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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 rotundas 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 cars.

Yerkes divorced the wife who had stood by him in the day of his trial. His 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 sows 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 bests 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 failing 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 magnetize 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 swear 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 fire-side. It might easily bring family strife and heartburnings and much misery.

And on the other hand—

Money can't find, but it cannot make happiness.

This family is wise above the wisdom of its 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 had 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 as ville lumière. 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 court gardes were splendid soldiers to the eye. Society was no less demoralized, yet its gayety 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 best be understood at present by reading Zola's early novels, by recalling some chapters of Daudet's "Le Nabab" and by remembering Jacques Offenbach, whose opera bouffe was the most characteristic production of an empire which itself was bouffe. That shalow 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 Aymé 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 with enthusiasm and delight the 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' 'La Sonnambula.' I have deceived myself. I have made a great mistake. All my progenitors have been wrong. All my expectations have been illusions. But, I assure you from my heart, there are morsels in it that I shall be proud if I can ever excel. Did not the Romans kiss '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.

Command 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.

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 as 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.

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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 Gilpin, of Jasper, Newton, Starke and White, chairman; committee not completed.

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

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

Colored Preacher's Text.

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barbershop 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 looks 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 daresay my climate wid da argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is wash day in all well regulated families. Monday comes next to Sunday, so, my brediten, that settles it that the words of my text am true, 'Cleanliness am next to godliness.'"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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, reproduced 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 into 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 rabbit 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 of 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.

Send this advertisement, together with name of person to whom it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you "Complete Handy Almanac of the World," a "Scott & Bowles, 409 Pearl Street, New York."

Philadelphia Ledger.

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

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