

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM
AND SUN-TELEGRAM.Palladium Printing Co., Publishers.
Office—North 9th and A Streets.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.



—PRICE—

Per Copy, Daily 2c
Per Copy, Sunday 3c
Per Week, Daily and Sunday 10c

—IN ADVANCE—

One Year \$5.00

Entered at Richmond, Ind., Postoffice
As Second Class Mail Matter.

WALSH'S FINALE.

It is not with a feeling of elation that we read of the decision against John R. Walsh, the wealthy Chicago banker. Rather do we feel regret that a man starting as Walsh did should have come to such a pitiable end. Years ago he started out as a news boy selling newspapers for a living. He was ambitious and possessed an indomitable will, two qualities that forced him rapidly up the ladder to success and riches. And yet either on the way up the ladder or after he arrived at the top, he chose the easiest and wrong way in this country to amass further riches. As president and absolute master of one of Chicago's largest banks he appropriated the funds of the institution—the people's deposits—for use in his own various businesses. In regard to the enterprises in which he invested the money thus gained, Indiana has more than a passing interest, for it was mainly to finance his Southern Indiana railroad that Walsh took money from his bank. Of course his being detected in these operations by some slip of fate, his subsequent trial and now the decision rendered against him are no more than justice. But the pity of it is that possessing the admirable qualities of ambition and perseverance, two great attributes of success, he could not have possessed the third quality of absolute honesty and thus, starting from an humble position as a poor "newsie" in a large city and attaining a large fortune and a great reputation as a financier, he could have rounded out his days standing high in the estimation of all his fellow men rather than in the shadow of his penitentiary.

Will the public benefit from the trial of Evelyn Thaw's story? District Attorney Jerome thinks not, but the public—well, have you ever been down to the city court room when some particularly spicy trial was on? If you have, you have noticed that the "Standing Room Only" sign was standing out early.

So the republican editors at Indianapolis heartily condemn the civil service law because "it places a premium on the political molly-coddle."

What's the matter—is the newspaper business in Indiana so unprofitable that editors need political offices to help out?

The mayor of Hartford City is going to have women arrested who play cards for money. Evidently he has never attended a bridge whist game he would never think of turning a poor, torn and unprotected policeman into such a maelstrom to carry out his law.

In his New Haven speech, Senator Verdigre said that only demagogues and ignorant men object to those combinations of industry known as trusts which are conducted honestly. There must be a lot of demagogues and ignorant men doing business down in Wall street, then.

So Richmond school boys are putting too much of their energy into oiling "coffin nails" and not enough into study. Why not try a liberal dose of moral suasion and if that doesn't work, a still more liberal dose of strap oil?"

From the large number of generals who are being reported killed in the recent Haitian revolution the armies own there must number about ten generals to every one private.

On again, off again, gone again, ness again—the Ohio League.

A wax from the raffia palm of Madagascar is expected to prove a substitute for beeswax. The leaves of the palm are beaten to small fragments on a flat and then boiled, the wax so obtained being collected and kneaded in small cakes. The new material is being tested for bottling purposes, monograph cylinders, etc.

Have you noticed the improved service to Chicago via the C. & L. through sleeper leaves Richmond at 1:15 P. M. daily, arrives in Chicago at 7:00 A. M. Try it, it's a good trip.

The first library in Connecticut was founded at Branford by clergymen in 1700. This little library finally became the beginning of Yale university.

Just Smiles

ALWAYS UNFORTUNATE.
Here I stand within the hall,
For the elevator bawl
With a frown.
"Going up?" I loudly cry.
And the usher makes reply:
"Going down."

When old Charon I shall meet,
Looking mystical but neat.

In his gown—
"Going up?" I'll murmur low,
And he'll doubtless answer, "No,
Going down."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TWO OPINIONS.

"Well," said the Duggin, as he sat on the side of the bed and considered the sunshine brightening the frosty window, "it's glad I am of the fine mornin' it is; I'll put on my shoes an' go to town."

"No ye won't," said Mrs. D. "Ye'll stay home the day; I have your shoes locked up an' the key in me pocket."

"But I say I will!"

"I say, NO!"

"Again I say, I will!"

"Again I say, NO!"

"I wish," said Duggin, as he resigned himself to the inevitable, "that ye had said 'NO' when I asked ye to marry me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS ADVANTAGE.

The heir's never sure.

That he's loved for himself,

But fears that he merely

Is loved for his pelf;

And the fellow who earns

Only twelve plunks a week

Can't be certain at all.

It is him the girls seek.

It may be to his income—

Love is love you may know

When it comes to the man

Out of work, out of dough.

—Houston Post.

SPORT NOTE.

Before the opening of the next season there is still time for some genius to make a fortune by inventing a rubber pop bottle for use at ball games.—Washington Post.

Bob Taylor of Tennessee has informed

AFFAIRS IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Palladium's Special Correspondent, Ralph M. Whiteside.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Jeff Davis, senator from Arkansas, is clinging to his biled shirt, notwithstanding reports from home that the hill Billies of Arkansas are not overly pleased with his new fangled idea.

Senator Davis did not wear a collar when he was campaigning through the backwoods districts of Arkansas, much to the delight of his audiences. When word went back that he is dazzling Washington with the whitest hard-fronted shirt he could procure, the backwoodsman sighed for their traditions and expressed sorrow that the "favorite son" should so quickly for get the institutions of his state.

Out Arkansas way, the impression prevails that a man who can learn to wear a biled shirt with ease is likely to adopt a silk hat, dictate his letters in a phonograph, quit chewing tobacco, and in other ways become foreign to the manners of his neighbors.

One thing Jeff Davis clings to closely, however, is his daily menu. He makes no exception, even on Christmas day, in satisfying his appetite. A clerk asked him if he enjoyed his Christmas dinner.

"Tolerably," said the big senator. "Turkey was raised by one of your admirers, I suppose?" said the clerk.

" Didn't have any turkey," said Jeff.

"What? No turkey on Christmas day?"

"Nope," replied Jeff. "I had ham-fried ham."

"Ham and plum pudding are a queer combination, I must say," remarked the clerk.

" Didn't have any plum pudding," said Jeff. "Had a chew of tobacco afterward."

RICHES AWAIT YOU

The man that remains poor in this country has only himself to blame. It might not have been so 50 years ago, but now that we have had so many shining examples of how to do it there is no excuse for any one being worth less than a million.

Get up a corner on something, no matter whether it's turpits or coffins.

Dig a hole in the ground and advertise it as an oil well. No oil needed to catch the suckers.

Take a map of the west, select a certain spot, mark it with red ink and advertise a gold or silver mine. It's all in the advertising—not in the mine.

Announce that you have formed a company and started a cocoanut grove in Mexico. If the announcement is lurid enough there needn't be any coconuts. Great thing for ministers to invest in.

By a barrel of old mining stock at ten cents a barrel and advertise that the pay streak has at last been struck. Widows will rush to invest at 25 cents on the dollar.

Advertise a position paying \$4,000 a year for a young and ambitious young man who can invest \$3,000 cash. Pay him his first week's salary and skip with the balance. Favorite old game and never fails to work.

Go into the green goods business. It attracts country grocers and postmasters all over the country and is just as honorable as stock broking.

The footlights, the flies, representing treetops. The painted-on fountain, where never water fell;

The orchestra pit, and the eagle-eyed drummer.

And e'en the old slapstick that bruises me so well—

The old oaken slapstick, the loud-sounding slapstick.

The laugh-saving slapstick that served me so well.

—Denver Republican.

MEDICAL.

When the mighty city doctor finds his lotions and his drugs do not cure your aching body 'Of bacilli and of bugs.'

He advises rural quiet.

To upbuild your system shunp—

So the country doctor gets you When the city man is stumped.

—New York Sun.

THE CHOICE THINGS.

When a woman doesn't know what to do next she has a choice of two things—comb her back hair or see if the back of her skirt is hooked. But a man can do one or all of many things—look at his watch, scratch his head, spit at something, put his hands in and out of his pocket, button and unbutton his coat, whittle or take a fresh chew of tobacco.—Atchison Globe.

THE WAY OF IT.

If you will fight, you'll win yourself. But if you don't you won't. The Lord helps him who helps himself. The Lord helps those who don't.

—Philadelphia Press.

Fit and Fought.

One would have thought this an Americanism, but I find it in Garrick's "Miss in Her Teens," where Tag says to Flash: "Oh pray let me see you fight! There were two gentlemen fit yesterday," etc. (act 2).—Notes and Queries.

And Cheerfully Too.

"Ninety per cent of the men in this world make fools of themselves for money."

"Worse than that. Ninety per cent of them make fools of themselves for nothing!"—Cleveland Press.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it—Seneca.

Nimrod—Are you fond of hunting?

Gyer—It all depends. Nimrod—Depends on what? Gyer—Foxes or collar studs.—Illustrated Bits.

Irrelevant.

At a term of the circuit court in Ohio a "horse case" was on trial, and a well known horseman was called as a witness.

"Well, sir, you saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"Yes, sir, I—"

"What did you do?"

"I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was, an' I says to him, I says, 'Old sport, I guess you're pretty good yet.'

At this juncture counsel for the opposing side entered a violent objection: "Stop!" he cried. "Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present!"—Harper's Weekly.

Views of Our Contemporaries

Why Fairbanks Don't Use Tobacco.

(Washington Herald.)

Vice President Fairbanks does not smoke or use tobacco in any form. He does not care for it, and relates a boyhood experience as his reason for disliking tobacco.

"At the time," he tells his friends, "when there were a lot of little chaps attending a country school, of whom I was one, the most common way of using tobacco was in a pipe or to chew."

"A cigar was a sign of affluence, frequently affected by the inhabitants of that community."

"One day a young man came to see our teacher, who was a young woman, and he wore in his face a long black cigar, which meant he had much money in his pocket, was president of a bank or something equally important. When he came in he left the cigar on the outside, carefully put away on a winnow ledge. Some spirit of devilry or perverseness induced me to flick that cigar, and I divided it up among my companions. Each of us took a bite, and in about five minutes all of us were wildly groping about for something to hold on to so we would not fall off the earth. That's the way we felt, and that experience made me so sick I have never been tempted to repeat it."

"The Speaker was in the cloak room a few days ago and, after a thorough search of his pockets, he wore a perplexed expression.

"'Gone again,' he remarked. 'If every one wasted as much panettar cough syrup as I do, more attention would have to be paid to the pine forests.'

"The next day a Congressman from the South handed a small package to Speaker Cannon. Upon opening it, Uncle Joe found it to be his cough medicine—three bottles of it.

"You have mistaken my overcoat for yours three times," said the Congressman. "I intended bringing the bottles back, but I forgot them. That's how things accumulated."

"Mr. Cannon was delighted at the recovery but he could not help expressing a regret that he had not found the missing cough syrup sooner, for he had just ordered a half dozen new bottles."

"There is not a solon in Washington who is not now planning his individual

"Worse than the Cocktail."

(Boston Globe.)

The president shook 5,645 hands at his New Year's reception, not including those of Rev. William J. Long, Mr. Henry M. Whitney, Hon. William E. Chandler, Mr. E. H. Harriman and other distinguished members of the Ana nias club.

WORSE THAN THE COCKTAIL.

(New York Post.)

As if fatally to handicap the Fairbanks boom, it is now announced that a professional humorist wants to be a Fairbanks delegate, and that a group of abnormally tall persons have organized the Long Men's Fairbanks club.

Easy Money for Them.

(Atlanta Journal.)

However, as long as the magazines are willing to pay fifteen cents a word for hunting and fishing anecdotes, there will be no trouble about our present and prospective ex-presidents making a living.

Suggestion for Bryan.

(Los Angeles Times.)</