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FOREIGN TRADEMARKS TO BE PROTECTED

Americans and French to Consider the Matter.

Washington, July 4.—It developed that one feature of the negotiations to be carried on between the French and American commissioners in Paris, this summer will relate to the extent to which French trademarks are to be recognized and protected in the United States. Nothing has been publicly said about this phase of the negotiations, but it now appears that there is considerable worry on the subject among French exporters. This is because of the decision lately handed down in the District Court of Appeals and generally held here to be good law, in which it is maintained that the adulteration is misbranding of a trademarked article and prevents the owner of that trademark from securing registration for his mark, while in case it is already registered, he is prevented from securing the protection of the United States and loses all property rights connected therewith.

LETTER LIST.

Women—Mrs. Mollie Bonnell, Miss C. Louise Harris, Mrs. Chas. Lowe, Miss H. I. Meyer, Annie Mendenhall, Mrs. Budd Mitchell, Margaret O'Hea, Amelia Williams.

Men—General Agt. for Royal Fire Ins. Co., Robert Hunt, I. C. Harper, Horace Kimball, Will King, Austin Moran, Richmond Commission Co., Wm. Rowan, Sam Sweetman, Archibald Stubbins, Geo. Stadler, C. V. Strickland & Son, John Stratton, Tribune, The Carpenter Steel Co., S. Tulleman, R. E. Taylor.
Drops—Hall Jessup, Frank Owens 2, J. E. Wilkenson.
J. A. SPEKENHIER, P. M.

OLD SOLDIER BEING ALMOST FORGOTTEN

Modern Tendency Is to Ignore Veterans, Writes Mrs. John A. Logan.

DRIFTING FROM PRINCIPLES

DECLARES THE COUNTRY IS FORSAKING THE IDEALS THAT LED TO THE CIVIL WAR AND MAINTENANCE OF THE UNION.

By Mrs. John A. Logan.
Washington, July 4.—The most indifferent cannot have failed to have noted the disposition on the part of the present generation to belittle the glory that was won by the soldiers of the Civil War. There was a time when they were considered in all great movements, especially political ones, and it was deemed a fatal thing to make a soldier on the ticket. But it seems they have had their day and are not to be included in the program in the future. We hear constantly murmurings of the amount of pensions that are paid and we read in a very important magazine a complaint that Congress could not provide for the building of four ships because of the fact that the pension list was so long and required such a heavy appropriation.

The question might well be asked, Would they have had any occasion for ships, or would the country have been in its present progressive state if it had not been for the soldiers who prevented the dissolution of the Union?

There seems to be a great desire for extravagant appropriations for everything under the sun but for the men who really saved the Union. Now and again officials who need the votes of these veterans essay to say something in public in their behalf, but for the most part they have to beg, entreat, and implore for recognition by Congress, the departments and the powers that be. Naturally many of these men have grown old and are perhaps not quite as efficient as the young men who have had the advantages of the blessings of education and training secured for them by the sacrifice made by these soldiers. At the same time I doubt if any of the younger blood will perform more faithfully or more acceptably the duties assigned to them than will the very oldest veteran now in the employ of the Government.

With all due respect to Spanish War soldiers, we think it was a genius of the highest character who caused the word "veteran" to be used in connection with the Spanish War Association. We hear nothing now but "Spanish War Veterans" or "Veterans of the Spanish War and their Auxiliaries." No one has more cause than myself to honor the courage and patriotic devotion to their country of the American soldiers in the brief war with Spain. My only son lost his life while leading his battalion against Aguinaldo's entrenched forces at San Jacinto, P. I. Had he lived, he would never have called himself a "veteran." But in the light of the way in which they are coming to the front as veterans to the disadvantage and discount of the veterans of the Civil War emphasizes the genius of the man who originated the cognomen of "Spanish War Veteran," and one loses sight of the short service and youthfulness of most of these soldiers when they are spoken of as "veterans."

The disposition to magnify into daring heroism the simplest act of every soldier in the Spanish War, calling them "heroes" is not altogether agreeable to the survivors of the Civil War, who over and over again performed deeds which were entitled to be called heroic, but to which little attention was paid or little note made of them at the time or subsequently.

The inclination to discount the great generals of the Civil War and to compare them with these latter-day officers has led some at least into the fatal mistake of trying to discredit their true nobility and to charge them with weaknesses which they assert had brought discredit upon them before the Civil War offered them an opportunity in which to display their great military genius. If this tendency continues, the next generation may believe that the Civil War was a small affair, and that the heroes of the Spanish-American War are the ones who are entitled to all the credit for the place the United States occupies in the galaxy of nations. It is to be hoped that the sober sense of the American people will soon gain the mastery and that the latter-day idols may have full acknowledgment for everything they have really done and be given their proper place in history without detracting from the glory of the men who saved the Union and inaugurated the march of civilization which has followed "with charity for all and malice toward none" the close of the great Civil War after nearly five long and bloody years.

We are drifting away from the principles for which we have sacrificed so much blood and treasure and it behooves the men of affairs to be more deliberate in their recommendations. MRS. LOGAN GALLEY TWO.

was made in the last half century of the nineteenth century was but the foundation for stupendous achievements which will be worked out before the dawning of the twenty-first century.

We are glad to note that educators are paying more attention to the physical and moral, as well as the mental, development of the pupils and students who come under their tutelage. If teachers and pupils have better their duty, they should be far better prepared than were those who have wrought so nobly in the past. Every avenue has been opened for men and women, and if they are faithful to the opportunities afforded them, there is

nothing that they cannot undertake to do. Those who took such an active part in the past built wiser than they knew and have made it possible for the American youth to reach the goal of his ambition. Wealth, which has occupied the exclusive attention of so many for the past half a century, has also afforded means for the gratification of the most ambitious.

At the same time, it is an important thing that older heads should exercise remedies and methods of supplying the needs of the nation and to refrain from this continued effort at centralization of power.

During the month of June, the various schools of the country, including colleges, universities, seminaries and academies, will send out into the world innumerable graduates. Many of them have been mentally equipped for the duties of life, but it remains to be seen whether or not their characters have been developed as carefully as their minds have been trained. Many of the young people of the present day have formed false ideas of their individual responsibility for carrying on the wonderful plans of the twentieth century. The progress that elude their influence over the youthful and inexperienced, and to try to guide them in conservative channels, and to keep before them the examples of the founders of this great American republic.

Socialistic and anarchistic doctrines are the most dangerous that these young people have to meet, as they are sometimes presented in such honeyed words that they would deceive the most wary.

The individual responsibility as citizens of this great republic should be deeply impressed upon them as into their hands must pass the destinies of the nation. The women, as the mothers of the coming generations, have as much need to understand the requisite of good citizenship as have the men who are to manage the affairs of the future. They should be taught that there is no claim so obligatory upon them as that of their country, and that every evasion of their duty is destined to recoil upon them and to eventually involve them in serious difficulties.

It is not enough that men are willing to fight for their country against a foreign foe. It is their duty to stand continually like a stone wall against its enemies at home, for such enemies can covertly destroy the very temple of liberty.

Ambitious and designing men with little sympathy in the perpetuation of republican institutions have their emissaries always on the lookout for opportunities to place them in political power; they have no interest in the general welfare of the people or the advancement of civilization and Christianity; neither by precept nor example do they try to influence the masses to aspire to good citizenship; nor do they encourage obedience to the laws of the land, conservation of the resources of the country, and fidelity to the captains of industry upon whom the people must depend for prosperity and happiness.

NEW DEGREE FOR CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

J. F. Johnson Is Made Doctor Of Commercial Science.

New York, July 4.—Joseph French Johnson, dean of the New York University School of Commerce is the first man in the world to be a "Doctor of Commercial Science." This honorary degree has been conferred on Dean Johnson by Union College, Schenectady, the first educational institution in the world to establish an honorary degree especially to mark eminence in commercial fields. Heretofore captains of industry have been honored with LL. D.'s or Ph. D.'s, but the conferring of the degree "D. C. S." is absolutely new.

NEW TORPEDO BOATS TO BURN OIL AS FUEL

Will Also Be Equipped With Latest Turbine Engines.

Washington, July 4.—Because of the success of the oil-burning torpedo boat destroyers and torpedo boats of the English navy, the board of construction has recommended that the ten torpedo boat destroyers provided for by the last Congress be equipped for oil burning only.

It is reported that recent tests by naval experts of oil as a fuel have given sufficient proofs of its efficiency to cause the recommendation.

The board has also recommended that the new vessels be equipped with turbine machinery. The opinion is expressed that the speed of the oil-burning destroyers will be much greater than that of those burning coal as fuel.

CROP REPORTS TO BE ISSUED EARLIER

Department of Agriculture Is Planning Now.

Washington, July 4.—The bureau of statistics in the department of agriculture is planning to issue its crop reports during the summer a day or two earlier than last year.

TAKERS: Raised biscuits from Gold Medal Flour are excellent.

MAN SUPREME EVEN IN WOMAN'S REALM

Male Cooks and Male Dress-Makers Considered Superior to the Other Sex.

MAN IS BETTER STUDENT.

FOR THAT REASON HE PREPARES BETTER DINNERS AND DESIGNS MORE FETCHING GOWNS THAN THE FEMALE ARTISANS.

The most enthusiastic believer in the superiority of woman does not pretend that she is perfect and unapproachable at all points. While the most famous dressmakers and the most famous chefs are men, we shall have, sad as it may be, to admit that in some things men have done better than we have.

The best cook is a man. He is like the leader of an orchestra, who knows every instrument beneath him, its capabilities, where it should blend, where it should detach itself, and its proportion to the whole; whereas the woman cooks solos, not concertos. Food as a necessity of daily life is the province of the woman; food as a fine art is only mastered by the man, with centuries of cultivation behind him. It is prepared by him for his peers; the chef who is an artist does not value a woman's approbation at all. The very waiters know her status.

One of the most humiliating things any woman can do is to order a luncheon with the head waiter's eye upon her. The eye is too respectful to be scornful. It says so plainly, and the woman reads it and quails. As for the wine waiter, he has the air of a dreamer, trying to forget painful episodes of life. The only chance of soothing him is to leave it in his hands. He will then, in the breadth of his tolerance, give one sweet wine, exactly as one spreads a child's bread and butter with sugar. Women in these exalted regions are as house painters in the national gallery.

As for dress, the reason for the supremacy of the male (so far) is easily found. Men have always been the executive artists; they inherit the talent of the ages. Women's instinct has not been cultivated to the same extent. They love pretty things, but they do not study themselves. The French woman knows more about her appearance than the English about hers, but not so much as the Frenchman knows about the appearance of all women.

In the external treatment of the picture called woman, the man has the advantage of detachment from his subject, whereas a woman has a hundred prejudices. As a rule, a woman falls in love with a frock or a hat purely on its merits and not because it will suit her so admirably. Just as the man cook knows that food and wine are parts of the whole and must be studied together, so the man milliner knows that the woman and her clothes are one entity.

It is this cultivated eye for the whole, the cultivated palate for the whole, which makes the man the supreme artist in dress and in food and will do so until women make up some of the time and education that they have lost during several centuries.—H. Pearl Humphry, in Black and White.

Courage and Change.

"The time I most admire a woman," said the gray-headed man, "is when she tries to get a bill changed. I admire her then for her splendid courage. Give a woman a ten dollar bill that she wants changed and she will walk unconcernedly into any shop in town and request the proprietor to give her two fives or ten ones, or whatever denomination she happens to need. She never offers to buy anything to compensate him for his trouble. I have known my wife to get change from a grocer, a butcher, a druggist, a stationer, a cigar dealer and a florist without spending one cent in their stores. And all those tradesmen were perfect strangers. She simply wanted change and walked in and asked for it.

"Contrast her calm serenity with the dish-rag will of the average man in need of change. He would rather be shot than just ask for it. He will buy something as an excuse for the transaction, even if it is something that he couldn't make use of this side of doomsday and that he has to throw away the minute he turns the corner. The matter of economy alone it is a pity he can't be as brave as a woman."—New York Press.

Emory's Mill Remnant Sale

Begins Tuesday

July 7, 8 a. m.

Bigger and Better
Than Ever Before
Railroad Store
Store closed Monday

The Merry Widow

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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CHAPTER VI. At Maxim's.

MAXIM'S after midnight—the show restaurant whither sight-seeing Americans and other tourists flock and whose dizzy, machine-made merriment they solemnly believe to be a part and parcel of true Parisian life.

On the night of Sonia's garden party one group of men and women who entered the jolly restaurant were so different from the usual habitués of the place as to come in for not a few amused glances from their neighbors. They were Mme. Natalie Popoff, Mme. Nova Kovitch and Cascaida and St. Brioché. The visit was Natalie's idea.



At Maxim's.

She had heard Danilo's wild speech of goodby to Sonia and his announcement that he was off to Maxim's. Hence the ambassador's wife, with a feeble yearning to atone in some way for the false position into which the widow had been thrust for her sake, had resolved to follow in the hope of securing a word in private with Danilo and setting matters right again.

Natalie had not confided her plan to her husband, and now as the party were ushered to a secluded table in an alcove she glanced at the riotous scene about her with a delighted nervousness. The delight vanished suddenly, however, and the nervousness waxed to a panic fear as a familiar voice smote upon her ear.

Popoff had just come in and was standing not ten feet away from the secluded table where his wife sat trembling.

"I want to see Prince Danilo at once," he said to the head waiter.

"Has he arrived?"

"Not yet, sir," was the reply, "but he will be here very soon. There is a supper party waiting for him over there," waving to a tableful of gayly appareled girls with tired eyes.

"Really?" exclaimed the ambassador. "I'll just join them till he comes."

He toddled off to the distant table, where, to Natalie's jealous eye, he seemed to make himself at home with a phenomenal ease and quickness. He was scarce seated when Danilo strode in. The whole table rose to give the prince noisy greeting.

"Why, hello, your excellency!" cried Danilo. "This is queer company for a monument of respectability like yourself to wander into."

"I came only to see you," protested the ambassador, drawing him aside. "I was bound I'd come here and wait till you appeared!"

"Oh, I see," cut in the prince, thoroughly enjoying his confusion. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"I didn't rush in," fumed the ambassador. "I crept here in a meanly cab and I sneaked into the place like a pickpocket for fear some one would recognize me. I sacrificed myself to my country. Suppose my wife should hear of it! I came to implore you, to cast myself on your mercy, to beg you once more to prevent the widow from—"

"I must see his excellency," insisted a portly man behind them, his voice booming through the whole room. "He is here, and I— Oh!" he broke off on sight of Popoff. "Here you are!"

"My dear Nova Kovitch," pettishly interrupted the ambassador, "is it necessary to hunt for me with a brass band? Couldn't you?"

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," answered Nova Kovitch, "but here's a dispatch from the Marsovian ministry. It seemed to me important, and I brought it on."

Popoff took the slip of paper and read aloud.

"If Mme. Sadova's twenty millions are allowed to leave Marsovia we are a bankrupt country."

"There, Prince Danilo," continued the ambassador, turning on the young man in melodramatic appeal; "you see it's right up to you! Your country appeals to you to save it! You are Marsovia's last hope. Marry the widow and—"

"I'll marry no one!" flared up Danilo. "To the deuce with matrimony and Marsovia and myself! I'm done with silly dreams of love and all that nonsense. I'm free, and I'm going to make a night of it."

He paused and stood silent, dumfounded. Down the silent flight of stairs leading into the room a woman



"I LOVE YOU, SONIA," HE WHISPERED.

was advancing alone.

"Sonia!" exclaimed Danilo. With a word of excuse to the others, he hurried across and met the widow as she reached the foot of the steps.

"You're here," he muttered in horrified wonder—"here alone?"

"Yes," replied Sonia coldly. "Is it any affair of yours?"

"First the summer house," he went on as in a daze, "then Maxim's."

"Quite so. Is that all you have to say?"

"No," he retorted; "I have one thing more. You should not marry De Jolidon."

"Because I?"

He checked himself. She finished the sentence for him.

"Because you love me?" she suggested.

He broke into a discordant, miserable laugh.

"Don't laugh that silly way!" she reprimanded sharply.

"I am sorry you don't like it," he observed. "It's the only way I know."

"Then don't laugh at all. The laugh is on my side, anyway."

"On your side?"

"Yes. You are angry at what happened this evening. But it wasn't I who was in the summer house with M. de Jolidon."

"But I saw you there," he declared.

"I—"

"I took another woman's place to get her out of an awkward scrape with her husband—with M. Popoff. She was—"

"And I never even guessed it!" cried Danilo, his sullen face breaking into a smile of utter relief. "What a fool I was! I was green and yellow with jealousy. I—"

He caught himself up, but it was too late. Sonia's eyes danced.

"But since you don't love me," she asked, "why were you yellow and green with—"

"Because green and yellow are our national colors. I am nothing if not patriotic. You see?"

"Mme. Sadova—prince!" gurgled Popoff, trotting up to them, unable longer to restrain his anxiety. "I hope it is all settled. All nicely arranged, eh?"

"If you mean is madame to marry De Jolidon," answered Danilo, "she is not."

"But this evening," ejaculated Popoff, "in the summer house?"

"She took another woman's place," replied the prince, disregarding Sonia's warning gesture.

"Dear me," squealed Popoff, his curiosity reviving. "Who was she?"

"Excuse me, your excellency," remarked Nish, who had entered with Nova Kovitch and had hovered anxiously about waiting to get in a word, "but here is a fan that was picked up in the summer house after the party. You told me to search the place, and I did. If I may say so, I—"

"Same old fan!" commented Popoff idly opening it. Then, with a jump as his eye vaguely caught the sentence Natalie had scribbled beneath De Jolidon's avowal, he screamed:

"My wife's handwriting! Then it was my wife after all!"

"Sir," quoted Nova Kovitch, "Casar's wife should be above suspicion."

"But Casar never brought his wife to Paris!" wailed Popoff. "This is bad for me."

"No, no!" pleaded Natalie, who at sight of the fatal trinket had left her table and run forward. "It's all a horrible mistake. I can explain. I—"

"Silence!" commanded Popoff in his most magisterial manner. "Madame, under section 4 of the Marsovian code I hereby divorce you. This fan is sufficient evidence."

As Natalie started back, dumb with horror, Popoff turned impressively to Sonia and, to the widow's amused dismay, sank on one knee before her.

"Mme. Sadova," he declared, "I am free, and in the name of our fatherland I beseech you to become my wife!"

Sonia was seemingly blind to the white misery in Natalie's face and the look of angry surprise in Danilo's. She answered, with perfect composure:

"My dear M. Popoff, I am deeply honored by your proposal, but before I accept it—"

"No?"

"No," he retorted; "I have one thing more. You should not marry De Jolidon."

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