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CHANGE THANKSGIVING?

The Canadians too have a Thanksgiving, although the average American has been led to believe that we had a monopoly on that holiday. Still the Canadians are so assured that the day belongs to them that they have even gone so far as to give us to understand that they know more about it than we do. Now they come forward with the suggestion that we do away with our Thanksgiving day and come over to their idea and celebrate on Monday.

The Toronto Mail and Empire speaking in this connection, says:

"In brief, we have Thanksgiving on Monday because by the general suffrage and change was desired as a means of conducting to the pleasure of the holiday. That that desire should prevail can cause no surprise in any quarter, for, though Thanksgiving is a service of religion, the popular observance of the day has long been rather free from solemnities and occupied almost wholly with pleasure seeking or cease taking. Thanksgiving day has always been sacred to family reunion, to the duties and pleasures of hospitality, to enjoyable outings. Are the people to be deprived of preferring enjoyments to the austere duties in the manner of their celebration of the day? The purpose for which the holiday has been set apart is religious. In fact, it is probable that in fixing upon Thursday, the Puritan institutions of the holiday meant to make it as awkward as possible for the uses of creation, which it is now being made to subserv. The early New Englander intended it for religious exercises and meditation. But people can be thankful without being gloomy."

There is no reason to fear that we will be led astray. The American loves Thanksgiving because of the many associations and traditions which cling to us. It is that which has endeared it to all hearts, for baring the Glorious Fourth and Decoration Day it is about the only festival which belongs to the entire country and more than that it is older by far than either one. The suggestion of the Canadian that it would be well to get away from the Puritan idea of giving thanks would take all the point of the celebration out of it. We are not so overburdened with the Puritan ideas and ideals that we have to dispense with the one day on which they are pre-eminent. Nor are we gloomy on that day.

If the question of expediency is called into question, think for a moment of the great amount of vacation which the present day affords in comparison with Monday. In many places it is customary, in as much as Saturday is a business half holiday, to adjourn business until the following Monday. The schools have always done this and these two tendencies at work have given many tired and homesick people whose vacations have been all too scarce, the chance of coming home and seeing their families.

No, Thanksgiving—a real Thanksgiving—must come on the time honored day and if it takes the addition of a new clause to the Monroe Doctrine, most of us want to see a Thanksgiving Day for the Americans.

TARIFF REVISION.

Those who followed the trend of public opinion in the last campaign, can not have failed to notice the universal interest which was taken in that subject. Tariff revision of one sort or another was included in the platforms of both the parties and the result of the polls showed, allowing for the popular distrust of Bryan, that the people were in favor in the program of tariff revision as promised by the republican party.

There has been marked criticism all over the country of Cannon and other men who are supposed to be reactionaries on account of their supposed hostility to tariff revision. Moreover, there were those who asked "why hasn't the republican party done this before?" The critics of Theodore

Roosevelt often said that he was afraid to tackle the tariff question.

The truth of the matter is, while Mr. Roosevelt was not afraid to touch the tariff, that he, above all other things has been interested in, what for want of a better name have been called the moral issues. Great questions of right and wrong have appealed to him far more than economic ones. As a matter of fact the president has always owned up to this and frankly said that the thing of which he knew less, and was least interested in, is the tariff. This, he said, he would rather leave to some one else who knew more about it.

It has not, therefore, been surprising that the tariff has been left until this time for consideration.

It is easy enough to see that if the republican party does not continue and carry out its promises that it will be easy enough for the democratic party with any other candidate than Bryan, to carry the next presidential election.

It is encouraging, therefore, to see the determined stand of Taft on this subject, and there is no reason to believe that he is not entirely earnest in his determination for tariff revision downward.

The most interesting piece of news in this connection has been the announcement of Uncle Joe Cannon that he is in favor of tariff revision. It will be interesting to a greater degree to see just what his views will be when he gets to work. The opposition to him has been sudden and peculiar, in that he has not changed a whit from what he has always been. It has been characteristic of him to be suspicious of anything new. His pronouncement then, for tariff revision, if it is sincere, is worth more than that of any other man, because of his enormous influence and power in the house.

All that by-standers can do is to sit on the side lines and trust that the promises which most people believe are in good faith, will materialize.

Walter Wellman is quite confident that a serious difference is going on between Taft and Sherman. Now those persons who read religiously all during the last campaign, the stuff that Walter passed up, will do a little wondering. Walter changed his mind several different times during the campaign, but he ended it firmly confident that the field was for Bryan, especially in Indiana. He had some curious things to say about this state, but they were only in line with the Walter Wellman expedition to the North Pole. They didn't come off. So it is just as well now and then to remember that Walt is getting paid space rates for what he writes. When in need of fiction, do not buy the latest novel. Just hunt up Walt.

Some one suggested that the \$150 per day which J. D. received on the witness stand was the first money that gentleman had earned for a long time.

John D. off the stand and yet no light thrown on the mysterious disappearance of that gentleman's father.

Now that Harvard has won the Yale game, President Eliot is beginning to favor football.

How nice it must be for these Chinese officials to read their own obituary notices.

Is there a turkey trust?

A LAFAYETTE WOMAN HUNG.

Marvelous Results of a Woman's Plea.

An old lady called on the Root Juice Scientist over at Lafayette, Ind., and said: "I actually hung to the neck of my husband and pleaded with him to try Root Juice. So much was being said about the remarkable cures the remedy has made that I felt I might do him some good. He had suffered for years with his stomach and kidneys and severe headaches. Every change of the weather his back pained him very much, and of late years the lightest food would ferment in his stomach and bowels and the fermentation of gas would cause him to bloat so that he couldn't button his vest. He tried so many medicines that he lost heart, but I finally persuaded him to take Root Juice. He has used but a little over two bottles and I never saw such a change in a man in my life. He told me this morning that he would not take the best farm in the state for what the wonderful medicine has done for him."

A number of local people have reported remarkable cures resulting from a short use of the great health-promoting discovery. It gives a good appetite, creates good digestion and seems to heal and tone every organ of the body. Root Juice is \$1 a bottle, or three bottles for \$2.50, at A. G. Loken's drug store.

Church Calendar

Thursday.

Thanksgiving services of all the Methodist churches at Union Methodist church in Fairview. The Rev. George H. Hill will preach the sermon.

Friday.

Choir practice at several of the churches.
The Stewards of the First M. E. church will meet at 7 o'clock p. m.

Saturday.

Standard Bearers will meet at the Grace M. E. parsonage at 2:30 o'clock.

NATIVES OF INDIA IN UPRISING

Many Attempts to Assassinate Officials and Even Viceroy Is in Danger of Death at Any Time, and Situation Grows Grave.

Calcutta, Nov. 6.—The situation in India, has not shown such a menace of serious uprising as it does today for many years past. Attacks and attempts on the lives of Englishmen, officials and civilians are of almost daily occurrence.

Lord Minto, the viceroy, has returned here from the north, cutting short his excursion in this territory for the purpose of considering measures to cope with the revolt.

Last night a Bengali made an un-

successful attempt to kill Public Prosecutor Hume with a bomb in the railroad carriage near Agurpara. There were three other Europeans in the carriage at the time. A bomb loaded with dumdum bullets was thrown at the carriage by a native, but it fell short and exploded outside. None of the Europeans was injured. The Bengalis are lauding their comrade.

Last Monday night District Superintendent of Police Clough was murdered by a native at Lyaltpur. The na-

tive approached the superintendent while he was asleep and cut open his head with a spade. Clough was a young Englishman and had gained distinction as a linguist.

The native, named Chowdhury, who on November 7 made an attempt here upon the life of Sir Andrew Henderson Fraser, today pleaded guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment for ten years.

The police are taking remarkable precautions to safeguard Lord Minto.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and a body of ladies from her church, all interested in women's suffrage, once took a little newsboy from the gutter and educated him superbly. They sent him through school and college and finally made a minister of him. This young minister, the work of their hands, preached his first sermon in their church. That was a proud Sunday morning for the good ladies. They thought they had at last firmly planted among the male sex a strong and splendid supporter. So they filled the church that Sunday morning. Who could tell but that their young charge might preach in their honor a woman suffrage sermon? Imagine their emotion when the youth arose in the pulpit, looking calmly and even sternly over the congregation, and announced that his text would be from St. Paul: "Let the women keep silence in the church."

DREAMERS ALL.

We are dreamers all in this dream of life. And a very good dream, with its toll, its strife, its song and laughter, its love and cheer, its loss and worry and grief and fear.

We are dreamers all in a different way in this tolling world of the workaday. And, God be praised, in the dew, the dust, there are dreams of comfort and dreams of trust.

We are dreamers all, from the child that leaps To the gray haired prophet that crawls and creeps, Dreaming, trusting and toiling on To the dream of God on the hills of dawn. —Baltimore Sun.

Ready For the Trial.

The average novelist, it is well known, thinks little of the average playwright, and the playwright thinks less, if possible, of the novelist.

At the Players' club in New York they say that Clyde Fitch at a dinner one time set opposite a popular novelist. The novelist criticized the American play. He seemed to think very little of it. Finally, yawning, he said: "When I am played out as a novelist I intend to write for the stage."

"Begin at once, then," said Mr. Fitch.

A Bulgarian Atrocity.

On his return to England from the Russo-Turkish war David Christie Murray, the novelist, went at once to Hawarden to report on the situation in the Balkans to Mr. Gladstone. He wore his campaigning overcoat, a wonderful creation of camel's hair lined with bear skin. As he was leaving Hawarden Mr. Gladstone, helping him on with his overcoat, asked, "Where did you obtain possession of this extraordinary garment, Mr. Murray?"

"I bought it, sir, in Bulgaria," answered Murray. "Ah," said Gladstone, with a perfectly grave face and falling back a step to look at it, "I have had much to say of the Bulgarian atrocities of late years, but this is the only one of which I have had ocular demonstration."

Not a Member.

The rector of a rural English church was in London for a visit. A knotty theological point had presented itself for solution which required reference to the authorities. Being a guest of the Athenaeum club, whose extensive library was always a feature of interest, he resolved to make use of it. Approaching an opposite aisle, he opened, was but recently employed, and asked "whether Justin Martyr was in the library."

"I don't think he is a member, my lord," was the solemn reply, "but I'll go and ask the porter."

A Pathetic Appeal.

During the early days of street cars many of the conductors made money by "knocking down" fares. At one time the evil became so great that it was difficult to tell whom to trust.

An old fellow who was in hard luck found that it was necessary to get employment as a conductor, and he went to the president of one of the New York companies and asked him for a position.

"Do you really want the job, Bill?" asked the president.

"I do, indeed," "All right, Bill," he answered. "You can have it, but for heaven's sake bring back the car."

Truth Will Not Be Compelled.

Truth is such a fly away, such a sly body, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light. Shut the shutters never so quick to keep all the light in it is all in vain. It is gone before you can cry "Hold!" And so it happens with our philosophy. Translate, colate, distill all the systems and it stands you nothing, for truth will not be compelled in any mechanical manner. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Making Her Reputation.

A well known young matron of Chicago is of such a high nervous temperament that if she drinks the very smallest amount of alcoholic stimulant before going to bed the result is sleeplessness for the remainder of the night. Some nights ago a number of friends dropped in for the evening, and the husband, who, by the way, is a southerner, suggested that he make a mini-julep for each of the company. The

suggestion was received with delight, and the juleps were promptly mixed.

In his wife's glass, however, he put only enough whisky to flavor the water, probably not more than a teaspoonful. Of this she sipped about half. The result, however, was the same.

She was troubled with insomnia all night long, and it was not until 5 o'clock in the morning that she dropped off to sleep and, as a consequence, was not called for breakfast.

At 10 o'clock she came downstairs and hearing the voices of children on the front porch stopped to listen. Her heart filled with motherly pride as she heard her elder son, a boy of six, telling seven or eight children from the neighborhood that they must not make too much noise as his mamma was asleep. Imagine her horror, too, as the young hopeful added:

"She drank so much whisky last night that she couldn't come down to breakfast this morning."

A Lesson in Language.

"An Irish lawyer," said a Texas judge, "was examining a Mexican. The questions, after a deal of bullying, ran like this:

"Understand, sor, that ye are to go on and state to the court what ye know about this case in yer own language."

"You want me to repeat the story in my own language?" asked the witness.

"O! do, sor. That's what O! said."

"Then the Mexican smiled and began:

"Ete mujer venia a mia casa—"

"The lawyer brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"Are ye thyrin' to make fools of us all?" he roared. "What's that ye're saying anyhow?"

"I am speaking my own language, as you told me to do," said the witness.

"O! didn't mane for ye to spake yer own language when I said for ye to spake yer own language. Can't ye spake as I'm spakin' to you?"

"I can try, sir," said the Mexican. And, with another smile, he began:

"Well, thin, yer honor, this gossamer come to my house, and see he to my old woman, says he, 'I want to spake wid ye,' says he."

"What do ye mane, sor, by spakin' in that way?" roared the lawyer.

"Shure," replied the witness, "ye axed me to spake in the language ye use yerself, and shure I'm afther thyrin' to oblige ye."

One Leg Left.

Rufus Choate once by overwork had shattered his health. Edward Everett expostulated with him on one occasion, saying:

"My dear friend, if you are not more self considerate you will ruin your constitution."

"Oh," replied the legal wag, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm living on the bylaws."

Here.

There is in Katherine M. Abbott's book, "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border," a little story which illustrates the importance of accurate statement. In Saybrook, Conn., in the days of cottage prayer meetings 100 years ago a lady directed her servant to go to each neighbor and say that "Mrs. Bowles will have the prayer meeting here tonight."

The servant carried out her instructions to the letter. "Mrs. Bowles says the prayer meeting will be here tonight."

Accordingly each lady arranged her chairs, put on her best gown, made ready for the coming of the parson and stayed at home.

The Orleans Railway Company of France recently inaugurated a new train de luxe, consisting of six new cars each seventy feet long, or six feet longer than any cars now in use on the French lines, and mounted on trucks with triple axletrees, giving great smoothness in running. There are two smoking cars furnished with writing tables, and newspapers and periodicals.

An alarm of fire was given about 7 o'clock Monday morning. It was soon learned that the fire was at the home of Fred Manlove, in the First ward. There are no less than five Manlove families in town and all of them were visited in the confusion following the giving of the alarm.

Teachers Visit.

Take Advantage of Thanksgiving Vacation.

All the Richmond and county schools are closed today and tomorrow for the Thanksgiving vacation. A number of the teachers have gone to other points for shore visits.

Rabbit Supper.

Eldorado, O., Nov. 26.—A rabbit supper given by the members of the K. of P. lodge last evening in honor of the men, resulted in a good time for all. Drills, games, and music furnished the amusements of the evening.

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Troops Patrol New Jersey Town

Perth Amboy Under Martial Law Following the Shooting of Six Strikers by Deputy Sheriffs Yesterday.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Nov. 26.—Four companies of troops of the State National Guard took possession of Keasbey last night and every precaution has been taken to prevent a repetition of the rioting in that little manufacturing town early yesterday when six strikers were shot down by deputy sheriffs at the plant of the National Fire Proofing company.

All of the saloons have been closed and the streets are practically deserted, except for the presence of soldiers.

Assistant Attorney General Nelson G. Daskell came from Trenton with the soldiers to advise them as to their authority in controlling the town.

Guards have been placed at all of the factories and the soldiers who are not on duty are quartered in the factories.

Chief of Police Burke, who was in charge of the deputy sheriffs who fired upon the strikers, says that the temper of the strikers is bad and that he fears another attack at any minute.

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DOZEN EGGS WORTH MORE THAN THE HEN

Is Dry Weather Cause of the High Prices?

Is the dry weather to blame for the high price of eggs? This is about the only reason the dealers can find. The hens have quit work, almost absolutely, and the price has gone higher and higher. A dozen eggs is worth more than the hen that laid them. Fresh eggs were quoted yesterday at 36 cents and this was hard on the pumpkin pie and cake supplies for the big dinner today. If corn is king, then may the hen be called queen, and after she has eaten the corn, what then?

RESTORATIVE TREATMENT FOR NERVOUS MEN

Undoubtedly the following prescription will work wonders for that great class of men who, through illness or dissipation of their natural strength, find themselves in their second childhood long before the three score and ten allotted to life's enjoyments are reached.

Coming from a source of unquestioned authority on all matters of men, it is presumed to be infallible, and the profession generally endorse the ingredients as highly efficient in quickly restoring in nervous exhaustion, melancholia and the functions of the body. It is published now with the full authority of the originator for the benefit of the shipwrecked lives that find life not worth the living, and who have been unsuccessfully treated.

First get fifty cents' worth of compound fluid balmwort in a one ounce package, and three ounces syrup sarsaparilla compound; take home, mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene (not cardamon). Mix all in a six or eight ounce bottle, shake well and take one teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring, followed by a drink of water. It is said by those who have been treated that astonishing nerve power and vigor follow.

By mixing it at home no man need be the wiser as to another's shortcomings and expensive fees are avoided.

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Eastern Division
(Time Table Effective Oct. 27, 1907.)
Trains leave Richmond for Indianapolis and intermediate stations at:
6:00 a. m. *7:25, 8:00, *9:25, 10:00;
1:00, 12:00, 1:00, *2:25, 3:00, 4:00;
*5:25, 6:00, 7:30, *8:40, 9:00, 10:00, 11:10.

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A spirited controversy in New Zealand centers around an old stone anchor which has been deposited in the Wellington Museum. It is alleged on the one hand, that it belonged to Kupe, the famous Maori Columbus of the South seas, who discovered New Zealand. On the other hand, it is contended that it could not have been Kupe's, because it was found at Parekura, whereas Kupe landed at Palliser bay, and must have left it on the shore when he turned his canoes upside down at Martinborough. There are three mounds there mounds which are supposed to have covered the canoes with drifting earth and sand. Among the Maoris the place is still called Nga-Waka-a-Kupe, the Canoes of Kupe.

Deputy County Clerk, J. Robert Settle says Sunday is his lucky day. His daughter was born on a Sunday and last Sunday a hen hatched sixteen chicks from sixteen eggs for him.

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