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— and Sun-Telegram

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DOING SOME!

The Manufacturer's Record of Bal-
timore has been projecting itself into
the future trying to spell something
out of the afterword.Coming as it does on the tide of the
operations of the Optimists Club its
observations are at least worth read-
ing.Basing the rate of increase during
the next 10 years upon the average of
the last 18 years, our population in
1918 would be over 106,000,000, against
87,000,000 last year. On the same
basis, the total wealth of the country,
estimated now at about \$129,000,000,-
000, would then be upwards of \$200,-
000,000,000; or, in other words, the
gain in the next ten years would be
about \$70,000,000,000, or \$5,000,000,000
more than the total wealth of the
country in 1890, or nearly 80 per cent.
as much as the total wealth of 1900.
Considering the marvelous resources
of the country and the limitless possi-
bilities of development, it is not at all
unreasonable to forecast that the
growth of the next 10 years will equal
in percentage the rate of growth dur-
ing the last 18.

PARADISE ENOW

Even Mr. Aldrich is in favor of the
thermometer being revised down-
wards. But in reality there is nothing
the matter with the weather. The
fault is in the one thousand and one
things that the human animal thinks
it necessary to put around his body.We read of the idyllic existence of
Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden
—there was nothing the matter with
the weather then—the trouble only
began after the latest fashions of fig
aprons were introduced. As long as
Adam lay around under the fig tree in
the shade instead of putting on his
fig leaf collar, his fig leaf necklace,
his grapevine suspenders and hung a
peach stone necklace around his neck
to fight off the rheumatism every
thing was bright and shining.The New York Sun has been muck-
raking against the use of under-
clothes. This is undoubtedly all right
if the genus Homo insists on wearing
all his accouterment on Fifth
avenue—but we would point out that in
the tropics, underclothes are worn by the
nisiest people without any thing else.A wise providence and modesty has
put certain regulations on our wear-
ing apparel—police regulations. But
with a little ingenuity much may be
accomplished. The scientists inform
us that this is criminal weather
abounding in suicide and man slay-
ster.But don't blame the weather—it
makes the corn grow. Keep the Ad-
am's apple free and all will be para-
dise now.

FUTILE FLABBERGASTING

We know not if it be the warm
sophy of Hanly on the Chautauqua
platform breezing through the Aeolian
Chin Whiskers of his Press Agent.
Small difference—it may as well be.
But from the Invisible into the Some-
where comes the tale along the waff-
ing wireless of the warm air currents
that our old friend Hanly is contem-
plating being a candidate for U. S.
senator and failing in that that he will
be a candidate for governor.

Pax vobiscum!

Also Pax nobis.

It is a good advertisement.

Long may the double flags of Hanly
wave in the Chautauqua Salute.A much discerning public will no
doubt see why Hanly should be given
the senatorship; also why Beveridge
should be turned down. Beveridge as
is well known has done nothing for
the people of Indiana. It is Hanly,
not Beveridge who has accomplished
things in a great struggle which has
just begun.

No doubt in recognition to the ser-

vices to the Republican party and to
his friends, Hanly will be nominated
with loud acclaim.In all seriousness the Anti-Saloon
league could do nothing more suicidal
than to tie up with Hanly. And
for a very simple reason. About the
time that he had gotten all that there
was for J. Frank he would be doing
the will of the wisp act in search of
something from someone else.

All hail the gentle Zephyr.

THE MELLIFLUOUS CHOCOLATE
DROPWe forget which of the schedules in
the tariff it is—but it is there none the
less—the tariff on chocolate drops.The Baltimore Sun has declared for
the free and unlimited coinage of
Chocolate Drops.We have not had time to look up
and see which Senatorial and Confe-
ctionary Child has caused all this
trouble. Is it Uncle Joe? We fear so.
Uncle Joe has been eating tobacco for
so long we believe that he must have
forgotten his taste for chocolate
creams. Or perhaps it was Sereno the
Great—for we are loathe to put ever-
thing off on our best beloved Nels Ald-
rich.But "won't you please remove your
tariff from off our candy box?" That is
the way to talk to the Conference
Committee.Has it gotten to the point that we
encourage race suicide by withdraw-
ing all inducement to a babe in arms
to arrive at the age when he can
munch a chocolate drop?To Anxious Enquirer: No Geraldine,
Mr. Taft is working over time to in-
sure the bon-bon a long life and a
happy one.Items Gathered in
From Far and Near

Sordid Smuggling.

From the New York World.—Times
were when the career of the smuggler
carried with it all the glamour of ro-
mance. The pebbly beach, the moon-
less night, the signal upon the head-
land, muffled oars, the whispered
command, "Pull away, my hearties,"
the silent landing of the wine casks
and the bales of silk and lace, the
click of the horse's hoof on the flint,
a sudden rush of the excise men from
their concealment in the rocks, the
cutting loose of the horses, the flying
escape, and Direk the smuggler is be-
yond pursuit. These were the con-
comitants of the old-time drama.Those days are no more. The tax-
dodger is not a picturesque figure.Smuggling has dropped to dead level
of sordidness. To say that smuggling
is largely a woman's offense is to
advise an easily maintained proposition.Dodging government claims is not
a matter of sex. But mental atti-
tudes differ. The male smuggler is
the more conscious offender of the
two. He will more readily admit the
force of the argument that revenue
must be raised for public expenses
and it may be to protect home indus-
tries, likewise that it is only fair to
tax objects of luxury at a higher rate
than necessities.

Don't Forget How to Walk.

From the Baltimore Sun.—The tro-
ley car, the automobile and the train
have made transportation so easy that
people seldom walk any more. They
ride to business, to the theater, the
store, the resort, from the country in-
to town, from one street to another,
until walking has become almost a
lost art. In a generation or two more
we will forget how to use our legs.
Man is by nature a walking animal.
He was never made to sit still and be
swifly moved from place to place.
And he is beginning to show the re-
sults of failure to use the motor muscles.
He is becoming too fat and
pudgy, and no small portion of his ill
health might be traced to this failure
to develop his muscles and use his
physical faculties.

TWINKLES

(By Philander Johnson)

Simple Fervor.

"What I long to hear," said the man
with a "Prince Albert" coat and a
turn-down collar, "is some of the fer-
vid eloquence that used to echo
through the halls of legislation.""Well," rejoined Senator Surpren-
t, "you ought to drop into the cloak-
room some day and hear us statesmen
discussing the weather.""Dar is some men," said Uncle Eben
"who is such natural-born bullies dat
dey regards common politeness as a
sign dat you is afraid of 'em."

Molding a Future.

"What kind of a career have you
mapped out for your boy Josh?""I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him,"
answered Farmer Corntosel. "He's
got an unconquerable fancy fur tendin'
to other folks' business, an' he might
as well git paid fur it."

Sportive Prospects.

"You have settled a liberal allow-
ance on your titled son-in-law?""I have," answered Mr. Cumrox.
"Do you think he can manage to
keep out of debt?""I dunno about that. One of us is
bound to feel more or less pinched.
Which it is will probably depend on
whether I can persuade him to play
poker or he can persuade me to try
baccarat."

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Wednesday Evening, July 21.—
Wobb Lodge No. 24, F. & A. M. Stat-
ed meeting.HIS SUPPORTERS
LAND THE PLUMSenator Beveridge Forgets
Opposition in Naming
Census Officers.

IS CAUSING A DISCUSSION

IT WAS THOUGHT SENIOR SEN-
ATOR WOULD NAME LEADERS OF
OTHER FACTION FOR THE FED-
ERAL "PLUMS."

DROPPED THE "TUB."

And Like a Good Girl Pronounced the
Word Correctly.W. S. Gilbert contributed an amus-
ing article on "Actors and Authors" to
a program of the London Drury Lane
theater. The following extract will
be read with appreciation:The author's greatest difficulty lies in
the necessity of directing an actor's
attention to an obvious mispronuncia-
tion—a feat that must be achieved
without humiliating the actor in the
presence of his professional brethren.Many years ago I was engaged in
rehearsing a burlesque, and a very
clever young lady had to sing the comp-
letet:

In dubitably if you do

It will be the worse for you.

The clever young lady, whose pro-
nunciation was not always beyond re-
proach, delivered the lines thus:

In dubitably if you do

It will be the worse for you.

This, of course, would not do, so I
determined to alter the word to "in-
evitably." The young lady agreed that
the alteration greatly improved the
verse, but she was not to be deprived
of her "tub," so she sang it:

In inevitability if you do

It will be the worse for you.

This was just as bad, so I made it
"unquestionably," and, of course, it
came out:

Unquestionably if you do

It will be the worse for you.

I could think of no other word that
would answer the purpose, so, as a
last resource, I said to her:Do you think it is advisable to give
the word its French accent?"

How do you mean?"

"Why, 'unquestionably'—that's the
way it is pronounced in Paris. In ad-
dressing an English audience perhaps
the simple English version of the word
would be better. Try it, at all events,
'unquestionably,' 'a' instead of 'u'."'Unquestionably' would be all very
well for the stalls, but the gallery
wouldn't understand it.""Of course," she said, "the English
accent would certainly be more appro-
priate."And she sang it "unquestionably"
like the good girl that she was—Argo-
naut.

A TUSK HUNTER'S ESCAPE.

Close a Call a Native Really
Thought Himself Dead.Hunting elephants for their tusks in-
volves courage, patience and infinite
cunning. Frequently the hunter be-
comes the hunted, and the tables may
be turned fatally. A writer in Mc-
Clure's Magazine tells of an escape,
vouched for by an Indian dealer who
never lied about anything and who
claims to have seen this deliverance
exactly as he reported it."Some natives were hunting elephants
in the neighborhood of Lake Rudolph,
and he was with them for the purpose of
trading cotton cloth for ivory. Ele-
phants like old bunch grass that has
become dry like hay, and a herd of them,
attracted by "dry grazing," as it is
called, came suddenly within an
eighth of a mile of the camp.One native named Juma, from the
coast, an unskilled hunter, observing
that the wind was in such a direction
that it blew news of the herd to him
rather than blowing his whereabouts
to the knowledge of the herd, ran out in
the open with his rifle and aimed at
short range at a powerful creature
which was watering a straggling
shrub with water he had taken in his
trunk from the pond.Once hit, the elephant was corre-
spondingly furious and rushed at
Juma after a deliberate scrutiny of
the immediate foreground to discover
where his assailant stood, he tore along,
crazy with rage, toward the shaking
savage.Juma, with an oriental's instinct of
prostration before such an overwhelm-
ing force, merely threw himself flat
upon the ground.The elephant rushed completely over
him, but by accident left him safe,
although choked and blinded with the
disturbed and sandy soil. The great
feet cleared him, and the tusks missed
him.Almost twenty-four hours passed be-
fore Juma dared believe himself alive
and sound, and for the first twelve
hours after the excitement he spoke of
himself only in the past tense, as of
one dead.

The Clothesline Test.

"Let me see her clothes on the line,"
said an old fashioned woman recently.
"and I can tell if she is a good house-
keeper." The test lies in the way the
garments are hung. If the shirts are
scattered around promiscuously on
the woman's table overnight. The shirts
like we men, should always hang
together, shoulder to shoulder, and ev-
erything of its kind should hang in a
row.—Atchison Globe.

Not Desired.

Having at enormous pains got her
length, breadth and thickness about
right, the woman heaved a sigh of re-
lief. "No fourth dimension in mine, if
you please," she exclaimed with un-
mistakable feeling.Some aver that the feminine mind
is not attracted by metaphysics any-
way!—Exchange.

Out in the Rain.

It is particularly aggravating when
you get caught in the rain with your
new hat to see by the official weather
report that the precipitation was only
six one-hundredths of an inch.—Ohio
State Journal.Idleness makes such slow progress
that misery easily catches it at the
first turning of the roadway.THERE IS NOT A GOOD WOMAN
IN WAYNE COUNTYWho can afford to miss the educa-
tional lecture given by Dr. Sarah
Goodwin, of Chicago, in the Grace M.
E. church, corner 10th and N. A.
Thursday, July 22nd, at 2:30 P. M.
Free. To ladies only. Subject: "The
House in Which We Live."

20-21

At a marriage service in Budapest the
bride was so overcome by emotion
that when about to give her ascent
her false teeth dropped out.

EMMONS TAILORING CO.

ENLARGE THEIR BUSINESS—
ELECTRIC PRESSING SYS-
TEM INSTALLED.Emmons Tailoring Co. have enlarged
their business. In addition to the
large and fine line of suiting they
make at \$15 and \$18, they have added
an extra fine line of imported Suits
that they will make up at \$22.