

The Richmond Palladium

Published and owned by the
PALLADIUM PRINTING CO.
Issued 7 days each week, evenings and
Sunday morning.
Office—Corner North 9th and A streets.
Phone 1121.
RICHMOND, INDIANA.

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Manager: W. B. Foundstone
News Editor: W. B. Foundstone

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In Richmond \$5.00 per year (in ad-
vance) or 100 per week.

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ed until payment is received.

Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post-
office as second class mail matter.

The Association of American
Advertisers (New York City) has
examined and certified to the circulation
of this publication. Only the figures of
circulation contained in its report are
guaranteed by the Association.

Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Praise for Loeb.

From the New York Sun.
The moral support of all good citi-
zens of New York is due to Collector
Loeb, if he is in fact beginning a
vigorous effort to uncover the corrupt
relations that have existed between one
of the most powerful of the great com-
binations of capital known as trusts
and dishonest employees of the United
States in our custom house. The hand
of justice has already been laid heav-
ily upon the neck of the neck of this
defrauder of the government and cor-
rupter of the servants of the people,
the American Sugar Refining com-
pany. That concern has been com-
pelled to disgorge a part of the pro-
ceeds of its systematic rascality. The
Department of Justice, if we are not
mistaken, is still occupied with the
Sugar Trust's affairs.

Interdependence.

From the Detroit News.
Crime, drunkenness, each in turn,
has been tracked back to poverty.
Now the doctors trace tuberculosis
there. It looks as if an economic
clean-up is needed for the health of
the race. Riches are not a protection
against the ills of economic poverty,
for the sinner on the back of wealth
may have been worked over by a con-
sumptive seamstress. We are so in-
terwoven with each other that the dan-
ger of one is quickly communicated
and becomes the danger of all.

Bryan the Boss.

From the Council Bluffs Nonpareil.
Mr. Hagen, the independence party
candidate for President last year, an-
nounces that he has become a demo-
crat and will affiliate with the demo-
cratic party. However, the announce-
ment may be a little premature, as
Mr. Bryan has not yet officially passed
on Hagen's credentials.

Live Language.

From the Galveston News.
Why keep the boy grubbing at the
dead languages when he can read the
base ball column and learn a live one
every day?

Sectional Jealousy.

From the Nashville Tennessean.
Nineteen New England college presi-
dents condemn cheering at athletic
events. Nobody ever heard a New
England give a real, sure enough
cheer, anyhow.

Still Losing.

From the New York Mail.—Reports
from the southwest state that Mr. Bry-
an recently lost a train while talking
horse. This is the same Mr. Bryan
who thrice lost the presidency while
talking politics.

Senatorial Hazing.

From the Kansas City Star.—The
law against hazing, enacted by con-
gress a few years ago, evidently does
not apply to new senators.

No More Privacy There.

From the Cleveland Leader.—Now
watch out for the rush to Nairobi and
Kapiti. The solitude of the jungle
has received its deathblow.

Fame.

From the Boston Transcript.—And
this is fame. Harper's Weekly refers
to the recent presidential candidate of
the independence party as "Mr. Hig-
bee."

Back to Prosperity.

From the Springfield Republican.
Not only are the independent steel
companies to restore wages, but those
railroads which reduced the pay of the
salaries class of employees following
the panic of 1907 are announcing a re-
turn to the old compensation. The
Boston and Maine is the latest to
make known such a step. It means
that in the opinion of these men of
large affairs prosperity has returned.

A Hopeless Case.

"Why don't you reprove your titled
son-in-law for his reckless expendi-
tures?"
"Because," answered Mr. Cumrox,
"it's bad enough to see him wasting
my money without wasting my time."

The Last Day of May

"Under the will and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will."

And so they went out, those young fellows. They went out with the
band playing and the new flag. They were all of them husky, all of them
full of blood and reckless devilry. Some were filled with high purposes;
some with the spirit of adventure; but they were the best of the land—
they went out to save the Union.

The bands played. Girls looked proudly at their sweethearts in the
new uniforms. Some few veterans of the Mexican war looked wistful.
The mothers cried when they thought no one could see them. And the
fathers were silent.

And where are they now?
Some are on southern battle fields six feet or less under earth—
without a headstone and without a name. Some are in the large green
cemetaries of the nation—row after row of them. The place is very still
and the head stones with their numbers are very white. Others in some
little country church yard—with the iron marker of the G. A. R. just
sticking out of the grass and weeds.

As for the rest of them—who does not feel a little thrill when he
sees the bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic or the rosette
of the Loyal Legion? We all know them. And what tales they tell.

And tomorrow, those who are left of the blue battalions which march-
ed so proudly out, in the sixties go out with hearts as brave to a coming
fate as they did when they were young.

No more the days of scanty rations and scurvy—no more the ma-
laria of the swamps; no more the days of Chickamauga and the Wilder-
ness—the days of Lee and Grant.

"We traveled in the print of olden wars;
Yet all the land was green.

And love we found and peace—
Where fire and war had been.

They smile and pass, the children of the sword;
No more the sword they wield;

And O, how deep the corn,
Along the battle field."

Some years ago there was a state encampment of the Grand Army
of the Republic in this town. The ranks were still brave and strong,
albeit a bit straggling. And as rank after rank of men with gray hair
and determined eyes marched past—what a cheer there was and what a
fluttering of waving of handkerchiefs! What a queer sensation was that
quiver, and what was that upon the cheek? Surely not a tear.

On such a day the heart beats freer and faster, warmer impulses
take the place of the shop worn things we call our consciences. It is a
spiritual regeneration—a call to all there is of worth in the younger
generation—such is Memorial Day.

The battles of this country are not yet over—there is as great a
struggle here at hand—though never a gun be fired—as real a danger to
the republic as the time when every thing threatened the very life of the
country.

There is as great a call to citizenship today as ever there was in
sixty-one. Today vast organizations which take no heed of the individ-
ual, or the law, or the country—are seeking to have their will. The sal-
vation of the country is not in arms but common honesty. That is the
war which the next generation—and this one, will have to fight to save
the country from a gradual but sure decline.

The flowers will soon wilt on the graves in the cemetery.
The country will pause—and then go on.

How many will remember the real lesson of the war for the preser-
vation of the Union?

For those are the heroes of the last generation who only did the
duty of the day.

TWINKLES

Neighborly Exchange.
"Sir, your dog kept me awake all
night."

"I know it," answered Mr. Sirius
Barker. "The phonograph you keep
going all evening makes him so nerv-
ous he can't sleep. I'm going to
complain to the S. P. C. A."

Future Travel.

For ships we have a notion:
Each nation cries for more;
Let's build 'em till the ocean
Is filled from shore to shore;
Then with a footing steady
We'll scum the waves that toss;
Whenever we get ready
We'll simply walk across.

Prospective Benefit.

"Do you think the consumer will be
benefited by tariff revision?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum;
"he will at least be morally benefited
by another lesson in patience."

The Author's Care Evident.

"What do you think of the Baconian
theory?"
"He is absolutely nothing in it,"
answered Mr. Stormington Barnes.
"Then you think Shakespeare was
the author of the plays produced over
his name?"

"Beyond a doubt. Only a manager
who wrote his own plays would have
permitted all those long poetic speech-
es to get over the footlights."

Forethought.

"I's gineter go a-fishin'.
An' I's servin' notice now,
'Cause I sholy isn't wishin'
To be stakin' any row.
I don't want no conniption
Nor expressions of surprise
When I comes to my description
Of de number an' de size."

When engaged in de narration
Of dem fishin' tales of mine
I depends on 'imagination
Same as on de hook an' line.
So I'll sah't wif de essentials
Dat'll save me fum a snub;
Jes' make out my credentials
In dat Ananias Club.

Dapper Though Mature.

Dis world has lived a thousand years
And mo', the white folks say.
He's hyurd de music of de spheres
An' trod de music of de spheres
An' spile o' dis' experience,
He sings a summer tune
An' throw's bouquets across de fence,
A welcomin' Miss June!

De flowers blossom in east an' west.

De sunlight on de sea,
Dey looks like an embroidered vest
An' jewelry to me.
So watch yoh uncle's wardrobe while
He comes into de game;
If dis o' world kin put on style,
He sho' kin do de same!

The ears of a child seldom change
as it develops into an adult, but after
middle age the ears will sometimes
grow larger.

LITERARY WORLD

THE HOME AS A SCHOOL OF GOOD MANNERS.

Not long ago I visited a home where
such exceptionally good breeding pre-
vailed and such fine manners were
practiced by all members of the family
that it made a great impression upon
me.

This home is the most remarkable
school of good manners, refinement
and culture generally I have ever been
in. The parents are bringing up their
children to practice their best man-
ners on all occasions. They do not
know what company manners mean.

The boys have been taught to treat
their sisters with as much deference as
though they were stranger guests. The
politeness, courtesy and consideration
which the members of this family
show toward one another are most re-
freshing and beautiful. Coarseness,
gruffness, lack of delicacy find no
place there.

Both boys and girls have been trained
from infancy to make themselves
interesting and to entertain and try
to make others happy.

The entire family make it a rule to
dress before dinner in the evening,
just as they would if special com-
pany were expected.

Their table manners are especially
marked. At the table every one is sup-
posed to be at his best, not to bring
any grouch, or a long or sad face to it,
but to contribute his best thought, his
wisest sayings to the conversation.

Every member of the family is expect-
ed to do his best to make the meal a
really happy occasion. There is a sort
of rivalry to see who can be the most
entertaining or contribute the spiciest
bits of conversation. There is no in-
dication of dyspepsia in this family,
because every one is trained to laugh
and be happy, and laughter is a fatal
enemy of indigestion.

The etiquette of the table is also
strictly observed. Every member of
the family tries to do just the proper
thing and always to be mindful of oth-
ers' rights. Kindness seems to be
practised for the joy of it, not for the
sake of creating a good impression on
friends or acquaintances. There is in
this home an air of peculiar refinement
which is very charming. The children
are early taught to greet callers and
guests cordially, heartily, in real
Southern, hospitable fashion, and to
make them feel that they are very wel-
come. They are taught to make every
one feel comfortable and at home,
so that there will be no sense of re-
straint.—Orison Sweet Garden in
"Success Magazine."

The Speed of Automobiles.

Many are the plans to curb the auto-
mobile speed mania by legislation.
One ingenious man has suggested that
the chauffeur be fined and the auto-
mobile be imprisoned for a stated num-
ber of days! There may be some
sense in that, in spite of one's first
thought. Certainly many automobil-
ists have overridden public patience
entirely and the situation is becoming
unbearable. A ghastly number of

AT PEACE IN RIVERSIDE PARK.

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"Let us have peace!" The words more precious grew
When from Grant's lips they bade our hatred cease.
North, south, from hearts to brothers' hearts they flew—
"Let us have peace!"

Stern warrior! In one sentence was revealed
The heart of gold behind that visage grim.
No deed he did upon the tented field
More honored him.

Today I saw his tomb. From discord free,
I felt one spirit through the land increase.
The sword is sheathed! Love has her victory
And he has peace!

JAMES A. EDGERTON.

pedestrians have already been slain
this spring, and the total for the season
is sure to run very high.

The "joy riders" are the chief source
of the trouble—chauffeurs who steal
their employers' machines out of hours
and adventure forth eager to "burn up
the pavements." Legislators are
passing measures looking to a more
stringent license system; in some states
a chauffeur who thus "joy rides" may
be arrested for larceny.

It is rather gratifying to find that
the actual owners of cars themselves
are seldom so reckless of the rights of
others. Indeed, these owners banded
in different automobile associations,
are doing all they can, by advice and
active co-operation, to remedy the pre-
sent dangerous conditions.

The final remedy, of course, lies in
impressing deeply upon the minds of
automobilists a strict system of auto-
mobile ethics. Adherence to good
sportsmanship in automobilism, as in
other pastimes, will prove the
radical cure.—From the View-point in
The Outing Magazine for June.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye

HUMANITY IS NOBLE.

It was a sight calculated to warm
the cockles of a man's heart—
Twenty men in Chicago caught hold
of a rope tied to an ambulance and
ran more than half a mile in a race
with death.

The ambulance was wrecked in a
crash with a street car, and the horses
were too badly injured to proceed.

John Mukuna, section hand, whose
life these twenty men tried to save,
died just as the intestines of the hos-
pital reached the man propelled am-
bulance, prepared to take the patient
into the operating room.

Mukuna had broken an artery in his
leg and was slowly bleeding to death
in the ambulance, in which he was
being driven to the hospital, when the
vehicle crashed into a street car. The
horses were injured, and the tongue
of the wagon was broken.

Volunteers were called for to drag
the ambulance.

A rope was hastily tied in place of
the wagon pole, and twenty men start-
ed on a fast run for the hospital, fol-
lowed by a cheering crowd, which
took turns at pulling and pushing.

When the ambulance drew up in
front of the hospital the crowd sadly
realized that the gallant race with
death was in vain.

The crowd did its best in its spec-
tacular showing of the inherent hero-
ism of humanity.

John Mukuna was a laborer.
But the men who tried to save his
life were men of all businesses and
professions—all sorts and conditions
of men united in a common impulse
to save a fellow man.

And men are noble.

But meanness is ever in evidence,
you say. And cruelty is common.

Um—yes. But—
For every act of meanness I can
find you a dozen cases of nobility.

For every act of cruelty there are
scores of charitable deeds. And for
every criminal there are a thousand
upright men.

Fundamentally men are good.

The new demand is dynamic.

The man bestir himself. He works
hard. He increases his income. And
in doing so he discovers new powers
in himself. Marriage has developed
him.

The dependence of a family upon
him wakes up every fiber in a manly
man. He is made stronger in every
way. And—

Aside from the financial require-
ments, the trials and troubles of fam-
ily life bring out in him traits of self-
denial and long suffering and devotion
little suspected.

Especially does the birth of children
in his family draw out and give ex-
pression to all that is strongest and
best in a husband and father.

The bachelor is not so.
He is apt to live a selfish life. He is
apt to be cold and cautious. He is apt
to be heart calloused by the hardening
and repressing of what is best in his
nature.

Weather Shark Foster Looks Into Weather That Is Enroute

(Copyrighted 1908, by W. T. Foster.)

Washington, D. C., May 29.—Last
bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance
to cross continent 27 to 31, warm
wave 28 to 30, cool wave 29 to June 2.
The principal features of this distur-
bance were expected to be a great rise
in temperature, warm weather, threat-
ening and severe weather with proba-
bility of severe storms.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific
coast about June 2, cross Pacific
slope by close of 3, great central val-
leys 4 to 6, eastern states 7. Warm
wave will cross Pacific slope about
June 2, great central valleys 4, east-
ern states 6. Cool wave will cross
Pacific slope about 5, great central
valleys 7, eastern states 9.

This will be one of the three dan-
gerous storm periods of June and as
severe storms cannot now be definite-
ly located, the best policy is to be on
the alert, especially in sections where
such storms sometimes occur. I ex-
pect these storms to be most severe
within a day or two of June 4. I have
the storm center located on June 4
in the great central valleys west of
the Mississippi river, but as these
storm centers move eastward from 400
to 700 miles a day the exact location
where the dangerous storms will
break cannot now be known.

Temperatures will go very high be-
fore this storm center passes and very
low following it. Very cool weather
will drift eastward June 5 to 10, cross-
ing meridian 90 about 7 or 8. This
fall in temperature will cause rains as
the high barometer comes in.

Three great storm waves will cross
the continent during the five days of
which June 4, 17 and July 1 will be
central days. Very little harm can
result by so arranging affairs as to be
on the safe side during the passage of
these severe storms, while much good
may result. Future bulletins will give
details.

I expect temperatures of June to
average about normal but they will go
to great extremes as the storm cen-
ters cross the continent. Rainfall of
the month will be deficient except in
the cotton states east of the Missis-
sippi river.

The Comet.

The great comet that is coming next

OLD CADIZ.

Once Richer Than London, Its Chief
Business Now Is Salt.

Of Cadiz, De Amicis said, "It is best
described by writing the word 'white'
with a white pencil on blue paper."

Under the noonday sun, seen from
the lofty Torre de Vigia, the mediæ-
val watchtower in the center of the
city, its buildings are dazzling and al-
most encircled by the blue sea. A
long narrow isthmus like the stem of
a pipe leads from San Fernando, on the
mainland. Cadiz rests on the bowl of
the pipe—yes, a pure white meers-
chaum without coloring, though 3,000
years old.

Americans may justly regard this
now decadent place with compassion,
because it grew to greatness by its
commerce with the new world—while
Spain ruled the Americas—and then
fell away into decay on the loss of the
western possessions.

It was great before Rome was found-
ed. And as late as 1770 it was wealth-
ier than London. Commerce has ever
been its life. Today its chief busi-
ness is the production of salt for ex-
port. This humble staple, evaporated
in coastal shallow lagoons in wide
spreading marshes, still keeps Cadiz
in touch with the new world, as most
of the salt is shipped to South Amer-
ica.

The natives pronounce Cadiz with
"s" silent and "a" very broad—"Ca-di-
li." That has always been its name, with
slight variations. Its Phœnician and
Tyrian founders called it Gadir, a cas-
tle of fastness. The Romans called it
Gades. The Arabs had it Kadis.—De-
troit News-Tribune.

HER GREETING.

In Spite of the Old Lady's Care She
Managed to Blunder.

The daughters of a certain charming
old lady in Washington are frequently
much upset by the odd social blunders
of their parent, whose failings in this
respect are, however, more than offset
by her kindness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of
this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who,
after some years of widowhood, again
married. This time becoming the wife
of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one
of the girls when the newly married
lady's card had been brought in one
afternoon shortly after the completion
of the honeymoon, "don't make the
mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to
count on four, pass and as she went
downstairs was heard to repeat to
herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not
Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call the old
lady was met at the head of the stairs
by the daughter, who at once observ-
ed an ominous expression of depend-
ency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely
you didn't—"

"No, Clara," replied the mother em-
phatically, "I didn't. I was so careful
to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"
"Oh, dear," murmured the kindly old
lady, as she sank into a chair. "It
was awful of me, I know! When I
greeted her I said: 'I am glad to see
you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Far-
rell?'"—Hamer's Weekly.

THE MARITIME EXCHANGE.

It Keeps Posted on Every Vessel En-
gaged in Commerce.

It is a fact not generally known that
the arrival and departure of steam
and sailing vessels engaged in com-
merce is reported daily from every
port in the world. Sitting in the Mar-
itime Exchange, you could tell at a
glance just what had transpired in
shipping circles and a fair rate of
the past twenty-four hours. There is
a report on every ship that has cleared
or entered. The report gives the name
of her home port, how many days out,
her cargo, the number of passengers,
her consignors and consignees, her des-
tination and her captain's name.

The companies themselves and under-
writers and forwarders station their agents
all over the map, and the agents ar-
rive so many train dispatchers on land
reporting the movements of every
piece of "rolling stock" under the reign
of maritime law. The number of men
engaged on shore in the business of
shipping is twice as great as the
number managing those same ships on
the ocean.

In any given company the organiza-
tion represents a great pyramid of
brains and brawn, authority penetra-
ting down through the mass of detail
from the man who draws a priority
salary studying the Mercator pro-
jection to the stevedore who shifts
freight. Every man has his work cut
out for him.

Every steamer that floats is consid-
ered as a unit. It is a self-independ-
ent entity the moment it leaves shore.
It has its orders just the same as a
battalion of soldiers on the battlefield,
and on its bridge walks the captain,
who holds almost arbitrary power over
the destinies of his floating commu-
nity.—Bookkeeper.

Corrected.

Inspector of Village School (question-
ing class)—Now, my boy, what is an
island? Pupil (dejectedly)—I dunno,
sir. Inspector—Well, for instance,
could I ride from here to France? Pupil
(brightening up)—No, sir, that you