

The Richmond Palladium and Sun-Telegram

Published and owned by the FALLADIM PRINTING CO. Issued 7 days each week, evenings and Sunday morning. Office—Corner North 9th and A streets. Home Phone 1121. RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Rudolph G. Leeds—Managing Editor. Charles M. Morgan—Business Manager. O. Owen Kuhn—News Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. In Richmond \$5.00 per year (in advance) or 10c per week.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS. One year, in advance \$5.00 Six months, in advance 2.50 One month, in advance15

RURAL ROUTES.

One year, in advance \$2.00 Six months, in advance 1.00 One month, in advance25

Address changed as often as desired; both new and old addresses must be given.

Subscribers will please remit with order, which should be given for a specified term; name will not be entered until payment is received.

Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post-office as second class mail matter.

RICHMOND'S NEW YEARS.

Richmond is facing a new year.

The last year saw the awakening of the town from a slumber which many thought was a sign of decay. But after the invigoration of the cold plunge of the Young Men's Business Club at the time of the Good Roads Congress, in the late summer, the town then refreshed, took on new activities at the time of the Fall Festival. What a success that was! It is a matter of common knowledge and congratulation. But this town (and no other town for that matter) can afford to rest on past achievements.

The town may not realize that the new year is one which will decide the fate of Richmond. You can make or break the town yourselves. For it is not a selfish proposition as was evidenced at the success of the Fall Festival—that was one thing. And that one thing is co-operation. Nothing else. "The devil take the hindmost" is an exploded theory. It may have worked once, but it is out of date now.

The new year is starting off encouragingly. The investigation of the business of the city by business men is the most hopeful and satisfying thing that has happened hereabouts for many a day. It is not that there is thought to be a great amount of graft, or any graft for that matter. This is not a muck-raking party. This is merely a movement on the part of capable citizens to take care that their and everybody's business is handled in the most economical and business-like way. It is a sign that there is much of the salt of the earth in a business community which recognizes that the city business is just as necessary to the business good of the town as are their own enterprises.

Richmond a sleep!

Far from it.

Last year this town did not suffer much from the effect of the panic. Lots of business was done here. And the wind-up of the year among both merchants and manufacturers was more than gratifying. With such a start and such a spirit of re-invigoration as has been shown, Richmond met have certainly a pleasant prospect confronting them.

The next year will be a building year reaching far up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. That means a healthy condition of growth. When Richmond does build it is not a mushroom growth.

The thing which is most imperative for the coming years is as it always has been—co-operation in making the town better from all points of view. Business, private and public; this all depends upon co-operation. Whatever the problem, co-operation will solve it.

CRUMPACKER AND THE SPOILS SYSTEM.

It was not a gratifying thing to have an Indiana congressman the father of a bill to put the spoils system into the census department. It was not a gratifying thing to have that bill introduced by Mr. Crumpacker, a republican, the only one retained of the old regime. If it had to be, would that it had been some one else.

It may be urged that the appointment of people to places in the census bureau will be "just as good" as by civil service. It may be urged that non-competitive examinations are as efficient as competitive examinations. If they are it will be by the element of chance. None "just as good" will do.

The higher minded men in the Republican party have always believed that the spoils system inaugurated by Andrew Jackson is bad policy for all concerned. It is not in accord with efficient service. The business of the people should be carried on by those who are appointed for demonstrated fitness as exhibited in their answers to suitable questions. The service of the people should not be tampered with at the desire of congressmen to perfect their own political machines.

A movement is going on now to down that bill of Mr. Crumpacker's and it is to be hoped that it will succeed. If the bill goes through it will mean that the congress has taken another backward step not in accordance with the fine political ideals

which have been the mainstay of Republican success. They elected Roosevelt and Taft. The reform of the Civil Service is very near to the heart of both of them.

It is not a creditable thing for Mr. Crumpacker to be the author of a bill which has for its sole purpose the strengthening of political machines, instead of the service of the people.

ROOSEVELT AND THE SLEEPING SICKNESS.

Yes, you can find it in the Century dictionary:

"Sleeping—Sickness; a disease prevailing on the West Coast of Africa. It is characterized by fits of somnolence, increasing in intensity."

And, oh the horror of it! It is a fit of lethargy!

It was Mr. McCutcheon of the Chicago Tribune who first saw the possibilities of what might happen to Mr. Roosevelt if he carried out his tour in the wilds of Africa.

No more terrible death could await the author of the strenuous life than to be attacked by lethargy. Lo, all these many years he has been attaching alarm clocks to the ears of all sorts and conditions of men. High and low, he has aroused the whole country. But to waste away by a sleeping sickness, that, indeed, would be the irony of fate when he has set the pace for all succeeding presidents.

Still better be a victim of the sleeping sickness and die with one's boots on in the heart of the jungle than to be attacked by the germ of drowsiness that pertains to the editorial department of the Outlook. Even if there be letification among the "west-end interests" in the event of such a dreadful fate, is it worse than being president of Harvard? Here's a chance to rival the twenty years of sleep of Rip Van Winkle.

But there will always be some of us who will wait for the awakening of Teddy with much the same confidence that the inhabitants of the Thuringian valleys await the coming of Barbarossa from out of the Kyffhauserberg.

Well may the title of Africanus be Theodore's if he shows that the strenuous but simple life is the cure for sleeping sickness of the jungle.

THE HOUSE OF PRETEND.

Christmas has indeed come and gone. Most hearts in this community have been gladdened in some way or other, and perhaps, more than any others, the children's. A few of the older people have had their pleasure in watching the children with bulging eyes look at a blazing Christmas tree and gape at the pretty baubles and tinsel and the heap of tissue paper parcels done up in ribbons with the sprig of holly on the top. What delight is that to hear the laughter of a small boy who has tried to put on his stocking with the discovery later on that there was one more thing in the toe!

Yes, we are all growing older and it is easy to be cynical. We are indeed nearing (most of us) the period of life which Kenneth Grahame calls "Olympian" in his "Golden Age." How many a grown up the following description hits:

"They treated us, indeed, with a kindness enough as to the needs of the flesh, but after that with indifference (an indifference, as I now recognize, the result of a certain stupidity,) and therewith the commonplace conviction that your child is merely animal. At a very early age I remember realizing in a quite impersonal and kindly way the existence of that stupidity and its tremendous influence in the world; while there grew up in me, as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos, a vague sense of ruling power, willful, and freakish practice of vagaries—just choosing so" as for instance the giving of authority over us to these hopeless and incapable creatures, when it might far more reasonably have been given to ourselves over them. These elders, our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only by a certain blend of envy—of their own good luck—and pity—for their own ability to make use of it."

"Their own inability to make use of it."

That hits the most of us. Listen to a group of children.

"When grow up"—that is the way that formula begins. But alas, when we do grow up, most of us do not grasp the opportunity. And the few who do—they are the ones the small boys and girls clamber about, and nestle close to.

How nearly do you come to the beau ideal, that glistening dream of youth? Where now are the Houses of Pretend, where are those countries on the map that you firmly intended to explore? Why they have changed the map so that Africa is no longer pink—how will you recognize it when you get there? How can you find a buried city in a land which has suddenly changed its color at the bidding of a State Board of Education.

And so having come to an oasis in some child's life about Christmas time a dastard in the "name of science" comes along with theories that there is no Santa Claus; that Teddy bears destroy the maternal instinct of

little girls; that there are no fairies and all that rubbish. Such a man is base born and was born into this life at the age of a thousand and ten. Methuselah himself could charm a little girl on the front row with his youth far quicker than the Anti-Xmas-Santa Claus-toy-and-children man. And Methuselah lived to an advanced age.

Bernard Shaw says that the Irish are not peculiar nor abnormal because they believe in fairies. On the contrary, he asks if all sane men do not really believe in fairies. And he is right. There is nothing real in this world except the ideal. The material itself is only useful when it comes under the touch of the imagination. No great fortune has been made without the imagination. Nay, even the buying power of money and the circulation of the same depends on the very qualities of their particular set. Of themselves they contribute nothing to the advancement of civilization or the elevation of intelligent people, but they affect to be patrons of art, literature and science, and are often useful in raising a fund for the education, mental or artistic training of some one who has been born with more talents, brains and ambition than money. They originate nothing and as their aspirations do not carry them beyond the confines of the set in which they claim membership they are really harmless. They enjoy wining, dining and entertaining each other.

In Washington they endeavor to cultivate official and diplomatic circles and are industrious in having their attentions to prominent personages noticed in the daily press, and if the recipients of these attentions in any way recognize them, they hasten to have the fact announced in the society columns. These strictures apply only to those so much in print. They are comparatively few in number and are of no importance. The real representatives of the best of what, for want of a better term is called society at the nation's capital, is composed of people who have done something in the world; persons who have traveled much, who have made good use of the wealth they have inherited or accumulated by their own efforts; of persons who are educated and refined in every sense of these words; persons who have retired but who are active in philanthropic, educational or religious movements for the advancement of civilization. Social functions given by these people—and they give many—are dignified, hospitable, delightful. They extend courtesies to persons entitled to consideration, and if they are financially so situated that they can feel no embarrassment, as their hosts

are of the Outlook. Even if there be letification among the "west-end interests" in the event of such a dreadful fate, is it worse than being president of Harvard? Here's a chance to rival the twenty years of sleep of Rip Van Winkle.

But there will always be some of us who will wait for the awakening of Teddy with much the same confidence that the inhabitants of the Thuringian valleys await the coming of Barbarossa from out of the Kyffhauserberg.

Well may the title of Africanus be Theodore's if he shows that the strenuous but simple life is the cure for sleeping sickness of the jungle.

THE HOUSE OF PRETEND.

Christmas has indeed come and gone. Most hearts in this community have been gladdened in some way or other, and perhaps, more than any others, the children's. A few of the older people have had their pleasure in watching the children with bulging eyes look at a blazing Christmas tree and gape at the pretty baubles and tinsel and the heap of tissue paper parcels done up in ribbons with the sprig of holly on the top. What delight is that to hear the laughter of a small boy who has tried to put on his stocking with the discovery later on that there was one more thing in the toe!

Yes, we are all growing older and it is easy to be cynical. We are indeed nearing (most of us) the period of life which Kenneth Grahame calls "Olympian" in his "Golden Age." How many a grown up the following description hits:

"They treated us, indeed, with a kindness enough as to the needs of the flesh, but after that with indifference (an indifference, as I now recognize, the result of a certain stupidity,) and therewith the commonplace conviction that your child is merely animal. At a very early age I remember realizing in a quite impersonal and kindly way the existence of that stupidity and its tremendous influence in the world; while there grew up in me, as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos, a vague sense of ruling power, willful, and freakish practice of vagaries—just choosing so" as for instance the giving of authority over us to these hopeless and incapable creatures, when it might far more reasonably have been given to ourselves over them. These elders, our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only by a certain blend of envy—of their own good luck—and pity—for their own ability to make use of it."

"Their own inability to make use of it."

That hits the most of us. Listen to a group of children.

"When grow up"—that is the way that formula begins. But alas, when we do grow up, most of us do not grasp the opportunity. And the few who do—they are the ones the small boys and girls clamber about, and nestle close to.

How nearly do you come to the beau ideal, that glistening dream of youth? Where now are the Houses of Pretend, where are those countries on the map that you firmly intended to explore? Why they have changed the map so that Africa is no longer pink—how will you recognize it when you get there? How can you find a buried city in a land which has suddenly changed its color at the bidding of a State Board of Education.

And so having come to an oasis in some child's life about Christmas time a dastard in the "name of science" comes along with theories that there is no Santa Claus; that Teddy bears destroy the maternal instinct of

little girls; that there are no fairies and all that rubbish. Such a man is base born and was born into this life at the age of a thousand and ten. Methuselah himself could charm a little girl on the front row with his youth far quicker than the Anti-Xmas-Santa Claus-toy-and-children man. And Methuselah lived to an advanced age.

Bernard Shaw says that the Irish are not peculiar nor abnormal because they believe in fairies. On the contrary, he asks if all sane men do not really believe in fairies. And he is right. There is nothing real in this world except the ideal. The material itself is only useful when it comes under the touch of the imagination. No great fortune has been made without the imagination. Nay, even the buying power of money and the circulation of the same depends on the very qualities of their particular set. Of themselves they contribute nothing to the advancement of civilization or the elevation of intelligent people, but they affect to be patrons of art, literature and science, and are often useful in raising a fund for the education, mental or artistic training of some one who has been born with more talents, brains and ambition than money. They originate nothing and as their aspirations do not carry them beyond the confines of the set in which they claim membership they are really harmless. They enjoy wining, dining and entertaining each other.

In Washington they endeavor to cultivate official and diplomatic circles and are industrious in having their attentions to prominent personages noticed in the daily press, and if the recipients of these attentions in any way recognize them, they hasten to have the fact announced in the society columns. These strictures apply only to those so much in print. They are comparatively few in number and are of no importance. The real representatives of the best of what, for want of a better term is called society at the nation's capital, is composed of people who have done something in the world; persons who have traveled much, who have made good use of the wealth they have inherited or accumulated by their own efforts; of persons who are educated and refined in every sense of these words; persons who have retired but who are active in philanthropic, educational or religious movements for the advancement of civilization. Social functions given by these people—and they give many—are dignified, hospitable, delightful. They extend courtesies to persons entitled to consideration, and if they are financially so situated that they can feel no embarrassment, as their hosts

are of the Outlook. Even if there be letification among the "west-end interests" in the event of such a dreadful fate, is it worse than being president of Harvard? Here's a chance to rival the twenty years of sleep of Rip Van Winkle.

But there will always be some of us who will wait for the awakening of Teddy with much the same confidence that the inhabitants of the Thuringian valleys await the coming of Barbarossa from out of the Kyffhauserberg.

Well may the title of Africanus be Theodore's if he shows that the strenuous but simple life is the cure for sleeping sickness of the jungle.

"They treated us, indeed, with a kindness enough as to the needs of the flesh, but after that with indifference (an indifference, as I now recognize, the result of a certain stupidity,) and therewith the commonplace conviction that your child is merely animal. At a very early age I remember realizing in a quite impersonal and kindly way the existence of that stupidity and its tremendous influence in the world; while there grew up in me, as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos, a vague sense of ruling power, willful, and freakish practice of vagaries—just choosing so" as for instance the giving of authority over us to these hopeless and incapable creatures, when it might far more reasonably have been given to ourselves over them. These elders, our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only by a certain blend of envy—of their own good luck—and pity—for their own ability to make use of it."

"Their own inability to make use of it."

That hits the most of us. Listen to a group of children.

"When grow up"—that is the way that formula begins. But alas, when we do grow up, most of us do not grasp the opportunity. And the few who do—they are the ones the small boys and girls clamber about, and nestle close to.

How nearly do you come to the beau ideal, that glistening dream of youth? Where now are the Houses of Pretend, where are those countries on the map that you firmly intended to explore? Why they have changed the map so that Africa is no longer pink—how will you recognize it when you get there? How can you find a buried city in a land which has suddenly changed its color at the bidding of a State Board of Education.

And so having come to an oasis in some child's life about Christmas time a dastard in the "name of science" comes along with theories that there is no Santa Claus; that Teddy bears destroy the maternal instinct of

Mrs. John A. Logan Talks About Washington Society.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26.—Washington society is a theme which has been dwelt upon by persons in all conditions of life. Apparently no one remembers that the capital is unavoidably one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the union, and that beyond the few regulations established by Jefferson as to official etiquette, there are no laws governing social intercourse except those which are suggested by civilization and proper decorum. Though one hears much about what they are pleased to call fashionable society, or rather exclusive society, it means that little coterie of wealthy idle born people who are wont to make pretensions to leadership, or at least membership in the society of their particular set. Of themselves they contribute nothing to the advancement of civilization or the elevation of intelligent people, but they affect to be patrons of art, literature and science, and are often useful in raising a fund for the education, mental or artistic training of some one who has been born with more talents, brains and ambition than money. They originate nothing and as their aspirations do not carry them beyond the confines of the set in which they claim membership they are really harmless. They enjoy wining, dining and entertaining each other.

The diplomats are great sticklers for rank and some amusing incidents have followed mistakes made by hosts in seating these representatives of the persons of the rulers of the countries from which they hail and the length of their service at Washington. There is, of course, much interchange of civilities among the official, civilian and diplomatic society, for which there are accepted regulations fixing the status of each individual according to rank.

The president, the lady of the white house, the vice-president, the speaker of the house, the cabinet, the supreme court, senators, representatives in congress, the army, the navy and heads of bureaus in each department of the government know exactly what is expected of them from a social standpoint. With the natural tendency to hospitality very few are remiss in the discharge of their duties in this respect.

The diplomats are great sticklers for rank and some amusing incidents have followed mistakes made by hosts in seating these representatives of the persons of the rulers of the countries from which they hail and the length of their service at Washington. There is, of course, much interchange of civilities among the official, civilian and diplomatic society, for which there are accepted regulations fixing the status of each individual according to rank.

The president, the lady of the white house, the vice-president, the speaker of the house, the cabinet, the supreme court, senators, representatives in congress, the army, the navy and heads of bureaus in each department of the government know exactly what is expected of them from a social standpoint. With the natural tendency to hospitality very few are remiss in the discharge of their duties in this respect.

The diplomats are great sticklers for rank and some amusing incidents have followed mistakes made by hosts in seating these representatives of the persons of the rulers of the countries from which they hail and the length of their service at Washington. There is, of course, much interchange of civilities among the official, civilian and diplomatic society, for which there are accepted regulations fixing the status of each individual according to rank.

The president, the lady of the white house, the vice-president, the speaker of the house, the cabinet, the supreme court, senators, representatives in congress, the army, the navy and heads of bureaus in each department of the government know exactly what is expected of them from a social standpoint. With the natural tendency to hospitality very few are remiss in the discharge of their duties in this respect.