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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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THE DEATH OF YERKES.

I want to read you a little sermon on the career and death of the late traction magnate, Charles T. Yerkes. He died at a fashionable hotel in New York, and while his body was still warm it was hustled into a big wicker basket and to a freight elevator to get it out of the way.

His wife refused to see him on his deathbed. His son and daughter were estranged from him. No one but the nurse was with him when he died. He was worth-in money—many millions.

When Yerkes died the cafes and restaurants of the Waldorf-Astoria were crowded with gay parties. The guests must not be shocked. What to do! The porters hastily filled a big laundry basket with soiled linen. Yerkes' body was dumped in and stealthily dragged to the elevator. It was thus transferred to a back sample room to await the undertaker's wagon.

So—The funeral bier of this multimillionaire, art critic and connoisseur was a laundry basket, he had for a shroud soiled linen, and his temporary sepulcher was a dumping room for refuse.

Afterward, of course, the body lay in state in the Fifth avenue palace whence he had tried to drive his wife. Nobody but the reporters and curiosity seekers came. Neither wife nor child nor relative was in the funeral procession, consisting of four cabs.

Yerkes divorced the wife who had stood by him in the day of his trial. He married his stenographer, lured by his desire for sensual beauty. Fascinated by a third woman, he was suing the second wife for a divorce at the time of his death.

He was a man of dominant power, crafty intellect, a cold heart and an aesthetic taste.

Now—The old book says, "Whatever a man soweth that also shall he reap," and if he "sows to the flesh he shall of the flesh reap corruption."

Yerkes sowed to the flesh. He got what he bargained for.

It is idle to ask if such a man found happiness. Yerkes sold himself to the devil for the sake of power, place, pictures, passion. The devil does not pay in terms of human happiness. In the realm of happiness his currency is but counterfeit.

You cannot walk to happiness, my brethren, by stepping on broken hearts and gold dollars.

AFRAID OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

A Chicago newspaper tells the story of a family heir to \$1,000,000 that hesitates to take the money for fear it may interfere with future happiness. "Quixotic," some people would call it. This large heritage comes to Emil Ascher, a retailer in gloves, who has a wife and eight children. The family lives contentedly in a cozy flat. The children are all married excepting the youngest.

The money comes from an uncle in Germany. But falling heirs to a million does not seem to have given these people the thrill supposed to come to the very fortunate in these commercial times. They are actually afraid of the money.

In an interview Mrs. Ascher says: "I suppose we must take the money. But I can tell you I want nothing but my husband and children. We are very happy. I am afraid of a future with much money, and so is my husband."

Continuing, the good woman says: "We are not rich. We have simply enough to eat and a fairly good place to live. All the money in the world could not make us more satisfied. It is not money that makes people happy. It is living a good life."

"What we will do with all this money," said the husband, "I cannot tell. We will take a trip to Germany, my wife and I. We will probably give half the money to hospitals and old people's homes and then divide the rest between mother and the children."

It is safe to say that million will not magnify other millions in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Ascher.

There are those who would mortgage their hope of salvation for \$1,000,000 and permit the mortgage to be foreclosed. These will sneer at the suggestion that any one should fear the effect of much money on future happiness.

And yet—There are great possibilities of evil as well as of good—in the use of a million. Improperly directed, it might easily disrupt the genuine happiness of a little freela. It might easily bring family strife and heartburnings and much misery.

And on the other hand—

Money can glide, but it cannot make happiness.

This family is wise above the wisdom of the day. Instinctively it feels what many would be wiser people do not understand—the peril to peace of sudden riches.

A BRILLIANT SHAM.

Paris Under the Rule of the Third Napoleon.

Never was there so pleasure loving and so easy going a court, and seldom has there been one which was externally so splendid. The emperor spent money like water and thereby produced a prosperity for the time and with it popularity for the government. Hundreds of millions were lavished upon Paris, much of it being wasted, yet none the less with the result that the city really deserved its title la ville lumiere. In these days it has gone to seed and grown shabby, but in 1869 everything seemed fresh and new and brilliant and imposing. The army was rotten to the core. Yet the emperor's cent guards were splendid soldiers to the eye. Society was no less demoralized, yet its gaiety was exhilarating. These were the days when it was said that good Americans when they die go to Paris. The emperor conferred distinction by recognizing any foreigner. The empress set the fashions for the world. It was all a sham, but it was thoroughly magnificent in its way. It can be best understood at present by reading Zola's early novels, by recalling some chapters of Gautier's "Nabab" and by remembering Jacques Offenbach, whose opera bouffe was the most characteristic production of an empire which itself was bouffe. That shallow and yet catchy music was a tonal sneer. Every libretto was a mock at the old time virtues of chastity and honor and courage.—Harry Thurston Peck in Bookman.

BELLINI'S BEST OPERA.

"Norma" Was Missed at First—The Composer's Death.

Bellini was born in Sicily. He died at Puteaux, near Paris, under somewhat strange circumstances, in 1835. Baron Ayne d'Aquino wrote to a friend: "I rode out to call on him; but, as usual, the gardener of his house refused to let me in. Later on in the day there was a heavy storm, and at about 5 o'clock I once again tried to see him. As no one answered the bell I pushed against the gate, and it gave way, so I got into the house. I found Bellini on a bed, abandoned by all. At first I thought that he was asleep. When I touched his hand, it was quite cold, for he was dead."

A curious letter is published, written by him when his "Norma" was missed at the first representation: "I have just returned from the Scala. Would you believe it? 'Norma' was missed. I no longer recognized the friendly Milanese, who received me with enthusiasm and delight in 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' 'La Sonnambula.' I have decided myself. I have made a great mistake. All my prognostications have been wrong. All my expectations have been illusions. But, I assure you from my heart, there are morrels in it that I shall be proud if I can ever excel. Did not the Romans hiss 'L'Olympiade' of the divine Pergolesi? In all theatrical productions the public is the supreme judge. The public will reverse its judgment. It will recognize that 'Norma' is the best of my operas."—Argonaut.

Where Parliament Failed.

According to all accounts, the Cameror highlanders militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the least crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scotland railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment and tried to edge himself in between two of the highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right and said: "Sit up, please. You know that, according to act of parliament, the seat holds five." The highlander looked at him for a moment and then replied: "That may be a right enough for your kind, sir, but shairly ye canna blame me for no bein' constructed according to act of parliament!"

Contagion and Infection.

A contagious disease is one in which the disease producing organism goes direct from the person having the disease to a person who has not the disease without passing through an intermediary medium, as in tuberculosis, for example. Malaria, on the other hand, is an infectious disease, because the organism which produces it is taken from a person by a mosquito, reproduces itself in the mosquito and is transmitted by the mosquito which may never have been in contact with the person by whom the original organism was given off.—New York American.

Another Way.

A well known London physician was invited out to the country for some shooting; but, although he tried several times, he could not hit a single rabbit.

"I'm very unlucky," he exclaimed. "I've killed nothing all day."

"Never mind," said his host. "Write the rabbits one of your prescriptions."

Foul.

"Foul tactics," declared the halfback. "What's the trouble now?" demanded the referee.

"I tried a kick for the stomach, but this fellow blocked it with his head."—Kansas City Journal.

Good Behavior.

Employer—Why were you discharged from your last place? Applicant—For good behavior. Employer—What do you mean by that? Applicant—They took three months off my sentence.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes make a hearty, wholesome breakfast. Fresh supply now at your grocer's.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Thursday Evening, Jan. 7.—Wayne Council, No. 10. R. & S. M. Stated Assembly.

Friday Evening, Jan. 8.—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4. R. A. M. Stated Convocation.

POOL, BILLIARDS TO BE PERMITTED

Minors Between Eighteen and Twenty-one Can Play at Y. M. C. A. Building.

POLICE BOARD DECIDES

COMMISSIONERS WERE INFORMED INSTITUTION WAS PRIVATE CLUB AND THE LAW DID NOT APPLY TO IT.

Following the advice of Prosecuting Attorney Charles Ladd and the Young Men's Christian Association attorneys, Wilfred Jessup and A. M. Gardner, the police board will not take any action against the association for permitting its senior members between the ages of 18 and 21 years to play pool and billiards. The advice of the attorneys in the case was that the Y. M. C. A. is a private club and can operate such games without violation of the state law. One of the members of the police board stated today that unless the law was violated the board would not take any action.

The state law provides that no minor shall play pool or billiards, but the attorneys interpret this section to mean that minors are restricted from playing in public pool and billiard parlors and saloons. It is not effective in regard to private residences and clubs.

Parents of boys between the ages of 18 and 21 years, who are members of the Y. M. C. A. do not object to their offspring indulging in pool or billiards; so long as they play on the Y. M. C. A. tables, but they have strenuous objections to their playing in public places.

Law Enforcement Law.

It is well known by every parent in the city that the enforcement of the law in regard to minors playing pool and billiards in public parlors has been laxly enforced in the past.

One parent stated the other day that if his boy was not permitted to play pool and billiards in the Y. M. C. A. that he would refuse to pay his son's membership dues. "I want him to play in the association building, because if he does not I know he will visit public places either run in connection with cigar stores or saloons, as he has in the past," stated this man.

Commend Board's Action.

Proprietors of these parlors stated this morning that they believe the board acted wisely. "It is very hard to determine a young man's age. Even if you know he is a minor, he will tell you that he is 21." This statement was made today by a pool room proprietor.

CRIMINAL CODE COMMITTEE FOR SEN. R. KIRKMAN

(Continued From Page One.)

son and Henry, chairman; committee not completed.

Criminal Code—Senator Kirkman, of Wayne and Union, chairman; committee not completed.

Public Library—Senator Hanna, of Boone and Hendricks, chairman; committee not completed.

Swamp Lands and Drains—Senator Halleck, of Jasper, Newton, Starke and White, chairman; committee not completed.

Military Affairs—Senator Brady, of Fulton and Wabash, chairman; committee not completed.

Manufactures—Senator Gorman, of Gibson and Posey, chairman; committee not completed.

Telegraph and Telephones—Senator Springer, of Bartholomew and Decatur, chairman; committee not completed.

Congressional Apportionment—Senator Orndorf, of Huntington and White, chairman; committee not completed.

Legislative Apportionment—Senator Bowser, of Lake and Porter, chairman; committee not completed.

Soldiers and Sailors Monument—Senator Brady, of Fulton and Wabash, chairman; committee not completed.

Committee on Rules—Senator Finkner, of Madison and Henry, chairman; Senator Cox, of Marion; Lieutenant Governor Hall.

Scott's Emulsion

clothes the nerves and muscles with warm fat, fills the veins with rich blood.

It makes children rugged and hardy and fearless of the cold. It fills the whole body with warmth and life and energy.

Thin people sometimes gain a pound a day while taking it.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and you will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE, 480 Pearl Street, New York.

K. G. E. INSTALLS NEW OFFICERS

Special Car to Carry Delegation to Inaugural.

Officers of the Knights of the Golden Eagle were installed Tuesday evening and are as follows: Past chief, Elgie Ryan; Noble Chief, Henry Martindale; Vice Chief, William Ward; High Priest, J. H. Bailey; Master of Records, J. F. Kauffman; Keeper of Exchequer, J. B. Beckwith; Clerk of Exchequer, F. P. Brooks; Sir Herald, C. E. Eliason; Hermit, Melvin Barker; Ensign, C. E. Phelps; Esquire, William Isenhausen; Weather Chamber, William Bricker; Inside Guard, John Bertsch; Outer Guard, Charles Hiles; Weather Bard, Marion Thomas.

MARSHALL COULD NAME THE SENATOR BUT DECLINES TO

(Continued From Page One.)

the fellows who have had the weather eye glued to that job. For instance, Joe Reiley, secretary of the democratic state committee. Joe has been figuring on the oil inspectorship and it has generally been accepted until recently that he would land it, but it is a cinch that if the salary is placed at anything like \$1,200 he will not take it. Then he will be told that he can either take it or leave it and Joe will probably get mad. And Tom Taggart will also be offended, for Reiley is one of Taggart's lieutenants.

Marshall said last night that he will set apart one night each week as "at home" evening when persons who cannot see him in the day time may call at his home and talk business. This is the first time that a governor has ever opened his house to the public in this manner. Marshall says everybody will be welcome, whether he wishes to talk business or visit socially and that the "at home" evenings will be a regular institution at his house.

He says he is not going to ride in a carriage to the inaugural ball next Monday night, after his inauguration. He says street cars are good enough. "I don't know what I will do at that dance," he said, referring to the inaugural ball. "I never danced in my life."

THE BACK OF THE NECK.

Make It Proof Against Drafts and Colds in the Head.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor, "I didn't believe in drafts. I thought that they who imputed colds to drafts were cranks. But one November night at a concert I felt all the evening a strong draft on the back of my neck. It was so strong it resembled a suction pump. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'we'll see if this draft will give you truly a cold.'"

He shuddered.

"For a week," he said, "I was laid up with so vile a cold that I couldn't breathe save with my mouth open. And now I am satisfied that nine out of every ten colds are solely due to a draft on the back of the neck."

"I know how to prevent such colds. Hence I may practically say that I know how to prevent all colds. It is a fact that none of my patients, thanks to my method, know what a cold is."

"They learn from me to do this—to bathe the back of the neck every morning in cold water. Thus the spot becomes hardened. It becomes draft proof."

"And when a new patient, peculiarly sensitive to colds, visits me, my peculiar treatment is to blow on the back of his neck with a bellows for several days in succession. The bellows, in conjunction with the icy douche, frees him from all future susceptibility. Thenceforth his winters pass without that horrid winter pest, a bad cold."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Colored Preacher's Text.

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barber on week days. One of his customers makes it a rule to be first in the chair on Monday morning, when he is sure of being entertained by a resume of "Uncle Rastus'" Sunday dissertation. At night the family always looked for the latest from the colored brother. This was one of his recent effusions: "Yesterday I took for my text 'Cleanliness am next to godliness,' and I dun reach my climax wid dis argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is wash day in all well regulated families. Monday comes nex' to Sunday; so, my breddren, that settles it that the words of my tex' am true, 'Cleanliness am nex' to godliness.'"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Much Quiet.

On one occasion the bustling and energetic archbishop of York, Dr. MacLagan, wrote to the vicar in an outlying village suggesting that he should lend his church for the purpose of giving the clergy of the district a "quiet day" for meditation and fraternal reunion. The witty vicar of this sleepy hamlet in the woods promptly replied:

"My Dear Lord Archbishop—Your very kind letter to hand. But what the people in this village want most in their spiritual life is not a 'quiet day,' but an earthquake."

An Appeal For Mercy.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I suppose you're going to ask me."

"You are a habitual offender," replied the judge; "were caught with the stolen goods, and the court will have to do its painful duty."

"I don't want to seem unreasonable," replied the prisoner. "I don't mind a long sentence. I'm used to it. But say, judge, cut out the lecture that usually goes with it, won't you?"

Philadelphia Ledger.

HONAN ELECTED SPEAKER OF HOUSE BY DEMOCRATS

Seymour Statesman Has Weak Opposition and Lands His Fat Job Almost Without a Struggle.

VICTOR OVER GARRARD BY LARGE MAJORITY

Republican Senators Meet and Unanimously Select Senator Wood President Pro Tem—Huffman Secretary.

Indianapolis, Jan. 7.—The Democratic majority in the lower branch of the General Assembly, which opened today in caucus last night, decided upon the following officers:

Speaker—Thomas M. Honan, Seymour.

Principal Clerk—Dr. J. W. Vizard, Decatur.

Assistant Clerk—William Habermel, Corydon.

Chief Doorkeeper—Ex-Representative Thomas Barclay, College Corner.

The caucus, which was called to order at 7:30 o'clock in Room 53, state house, was presided over by Harry Strickland of Greenfield. T. E. Christy of Spencer acted as secretary and Representatives D B Hostetter of Putnam county and A. F. Zeigler of Marion county acted as tellers.

The closest contest was for assistant secretary, which was won by one vote by William Habermel of Corydon over J. Fred France of Huntington. Nominations for the various offices and the results of the ballots were as follows:

Speaker. Thomas M. Honan, Seymour.....43 James Garrard, Vincennes.....13 P. L. Coble, Dubois.....0

Neither Mr. Honan, Mr. Garrard nor Mr. Coble voted.

Chief Clerk. Dr. J. W. Vizard, Decatur.....35 Charles Crawley, Sullivan.....14 Michael Carroll, Crawfordsville.....10

Assistant Clerk. William Habermel, Corydon.....30 J. Fred France, Huntington.....29

Chief Doorkeeper. Thomas Barclay, College Corner.....49 O. T. Dickerson, Spencer.....9 Cornelius Cunningham, Crawfordsville.....1

Only One Absentee.

The caucus, which was a harmonious one, and continued for about three hours, was attended by all the democratic members of the house save Warren N. Hauck of Lawrenceburg, who is suffering from a broken leg.

The speakership race, chief in interest, was generally conceded to Mr. Honan and the belief he would win became stronger when Representative Behrmer announced his withdrawal. His supporters, while not considered numerous, went to the Seymour man. Representative Garrard, upon the vote being announced, moved to make unanimous the election of Mr. Honan.

The caucus did not elect either a floor leader or a caucus chairman. The former position probably will go to Mr. Garrard and the latter to Harry Strickland, who presided.

A resolution was passed which will place a senator in the chair when joint sessions are held. Senator Stotenberg will be chosen.

Republican Senate Caucus.

While the democratic majority of the house was electing officers and getting ready for the work of the session, the republicans of the senate, meeting in Room 83 of the state house, were planning to take hold of things in the senate.

In addition to nominating officers who will be elected today the republican senators agreed upon the committees, decided upon the distribution of positions and planned amendments to the rules by which they will have charge of things in the senate, despite the fact that Lieutenant Governor Frank Hall, who is a democrat, will preside over the sessions of the senate. The officers agreed upon were as follows:

President pro tem.—Will R. Wood, Lafayette.

Principal Secretary—W. W. Huffman, Anderson.

Assistant Secretary—Harry N. Styner, Lafayette.

Principal Doorkeeper—J. W. Thornberg, Evansville.

PLATFORM LIKED BY Y. M. B. CLUB

Measure of Indianapolis Commercial Club Endorsed.

The merchants' platform, as proposed by the Indianapolis Commercial club and endorsed by civic, commercial and political organizations of the state was brought to the attention of the Young Men's Business Club at its meeting and was referred to the proper committee. This action was taken somewhat hastily and before some of the members understood the subject matter, because of the lateness of the hour. However, the members expressed themselves as favoring the bill today. The platform was published some time ago in these columns.

He Was a Bit "Chesty."

Strong claims were made by a traveling man last week while in A. G. Luken & Co's Drug Store regarding a rheumatic remedy called Rheumaline. Upon investigation it was found he sold it, but his claims were so at variance with the results of the usual rheumatic cure that special interest was manifested and positive proof presented. It seems too much cannot be said about this remedy in its particular line for it must be understood it does not cure everything. It does cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Gout and Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Stomach and Blood troubles caused by Uric Acid, for it attacks the cause, removes it and stops its formation. It contains no injurious drugs or opiates, therefore, it is impossible to hurt the stomach or affect the heart. The liver is the principal organ upon which it works so it acts as a tonic as well as a cure. After due consideration Mr. Luken decided to put his reputation and local high standing behind Rheumaline for he was thoroughly convinced it is the best remedy for its special purpose on the market today. A. G. Luken & Co. is the sole agent in Richmond and the price of Rheumaline is \$1.00 per bottle. Rheumaline capsules which are part of the treatment and are to be used for severe pain, cost 50c per box. When constipated, Rheumaline tablets only should be used. They cost 25c. These three may be procured at A. G. Luken & Co's Drug Store. Get Rheumaline at once. It removes the cause.

THE SCRAP BOOK

He Forgot.

So absentminded was a certain New England farmer that he couldn't open his mouth without making an arrant ass of himself. Once he courted a young woman. His suit looked promising for a time. Then, with a sorrowful visage, he ceased his courtship.

"Yet she seemed infatuated with you, Jabez," said a friend to whom he went for sympathy.

"She were, too," Jabez agreed.

"Well, what could have been the trouble?"

"Dunno," said he. "Dunno, but when I proposed she turned me down cold."

"Perhaps your proposal wasn't ardent enough?"

"Oh, it was fiery," said Jabez. "Hot as pepper. I told her she was the only woman I'd ever loved, ever looked at, ever thought of or—"

"But," said his friend, "you forgot, then, you were a widower."

"Jingo," said Jabez, "so I did."

PRIDE.

You're holding your head too high; You're the slave of a foolish pride With your face to the sunny sky You would try to look dignified, But you're tramping on the flowers That around your pathway lie; You are crushing the blossoms beneath your feet.

And you never can see in your blind conceit, For you're holding your head too high. You are holding your head too high. You have nothing to give but a sneer. You are passing your old friends by For the new, who are less sincere. Ah, 'tis all very well, my dear, With a proud and scornful eye, To look up at the stars in this world of ours.

But you'll often forget to look down at the flowers When you're holding your head too high. —Maurice O'Neill.

Swallowed the Objection.

A cannibal chief became converted and asked the missionary to admit him to the church.

"Objection," he said, "I have more than one wife."