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Treasurer.

A LAY SERMON.

"I care not what marvelous mechanism its constitution may embody; back of the laws; back of the administration; back of the system of government; lies the average manhood of our people—and in the long run, we are going to go up, or go down according as the average standard of our citizenship does or does not wax in growth and grace."—Theodore Roosevelt, 1902.

WHO PAYS THE TAXES?

Who pays the taxes, anyway? Here are some pertinent extracts from the Congressional Record:

Mr. Borah: "May I ask the Senator from New York, who, at last, pays the large portion of the real estate tax in this country, the real estate owner or the renter?"

Mr. Root: "That is a question of the shifting of taxes which can be put regarding every tax. The tax is imposed on the property. It is paid by the owner of the property. Where the final imposition of the tax is, in the ultimate shifting and distribution, is an entirely different question."

And anyone who thinks seriously about it will see that eventually it is the man "farther down" who eventually pays. Barring the exception of the man who pays taxes on the property that he lives in, and the property which he owns which is either unimproved or without a tenant—some one has to pay and the landlord or the merchant or whoever it is on whom the tax is levied shifts the burden. Just where this shifting and reshifting in its circular course ends, is not entirely a matter of speculation. It can be safely said that the landlord who makes his profit or the merchant or other business man who is directly or indirectly taxed always must shove it off for some one else to pay for him.

However incendiary such a statement may or may not be, there is an elemental truth there which cannot be overlooked. But if there is a menace in the condition of things it is fair to say that it usually happens that no class of citizens is so careless about why and how the money derived from taxation is levied and spent as the very people who really pay the taxes.

Witness the heavy assurance of the man in writing to the newspapers on some question of apparent vital importance to himself signed "Taxpayer." It is the small taxpayer who owns his own house and but little more who really should be the man to make the greatest amount of disturbance—not the large tax payer. It is probable that the non-property owners pay at least one half the taxes. Perhaps the percentage is even more.

It is not our object to discuss whether this is fair or not fair—it is simply a condition. And yet when you think of it, it is this very class of citizens, who when the time comes to vote, forget their duty to themselves. Especially in municipal elections they join forces with the men who are intent on despising them. Why? For the very same reason that they are not property owners—lack of foresight. It is a cruel law and perhaps not an ideal phase of evolution, but it is truly a law which is working all the time.

And what is true of municipal elections is just as true of those who take no interest in the proceedings of congress. Think of what the tariff means. Then think of how very little care this is to any of the non-property owners class. It is the man with the property who beats himself and makes himself feel. And this is not entirely because he has property that he is really listened to. Votes

count. One vote is as good as another.

Let the people who are really the taxpayers ultimately make themselves felt at the polls—let them not be like driven sheep and they will have quite as much attention as any other class. They will have more—they are in the majority.

But on the other hand let the men who are of the class who really do pay the taxes in the end learn the saving to them in municipal honesty and in true representation, then they will have something to show for what they pay. The taxes they pay will not be the heavy graft laden things of the present time. And this is true the country over.

It is the unthinking man and the lazy man who encourage the extravagance which they (and they more than any other class) pay for, and for the most part they pay heavily.

Who pays the taxes—is it you?

THE MARK OF THE DASTARD.

No doubt it is the spectacular which arouses human interest and sympathy. Perhaps it was that which has forced us all to take an interest in the Robin—the Mother Robin who so bravely made the trip on the freight car with her young. And perhaps after the person with the yellow streak had killed that brave little bird—it was still the spectacular which warmed the hearts of those who fed the small fledglings. But when the Dastard whom some still recognize as a man, killed the fledglings too—Oh, it is not the spectacular, nor the mere sentimentality which has made vows of vengeance and indignation rise in the minds of strong men.

The dog poisoner, the drivers of spavined horses are not far removed from the kidnappers, the assassins of children and all other forms of animals which masquerade in the guise of men. The Yellow Streak—the white-cappers—the torturers of old women and old men for their money, and those who lurk and lie in wait for their prey after the day's work is done and the electric lights shine full and strong and pitiless. All these.

And it is such a one who killed the Mother Robin and the Fledglings in the freight yard.

All these.

Those hyenas and jackals—the spawn of mankind who through some terrible perversion of the basest sort have been deprived beyond all feeling—these men—and others—what will you do with them? Think you a fine—an admonition—a sentence for a term of years—what do these avail?

No, they run loose on the face and breadth of the land poisoning all that is good and pleasant to have in life—they enter in the guise of friends and would do worse than murder had they the courage even of their villainous minds.

All these:

For them it were better that the brand of mutilation should be placed on them that all the world might know. And like the leper of old, let them cry from their near exile from society—

"Unclean! the Dastard!"

FLY TIME ADVICE.

We have remarked that fly time is at hand, and we have tried to impress on the Butler County public the fact that fly time is a time of danger—a time when special precaution ought to be taken.

The time has passed when humankind can indolently regard the house fly as a simple annoyance. He is an annoyance, but he is a deadly peril, the most potent disseminator of disease that we know.

Health Commissioner Evans of Chicago, in his weekly bulletin yesterday, devoted a considerable space to the fly. He set out a number of simple rules that will aid the public in overcoming the peril of the house fly to human health. These rules require a little diligence—that's all. You can carry them out if you will, but take the trouble. They are worth preserving and religiously following.

Commissioner Evans says:

Death lurks on the feet and wings of the innocent looking house fly, and science must come to the aid of the people to fight the disease that travels from the sick rooms to the cribs of babies in these flies. In the war on the fly, the reports prescribe the best death for the insects. It gives the formula for a poison that will kill the flies and not endanger human life.

A dram of bichromate of potash, dissolved in two ounces of water and sweetened, is the cheap and effective method of encouraging the flies to kill themselves. There are other sanitary regulations, though, that the health report says ought to be exercised. Here are some of the ways suggested:

Fire and Brimstone and Then Some. (Milwaukee Sentinel)

Screen your windows and doors before fly time.

Screen all food—especially milk. Keep flies away from the sick—especially those ill with contagious diseases.

Kill every fly that enters the sick room.

Catch the flies with sticky fly papers, traps and liquid poisons.

Eliminate the breeding places of flies—this is important.

The following should be done:

Sprinkle chloride of lime or kerosene over contents of garbage boxes and other refuse.

Clean the cans daily.

Clean the boxes every week.

Sprinkle them with kerosene or chloride of lime.

Pour kerosene into the drains.

Keep sewerage system in good order.

Clean cupboards every day. Keep a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid in them all the time.

Don't allow dirt to accumulate in corners behind doors, back of radiators or under stoves.

Do not allow decaying material of any kind to accumulate on or near your premises.

Remember: No dirt—No flies.

TWINKLES

HER VOWS.

(Detroit Free Press)

Many were the vows she made in days gone by; I'm half afraid

To now recall them here;

I well remember once she said,

"No man is good enough to wed;

The best man living here

I wouldn't marry. No sirree!"

She didn't. She just married me.

"I'd never darn a husband's socks."

She said, "such mental labor shocks,

Nor sew his buttons on;

Think you that I would stay at home

To cook for him, when I would room?

Such work I frown upon.

That kind of toll, I'll never do."

She makes a splendid Irish stew.

"I could not be a poor man's wife.

To lead the stern and simple life.

I'd plunge him into debt;

I'd much prefer to singe he,

My father will take care of me.

And all I want I got."

That bonnet that she wears today

She trimmed herself to save my pay.

"I don't like children, not at all.

I cannot bear to hear them squall

And dread a dirty face;

Their table manners all are bad,

I'm sure I'd die, if e'er I had

A child about the place;"

And yet, my goodness! how she flies

Upstairs the minute baby cries.

(Atchison (Kan.) Globe)

Next to the Sultan, the biggest joke

on earth is a college magazine.

A man can eat onions and still find

some one who loves him, but a woman

can't.

Families with babies and families

without babies are so sorry for each

other.

There is usually something wrong

with the man who changes his busi-

ness two or three times a year.

The manager of a successful picnic

never so thoroughly covers herself

with glory that there isn't room for a few

chiggers.

The women regard it as nothing

against a man if he has buried several

wives, providing he keeps their

graves looking trim.

It is a lesson that one of them has

to learn: If the wife doesn't look more

patient five years after marriage, the

husband does.

There is great admiration for the

woman who doesn't put her husband

on her back as a heavy cross and wear

him to prayer meeting.

When an engagement is announced

some are sorry for her and others are

sorry for him; no one seems to ex-

pect that they will be happy.

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times.)

Now that he has received the Order

of the Rising Sun, Dr. Elliot should sit

up some night and observe what Bill

Nye said "must, if all accounts are

true, indeed be one of nature's most

sublime phenomena."

Bryan Needs No Further Information.

(Charleston News and Courier)

We shall defer expressing an opinion

about the President's appointment

of an alleged Democrat to be

Federal Judge in North Carolina until

we are informed whether or not he

owns an automobile.

Meets With Bryan's Approval.

(Los Angeles Times)

It is reported that Governor John A.

Johnson desires to go to the United

States Senate from Minnesota. He

can have it if he wants it—or any-

thing else that Minnesota has to give,

for that matter.

Not One of Andy Carnegie's Troubles.

(Detroit Free Press)

Former Ice King Morse, once worth

\$22,000,000, testified the other day

that he now has nothing. The hardest

part of financing is hanging on to it.

Going To Be a General Smash-Up.