

## The Richmond Palladium

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of this publication. Only the figures of  
circulation contained in its report are  
guaranteed by the Association.  
No. 100  
Secretary.

Nevertheless Taft is still smiling.

Anyhow some of the corn is planted.

Another health hint—let Beveridge  
care of the tariff.

In spring the young man's thoughts  
lightly turn to baseball and the Cubs.

Now that the Sugar Trust has been  
exposed it will of course stop its ma-  
chinations.

Another day has passed and only  
two new animals have been found in  
Africa. Kermis is taking a vacation.

Aldrich's bill will undoubtedly pass  
the conference then it will have to  
pass a review at the white house.

Those who asked Senator Culom  
to make a speech forgot that he did  
not come from Indiana or Wisconsin.

Admiral Dewey has just announced  
that the navy is all right. He has  
relieved many people by his comfort-  
ing statement.

After a few more men are read out  
of the democratic party Mr. Bryan  
may find the circulation of the Com-  
moner decreasing.

**GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.**  
We, of the Northwest Territory—now  
the five states of the Middle West—are  
just beginning to think over our his-  
torical ancestry.

Once we were French—once we were  
English and then we became and still  
are, Americans. And the man who  
made this American territory was  
George Rogers Clark.

Out in Quincy, Illinois, they have  
erected a statue to him. The man  
who by his march from Kaskaskia to  
our own Vincennes, made us subse-  
quently a part of the union. A monu-  
ment is a good thing—it represents  
the expression of appreciation for fu-  
ture generations to gaze upon. But  
every community cannot have a monu-  
ment to George Rogers Clark. It  
would be better if the school children  
of the Middle West were made to know  
that all the history of the country is  
not the story of the Pilgrim Fathers,  
nor yet is it the story of Virginia cav-  
aliers. Such things are very slovenly  
told in the school histories of com-  
mon usage in the public schools.

Few of us appreciate that we of the  
Middle West have as fine a back-  
ground in our history—one as replete  
in romance as any of the other states  
in the Union.

From the days of the French explor-  
ers with the Jesuits—the days of La  
Salle, Tonti, Marquette, Joliet and the  
romancer, Father Hennepin—down to  
the battle of Tippecanoe we have our  
share.

Of Anthony—Mad Anthony, by the  
way and the aristocrat, St. Clair—all  
of this. With this for a background  
the people should be particularly proud  
of George Rogers Clark and the Napo-  
leonic march in the back woods of  
what is now Illinois and Indiana. A  
march on his own initiative, which  
could not have been better done if he  
had been receiving orders from Wash-  
ington by wireless. It is this trait of  
Clark which makes him as really  
great a general as if he had been com-  
manding myriads of battalions. There  
is something analogous to the con-  
quests which Julius Caesar records in  
his Gallic war—the same idea of con-  
quest.

No one knew better than Clark the  
diplomatic and statesmanlike side of  
military operations—he secured the  
neutrality of the French and Indians  
or used them on occasion for his ad-  
vantage.

Indiana owes with the rest of the  
Middle West, a debt of honor to the  
hero who is so little heard of.

That debt can best be expressed by

## THE STORY OF THE PALLADIUM

Its Progress and its Policy

v.

### THE TEMPER OF THE TOWN

The same idea which led us to pay particular attention to the rural circulation as a means of bringing the town and country closer together—in other words the idea of co-operation and cohesive force was the moving force in another line which has done much for the town along the lines mentioned.

To put it in general terms, there was (and still is to a considerable extent) a division in the town along optimistic and pessimistic lines. There is always this division in every community. Sometimes one type is dominant—sometimes the other. In Richmond, unfortunately for the town, the dominant force has been until lately the pessimistic view point. Not only has this tendency manifested itself along lines of industries and business, but even social. It has done more serious harm than any other thing in the community.

### APATHY

There was a general apathy toward new situations for the town's development. Men would not work together for the good of the town because they were afraid it would help their competitor as much as themselves. The greatest and most destructive activity which was expressed was in cut throat competition. There were some notable exceptions to this—some men braved the storm and took a part in the building up of the town—but these were the exception and not the rule.

Under these conditions in all parts of the town there began to be dissatisfaction expressed among men who rebelled at the pessimistic outlook.

### AN OPTIMIST

It was an Optimist—one of our advertising men—who brought the matter to a focus. It is his business to keep in close touch with the business men of the town and to think up new ways for bettering the town from a business point of view.

And one night, the Optimist came in and said: "Why can't we get up an organization in which men can work together for the best interests of the town? The business men can't do anything as long as they fight each other and don't fight for the trade which is going to other places."

### A BEGINNING

He went to work on this idea last Spring. It was hard work to fight the old idea of pessimism. It was hard work and the management of the paper knew it, so we backed him in every way we could.

At last there was a meeting of about half a dozen merchants who were in accord with the idea of co-operation, at the Westcott Hotel. They got together on the proposition with the management of this paper.

After many ups and downs, days of persuasion and pleading—in which there was a struggle against the apathy which we have previously mentioned, there was a little light. The organization finally took form.

That was the beginning of the Young Men's Business Club. You know the rest.

### THE YOUNG MEN'S BUSINESS CLUB

We do not claim the credit for the success that the club has made, except that we have done our part in helping it along. The idea, as we have said before, was to effect an organization in which there should be co-operation. If we were to claim the credit for all of it we should be fighting the co-operative idea. It is an organization for all men who are interested in the growth of the town—who are interested in co-operation—who are interested in making the county and town a part of a working whole. The club has succeeded because men have laid down their differences and worked together for a common aim. And that is what we wanted in the town.

### CO-OPERATION

In this day and generation the spirit of co-operation is the thing which makes enterprises succeed. That is the spirit of construction. Bring a number of men together and the question is immediately—what shall we do? And this we have worked for.

And so, though the very success of the Young Men's Business club, has, from its very nature, not been our work any more than it has been the entire work of any one, our idea prevailed. The old idea of pessimism and antagonism has lost ground.

Whatever may happen we will continue to adhere to the policy of making this paper an agent in the betterment of working facilities for the advancement not only of the town but of the whole community.

putting him in the proper niche in history—the monuments will come then as a fitting expression.

### Items Gathered in From Far and Near

#### Pilgrimage to St. Mary.

From the Baltimore Sun.—Today the members of the Maryland Pilgrims' association, in number about 400, will leave Baltimore for a visit to the site of the first settlement of Lord Baltimore's colony in Maryland. The object of this visit is to stimulate interest in the early history of the province. It is a most praiseworthy object and it is the custom of the association to make the pilgrimage four times a century. Before the landing of Lord Baltimore's settlers a party from Virginia, under William Claiborne, had settled on Kent Island another party on the Susquehanna, but these were only trading posts and St. Mary has always been considered the beginning of the colony of Maryland. The ancient "city" of St. Mary was situated in a beautiful and fertile park-like region on the banks of the St. Mary river, a tributary of the Potomac. It was for more than sixty years the capital of Maryland, but it has disappeared utterly. The spot is marked by a monument erected by the state in honor of the founder of the colony. After the seat of government was removed to Annapolis, near the end of the seventeenth century, the ancient capital speedily disappeared.

#### Samuel Clemens' Latest Sin.

From the New York Sun.—It may be worth observing that the Hon. Mark Twain's masterly argument for the Baconian theory of the authorship of the plays called Shakespeare's has greatly stimulated the Bacon-Shakespeare literary prospectors. Their business it is to explore the long suffering text and to extract from it those cryptic arrangements of letters and numerals, those acrostics, those palindromes, those pregnant paginations, those ingeniously hidden meanings which Francis Bacon, as we know so well, spent his leisure nights in weaving into the first folio and which now establish his case with such wonderful clearness and completeness. We ourselves have not given much attention to this particular form of intellectual activity since it was our honor, several years ago, to evolve from the first folio text, by the conscientious application of the cipher which Ignatius Donnelly discovered, the immortal

#### Virginia Battlefield.

From the Boston Herald.—There is still a lot to learn from those Virginia battlefields of forty years ago. The War College officers will also keep the lecture platforms and the magazines going.

#### Popular Picture.

From the Augusta Herald.—Since Grover Cleveland's picture has been put on the twenty-dollar bill a whole lot of people who never did care much for him have developed a fondness for having his picture in their possession.

#### Fightless Wars.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.—The smokeless, mastless navy is the latest proposal. But the shipless navy is what the promoters of universal peace are after.

#### Good Hunting.

From the Baltimore American.—Capturing the south is a far better occupation than shooting giraffes.

#### The Chimera.

The chimera was a fabulous monster with a lion's and a goat's head, a serpent's tail and a goat's middle, which inhabited the dreadful mountain of Lycia, in Greece, and defended itself against attack by vomiting flames of fire. It was at last conquered by Belerophon, the god of war, who mounted it on the famous horse Pegasus. The strange combination of the form of the chimera was evolved from the fact that the terrible Lycia was partly a desolate wilderness, the resort of lions, and occasionally a few fertile spots where goats did congregate, while at the foot of the great hill was a swamp infested with snakes. From this curious creation of superstition sprang the origin of the word "chimera," in designation of an idle fancy or a foolish creation of the brain.—New York Telegram.

#### Didn't Miss Him.

"I don't see anything of Coonskin Charlie up here," said the new arrival in the great north woods. "No," sighed the native; "the poor guide has passed in his checks." "Gracious! How we city hunters will miss him." "Yes, but that's the trouble. Some of you didn't miss him."—Chicago News.

## Heart to Heart

Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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### YOUR BOY'S PROPERTY.

If you give your boy a pig when it is small and it becomes father's hog when it grows big, a little lamb that grows into father's cow, why, you are confusing your boy's sense of property rights, and you may make a criminal of him.

Is the statement strong?  
Did you ever stop to consider the moral value involved in ownership and its effect on your boy?

Listen:  
Eighty per cent of all criminals are PROPERTYLESS people who have never been taught to do things skillfully.

Here, then, is a place to begin in making good citizens, because when you help the boy to own things and to make his own living he has respect for the property of others and is willing to let them make their own living.

Our very civilization rests on the basis of property rights. Break down these rights and you have anarchy.

It has been a long road by which humans have come to the knowledge of the difference between MINE and THINE.

Our stone age parents came to treasure a carved bone or a crude tool, a club or knife or hammer, or what not, and thus developed the sense of property.

You can see the beginnings of that in your baby boy.

Let another infant get into your son's high chair and note the primal howl of the property owner! Let another child try to capture your baby's toys. There is social conflict at once.

Now, this sense of ownership and respect for property are strong in your boy, and if he grows up right they must be developed in him—not for his sake alone, but society's.

Let the child have some something of his own—his own chicken, his own spot in the garden, his own tree.

It will develop in him not only a pride and care of ownership, but will teach him to respect the property of other people. And the latter respect is vitally necessary in the moral development of the boy, because—

A mere desire for property may easily land a man in the penitentiary!

Therefore the importance of making the boy—or girl, for that matter—the owner of something, however small. Ownership is a magic wand for opening the moral side of a man.

### DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY.

Recipe for unhappiness:  
Think only of yourself, care only for yourself, labor only for yourself. Mix and use daily.

If you doubt the formula, look about you. Note the effects of self love—from ennuis to suicide.

A new, clean play now being produced in New York city illustrates the extreme effect of selfishness:

A rich old man has lived a self centered life. He thinks only of his ill. He takes fright at every symptom of disease. He concludes he is in a bad way. Learned physicians confirm his fears. He decides to commit suicide.

The miserable old man takes a room in a cheap tenement on the east side and prepares to blow out his brains.

Just as he raises the pistol to his temples a ragged, forlorn young girl steps into the room. She tells the old man of her troubles—real troubles, troubles that harass the mind and harrow the heart. But she says she is not complaining; she is making a brave fight to save her womanhood and is hopeful of victory.

The old man becomes ashamed of his troubles, which, after all, are largely imaginary troubles. He becomes interested in the girl's brave and hopeful fight. He throws away the pistol. And the sequel of the play is the restoration of the old man to health and the success of the girl.

In helping another the old man helped himself.  
Which is the law of life.

The play is but another repetition, in fact, of the old story of the man who, noting that his comrade is freezing to death, forgets his own growing numbness and works to restore the other, with the result that both are saved.

So that the recipe for happiness is the reverse of the other one. It is—  
Think of others, care for others, work for others. Apply liberally.

Fortunately for society, we are so constructed that to be happy we must make others happy. Selfishness carries its own punishment. Generosity is its own reward.

Tithe and commiseration?  
Yes, but true!  
Self luxury leads to actual misery. Selfishness is such a burden that men will drink to drown it or kill themselves because of it.

The recipe is correct.  
Do something for somebody. Do something worth while—and be happy. Do nothing—and be miserable.

### Caught Them All Around.

A Moslem ruler spoke to his people one Friday from the pulpit in the market place.

"People, what shall I preach to you about today?" "We do not know," they replied. "Well, if you don't know I shall not tell you." And down he came from the pulpit. There was no sermon that Sabbath.

The next week the old inquiry was made, and the people rejoined. "We know." When the royal preacher said, "If you know you do not need me to tell you." And again an abrupt close to the services.

The third week the people were more wary and replied, "Some of us know, and some do not know." And now they expected to trap the man, but he was wiser than they thought. "Let those who know tell those who do not know," came his utterance, and the people were trapped instead.—Boston Post.

### TWINKLES

#### A Change Explained.

"Don't they run any more accommodation trains on this line?" said the man who had been away for some time.

"Huh?" rejoined the conductor. "I don't see any accommodation trains mentioned. Don't you stop at the small stations any more?"

"Certainly we do. But the trains that make the stops are called locals. This is a conscientious company and the word 'accommodation' might lead the public to expect too much."

#### The Autocrat of the Auto.

"Bliggins worries me by his imperious assumption of superior wisdom."

"Well," answered Mr. Chuggins, "he'll get over that. He's bought a new motor car, and a few haughty glances from the chauffeur will convince him that it is not his place to offer any suggestions."

#### To Avoid the Ananias Club.

Speak kindly, whatso'er men do. And you may live contented; For compliments, e'en though untrue, Are never much resented.

#### Arithmetically Demonstrated.

"A man should sleep at least eight hours a day."

"It can't be done," answered the weary-looking citizen; "not when one of your neighbors runs a phonograph till midnight and another keeps a rooster that crows at 5 a. m."

#### Grim Conditions.

"There was no excuse whatever for that last massacre," said one Turkish official.

"Yes, there was," answered the other. "The census taker had served notice that unless his work was made easier he would resign."

#### Messages of Cheer.

When gloom o'ershadows the daily news

And tempts us all to a state of blues; When war is threatening far and wide And the home team fails to get its stride;

When trusts reach forth on every hand And speeches are hard to understand— Turn o'er a page, and then be gay. As you read what the advertisers say! There's nothing at all that can't be cured:

Nothing that cannot be endured; Nothing you cannot buy or sell. If you know how to describe it well, Your business methods you may extend

If you seek to borrow or wish to lend. No matter what may afflict your mind, Where they print the ads you may always find

Of glad assurance such a list That you can't help being an optimist.

### MASONIC CALENDAR.

Friday, May 28.—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Work in the Past and Most Excellent degree.

## SOONER or LATER

You will want something. When that time comes, get your choice of what you want in the quickest and easiest way by putting a WANT AD. in the PALLADIUM. It will only cost you a few pennies and may mean dollars to you.

No matter where you live, our classified WANT ADS. will find for you just what you want. You may be one of our country readers, or you may live out of town a short distance, or you may chance to pick up this paper in another city. No matter -- our WANT ADS. are valuable to you -- ANYWHERE, if you but find out by READING them just what they will do.

Look over the different bargains each day; perhaps you will find something you would like to have. You have the opportunity in the classified column of picking what you want from propositions that may be money makers. It means MONEY--TO YOU--to read these ads daily. And when you are in need of anything put an ad in this paper and you will not have to look further to satisfy your want.

## PALLADIUM WANT ADS PAY

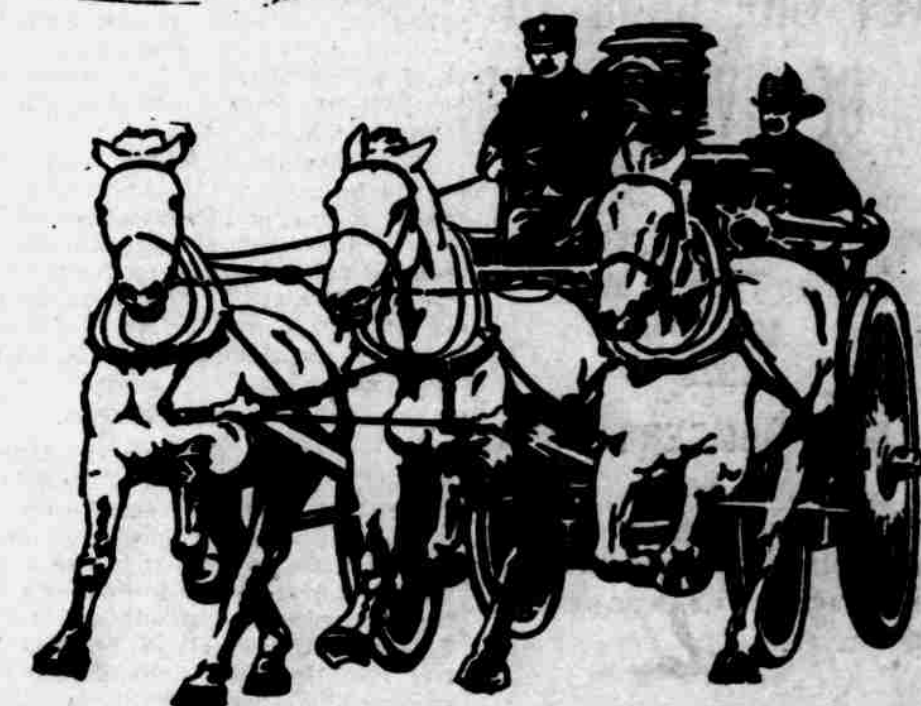
### How to Become Rich.

"My early difficulties taught me some thrift," said Mark Twain once, "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last cent for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour." "I am astounded," observed a friend, "that a person with so little decision should have met with so much worldly success." Mark Twain bent his head gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last cent I kept it and so became rich."

### Valentines of Old.

In the days of Popsy the "valentine" was of value, and he tells how the lady, Miss Frances Stuart, whose portrait is still Britannia on our coinage, "being this year valentine to the Duke of York, the duke gave her a jewel worth \$800." Next year she was lucky enough to receive a ring worth \$300 from Lord Mandevilla. But the valentine was ruined by print when the press turned out lyrics and lace paper, and then the ribald jest and insult. The loving personal touch had vanished, and the valentine died away as an anonymous buffet.—London Mail.

## A VALUABLE BOOK ON



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**THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.** does the largest fire insurance business in the United States. During its successful life of 99 years it has paid to its policy holders 125 million dollars. But it has come to believe that it owes a broader duty to the public than to merely furnish indemnity to its policy holders. It has published a book

### "Fire Prevention and Fire Insurance"

which has separate chapters for the householder, the merchant, the manufacturer, showing each how the chances of fire may be reduced in his particular kind of property. It tells how insurance should be written and points out common errors to avoid. This book ought to be in the hands of every property owner in America. It may save you thousands of dollars, no matter in what Company you may be insured. It is free if you will send this Coupon.

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