

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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Seeds of Hatred

The Ku Klux Klan has no place in American institutions, which are based on the theory of equal rights for all. The Klan espouses religious bigotry and indoctrinates its members with class hatred. It believes that members of certain religious bodies are better citizens than those affiliated with the Catholic church. It draws a line of demarcation on a religious basis, as if adherence to one church body or to another were the true test of citizenship, something which the founders of our republic repudiated forever when they asserted that every individual had the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

The Klan's animosity against members of certain races also lacks a justifying basis. The constitution draws no racial lines, and the Civil war was fought to liberate one race against whom the Klan vents its spite. Insidious attacks

on members of races against whom the Klan draws the line will inevitably lead to unrest and trouble. The friendly and harmonious relationship, which should exist between different races living in the same country, gives way to mutual distrust and hatred that are inimical to peace and welfare.

Whenever a community becomes divided over religious and racial questions, which have no basis in fact, but are kindled and fanned by a body of men whose organizers are outsiders, a community ceases to be a body of men and women seeking the common welfare. Harmonious action for the attainment of civic purposes is jeopardized and often fails to attain results.

The Klan denies that it is a disturbing element in a community and boasts of its co-operation with the authorities in enforcing the law. The recent invasion of Portland by Muncie klansmen, over the protest of the mayor that they were violating a city ordinance, is sufficient proof that law evasion is practiced by the klansmen. The Portland incident is all the more striking because members of the National Guard of that city marched at the side of the klansmen, ostensibly to protect the American flag, but in reality as a body guard for invaders from a neighboring city who were violating a Portland ordinance. The atrocious tragedy recently exposed in Louisiana is another illustration of what happens when a group of men places itself above the law.

Living Costs Rise and Fall at the Polls

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

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Jason went to the Hesperides to find the Golden Fleece. The American Woolen company and associate tariff

Forty-five percent wool duty means at least five dollars advance on each medium grade man's suit and overcoat bought in the next two years.

Women and children ride in the same elevator. The glad tidings are from Mr. Morse, president of the Retail Clothiers' association.

"That famous outfit at ten dollars," so dear—and cheap—do recent memory will shortly cost from thirty-five to forty.

We begin to realize the result of changing Congress into a Rotary Club where every little interest has a watch dog of its own.

Stanfield, the self-confessed "greatest shepherd in the world," helped to draft and pass the fifty-five percent schedule.

He's his own legislative collic. The Senate's quite a convenience for the gentleman from Oregon.

Democracies, however, deserve their administrators. Popular representatives are never superior to the judgment which selects them. Cure for all federal mismanagement is bottled in the ballot.

If we won't use the cure, we must endure the consequences. Living costs rise and fall at the polls.

A Big Public Watch Dog

The average farmer and his family won't be much of a tariff beneficiary according to Jesse Straus, president of the National Dry Goods association.

Mr. Straus is in a position to obtain very accurate information on the subject. His association is probably the greatest distributing organization on earth. Its two thousand members employ four hundred thousand people and purchase two and a quarter billion dollars worth of merchandise yearly.

Expert analysis and opinion from forty-eight states, is magnavoxed when he predicts "increased prices of manufactured product disproportionate to any increase in the prices of agricultural products."

Store keepers from all over the country, now comparing notes in New York, protest that "a comparatively small group of manufacturers without regard for common prosperity, are the main beneficiaries of the Fordney-McCumber bill."

This sounds suspiciously like more of the profiteering suggested by recent outrageous stock dividends.

The retailer for some time under a cloud, went before Congress, submitted records and secured a clean bill of health.

Investigation proved that merchants were not boosting markets then. And their investigators find no justification for rumored general advances now.

The public at least has this watch dog.

Smashing Some More Furniture.

Thirty thousand garment workers have quite their machines. Among other grievances, they complain that their

employers refuse to permit an examination of balance sheets.

Before making new contracts the operators want all the facts and figures of the business.

However, they do not promise to readjust their wages as profits fluctuate.

The losses resulting from this strike, as from all suspensions of production will immediately be charged in the overhead and marked on the price ticket. The consumer always pays for the furniture capital and labor smash.

Boll weevil and forest fires are just two wasting forces. Industrial conflict is another.

Public interest does not seem to concern the dress and suit trade, any more than it bothers mine owners or workers.

The one incessant problem of engineering is the elimination of friction. Business is in the same boat.

Caroline Ribout's Collapsible Hat

For generations women have found it impossible to carry an extra hat about except in a container or a trunk. Then a Parisienne thought of taking the wiring out.

She probably sat down and wondered, "What stunts haven't been done yet in millinery? What are the objections to present hats? What advantages can be added to them?" Or perhaps a customer suggested, "I'd like to take another bonnet along. Can't you design one to slip in a suitcase? I'm making a quick trip and don't want to be burdened with a bandbox."

There's room for constructive curiosity anywhere—always a chance to do SOMETHING better.

This Miracle Shop of Ours

The first men to make sails and wheels and pots and looms, and their descendants who puddled steel and designed cogs and created dynamos, also began to achieve notably through wondering how things could be done better.

They whetted imagination on possibility and sought and wrought out until this earth changed from a raw rough chunk of star dust into the miracle shop from which we now leisurely and comfortably satisfy all requirements.

You don't pause sufficiently to ponder why you are not still a mangy beast, leaping from tree to tree, grousing about marshes and prowling jungles, entirely dependent upon the careless mercies of nature for sustenance and shelter.

If you realized oftener what an interminable procession of efforts preceded the civilization to which you were born, your own, empty, undistinguished career might spur you to a use of that cuckoo's nest of inherited ideas you call a brain.

Until you in turn design a tool or improve a method, or do something that a million available substitutes can't as easily accomplish your time will be bought and sold at the reigning market price of mediocrity.

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RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

The Game of Chance

I once was fond of betting and playing slot machines, and had some dreams of getting a roll by easy means. I backed full many a pony that never won a race, and bet on fighters plucky who were the ring's disgrace. Sometimes I made a killing, and cleaned up iron men, but sports were always willing to make me broke again. For years in chance I trusted, and joined the sporty crush, and nine days saw me busted, where one day found me flush. I found the gambling fever was sizzling through my trunk, so I applied the cleaver and killed that habit punk. I know a lot of stagers with get-rich-easy aims, they're two-legged, four-armed, and with a little quiet games; and they are men of sorrow, with band-aids at their heels; they know not if tomorrow will bring them beds and meals. I do not bet or gamble or spend long hours in play, and to the bank I amble with bundles every day. The packages are smaller than misers might design, but every hard-earned dollar is safely put in brine; and when I'm sick and silly, my timber out of tune, and age comes, bleak and chilly, this coin will be a boon. Where one gets rich by gambling ten thousand try in vain, and we behold them rambling down the poorhouse lane.

This subject and they all seem to favor the night hours for concentration of their mental faculties.

When Stephenson put down the wooden rails and began experimenting with the world's first locomotive, every one openly derided him and declared him crazy and called his locomotive an animated tea kettle.

"I should worry," mused Stephenson, "so long as it isn't a flivver."

The New York woman who has divorced her husband for the second time probably has just naturally lost her taste for that man.

At Columbia university they are now testing the mental alertness of students, gauging their brain power all most like horsepower. It might be better to gauge it like horse sense.

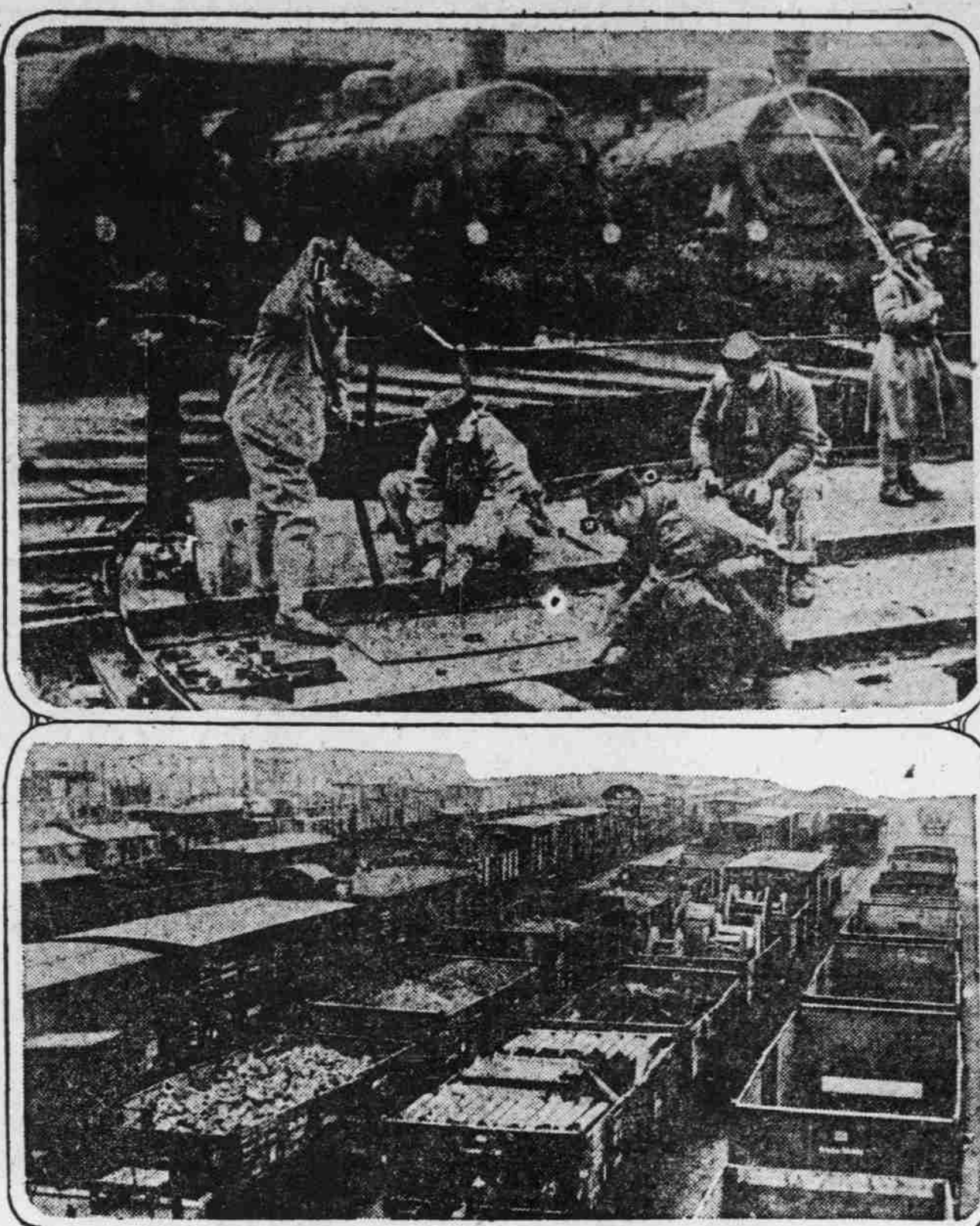
THOSE VERSATILE CHICKENS

"I have been instructed by the village council to enforce the ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk."—Red Deer Advance, Alberta, Canada.

Undoubtedly there are many things to be said in favor of the income tax, but, just at the moment, we cannot think of any of them.

A man in a western state who moved there from the east to prospect for oil was a regular oil fan and could think of nothing else. He found a likely place, and bored, but struck a rich vein of gold instead of oil. His disappointment was so keen that he shot himself.

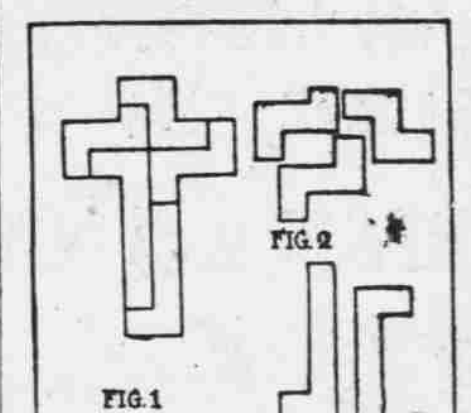
HOW GERMAN STRIKERS HARASS FRENCH



Top, French military engineers repairing damaged turntable at Dusseldorf. Below, railway yards at Dusseldorf where strikers abandoned trains.

French determination may yet overcome the German policy of "passive resistance." Engineers are repairing the railroad damage done by strikers and French crews are operating the trains. Orders to "shoot to kill" have been issued to French troops if they find anyone committing acts of sabotage. These orders are expected to keep strikers from damaging railroads.

After Dinner Tricks



No. 411—The Mystic Cross

Cut out the diagram shown in Figure 1, or draw a larger cross on a piece of cardboard. When the cross is cut along the dotted lines it will make five sections, as shown in Figure 2. Hand the five pieces to some one and ask him to put them together so that they form a cross. He will find the task next to impossible.

The secret, of course, lies in arranging the five pieces as shown in Figure 1. But even after you have demonstrated the method, if you quickly disarrange the pieces again, your victim will still be unable to solve the trick.

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Answers to Questions

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Palladium Information Bureau, Frederick J. Haskin, 1000 Washington, D. C. This office does not give advice on legal, medical and strictly to matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your question plainly and briefly. Give full name and address and enclose two cents in stamps for return postage. A reply is sent direct to the inquirer.)

Q. How can I estimate the number of tons of ice that can be cut on a pond?—H. F. C.

A. It depends upon the thickness of the ice. When the ice is eight inches thick, it will take 12.5 cakes of ice to make a ton. This is 52.6 square feet of cutting space. If the ice is only four inches thick it will take 105.6 square feet to yield a ton of ice. There will be 31.3 cakes.

Q. When was the pipeline for transporting oil first used?—M. Y.

A. General S. D. Karnes, of Parkersburg, W. Va., first suggested pipelines in 1860 but they were not developed and successfully operated until 10 years later.

Q. How long did America fight in the World war?—T. A.

A. The American participation in the World war was 19 months. They had 200 days of battle.

Q. When was the piano invented?—F. K. C.

A. The first true pianoforte, as now understood by that term was invented by Bartolomeo Cristofori, a Paduan harpsichord maker, in Florence, about 1709. There are two grand pianos still in existence, made by Cristofori, and dated respectively 1720 and 1726.

Q. Which is the coldest month of the year in the United States.

A. The weather bureau says that January is usually the coldest month of the year. The coldest weather occurs in the northern parts of North Dakota and Minnesota, where the average temperature for the month is about zero, while the warmest January is found in southern Florida, with an average of 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

Q. Is there such a thing as a "thunder and lightning snake"?—J. N. S.

A. The pine snake, or bull snake, prevalent in the pine covered coastal region from New Jersey southward, in some localities is known as the thunder and lightning snake.

Q. What is the smallest country?

A. C. O.

A. The republic of San Marino is regarded as the smallest country in the world. It lies in the peninsula of Italy near the Adriatic coast. Its area is 36 square miles; its population in 1910 was 10,489.

Q. What is meant by a brace game?—D. T. E.

A. This is a card term given to a conspiracy between the dealer and the case keeper at Faro, when cards are improperly taken from the dealing box to be properly marked by the case keeper.

Historic Blandford Churchyard

Many Historic Events are Recalled by Visit to Old Church in Petersburg.

By FREDERICK J. HASKIN

PETERSBURG, Va., Feb. 10.—When a stranger in Petersburg meets an old inhabitant he is sure to be asked eagerly, "Have you seen Blandford?" As a result of this spontaneous press agent work on the part of Petersburg citizens, few visitors leave town without seeing Blandford, and the fame of old Blandford church and its historic graveyard steadily increases.

Five minutes ride from the center of the town you come upon a little colonial brick chapel, overgrown with English ivy. The church is freshly painted, and 11 fine stained glass windows make it a shrine for art lovers as well as students of the past.

About the little church is a neatly kept lawn dotted with old and crumbling tombstones. This is Blandford. It is a bit of Colonial Virginia. Legends on the stones tell of men and women born in England, Scotland and Ireland who came to Virginia before the Revolutionary war.

Blandford was once the most important and fashionable section of Petersburg. To its church in pre-Revolutionary days Virginians of wealth and culture gathered on Sundays for worship. The high old pulpit, like a watch tower, still stands in the church. You can imagine the silk and satin clad colonials sitting in three wings of the cross shaped chapel and the rector bending from his carved balcony to counsel his parishioners regarding their duty in those troublous times.

The chapel was abandoned as old in 1800, when the National capital was just being established at Washington. But the history of Blandford was not complete. The dead of three more wars were to be added to the revolutionary heroes in the churchyard, and one of the hottest battles of the Civil war was to be fought close enough to the church to damage its walls and break the old gravestones. After that siege, 25,000 Confederate dead were laid to rest in Blandford cemetery, and the chapel was left a picturesque ruin of the war with ivy growing over its broken walls.

About 20 years ago the chapel was carefully restored and painted and its vines trimmed. Eleven stained glass windows were presented by the southern states. Blandford became formally a memorial chapel to the Confederate dead.

English Officer Buried There

Petersburg calls Blandford unique, and it has facts to back the claim. For one thing, one corner of the churchyard holds the body of the only British officer ever buried abroad before the recent World war.

England, it seems, had always the policy of bringing all her officers home for burial. But during the revolution, General William Phillips was taken ill with fever while Petersburg was a center of fighting. Cannon balls were falling around Bollingbrook man, where the general lay, and he was removed to the basement for safety. The old colored cook, Molly, was accidentally killed by a ball as she stood in the doorway with the general's dinner in her hands.

Phillips died and was buried at Blandford. But because local senti-

ment was strong against him, it was said that old Molly was buried over his grave, so that his body might not be found and desecrated.

When steps were taken to remove the general to England, the body could not be located. The whereabouts of not be located. The whereabouts of the General Phillips became one of the mysteries of the day—a persistent mystery. The British had to abandon the quest.

Shortly before the recent war, however, the British government was reminded of the strange fact that an English general lay under American sod and another request for the missing officer was sent. But Phillips, called by Jefferson the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth, lay in an unmarked and forgotten grave. A fire in 1843 had destroyed the oldest records of the churchyard, and the story of old Molly was vague tradition. It was finally agreed that the general must remain in Blandford, and the D. A. R. put a stone to his memory, close by the church.

The devotion of two children for one another, the tragedy of an unrequited love, affairs of honor fought to the death, and the early signs of American democracy can be read in the old stones of Blandford.

Coccolan Tragedy is Recalled

The tragic lover of the churchyard was a Corsican named Antommatt, who in 1844 made himself famous in the history of Petersburg by shooting himself in the Blandford chapel. He was buried outside the churchyard in accordance with the custom forbidding a suicide to lie in consecrated ground. His story became known back in Corsica. It appeared to friends in that land of violent love affairs, and money was raised for a headstone. The inscription is practically unreadable now. It said: "Honor was his only vice."

Two duels were fought in the churchyard. Apparently being killed

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CURED HIS RHEUMATISM

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the Army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism treatment. Suppose I drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and I spent over his strength from 'The Inner Mysteries,' now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of the Palladium wishes 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' containing facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries, please write to H. P. Clearwater, No. 384-F Street, St. Paul, Minn. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.—Advertisement."

Memories of Old Days

In This Paper Ten Years Ago Today

During the month of January more mortgages were released on farm lots than were mortgaged. The mortgages amounted to \$3,650 and mortgages released amounted to \$36,945. This could not be said of school fund mortgages as \$8,000 in mortgages were recorded while \$7,500 were released. Chattel mortgages amounting to \$8,249 were recorded while \$4,922 were released.

After Dinner Stories

"What kind of a man is he, good, bad or indifferent?"

"Well that depends a good deal on who is on the other end of the plank with him."

"But do you mean?"

"Well, of you size him up with Judas Iscariot, he looms up middlin' fair; but when you come to set him down between such fellows as you and me, he does dwindle terrible surprisin'—he does, for a fact."

Blue blood was the only thing Mrs. Newriche had not been able to buy, but she had made up for the lack of it by scraping acquaintances with any titled people she came across.

At an afternoon party she met a friend of similar social ambitions.

"Oh, Miss Tufthunter," she exclaimed, "such good news! You'll die of envy!"

"Well, out with it," the friend sneered.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Newriche, "Amy has caught the flu from the dear duchess!"

Lessons in Correct English

DON'T SAY:

I have several RELATIONS in Boston.

Have you any RELATIONS in this country?

I spend the winter with RELATIONS in the East.

She is a RELATION of mine.

He is the only RELATION that she has.

SAY:

I have several relatives in Boston.

Have you any RELATIVES in this country?

I spend the winter with RELATIVES in the East.

She is a relative of mine.

He is the only RELATIVE that she has.

by some one else for love of honor was not regarded with the same moral aversion as killing oneself, for several duellists lie buried near the church. The aristocratic colonials of Blandford lie beneath tables of stone with their coat of arms and their virtues chiseled into the slabs. Even here, however, the approach of American democracy is seen. Some of the small stones of the plainer citizens are marked proudly with the fact that the deceased was a grocer or a merchant.

These stones and stories are historic. But Blandford is chiefly remembered as a war cemetery. It is a quiet place, yet on every hand are associations of fighting and bloodshed. Old stones are chipped by shells. Fighters of four American wars lie under stones carved with the weapons of their victories. On a hillside of the cemetery is a monument to the unknown Confederate dead, surrounded by markers to group those who fell according to states.

The McKee shaft, called the most warlike monument in America, is in this cemetery. This shaft was erected to the Petersburg men who went to Canada to fight in the war of 1812. A bronze war eagle surmounts the stone, and on one side is carved the order of the war department in 1813 praising the little band of volunteers and regretting that their term of enlistment was over. The order states that they "have for 12 months borne hardships and privations of military life in the midst of an un hospitable wilderness with a cheerfulness and alacrity which have never been surpassed." The enclosure about the monument is decorated with sabers, flint lock muskets, ammunition boxes, lance wreaths, battle axes and the American shield.

Blandford is connected with the recent war in a new way. Petersburg has planted trees in a memorial avenue stretching toward Blandford, and at the foot of every tree is a bronze marker to a Petersburg boy who fought and fell in the World war.

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IS IT HARD FOR YOU TO KEEP WARM?

HEAVY wraps and underclothes won't keep you nearly as warm as rich, red blood, and that buoyant vitality which comes from perfect health.

If you feel chilly all the time, if you catch cold easily, take Gude's Pepto-Mangan for a short time and build up your strength and vigor. Winter is the time of year when you especially need your remarkable health-building qualities. Your druggist has it—liquid and tablets.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan
Tonic and Blood Enricher

FOR THE BLOOD
SIMPSON'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
At All Drug Stores

FAIR AND WARMER
All Next Week

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