

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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Humanizing the Post Office

"The postal establishment is not an institution for profit or politics, it is an institution for service, and it is the president's purpose that every effort shall be made to improve that service."

So spoke Postmaster General Hays recently about the department over which he presides. Millions of Americans are glad to know that the post office means more to him than a mere institution of profit; and that service, which interpreted means prompt mail deliveries, will be the watchword of the new administration.

The post office touches almost every inhabitant of this country. It is the channel through which commerce and industry maintain communication, and the medium through which the close ties and relationships of home and society are sustained. Whenever the postal department becomes inefficient and fails to deliver letters promptly, the country suffers an economic loss and social unrest is engendered.

"It is a great human institution touching every individual in the country," says the postmaster general. "It is a great business institution serving every individual in the country."

By emphasizing the human element of the department, Postmaster General Hays hopes to create a new morale among its 300,000 employees. The breakdown in the department, it seems, is not due to a desire on the part of the postal employees to give poor service or to inconvenience senders and recipients of letters; but can be attributed to a feeling among the men and women of the department that they were only cogs in a machine and that their service was a commodity in which the government trafficked. Small wonder that the service could show no results and that efficiency was lacking.

Rippling Rhymes.
By WALT MASON

THE DISCORD

Though grateful people may rejoice over blessings they possess, you'll always hear a plaintive voice proclaiming bleak distress. The most of us are cheery guys who brandish pleasant grins; we don't send up our doleful cries until we bark our slums. We know this world's a good old joint in which to spend our years, and so don't linger to anoint the wretched with useless tears.

A better world we could not wish, life is its own reward; but there is always some poor fish who hits a minor chord. And while we sing of azure skies and blue and silver seas, he jars us with discordant cries of grape and soup and cheese. We travel on a sunlit track and play the fife and drum, but he has read the almanac, and knows that storm will come. We see the bride and bridegroom pass, and boos their wedding rags—but he is sure that flesh is grass, and brides will be old bags. We sing of hope and happy days, and dance upon the sward; but always there are dreary days who hit the minor chord.

Good Evening
By Roy K. Moulton

"Policeman Stops Runaway House," says a headline. Some families always move hurriedly that way.

John D. Jr., paid \$100 for a 41-cent lunch. We haven't done that since before the war.

AN EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE A woman who is charged with shooting her husband has given a fairly plausible excuse for the deed. Phonograph hounds should take notice:

"I would rather be in jail than with my husband," she told the judge. "I dreamed a few weeks ago of going to a closet and getting the shotgun and killing my husband. We had had several quarrels, but I had not thought of killing him before that."

"He didn't give me much money. He spent most of it for phonograph records. He was playing the phonograph when I killed him."

Charlie loved his little nip. There was no nicer "feller." Henry was his lifelong friend. And asked Charlie down to his cellar.

Charlie tried his home made hooch. "It's great stuff," Charlie said. But somehow he has changed his mind.

As he now sits up in bed, —McZigas.

STILL ANOTHER INFANT PRODIGY John F. Nash sends in the following to the "Rock Island Magazine":

"John Adams, janitor, master mechanic's office, Chicago, whose application for pension has been approved by the pension board, was born in England in 1858 and has been in the service of the Rock Island lines since April of that year."

Margot Asquith announces that she and her diary will not visit us until the late spring, which will give us a much-needed opportunity to put our house in order.

Memories of Old Days
In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

As proof of the need of charitable work in this city, upon which the associated charities based a plea for contributions from the citizens that the worthy poor may be cared for, several pathetic and distressing cases were pointed out at a meeting of the charitable association held at the headquarters on South Fifth street.

The postmaster general believes the 300,000 men and women have the brains and the heart to do their work well. "We purpose to approach this matter so that they shall be partners with us in this business," he says. "They have the brain and they have the hand to do the job well; and they shall have the heart to do it well. We purpose to approach this matter so that they shall be partners with us in this business."

Mr. Hays knows that unless the postal employees put their heart into the task; that is, take personal interest in the service, realize that they are highly important factors in its success, all his own efforts will fail. By putting the service on a partnership basis, he has enlisted the hearty co-operation of the thousands upon whom the efficient dispatch and distribution of mail ultimately depends.

Efficiency that does not take into consideration the personal element will sooner or later defeat the very purposes for which it was applied. Postmaster General Hays believes in linking the heart with the brain and hand to accomplish results. On that basis he is bound to succeed. He will have not only the co-operative effort of every postal employee, but also the confidence and assistance of the millions who depend upon the mails for the performance of a great business and social enterprise.

Sometimes we forget that the postal employees are our unknown friends. Their fidelity to duty and their willingness to give good service are responsible for the prompt delivery of letters from our sons, daughters, and friends. The same holds true of the service which the post office performs in our business and industrial life.

For this reason it must be maintained at the highest point of efficiency. If it fails to function with dispatch and accuracy, business feels the interruption, and our home life is disturbed. The postmaster general has found one of the weaknesses of the system. We cannot expect the postal employees to perform their work with glad hearts if they feel that their labor is a commodity and not a service. By humanizing the channels through which the mail is handled, the postmaster general will soon discover that he has put spirit and life into the organization, and that better service and results will accompany the reformation.

Two Minutes of Optimism
By HERMAN J. STICH

KNUT HAMSEN'S SHIP HAS COME HOME

"Why, sure I knew him. He was such an out-at-the-elbows lad. He was terribly poor. That was many years ago, when he came to Chicago after working as a plowboy on the North Dakota prairies.

"He got a job as conductor on one of the old horsecar lines. My, it was cold on the back platform! I still remember his chapped red wrists where his coat sleeves forgot to meet his mittens.

"And he carried books in his tattered pockets. Always books. Such a dreamer! The passengers used to get mad. He would forget to pull the rope, and they missed their corners."

Such are some of the recollections by a prominent Norwegian of Knut Hamsun, who was recently awarded the Nobel prize for literature—\$50,000.

It took the world almost a third of a century to "discover" himself.

When fate desires a great success, she sends her chosen one repeated failure. She deems it dangerous to let him ripen too fast, and she has good reason. She has seen so many who got their reward too quickly get entangled in case's silken mesh. Realization must not come swiftly, else we cannot endure it, fall victims to fatty degeneration of ambition, and die of an acute attack of self-complacency aggravated by egotism and inertia.

Early in his teens, Hamsun was apprenticed to a shoemaker, in whose shop from morning till night, he hammered out his thoughts rather than leather.

The boss' customers couldn't wear thoughts, so Hamsun "got the gate."

Then began Knut Hamsun's rigorous training in the University of Hard Knocks. He worked on heavy schedule, and he also took many post-graduate courses. But not because he loved his alma mater.

By the time he reached the age when most college students are sending home for remittances for a cap and gown, Hamsun had been a coal heaver, school teacher, road mender, farm hand, sailor, fisherman, lecturer and freelance journalist.

All of which excellently qualified him to write his masterpiece, "Hunger," an autobiographical record of struggle, starvation, passion, compassion, the pawnbroker, occasional fleeting comparative success, laughter, tears and love—fairly full sun sum of an average human life, and depicted with the art of genius and a soul aflame.

We are going to hear a good deal more of Knut Hamsun—we should have heard of him twenty years ago, at which time he seemed to have been securely ditched by Dame Destiny—a trick the old jade is notoriously fond of playing, especially with her future favorites. She wields a wickedly stuffed club.

But Knut Hamsun has what has been called "the unconquerable soul." He has made his decision to follow the giean, and he could but sail on, sail on and on."

No seas of disappointment could make him founder. No waves of discouragement or disillusion could keep him under. No storms of defeat and deprivation would warp his timber.

And so, Knut Hamsun's ship has come home.

Correct English

Don't Say:

Harding was elected president in the year OF 1920.

The lawyer contemplated TO SUE him.

This affair, in every respect, was in FITTING with propriety.

Patrick Henry was a man FROM Irish descent.

Edison is termed AS a genius.

Say:

Harding was elected president in the year 1920.

The lawyer contemplated SUING him.

This affair, in every respect, was in KEEPING with propriety.

Patrick Henry was a man OF Irish descent.

Edison is termed a genius.

Answers to Questions

Anxious—What are the conditions to which a young man desiring to enter West Point must comply?

A scholarship at West Point Military Academy, congressional district and territory, including Porto Rico, Alaska and Hawaii, is entitled to have two cadets at the academy. The District of Columbia is entitled to four cadets.

Appointees to the academy must be between the ages of 17 and 22 years, free from any infirmity which might render them unfit for military service, and they must be able to pass, unless a satisfactory certificate is submitted, a careful examination in English grammar, English composition, English literature, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography, especially the geography of the United States, United States history and the outlines of general history.

Pupil—Please tell me the names of the National hymns of the principal nations. Here is a list that was published a year or two ago:

Belgium, "Who'd Have Believed Such Self-Willed Daring" (La Brabantienne.)

France, the "Marseillaise."

England, "God Save the King."

England, "Rule Britannia."

Italy, "Garibaldi's War Hymn."

Portugal, "National Hymn."

Rumania, "Long Live Our Noble King."

Serbia, "Rise, O Serbians."

Greece, "Hymn of Freedom," "War Song."

Japan, "May Our Lord Long Reign" (Kimi ga yo), "Drill Song" (Shota).

Canada, "The Maple Leaf."

Brazil, "National Hymn."

United States, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Dinner Stories

"I hear old Wayne cleaned up in a real estate deal!"

"Well, you might say that. He managed to slip his bag past his landlady and jumped two weeks' rent when he moved the other day to new quarters."

A young theological student was being asked some questions by a bishop, who was what is generally termed "a good sportsman." "What were the names of the people living in the house into which St. Peter went after his escape from prison?" The student thought a moment and then said: "I can remember the name of the girl who opened the door to him." "Ah, Mr. —," replied the bishop with a smile, "you would remember that!"

"What made your kid such a scrap?"

"Circumstances. His ma made him wear curlers until he was nine years old."

TODAY'S TALK

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

IT'S ALL IN YOUR VIEWPOINT

I have heard that everyone has a price at which he will sell out. I do not believe it.

Some of us come to learn that we received something very unusual and valuable when we were given life. And the chance to take hold upon it, delve into it, get from it many of its thrills, as well as to take its "upper cuts"—that's a job that many of us wouldn't sell out if the whole world were to be wrapped up in nice pink silk and handed to us as a free gift!

It's all in your viewpoint—whether you are bored by existence. Of course there are very many who were immediately dropped into the lap of misfortune—and to them we who are more fortunate, should lend a ready hand.

But you who are looking for quick and easy fortune without the price to pay for it, there exists nothing but disappointment and gloom.

You can't get happiness in the same way that you do a meal in a public eating place. You have to take out happiness on a long time lease—and then if the plumbing is bad in spots, or the roof leaks, then remember that that was one of the hidden expectations and go ahead and have things repaired.

Another thing—try and keep away from a game, the rules of which are not known to you and for which you have had no previous preparation or experience.

Then as life unfolds for you, you will see the beauties in it and great chances will keep looming as something for you to take part in.

Sour and sordid viewpoints come in the same way as a sick stomach—from eating the wrong food or from not properly chewing the right food.

They say that we should live and learn. I like it better turned around—let us learn and live!

CHURCHES

ADVENTIST

Seventh Day Adventist—Front hall of the I. O. O. F. building, corner of Eighth and Main streets. Hugh W. Williams, pastor. Evangelistic service Sunday evening at 7:30, subject: "The Time of the Judgment Foretold—Is it now going on?" Illustrated by stereopticon. Public cordially invited.

UNITED BRETHREN

United Brethren Church—Eighth and North B streets. H. S. James, Pastor. Bible school, 9:30 a. m. H. R. McQueen, Superintendent. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Waldo Lacey, leader.

CATHOLIC

St. Mary's Catholic—Rev. W. J. Cronin, pastor; Rev. James Ryan, assistant pastor. Masses Sunday morning, 6:30 and 10 o'clock. Instructions Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Vesper and Benediction at 3 o'clock. Holy hour.

St. Andrew's Roman Catholic—Fifth and South C streets. Rev. F. A. Rector; Rev. Clement Zepf, assistant; 5:30 a. m. Low Mass and Communion.

St. Paul's—Rev. F. A. Rector; Rev. Clement Zepf, assistant; 5:30 a. m. Low Mass and Communion.

St. John's—Rev. F. A. Rector; Rev. Clement Zepf, assistant; 5:30 a. m. Low Mass and Communion.

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