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## 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 mass 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 refusal 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 hanging 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 as he would never think of turning a poor, torn and unprotected policeman nose in such a maelstrom to carry out his law.

In his New Haven speech, Senator Beveridge said that only demagogues and ignorant men object to those combinations of industry known as trusts. 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 latest Haitian revolution the armies down there must number about ten generals to every one private.

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

A wax from the raffa palm of Madagascar is expected to prove a substitute for beewax. 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, phonograph cylinders, etc.

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

The first library in Connecticut was founded at Branford by clergymen in 700. 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 urchin 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 morning it is; I'll put on my shoes and 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 self;  
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.

## A TOO STRENUOUS DESCENT.

The housewife was showing her new chambermaid through the upstairs when finally they came to a staircase leading down into the rear yard.  
"Mary," said she, "stepping out on the landing. Whenever you wish to pass down to the back yard go down this way."  
Just then the speaker slipped and was precipitated with a great clattering to the bottom.  
"Are you hurt, mum?" cried the frightened chambermaid, starting down from above.  
"No; it's nothing," came the return as the disheveled mistress rose to her feet in proof.  
"Thin ye've got it down fine, mum; but 'th' job's too strenuous for me,"—Judge.

## A FEMININE NOTE.

A person of considerable experience says that when a lot of women get together the first thing they do is to abuse the men, and that when a lot of men get together the first thing they do is to give the women reason for such opinions.—Acheson Globe.

## THE ACTOR'S SONG.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my acting,  
When press agent praises present them to view:  
The drop scenes, the wings, and, afar off, the gallery,  
And the calcium light which my vanity knew.  
The footlights, the flies, representing treetops,  
The painted-on fountain, where ne'er water fell;  
The orchestra pit, and the eagle-eyed drummer,  
And e'en the old slapstick that bruised 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 notions and his drugs Do not cure your aching body "Of bacilli and bugs," He advises rural quiet.  
To upbraid your system slumped—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.—Acheson 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 dit 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.

## 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 blue 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 dazling 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 get the institutions of his state.

Out Arkansas way, the impression prevails that a man who can learn to wear a blue shirt with ease is liable 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?"  
"None," 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."

Bop Taylor of Tennessee has information.

## 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 its turnips 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 cocoanuts. 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.

Blossom out as a gold brick man. This used to be considered a low-down business until rebating came into practice, but now it is looked up to and honored.

Get up a merger. Merge anything you've got with anything else and double the price of both. The public is so used to being swindled that one more doesn't count.

For the yearly profit in burglary, highway robbery and bargain sales, see small bills and take a hand in.

Sunflower  
Philosophy

(Acheson (Kan.) Globe.)  
Who will protect the poor farmer after election day.

A foolish woman with lots of money is the merchant's salvation.  
An Acheson man calls his wife "Experience," she costs him so dear.  
You never learn what church some men belong to until their funerals occur.

A man can excuse meanness in himself, but how he despises it in others.  
Any one who thinks that truth is stranger than fiction should read a ten cent detective story.

It is almost as bad to support a friend for office as it is to run yourself.  
The greatest man on earth is the man who gets there, and makes no noise about it.

The average man will quit the society of a pretty woman any time to see a \$10 election bet put up.

No one will admit to being superstitious, but did you ever know of a couple courageous enough to marry on Friday?

## 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."  
"What did you say?"  
"I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was, and 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!"—Harvardian.

ed his friends that he keeps close to home these winter evenings because he has a most difficult task to accomplish. Bob is a fiddler and is a master of all the old classics which have done duty at square dances in this country since people had enough time to spare from Indian fighting to enjoy themselves.

Bob is now intent on learning rag time and, although he has been advised that rag-time on a fiddle is impossible, he says there is no truth in such an assertion.

"You can play anything on a fiddle that can be played on any other instrument," he says, and he snorted with indignation and dignified refusal to answer when some one asked him how about the piccolo, mouth organ or Jew's harp.

When Taylor hasn't the responsibility of holding down a seat in the Senate or running Tennessee from the governor's chair, he bustles about from town to town, lecturing and fiddling for his daily bread.

The senator from the Indian state of Oklahoma, looking a striking imitation of the statue of an Indian dressed in increased trousers and boiled shirt, is attracting unusual attention. When the Senate is in session, he sits hour after hour, his face barren of expression of any sort and his steely eyes fixed upon the object of his attention. Robert Latham Owens is expected to become an interesting member of the upper house as soon as he gets his bearings. His hobby is the welfare of the Indians. In Senator Latham's veins flows the blood of an admixture of the fighting races—Cherokee, Scotch and Irish.

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

campaign of preparation for next June's conventions. At the same time, they are looking into the future, trying to pierce the curtain of time, and wondering what the program will read like. At the same time, every one is confident.

Speaker Cannon is having great trouble with his bottle of cough medicine. "Uncle Joe" always carries his pinetree mixture with him, so that he will not forget to take it. He has had bad luck with the mixture this session for it has dropped out of his pocket three times and the bottle was broken on every occasion.

Uncle Joe always "drafts" the stuff and commented that if he left it home he forgot to take it, and if he carried the bottle with him, it always was broken. Between the two grievances his cough progressed fairly well.

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 pinetree 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 they 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.

## HIS NATIVE STATE

Speech Wherein Southern Senator Grew  
Eloquent in Self-Praise.

"Gentlemen," said the southern senator as he got his handkerchief ready for instant use, "the very name of my state is sacred to me. I cannot hear it spoken of without feeling a swelling in my throat and when I think of the undulating hills, the verdant valleys, the sublime slopes and the terrestrial traditions of the grand old commonwealth that gave me birth I am submerged beneath a flood of tender memories that flow across my being like the thinking of a prismatic rill through one of her own reverberating glens. The man who lifts his voice against the honor of my state or who questions the integrity or the intelligence of her people I brand with the calumniating torch of her own advanced enlightenment, that, moving like a finger of scorn upon the pale horizon of his shameful effrontery, leaves upon it the traces of outraged honor and scars as with the breath of the all-devouring sirocco. I am proud to say that

the blood of her sons and daughters courses through my veins. They are my brothers and whoever censures them must answer to me. In the unnumbered ages to come the glorious state that has bestowed upon me the right to stand here among the brightest of this shall glow among the brightest constellations, shall stand in the forefront of advancement and glimmer like the sunlight falling upon her fruitful fields and illuminating the wooded aisles of her umbrageous delvities as the last rays of the glorious orb sink into the opalescence of an unknown sea and so less fall upon the circumambient scene the mantle that shuts out the firmament and goes not like the quarry slave scourged to his bed, but gently lies down to pleasant dreams."

Overcome by his emotion the great man was compelled to apply for leave to print the rest of his speech in the congressional record and the question of dredging Mud Creek, Arkansas, was taken up for consideration.

WOMEN SHOULD TAKE DAY OFF AND GAD  
AND THERE WILL BE NO DIVORCES

New York, Jan. 18.—"Women, take a day off once a week. Don't drowse seven days a week. Have one day to rest and gad, and by so doing benefit your children, yourself and your friends."

This is the advice of Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, a New York club woman, to other women, and she has started a crusade to spread her ideas. "Divorce and marital infidelity are caused, in almost every instance by the ignorance of American women," she says. "They are vastly more responsible for unhappiness in the home than men. If women only would use common sense and take a day off from their household drudgery once a week a great part of the domestic troubles would be obliterated."

## Woman Becomes Drudge.

"Why, the average woman won't let herself be intelligent. She becomes a household drudge as soon as she is married; her disposition is soured and no self-made pessimist is capable of bringing up a family of healthy-minded children. This in time will stunt the race mentally and it will be a race of ignoramuses."

"Why should a woman become a

slave as soon as she marries? The lack of recreation is the cause of soured, scolding wives. What if a woman is called a gadabout? Why shouldn't she gad? When a man has his day of rest, he does as he likes. The woman never has a day off; it's work all the time for her.

"And, besides, a woman who stays all the time in her home helps the community to stagnate. Her mentality is undeveloped and crude and she is not one to whom her husband or son can go for advice. She may know how to boil potatoes and ham to perfection, but she does not know enough to advise her children whether to become plumbers or bootblacks or aeronauts. Her judgment is valueless. And yet, the woman, who is a good ham boiler thinks she knows everything."

"So, women, if you want to be happy, go out. Take a day off every week. If you can get no one to do your work while you are away, make your husband help you on his day off. By working together you can accomplish the task in half the time one of you could alone, and then you can enjoy the rest of the day together."

uriant growth of hair, carefully combed and everything in just the right place, except the price mark.

The miracle of the hair had been accomplished by his warm-hearted landlady, who, hearing of his misfortune, collected his articles of wearing apparel and brought them to police headquarters. She did not forget his toupee.

I Was Mistaken.

A lively writer has said "I was mistaken" are the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language. Yet it seems but acknowledging that we are wiser than we were before to see our error and humbler than we were before to own it. But so it is, and Goldsmith observes that Frederick the Great did himself more honor by his letter to his senate stating that he had just lost a great battle by his own fault than by all the victories he had won. Perhaps our greatest perfection here is not to escape imperfections, but to see and acknowledge and lament and correct them.—Jay.

Have you trouble of any kind arising from a disordered stomach? Go to your druggist and get a box of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is positively guaranteed to cure you and keep you well.

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 day's hood 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 in frequently affected by the inhabitants of that community.  
"One day a young man came to see my teacher, who was a young woman, and he wore in his face a long black cigar, that meant he had much money in his pocket, was president of a bank or something equally important. When he came in he left that cigar on the outside, carefully put away on a window ledge. Some spirit of devilry or perverseness induced me to flick that cigar, and I divided it up in pieces 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."

## Among Those Not Present.

(Boston Globe.)

The president shook 5,445 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 Annapolis 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.)

Scientists assert that toads live 11,000 years in a state of suspended animation. Why, then, does not the democratic party take the toad as an emblem, instead of the donkey?

## Both Corpse and Lead in Kentucky.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The Druce coffin contained a human body instead of a lot of lead. Up in Breatheth county the coffin of any esteemed anti-Harris citizen might contain both.

## Favorite Sons Calore.

(Boston Journal.)

And now there's a boom for Judson Harmon, of Ohio, for the Democratic nomination for president. It's hard to keep Ohio men out of presidential candidacies.

## Not a Popular Word.

(Washington Post.)

Mr. Taft should not place too much reliance on the fact that he is now being called "Bill." Lots of men have learned to hate the very sound of that word.

## Didn't Close Him Up.

(Anacanda Standard.)

Nineteen seven may be a closed incident, but Brother Bryan gives the republicans fair warning that some of the incidents incidental thereto are not.

## Wall Street Knows He Did.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

New York's superintendent of banks in his report takes the unique view that the president did not cause the panic all by himself.

Cussin'  
the Climate

(New York Sun.)

Old Sid Smith was the blindestest one for cussin' the climate.  
Peared that his only idee of fun was cussin' the climate.

No matter where old Sid would go, Whether 'twould rain or whether 'twould snow,

Shinin' or stormin', e'en or blow,  
He was cussin' the climate.

Lived in Mizziory for quite a spell,  
A-cussin' the climate;  
Said it was hotter than—I won't tell,  
Then, cussin' the climate.

Sid moved down into Arkansas,  
Where he continued to work his jaw—  
Seemed cheylin' a sort of law  
In cussin' the climate.

Then old Sid he moved East,  
Still cussin' the climate;  
Frothed at the mouth like a sagin' beast,  
A-cussin' the climate.

Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maine  
Each one goin' ag'in his grain,  
Old Sid's mission was always plain—  
Just cussin' the climate.

After a while he went out West,  
Still cussin' the climate,  
Swearin' that somewhere else was best,  
So, cussin' the climate.

Clean from Oregon down the coast,  
Finally Sid give up the ghost.  
Now he's gone where the grumblers roast—  
Still cussin' the climate.

Throw away pills and strong cathartics which are violent in action, and always have on hand Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the guaranteed cure for constipation and all diseases arising from stomach trouble.

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PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY

POLITICAL  
ANNOUNCEMENTS

## FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

LEE J. REYNOLDS—Candidate for Representative from Wayne County, subject to the Republican nomination.

WALTER S. RATLIFF—Candidate for State Representative, subject to the Republican nomination.

## JOINT REPRESENTATIVE.

ALONZO M. GARDNER, candidate for Joint Representative, Wayne and Fayette Counties, subject to the Republican nomination.

## JUDGE CIRCUIT COURT.

HENRY C. FOX—Candidate for re-election for Judge of the Wayne Circuit Court, subject to the Republican nomination.

CHARLES E. SHIVELEY, candidate for Judge of the Wayne Circuit Court, subject to the Republican nomination.

## PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

CHARLES L. LADD of Centerville, candidate for Prosecuting Attorney of Wayne county, subject to the Republican nomination.

## COUNTY TREASURER.

ALBERT R. ALBERTSON of Clay township, candidate for Treasurer of Wayne County, subject to Republican nomination.

## COUNTY RECORDER.

WILL ROBBINS of Abington Township, candidate for County Recorder, subject to the Republican nomination.

BENJAMIN F. PARSONS, of Wayne township is a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the Republican nomination.

JOHN C. KING of Center Township, is a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the Republican nomination.