

## THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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### Who Dug Their Graves

Who dug their graves? The voice that might  
Have raised itself to cry "Beware!"  
The heart that was "too proud to fight"  
And yet too timid to prepare.

The casual brain that sent them forth,  
Those boys, our bravest and our best—  
The courteous South, the hardy North,  
The earnest East, the warrior West—

To camps that made their makers rich  
And slew as never iron storms;  
To muddy field and icy ditch  
In deadly contract-uniforms.

Who dug their graves? The eyes that slept  
Too soundly to permit a tear;  
The vacillating lips that kept  
Our ordnance all assembled—here!

Who left the aircraft on the ground  
At home, the sycophants and slaves,  
Grafters who cringed when Power frowned—  
But took the cash—these dug their graves!

The Cause is greater than its price  
As night is lesser than the day;  
But for the needless sacrifice,  
Great God in Heaven, they must pay!

—Reginal Wright Kauffman, Harvey's Weekly

### Mawkish Sentimentality

At Brazil, Indiana, Homer S. Cummings, who delivered a Democratic address in Richmond Tuesday night, declared the Republican party is driving President Wilson to an early grave by its persistence in the fight against the League of Nations.

This is about the smallest political argument that has been advanced so far during the campaign. If honest opposition to Wilson's scheme to Europeanize the United States is responsible for his paralysis, then Democrats will have to share with Republicans the blame. Loyal and patriotic senators from the Democratic side joined with equally loyal and patriotic Republicans to defeat an unparalleled threat against the liberty and destiny of our republic.

### Today's Talk

By George Matthew Adams

### IT'S THE WAY YOU GO AFTER THINGS.

One man goes ahead, does his work and takes his prize. The other fellow looks him over as he passes by and says, "Just an accident, that's all!"

But there are few accidents of time or of destiny.

Life is made up of angles—and it's the angle you see it from that makes you happy or unhappy, rich or poor.

I recently read a beautiful story that Ellis Parker Butler tells. Two little girls were playing in a garden. One said: "I do not like this garden; I do not want to stay here. Let us go home. There are too many thorns on the rose bushes." The other little girl replied: "Why, this is a beautiful garden! I like this garden!" It is so full of sunshine and there are so many roses on the thorn bushes."

It's the way you go after things that determines what you are going to get.

And it is so much better to strive for the things you love and want—and fail to get them than to get the things you do not strive for—and do not want.

Pain is not to see—not to do—not to live!

To take days and hours with facility is real heroism.

"Yes the task that is given to each man no other can do; So your work is awaiting; It has awaited through ages for you. And now you appear; and the Hushed Ones are turning their gaze To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days."

This is the inspiring thought that Edwin Markham has penned. We are especially humans. But we must take up responsibility—and carry it through, come what may. And you may well be assured that if you go after things rightly, you will not dine at the table of disappointment.

### Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

They're talking now of paper suits, and paper shirts and collars, and paper socks and paper boots—great scheme to save the dollars! My paper rags seem good and right, while at my lyre I'm slaving; but there's no other gent in sight who is intent on saving. Men do not want the cheaper things, when they go blithely shopping; they'd like to wear the robes of kings, though bank accounts be popping. The janitor of this, our flat, says like a

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY  
Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a small packet containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for pain in sides and back; rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for constipation, biliousness, headaches, and sluggish bowels. A. G. Lukens & Co., 620 Main St.—Advertiser.

### Historical Floats for Armistice Day

Every one welcomes the decision of the parade committee to confine representations on floats to historical topics. Our history, municipal, state and national, is rich in incidents that accommodate themselves readily to representation on a float. The mantle of secrecy which has been thrown about the ideas that will be represented is also a good move. It will keep the interest pitched to a high key.

In recent years this country has taken commendable interest in pageantry. The centennial celebrations of many cities and states brought its use to the foreground sharply and it has remained there. The public has been educated to expect meritorious displays and gives its approval to cleverly executed designs.

In passing it may be noted that the Richmond public should forget its staid and conservative habit of mind when the parade proceeds on Main street on Armistice Day. Seldom does the throng of spectators applaud striking and handsome displays, or cheer a section of marchers. It was so during the patriotic parades a few years ago. The crowds were not cold or apathetic in their patriotism. Quite the contrary. They were loyal to the core. But they were unable to break through their crust of conservatism and restraint to indulge in the hearty applause and cheering that should have greeted the paraders.

This is a municipal habit that should be forsaken. Armistice Day stands for a great principle, for a noble idea, for an exalted theme. Let our hearts be filled with the patriotic spirit of the day and our mouths show the fervor of our souls by applause and shouts.

When the service men come swinging down Main street, there isn't a voice that should not meet the former fighters with shouts and cheers. They went into the service gladly and willingly. They fought with the spirit of free Americans. On this, the first great reunion of our fighters, the community ought to respond with an outburst of enthusiasm that will linger long in our memories and set a new mark for our appreciation of their services.

Let's get into the spirit of the day and manifest it with vim and energy. Never will we have a better opportunity to start the reform than on that day. All of us will have abundant occasion to forget our diffidence and reserve on that day.

If you are bashful, remember your neighbor intends to rejoice and celebrate just as loudly and happily as you do. Start the noise-making and the contagion of your action will rapidly communicate itself to the persons next to you. Soon

Main street will be filled with happy and buoyantly rejoicing citizens, elated over the splendid

boys that made possible the day, and enthusiastic over the pageantry revealing in graphic form the great historical incidents of our republic.

They are losing their taste for har-  
ems just as some Americans are find-  
ing out that even a slight case of  
bigamy is too much of a drain on the  
pocketbook.

Before the war old Effendi used to

squat on an expensive rug with a large

glass pipe full of genuine Pride of

the Gravel Train tobacco in front of

him, and fifteen or twenty yards of

rubber tubing leading to his mouth.

He would be surrounded by a bevy of

good looking wives. He couldn't have

done that in New York, even before

the war, when prices were much lower

than they are now.

He wore a large ruby on the index

finger of his right hand, blew beautiful

smoke rings, ate stuffed mangoes with

his pocket-knife and was quite a killer

with the ladies. All his wives looked

up to him, and what he said went

up to him, and what he said went