

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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Defending the High Schools

Attacks on an alleged laxity in the deportment of the boys and girls of the high schools of our country are ably answered by the Philadelphia Public Ledger in an editorial which says that few healthy children are saints, and "if children were cherubim and seraphim, teachers and parents would not have to educate them." Children, says the Public Ledger, are the fallible offspring of mortals far from perfect.

No sensible person condones the excesses sometimes committed by youth, nor supports an erring boy or girl. Parents and teachers must exercise rigid discipline to keep boys and girls in the channels of proper development. They must warn against pitfalls and remove dangerous temptations, as well as apply disciplinary measures.

But if we insist that the present generation of children is retrograding from high moral standards and is steeped in ways of sin and corruption, we are letting our imagination get the better of our common sense.

"A sure sign of growing old," says the Public Ledger, "is the readiness to impress any one who will listen the fact that the world is very evil, the times are waxing late. There is nothing new in these complaints as to the graceless and mannerless children of the century. Each age bemoans a decadence from the generation left behind."

Referring to the condition of our high schools, the Public Ledger says that they are better than they ever were. "So are the high school children. If the rest of the country in the war had done so well as the high school children did, there would be nothing in our record to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of a patriotic American."

"Most high school pupils are shrewd enough to see that if they fail to improve their chance at school they lose out in life's race, because of the fierce competition. That fact is enough to keep most of them straight and at work. To come in occasional contact with any group of children of the American school today is to be thrilled with a sense of the latent power for the future and race. The paramount misfortune of our imperfect educational system is that we usually crowd our schoolrooms with such mobs of undisciplined little people for our underpaid and overworked teachers to train that the thrill comes too rarely, because of the pressure and fatigue that sap the teacher's vitality and make it all she can do to keep going."

Good Evening

By Roy K. Moulton

IS THE PIPE MIGHTIER THAN THE FLASK?

(From the Boston Herald of Freedom.)
Sunday morning a sailor stowing the jib on board a vessel coming into our harbor from a port in the Baltic missed his step and fell into the water, where he remained above an hour and was taken up without any signs of life. Strong spirits were applied to his temples and nostrils in vain, till the captain ordered the times of a lighted tobacco pipe to be blown into his body. This experiment immediately set his lungs in play and he is now fully recovered.

We have been invited to stand in Pennsylvania avenue and watch the new president ride to the White House. Although this is a distinction in a way, we will sell our parade ticket at a sacrifice.

People are taking a great interest in prize fights, probably because there isn't much of anything else to take an interest in.

FROM THE "AGONY" COLUMN.

The following are taken from the personal columns of the London "Times":

Rooms for bachelors, permanent or temporary—Apply Captain Parker, 6 Hobart place Eaton-square.

Effie—Would that you had heard sooner—Kay.

A. Y.—Love's fires have the virtue to fright the frost of indifference.—R. C.

Many glow-worms are necessary to cast sufficient light on the problem you state.

Lady Maria Black, Roberts-bridge, makes Lady Students on her poultry farm from £3 3s weekly.

Mickey—Come back, dad will help, we all make mistakes. Hurry, love is too great.—Betty.

Pier—Coming if you are at A., look out on up lid.

If you want to make the sleeping sickness sound a little more expensive, you can call it encephalitis lethargica.

Commissioner Kramer says he has discovered many lady bootleggers, but he haven't seen a lady with anything like a boot on her leg for several years.

ANOTHER CHILD "PRODIGY"

Dear Roy—Reading of the child prodigies, I thought you ought to know about my own little boy, Wilfred, who has just passed Old Doctor Cook's Mythological Test with a standing of four minutes on his head, which proves that he knows more than he should. Although only sixteen years old, Wilfred has a "Little Lord Raggedy" from cover to cover. Yet he is a healthy, wholesome child, with

The Secretary of Agriculture

The presence of Henry C. Wallace as secretary of agriculture in the Harding cabinet has received the general approval of farmers. They believe that he has studied national problems from the agricultural standpoint. Mr. Wallace's long study of the marketing problem leads farmers to believe that he will suggest a solution.

The public generally is beginning to change its attitude toward the department of agriculture. For many years it believed that agriculture had no bearing on other industries and was not directly related to the weal and woe of the nation. The department of agriculture was considered to be of benefit only to the farmer. Today the public has learned that a strong department of agriculture and an able secretary in the cabinet are needed not only for the sake of the farmer but also for the good of the whole nation.

So long as our population tends to congregate in large cities, which depopulates the rural sections, increases the cost of farm labor, and even reduces the number of acres which a farmer can cultivate, the problem of the farmers will remain of vital and significant interest to the urban dweller. The depletion of the fertility of the soil, effective marketing, co-operative buying, and many other topics that formerly interested only the farmer now have taken on a new meaning to the man who lives in the city. He realizes that these very problems have a direct and distinct bearing on the price of flour, potatoes and of other foodstuffs which he consumes. Consequently his interest has changed from a mere passive knowledge to an active concern for the welfare of that industry which must supply us with food.

The Passing of Champ Clark

With the death of Champ Clark a militant figure of the Democratic party has passed into the great beyond. He was one of the outstanding leaders of his party, and had it not been for William J. Bryan's sensational attack upon him in the Baltimore convention in 1912 he would have been the standard bearer of his party in that campaign and probably would have entered the White House. Only the two-thirds rule of the convention prevented his nomination over that of Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Clark's popularity extended far beyond the narrow circle of partisan friendships in congress. Many of his bitterest political opponents were his dearest friends socially. His fairness as presiding officer, the impartiality of his rulings, and his genial attitude toward all members made him one of the popular speakers who have presided over the house.

The respect which Democratic and Republican members showed when news of his death reached the house chamber is indicative of the esteem in which he was held there. Thousands of Democrats who were attracted to him because he voiced their political views, as well as thousands of Republicans who respected him for his many qualities, regret the dictate of providence which summoned him from mortality into immortality.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

JOHN FRANCIS MURPHY

"Genius! No novel is safe from it," says Whistler. John Francis Murphy, celebrated landscape painter who has just died, was a typical victim of the garden variety of genius—the genius that means rising at 6 in the morning, working ten, eleven, twelve, fourteen hours a day, and succumbing completely to the artistic conscience—the impulse that makes a man scorn to do anything but his best.

He first "felt the urge" when a mere child. And there still exist many of his pictures which he then drew—rude, crude, uncertain; yet, with that elusive "something" that instantly distinguishes them from the sort of crayon sketches most children at some time or another perpetrate.

Every minute of every day of his boyhood and early manhood the truth was pressed home upon Murphy that there was nothing and no one in the universe to help him but himself; that if he was ever to do something and to be somebody in this world, he would have to rely completely upon his own efforts—about the greatest lesson anybody can ever learn, and which bears best fruit if implanted early.

Murphy was bitingly poor. He was called the "self-taught American painter" because he never studied art under a teacher. The fact is his folks were in such straits he never had a chance to study fundamentals, let alone art under a teacher. The family kept many cats. They made excellent plundering for bristles for his brushes.

For more than half his life Murphy had a terrific struggle with poverty. He knew what it means to hunch for work, to sleep on park benches, in doorways, in empty wagons, even on the flat stone slabs of the graveyard. He used to carry a portfolio with little sketches, which he peddled among the dealers at "two for \$5." One of his works not long since sold for \$15,000, and his landscapes are found today in nearly all the big galleries and prominent private collections.

Murphy succeeded because he could not quit. Ambition was his mistress and exacting she was, but he never tired of her tyranny. He would not stay down, and he won. For the man who will get up, and keep up, and go on. When he reaches the mark he has set he realizes his standard is too low. So he goes on. Always on. The man who quits fails because he does not deserve to succeed.

ing the evening the name of Amy Lowell came up for discussion. "Amy Lowell! Amy Lowell! Who is Amy Lowell?" she asked. The young man in horn spectacles gazed at her scornfully and replied, "Amy Lowell is our leading poet."

"Where, may I ask, is she leading you?" said the English lady.

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"What is a gardener?"

"A gardener is a man who raises a few things, my boy."

"And what is a farmer?"

"A man who raises a lot of things."

"Well, what is a middleman, pop?"

"Why, he's a fellow who raises everything, my son."

Two business men, rushing along a crowded street, bumped into each other. One started to smile, but the other scowled, and then both glared at each other.

They passed each other with anger in their hearts.

At a social function not long afterward the men were introduced to each other.

They looked at each other coldly, and then one inquired, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Let me see, haven't we bumped into each other before?"

The other man immediately thawed out and the two laughed. "Now they are good friends."

Dinner Stories

A very cultivated Englishwoman who writes excellent verse and who, from her sense of beauty, still clings fondly to her Swinburne and Wordsworth—to say nothing of our Whitman—was taken to a poetry society reception the other evening. Not liking verse she is not familiar with the names of its exponents, and dur-



Answers to Questions

Railroader—What are the three largest railroad centers in the United States?—Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Reader—What nations were directly involved in the World War?—The nations directly involved in the World War were: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria against the United States, Great Britain (Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa), France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Japan, Italy, Rumania, Portugal, Cuba, Panama, Greece, Liberia, China, San Marino, Spain, Brazil, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Haiti.

Mrs. H. S.—Are children of alien parents born in the United States citizens of this country?—They are.

Mrs. G. K.—Under whose administration is Palestine now and what is its area?—It is under British administration. Its area is 58,000 square miles.

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

Who's Who in the Day's News

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL.

Traditions that have existed over 200 years were overthrown when Dr. James Rowland was elected president of Yale university. For it has long been a tradition at Yale that its president must be either a member of the faculty or an alumnus of the university. Dr. Angell is at present head of the Carnegie Foundation.

Dr. Angell is a psychologist; he has been professor of psychology for years. Angell was born at Burlington, Vt., May 8, 1859. He received both an A. B. and an A. M. degree from the University of Michigan.

He received a Master of Arts degree at Harvard. Dr. Angell has traveled extensively and has studied in Vienna, Paris and Leipzig. Angell has held many positions at the University of Chicago, finally becoming acting president from 1918-1919.

Dr. Angell succeeds Arthur Twining Hadley as president of Yale. Angell's present home is in Chicago, Ill.

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LUMBER and COAL

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TODAY'S TALK

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

IMMENSITY

Let us associate with immensities! That we may become more human—woven about and soundly encased in the spirit of humility—though with that self-pride and power remaining which will not allow us to walk backwards.

How immense is the mind! And yet how inconceivably great the assertive immensity of a billion and more of minds walking around on the crust of a world so small that it is but a dot among the millions of other worlds that play with it among the stars!

The psalmist was in this meditative mood when he exclaimed: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him!"

With our backs upon our shoulders and our loads in our hearts, we travel our separate ways. Yet we are all as tightly bound together as the earth itself is to us.

The immensity of the All holds us tightly together. We can always make another great effort to get up when we realize that millions of others have fallen as we have—and risen again!

There is something inspiring about immense things—the immense mountain, the immense bridge, the immense engine, the immense printing press—the immense brain of a man who understands these immensities.

Immense space, endless, touching the finger tips of eternity—who would boast in the presence of such a thought!

And yet there is an immensity greater even than all this—the immensity of love! Through it all the worlds, suns, moons and stars make a path. Centuries upon centuries of this immense love is to "take hold of hands" with it.

Then you will have become as important as the biggest in this greatest of immensities.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

THE USUAL LUCK

In Kansas, where I lived for years, the winters were a fright; the north wind came and froze my ears when in my bed at night. The snow was always ankle deep, and filled my heart with pain, and murky heavens used to weep twelve kinds of chilling rain. And so I said, "I'll seek a clime where winter isn't known, where there is neither snow nor rain, and blizzards do not groan. And so I pitched my moving tent upon a sunny shore where weather prophets don't lament, and groundhogs weep no more. And then the Kansas climate braced, and sprung a great reform; no blizzards o'er her prairies chased, the air was mild and warm. "Thou sweetest winter ever seen," my correspondents say.

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Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

The insurgent movement, so popular in all brands of politics had manifested itself in sartorial circles and a number of gentlemen, nine of whom were credited with the ability to "make the man," conceded that they would have to build two sorts of clothes the coming spring.

Correct English

Don't say:

WHOM did you see?

WHO did you say was elected?

The prisoner WHO they thought to be a criminal proved to be innocent.

The prisoner WHOM they thought committed the crime proved to be innocent.

He invited WHOMSOEVER would attend to come.

Say:

WHO did you see?

WHOM did you say was elected?

The prisoner WHOM they thought to be a criminal proved to be innocent.

The prisoner WHO they thought committed the crime proved to be innocent.

He invited WHOEVER would attend to come.

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