

## THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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"Sell Ships Built in War," Urges Schwab

In the current issue of Ship News, a new nautical magazine, is an article by Charles M. Schwab, who gives his opinion that despite \$3,000,000,000 spent on ships we have not a real merchant marine. He advises charging off the war cost of the vessels built by the government and then selling them to private firms.

"Our whole shipbuilding program during the war was an emergency program," Schwab points out. "We had to build ships in yards under conditions that made them not available for a future merchant marine. I mean by that economically available.

"I have always been of the opinion that this emergency fleet ought to be so regarded, and that of this cost of \$3,000,000,000, at least \$2,000,000,000 or \$2,500,000,000, or whatever the figures would show, ought to be charged off as a war cost, because that is what it originally was.

"We are making a great mistake in imagining that those \$3,000,000,000 spent in ships are going to constitute a merchant marine, because the ships are not of the type with which to do it.

"I think those ships should be realized upon at any price we can get within reason from private operators, so far as they can make them of some value; that private enterprise in shipping ought to be stimulated, if we want a real merchant marine, toward the building of ships; that there ought to be investment of private capital in ships that will be profitable, and that thus we should build to go with this part of the fleet a real merchant marine, which I do not think we only solution.

have now. Nor can we ever make one unless we will do that.

"With reference to the wooden ships, I see no value in them except as emergency ships or special service ships from coast to coast ports, or perhaps to the West Indies, or for short service. I see no economic commercial value in those ships. In Washington I recommended that the hulls of those ships be changed into barges for transportation as one economic solution of the problem.

"As for the steel ships, it is my belief that their cost could all be charged off, if necessary, and that that would leave the government ahead in the operation. Therefore, I think the most liberal reduction ought to be made in the sale price of those vessels."

In his speech at South Bend a few days ago, Mr. Schwab again urged the American people to work, and to work hard, if they hope to reap the benefits of the war.

Referring to the steel industry, Mr. Schwab said production is less than it was 20 years ago. But the problem, he said, was not one of production, but of costs. We must be economical, said the great steelmaker, if we hope to win.

"If not," he continued, "Germany will reap the real benefits of the war. Germany has gone through the crucible of necessity, and the German workman is giving a full day's work for a day's pay. In America capital and labor must work hand in hand as never before."

Mr. Schwab was not speaking in pessimistic mood, because he is spending nearly as much as usual this year in extending his plants. But he is firmly convinced that the day of normalcy, the day of returned prosperity, will not dawn until we take the proper steps toward readjustment.

All the theorizing of prophets will not remove the old necessity of working. Russia's masses tried to loaf under the provisions of a communistic government, and today she is in ruins, her millions dying from starvation and disease. The rejuvenation of our industries awaits the application of the co-operative spirit of capital and labor, which Mr. Schwab has pointed out is the only solution.

### Rippling Rhymes By WALT MASON

#### KEEP BOOSTING.

There's no good in roosting like on a limb; there's more sense in boosting with ardor and vim. There's no good in viewing all things with dismay; far better be hewing some elm every day. There always are knockers enough in a town; the grouch old talkers run everything down; they kick if we're growing, they kick if we're not, wet blankets they're throwing off everyone's hot. Unpopular geezers, when they appear, these old Ebenezers who knock by the year. They've whiskered and frowsy, they're not up to date, they always are drowsy when they ore, save when they are kicking because of some tax, and warmly picking the burs from their backs. The custom of knocking, if given full play, is thoroughly shocking; it makes men decay. The habit of looking all chipper and bright, instead of gadding and cussing all night, will make you a winner, whatever your trade, oh, tanner and tinner and man with the spade! There's no good in cawing and croaking like crows, and drearily drawing blue prints of your woes; far better be singing some madrigal dope, and cheerily springing a package of hope.

#### Good Evening

Ah, ze American women! They are magnifique." It was the eminent Polish painter, Major de Kossak, speaking. He is here to paint a picture of General Pershing.

The American women are wonderful. They appreciate the value of beauty.

Of course America cannot compare with the old countries in works of art. They are simply not here, but that is not strange for a country so new. Maybe, some day, they will come.

"But the girls and women! Could a country, after all, be more blessed than these United States, with its millions of beautiful women?"

Of course the male is right. The American women are the most beautiful in the world, and some of them are works of art with which Europe cannot compete. But, dear major, what about the American men? What? Oh, very well!

A MODERN YOUNG WOMAN. Want ad. In Yonkers N. Y. Herald: ROOMS—Three or four rooms wanted by young woman, with improvements.

In other words, the United States will recognize President Obregon if he makes himself recognizable.

McGill University professor announces that long trousers for men and long-tailed coats are improper and immodest. Still he must confess that the former cover a multitude of sins.

A country doesn't have to go to war any more. The war comes to it.

#### Correct English

##### Don't Say:

The medicine greatly ALLEVIATED the pain.

Lemonade made without sugar will RELIEVE thirst.

Recent investigations have DISCOVERED the political schemes of the governor.

Early settlers DISCLOSED that there are several peaks in the West.

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### Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

#### JUST FOR FUN

They tell me this story is old, which, if it were true, would to my mind, in this particular instance, mean that it has soaked in the rarifying flavor of time; and which, if it is not true, is a powerful reason for now exposing it to the spotlight of publicity, so inculcating all who read it with an incurable attack of temporary good humor. And if this makes the majority of us smiling and happier for at least a short while, then it is well worth its length and breadth in gold.

I think Raymond Hitchcock is responsible for this, as he is for most of the good ones going the rounds. And just for fun, then, with no attempt to extract a moral, draw a lesson or make a point, we will give it as nearly as I can, as I heard it.

A man came home after having been away for some time, and he asked his old Negro servant how things had been during his absence.

The Negro servant said: "Oh, everything be all right, sah, only de dog de poor dog, he died."

"That's too bad," said the master. "How did the dog die?"

"I'm sorry to hear that. And how did it happen?"

"Well, you see, sah, de dog was in de barn when de barn burned down, and he couldn't get out in time, and he burned to death."

"The barn burned down, did you say?" I didn't know that—how did that happen?"

"Oh, didn't you know, sah? Dat am a sad story. De house done burn down and de barn done ketch fire from de house, and de dog was in de barn, and de dog burned to death."

"Oh—that's the way it happened—but how did the house catch fire?"

"Dat happened dis way, sah. One of de candles from yo mother-in-law's wake done set fire to one of the curtains of de house, and de house burned down, and de barn ketch fire and burned down, and de dog was in de barn, and when de barn burned down, de dog burned up."

"My mother-in-law's wake? What do you mean? What wake?"

"Why, didn't you know, sah? Your mother-in-law done died."

"No—how did my mother-in-law die?"

"Shock!"

"Oh—la wife, sah—de madam—she done run away wif de chauffeur, sah, and de shock done kill yo mother-in-law, and when dey had de wake, one of de candles set fire to de curtains of de house, and de house burnt down, sah, and de barn ketch fire from de house, and de dog was in de barn, and de dog burned to death, sah, see?"

"Yes—yes, I see. Outside of that, though, e everything is all right, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, sah, only de dog, de poor dog, he died."

#### Who's Who in the Day's News

Gen. Sir Charles Monro, of Great Britain, who has just been created a baronet, and who was assigned by King George to head the British military staff in attendance on the crown prince of Japan during his recent visit to the British Isles, enjoys all the credit for the amazingly skillful and clever withdrawal of the British forces from Gallipoli and their transfer to Salonica without the loss of a single man; a feat that excited the admiration of the entire military world and went far to stamp him as the hideous mismanagement of the otherwise disastrous Gallipoli campaign under Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton.

As a reward he was appointed commander in chief of the British forces in India, ranking as such immediately next to the viceroy, with an official salary of close upon \$50,000 a year, official residences at Simla and at Delhi, and allowances almost as large as his salary.

Sir Charles is married to a sister of Lord O'Hagan and is a son-in-law of the first Lord O'Hagan, lord high chancellor of Ireland. He is a veteran of many arduous campaigns and enjoyed in a very marked degree the regard and the confidence of Field Marshal Lord Roberts, and then of Lord Kitchener. He did splendidly at the front in France until sent out

to Gallipoli, was in many of the hot engagements, achieved the reputation of invariably doing the right thing at the right moment, and as the result enjoys the confidence alike of officers and men of the British army, resolution and thoroughness being his strongest characteristics.

#### Memories of Old Days In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

A most unique entertainment was furnished the local public, when the first annual Play Festival ever given in this city was held in the Y. M. C. A. gym, under the direction of Roy Horton, physician director. The affair was given by the physical department of the high school.

Summer Colds Cause Headaches GROVES' Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the Headache by curing the Cold. The genuine bears the signature of E. W. Grove. (Be sure you get BROMO.) 39c—Advertisement.

#### MY TIRED FEET ACHED FOR "TIZ"

Let Your Sore, Swollen, Aching Feet Spread Out in a Bath of "TIZ."

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "Tiz" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "Tiz" bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try "Tiz." It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, callouses and bunions.

There's nothing like "Tiz." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a box of "Tiz" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

AN ADVERTISEMENT HELPED HER Mrs. Lucille Mackey, 16 Buena Vista St., Washington, Pa., writes: "Last winter a 16-year-old girl got a cold which left her with a very bad cough. It bothered her most at night and she would cough until she vomited. I saw her and had whooping cough. She saw a doctor and took Dr. John's Honey and Tar. I tried it and bought two bottles and her cough left her before she finished the second bottle. She had gotten awfully thin, but now she is as fat as ever. A. G. Lukens and Co., 626-628 Main St.—Advertisement.

have now. Nor can we ever make one unless we will do that.

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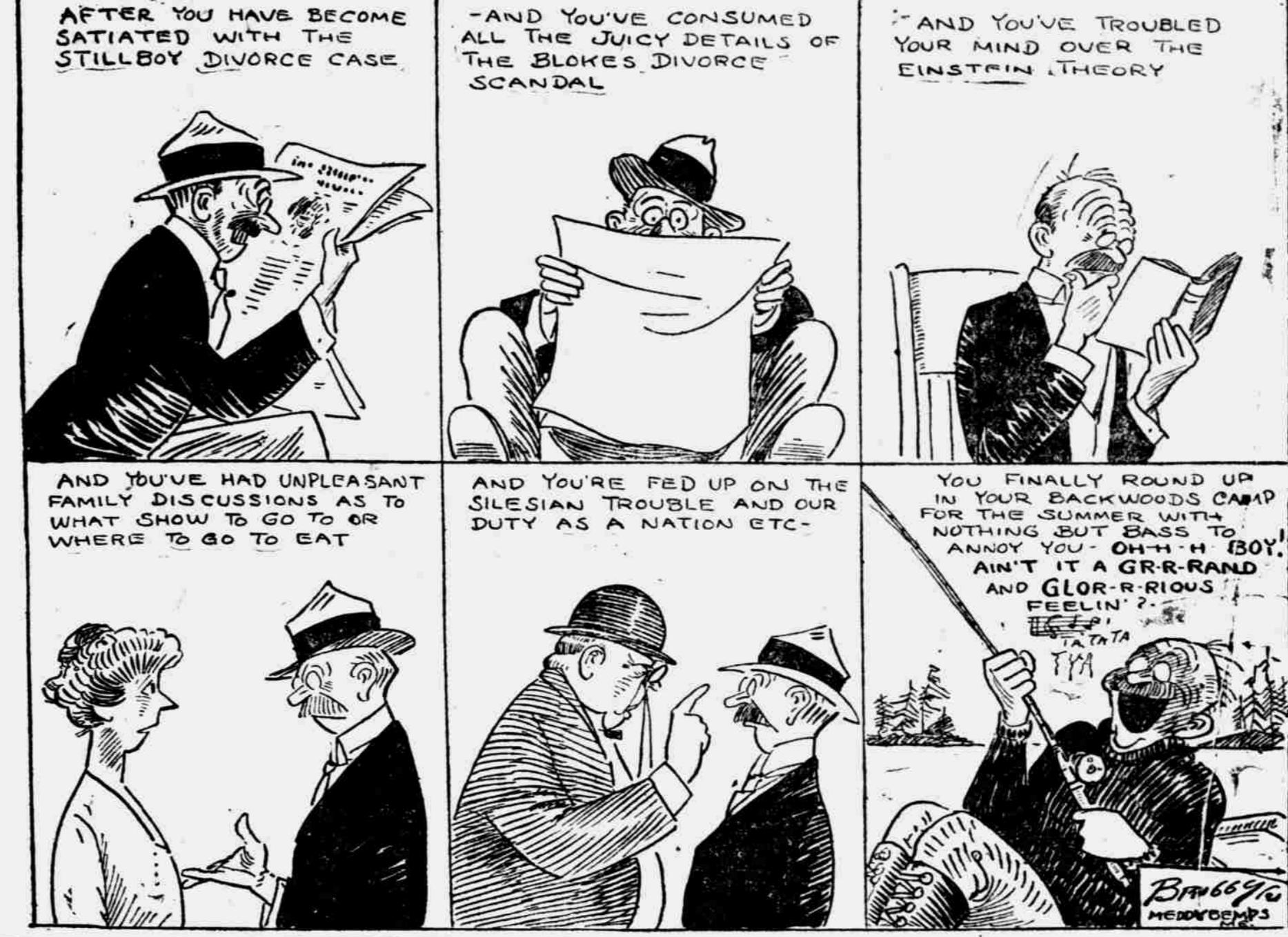
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### Ain't it a Grand and Glorious Feeling!



### TODAY'S TALK

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

#### THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL

Our spiritual bodies are all the time breaking up, changing into that which is better—in something of the manner of the stage settings in a play which must constantly be shifted that the play may go on. One writer says of the growth of the soul that there is a continual "breaking of swaddling bands" and that there is no limit to the process.

Such is a happy realization.

"The first thing," says another inspiring writer, "is to teach a child that he has a soul. The first thing to give a boy is an outlook on a moral, intellectual, and esthetic world; not to endow him with that, is to leave him without horizons, a human creature blind and deaf, centered in the work of his hands and in physical conditions—an economical animal."

We are creatures of craving. It was meant that way. For if our souls would grow, they must experience newness and be given water for their thirsts.

I believe Jesus had this in mind when He talked with the woman at the well. He spoke of "living water" from whose well no bucket was necessary in order to draw it. A well of water in people, all the time springing up, was what He taught.

And to quench our thirsts for this water, we must forget the materialism of our bodies and bear in mind that our soul is the only thing about us that is all the time growing to live—whereas our bodies are all the time getting just a little nearer to their end.

To those who do not understand, life continually heaves up its mountains of fears and frets. But in the calm recesses of our souls there can be found only beauty and contentment.

The soul is always mounting. To it the stars are but a nearby playground.

Someone has said that in Heaven there are no Sundays. So in the life of the soul there are no holidays. Everything is continual—walking toward eternity.

It was in one of those ecstacies of soul growth, I believe, that Browning so beautifully wrote:

"God's in His heaven.  
All's right with the world!"

### Dinner Stories

A small boy was laboriously pushing a heavy hand-cart up a steep hill, and stopping every few minutes to wipe the perspiration from his face. A clergyman who was watching the boy, thinking to help him, called out, "Push it up zizzag, my lad, and you will find it much easier."

"Not so much o' yer bloomin' advice," retorted the boy. "Come out and give me a shave."

Little Miss Gwendolyn was discouraging affably with the rich widow