

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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The Social Service Bureau's Report

The wide scope of the activity of the Social Service Bureau, as it daily executes its mission of thoughtful betterment of unfortunate men and women, was revealed in a report which was published a few days ago. One could see at a glance that the work of the bureau is a comprehensive one, and yet so well organized that efficiency is attained in the application of benevolent service to those who need it.

The bureau has been in existence long enough to banish all thought of reverting to the old system of indiscriminate charity, which was administered by the various agencies and overlooked the indispensable factor of educating the recipient to become a self-supporting unit of the social structure.

Hand in hand with many of the departments of the bureau goes an educational process which tries to teach the individual how to avoid the causes of poverty and to attain independence. Therein lies the real strength of any social service program. Unless it is able to reach unfortunate men and women with a message that will induce them to forsake wrong methods of living and to adopt those that lead upward, social service defeats its own purpose.

This does not mean that the principle of benevolence and kindness is relegated to the rear and that every application of charity follows a hard and fast rule. True charity appreciates the agony of misfortune and grief, and relieves it forthwith.

This phase of the bureau's activity is nicely illustrated by a condition in the Whitewater school, where undernourished children are supplied with milk at the morning and afternoon recess. The need of food for these children to enable them to carry on their schooling is recognized by the bureau, and so one of its committees, co-operating with the board of education, is fulfilling a highly important mission.

Another phase of the varied activity of the bureau is seen in the assistance and counsel which it gave to former service men and their families. Fifty veterans had occasion to consult the bureau for services which it gives.

A study of the report will furnish interesting reading to persons who have doubted the satis-

Good Evening By Roy K. Moulton

FOUL PLAY
In fencing with a grape fruit I gave a thrust in tierce, He guarded well against my spoon and parried "something fierce." The cowardly wretch attacked me in a manner I despise, And broke the code of honor and threw acid in my eyes.

I once knew a man who when he was feeling affectionate toward his family choked up with emotion and couldn't talk. But when he was sore he was eloquent. And so they never heard a kind word out of him.

INDIRECT WAR THE WORST
They are asking for a truce in the Irish trouble, thereby admitting that they are at war. When the trouble started each side was going to ignore the actions of the other. They were too civilized to fight.

It reminds me of the trouble between Jim Hupper and Bill Daniel Starcher, the blacksmith on Half Moon. Bill Daniel's goats ate up Hupper's turnips. Hupper said: "It's a mighty cheap man that keeps a flock of goats in a world where real men keep cattle."

Bill Daniel replied: "It's a cheap man that doesn't build a real fence around his turnips."

Both men were "tol'able heat up" by these diggs, but they were too civilized to fight. So Hupper smashed Bill Daniel's fish trap in Red river, and pretended it was a joke. Bill Daniel took the traps off Hupper's wagon and when Hupper started down the mountain the wheels came off, the wagon turned over and Hupper got a broken leg.

Hupper got hold of the piece of gas pipe that Bill Daniel used in poking up his forge fire. Hupper filled it with dynamite, and when Bill poked the fire, his whole blacksmith shop went up the flue.

They had both got enough of this indirect warfare. "Where we made our mistake," they said, as they patched up a truce, "was in being too civilized to fight. In a way we would have only lost our dignity. This way we lost a leg and a blacksmith shop."

And so it is with England and Ireland. If they hadn't been too civilized to fight they wouldn't have committed all these atrocities on each other.

Rippling Rhymes By WALT MASON

DECEMBER.

December winds are blowing, and wearily I'm going down to the walling place; the wintry clouds are flying, the old gray year is dying, it finishes its race. The old white year is failing and the bitter winds are wailing its dirges as they pass; in fact they keep repeating amid the frenzied sleetings, that years like flesh, are grass. Each year, when a beginner, is sure to be a winner, that truth is understood; and all the bells are ringing and all the choirs are singing their prophecies of good.

PROTECT THE CHILDREN
Healthy Blood and a Healthy System is a Child's best protection against Colds, Grippe and Influenza. Give them GROVE'S IRON TONIC SYRUP, 75c. —Advertisement.

factory working of the system. It is surprising to note how many phases of social work are directed and handled by this bureau, which is based on the principle of improving the city.

It has been doing its work quietly but effectively for many months. The results which it publishes from time to time in its reports speak for themselves. They tell of families that have been educated to see the happiness that comes from being self-supporting, of men and women who have been helped out of temporary distress and trouble, of children whose physical growth is being stimulated by proper food, of girls and women who are learning the various duties of housekeeping and domestic economy.

Easthaven's Profitable Farm

The report of the state accountants showing that the farm of the Eastern Indiana Hospital for the Insane saved the state \$47,413 proves the value of competent administration of a public institution. This was a net profit to the state.

Dr. Smith has been the leader in many movements for the improvement of conditions in institutions such as is the one over which he presides. The farm colony plan which has been in operation at the institution for a number of years marked a distinct advance in the treatment of patients who were able to work. The system was based on the theory that manual work to engross the attention of the patient would redound to his mental welfare.

By careful and painstaking supervision of the big institution which is under his care, Dr. Smith, according to the report of the accountants, has been able to save the state a large sum of money without working a hardship on the patients or permitting necessary improvements to lag.

Management of this kind is sure to bring results, and the fine showing of the farm is only one indication of the faithfulness with which the task of supervising the institution is performed.

The Municipal Christmas Tree

The municipal Christmas tree will again blaze in holiday colors this year. The idea of having a municipal Christmas tree originated a few years ago in an eastern city, and was quickly copied elsewhere, Richmond being among the first Indiana cities to follow suit.

It will be a reminder to residents and visitors that Christmas is a season of universal joy and happiness, in which all who will may partake.

It may also call our attention to the appeal which has been sounded for the relief of millions of starving children in European countries. Christmas will be bleak and dreary for them, not because they lack toys and playthings, but because they are starving. A generous nation should not overlook their plight.

The new year seems a treasure, with promises of pleasure and happiness we've lost; but when with age it comes, we swat it with our swatters, and say it was a frost. And now in drab December, but few of us remember how good the new year seemed; its guarantees were thrilling, it promised the fulfilling of all the dreams we dreamed. December always sees us so tired that naught will please us except a brand new year, wherein to try fresh measures for profits and for pleasures, to spend and profiteer. Old year, so sad and sickly, get out, and do it quickly—you've hung around too long! Old jays are always creaking and musty maxims speaking; we like the young and strong!

Today's Talk By George Matthew Adams

THE REST DOESN'T MATTER

The other day my attention was called to a long article in a prominent paper from a "critic" who didn't seem to like these little Talks of mine at all.

He said that as "literature" they were far below mediocrity, and when it came to "style" they were "vulgar." Well, when it comes to classing them as literature, I suppose he is right, for they are not written to be bound in books that find places on shelves to play hide and seek with dust and time. These little Talks are written solely to help people.

If they don't do this, they are not worth appearing anywhere.

But when my unknown friend called the style of these daily Talks "vulgar," I am sure I do not know what he meant. ("Critics" are prone to such talk.)

After one of Henry Ward Beecher's stirring sermons, a man stepped up to him and said: "Mr. Beecher, did you know that you made a grammatical error in your sermon this morning?" "A grammatical error?" exclaimed Mr. Beecher. "I'll bet my hat that I made a dozen!"

And that is the way I feel about these brief Talks that you honor me by reading from day to day. I do not aspire to make them literary classics. I want them to help you. I want them to inspire you—to make you think. I want them to suggest something to you that will help to make your day brighter and better.

If I am able to do this, I am sure that the rest doesn't matter.

We are so very much alike—we humans. We like "pats on the back." Somehow life seems so much finer when someone has told us that we are able and helpful and "worthy."

Try to get the spirit of these little Talks in this light, will you, please?

Thank you!

Dinner Stories

"You are charged with bigamy."
"I guess I'm guilty, your honor."
"Well, sir?"
"I'm a victim of war statistics, your honor."
"What do you mean?"

"I read some figures to show that because of the number of men killed in the war there are now six women to every man, and I tried to get my six."

A moving picture actor relates an amazing incident that happened during the filming of Rostand's "Chantecler." This was done out of doors, and one day while the actor was taking a stroll he came across a man seated by the roadside with his face buried in his hands, evidently in deep distress. Sympathetically he stopped and inquired what the trouble was.

"I'll tell you," said the man; "I'm one of the patients at the sanitarium for bugs over yonder. Yesterday the doc said that I was well and could leave in a day or two—but what do you suppose I saw this morning?"

Roosters and hens six feet high and talking just like humans. That settles it! If I get away from this hole in ten years I shan't be lucky."

SAYS IT FIRST AND LAST

Carrie G. Harrel, 319 Nicholson St., Norfolk, Va., writes: "I'll tell anybody that Foley's name and Tad is right. I did hear all the girls I told it first. I'll say it last." Thousands of bottles of this reliable remedy were sold last week to check mothers so as to prepare to check their children. It acts almost instantly, cuts phlegm, soothes raw, irritated membranes, and tickling in throat. A. G. Lukens & Co., 630 Main. —Advertisement.

MADE BY SCOTT & BROWN
MAKERS OF
SCOTT'S EMULSION

Correct English

Don't Say It This Way:

She is the most unhappy person person living.

A more handsome person I never saw.

What a terrible cold he has.

He hadn't ought to go.

I yust go to school.

Say It This Way:

She is the unhappiest person living.

A handsome person I never saw.

What a bad cold he has.

He ought not to go.

I used to go to school.

Answers to Questions

Mrs. J. S.—What does Sinn Fein mean and how do you pronounce it? Sinn Fein, meaning "for ourselves," is pronounced as if it were spelled "Sin Fan," the "i" in the first word as in "tin" and the "a" in the second word as in "fame."

Pupil—Please print a short biography of Mrs. Gene S. Porter.—Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, author and illustrator, was born on a farm in Wabash county, Ind., Aug. 17, 1863, the daughter of Mark and Mary Stratton. When she was 23 years old she married Charles Darwin Porter. For two years she was editor of the camera department of "Recreation," for two years on the natural history staff of "Outing," and for four years Mrs. Porter was a specialist in natural history photography on the "Photographic Times Annual Almanac." She is the author of these books: "The Song of the Cardinal," "Freckles," "What I Have Done With Birds," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," "A Girl of the Limberlost," "Birds of the Bible," "Music of the Wild," "The Harvester," "Moths of the Limberlost," "Laddie," "Michael O'Halloran," "Morning Face" and "Friends and Feathers."

Readers may obtain answer to questions by writing the Palladium, and the answers will be given briefly.

Answers will be given