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The Point in Question

A. J. Beveridge, in a campaign speech against the League of Nations, delivered here shortly before election day, asserted that America did not have a homogenous people, but was made up of groups—some of alien extraction—that still lacked the American viewpoint and were intensely interested in the development and destiny of the countries from whence they came to this continent.

The appended dispatch bears out his contention:

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—One hundred and five Greek-American Leagues, claiming to represent 200,000 Greeks employed in various industrial centers, made public here today a cable message to Premier Lloyd George demanding that the next Greek sovereign be chosen by a plebiscite in Greece. A copy of the message also was sent to President Wilson.

Membership of the leagues includes, it is claimed, Greeks in Stamford and Bridgeport, Conn.; Holyoke and Fall River, Mass.; the Chicago stock yards and Fresno, Calif.

Here we have citizens of this country putting pressure to bear on Premier Lloyd George so that he will use his influence to obtain a method whereby the people of Greece should choose their form of government.

One may fairly challenge the right of these men to interfere with the orderly process of their native country in obtaining the form of government it wants. What concern, we may ask, is

the fate of the government of Greece to the people of this country?

Have we any right, moral or legal, to interfere with the selection of a sovereign in Greece? Does not our first and foremost duty direct us to the betterment of our own government?

The example of these men illustrates nicely the danger of membership in the Wilsonian league. We would be bound by the terms of the covenant to take cognizance officially of every disturbance in the governmental affairs of other countries, and the various groups of nationalities that compose our commonwealth would lose no time to line up solidly for their respective native countries.

Warm Hearted Bolshevism

"Though three-fourths of the population die of hunger and cold," says Trotzky, "the remainder will survive to carry through to victory the world revolution."

Seventy-five per cent of the population of Russia may die of starvation or freeze to death, but what cares this brave leader of the remaining 25 per cent for their suffering if thereby the benevolent and humanitarian program of Bolshevism may live!

He counts himself, by virtue of his brains, among the 25 per cent that will have sufficient food and fuel. Brave Trotzky! What a peerless leader of a lost cause! How the hearts of his deluded followers, dying by inches, must be filled with love and devotion for their communist leader!

What exalted champion of a great cause ever uttered words so cruel, and, with soul so base, ruthlessly consigned his followers to the grave?

If Bolshevism condemns three-fourths of the population of a country to death by starvation and privation to win its cause, who would care to be listed with the victorious one-fourth that dodged the grave?

Answers to Questions

M. E. B.—Please give the details respecting the Cecil Rhodes scholarships open to meritorious college graduates.—Cecil Rhodes, who died at Cape Town, South Africa, March 26, 1902, directed in his will that a part of his fortune of \$10,000,000, should be set aside for the creation of a fund to support a certain number of scholarships covering a three-year's course at Oxford. He directed that the recipients of the gift should be two each from each of the States, so far as the United States are affected. The scholarships are awarded on attainments, only three-tenths thereof shall be given a candidate for his literary and scholastic standing, the remainder being for his love of outdoor athletics and sports, for strong, manly qualities, such as courage, generosity and kindness, and for high moral character, and especially for ambition to serve and lead in large public affairs. These scholarships are awarded in different ways in the different States. For particulars as to the trust write to the secretary of the Rhodes Trust, Seymour House, Waterloo, pl., London, S. W.

Reader—I recently heard a remark to the effect that there were as many people on the earth a thousand years ago as there are today. Is this a fact?—No. We do not know how many people were on the earth a thousand years ago, but we do know that there are more people on the earth today than there were one hundred years ago. The first census taken by any country was by the United States in 1790, and that showed a population of less than 4,000,000 for the country. The population of England at the time was about 8,000,000. In 100 years the increase in population in Europe has been estimated to be about 60 per cent. In the meantime the western hemisphere has been populated.

Readers may obtain answer to questions by writing the Palladium and Sun-Telegram, Department. All questions should be written plainly and briefly. Answers will be given briefly.

Jacksonburg, Greensfork Join in Church Services

Fifteen representatives of the Jacksonburg and Greensfork Christian churches met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Fagan at Greensfork Monday evening to plan a simultaneous "Every Member Drive" in the two communities to raise money for the coming year's work. Eight teams were organized for the effort, with three persons on each team. The drive is to be held on Sunday, Nov. 14. The captains selected for the teams are as follows: Greensfork church—Lewis Kinsey, Team No. 1; Niles Bradbury, Team No. 2; Harry Fagan, Team No. 3; Jen Benson, Team No. 4. Jacksonburg church—M. Ellison, Team No. 1; J. A. Kiser, Team No. 2; Joe Brooks, Team No. 3; Mrs. Lola Lindley, Team No. 4.

It was decided to hold a joint public service at the Greensfork Christian church Sunday evening to hear the reports of the "drive," a special service to be held at 8 o'clock, and the public is invited to attend the meeting, which will be designated a "victory service." The eight captains will give the reports for the 24 workers. It is expected that as a result of this canvass for subscriptions a minister will be employed to serve the two congregations. Both churches have been without pastors for several months.

Miss Beatrice Fenton, the Philadelphia sculptress, has just completed an emblematic three-foot-high figure of a young woman holding aloft a torch of war. This was executed for the Arundel Boat Club of Baltimore.

Wilhelm Finds Contentment In Life on Holland Estate

(By Associated Press) DOORN, Holland, Nov. 10.—Two years ago tonight William Hohenzollern arrived at the Dutch frontier, a refugee emperor. Today he is leading in this little village the life of a Dutch country gentleman, doing just about as he pleases and going almost where he desires, about the countryside, so long as he stays within the territorial limits prescribed by the Dutch government.

The Associated Press correspondent has been told by those in close touch with the former Emperor that during the past few months Wilhelm has found much contentment in the life on his new estate here. He is said to feel certain that no further demands for his surrender will be made upon the Holland government.

50 Years Ago



a young man who practiced medicine in a rural district became famous and was called in consultation in many towns and cities because of his success in the treatment of disease. He finally made up his mind to place some of his treatments before the entire United States and, moving to Buffalo, he put up what he called his Favorite Prescription, and placed it with the druggists in every state in the Union.

That was fifty years ago. For fifty years this Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce's has sold more largely throughout the United States than any other medicine of like character. It's the testimony of thousands of women that it has benefited or entirely eradicated such distressing ailments as women are prone to.

For over fifty years some of Dr. Pierce's home medicines have been selling over the drug counters, so that more than forty-eight million bottles have been sold during that time. This speaks well for the reliability and value of Dr. Pierce's standard home remedies. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood tonic and strength-builder which contains no alcohol, yet has tonic qualities that have endeared it to the American public. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, composed of May-apple, aloes and jalap, have long been considered a reliable vegetable laxative, in the same way that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has long been recognized as a tonic for diseases peculiar to womanhood. More recently that wonderful discovery of Dr. Pierce's—namely, Anuric (anti-uric-acid), has been successfully used by many thousands of people who write Dr. Pierce in unqualified terms of the benefits received—that their backache and other symptoms of kidney trouble have been completely conquered by the use of Anuric.

Five Minutes with Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

1901—September 5, McKinley's last speech at Buffalo.

Sept. 6, 4:07 p. m., shot by Leon F. Czolgoz.

Sept. 14, 2:15 a. m., died, aged 58.

Oct. 20, the assassin put to death in the electric chair.

After his reelection by the largest plurality on record at that time, McKinley entered his second term with his party united behind him and with the good will even of his political opponents. No other president ever was spared so completely the bitter with the sweet of success as this most softly spoken, most ingratiating man in all the presidential line.

McKinley quarreled with no one. Although tears of regret came into his eyes when Senator Hoar told him that he must break with him on his Philippine policy, he took the senator's hand and assured him: "I shall always love you, whatever you do." When he asked Senator Cullom whether he would get very angry if he disregarded his opposition to the appointment of a certain Illinois man, the senator had to confess: "Mr. President, I could not get mad at you, if I tried." An indignant congressman, who stormed in upon him one day, said to his friends as he came out: "I don't know a blameworthy word he said, but it's all right, boys."

As time went on, McKinley had strengthened his cabinet and his administration by going outside of politics and drafting into the public service, doubtless with the aid of Hanna's advice, a group of unusually able men. Hay, Root, Taft and Knox were the more notable among those discoveries.

McKinley hoped to distinguish his second term by opening a new and brilliant era of expansion for America in trade and shipping. To test public sentiment, he began a tour of the country a few weeks after his inauguration, but this was stopped at an early stage by the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley in California.

Postponing all public plans, he returned to Canton with his wife and stayed by her side in the old home while she rested through the summer. When she was again well enough to travel, they went to Buffalo in Sep-

tember to attend the Pan-American Exposition, where he outlined in an address the new departure which he hoped to see the country make.

"Isolation is no longer possible or desirable," was the keynote of the speech which had been for months taking form in his mind. "Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously . . . that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. . . . Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development."

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

In that broad spirit of forward-looking statesmanship, this champion of protection and of the home market delivered what was to be his farewell address. The next afternoon he revisited the exposition to hold a reception in its Temple of Music. He was urged to avoid the risk of exposing himself at close range to a great crowd. "Why should I?" he protested; "no one would wish to hurt me."

In that trusting spirit, the president smiled into the face of a young man who approached him in the course of the long, closely packed procession, and he offered his hand in greeting. But the right hand of the young man was wrapped in a handkerchief, and out of that ambush he fired two pistol shots at the president.

Too late, the guard of Secret Service

men, detectives and soldiers seized the assassin and threw him to the floor. Notwithstanding his foreign-sounding name—Leon F. Czolgoz—he proved to be a native-born citizen, like Booth and Guitau. Like them also he was the tragic product of evil conditions. As Booth had been unbalanced by the sectional hatred of the Civil War, and Guitau by faction strife, Czolgoz had grown up in the bad social conditions of some of our big industrial centers, where he fell an easy prey to the wild doctrines of anarchy or nihilism.

The wounded president was caught and supported by anxious hands. The ruling passions of his life—kindness to all and his devotion of Mrs. McKinley—triumphed over the pain he was suffering. "Don't let them hurt him," he begged as he saw his assailant struck by an excited man. In the next instant he whispered to his private secretary, "My wife—be careful, Cortelyou, how you tell her—Oh, be careful."

An immediate operation in the Emergency Hospital of the Exposition was decided upon, and the patient repeated the Lord's Prayer as he passed under ether. When the surgeons had finished their work he was carried to the residence of his Buffalo host, John G. Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley bravely had received the terrible news.

For six days the president made such steady progress that the physicians felt warranted in announcing that he was out of danger. That night there came a turn for the worse, and the next day all hope was abandoned.

"It is God's way," the dying man said in perfect resignation. "His will, not ours, be done"; and he murmured his favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." He could still raise his arms to enfold in one more embrace the wife who piteously insisted, "I want to go, too, I want to go, too." Out of his faith, he reassured her, "We are all going. We are all going."

A mighty chorus of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" arose from the altars of the nation, as the body of McKinley was carried to the Capitol in Washington, and thence to its resting place on a green hill at Canton. Mingled with the sorrow of the people was a feeling of humiliation that their country, the great Republic, should have a blacker record of assassination than any despotism, that the simple, freely chosen chiefs of our democracy should be less safe in their lives than czars or sultans. For the third time in hardly more than a third of a century, a president had been assassinated, three out of seven of the presidents elected in thirty-six years had been murdered, and these the gentlest.

Stiff Joints Sore Muscles

Soothed Out By Hamlin's Wizard Oil

Soreness and stiffness resulting from unaccustomed use of muscles or too much exercise, such as tennis, baseball, golf, hand-ball, etc., give way quickly to the soothing effect of Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It penetrates fast, drives out the soreness, and limbers up stiff, aching joints and muscles.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a good dependable preparation to have in the medicine chest for first aid when the doctor may be far away. It is an absolutely reliable antiseptic application for cuts, burns, bites and stings. Sprains and bruises heal rapidly under its soothing, penetrating qualities. Keep it on hand. Generous size bottle 25c. If you are troubled with constipation or sick headache try Hamlin's Wizard Liver Whips. Just pleasant little pink pills at druggists for 30c.

Today's Talk

By George Matthew Adams

EXPRESSION

To live correctly is to express. A man leaves behind him that which he has given to the world in his own expression. My room is the expression of a builder. The pictures on my walls, the books in the cases beside me, the pieces of furniture all around me—everything that my eyes see—are expressions of the handiwork of other minds.

The man who doesn't express, is already dead—though he may move and take up valuable space.

He lives most who expresses best! No matter what you do, your life of expression is important and very vital—just so long as that expression means the best of you.

Try to express yourself in the finest way you know how. Do not be satisfied with mediocrity.

And make each day's effort an improvement upon the previous day's.

You are always working for your self no matter for whom you work! So that great expression must accompany infinite pains and hard work. We must keep looking up. We must look away from those things which depress and lower our desire to fulfill a big destiny.

Sometimes we are bound to express ourselves very poorly—but through patience and constancy of aim we are able to climb and grow.

Dinner Stories

"There isn't much I don't know about the English language," boasted the long-haired man in the club. "I'll test you," a friend picked him up quickly. "I'll dictate a paragraph to you."

With an assured air the booster seized his pencil, but his jaw dropped as he heard: "As Hugh Hughes was heading a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew tree, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

Simpson and Stimpson had been great friends in the earlier years of their lives, but not so very long ago Stimpson took to himself a wife, and now Simpson proposed to follow his noble lead.

The approach of Simpson's trial—er—triumph grew near. On the morrow he intended to propose to the lovely lady, but first of all, he had decided to have a little chat with his old friend, Stimpson.

"Were you all nerves when you proposed to your wife?" the single one asked the spliced.

"I wasn't," he admitted. "But if I could have foreseen the future I should have been!"

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

I've met about ten thousand Japs, out here upon the western shore, and they're such courteous little chaps I'd gladly meet ten thousand more. Most white men view them with alarm, and say they are a grievous pest; they do our bulwarks deadly harm, and make our sacred bosoms a jest. I know I ought to join the gang where cusswords in a torrent flow, and make a fierce and hot arrangement, insisting that the Japs must go. I know my course is far from right, when I admit I like the Japs because they always are polite, with winning smiles upon their maps. Politeness is an art that's lost where white men hump to make their ples, and evermore I meet a frost where I'm expecting cordial smiles. In every town the skatam is found who takes up caustic things to say; in every street the bores abound, their rudeness jars me every day. But when I seek the Japanese, to buy an onion or a brick, they bow with grace of old grandees and hand me taffy on a stick. The Japs are taking half the globe because they are so blimmed polite; the white man howls and tears his robe, and says it isn't just or right.

Good Evening

By Roy K. Moulton

It has been a very interesting piece of news to us that the tipping system has been abolished. The papers tell us of hungry waiters and bartenders standing about the streets waiting for a meal. In view of this news we took a chance the other night on Broadway and escorted the missus to a restaurant. We were privileged to pay the hat girl 25 cents for depositing our hat. The head waiter got 50 cents for showing us a table. The waiter got \$1 and, going out, the hall boy got 25 cents. The meal cost \$2.50 and the help got \$2.10. Yes, tipping is abolished, if you know where to go.

MARCEL'S DRAMATURGY. The modern drama as exemplified in our theatre does not in every sense of the word portray the higher side of our life—and yet it does. Characters on the stage seldom manifest the human instinct with which we come into contact daily, and yet would we recognize that instinct if it were properly shown? Should a character follow any fixed rule of action, or does it act impulsively? Can dramaturgy teach us the proper construction of a play, or does it merely exist in the minds of a few exaggerated egos? Are there fixed rules which the successful dramatic author must follow and would the audience understand them if there were? From the box-office standpoint, is there such a thing as dramaturgy? Can a play succeed in spite of the fact that it is written contrary to all rules of dramatic construction? Ask the tired business man.

I ask you—what has been said—I ask you.

MARCEL STEINBRUGGE. Witch hazel has been barred from Sing Sing. It is supposed to be in toxicating. The New York barbers certainly have overlooked a bet.

Memories of Old Days In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

Interest in the evangelistic services being conducted at the East Main street Friends church was becoming intense. The Rev. George H. Mahy was in charge of the meetings. Others taking active part were the Revs. Arthur Cates, S. S. Lyons and Levi T. Pennington.

For the first time in the history of the Socialist party of Wayne township, it succeeded in electing a candidate. George Lane, of this city, was elected constable with Benjamin Crump, Republican, Lane and Crump were the only candidates, and three constables were needed.

Indiana Brevities

HAMMOND—Charges of violation of the Mann act, abduction and contributing to the delinquency of a child.

Try them for colds. Take them at night. Feel fine in morning.

Nitelets

THE POWER LAXATIVE

the new vegetable calomel tablet. Don't open up the pores and subject you to fresh colds as calomel does nor do they sicken, salivate or gripe. Just assist nature to get rid of the cause in a natural way. Money back if they don't please. 25c.

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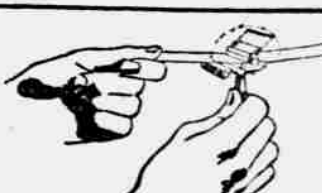
Is your skin tender? Is your beard tough?

EVEN if your skin is sensitive and your beard wiry you can get a cool, comfortable shave every day. Use the AutoStop Razor—the razor that sharpens its own blades.

Built right into the frame of the AutoStop Razor is a remarkable self-stopping device, simple and efficient, which renews the fine, keen edge of the AutoStop blade day after day.

You don't have to take the razor apart nor even remove the blade, for you have in the AutoStop Razor a safety razor and stopping device combined in one. In 10 seconds you can have a new, sharp shaving edge! 500 cool, comfortable shaves are guaranteed from each dozen blades.

Ask your dealer today about the AutoStop Razor trial plan.



No skill necessary

To renew the fine, keen edge of the AutoStop Razor blade, just slip the stop through the razor head and pass the razor back and forth. You don't have to take the razor apart, nor even remove the blade.

Auto-Stop Razor

—sharpens itself



On razors, stoppers, blades, etc., hereafter manufactured by us we shall apply the trade mark "Valer" in addition to the trade mark "AutoStop" as an additional indication that they are the genuine products of the AutoStop Safety Razor Co., New York.