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DETAINED?—OR AN ENCORE?

It may be simply a Washington correspondent's idle dream for the purpose of filling up space which gave birth to the story that Roosevelt will be detained by the defendants in the criminal libel suit. But it is not so infrequently the case that the most improbable of things come true, simply because some humble newspaper man has happened to give his idea publicity.

Will the president be enraged, think you, if the nefarious plan laid by Mr. Pulitzer to keep him from being eaten up by the insects of the African jungles succeeds? It is difficult to guess just what the present occupant of the white house will think of this proceeding. One might think that if Mr. Roosevelt were to be put on the witness stand that he might find a few words to say which would gladden the heart of a tired telegraph editor on a dull day. Still, the president has already had the chance and has used it to express himself on the character and behavior of Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Smith and their subordinates. The World and the News did not particularly enjoy the remarks of Theodore Roosevelt—or is it an encore?

Never since the days of San Juan has the president had the splendid opportunity that he has now. It ought to appeal to him to make what is known as a "safe get-away"—he certainly has the benefit of his office to get a safe start but the time is up on March 4. The newspaper man sincerely trusts Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. George MacDonald that the "safe get-away" plan will find the submarine passages in working order when the service of the subpoena is attempted. There is one drawback—could Mr. Roosevelt endure an incognito? He never has.

JAPANESE AMITY.

The must on the coast over the Japs has subsided for the present—largely due to the efforts of the federal authorities. Any one can see that the present situation is dangerous enough to the peace of the countries. Agitation such as has been recurring will come back again in the manner of earthquakes and volcanoes. But is the coole and race proposition the only thing that can stir up trouble? America still has large holdings in the Pacific and may have more; and when the Panama canal gets into the prominence that is hoped for it, there will be greater commercial relations between the two countries. We are not doing the thing which farsighted Japan has been busily engaged in since 1896—building ships. Since that time above mentioned the merchant marine of Japan has increased from nothing to 1,100,000 tons and with it they have monopolized half the Pacific trade.

Other people see trouble in the rapid development of our fleet six fold since 1887—but others have come to believe that this is a strong reason for the peaceful settlement of any dispute. But our splendid navy need not set us up in our own estimation. Japan has at least 200 warships actually in commission and 22 new building besides five technically perfect arsenals.

It is to be hoped that all the squabbles will be settled as amicably as possible as they have in the past. A war would be a very serious thing between the two most vigorous and active people of the world and it will be well if we remember the things that Russia had to find out to her sorrow—that the Japs are not puppets and high school cadets. The indications are also that Japan has a wholesome respect for our fleet and ability, in some directions, also.

James—Hello! Where did you get that mask?
John—It ain't a mask; it's toothache. London-Sketch.

FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

Articles Contributed for This Column Must Not Be in Excess of 400 Words. The Identity of All Contributors Must Be Known to the Editor. Articles Will Be Printed in the Order Received.

In coming to the United States I passed that beautiful monument of Bartholme's design. The statue of Liberty in New York harbor. There is no language in my command to adequately describe the feelings that permeated my system as I looked at the symbol of the government, which it was my purpose to adopt and I could not resist literally doffing my hat and mentally shouting "Hall Columbia!" for then indeed had I realized what to me had been a life long expectation. I was approaching the shores of the greatest liberty loving republic of modern times. On the day following I stood on the sidewalks of Broadway, New York, and witnessed the procession of Grand Army veterans passing in parade, armless and legless, any of them physically no better than the bullet ridden banner carried by them. As you wonder that such a sight inspired me to ask: For what was such a price paid? Human liberty was the response of my mental interrogation and I was truly sorry that time and circumstances had forbidden my contributing my share in the purchase. Of what importance are these statements? None perhaps. Only since I contributed nothing to the purchase price of these liberties, I want to add my voice to their retention and offer my protest to the actions of the Ladies' Aid societies, and the Quarterly Meeting of Dublin, who censured Prof. Trueblood, without investigating, for complying with the dictates of his own conscience. Has that dearly bought liberty of the revolution become a misnomer? Has the price paid by the soldiers of the Civil war, to maintain human liberties, been in vain? Must that statue of liberty stand as a huge joke? Are we no longer a free people? Have the people of this great republic lost all individuality? It would seem so in the light of recent events.

I am not a pessimist in any sense of the word and will not accept the idea of being less free but there is something wrong in organization. When a Christian institution advocates boycott and possess no more mercy than that shown by the Dublin Quarterly Meeting who a few Sundays since held their hands up in holy horror at the death of Stephen (as studied in the Sunday school) who was stoned to death for preaching what he believed to be the truth, these very people duplicate the act in throwing verbal stones, because a man has sufficient individuality to refuse to act a lie and to act in opposition to their conception of what he should do.

It is not my purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of Wayne county's action at the recent election. The people decided "wet" in the city of Richmond, sufficiently strong to more than neutralize the vote of the balance of the county. Does that not suggest to that township, city and ward option is more democratic since it would have permitted the townships so desiring to be free from saloons for two years? In the recent national campaign I had occasion to refer to your influence in molding public opinion and while I think your paper somewhat partisan I must commend your editorials on the result of the county option election. If Christian organizations and those who have sided so zealously for the revival of the saloons would emulate your acceptance of the decision I am satisfied future efforts would commend themselves more generally than the present pointing, whining, and child-like action of those who threaten to throw their influence in favor of a wide open town at the coming city election.

Yours truly,

A. BAIRS.

411 N. Thirteenth st.

TWINKLES

Fighting.

"Our navy hasn't figured in any real fighting for some years?"
"Oh, yes, it has."
"Where?"
"In congress."

Political Economy.

"Do you understand political economy?"
"I do," answered the member of the appropriations committee. "Political economy is the art of getting other people to economize so that your own constituents can have liberal consideration."

Proportion.

The street car now does not efface the same old sense of gloom. With one square foot of seating space To a yard of standing room.

Literary Classification.

"Is that new dialect story a best seller?"
"No," answered the publisher, "merely a worst speller."

Suspicious.

"Don't you think you had better consult an art commission about the decorative scheme of that public building?"
"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "if the decorators are up to any scheme we'd better consult the secret service."

PAINTERS

Ever notice how hard it is to keep your hands looking presentable? "Course you have."

Now if you want something that will get down into the pores and cracks of the skin and grab the paint and dirt without injuring the skin, try a little Whiz—water—rub—rinse—and—



Mr. Dooley on the Boycott

Editor's Note: Owing to the fact that the city of Richmond was so widely advertised by the dyes in the last campaign as a fine place for the saloonists of the country to settle in case the town and county went wet Mr. Dooley as well known in this country and abroad has removed his saloon and his philosophy from Archery Road to this city. The Palladium is therefore to be congratulated on being able to print an interview with one of the most eminent commentators on current events of the twentieth century.

"I see by the papers," said Mr. Dooley, "that the metropolis of Greensfork has determined to boycott the Richmond merchants for their open minded and open threat- edness durin' the late local option fight."
"An what's a boycott?" asked Mr. Hennessy.
"An have ye never heard of the boycott?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Sure 'tis the workin' man's friend."
"It operates on the principle of an unloaded gun—it shoots the friends and relatives of the innocent bystanders an is called an 'insidious' evil by them that gets hurt."
"A boycott—I remember now that ye've explained the matter so loocidly—that was one of the things that

Mr. Taft so illoquently spoke uv whin he was in Archery Road—"Tis like the effect of pneumonia—only dangerous whin secondary," said Mr. Hennessy.
"I'm wonderin'" said Mr. Dooley. "What the citizens uv the town will do now that the Ladies Aid society has boycotted them. If I understand the Constitution and the Democratic campaign hand book aright, an injunction kin be procured against the Ladies Aid society for the restraint uv thrade and it kin be held against them so as to affect their airs an assigns forever, or the same thing—when the town goes dry."

"An how will these ladies affect ye, Dooley?"
"The ladies wuz niver customers uv mine, though some them was who used to buy a little somthin for a cold now in then."
"An do ye think" asked Hennessy furivly "That the affair is serious?"
"It all depends" said Mr. Dooley.
"An' how is that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.
"It all depends on how many uv the husbands an good spenders and whither they agree with their wives. An human nature is very contrary. The next time that baby needs a pair uv shoes the husband will say 'Look a here, Ma, I'll go to town an buy them an you kin stay at home.' Then there will be a war cloud in the 'Balkans.'"

THE SCRAP BOOK

A New Brand.
A nervous, worried looking man entered a large sporting goods establishment in the lower part of New York city and said in an anxious voice to the salesman: "My wife telephoned me awhile ago that she wanted me to be sure to bring home a 'Lorna Doone'." I've inquired at half a dozen places and can't find it. What sort of a game is it?"

The salesman, who knew sports from the ground up, if not much else, pondered only a moment before he said cheerfully: "I don't think it's a game. It sounds to me like the name of a new Scotch drink. Try that place across the way with the screen doors."

Where is God?
"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried. As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We've heard from old of the ocean's tide. And we long to look on the water's blue."
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea. Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright. And sang and balanced on sunny wings. And this was its song: "I see the light. I look over a world of beautiful things: But, flying and singing everywhere, in vain I have searched to find the air."
—Rev. Minot Judson Savage.

Telling the Time.
A pompous Londoner on a visit to New York was eternally bragging about the cleverness of the English. One morning as he left the hotel to buy a paper he was joined by a New Yorker whom he knew. The Englishman at once started on his favorite theme, declaring that the London newsboy was deuced clever and without an equal for ready retort. Then as he called a newsboy, a typical New York lad, the Londoner said: "Now I'll show you the difference. Just see how this chap will flunk."

The "newsie" came running with his papers, and the Londoner promptly opened fire, while the boy took an inventory of his customer.
"Now, my boy," said the Englishman, "can you tell me the time by your nose this morning?"

The Londoner got up, took out his handkerchief and had it halfway to his nose before his companion's coarse, unfeeling laugh made him realize he had been stung.

What Did Mother Mean?
A boy asked one of his father's dinner guests who his next door neighbor was, and when he heard his name he asked if the gentleman was not a fool.
"No, my little friend," said the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask the question?"

"Why," said the little boy, "my mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

A Warm Reception.
A member of congress was going home late one night when he met a young man who was satisfactorily "loaded." The congressman happened to know where the young man lived and kindly guided him home. The congressman had no sooner pulled the bell than the door was thrown wide open and a tall, husky woman appeared. She never said a word, but grabbed the young man by the collar and shook him till she fairly loosened his teeth; then into the hall she took him and slammed the door.

The congressman was descending the steps when the door was thrown open a second time, and his friend flew out of it as if thrown by a catapult. At the foot of the stairs he landed, and the congressman picked him up. Very much frightened and considerably sobered, the young man gasped: "We don't live here! We moved last week!"

The Value of Books.
A young girl once asked Mark Twain if he liked books for Christmas gifts. "Well, that depends," drawled the great humorist. "If a book has a leather cover it is really valuable as a razor strop. If it is a brief, concise work, such as the French write, it is useful to put under the short leg of a wabby table. An old fashioned book with a clasp can't be beat as a missile to hurl at a dog, and a large book, like a geography, is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken pane of glass."

Where Compromise Ends.
I would compromise war. I would

compromise glory. I would compromise everything at that point where hate comes in, where misery comes in, where love ceases to be love and life begins its descent into the valley of the shadow of death. But I would not compromise truth. I would not compromise the right.—Henry Watterson.

Praise, indeed.
One of the most candid tributes the late Edwin Booth ever received was rendered to him on his last southern tour by one who knew neither of his presence nor of his identity in the play. Mr. Booth told the story to his friend Dr. John H. Girdner.
"We opened our engagement in Atlanta, Ga., with 'Othello,'" said Mr. Booth, "and I played Othello. After the performance my friend Mr. Malone and I went to the Kimball House for some refreshment. The long bar was so crowded that we had to go around the corner of it before we could find a vacant space. While we

were waiting to be served we couldn't help hearing the conversation of two fine looking old boys, splendid old fellows with soft hats, flowing mustaches and chin tufts, black string ties and all the other paraphernalia.
"I didn't see you at the theater this evening, counsel," said one.
"No," replied the other, "I didn't buy seats till this mornin', and the best we could get were six rows back in the balcony. I presume, suh, you were in the orchestra."

"Yes, counsel, I was in the orchestra," said the first man. "Madam and the girls were with me. We all agreed that we nevuh attended a mo' thrillin' play. The company was good, too, excellent company. And do you know, counsel, in my opinion that—nighab did about as well as any of 'em!"
—Harper's Weekly.

Nye's Introduction.
When James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye traveled together giving a joint entertainment the humorist had great fun with the poet. Once in introducing Riley and himself to an audience Nye remarked, "I will appear first and speak until I get tired, then Mr. Riley will succeed me and read from his own works until you get tired."

Never Saw Them.
A theological college professor who was enjoying a walk among the Gloucester wharfs fell into conversation with a fisherman.

"Do you catch many mackerel this year?" queried the reverend professor.
"Well," the son of Neptune replied, "we seine some."
"Pardon me," said the shocked professor: "you mean you saw some."
"Not by a jugful!" cried the fisherman. "Whoever heard tell of sawin' a fish? We split 'em, sir, we split 'em, but we never saw 'em!"

Improving His Time.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Washington was affording the principal some information as to the merits and demerits of the various youngsters in her charge when she made this observation touching one of them:

"There is one of my brightest boys sitting on the bench in the corner of the yard writing with his companions. He was wasting time in idle play. No doubt he is writing his lessons out for tomorrow. Here, Clarence," she added as she approached the youngster, "let us see what you are writing."

Clarence demurred. "No, ma'am," said he; "I would rather not."
"Modest," said the teacher to the principal. "Come, Clarence, let us read it."

Much against his will, Clarence surrendered the paper he was composing. This is what he had written:
"Please excuse my son Clarence from school today, as he is needed at home—Lippincott's."

Public and Private Duties.
Generally we are under the impression that a man's duties are public and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home and a public work or duty which is the expansion of the other—relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own home and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.—John Ruskin.

Meat is high, fruit scarce, so buy Mrs. Austin's famous pancake flour. A good, hearty breakfast for a little money.

Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Spring Signs.

Chester (Pa.) Republican.
Bluebirds are twittering cheerily, fishermen and rivermen are getting their nets and boats in readiness for business and pleasure, and churches and societies are announcing the date of their annual down-the-bay excursion. All these harbingers of spring should shame the longer winter "prophets" into crawling into the hole with the disgraced groundhog.

Temper of Statesmen.

Wilmington (Del.) News.
Perhaps if the hall of representatives should be ventilated direct with the outer air the effect would be to improve the temper of future statesmen. Breathing pumped air is calculated to hamper good humor.

Freedom and Education.

Philadelphia Inquirer.
As a slave boy Booker Washington (only he hadn't annexed the name of the father of his country at the time) was valued at \$400. Now he is worth a million dollars to this nation. The difference is what intelligently directed education has accomplished.

Exclusion Noise.

Newark News.
That Cuban "exclusion bill" makes a noise exactly like California and Nevada.

Not a Common Trouble.

Indianapolis News.
Aw, cheer up! S'pose you had as much trouble as Mr. Knox to get your salary reduced.

No Cut in Hats.

Philadelphia Inquirer.
Unfortunately, we see no mention of a cut in Easter bonnet prices along with the steel reductions.

The Navy!

Syracuse Herald.
England may have a bigger navy than ours, but she isn't having nearly as much fun with it.

Disappointed.

Cleveland Leader.
Hobson is said to be simply dumfounded because the fleet went all the way around the world without being destroyed by Japanese navies and things.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

A lot of mean things have been written about John D. Rockefeller. Doubtless many of them are true. But—
If they really keep books up in heaven, after the manner of men, the sage of Pocantico Hills has no doubt, like the rest of us, some entries on the credit side of the ledger.

Specific mention of the benefactions of the head of Standard Oil to Chicago university and elsewhere is not intended.

When all that is mortal of John D. has moldered back to the soil that wraps his body this thing will be held in remembrance of him:

He founded the Rockefeller Institute. And what is this institute?

It is a place, an opportunity and a support for scientific men who can spend their lives looking for the causes of human disease.

These men delve into the experimental sciences day after day, year after year. Their salaries are paid, and they have no outside worries. And they work on regardless of results. They are not working for themselves or for Rockefeller. They are working for the human race, and they have a lifetime to work in.

Thanks to the baldheaded monopolist.

Think of what these institute workers may do! They may discover the antitoxin that will cure cancer or a greater specific for tuberculosis than tuberculin or the cure for some other of the horrible afflictions of humanity. They may save the lives of countless infants. They may prolong life to double its present span.

Can you conceive a greater work, save it may be the cure of men's souls?

But some may say, Why prolong human life or save it? Were not Ricardo and the old political economists right in saying that war and pestilence are blessings in disguise because they carry off the surplus population?

No!

We have fallen on better times—humaner times. This is the age of hospitals and homes for the friendless and fallen. The law of brotherhood has taken the place of the law of the survival of the fittest. We help not the fittest, but the weakest—and rightly.

That is why the Rockefeller Institute is one of the greatest benefactions of the age.

Political Announcements

FOR MAYOR.

HENRY W. DEUKER is a candidate for mayor, subject to the Republican nomination.

LEGISLATURE TO HAVE BUSY WEEK

Most of the Time Will be Spent on the General Appropriation Bill.

EASTHAVEN FARES WELL

INSANE HOSPITAL WILL GET BOTH ANNUAL AND SPECIFIC APPROPRIATIONS ASKED FOR—WORK NOT FINISHED.

Palladium Bureau, Indianapolis, Mar. 1.

It looks like almost all of this entire week will be consumed by both houses of the legislature in the consideration of the general appropriation bill, though the bill is not yet before either house. The senate finance committee and the house ways and means committee have been holding separate sessions and hearing the representatives of the various state institutions and departments as to their needs for the next two years, but neither committee has finished its work. While the ways and means committee is in session twelve members are out of the house and when the finance committee meets it takes out of the senate chamber nine members. So neither house can do much without them.

The two committees have practically agreed on a part of the appropriations, that part which is to be given to the various insane hospitals. The Central Hospital for the Insane at Indianapolis will get \$265,000 annually for which it asked for maintenance and \$90,000 for specific purposes. Of this sum \$45,000 will be spent for the erection of an amusement hall. The Northern, at Logansport, will get \$165,000 annually and \$50,000 specific.

What Easthaven Gets.
The Eastern, at Richmond will get \$145,000 annually and \$32,500 specific. The Southern at Evansville will get \$119,000 annually for maintenance and \$102,000 specific.

The Blind Institute will get \$41,000 annually for maintenance and \$64,373 specific, of which \$58,000 will be used in the erection of a boys dormitory. It is likely that there will be a big scrap in the house and senate when the bill comes in over the amount of appropriations for Indiana university, Purdue and the State Normal. All of these institutions have asked for large appropriations to put up new buildings and enlarge their facilities, but there is a strong opposition to this, and this will lead to a big fight.

How Bore Hunting-

ton avenue I happened to cast my eye into a basement window. Imagine my surprise to see on the corners of the brick boiler statues of the "Flying Mercury" and the "Venus de Milo," with an Apollo Belvedere standing between them. Surely this could happen in no place but art loving Boston.—Boston Record.

BODY A LOCOMOTIVE

Says Constipation is Same as Slag Ashes and Clinkers in a Fire Box.

New Theory and Treatment Advocated.

You are the engineer; your body the locomotive. Nature the fireman should be directed and controlled by you. The fireman must clear out the ashes, slag and clinkers which accumulate each day or the locomotive refuses to go when new fuel is added. Your stomach and bowels are the firebox and you must not permit refuse matter to remain even twenty-four hours if you expect to feel good and be free from disease or "symptoms."

Pimples, boils, itching, headache, indigestion, foul breath, weakness, languor and nervousness are all warnings that nature needs the assistance of a good cleanser such as the wonderful new compound called cascaraol pills, made from castor oil, cascara, wild lemon, sulphur, ginger, etc. This new treatment is not drastic but entirely pleasurable in action; never griping, nauseating or painful. Adults and children can take cascaraol pills and nature acts promptly. If the reader wants to try this new cascaraol pill just write for a free package to the Blackburn Products Co., of Dayton, Ohio, and a package will be sent post-paid. All drug stores supply ten and twenty-five cent packages.

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