

# THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

AND SUN-TELEGRAM

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by  
Palladium Printing Co.  
Palladium Building, North Ninth and Sailor Streets  
Entered at the Post Office at Richmond, Indiana, as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.

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## Answering the Appeal

The response of Richmond to the appeal for \$23,000,000 from the people of the United States to help feed the starving children of Europe has so far been a generous one, and will abundantly demonstrate our willingness to answer a call for assistance.

The hearts of many were touched by the picture of millions of little ones, starving and suffering through no fault of their own, and destined to succumb unless help came quickly and abundantly. Every right thinking man and woman hopes that the full amount asked for by Herbert Hoover will be obtained, and that millions of Europeans will later recall with gratitude what the people of the American republic did for them when they were children.

Very few of us made a sacrifice to give a mite toward the alleviation of starvation among the children of Europe. We gave from our surplus. None of us will have less to eat and to wear, less shelter and fewer amusements as a result of the money which we gave. Hundreds of little children, however, will receive a direct benefit from our gifts. It means life to them. It means that they will see spring next year. They will rob the grave of its victims and be enabled later to become producing units of our civilization.

Many have been the appeals which America has answered in the years that have gone by

## Good Evening

By Roy K. Moulton

We have watched our feeble little joke about the man who saw his two tons of coal delivered in a one-ton truck toddle away about the country and have marked its course through the Boston papers and the Seattle papers. This week we encountered it in a western weekly. Invariably it appears without the support of a credit line. It is strange how a sickly and feeble gag like that can stand so much travel. But it has been plugging along so faithfully that we now have hopes of seeing it limp back into New York some day with a musical comedy written around it.

### CHARLES THE MAGNIFICENT

Charles Ponzi, the Napoleon of finance, who relieved fifteen or twenty thousand Bostonese and many others of their carefully hoarded beans recently, will live two years in the house of correction on Cape Cod. A description of his jail is given as follows:

The jail is a veritable palace and Ponzi will have his choice of ninety-eight vacant rooms. Every room is an outside one and swept by the ocean breezes, as the house of correction faces the sea. Steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, bath, shower, and a telephone. He may have cigars and cigarettes as he pleases. He will not be called a prisoner, but a "guest." He will serve as a chauffeur.

We would like to inquire of the sheriff if any of the remaining ninety-seven apartments are still vacant. Judging by the description, this apartment has something on our present quarters, not only in price but in accommodations.

On account of the prevailing styles, the burlesque shows are suffering. Men just naturally hate to buy tickets and go in off the street for fear they will miss something.

But why do they call that anti-cigarette campaign a crusade against tobacco?

It is time to give honest citizens the means of protecting themselves.

## Dinner Stories

A fellow whose appearance warranted the belief that he had quarreled with soap and water some years ago applied for a position as porter at a large hotel where help was badly needed. The manager looked at him doubtfully. Finally he handed him some money.

"Go and have a bath," he told him. "Then come back and perhaps I'll be able to take you on."

The fellow started for the door.

"And, oh, by the way," the manager called after him. "If there's any change left, take another bath!"

The miller at the old windmill of a village in Buckinghamshire found such difficulty in getting his sails to work through want of wind that he was continually behind with his work. The delay annoyed the farmers, who decided to call a meeting to consider the advisability of getting up another windmill.

Uninvited, the miller also attended the meeting, and in the midst of the discussion rose and said: "Ye want to get up another windmill, do ye? Well, it takes all the wind in the parish to keep my old mill afloat, so you'll have to fish elsewhere for yer wind, that's sartin!"

This novel argument gave matters the turn, and to this day the miller has had no opposition.

## VENTURES IN COMMON SENSE

Sentiment is a word of doubtful value. If I love my children, that is not sentiment; that is a natural and true human attribute. It is not sentiment if I am fond of friends who have been kind to me; it is not sentiment if I love my country and the people of my particular race; that also is a natural fact. It is not sentiment if I am attracted by a good or beautiful woman. Sentiment (I quote the dictionary) is "a tendency to judge by feeling rather than by reason or rule"; and this is exactly what most people do too much of. People have so gorged themselves with sentiment that the world is suffering delirium tremens in morals.

I suppose you think it a compliment to have it said of you: "He's full of sentiment." It isn't; it is equal to saying that a little eloquence will make you believe what is not true.

Because water does not run up hill is no reason it cannot be made to, the sentimentalists say.

There never was universal love; there never will be; it is doubtful if such a state would be desirable. Men hustling to do better than competitors they do not love have done much for the world; much more than the "great souls" who dream of universal love.

since the republic was founded. Our vast crops have yielded a surplus which we have distributed munificently whenever we have been called upon. So far we have not been forced to ask other nations to help us feed and clothe our population. But we have no assurance that some day a national calamity may not force us to send out an appeal for succor. It is a gratifying thought to entertain that we may then know that we have never refused to help others who were in need, and that millions will feel duty bound to reciprocate for kindnesses received by them in their dark days.

## No Time for More Taxes

Irrespective of the merits of proposed methods of increasing federal taxes, the fact remains that the people want reductions and readjustments. Not only is the will of the people clear on this point, but the economic situation as well is a protest against increases.

The proposal to increase surtaxes on personal incomes is opposed by all students of taxation, who assert that the present schedule is too high. If the tax on stock and bond transactions is increased, the total number might be decreased to such a point that the federal treasury would receive very little income from this source. Taxes on produce exchange operation and real estate transfers do not appeal to students of the problem, who believe that they will impede the program of reconstruction.

Taxes are high enough as they are. Congress might profit by letting well enough alone in the field of federal taxation and direct its attention to the application of economy in all our governmental departments. Instead of devising methods of increasing taxation, Congress should adopt measures that will lop off unnecessary expenditures. It may obtain more fruitful results by this method than by trying to raise more revenue to cover additional appropriations.

## TODAY'S TALK

By George Matthew Adams, Author of "You Can", "Take It", "Up".

### HE TOUCHED ME

Some people are so vital that their very presence scents the atmosphere.

You look into the face of some human beings and at once you instinctively trust them—you would travel to the end of the earth with them and not fear.

A man was telling me about a wonderfully written book the other day, and his eyes snapped with enthusiasm as he told me that the author "touched him". My friend felt him living again.

Who can tread in narrowness, or countenance any grade of meanness, after looking into the eyes of a child who has put his trust in one?

Trust comes from the heart. It is an eternal virtue. Through it great minds distribute influence and make the heavy day light and the weak soul strong.

We are touching someone all the time—through the busy streets, at our desks, in our homes, among those we love and with whom we associate through our days. We are all the time dropping the fruits of our knowledge and our experience. We could not carry all we accumulated if we would.

But some there are who do not touch many people. They live island lives.

Touch someone every day! Try to get the feeling that the day is better and bigger because you woke up in it. Keep fresh logs ever about the fireplace of your heart—so that no matter who comes in to talk with you, you may always be ready to furnish a new log and new warmth.

Make it possible for many a one to go to their covers tonight with the knowledge that you touched them—with love and some kind of helpfulness. And how happy you will sleep!

### Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

1921.

We greet the New Year with a smile, and say, "Take off your things, and come right in and stay awhile, and feel at home, by jings; for brand new years are quite in style, and every joy bell rings." Men always are sustained by hope, as down the road they tread, and through the darkness they may grope, they know there's light ahead; they're strong on optimistic dope, and say the past is dead. This spirit always is on deck wherever man abounds; it saves their souls from ghastly wreck, and makes the world go round; and so no clever in the neck can silence or confound.

Old Twenty's weary course is run, so let him disappear; we turn to Nineteen-Twenty-one, and give a ringing cheer; the new year's blithe and full of fun, the old one's on his bier. The old year's peters out and spent, and now we hail the new, and every dame and every gent enjoys a rosy view, and every dream that's worth a cent, is likely to come true. This world would be a dismal place, a desert drear and vast; if man should always turn his face back to a troublous past, if he should after sorrow chase and groan and stand aghast. But human beings do not turn to sad things and forlorn; the ghosts of yesterday they spurn, and laugh away with scorn; the gods have taught them how to yearn for bright days yet unborn.

Say it This Way:

### Correct English

Do Not Say It This Way: WHO is the party given to? Are not you and HER related? I wish I WAS rich.

I WON'T be here when you come.

On the fourth of next May I WILL be twenty years old.

Say it This Way:

To WHOM is the party given?

Are not you and SHE related?

I wish I WERE rich.

I SHAN'T be here when you come.

On the fourth of next May I SHALL be twenty years old.

DENIES REPORT THAT DE VALERA IS GUEST

(By Associated Press)

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Mrs. James K. Maguire, wife of a former mayor of Syracuse, today denied a report published yesterday by the Advocate, an Irish newspaper, that Eamonn De Valera, "president of the Irish republic," is a guest in their home in New Rochelle. She said the home was sold last October and tenants there now knew nothing of the Irish leader's whereabouts.

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## Answers to Questions

CURIOS.—How do you compute a century? — A century is a period of one hundred years. This is the most common significance of the word, and as we begin our computation of time from the incarnation of Christ, the word generally is applied to some term of one hundred years subsequent to that event, as the First century. A. D.

The Nineteenth century began January 1, 1801, and ended December 31, 1900. The Twentieth century began January 1, 1901.

To the confused minds regarding the beginning of the Twentieth century, the following questions and answers should prove enlightening:

Question—What is a year?

Answer—Three hundred and sixty-five days.

What is a century? One hundred years.

When did the year No. 1 end? December 31 of the year 1.

When did the year 2 begin? January 1 of the year 2.

When did the year 99 end? December 31 A. D. 99.

Did that complete the century? No.

When was the century completed? At the close of the year following 99, or at the close of the year 100.

When did the Second century begin? January 1 of the first year of the Second century—that is, January 1, A. D. 101.

When did the Nineteenth century end? At the close of the nineteenth hundred year, or at the close of 1900.

When did the Twentieth century begin? It began on Day No. 1 of the year No 1 of the twentieth hundred years—that is, on January 1, A. D. 1901.

R. F. S.—How much food does Austria produce? Before the war Austria could produce about 80 per cent of its own food, instead of 40 per cent at present.

Readers may obtain answers to questions by writing the Palladium Questions and Answers department. All questions should be written plainly and briefly. Answers will be given briefly.

## Masonic Calendar

Thursday, Dec. 30—King Solomon's chapter No. 4 R. A. M. called meeting. Work in Royal Arch degree, 7:00 o'clock.

Saturday, Jan. 1—Loyal chapter No. 49, O. E. S. stated meeting and installation of officers.

## The Southland

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## South Seas No Longer Quiet; Gramophone There

PAPEETE, Tahiti, Dec. 31.—Those who brave the long voyage to the South Seas in the hope of escaping the extravagances of civilization are likely to meet with bitter disillusionment before they have been in the islands many hours.

The hectic atmosphere of the metropolitan dance hall has been wafted across the long miles of blue sea to these isolated shores, and Broadway flaunts brazenly through the shadows of the cocoanut groves. The gramophone has come to Tahiti and has