

The Richmond Palladium

— and Sun-Telegram:

Published and owned by the
PALLADIUM PRINTING CO.Issued 7 days each week, evenings and
Sunday morning.

Office—Corner North 8th and A streets.

Home Phone 1121.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Subscription TERM.

In Richmond, \$1.00 per year (in advance) or 10c per week.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One year, in advance \$1.00

Six months, in advance 50c

One month, in advance 15c

RURAL ROUTES.

One year, in advance \$2.00

Six months, in advance 1.25

One month, in advance 50c

Address changed as often as desired; both new and old addresses must be given.

Subscribers will please remit with order, which should be given for a specified term; name will not be entered 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.

Na. 100 *Telegrams*

WHICH?

"There are many schedules of the tariff in which the rates are excessive. . . . It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the republican platform will be, on the whole, a substantial revision downward. As the temporary leader of the party, I do not hesitate to say with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that if the party is given the mandate of power in November it will perform its promises in good faith."—Tait, Milwaukee, Sept. 24, 1908.

"Mr. President: Where did we ever make the statement that we would revise the tariff downward?"—Senator Aldrich on the Senate floor, April 22, 1909.

SCHOOL CLOSES

Schools are closing and the high festival of colleges—the commencement is being celebrated with baccalaureate sermons and class days all over the country. The time has come to let those who are bent on training the younger generation to indulge themselves in advice which is sure to be unheeded.

Nevertheless Collier's Weekly gives some editorial comment this week on the subject of the college graduate business which does not go far astray and which might be read to advantage by the parents of the graduate if the graduate is too busy with other things.

It might be called an editorial on Pull.

"We confess to an initial prejudice against the young graduate who turns up at your office with sixteen letters of introduction from college professors, old school friends and distant connections of your wife's family."

And a little farther on: "If college has given a man something of value to the world, he should carry it to the place where it is least common. Moreover if it has equipped him with any special capacity for success, it is good sense to begin where that possession distinguishes him."

It is not that this sort of advice does any good. People will still let the off spring of the human animal set their hearts and ambitions on far distant New York and let them be overjoyed to get an office boy's job when they arrive loaded down with credentials enough to satisfy a foreign potentate. There are few letters of introduction that count without previous knowledge, in which case the credentials are rather unnecessary.

But we would add in regard to the second proposition of Collier's that it is harder for the college fellow to make good in his own town. It is almost invariably true in most places that the returned recipient of a sheep-skin stamped with the great seal of the college invites suspicion on the part of his fellow townsmen. That being the case the average one hides himself in a hole and wonders why the town doesn't come across. There should be more college boys who view this situation as a game—a game in which it should be a matter of pride to score on the place of nativity by creating a ripple of surprise that there is some reason for existence in the college product after all.

"Finally we wish more of the eastern graduates would go to small towns in the west."

So says Colliers.

It would be interesting to watch statistics and results of such a migration. How many of them would make a scratch on the surface of the town—a small town in the Middle West—say Richmond?

Freight Interchange

No shipper can deny the benefit of the interchange of freight between the C. C. & L. and the Pennsylvania railroads. Ever since the first days of the C. R. & M. there has been trouble and discontent over the situation.

In fact one of the chief reasons for voting a subsidy for the C. R. & M. railroad which later became the C. C. & L. was shipping facilities and the desire for more than one way to get out of Richmond with freight.

It is not natural to suppose that the Pennsylvania which has a physical monopoly of the freight business here in many respects until there is an interchange of freight should be particularly anxious to better conditions for the benefit of the town or the competing railroad.

When the Commercial club entered the ring with hearings before the state railroad commission, with the result that that body ordered interchange of freight there was great rejoicing. But those who knew the corporation's attitude toward the thing were not surprised when the Pennsylvania went serenely on. There was rejoicing again when the supreme court upheld the decision of the state railroad commission. And now comes the Pennsylvania bearing its little proposition for an interchange of freight which means nothing—another proposition with a joker concealed therein.

Says the magnanimous Pennsylvania:

"The P. C. C. & St. L. railway will switch carload freight to and from industries when such traffic originates at or is destined to stations within the state of Indiana served only by the C. C. & L. railroad."

As we understand it, the last sentence spoils the fair and pleasing aspect of the proposal. That is, we are told by those who are supposed to know the law, a joker pure and simple in conflict with the spirit and intention of the ruling of the railroad commission which was upheld by the courts.

It does not take legal knowledge to discover that the offer made by the Pennsylvania is an injustice nor to discern that it is discrimination.

In this fight we hope that the Commercial club will take steps to get a fair and square ruling upheld in the courts. Richmond needs it. We need all the shipping facilities here that we can get. It is not the nature of corporations to give up without a fight and their fighting methods are of the exhaustive type.

Delay—technicalities—feints and subtrahages will all be interposed before a satisfactory agreement can be effected. But it is worth it to the town if it costs a great deal of money to get to the bottom of the thing. When the time comes that we have an order from the court with a sufficient penalty for its non-observance attached something will be accomplished. It may be a long drawn out fight but the growth of the town in regard to its industries and business demands it.

FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

Articles Contributed for This Column
Must Not Be in Excess of 400
Words. The Identity of All Con-
tributors Must Be Known to the
Editor. Articles Will Be Printed in
the Order Received.

Richmond physicians and other local people interested in the study of foods are greatly interested in a reply recently made to Dr. J. N. Hurty, through the columns of the Indianapolis Star, by Edgar Iffliff of this city. This reply, in full, is as follows:

Edward Westermarck, in his valuable "History of Human Marriage," says "the concealment of truth is the only indecorum known to science." A lover of truth may well wish that Dr. J. N. Hurty, secretary of the State Board of Health, would take this as his motto and stick to it.

Dr. Hurty in his last decree says that Prof. Metchnikoff condemns the eating of flesh and indorses vegetarianism. I have read Metchnikoff's "Nature of Man" and "The Prolongation of Life" and find no such doctrines set forth. Metchnikoff, in speaking of the eighteenth century health cranks, quotes the doctrine from Prof. Hufeland, a German of the early time, but he does not give it his indorsement. He also reviews the various fads for preventing old age and restoring youth, particularly speaking of that envious Old Testament treatment for old men, but none of which does he indorse.

Dr. Hurty further says that Metchnikoff asserts that man can never hope for prolongation of life until alcohol, meat, flesh-pots, coffee, tea, salt, pepper and spices are abandoned. I do not deny that the illustrious Russian scientist may have said this. I only say that in all of his works I have never seen such a statement, and that it is absolutely contrary to the conclusions he sums up in all of his books which I have read.

Metchnikoff, on the contrary, in speaking of the prolongation of human life, says: "Any factor to which man has been attributed disappears when many cases are examined. . . . There is something unknown which tends to long life." Long life is something intrinsic in the constitution, something which can not be defined and which must be set down to inheritance." He then presents a great many cases of men and women who lived to the ages of 102, 104, 112, 120 and even 140, who drank coffee in enormous quantities or imbibed alcoholic drinks regularly and deeply, or who smoked constantly all their lives. In the town of Chally, he says, there were twenty old men out of 523 inhabitants who had been great drinkers all their lives.

Metchnikoff is a true scientist because he does not conceal the truth. To conceal the truth to support a theory is a grave indecorum. It may be immoral.

Now, as to "man's natural food." What is it? It is a myth. There is no such thing. Looking over man's history we find that he ate what he could get. He found no bill of fare and no guide as to what was good or what was bad. Sometimes he found roots or nuts or berries or fruits or meats, and sometimes men ate each other or ate up the useless old men. It is lamentable that most of the histories of the earthly habitation have been nothing but adulations of kings and human butchers. The monuments of Egypt, the clay tablets of Babylon and Nineveh dwell so much upon the glory and greatness of the kings as scourges of their time. If we had only intimate views of the lives of the plain working people how it would help us out in our researches. Man had to find his food and learn by experience what was good or bad; and yet, says Prof. Henry Smith Williams in his "History of Science," the animal system possesses marvelous powers of adaptation, and there is perhaps hardly any poisonous vegetable which man might not have learned to eat

without deleterious effect, provided the experiment was gradual."

Be that as it may, the geographical position of man largely determines his food and drink. Our early pioneers in America had to eat bear, deer, goose, turkey and possum. That they were omnivorous is seen in the fact that they added corn and fruits and vegetables.

In his great work, "The History of Beverages, Ancient and Modern," Prof. Edward R. Emerson throws great light upon the use of wines, whiskies, ales, beers, etc., in all ages. The truth he sets forth will not be concealed by any honest man. The intellectually honest man will say: "I want to know," and the intellectually honest man, having proved some truth, will say also: "I will not put my light under a bushel, though the heavens fall by its effulgence."

Prof. Emerson has shown that man in every race, in every climate, and in every age has made fermented and distilled drinks from almost anything and everything that grows. Hemp, juice of trees and the honey of bees have yielded up their intoxicating essentials. He has shown that in some countries the land is so flat, the water so purid, the air so malarial, that the making of liquor from the juices of trees and plants and the drinking of them is unavoidable.

As to our edibles. How long has butter been a food? It used to be sold as a salve and kept only in apothecary shops in skin bags. And onions? They were a drug to sober up drunken men. And tomatoes? They were deadly poison. Cabbage? Not always a food, but a kind of cure for drunkenness. And honey? Used to embalm the bodies of dead kings and later to preserve specimens.

Man is neither separately carnivorous nor herbivorous. He is omnivorous. The nations, finding a mixed diet, and a variety of foods and drinks, have become the greatest on earth, both in ancient times and our own. And they live longer. Reduce Americans to a nation of masticating machines, eating only such emasculating foods as Dr. Hurty prescribes, and any pretty little South American state could whip us. Look at Great Britain, the greatest beef-eating people on earth!

Richmond, Ind. EDGAR ILIFF.

Items Gathered in
From Far and Near

Enemies of the Negro.

From the New York Sun.

It is perfectly well understood in Georgia, and for that matter throughout the southern states, but does not seem to have dawned as yet upon the consciousness of the outer world, that all is best among the whites favoring the idea of the negro firemen, and all that is most shiftless and irresponsible and insensate is on the other side. The negro stands today very much where he stood when a slave before the civil war. His friends and sympathizers then were of the class to which his owners belonged. His friends and sympathizers today are the descendants of those owners and their social congeners, whereby we mean the great mass of the cultivated, together with the land holders and the taxpayers. The negro's enemies before the war were the cracklers, the sand hillers and the wool hatters who were treated as less important than a well fed slave negro and resented it accordingly. His enemies today are the descendants of those ancient antagonists.

Littered Streets.

From the Newark Star.

Calling attention to the littering of the streets with loose papers the Call remarks: "This should not be a matter for police action, but for social discipline." It will puzzle the Call to explain how social discipline is to be applied. But the matter is strictly one for police action. A year or so ago orders were given to patrolmen to

watch for and report all cases of violation of the ordinances by throwing or sweeping litter into the streets, and for some time the streets presented a tidy appearance. Then the patrolmen as well as their superiors, grew careless and the litter returned. It is possible for our city to present an cleanly appearance as any well kept European city, and by exactly the same means, namely, police vigilance.

The Rogues' Gallery.

From the New York Times.

The safety of the community requires that a "rogues' gallery" be kept for the purpose of identifying criminals who are at large and prisoners accused of heinous crimes who may escape. But the police have no shadow of right, either in law or in common sense, to photograph for this purpose any person who is not accused of crime. If a person accused even of murder is acquitted, the law now requires specifically that the photographs "and all duplicates and copies thereof" shall be returned to him.

England's Invasion Bogy.

From the New York Herald.

Is Count Zeppelin endeavoring to give the inhabitants of a certain tight little island heart disease?

Mother's Way.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A New York mothers' club wants to establish fathers' day, a day on which father can freely enjoy himself. And no doubt mother is willing to go along and help him do it.

Get Up Early.

From the Chicago News.

Early rising is a good thing at this time of year, if ever. Try it.

Real Boss.

From the Atlanta Georgian.

"I am only the servant in the House" says Speaker Cannon. But this is an age when the servant runs the establishment.

TWINKLES

Confidence of Genius.

"You say your dirigible balloon is a success?"

"Yes," answered the inventor.

"But it came down to the earth with a terrible bump."

"True. But it hit very close to the spot I was aiming at."

"De worst thing about tellin' yob troubles," said Uncle Eben, "is dat a hard-luck story never gits through bein' continued in our next."

An Important Function.

The ship of state is fitted out.

With skipper and with crew.

'Midst the machine they're placed about.

Each with his part to do.

And when affairs require a tone.

Which instant head can win,

The orator's the megaphone.

That sounds about the din.

A Studied Explanation.

"Will you be able to explain your attitude on the tariff?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.

"I'll have my explanation ready when the time comes. But I'll wait till my constituents are interested in other things, and will carefully make it a little hard to understand."

Worse.

"So your marriage was a failure," said the sympathetic friend.

"Worse than that," answered the man who was writing a check for money. "It was bankruptcy."

A Town Terror.

Perhaps you've heard of ol' Tom Binks. The man "at says jes' what he thinks. He's gathered fame both far an' wide: His frankness is his special pride."

He points out all the faults he sees an' chides our little vanities.

Whenever anything goes wrong

His comment is both prompt an' strong.

But greatness has its price to pay.

The mountain peaks so far away

In their communion with the sky

Are cold. No flowers blossom nigh.

When he comes walkin' down the street

He hears no welcomes echoin' sweet.

Folks frown an' whisper. "There's Tom Binks."

The man as says jes' what he thinks."