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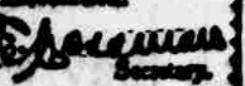
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## MUSCA DOMESTICA

The Merchants' Association of New York is responsible for a very interesting pamphlet on flies. The pamphlet contains forty-eight pages in the case of the people against the Common House Fly. On page 31 there is this little paragraph which is a sample of what the booklet contains.

"Hitherto the fly has been regarded complacently as a harmless nuisance and considered to be an annoying creature with great persistence and excessive familiarity. Regarded in the light of recent knowledge the fly is more dangerous than the tiger or the cobra. Worse than that, he is, at least in our climate, much more to be feared than the mosquito and may easily be classed, the world over, as the most dangerous animal on earth."

Now the average citizen will no doubt scoff at this, but when the actual facts are presented he cannot get away from the facts.

Bulletin 51 of the Agricultural Experiment Station located at Storrs, Connecticut, shows that one common house fly can carry 6,600,000 bacteria.

The method of obtaining these figures was exactly the method of dropping a fly into some milk.

You have sometimes seen flies drop into uncovered milk.

Think where you have seen flies and then ask yourself whether you want flies touching the food that you buy and the food prepared in your own home.

Typhoid fever is caused more from the carrying power of flies than by any other agency.

If there is no dirt and filth there will be no flies.

There will be fewer dead babies if there are no flies.

## THE WHITE MAN'S BURDENS

Madara Dhingari shot and killed Lieutenant Colonel Sir William Hutt Curson Wyllie.

Madara Dhingari is an Indian student, possessed of eyeglasses, patent leather shoes and up to the date when he shot and killed Sir William he was absorbing knowledge of the benevolent government at the expense of the aforesaid benevolent government.

(Sounds like Kipling, doesn't it?)

When in court Madara Dhingari emitted the following statements:

"I do not wish to say anything in defense of myself, but simply to prove the justice of my deed. As for myself, I do not think that an English law court has the power to arrest and detain me or to pass on me the sentence of death."

Thereupon Madara Dhingari becomes a hero—a patriot and his name is holy in all the bazaars of India.

At about the same period in the world's events the Meadow Brook club shipped their ponies over to England and cleaned up the "crack polo team of Little Britain." Thereupon the London Times said: "There is no longer any doubt that the Americans would beat any team in England. They have beaten us at a game which we used to consider our own, and by tactics which they have evolved for themselves."

Now of course there is a serious motive in dragging in the Meadow Brook club with their polo ponies which "can turn in full gallop on the rim of a quarter." But rather it is that sentence in the Times, "By tactics which they have evolved for themselves!"

Fancy! Only fancy, says the Times variety of Englishman "by tactics which they have evolved for themselves."

Madara Dhingari shot and killed Lieutenant Col. Sir William Hutt Curson Wyllie.

The game of Madara Dhingari is an old one.

For several years the game has

been played by the people of Hind. Usually in some back passage—a room in the wall of a city sits a woman—she has crimson lips and very black eyebrows and she is the ruler of many men. Then the time comes.

Anon there is a little revolution in the land. As it was in '57 so it was in '71 and it occasions some little difficulty to the Powers that be.

That very effective detective organization the Indian Ethnological Survey has stamped out all outward signs of revolution in India.

Hence the revolutionists go to London and carry on their work under the surveillance of the London Bobby. That is the safest place in the world to plot against the British government.

So it is that at the behest of some woman with bright eyes who sits behind a screen just off the bazaar at Benares—Madara shot and killed an English official.

That is for effect. India now knows that English officers can be killed.

Thereupon the rumor and the whole story goes out through India from bazaar to bazaar. There will be a little revolution soon.

In the meanwhile the London Times discourses sweetly, smugly, on the Meadowbrook polo victory "by methods which they evolved for themselves."

Madara Dhingari is a hero by a method which he evolved for himself and the London Times will doubtless pass the same comment on the revolution which is carefully being plotted within a stonethrow of its sanctum while the Bobby is given no authority to break it up and the Ethnological Survey chafes at the bit.

## Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Bingham's Removal.

From the New York Sun.

The people of the city are satisfied that Theodore A. Bingham was removed for political reasons. The vicious, the criminal and the unclean elements of the city population have accepted the removal as the proclamation not merely of pardon but of permission—of license to return to all the older and hateful conditions. They have already begun to act upon this assumption. The same suspicion is manifest among the mass of respectable citizens. Both may be wrong. If they are a regrettable incident may be closed without ultimate political consequences. If they are not, it is out of such stuff political campaigns and popular uprisings spring to success.

From the New York Tribune.

Police Commissioner Baker takes pains to inform the public that he is not a friend of Senator McCarron. But what earthly difference does it make whose friend Mr. Baker is? He has carried out the orders which is generally agreed would have reduced Gen. Bingham to a figurehead, and it is certain that Baker is no more important than Bingham would have been if he had obeyed those orders. Mr. Baker is a cipher. He may represent the Ahkoond of Swat in the police department for all the public cares. Let him save his breath. There is a man "higher up" in the department, with headquarters at the city hall. Mr. Baker is simply the man who was ready to be the figurehead that Gen. Bingham would not be.

From the New York World.

New York's police force is now completely in the hands of a weak and unstable mayor and at the mercy of all the political influences to which he is susceptible. Every man in the department knows it. If Mr. Baker were the most competent policeman in the world he could not command the respect and confidence of the men, for they all understand clearly that the thing which counts is "pull" with the political bosses that sway the mayor. If these bosses had enough influence with Mr. McClellan to "break" Bingham they have enough influence to "break" any other man on the force who tries to do his duty. All that has been accomplished during the last three years in the way of divorcing the police from politics is now undone. The mayor, like a peevish, irresponsible boy, has wantonly destroyed the most creditable achievement of his term.

From the New York World.

Since its discovery one year ago, possum, the new skin remedy, has, in its extraordinary accomplishments, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the eminent specialist who gave it to the world. It has cured thousands of cases of eczema and eradicated facial and other disfigurements of years' standing. The terrible itching attending eczema is stopped with the first application, giving proof of its curative properties at the very outset.

In less serious skin afflictions, such as pimples, rash, herpes, blackheads, acne, barber's itch, etc., results show after an overnight application, only a small quantity being required to effect a cure. Those who use possum for these minor skin troubles can now avail themselves of the special 50-cent package, recently adopted to meet such needs. Both the 50-cent package and the regular \$2 jar may now be obtained in Richmond at W. H. Sudhoff's and other leading drug stores.

Samples for experimental purposes may be had free of charge by writing direct to the Emergency Laboratories, 32 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York City.

The Lawyer and His Mire.

At a conference in New York of foreign missions boards reference was made to the increased cost of living of missionaries home on leave, which made it harder for them to get along than if they stayed in their foreign field of labor.

"Why," said the speaker, "a missionary must travel deceptively, and that reminds me of a story of Mr. Spurgeon and a fellow clergyman. The two were just starting on a railway journey and Mr. Spurgeon's friend showed him a second class ticket."

"See," said he, "what good care I take of the Lord's money."

"I understand you tried to work the third degree on a Chinaman."

"Yes," answered the New York detective. "It was a fearful ordeal."

"Did the prisoner weaken?"

"No. But the police are on the verge of insomnia and nervous prostration."

An Unexpected Result.

"See," said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, "what good care I take of the Lord's servant."

"Youth's Companion."

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Tuesday, July 13.—Called meeting Richmond Lodge No. 196 F. & A. M. Work in the Entered Apprentice degree.

Saturday, July 17.—Loyal Chapter No. 49 O. E. S., stated meeting.

Doctors' Disagreements.

"My doctor has me puzzled," said the hypochondriac. "He said I must

be sure to get plenty of fresh air and sunshine."

"That should be easy."

"Yes. But he forgot his first prescription and told me to shun all possible drafts and keep in the shade."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "can't lay by a little money for a rainy day wifout bein' fooled by de fust sprinklin' east dat turns de corner."

## GREAT APPLAUSE WAS WELCOME SEN. BEVERIDGE

(Continued From Page One.)

the rate goes beyond what honest protection requires it ceases to be protection and becomes excess, and excess throughout the history of the world and in the life of individuals is the only thing that ever destroyed a man or destroyed a policy.

I have found in ten years' experience that whenever any great and wrongful business organization is attacked and made to do justice to the people, some person rises to defend it; never in its name, but always in the name of the farmer or the cattle raiser or the poor laboring man, or somebody else.

Now, we said, "while you have a tariff on the steer itself (that is one), you have a tariff upon the meat (that is two), and you have a tariff on the hair of the hide (that is three), and you have a tariff on the beef's blood (that is four); that is enough. Why put a tariff on the hide also?" They said, "Because it will add more to what the farmer gets for it."

Great Controversy.

We said: "How can that be, in view of the fact that the Beef Trust fixes the price of the beef and pays the farmer as little as it can?" Why don't you put a tariff on the horns also? If you make shoes out of the hides, you make buttons out of the horns."

And so there was a great controversy. In the senate we were beaten—not on the merits of the case, but because four votes for this schedule there, and four votes for the other schedule yester, and six votes for that other schedule in the distance all stood together for each schedule, and as I said in debate with Senator Aldrich, there wasn't one of them that could have stood upon their own feet and fought the thing out that way.

Could Not Foresee End.

I did not know how this fight was going to turn out in the public mind when I began it. I have been in public life long enough to know that the man who takes his stand (especially a man who is known as a conservative man, as I think I have always been) against the powers that prevail, against, for example, the American Tobacco Company, with its \$400,000,000 capital; the American Woolen Company, the Beef Trust and others, it is not certain that he will have the people's applause at once, but whether I had it or whether I didn't have it, and I speak for all of the ten that stood and fought and voted and went down together—I knew that we believed that we had served you and all the American people beneath the flag. And now, to know that you think so gives me the deepest satisfaction of my life. It confirms me in the belief, in which I sometimes grow faint-hearted, in popular government, that the people are smarter than the politicians and interests and that they know what is best for them.

Governor Silent.

Nothing else was considered at the time of the investigation. All of the unsupported rumors were disregarded. Just what these were the governor does not say, but it is said in his office that if the republican newspapers that have been digging at him in the matter keep it up he will be forced to make the whole story public.

"Some of Whittaker's fool friends who are roasting the governor through their newspapers had better talk with Whittaker before they print so much about the case," it was said at the governor's office. "Then if they wish to print these things let them do it. They are printing stuff now about things they know nothing about, and they ought to find out the truth before they rush to the defense of Whittaker."

Very Irritating.

The most irritating instance of this kind of newspaper criticism, it is said, is that that has been carried on in the Marion Chronicle, of which Col. Geo. B. Lockwood, is the editor. Whittaker was appointed by Governor Durbin as superintendent of the reformatory and Lockwood was private secretary to Governor Durbin at the time. This, it is pointed out, may account for Lockwood's interest in the case.

The governor says he regards the Whittaker case as a closed incident unless Whittaker's friends choose to re-open it. Only one chapter remains, so far as the governor is concerned, and that is that the public accounting board will make thorough inspection of the books and accounts of the institution within a short time.

"Ruh-rub-rub! Rah-rab! Zip!" yelled Tommy.

"Why did you do that, sir?" asked his father sternly.

"That fellow started it," said Tommy, abashed, pointing to the trainman, who had just called out the name of a station.—Buffalo Express.

"See," said he, "what good care I take of the Lord's money."

"See," said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, "what good care I take of the Lord's servant."

"Youth's Companion."

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## MARSHALL SORE ABOUT ATTACKS MADE UPON HIM

Dislikes Statements of Some Papers That He Should Make Clear His Motive in Whittaker Case.

## HE DENIES POLITICS ENTERS INTO AFFAIR

Governor Says That Only Report Reaching Him Which He Investigated Was the Charge Placed on Paper.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 13.—Governor Marshall has been considerably nettled by a few republican papers of the state that have been "shooting it into him" in connection with the case of W. H. Whittaker, former superintendent of the reformatory at Jeffersonville. Not many, but a few, of the papers in the state, have been insisting that if there is anything back of the whole business that has not been made public, the governor has been playing politics in the case and that the real cause for Whittaker's resignation has not been made public. They have said that there was something below the surface that had not been told.

Was on a Farm.

The governor heard some of these things while he was out on the farm last week, and when he arrived home he was pretty sore over some of the things said about him in connection with the cause. He denies that politics had anything to do with the resignation of Whittaker or the investigation of the reformatory rumors.

And so there was a great controversy. In the senate we were beaten—not on the merits of the case, but because four votes for this schedule there, and four votes for the other schedule yester, and six votes for that other schedule in the distance all stood together for each schedule, and as I said in debate with Senator Aldrich, there wasn't one of them that could have stood upon their own feet and fought the thing out that way.

One of the blind men took the elephant by the ears and, passing his hand over them, said, "The elephant is wide and flat like a pancake."

Another put his hand on the creature's trunk and said: "You are mistaken, brother. The elephant is round and round and tapers to a point