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— and Sun-Telegram —

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**A FORTUNE GONE.**

The announcement of Tom L. Johnson that he is now a poor man will call forth the sympathy of his many friends all over the country. For years as mayor of Cleveland, this man has stood for all that is fair and square. He has had his eye not on the money purse, but on the needs of the people. Like all innovators of movements, Johnson made mistakes, but these were not of the character to cast discredit upon him.

The statement is often made that Johnson is (or rather was) a philanthropist. This he now denies. He says he simply did good for the pleasure which it afforded him and he announces that he succeeded to the point of making himself happy. What ever moralists and churchmen may say in regard to the analysis of Mr. Johnson's motives for doing good, it is certain that those people who were affected by the reforms which he instituted and the kindness which he displayed in person, will agree that the important thing was that he did them.

America would be far better off if there were more men going up and down in the communities of which they are residents, doing the services which Tom L. did for the people of Cleveland. The spirit is too seldom manifested to let a conspicuous instance of it go by unnoticed.

How many men are there, who have come out of politics unsmirched and unenriched, to say nothing of having let their personal affairs go to rack and ruin? Heretofore it has been said of this man: "Well, he's a millionaire, he can afford it." In the light of events which have followed, it seems that the question of "affording it," did not for once enter his head.

Fancy a politician, if that term can be applied to Mr. Johnson, who spent no money in his campaigns and who although he had unlimited opportunities for grafting from the till of the municipal street railroads, has not touched a cent nor allowed any one else to do so.

No wonder he has political enemies! And to these enemies he stands up and says: "I'll never give up. I'm well and strong and they'll always find me at the front."

He might say, as did the poet Byron, to Thomas More:

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
But whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for any fate."

Not improbable.

A well known scientist was telling a young woman about a series of experiments he had been recently making with the microphone. "The microphone," he explained, "magnifies sounds to the ear as the microscope magnifies objects to the eye. The footfalls of a centipede heard through the microphone resemble a tattoo on a kettle-drum. The dropping of a pin is like the report of a cannon."

"That is very interesting and odd," said the girl.

"This afternoon," resumed the scientist, "I caught a fly and studied its note, which resembles the neighing of a horse."

"Perhaps," said the girl, "it was a horsefly."—New York Press.

A FEAT FOR A CAMEL.

Theodore P. Roberts had a fluent command of language, both in speaking and writing, and was well liked by everybody. He could secure the attention of a negligent publisher if need be. To one who, who was remiss about sending vouchers, he once closed up a long letter with the sentence: "And, finally, my dear sir, permit me to say that it would be easier for a camel to ride into the kingdom of heaven on a velocipede than for any one to find a late copy of your paper in the city of New York."—Argonaut.

Winter blasts, causing pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption will soon be here. Cure your cough now, and strengthen your lungs with Foley's Honey and Tar. Do not risk starting the winter with weak lungs, when Foley's Honey and Tar will cure the most obstinate coughs and colds, and prevent serious results. A. G. Lukens & Co.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 21.—Loyal Chapter, No. 49, O. E. S., Stated Meeting.

**MAYOR JOHNSON**

**NOT DEAD BROKE**  
Better Off Than He Pretends To Believe, It Is Declared.

**FRIENDS TO ASSISTANCE.**

**LARGE SUMS OF MONEY ARE OFFERED BUT SECRETARY TO CLEVELAND'S EXECUTIVE RE-FUSES THEM ALL.**

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 21.—While only Mayor Johnson knows the extent of his resources, all external evidence which could be uncovered went to show that the mayor may be far better off financially than he pretends to believe—in fact, that his financial condition is practically what it has been for three or four years past.

Much of this estate was invested in the Lehigh Valley Traction system. This was taken over by Philadelphia people at a good figure some years ago, it is claimed.

Within a brief time, also, the mayor rebounded the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Traction company, which he controls, for \$1,000,000. A year or so ago, Harvey Fiske & Son, New York bankers advertised about \$100,000 of these bonds, put up with them as collateral, for sale. A hurried trip was made by the mayor to New York and the bonds were not sold. It is this firm which is now said to be pressing for payment.

The mayor is heavily interested in the Depositors' bank here, but it is solvent, so there can be little loss there. He is also heavily interested in a big land company at Lorain, but this property will pay out in time.

**Things Look Brighter.**  
"My affairs look brighter today," Mayor Johnson said. "No action has yet been taken by creditors to throw him into bankruptcy, and as far as can be learned among Cleveland attorneys no such suit is contemplated. He is without cash and his income has practically vanished, an associate declared.

Friends thronged the mayor's office in the city hall Friday. Many wanted to help. "Here's \$2,000 cash," said one man. "I want to give it to Mayor Tom."

Others offered sums ranging from \$500 to \$1,000. All of these offers were declined by Burr Gongwer, the mayor's secretary.

**PILE CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS**  
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

**The Relationship.**

"You say, madam," said the bespectacled lawyer to the woman in the witness box, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

The witness beamed upon the court and replied:

"Well, it's just like this. His first wife's cousin and my second husband's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't never figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on 'im as a sort of cousin."

"Quite so," answered the lawyer. "Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory."

**Forgetful.**

An eminent painter was once asked if he thought art students did well to go to Europe to study. He said that undoubtedly the atmosphere was more artistic in Europe than anywhere else, but that Paris as a city to study and work was overrated.

To illustrate his meaning he said that a certain rich man's son after three years in Paris wrote home to his father:

"Dear Father—I have made up my mind to set to work. Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether it was painting, architecture or music I came to Paris to study."

**Humility.**

It is a curious fact of human nature that humility darts forth from the world almost as much admiration as courage. As in the case of courage, it is almost impossible wholly to condemn a character in which we see it, and without it the greatest virtues leave us cold. If every good word which the Pharisee said of himself were proved true we should still dislike him. We even dislike his modern and far less offensive descendant, the prig.—London Spectator.

**A SPECIMEN BOOK.**

The Nicholson Printing & Mfg. Co. of this city has issued a booklet which is a credit to this most progressive concern. The production is unique in design and workmanship and contains specimens of many different kinds of printing from one to five colors.

This firm is one of the pioneer establishments of the state and its reputation for superiority of workmanship on high grade catalogues and color work has gradually spread over a wide territory. In addition to the work done for local patrons the Nicholson Company is drawing many contracts from other cities, such as Manufacturers' Catalogues, University Annuals, Etc.

**Left Him in Doubt.**

A certain young artist in New York is on terms of comparative intimacy with the janitor of the apartment house wherein he maintains his studio. In is some doubt whether the said janitor is a cynic or something of an art critic, or both.

"One day while doing a bit of repair work in the studio," says the painter, "Mike scrutinized a bit of my work with ominous solemnity. When I indicated a portrait of myself the blow fell. Said I:

"The paint on this is badly cracked, which spoils the likeness."

"With no more expression in his countenance than is to be seen in the face of a representative of Buddha Mike replied:

"Not at all like."

**Importers, Jap Women Trapped**

Government's Woman Decoy Makes Purchases of Sea Captain who Was Arrested Before Leaving Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 21.—With the arrest of Capt. T. R. Gawley, former master of the sound steamships Edna and Advance, and K. Katayama, a Japanese interpreter, charged with the importation of Japanese women into the United States, a general shakeup in the affairs of the local as well as the British Columbia immigration office is expected.

A few months ago the department at Washington, sent a woman decoy to

Seattle, who, upon her arrival here, began her negotiations with the dealers in women. According to her statement she completed negotiations with Capt. Gawley for as many Japanese women as he could get at \$300 a head. A retainer of \$200 was given him. After furnishing the decoy with five women, Gawley became suspicious and was preparing to leave town last night, when Secret Service Agent A. Miller, who had been shadowing him, caused his arrest.

**PLAQUE IS DEADLY**

304 Die of Consumption in Indiana During the Month Of October.

**MONTHLY HEALTH REPORT.**

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 21.—Secretary Hurty of the State Board of Health has issued the following bulletin of vital statistics for October:

"The total number of deaths reported for the month was 2,674, an annual rate of 11.5 per 1,000. In the corresponding month last year, 2,701, rate 11.8. Difference in rates, 11."

"The consumption deaths numbered 304, 162 being in the productive age period of 18-40. Typhoid fever killed 129, 56 of these deaths occurring in the cities and 73 in the country. Scarlet fever killed four, measles, four; whooping cough, seven; pneumonia, 130; diarrheal diseases under 1 year, 182; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 12; influenza, four; puerperal fever, nine; cancer, 100; violence, 186."

"The city death rate was 14.1, and the country death rate, 10.1. The death rates of certain cities were: Indianapolis, 14.3; Evansville, 11.1; Ft. Wayne, 11.5; Terre Haute, 17.3."

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Relieve any but the genuine in the yellow package. A. G. Lukens & Co.

**BILLY LINK SUES FOR A DIVORCE**

Showman Charges Spouse With Unfaithfulness.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 21.—An appropriation of not less than \$500,000 for the erection of a state library building, to be used also by the state Board of Education, the Museum, the Library Commission, the offices of the Indiana Historical society and the Indiana Academy of Science will be asked of the next session of the legislature. At present all of these offices are in the state house, but the steady growth of the library and the business in the other offices has made a separate building necessary, library officers say.

Demarshus C. Brown, state librarian, has fostered the idea, and he will have the appropriation presented to the assembly at the proper time.

"At the present rate of the growth of the library," said Mr. Brown, "it will have reached its capacity in about two years, if it is to remain in the state house. If the library is not to continue to grow, of course, the new building would not be necessary, but an institution of this character must grow."

**STUPID SHEEP.**

They Are About the Most Senseless of All Animals.

A Colorado ranchman declares that no animal that walks is as big a fool as a sheep.

"We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to instantly commit suicide. In handling most animals some degree of self help or intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves.

"If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move a hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. Once lost over 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral not 200 feet away."

"In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move 'down wind' until stopped by the fence. Then commences the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen known as 'piling.' The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do."

"Again, if a sheep gets into a quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow its leader to destruction. No more exasperating stupid animal than a sheep walks."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A CHINESE STORY.**

The Noted Liar Who Had a Fairly Competent Spouse.

A noted liar once told a friend that he had at home three precious things—a bullock which could run 500 miles a day, a fowl which crowded at the beginning of each watch, day and night, and a dog that could read books. The friend intimated that he would lose no time in seeing these marvels with his own eyes. The man did not expect this, as his house was somewhat distant, so he went home and told his wife that he had got caught at last and that tomorrow the man would arrive and he would be disgraced.

"Never mind," said the spouse. "Leave that to me. It will be all right, only you must keep out of sight."

Next morning the visitor arrived and, being met by the mistress, asked where his husband was.

"He has gone to Pekin," she replied.

"When will he be back?"

"In eight or nine days."

"Why, how can he be quick?"

"He has gone off on our fast bullock and so can do it easily."

"I hear you have also a wonderful fowl," said the visitor. And, behold, as he was speaking a small cock crew.

"That's it," said the wife. "He crows at the beginning of each watch and also when a visitor arrives."

"I would also like to see the learned dog," he said.

"Ah," said she, "I am sorry; but, you see, we are in the poor, and so he keeps a school in the city."—Scrap Book.

**DEATH VALLEY.**

The Burning, Blasting Winds That Sweep This Arid Waste.

The prevailing winds in Death Valley are from the west. Though originating in the Pacific ocean and saturated with humidity in traveling the intermediate distance, they are intercepted by the lofty peaks of four ranges of mountains, which absorb all of their moisture, so that by the time they reach the valley all humidity has disappeared. The blasts are as if heated in a fiery furnace, and no living thing can survive the intense heat. Even birds indigenous to the region die.

It is in the months of greatest heat that the sandstorms of Death Valley are most deadly. They rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity or Tophet-like heat.

During the heated term an hour without water means death. Meat becomes putrid in an hour. Eggs are cooked in the blistering sand. Water is only palatable by means of large, porous, earthenware jars, common to all hot countries, suspended in drafts and reduced in temperature by means of the rapid evaporation of the moisture from the outside.

**Wedding Ring Mottoes.**

The custom of inscribing within the hoop or "posy," as it was called, was formerly very prevalent. Hamlet asks, "Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?" Some posies were very tender and beautiful. Among the more appropriate posies may be mentioned "Deux corps, un coeur," "My heart and I until I die" and "I am yours from sixteen century rings. "Love ever," "Love true, 'tis joy," and "Time lesseth not my love" from the seventeenth century. "Love me," "My soul will keep thine company to heaven" and "En ma fidelite je finira ma vie" from the eighteenth. In the ring which "Florizel" (afterward George IV.) gave to the hapless Perdita were the words "Je change qu'en mourant—Unalterable to my Perdita through life."