for Miss Cornelia Shaw.

JAMESE MINISTER TO U. S. IS SEEKING WORLD LEAGUE AID



Phya Prabba Karavongse, Siamese minister to the United States, recently left New York for London and Paris to confer with peace delegates with the object of obtaining additional concessions for his country through the league of nations.

Dinner Stories

"Did I understand you to say that this lad voluntarily confessed to playing truant?" asked a school attendance officer, addressing the mother of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" inquired the officer.

"Well, first I gave him a good hiding," said the parent, "and then I put him to bed without supper, and I took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and that I should punish him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour he told me the whole story of his own accord."

The following incident related with a flavor of Gallic irony by the Cri de Paris is said to have taken place at Toulouse.

On election day a young man went to a booth to vote.

"But, monsieur," said one of the overseers, "you have already voted."

"I? alone done! I am certain I have not."

A search being made of the records it was discovered that there had been an error in the recording of the Christian name. It was not Marius Tartarin that had voted, but Gonzague Tartarin.

"Gonzague!" cried the young man, "you are quite sure that he has voted?"

"Yes, indeed. Look, here is the register."

"Ah, how I regret not having been here," said the man. "I would have embraced him with such pleasure. He is my father!"

"Your father?"

"Yes, and I have not seen him since he died four years ago."

STATE LABOR PARTY GIVEN ENDORSEMENT

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 30.—Formation of a state labor party was endorsed by the Indiana State Federation of Labor delegates in convention yesterday at Tomlinson Hall. An untold rising vote showed that more than three-fourths of the delegates favored the new party. A referendum vote will be taken immediately by the federation membership to sustain or reject the convention's endorsement. Evansville was chosen for the 1920 convention city.

Spirited debate marked the discussion of the new party resolution, which was introduced by a group of delegates from the United Mine Workers of America, District No. 11, Terra Haute. All but one member of the resolutions committee signed a majority report favoring rejection of the resolution. O. W. Miller of the Fort Wayne machinists submitted an oral minority report favoring the resolution.

A syndicate has petitioned the Swedish government for permission to make 5,000,000 liters (1,321,000 gallons) of alcoholic spirit from white moss, of which there are enormous quantities available.

Good Evening

BY ROY K. MOULTON

NAMES
Albert Edward Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Baron Renfrew.
That is the complete patronymic Of the pale young gent Who is coming to visit us soon Aboard the battle cruiser Renown. We in America are at little slow In the matter of names. Finest name, why couldn't we Have had a
George Francis Luther Zebulun Charles Ambrose Alexander Elihu Washington, Duke of Valley Forge, Earl of New York and Viscount of Mt. Vernon, or Abraham Zebediah Henry Frederick William Samuel John Harold Lincoln. Or, perhaps to be more modern, a Woodrow Lemuel Robert Richard Louis Elisha Peter Thomas David Benjamin James Wilson? But we know why Wales is going To live on the battleship No hotel register in the land Could hold his name.

THE PRIVATIONS OF PEACE
The war is over, and this business of spooning, loving and kissing will stop.—Chief of Police Godley of Kansas City.

A western paper says: "Miss Birdie Birdson, left Friday for New York, where she will study. She will visit Washington, D. C., before coming home."

M. K. T. says there is cause for optimism in the fact that the high cost of living has been reduced. Now that summer is about over, fly swatters are selling two for a nickel.

A Larchmont man boasts that he has a lawnmower that has been in his possession for twelve years. That's long enough. He ought to return it.

Belgian Children to Be Given Relief Fund

BRUSSELS, Aug. 30.—The Belgian Government has accepted the proposal of Herbert C. Hoover, Director General of the inter-allied organization, that the final assets of the Belgian Relief Commission, amounting to approximately \$16,000,000, be devoted to the formation of a foundation for the higher education of children of the workers and persons of limited means.

ITALY RECEIVES MORE MONEY.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—A credit of \$9,100,000, established today in favor of Italy, made the total advances to that country of \$1,601,775,945, and to the Allies, \$9,672,567.

Fibers useful in textiles and cordage have been extracted by a Frenchman from the water hyacinth.

U. S. AGENT FOILED BIG GERMAN PLOT



Dr. Paul Bernardo Altendorf, a U. S. military intelligence officer serving as a German captain and a Mexican colonel, organized 45,000 Mexicans for an invasion of the United States at the time the Germans launched their last drive on the western front in July, 1918. But he kept the U. S. government informed of the plot's progress and thus prevented an invasion.

Altendorf also brought about the arrest of a German spy said to have admitted the Black Tom explosion near New York; got the German imperial code for our government, warned this country of an impending submarine raid on the Atlantic coast in 1918, and nipped scores of other conspiracies.

THE GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS DAILY TALK

I'M SO SORRY!

The most human quality that is given us mortals is—to mistake. And the greatest opportunity that is given to any of us is—not to make the same mistake twice!

But there is another opportunity that is quite as wonderful in connection with every mistake and that is—to be sorry.

We may well boast of our triumphs—but never of our failures. With humiliation should come determination to rise above unmeant mistakes. For to be truly sorry is the first step to higher ground.

Every element of fineness enters into our desires to do better. How the clouds seem to evaporate and the sun to break thru, just the minute that we begin to FEEL sorry! All defenses are then swept away. Life bubbles anew. Happy waves are all about.

There is nothing weak about being sorry. In fact, it is at that very point where real strength begins.

To be sorry is to dig the grave in which to bury your mistakes and errors. But then get away from the grave as soon as possible. A graveyard is no place in which to live.

If you have hurt the feelings of someone, go to that one and tell him that you are sorry. If you have done a thing for which you are ashamed, right it if you can. Be sorry anyway—and then pass on.

We all pay the price of every mistake. But the longer we put off being sorry for it, the faster and bigger the interest and principal become.

Be sorry. But be sorry as deeply as you know how—and have it over with!