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then let them back the decisions of this court with all the power at their command. It would not be many years before the decisions of such a court would be backed by such irresistible force as to command unhesitating acceptance from all the world.

Tall Coats and Statesmanship.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Much excitement has been aroused in Washington over the fact that President Taft is found at his office every day clad in a coat gaudy of tails and generally of a gray color. This seems to sound the death knell of the tail coat. For years it has not been seen in the rest of the country save on formal occasions, but it has held its own in Washington and especially at the White House. Roosevelt never appeared except in the conventional "Prince Albert," and this was the coat of McKinley and his predecessors back to the days when all gentlemen of professional rank wore the "shad-belly." The frock coat still lingers on a few of the statesmen from the south who hark back to the civil war, but these few survivors simply accentuate the fact that the sack coat is now triumphant.

Gossip of the Planets.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It would be nice to have a few words with Mars or Venus or both of them and get them permanently on our circuit. It might be worth much to learn their political systems, what they know about big navies for keeping the peace, how they deal with prison grafters, what rights their women have and what kind of hats they are wearing this season or ex-ist. It might be worth the standing in their respective base ball leagues, their method of handling trusts, whether the Salome dance goes there, whether they have germs under control and if they pay any attention to the phases of the moon in conducting their affairs. There is a lot more to gossip about, but the rest will keep until the conversation opens.

No Favoritism.

From Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

The United States is committed to the policy of protection, and would make a serious blunder by departing from it. But the policy of protection is endangered whenever the slogan of protection is used to further a scheme of favoritism. Statistics demonstrate that history and gloves do not need more protection than they had under the Dingley tariff. To advance the rates on the articles in those schedules would be rank favoritism. Favoritism and genuine protection are at swords' points.

Office Seekers.

From the Providence Tribune.

It is said that Washington could house with ease a hundred times the number of office seekers now in the city. But probably the President hopes it will offer no special inducements in the way of reduced charges.

Trophies From Africa.

From the Chicago News.

Now is the time to begin building additions to the Smithsonian Institution.

TWINKLES

Corporation Pride.

"These street railroad people assume to do about as they please," said the man who complains.

"Well," answered Mrs. McGudley, "I can't deny that some of 'em is pretty overbearing. The directors and stockholders I've met seemed real genteel and considerate. But the way the motormen snub you an' the conductors order you around is something irritatin'."

An Echo From the Turf.

The horse has proved to be a wondrous animal indeed.

There is no limit to his possibilities of speed.

For speeder swift may be the horse on which I bet.

They're certain to discover several that are swifter yet.

Studies in Temperament.

"Don't you think that a man is lucky to have a good disposition?"

"I'm not sure," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Sometimes we confuse the cause with the effects. A man is likely to have a good disposition because he is lucky."

A Refuge in Obscure Discourse.

"Isn't it a great advantage to study foreign languages before traveling abroad?"

"Not always," answered Miss Cayenne. "Unfamiliarity with a language occasionally enables one to conceal a great deal of downright ignorance."

Trying to be Accurate.

"Where's this trunk going?" asked the baggage man.

"Well," answered the mild-mannered passenger, "from the way you're handling it I'm inclined to change my first impression on the subject and conclude that it is going to the scrap pile."

Genuine "morocco" leather is made of goatskins, tanned with pure sumach.

PRINTERS

If anybody knows how hard it is to keep the skin soft and clean, you go—don't you?

Gasoline is hard on the skin—don't use it.

To get the ink out of the cracks and pores and to keep the hands soft and white—Try Little "Whiz"—water—rub—rinse—and—



AQUARIUM IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF ISLAND CITY

Honolulu Boasts of One of the Best and Most Unique Collections of Fish to Be Found in the World.

BIHOP MUSEUM VERY INTERESTING PLACE

Student of the South Seas Will Find There Probably The Most Wonderful Field For His Studies.

Honolulu, March 28.—In my last letter I dealt with the city of Honolulu and some of the interesting things one sees here. I described the historic building in which the Hawaiian legislature meets, devoted a little space to the legislature itself and told about the Archives, the depository of the treaty and documentary treasures collected during the independent existence of these beautiful islands under their own monarchy. In this letter I will deal with other interesting sights in and about Honolulu.

Honolulu has an aquarium undoubtedly containing one of the most unique and beautiful collections of fish to be seen anywhere in the world. In size the Honolulu Aquarium can not rival the famous aquariums in New York or Naples, both of which I have visited, but for odd shapes and magnificent blending of colors the fish displayed here in the aquarium cannot be equaled. The Honolulu Aquarium contains about eight hundred fishes of the approximately one hundred varieties found in the waters about here. These range from the little Kihikihii, a pig-nosed, water-melon seed shaped fish beautifully colored in white, black, yellow and a touch of red, to the dun colored, altogether dreadful looking octopus, restlessly turning about in its tank and somewhat resembling a rimless wheel, its great, puffed-out body the hub and its many long, sinuous, be-suckered tentacles the spokes. The octopus in the Aquarium are small specimens, being about three or four feet in "diameter." Specimens have been caught in other parts of the Pacific ocean measuring fifteen and twenty feet across; large enough to carry and devour a man.

What the Archives is with regard to the diplomatic history of Hawaii, the Bishop Museum occupies an equally important place, with regard to the customs and everything else in general having to do with the interesting people the missionaries found here, nearly a hundred years ago. The scope of the museum not only completely covers the Hawaiian Islands but also takes in many other islands of the Pacific. The student of the South Seas will find here probably the most wonderful field obtainable in which to pursue the study of that subject.

The museum is divided into sections and the section devoted to Hawaii not only naturally comes first but is the largest, most complete and most interesting. Arranged around the walls of the two-story entrance hall are portraits of the departed kings, queens, princes and other notables of the Hawaiian kingdom, the only exception being that Queen Liliuokalani, whose portrait hangs there, is still alive and dwells in Honolulu. A portrait of the island's great conqueror and first ruler, Kamehameha I, is one of the most interesting pictures. It portrays the Hawaiian Napoleon as rather a mild-looking old gentleman. From the upper landing of the entrance hall one enters the picture gallery, where more portraits of Hawaiian notables are to be seen. Here also is a very interesting series of paintings of the great volcano Kilauea, made at the times of different eruptions; a clock given by the French King, Louis Philippe to Kamehameha III, a silver teapot presented to the regent by King George IV, of England; silver cups presented by Queen Victoria to her Godson the little Prince of Wales; and specimens of old jewelry belonging to the Kamehameha family.

At the left of the entrance hall on the first floor is the Kahili room, containing a truly wonderful collection of Hawaiian feather work. It is doubtful if any other race excelled the Hawaiians in the production of various articles made from feathers. So important was the industry in the old days that Kamehameha I strictly forbade the killing of feather producing birds. When the feather hunters, therefore captured such birds the particular feathers desired were plucked, and the birds were then set free. Feather work was a favorite occupation of Hawaiian women of noble birth and the most interesting examples in the museum were their handiwork, made for various chiefs and kings. These include kahili, lei, shun-la and mahiole.

The kahili are long poles, at one end of which are large feather cylinders. These are probably derived from fly flaps. Several specimens in the museum have poles fifteen to eighteen feet long, the largest feather portion, or hulumanu, of which, is two and one half feet in diameter and four feet high. The most interesting kahili is one that belonged to Kamehameha I, the handle being constructed of the bones of his enemies who fell in battle. The principal part of the handle is the right shin-bone of Kaneoneo, a noted chief of Kanai who was killed at Nuuanu, a battle of

which I will deal with more fully later in this letter. The bones of other chiefs who fell in this battle, such as Kalana and Kalanikupule, the latter having been king of Oahu, grace the same handle.

The lei is a neckband made of feathers. There are several splendid specimens of this work in the museum collection. The most valuable being one made from feathers of the Mamu, and is composed of three ancient lei that belonged to the Kamehameha family.

The ahuala, or feather cape or cloak, is by far the most valuable product of Hawaiian feather work. The exhibition of ahualas in the museum is the finest in the world. The famous ahuala, or feather robe, of Kamehameha I, is the most treasured of all. With the exception of a narrow band at the neck this large robe is made entirely of the yellow feathers of the Mamu bird. Nearly one hundred years were spent in collecting the feathers for this splendid robe and in completing it. It is estimated that the time and labor spent on it make this ahuala worth between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000.

The finest mahiole, or feather helmet, in existence is to be seen in this museum. Formerly the property of Kaunamali, the last king of Kanai, it was given by him to the Rev. Samuel Whitney, an early missionary from America. It is a wonderful example of feather work and the coloring of its feathers is very beautiful. In shape it is very like an ancient Roman helmet.

There are many other very interesting articles in the museum. Beautiful mats made by the old Hawaiians from a native grass, paper cloth, in place of worship and sacrifice, and various interesting ethnological groups picturing the making of poi, the great native food, and the manufacture of the celebrated paper cloth. Other islands, and their people besides the Hawaiian group, are interestingly exhibited in the museum. New Zealand, Society Islands, Tonga, Samoan Islands, Australia, as well as many other islands of Polynesia and Australasia are given space for many interesting exhibits.

While I have seen all the things I have described above, it is only just and fair to explain that I gained my knowledge of them from the museum handbook, a most excellent work prepared by William T. Brigham, director of the museum.

The drive around Honolulu are all most beautiful and delightful, the roads generally being well constructed and of macadam. Three and one half miles west of Honolulu and reached by a splendid road, is the magnificent estate of Hon. S. M. Damon, Moanalua. Mr. Damon is head of Bishop and Co., the greatest and oldest banking institution in the islands, and he has spared neither time nor money in making Moanalua a very heaven of beauty. The estate is traversed by park-like roads, that wind through groves of indescribable beauty. Everywhere there are beds of gorgeous flowers, replenished by necessary from the estate conservatory. Mr. Damon is not at all misjudged with his beautiful estate. On the contrary he throws it open to the public every Saturday, when, likely as not, you will find him present, agreeably acting as host to his many visitors. Furthermore he maintains at his own expense for the benefit of enthusiasts a splendid golf course and polo grounds.

Another drive worthy of note is the one around Diamond Head, the gigantic rock which Uncle Sam is fighting to guard the Eastern approach to Honolulu. From Kapiolani Park the road leads to and around the Southern and Eastern sides of the great rock. Here the traveler winds around the face of the cliff, several hundred feet above the pounding ocean, and the view of the rock bound coast beaten by long lines of foaming surf is superb. Then the road leads on and down again, round the Northern face back to the park.

Last and, to my mind, best of all is the drive up Nuuanu Valley to the Pali, which, from its place in the annals of bloody warfare, might well be called Death Valley. Here it is not for nature's beauties that cover it and breathe forth now only peace and quiet. Starting from sea level in Honolulu the road winds between the sheer mountains on either side, upwards to an elevation of one thousand feet at the Pali, six miles distant. And then to practically sea level again is a sheer drop of one thousand feet, for the Pali is but an immense cliff, marking the end of Nuuanu Valley. At the entrance the valley is a mile or more in width. At the Pali but two hundred feet separate the mountainous sides of the gorge, which ends in that awful drop of a thousand feet.

The view is one of incomparable magnificence. To the left the cliff stretches away for miles, rising sheer from the plain at its foot like some giant's wall, until in the hazy distance it almost imperceptibly blends with the ocean. To the right a well constructed road winds down and around the face of the mighty cliff, giving access to the plain at the foot. From the Pali, as though seen with the eyes of a colossus, this beautiful plain is spread before one like a relief map in green, the various shades of which denote forest trees, grass, rice patches and fields of sugar cane. Here and there like little dots are the homes of the happy dwellers of the walled-in paradise and far to the right, near the sea, are the buildings of a busy sugar mill. Where the plain meets the sea it is outlined, either way as far as the eye can see, by a narrow, brown ribbon of sand, against which the beating surf appears like a lei, or neckband, of deli-

Catching Thief Who Steals From Mails

Frank E. McMillin, Chief Post Office Inspector and Dean of The World's Detectives, Tells How Crime is Traced by Mathematical Processes

Did you ever put a five dollar bill in a letter and mail it to a friend you had touched during the vacation season, or to your wife as penance money when you had overstayed on an alleged business trip, or to a mail order firm for a stropless razor, and then wonder why you never heard from it? Well, the bill went into the pocket of a dishonest employee of the postoffice. Thousands of them do every year, writes William Atherton Du Pay.

You eventually made a complaint about it, and were asked the details as to the time and place the letter was mailed. The facts you were able to give eventually entered into the calculation to determine who stole the money. Combined with other similar facts from people who had sustained similar losses, they in the end indicated the thief. They were a link in the system of detecting crime by mathematics that is being employed by the government's postoffice inspectors with surprising results.

Frank E. McMillin, chief of these, tells of the manner in which the calculations are made. The story and the man telling it indicate the character of the work these inspectors constantly perform and the plan of it. They show the carefulness of detail necessary and the exactness of execution, given an idea of the reasons that lie back of the success of these men, and show how they get their reputations for always reaching results.

Chief McMillin—who began life in a postoffice in Montana, worked through every detail of it and of larger offices, ran for years as a railway mail clerk, became inspector, and finally assistant postmaster at Boston—is a type of the men who are making a violation of postal laws a thing most unsafe for the criminal. There is the knowledge of detail in postoffice work that, when a crime is committed, immediately unfolds every possible manner in which it could have been done. The men have this knowledge as have their chief. There is plenty of thrill and danger from personal adventure in many of the cases handled by the inspectors; but this present one is a matter of mathematics.

Thinks They Have a Sure System.

The theft of money from letters," said Chief McMillin, "is one of the commonest crimes with which we have to deal. It is the ever present temptation to employees of the service, and a man here and there is going to fall now and then. These clerks or carriers are prone to get the idea that they have originated a system that will outwit the government. They do not realize that all the clerks and all the carriers with a possible turn toward dishonesty who have worked during the last hundred years have been originating plans of this sort and coming to grief through them with wonderful regularity. They forget that all these experiences have been handed down to the inspectors, and that in addition they have worked on the original plans of hundreds of others of their class, have compared notes with hundreds of other inspectors, know the service much better than the inventor of the scheme, and all the possibilities it offers for fraud.

If one of these men should steal a letter once and let it go at that, we should have only the ordinary possibility of getting him; but the employee who opens one letter and gets the easy money can no more stop than the man who has fallen under the spell of the opium pipe can give it up. Having opened one, he will open others. Once started, he works assiduously.

"With every offense the ease of detection through the mathematical system is increased. The system has no place for the personal equation; it is a steady, unerring process.

At the Pali the wind never ceases blowing and a small stone tossed over the brink is easily thrown back, so great is the velocity of the currents that, rising from the plain cast themselves impotently against that thousand foot barrier. It seemed to me that above the fury of the incessant wind I could hear the battle cries and clash of spears of the two opposing armies that here, over a hundred years ago decided Hawaii's and the conquering Kamehameha's destiny. For Nuuanu Valley was the scene of the awful, final and complete victory of the Alexander of these isles, Kamehameha I.

Kamehameha was a chieftain in the Southern part of the island of Hawaii who made himself supreme there by the conquest of neighboring chiefs. Like Alexander of old, he determined to conquer his world, the Hawaiian Islands. In succession he won the Kingdoms of the rules of the islands of Maui, Molokai and Oahu, governing these through regents. The natives of Oahu rebelled and successfully drove out their regent. Then came the final test of strength, for Kamehameha returned with his army, in which he had now incorporated a few white men. He met the army of Oahu and drove it into Nuuanu Valley. Kamehameha was the better general and his army the more seasoned and it was not long before the rebellious Oahuans were fleeing before him in disorderly array. They fled to the Pali and then, rather than surrender to the conqueror's tender mercies, cast themselves to quick death upon the plain a thousand feet below. Three thousand thus met their death and their bones, until a few years back, could still be seen. From the rocky height of the Pali, Kamehameha surveyed his world and I wonder if he, like Alexander the Great, sighed because there were no more to conquer.

is not changed by locality, and works alike in New York or Kalamazoo. Take for instance, any office anywhere. Money has been disappearing from letters that go through that office. This has been going on for perhaps two months, perhaps six months. Everybody is under suspicion; yet there is no evidence that tends to place the blame. Unfeeling mathematics will do it.

How They Are Caught.

Whenever money disappears, the individual sending it will sooner or later complain of its nondelivery. The facts as nearly as it is possible to get them are taken as to the time and place of mailing each letter. It is known through what hands these letters would pass. This limits the possibility of the theft to probably twenty men. There is likely to be not more than one thief operating in one office at a given time; so it is logical to say that he is a man through whose hands all the letters that have been rifled would pass in their regular course. This again narrows the group; for it would have been impossible for certain clerks and carriers to have seen all these letters.

There are now probably ten men who might have taken the letters. The exact days and hours that these ten men have worked for the six months in question are then brought into consideration. Brown had a vacation in August; yet the thefts continued through that month, and Brown could not have been implicated. He is eliminated. Several of the thefts occurred between eight and nine o'clock. Smith never comes on till ten. He could not have got the letters. Two letters disappeared during the three days that Green was ill and off duty. He could not have taken them. The possibilities for every one of ten men are worked out. It is found that Jones is the only man who has been on duty all the time each theft has occurred. It looks bad for Jones. He had a two weeks vacation in September. No letters were lost during that time.

"The problem is checked and proved back and forth in a dozen ways. There is no question that Jones is the guilty man. We know it beyond a shadow of doubt. We have not the evidence, however, upon which to convict him. Being convinced that he is the man, we find a method of watching him and see him taking the money. This an inspector usually does. Even then it is the inspector's word against the employee's, and this is not sufficient before the court.

"It is at this point that the test letters are sent. We never call them test letters in the service as the public is prone to do. They are a test to prove the man, not a decoy to lead him to do something we wish him to do. We know where to reach our man and how to send the test letters through his hands. We arrange a goodly number of them and let them trickle innocently through the office. He is all unsuspecting, and is almost certain to open one of them. At the end of the day's work he is arrested, searched, and the marked bills we placed in the letters are found on his person. We have positive proof of his guilt and he goes to prison.

How They Detect the Money.

It is hard to understand how the employees know that there is money in these letters; for it is not hard money but bills that are mostly stolen. There are many ways in which the experienced handler of letters can tell when there is a bill in one of them. In the first place, it deadens the rustle of the paper. It gives the letter a spongyness and a leathery feeling. As a final test they smell the letter. Have you never noticed the odor of paper money? It has a very noticeable odor, and these sharks smell it out.

"I sent a large batch of test letters through an office on one occasion, and the man suspected actually extracted the money from sixteen of them on a single round. This man was a carrier who thought he had originated a plan of his own that could not be detected. He was exemplary, to all appearances, and had attracted attention through his industry and faithfulness. He was always the first

man at his table for the distribution of mail. He surreptitiously visited the tables of the other men and took letters from them that contained money. There was never anything missing from his own pouch; so he figured that he would never be suspected. The figures betrayed him, however, and when we sent the test letters he opened such a number of them as to show how easily and quickly he could detect the presence of money.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, some time ago we had an interesting case. Two of us were detailed to work it out, and, relying upon the figures, in no way attempted to investigate the personality of any of the men. When the postmaster had given us the data in his hands, we locked ourselves up and worked on the figures for thirty-six hours. At the end of that time I wrote the name of the guilty man in blue pencil at the bottom of our sheets. I have the sheet as a souvenir of the case and the man is now in prison serving his term.

"When we told the postmaster the result of our computations he told us that it was impossible. The man was the most trusted clerk in the office, and his family was one of the oldest and most respected in the community—it was impossible! We put the man under observation, however, and sent out the regular test letters. His guilt was immediately established beyond a doubt.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

On a case very similar to this I once failed to convict a man through a most remarkable coincidence. The case had advanced to the observation stage. I had gone into the postoffice the night before amid the bustle of closing time, that being the only hour at which I could get in without taking some one into my confidence. I had spent the entire night hidden away in an attic waiting for the arrival of the clerks the next morning when I was to spy on them. When morning finally came I mounted an eight-foot stepladder and by an uncomfortable amount of stretching was able to look over a high partition and down on the clerks. I saw the suspect deftly run his finger under the flaps of a dozen letters and open them.

"I went to the postmaster and told him what I had seen. We arranged to send test letters the next morning and make the arrest. I went to bed. Later in the day a business man came to the postmaster and protested long and loud about the loss of money in the mails. The postmaster reassured him by saying that those losses would soon be stopped, as we knew our man and the arrest was soon to follow. The business man repeated these assurances to his family that night at dinner.

"This happened in a city of a million people—and yet the man who had been taking the money was the father-in-law of the complaining business man, heard the story, and took warning from it. Next day when we sent the test letters he failed to open them, and when we arrested him there was no incriminating money on his person. It was my word against his, and we failed of conviction by the coincidence of the one man in a city of a million to know of our program telling it to the one other man in that million who could profit by the information.

"This sort of thing does not often happen, of course. We usually get our man. We can sit in Washington with the data that a given office is sure to possess and tell who is robbing the mails in Michigan or Texas. The system of detection by mathematics is one of the surest and easiest ever devised. Figures can't lie, and the personality of the suspect, however strongly it might tend to mislead the investigator working