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Thos. G. Leeds,
Secretary.

**Items Gathered in
From Far and Near****Praise for Loeb.**

From the New York Sun.

The moral support of all good citizens 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 combinations of capital known as trusts and dishonest employees of the United States in our custom house. The hand of justice has already been laid heavily upon the nape of the neck of this defrauder of the government and corrupter of the servants of the people, the American Sugar Refining company. That concern has been compelled to disgorge a part of the proceeds 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 satin on the back of wealth may have been worked over by a consumptive seamstress. We are so interwoven with each other that the danger of one is quickly communicated and becomes the danger of all.

Bryan the Boss.

From the Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Mr. Hisgen, the independence party candidate for President last year, announces that he has become a democrat and will affiliate with the democratic party. However, the announcement may be a little premature, as Mr. Bryan has not yet officially passed on Hisgen'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 presidents condemn cheering at athletic events. Nobody ever heard a New Englander give a real, sure enough cheer, anyhow.

Still Losing.

From the New York Mail.—Reports from the southwest state that Mr. Bryan 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 congress 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. Higgs."

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 return 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 expenditures?"

"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 white 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 deviltry. 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 wistfully. 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 cemeteries 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 marched 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 malaria of the swamps; no more the days of Chickamauga and the Wilderness—the days of Lee and Grant.

"We traveled in the prairies 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 individual, or the law, or the country—are seeking to have their will. The salvation 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 wither 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 preservation of the Union?

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

TWINKLES

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

"I know it," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "The phonograph you keep going gall evening makes him so nervous 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 scorn 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?"

"There 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 speeches to get over the footlights."

Forethought.

"I'st ginerally go a-fishin';
An I'st servin' notice now."

"Cause I sholy isn't wishin'

"To be stahin' any row."

"I don't want no connipition
Nor expressions of surprise

When I comes to my descriptio-

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 saht 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 hyd'rd de music of de spheres

An' trod de stary way.

He sings a summer tune

An' thows bouquets across de fence

A welcomin' Miss June!

De flowers blossomin' east an' west,

De sunlight on de sea.

De look like an embroidered vest

An' jewelery to me.

So watch yoh uncle's wardrobe while

He comes into de game;

If dis ol' world kin put on style,

He shoo' kin do de same!

LITERARY WORLD**THE HOME AS A SCHOOL OF GOOD MANNERS.**

Not long ago I visited a home where such exceptionally good breeding prevailed 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 manners 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 refreshing 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 company were expected.

Their table manners are especially marked. At the table every one is supposed 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 wittiest sayings to the conversation.

Every member of the family is expected 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 spickest bits of conversation. There is no indication of dyspepsia in this family, because every one is trained to laugh and be happy, and laughter is a fatal enemy of indigestion.

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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 others' 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 welcome. They are taught to make every one feel comfortable and at home, so that there will be no sense of restraint. —Orison Sweet Garden in "Success Magazine."

The Speed of Automobiles.

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

AT PEACE IN RIVERSIDE PARK.

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**Weather Shark Foster Looks
Into Weather That Is Enroute**

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Washington, D. C., May 29.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 27 to 31, warm wave 26 to 30, cool wave 29 to June 2. The principal features of this disturbance were expected to be a great rise in temperature, warm weather, threatening and severe weather with probability of severe storms.

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

This will be one of the three dangerous storm periods of June and as severe storms cannot now be definitely located, the best policy is to be on the alert, especially in sections where such storms sometimes occur. I expect 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 before this storm center passes and very low following it. Very cool weather will drift eastward June 5 to 10, crossing meridian 90 about 7 or 8. This fall in temperature will cause rains at 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.