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PUBLICITY.

"A great remedy—possibly the remedy
—for strikes and troubles between
capital and labor, is publicity. It is
not a great comfort after all, that
publicity is the great remedy for pub-
lic wrong, or private wrong for that
matter? Why is it? Because the
majority of people in this world, de-
spite all ancient theological teachings,
want to do what is right."

This is a statement made by Presi-
dent Elliot of Harvard before a class
in Economics. He might have and
probably did go farther.

Publicity is effective not only be-
cause a majority of the people care
to do what is right—but because those
who want to do what is wrong, have
a fear that what they are going to do
will be found out. Publicity acts both
ways; it rights the wrongs of those
who are innocent and turns the light
on those dealings which, though out-
wardly fair and beautiful to behold,
are filled with sinister design.

Publicity is of many sorts. "Tinctured
publicity" is far more dangerous
than no publicity at all. Tinctured
publicity only gives one side of the
case. These newspapers which make
their whole issues one large political
—religious or other sort of tract—
however good their intentions, fall in
the end to attain what a simpler
method might gain. If the attempt is
so noticeable that the reader says—
"Oh that is the policy"—the paper has
failed because the information is dis-
counted. The other sort of publicity
is that which merely states the fact
reserving editorial comment for the
natural and normal channels.

An English commentator not long
since pointed out that there had been
a change since the day when every
man in England read editorials. He
said that now instead of reading edi-
torials men read the news columns
and formed their own opinions. But
he also said that those papers which
tinctured their news columns were
losing even that grip on the public
mind. He went on to say that as soon
as the public realized that the news
columns of a paper had been trans-
ferred and their editorial writers
turned over to the news columns in
an attempt to regain their hold on
the people, there would be a reaction
to the editorial column as the legiti-
mate place for comment on facts.
And this is a growing tendency in this
country.

As a matter of fact every news-
paper man knows that there is a greater
danger to the public point of view,
in the presentation of facts in a biased
way than there ever was from any
amount of editorial comment. The
editorial is discounted by being of a
personal bias—frankly an expression
of opinion—but the news story bears
at least the outward form of being un-
trammelled by manipulation. This is
also changing.

If publicity is the cure for the evils
which Dr. Elliot has pointed out—it
must be real publicity.

The day of effectiveness of tinctured
news is over.
Newspapers all over the country
are returning to a saner and more
honest standard. The man-handling
of facts is gradually being over-
thrown. The reason is simple. News-
papers act and react on each other.
The day is coming when no news-
paper will dare put editorial bias into
its news columns. Then and only
then will publicity be the ideal thing
which will accomplish what Dr. Elliot
sees in store for it.

SOME PHASES OF CENTRALIZATION OF POWER.

In those days when Theodore Roose-
velt was making himself very much
felt we heard much of his usurpation
of power. It was pointed out as a

dangerous thing that the chief execu-
tive of the country should go counter
to the plans of the members of con-
gress who were affectionately hailed
as the "representatives of the people."

The papers all over the country
which had reason to attack the adminis-
tration deplored the strengthening
of the central government—deplored
the attitude of the people towards
Congress. Today when we are in the
midst of the tariff discussion, a fol-
lowing of the debate and the votes on
the various schedules discloses too
often for satisfaction, just how much
some of the members of Congress are
representatives of the people—it even
casts shame on the two leading parties
in the country, both of which de-
clared themselves in favor of tariff re-
vision.

The state of Indiana has reason to
be proud of Senator Beveridge to date
—so has the republican party in this
state. But if there were not reason to
be glad that we have Taft in the presi-
dential chair, would not the people
be gloomy indeed? What would be the
recourse to the overriding of the de-
sires of the people? Most of us feel
that Taft can do much toward giving
a good tariff bill—we most of us feel
that he will be there when the time
comes for action.

When that day comes—when he de-
mands for the people to whom he
promised all the tariff revision—real
revision—which he was able to give
them—we will not hear again the howl
from certain sources about the "over-
riding of the representatives of the
people?"

We wonder which side those same
papers will put Aldrich on. He cer-
tainly won't be on the same side of
the fence as Beveridge.

If Congress cannot give us real tar-
iff revision, there are some of us here
enough to hope that Taft will at the
expense of being accused of centraliza-
tion of power.

Items Gathered in From Far and Near

TARIFF INSURRECTION.

From the Galveston News.

All that seems to all the ten repu-
blican insurgents in the senate is that
ten are not enough to "leaven" the
lump.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

The notion that a new senator must
remain silent has been ridiculed by the
insurgent senators from the wild and
woolly west.

From the Providence Evening Bulle-
tin.

If Senator Aldrich carries the rest of
his schedules through, at least he will
know that he has been in a fight.

From the St. Louis Times.

Why is an insurgent who doesn't in-
surg?

From the Indianapolis Star.

The tariff reform going is so slip-
pery that every time the senate takes
one step forward it slips back two.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Some of our contemporaries seem to
be evincing a disposition to define a
democrat as a man whom Aldrich can
rely on at the pinch.

From the Memphis News-Scimitar.
Cummins, Dooliver, Clapp, Bristow,
Crawford, Burkett, La Follette, Suther-
land, Borah, Johnson and Jones, all
from the W. and W. West are senators
who are talking the way their constitu-
ents feel. Can the republican party
affront the mand still live?

PORTO RICO.

From the Syracuse Post-Standard.

The pace of representative govern-
ment has become too hot for Porto
Rico. Its legislature is about to for-
feit the right to raise and spend the
money. Can't we hope to hear from
the Anti-Imperialistic League about
this?

From the Detroit Journal.

President Taft diagnoses the malady
of the Porto Ricans as over-indulgence
in or inflammation of the independ-
ence.

From the Indianapolis News.

We don't want to appear officious, or
anything like that, but our confidential
advice to the Porto Ricans is that it
will pay them in the long run to be
good.

From the Chicago News.

Though Porto Rico is a ward of the
United States that does not justify it
in adopting ward politics.

From the Buffalo Evening News.

That patriot who is talking of blood-
shed in Porto Rico if the proposed limi-
tation of the assembly's powers is at-
tempted should be spanked and put to
bed.

From the Boston Transcript.

There's a difference in Porto Ricans,
and of this the islanders are duly con-
scious.

TWINKLES

Nature's Economy.

"Looky yere, mammy," said Picka-
ninny Jim, "at de knot holes in dis
here piece of wood. What does you
speak dem is fur?"

"Why, honey," answered Aunt El-
vira Ann, "dem's de button holes what
de branches is fastened on to de
trees."

Superabundance.

Advice is always to be had
And might be useful if you could
With certainty detect the bad
And always patronize the good.

A Position of Advantage.

"I see," said the progressive wom-
an, "that a great many members of

our sex are practicing dentistry with
great success."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.
"Some of us would go to any pains in
order to be in a position to absolutely
monopolize the conversation."

A Real Scare.

"Being a manager," said the sagacious
observer, "you escape all the ter-
rors of stage fright."

"Yes," answered the theatrical pro-
moter, "my portion of the entertain-
ment is to watch the receipts and ex-
penditures. And I want to tell you
that box office fright is worse than
stage fright."

Home, Sweet Home.

"Home," said the sentimentalist,
"is where the heart is."

"Yes," answered the rich American
who lives abroad, "and what renders
it still dearer is the fact that it's the
place where the dividends are col-
lected."

Inexhaustible Interest.

Cheer up, O gloomy pessimist.
And calm your haunting fear.

Least things to interest shall be missed
From this revolving sphere.

This life will never be a bore;
Old topics need never give out.

You'll find there's always something
more

For folks to talk about.

Since man's first governmental cares,
When nomads settled down.

He has discussed the same affairs
That stir each modern town.

The tax that's due, the fashion new,
The weather, much in doubt;

The same old themes will always do
For folks to talk about.

GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN.

Uncle Sam Pays \$800 to \$1,200 Year-
ly for Railway Mail Clerks, Post-
office Clerks and Carriers, Steno-
graphers and Rural Free Delivery
Carriers.

Thousands of good positions will be
awarded by Uncle Sam this year to
men and women between the ages of
17 and 48 who have ambition enough
to pass the Civil Service Examination.

These examinations will be held
soon and any person with common
sense can readily pass provided he
prepares beforehand.

Those desirous to take the next ex-
amination should not delay, but should
write immediately to the Government
Positions Bureau.

This Bureau, with its intimate and
peculiar knowledge of Civil Service
Examinations, will give any reader
of the Palladium full information how
to proceed free of charge. It gives
the best of advice to all ambitious
persons who wish to better their con-
dition. We advise you to write today
to Government Positions Bureau, 43
Hamilin Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

MAILED LETTERS.

Owned by the Sender Until Delivered
to the Addressee.

Many persons are under the impres-
sion that a letter once mailed is no
longer the property of the sender, but
belongs to the person to whom it is
addressed. This is an error. Under
the postal regulations of the United
States and the rulings of the highest
courts in the land, a letter does not
belong to the addressee until it is de-
livered to him.

The writer has a right to reclaim and
regain possession of it provided he
can prove to the satisfaction of the
postmaster at the office from which it
was sent that he was the writer of it.

Even after the letter has been delivered
to the addressee it may be recalled by the
writer by telegraph through the mail-
ing office.

The regulations of the postoffice de-
partment require, of course, that no
matter shall be taken by the post-
master at the office of mailing to as-
certain that the person who desires to
withdraw the letter is really the one
who is entitled to do so, and the post-
master is responsible for his error if he
delivers the letter to an impostor or
to an unauthorized person.

The vital principle in our political
system lies at the bottom of this mat-
ter. In this country the state is the
servant or agent of the citizen, not his
master. It remains merely his agent
throughout the transmission of a let-
ter. The state may prescribe regula-
tions under which its servants may
carry a message for the citizen, but it
cannot shirk its responsibility to him.

—Washington Star.

TUNING A PIANO.

A Professional's Experience With Terri-
ble Von Bulow.

"Piano tuners are for the most part
graduated from piano factories," says
one of them. "While the piano tuner
is required to know every part in the
makeup of a piano, he is not neces-
sarily a piano repairer. Nor can the
average piano maker or repairer tune
a piano. There are hundreds of expert
makers and repairers of pianos who
wouldn't be able to tell one tune from
another."

"The piano tuner is born, not made.
His acute sense of the vibrations of
sound is given to him at his birth, and
the man who hasn't got this sense
can't become a piano tuner."

"Quite a number of years ago, when
Hans von Bulow was in America, I
tuned the piano upon which he played.
He wouldn't allow the instrument to
be tuned in the waterroom, one of his
whims being that even a short removal
of a piano knocks it all out of tune—
something in that theory at that. So
I tuned it upon the platform upon which
he was to perform. He stood over
me all the time, letting out agoni-
zing whoops and German cuss words
until I couldn't help but laugh in his
face."

"Finally, when I had the piano al-
most tuned, he gave a few more
shrieks and, grabbing the wrench, be-
gan doing the job all over again. I
let him go ahead, and inside of three
minutes he had the piano so hopelessly
out of tune that it took me three hours
to get it into shape again. Herr von
Bulow had to pay double for this little
exhibition of temper."—Skeane Sports-
man Review.

Heart to Heart

1 talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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THE KING AND THE MAID.

This is a love story in real life of a
king who gave up his kingdom for the
sake of a maid.

To be sure, it wasn't much of a king-
dom, consisting mostly of phosphate
rocks. But he was monarch of all he
surveyed—except when the phosphate
trust issued an order from London.

John Davis Murray is the name of
the ex-king. He graduated a few years
ago at Purdue University, Indiana, and
went out to the Christmas islands, in
the Pacific ocean, to seek his fortune.

John got to be very popular with the
natives of the three little islands, and
they made him king.

He was a sort of George Ade-comic-
opera style of king, with a standing
army about the size of a corporal's
guard and a gorgeously gilded throne,
and issued decrees written on both
sides of a sheet of foolscap, with an
imperial seal as big as your fist.

All the same he was king—under the
phosphate trust.

He might have married a whole
harem of savage beauties and founded
the dynasty of the house of Murray.
But—

Here is the romance on the top of
romance: He turned his back on his
empire, doffed his crown, went to Lon-
don and—for love—married Margaret
McMicken, a sweet Irish lass.

The king got acquainted with Marg-
aret when he was loafing around Lon-
don and she was a kindly vacation.

Pretty story!
Reads like some of those things you
used to devour from the veracious
pages of Dana and Captain Marryat or
sweet Robert Louis Stevenson.

You see, John Davis Murray, Hos-
sier, found in England a greater king
than himself.

Edward Rex? No. The king he
came across is bigger than Edward,
king of England, Ireland and Scot-
land, emperor of India, defender of
the faith and the greater king!

All lesser sovereigns bow to his king-
ly scepter, and his mild but imperious
away moves the minds and hearts of
all, be they potentates or peasants.

That king told King Murray he must
decide between his rocks, his natives,
his job as easy boss and Margaret,
the one woman. And John Murray
promptly abdicated.

P. S.—John is worth a million or so
in cold cash—safe in the vaults of the
Bank of England—got from his phos-
phate royalties.

ANNA MORGAN.

The preachers and moralists are al-
ways saying to the people of our day:
"Money will not satisfy."

Instill these ethical teachers: "You
in your commercialism shall be like
that desert traveler who, thirsting to
his death, eagerly grasped a bag,
which he then threw away in despair,
saying, 'Oh, it's only gold!'"

And the moralists are not without
their wit and wits, as note the
career of Miss Anna Morgan,
youngest daughter of J. Pierpont Mor-
gan, the rich financier.

Miss Morgan is beautiful, talented,
educated, rich. She has tried every
phase of social pleasure, traveled wide-
ly, hunted, dressed, dissipated—every-
thing that goes with great wealth.

In vain. Social triumphs failed to
satisfy this woman of heart and brain.

What thoughts came to her! Did
she, or did Helen Gould before her,
think of how her great opportunity was
brought about? However that may be,
Helen Gould gave up society to do a
woman's work in the world.

She discovered within two stones'
throw of her palatial home worn and
weary women who stooped, thin shoul-
ders and wan faces, over grimy cigar
benches, making cigars at unseemly
hours under insanitary surroundings
and for paltry wages.

In extending her investigations Miss
Morgan discovered the dock laborers
at the Brooklyn navy yard, 700 of
them.

These men work at exhaustive la-
bor for long hours. Their hard con-
ditions stirred the pity of Miss Mor-
gan.

Now she has completed a large res-
taurant, where the laborers get sub-
stantial meals properly cooked, well
served, at cost.

Miss Morgan's theory is that "a man
well fed is already a halfway moral
man." She has learned to look below
the rough exterior of the laborers.

She talks with them, visits in their
poor homes, and woe betide the boss
who abuses one of the men!

This fine woman laughs at the call
of society. She says she is much hap-
pier in her ministry. Like Helen
Gould she does not intend to marry,
but continue in her work.

Well, does not this rather prove
again the saying of the moralists about
the supremacy of the soul over mat-
terial things?

Why He Was Popular.

"How do you know your husband is
not a good poker player?"

"Because," answered young Mrs. Tor-
kins, "no good poker player could be
so popular as he is with other poker
players."—Washington Star.

Either Would Do.

The Dear Girl—He had the impu-
dence to ask me for a kiss! Her Dear
Friend—The idea! What cheek! The
Dear Girl (blushing)—He wasn't par-
ticularly—Judge.

Incandescent Lamps.

Incandescent lamps can be colored
by dipping them in a solution of white
shellac in denatured alcohol to which
has been added aniline dye of the de-
sired hue.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Wednesday, May 19.—Webb lodge.
No. 24, F. & A. M. Stated meeting.
Friday, May 21.—King Solomon's
Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M. Work in
Mark Master's degree.

TORTURED WOMAN

KEEPS HER TRUST

Tossing on Bed of Pain Brave

Missionary Today Tells

Odd Story.

WAS SEIZED BY RUFFIANS

MISTREAT HER IN EFFORT TO

LOCATE FALLEN WOMAN SHE

HAD RECLAIMED.—ONE CAPTOR

AIDS IN HER ESCAPE.

Asbury Park, N. J., May 19.—Toss-
ing on a bed of pain today, bruised
and seriously sick from the inhuman
treatment to which she had been sub-
jected by three ruffians, who kidnaped
and imprisoned her in a hut on the
outskirts of this city, Miss Emma
Trotter, thirty five years old, a mis-
sionary for the Florence Crittenton
Circle, told the police of her frightful
experience.

She was lured to the shanty, piled
with drugs, beaten, kicked and cuffed,
and she refused to divulge the where-
abouts of a young girl she reclaimed
from evil associations, and who had
been a friend of the men who abused
her.

She eventually gained her freedom
by working upon the conscience of one
of her captors, while the others were
stupefied with liquor, and reminding
him of his childhood days, induced him
to kneel and pray with her by the
memory of his mother until, tearful
and penitent, he aided her to escape.

Despite the indignities she suffered she
did not betray the trust of her office.

A FLOWER LEGEND.

How the Myosotis Came to Be Called
Forgetmenot.

Dr. A. F. Thomson communicated to
Mills' "History of Chivalry" the fol-
lowing romantic account of the origin
of the popular name, forgetmenot, of
the favorite little flower myosotis:

"Two lovers were loitering on the mar-
gin of a lake on a fine summer's even-
ing when the maiden espied some of
the flowers of myosotis growing on the
water close to the bank of an island
at some distance from the shore. She
expressed a desire to possess them,
when the knight, in the true spirit of
chivalry, plunged into the water and,
swimming to the spot, cropped the
wished for plant, but his strength was
unable to fulfill the object of his
achievement, and, feeling that he could
not regain the shore, although very
near it, he threw the flowers upon the
bank, and, casting a last affectionate
look upon his ladylove, he cried, 'For-
get me not!' and was hurried in the
waters. As the world insists upon a
reason, this story is as good as another,
but the worthy knight must have been
sadly out of his element not to have
been able to return from a bank on
which his mistress could discern so
minute a blossom, unless, indeed, we
suppose him to have been clad in
armor, which was a habilliment ill
adapted for a lover by land or water."

How Dickens Learned to Write.

When asked by one of those wise-
acres who are convinced that in order
to write good English a man must be
taught to write bad Latin where his
son was educated, Mr. John Dickens
replied with considerable aplomb that
his son—er—well, his son—er—might be
almost said, in a sense, to have edu-
cated himself. The street,