

DR. T. H. DAVIS STIRS INTEREST

Reads Paper on Medical Inspection of School Children.

Dr. T. H. Davis, president of the Indiana Board of Health, which has been advocating medical inspection of school children, stirred up a lot of interest yesterday at the meeting of the Wayne County Medical Society. The society devoted most of the time of the meeting to discussing his paper, and concurred in it. It will be published in full.

Papers by Dr. J. E. Weller and Z. T. Sweeney were read. Dr. Brankamp secretary, reported on the membership now in the society. This report showed a gain of one during the year. The death of Dr. George H. Grant was the only one occurring to a member of the society during the past year.

PERU ATTEMPTS TO IMITATE CHICAGO

Cow Kicks Over Lamp and a Disastrous Blaze Results.

Peru, Ind., Jan. 7.—A cow kicked over a lantern while she was being treated for an abscess last night and John H. Miller suffered a \$25,000 loss by fire at his famous Polled Durham cattle farm. Forty-six head of cattle, many of them prize winners, were burned. Herman Miller, a son, escaped by tearing off his burning clothes.

THE OLD SAIL DRILL.

Perils the Modern Warship Men Do Not Have to Face.

One of the dangers and one of the hardest tasks of the man-of-war's man vanished out of his life when, with the supplanting of the frigate by the steam cruiser, the old time sail drill became a thing of the past. Fleets in the old days were continually exercised in making and shortening sail, shifting spars and all similar maneuvers aloft, says Captain J. W. Gambler of the British navy in his "Luks in My Life." As the greatest rivalry existed among the crews as to which ship should carry out the evolution first accidents were frequent. Hardly a drill day passed without men being seriously injured.

Once during a drill in Kiel harbor, where the rivalry in the fleet was increased by the eagerness of foreign ships to compete with the English, an unfortunate French midshipman went head first from the mizen crossbeams of the French flagship to the deck.

That numbers of accidents should take place in sail drill was not astonishing when one remembers that spars measuring perhaps seventy or eighty feet long and weighing two or three tons were whisked about with bewildering speed with nothing but men's hands and brains to guide them; hundreds of men crammed into a space of a few hundred square feet, where nothing but the most marvelous organization and discipline could avert death on deck or aloft.

To the landsman, who understood nothing of the difficulty involved in rapidly shifting these great masts and yards or in reefing and furling thousands of square feet of stiff canvas—perhaps wet or half frozen—the rapidity with which it was done was perhaps the chief wonder.

Ropes, running like lightning through blocks that were instantly too hot from friction to be touched, had to be checked to within a few inches, requiring the utmost coolness and presence of mind, while the officer in command had to superintend what to the uninitiated looked like a tangled mass of cordage, but which was in reality no more in confusion than the threads in a loom.

In an instant this officer might see something going wrong. To delay a single second meant a terrible catastrophe. Every one, aloft and aloft, was relying on his judgment.

"Belay! Ease away!"

The order came in an instant. The boatswain's mates repeated it in a particular call which this life and death necessity soon taught every one to understand, the shrill whistles rising above the din of tramping feet and running ropes or the thunderous crash of the great sails in the wind. Death had been averted—or not. If not you looked up and saw some unfortunate man turning head over heels in the air. Your heart stood still. Would he catch hold of something, even if only to break his fall, or would he come battering on the deck? It was a mere toss up. If he was killed outright it generally stopped the drill for the day; if he was only seriously injured the drill went on, for this was part of the lesson that must be learned—that in peace, as in war, one must take his chances.

A Short Verse.

An Englishman named Thomas Thorp died, leaving his fortune to a poor relative on condition that a headstone, with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry, be erected over the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters on the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve, on account of their length, the lines

Here lies the corp
Of Thomas Thorp
The following was finally ordered and accepted:

Easy to buy, easy to try, the best,
Wholesome, appetizing breakfast is
Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes.

Kodol For Indigestion. Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

Local Woman Gives Her Age

Record Breaking Event in the Society Department of the Palladium Causes Great Commotion.

The society editor of the Palladium was greatly excited today. Her fellow workers frequently cast apprehensive glances in her direction until she took them into her confidence—then they shared in the agitation.

The cause of the commotion was a record breaking event in the society department. Early this morning the

social editor received a communication in which the statement was made that a certain woman intended to observe her forty-ninth birthday by giving a party.

Since 1831 when the Palladium was established, the files of this paper do not show one instance where a woman voluntarily permitted her age to be made known.

RELIEF PARTY IS ON ITS WAY

American Rescuers, Headed By Griscom, Leave Rome.

Rome, Jan. 7.—The American relief party left here on a special train today headed by Ambassador Griscom. They will sail from Vecchia for Messina. Earth shocks at Messina continue to occur at the rate of one every ten minutes. Fire broke out today and completed the destruction of the city hall and all the records.

AN ANTARCTIC STORM

Braving the Perils of a South Polar Winter's Night.

FIERCE FURY OF THE GALE.

Adventures of a Party of Explorers in a Journey Over the Broken Pack Ice—The Solid Wall of Wind That Flanked a Friendly Iceberg.

The arctic explorer has always had hardship and danger enough, but the antarctic discoverer has far more terrible conditions to meet. Luckily he meets them with all the equipment and method that arctic exploration has taught mankind. Yet they are most dangerous, as the story of those who have lived through the south polar winter night can testify. One of the experiences of Bernacchi on the cruise of the Southern Cross some years ago shows what an antarctic gale means.

He and a comrade, Ellifsen, started out on a short sledge journey to carry provisions from one camp to another. It was in September, and the broken ice pack over which they must travel was but a foot and a half thick and likely to break in pieces afresh or pile up in deadly masses at the mercy of the sea and wind. The two men had three sledges and eighteen dogs. They had hardly started before the wind rose and a gale threatened. Halfway to their destination there was an iceberg imbedded in the pack ice, and they hastened to reach this before the storm should break.

For five hours they toiled over the ice, the wind gradually rising. The gale broke in fury just as they reached the iceberg, under whose lee they pitched a tiny silk tent, into which they crawled after having fed their dogs as best they could. Hour after hour the wind raged, and the thermometer went to 9 degrees below zero. The snow drifted over and into the tent. Sleep was impossible.

The explorers, who had met typhoons in the China seas and cyclones in the tropics, found by the aneroid as well as by their own sensations that this gale surpassed them all. Worst of all, it seemed as if the ice was beginning to crack. They knew well that the iceberg which protected them from the full force of the storm was the most dangerous place possible in other ways, as the ice was sure to separate first immediately round the berg, throwing tent, men and dogs into the icy seas. The cracking of ice was now to be heard above the roar of the wind. They dared not stay in their shelter.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the lee side and met the gale. It came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they move against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a toilsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

They dared not sleep for fear of never waking, so they roused each other alternately. At last day broke, and the gale abated. Crawling over the snow, their garments frozen stiff as boards, their beards solid lumps of ice, they managed to reach their tent. The ice had not broken, though it was cracked here and there. They took food, slept, fed their dogs, who were deep in the drifts, but alive, and then courageously went ahead, "not caring to be beaten," as Bernacchi expressed it. It was 8 o'clock at night before they reached camp, but the next day they were exploring and taking photographs and observations just as usual. Man may seem puny against nature, but he conquers her from the arctic to the antarctic by his unconquerable soul. —William Rittenhouse in For-

WEISHAUPT IS MADE HAPPY

Eagles Present Him a Hand- some Gift.

Members of the Wayne Aerie of Eagles No. 666 presented the past worthy president, Alphonse Weishaupt with a beautiful chiffonier last evening after the installation of the officers for the current year. The gift was in the nature of a surprise to Mr. Weishaupt. Following the installation exercises and the initiating of three candidates, the order banqueted.

DIFFERENT STYLES.

How Meredith and Browning Might Describe the Same Incident.

If Browning and George Meredith were describing the same act they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter or a stupefaction and stunned serenity in that of the object of the assault.

He might write: "Wainwood's 'men' in veracity brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air, accompanied with a clarity as of the annihilated."

Meredith, in other words, would speak queerly because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run: What then? "You lie" and doormat below stairs Takes bump from back. This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

BEARDED LADIES.

A Parisian Showman Says They Are Quite Numerous.

An Englishwoman who confesses to a mild mania for attending the street fairs common in and around Paris says that she is always impressed by the extraordinary number of bearded ladies among the attractions.

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard I could no longer withhold my curiosity."

"I applied for information to a gentleman well known in the showman world and who acts as a kind of agent to the people owning shows, supplying them with the necessary goods, human and otherwise. This gentleman appeared surprised at my question."

"Bearded ladies!" he exclaimed. "I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and mustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition."

Winged Burglars. Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire for work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

One Reason.

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of his votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't. You can't stand it."—Youth's Companion.

Great values in Ladies' Muslin Garments go on sale tomorrow, at Knollenberg's Store.

HAVE MEETING WITH CHRISTIE

Corn School Promoters Get Together This Afternoon.

At the meeting of the committee on the Centerville corn school with Prof. S. Christie of Purdue University, it was decided to open the school Monday, February 1 and continue until Saturday night of that week. Four night sessions will be held as well as five day sessions. Besides Prof. Christie, an attempt will be made to have Profs. Stone and Skinner take part on the program. Both of these men are connected with Purdue. Prof. Christie went from this city to Centerville to meet a committee of citizens.

DAY DODGERS TO GIVE A PLAY

Committee Has Been Appoint- ed by Students.

At a meeting of the day dodgers of Earlham College Wednesday noon, organization was effected. It was decided to give a play in the near future and the following committee was selected: Herbert Huffman, Miss Florence Corwin, Miss Fannie Jones, Miss Bessie Jones, Miss Mary Francisco, Miss Donna Parks, John Smyser, Ray Meeks, Frank Elliott, Herbert Tebbets. Officers elected were: President, Carl Ackerman; vice president, Miss Alice Lanning; secretary, Virginia Graves; treasurer, Herbert Tebbets.

MAIL DELIVERY IS EFFECTED

Cold Wave Throws Trains Off Regular Schedules.

Because of the cold of the past two days throwing railroad schedules out, the local postoffice has been affected. This is particularly true of the Chicago mail arriving here in the morning on train No. 6. This is a very heavy business mail and of most importance to the business firms and manufacturers, but in order to make their runs in regular schedule, the carriers have had to leave without this mail and make an extra trip later in the day.

ORGANS FOR SCHOOLS.

A small organ, complete in every respect but appearing more like a large suit case, has been installed in each school building of the city by the school board. They will be used by the teachers in connection with the daily music lessons. The organs are made small so that they may be taken from room to room.

A FABLE OF NIGERIA.

The Crafty Spider and the Way He Paid His Debts.

The following fable of the spider is one of the folk tales of northern Nigeria:

A spider, it seems, had occasion to borrow a sum of money. A journey round to the generously disposed brought him 2,000 cowries each from the cat, the dog, the hyena, the leopard and the lion. When pay day came round, the spider remained at home to receive the visits of his creditors in a certain prearranged order. First came the cat to claim repayment of his loan. "Hush!" said the spider. "I hear a noise outside. It is a dog come to see me. You must hide under this calabash for safety." The cat was scarcely hidden when the dog, coming in, made a similar request for his money. Says Master Spider, "There is a cat under that calabash. Take him and consider the debt paid." No sooner said than done. Just then a snuffling and scraping were heard at the door. The third creditor, the hyena, had arrived. "Don't be alarmed, my dear dog, but hide here till he has left."

And the spider hustled him under the calabash. "I smell a dog," said the hyena, routing about. "Under that calabash," the spider replied. "Eat him up, and your debt is paid." The dog paid the penalty of his simplicity, and all was quiet once more. The hyena was preparing to leave, when he heard an ominous sound that sent him crouching against the wall. It was the pattering of the leopard's feet at the door. "Quick! Under this calabash!" cried his host, and the hyena curls up in the fatal cache, only to meet a like fate from his more courageous enemy. "My debt is repaid," said the leopard, and ran against the lion coming in. A terrible fight ensued, for the leopard and the lion are equal in strength, so the natives say. When blood and dust make havoc in the house and both animals are exhausting their strength the spider is busy at the fire. Seizing a pot of boiling grease, he pours it over the clashing mass. Leopard and lion roll apart in their death agony, and the spider has only to straighten and clean up before resuming once more the humdrum life of fly catching. No wonder he is known as "Mal-wayo," the crafty one.

"So you want \$10 for a week in New York," gasped Maw Hoptoad. "Why, it can't possibly cost you more'n a dollar a day to live." "I know that," said Paw Hoptoad, "but what a feller goes to New York to calculate on blowin' some money in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KNOLLENBERG'S STORE.

SPECIAL SALE OF Ladies' Muslin Underwear

Beginning Tomorrow, FRIDAY MORNING.

See our 50c counter, loaded down with Gowns, Drawers, Corset Covers and Short Skirts. Every Garment made of a good quality Muslin, Cambric or Nainsook with either Lace or Embroidery Trimmings.

Value Extraordinary at 50c.

Beautiful Gowns in fancy and plain styles. Handsome Skirts, full size, elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery. A fine assortment of Drawers, Corset Covers, Short Skirts and Skirt Chemises. Every Garment made of fine material and trimmed with dainty laces or nice embroidery. Regular values from \$1.25 to \$1.50 each.

Sale Price 98c.

Beginning Tomorrow, FRIDAY MORNING.

A very large assortment of fine Lingerie including Skirts, Gowns, Drawers, Corset Covers and Short Skirts. Garments ranging in price from \$2.00 to \$8.00 each. Every piece properly fashioned, made right and elaborately trimmed. Choice in every respect and priced from 25 to 50 per cent less than regular price. These are especially worthy the attention of every lady.

Also a lot of Children's Muslin Garments including Skirts, Gowns and Drawers. Every piece at a reduced price. In fact the labor alone about worth the price we ask.

All these goods will be well distributed on our second floor, where they can be easily inspected. The Embroidery Bargain Sale will likewise be continued. Our second floor will surely be the scene of much activity during the coming days. We advise an early call.

SEE OUR 98c COUNTER.

The Geo. H. Knollenberg Co.,

BIDS RECEIVED FOR GRILL WORK

Three Companies After Local Post Office Job.

Two bids were received by postmaster J. A. Spekenhiller for the construction of grill work at the three windows of the registry and money order departments. One Indianapolis and one Richmond firm made bids. They were considered very reasonable by Mr. Spekenhiller and were forwarded to the treasury department, Washington, for further consideration.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

In connection with the week of prayer, the ministers will hold special services this evening on the temperance question. The meetings will convene at 7:30 o'clock and by the nature of the subject, large audiences are expected. The regular services held each evening in the observance of the week of prayer have been well attended.

Didn't Wait For It.

A couple of Scotch ministers were taking dinner together one summer day in a little manse in the highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said:

"Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?"

"Na, na," said the other. "I never feel tempted. I juist gang."

Plenty of Him.

"What sort of man is Jinks?" "The impression you get of Jinks depends on the circumstances under which you meet him. If you're there to collect money you won't like him. But if you're there to pay money he seems a lovely character."

His Way Out of It.

"He don't give nuthin' to the church now?" "No. Somebody told him the Bible says salvation is 'free,' an' he says fur be it from him to dispute the Scriptures!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.—Webster.

KIDWELL ARRESTED.

John Kidwell, a youth who is known also as John Gehring, is under arrest upon the charge of larceny. He is accused of stealing a quantity of iron. Young Kidwell has been doing work as a junker.

ANOTHER KIBBEY SUIT.

Another suit was entered against Frank C. Kibbey this afternoon. It is entitled McCurran & Smith vs. Kibbey. The suit is brought on account; demand \$52.

ANGER IS DANGEROUS.

It wrecks the Whole System and Tends to Shorten Life.

It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy or revenge—has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms; every mental faculty protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

When the brain cells are overheated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired, if not absolutely ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self control.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

LEAKAGE REPAIRED.

The leakage in the swimming pool at the Y. M. C. A. has been repaired and all complaint made from this source has been removed. There has been about two feet of water seeping out of the pool each day. The cause was a defective valve.

PERMITS CHANGE OF NAME.

The decree entitling the Richmond Cream company to change its name to the Commons Dairy company has been entered in the courts. The company represented its business interests could be attended to better by changing the name.

OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Betzold celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in a quiet manner at their home on North Seventh street Wednesday. Mr. Betzold was formerly second sergeant on the Richmond police force and is one of the best known citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Betzold were married in Cincinnati, but have been residents of this city during most of their married life.

HOME OF FRIENDLESS.

The annual meeting of the Home of the Friendless Association will be held at the Home tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. The friends of the institution are invited to attend. Annual reports will be read.

Box: Just made some splendid biscuits—Gold Medal Flour.

LOCAL DEMOCRATS PLAN TO ATTEND

Order Holds Annual Services At Hall Last Night.

Many democrats will attend the inaugural ball of Governor Marshall next Monday evening, also the inauguration exercises. It is probable that a special car will be chartered by the local delegation. Those who have invitations to the ball include Thomas J. Study, C. B. Beck, Rev. Thomas H. Kuhn, Webster Parry and others.

The Gingerbread Tree.

There is a species of palm, growing to a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet, in Egypt, Arabia, Abyssinia and Nubia which produces its fruit in long clusters, each containing from 100 to 200. These fruits are of an irregular form, of a rich yellowish brown color and are beautifully polished. In upper Egypt they form part of the food of the poorer classes of inhabitants, the part eaten being the fibrous, meaty husk, which tastes almost exactly like gingerbread, whence the popular name of gingerbread tree in Egypt. Hyphosene thebeka is the botanical name of this palm.

How It Struck Him.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in a crowded Brooklyn trolley car, and above the noise across the walls of a leather lugged baby protesting against everything. After two miles of this din the mother left with her child, when a young man in the front end of the car thus expressed his sentiments:

Gee whis! I'm glad I'm free! No wedding bells for me.

The result can be more easily imagined than described.—New York Post.

Women and Ships.

"But, Mr. Mainbrace, why do they always call a ship 'she'?"

"Lor', miss, you wouldn't ask that if you'd ever tried to steer one."—Kansas City Independent.

On the Safe Side.

"In the matter of drinking," mused the philosopher with the impressionistic nose, "be sure you are right and you won't get a head."—Philadelphia Record.

Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co.

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, 11:00, 12:00, 1:00, 2:25, 3:00, 4:00, 5:25, 6:00, 7:30, 8:40, 9:00, 10:00, 11:10.

* Limited trains.

Last car to Indianapolis, 6:00 p. m. Last car to New Castle, 10:00 p. m. Trains connect at Indianapolis and Lafayette, Frankfort, Crawfordsville, Terre Haute, Clinton, Sullivan, Park (Ill.) Tickets sold through.