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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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TAMING THE WOLF.

Ever read Jack London's "White Fang?"

In his "Call of the Wild" London told the story of a gently reared dog, stolen for the Klondike trail, put to sled uses and treated so cruelly he escaped to the wild wolves. The dog degenerated.

This book shows the opposite—the power of good surroundings and kindness in bringing out gentleness and obedience.

White Fang is partly wolf and wholly wolfish in predisposition. He is pure brute. He fights for the sheer love of fighting. Apparently all affection and gentleness are lacking in his makeup.

But—
One day White Fang fell into kind hands. That was the turning point. At first his new master's kindness appears to be thrown away on the dog. But Weeden Scott persists. SOMEWHERE in the forceful little beast is a tender spot that Scott finally finds.

The climax comes after the good hearted master goes away for a few days. White Fang pines and refuses to eat. He even refuses to fight the other dogs. When he returns White Fang meets him tremblingly, and, miracle of miracles—

THE WOLF DOG WAGGED HIS TAIL!

Which meant the dog was conquered, civilised, saved. The wagging of the tail distinctly spoke of everlasting friendship and devotion. LOVE had done its PERFECT WORK. As London says:

"Scott had gone to the root of White Fang's nature and with kindness touched to life potencies that had languished and well nigh perished."

Every parent, teacher, minister, reformer, lover of his kind, may get something from the story of White Fang.

If a voracious wolf dog, cruel by nature and hardened by tyranny and harsh treatment, can be changed by persistent kindness into an affectionate and obedient creature (and it has been done by others than Weeden Scott), how much easier to change a rebellious child, so much quicker of intelligence, to melt and transform its nature by kindness!

And the lesson is also to the teacher. The children who come to you are to be cared for more than mongrel brutes, even if some of them do come from wolfish haunts and homes. It is your business to love them into tenderness—the miracle of conversion. And YOU are the MIRACLE WORKER.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

Young man!
Ever note a slow moving freight train puffing on an uphill grade? If you are some distance away the train may appear to be making no progress. But it is inching along. After awhile you look. The train has disappeared over the hill.

Be like that freight train.

Be a stayer.
"Make haste slowly" is an excellent old adage that is workable. It may seem you are getting on in the world all too slowly. But, if you are really getting on, hold tight! In the end you will win.

Watch that sailing vessel loaded to the gunwales with lumber. It looks like "a painted ship on a painted ocean." Well, that schooner was loaded up Green Bay way. Here it is in mid-lake. Go down to the harbor in a day or two. A little tug will be grappling that slow going vessel to convey it up the river to the big lumber yards. It will have arrived.

Be like that sailing vessel.

It is quite certain that during the voyage the schooner will have to be tacked this way and that in order to get across the big waters. But it will never stand still. And it will keep moving in the general direction of Chicago.

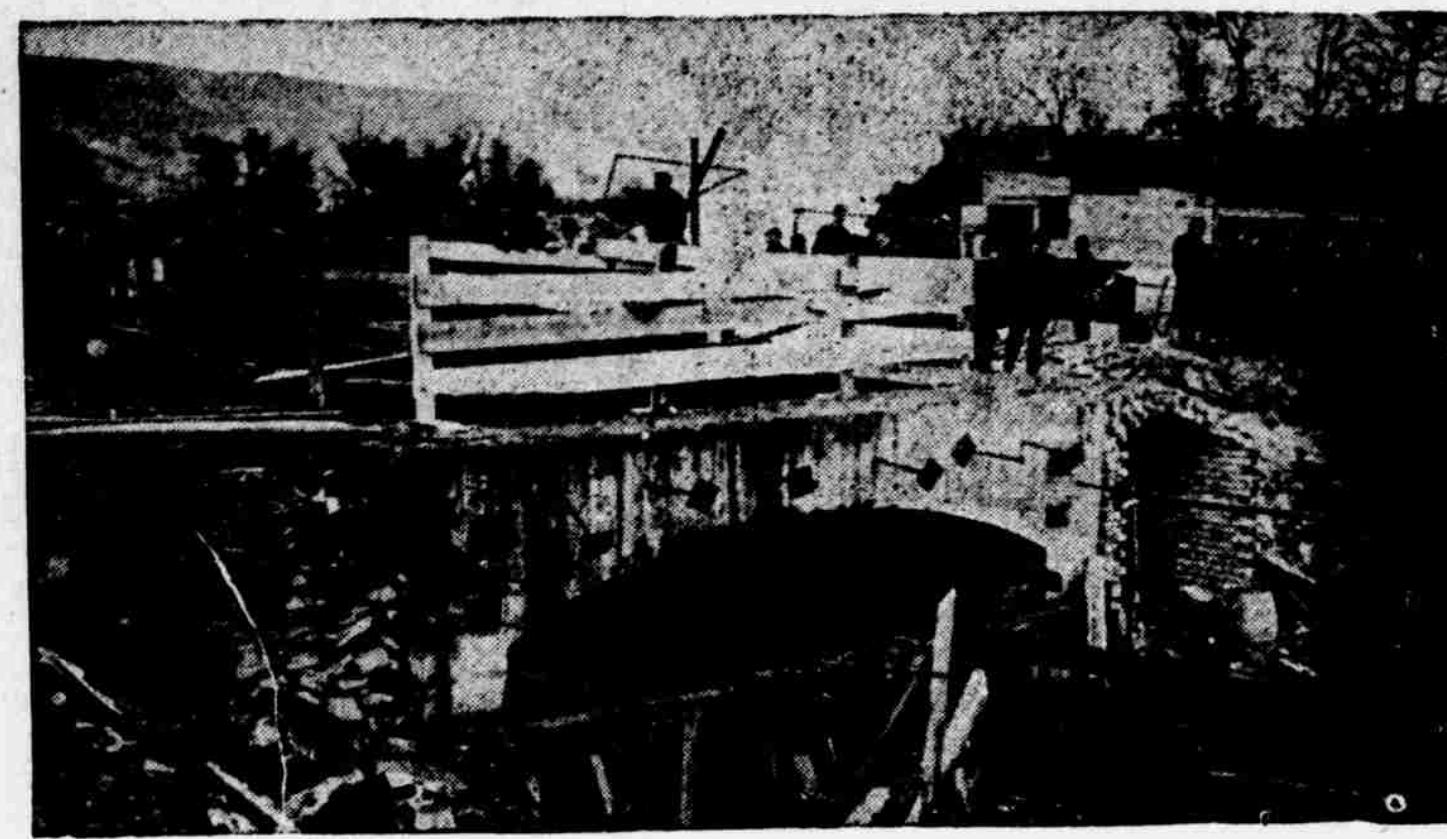
So you in your sailing course may be obliged sometimes to tack. That sort of sailing will be slow. Nevertheless bend your sails to the freshening breeze. Keep your vessel headed in the general direction of your destiny—and keep going.

Learn to labor and to WAIT.

Do not grow impatient. Move forward. However little, move forward. Move slowly, carefully, SURELY. If the get-rich-quick sprinters try to pass you, let them. In the long run—out the long run, mind you—if you hold out faithfully, you will get there. And some of the sprinters may not get there.

If at the end of the week you have saved a dollar, HANG ON TO IT. He who saves only a little—regularly

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE BODIES TAKEN FROM MARIANNA MINE



SHAFT OF THE MODEL MINE WHERE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 7.—Reports from the Marianna Mine of the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal company, where a terrific explosion occurred No. 28, bring the death list up to 151. Four bodies were brought to the surface Sunday, while seven others were found among the debris and will be brought out as soon as they can be extricated. Three of the bodies were identified. James Roule, 18 years old, of Monongahela, was one of them, the others being foreigners.

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'Twas Kipling Who Gave Taft His Smile

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7.—William H. Taft was not born to his famous smile. He didn't have it while in college. A close friend of his declared it was formed by reading Kipling.

Mr. Taft was ill in January, 1902, when he left Manila on the transport Grant for San Francisco. While confined to his stateroom he read Kipling. "Naulakha, a tale of the West and the East," pleased him most, especially this verse:

Now, it is not good for the Christian health to hustle the Aryan brown. For the Christian riles and Aryan smiles and weareth the Christian down; And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased.

And the epithet dray: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

Besides Kipling, Mr. Taft has other hobbies. One is music, particularly ragtime. Favorite tunes: "Rufus Johnson Brown," and "The Road to Mondelay."

Two hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars!

Note a few figures: The starvation allowance made by Mr. Gould would feed 100,000 starving poor for several whole days.

If this sum of \$224,000 were in silver dollars it would require 140 husky men to carry it if each man carried 100 pounds.

That many silver dollars would weigh seven tons, a fair load for six horses to pull.

According to the census, the average expense of an American family is about \$400 a year. Put \$224,000 at interest at 6 per cent, and you could permanently pension thirteen such families.

The census reports put the average price of a farm in this country at \$4,000. Mrs. Gould's yearly allowance would buy fifty-six such farms.

Put it in the shape of dresses. The average woman would consider \$30 the maximum price for a dress. Mrs. Gould's annual expenditure would purchase dresses for 7,468 women.

"Well," you say, "the money belonged to Mrs. Gould. Did she not have the right to scatter it according to her personal fancy?"

Legally, yes.

Morally, no.

Every dollar of that money, in the last analysis, represents somebody's toll and sweat, somebody's short dinners and pinching economies. It is part of the capital of society, the aggregated savings of millions.

Now, for instance—

Has this woman the right morally to spend \$224,000 on her petticoats while 15,000 school children in Chicago go supine to bed?

The spectacle of such wanton extravagance in the face of so much want and woe breeds not only envy but hatred of the very rich.

CASTOR OIL EXPLAINED.

Most every one has an impression that the "oil" in Castor Oil is the general that routs the enemy of mankind, constipation. This has been proven to be erroneous; and if we stop to think this impression should never have been entertained, for if the "oil" has this property, any other oil would do as well. But lard oil, whale oil or animal oils will not act on the bowels.

Ever think of that? We learn that it is the nauseous, acrid particles in Castor Oil which relieves constipation. The only way to get a more valuable medicine and get the effect without any taste is to ask your druggist for a sweet little pill called Blackburn's Cascara Royal-Pills. Mr. Blackburn controls the manufacture of this wonderful new remedy and it is sold by all leading druggists in ten and twenty-five cent packages. It is stated that he himself was to preach he "came down to earth again"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Prescher and His Mission.

The great Scottish theologian and orientalist Dr. Duncan was so absent-minded that he frequently forgot his surroundings and the object of his mission to any particular locality. Having to preach in a church near Aberdeen, he set out on the appointed Sunday morning to walk to the church, a short distance out of town. Some where on the road he reached the seventh heaven of mental exaltation, forgetful alike of time, place and circumstance. The road led straight to the church, and he wandered along in his abstracted state until it was reached.

Seeing people entering, the divine followed them inside. Approaching an elder, he inquired who was to deliver the Sabbath discourse. When told that he himself was to preach he "came down to earth again"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Work Does It.

"Contentment is not a good thing," said a well known woman, a brilliant writer, at a dinner in New York city. "Not contentment, but dissatisfaction, that causes progress in the world."

She smiled significantly and went on: "If we look for the contented man, we will usually find him asleep when he ought to be at work."—New York Times.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Monday, Dec. 7.—Richmond Commandery No. 8 K. T., stated conclave; election of officers.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Richmond Lodge No. 196, F. & A. M., called meeting; work in E. A. degree.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.—Webb Lodge No. 24 F & A. M., called meeting; work in Master Mason degree; refreshments.

Friday, Dec. 11.—King Solomons Chapter No. 4 R. A. M., stated conclave; election of officers.

THROBOSA: Gold Medal Flour makes lightest bread.

Early Partner of Rockefeller Tells

of the Beginning of Standard Trust

Maurice Clark Says that Rockefeller Believed in Future of Oil. In Fact He Had Abiding Faith in Two Things—Oil and the Baptist Creed.

How did John D. Rockefeller get into the oil business? The answer to that question is here presented in the words of a man who was intimately associated with Mr. Rockefeller during his early days in Cleveland.

Daniel G. Shurmer, Maurice Clark and Samuel Andrews were born in the vicinity of Malmesbury, Wiltshire, England. Shurmer, the only survivor of the trio, came to America about sixty years ago. Clark followed a few years later and in 1857 Andrews arrived.

Clark was Mr. Rockefeller's first associate in a business venture. Andrews was the "practical man" to whom Mr. Rockefeller referred in his testimony recently. He was the "practical man" who persuaded Rockefeller to invest in an oil refining plant of small capacity.

The incidents which led to Mr. Rockefeller's entrance into the refinery field were narrated by Maurice Clark. This story he told many times with only slight variations of expression. Clark was a man of attractive figure and feature, a stalwart handsome young man and frank, perhaps blunt, but generally of a jovial disposition at all periods of his residence in the United States. Almost without exception he referred to Mr. Rockefeller as "John." Shurmer as "Dan," and Andrews as "Sam."

"Dan," said he, left Malmesbury when Sam and I were boys, and went to America. When we heard from him he was located in Cleveland. As I grew up I became a landscape gardener in the employ of a gentleman who had an estate in Wiltshire and who was a chronic fault-finder. As I was rather high strung and, besides, thought I did my work well, and took pride in it, we did not get along very pleasantly. I didn't mind his comments about my work until he began to be abusive. One day I talked back to him and, informing me that he would not countenance an insolent servant, he started to cane me.

"I was not meek enough to let anybody cane me, so I turned in and thrashed him. I had no sooner done it than I realized that having thrashed a gentleman of wealth and influence England was no place for me. Accordingly I hurried home, gathered a few belongings that I needed and tramped several miles to where I had some friends whom I knew would conceal me until I got a chance to start for America. My objective point was the oil business. Afterward rendered.

"Meanwhile I had become well acquainted with the produce commission men of Northern Ohio and had saved a little money. Among others I got to know quite well was Mr. Rockefeller who had the reputation of being a young bookkeeper of more than ordinary ability and reliability.

Although he was a Sunday school teacher and a regular attendant at the First Baptist church and I was not strong on religion, but rather the reverse, we finally went into business together under the firm name of Clark & Rockefeller. We had to work hard from the beginning and at no time until after we got into the oil business did we have anything like an easy time.

"I put in what I had, and 'John' got that \$2,000 from Truman P. Handy, but we were poor all the time because in order to keep and extend our trade we had to make advances to shippers and also insure consignments. While

I looked after consignments and disposed of them to customers, 'John' looked after accounts and collections. Occasionally, when I was very busy, he would come out on the floor of the warehouse, help some and hear me swear some. But our relations were always pleasant. At that, I thought he was too exact. He was methodical to an extreme, careful as to details and exacting to a fraction. If there was a cent due us he wanted it, if there was a cent due a customer he wanted the customer to have it.

"Through coming to see me 'Sam' got acquainted with 'John.' When 'Sam' became convinced that he could successfully and profitably refine petroleum he came to me and asked me to go in with him and start a small refinery. I told him there was no chance, that 'John' and I together did not have more than \$250 we could spare out of our business; we simply had enough working capital, together with our credit at the banks, to enable us to make advances to consignors, pay insurance and rent. One day, to stop his importunities, I said, 'We are so poor we can't afford to hire a bookkeeper, although 'John' has to do more than he ought.'

"Some time afterward he came to the warehouse one morning and, finding me very busy, went into the office and talked to 'John.' When I got a little leisure he came out and began to talk to me. I started to shut him off, but when he said, 'Mr. Rockefeller thinks well of it,' I impulsively replied, 'Well, if 'John' will go in, I will.'

"After a moment of reflection I did not regret that answer. I knew he had presented the possibilities of the business to 'John,' and I had a lot of confidence in 'John's' judgment and ability to get the enterprise going. That was what led to the organization of the firm of Clark, Rockefeller & Co. and the little wooden refinery in Kingsbury Run, which eventually expanded into the dominating interest in the Standard Oil Company.

"I didn't make the money I should have out of oil, but that was my own fault. I could not foresee its future. Neither could 'Sam' or he would not under any circumstances have sold out when he did. Before selling he was 'sore' at 'John.' After selling he was 'sore' at himself.

"'John' had abiding faith in two things—the Baptist creed and oil. If I had believed in oil as he did I don't think I would care about that or any other creed. He had the right ideas about the oil business. The volume of trade was what he always regarded as of paramount importance, and after familiarizing himself with the various interests affecting it, he sought to control the production on the theory that by controlling the production the consumption could also be controlled.

"Once in the oil business he devoted all his energy and ability to it, with the result that he extracted from it about all that one man could. Whether he would ever have been in oil had he not met 'Sam' Andrews is beyond human grasp. If Shurmer had not come to Cleveland in all probability I would not have come. If I had not in all likelihood Andrews would not. If Andrews had not induced Mr. Rockefeller to embark in the refining business, was there anybody else who might have done it?"

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