

**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 Ninth and A streets.  
Home Phone 1212.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Frederick G. Lord, Managing Editor.  
Charles M. Morris, Manager.  
W. H. Pendleton, News Editor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS  
One year, in advance \$5.00  
Six months, in advance \$2.50  
One month, in advance \$1.00

RURAL ROUTES  
One year, in advance \$2.50  
Six months, in advance \$1.25  
One month, in advance 50¢

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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  
acknowledged by the Association.

T. J. Doremus,  
Secretary.

Items Gathered in  
From Far and Near

Help for Liberia.

It is announced that the three commissioners recently sent to Liberia to inquire into conditions and to recommend a scheme of alleviation are now hard at work upon their report. We were gratified, of course, to know that the commissioners were able after a few weeks of investigation to make a list of the troubles that beset this foreign republic and to indicate a road to convalescence. The fact that the United States has no sort of right to interfere nobler and more creditable. Naturally, pending the appearance of the report, we are left entirely to conjecture, but if it be true, as hinted by the collectors of various leaks at the source of information, that Liberia wants to borrow some of our officials to rehabilitate the governmental machinery and perhaps keep it in running order ever after, we know of several cabinet officers who could extend a helping hand in that direction. Anything in the line of school teachers also we might furnish if properly approached. Possibly in a rapture of liberality we could let them have the civil service commission with its entire equipment of examiners, experts, secret service men, etc., and if we should conclude to drown Liberia in opulence there are the field parties of the Department of Agriculture repeating the work of the census and the geological survey, which we could bestow and actually make money in the operation.

The Lady Congressman.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. Clubwomen of Denver have determined and announced that two years hence, Colorado, by virtue of the votes of women, will send a woman as an elected delegate to the National House of Representatives. If Uncle Joe continues in 1811 to act as moderator in the deliberative sessions of the House, and if the lady from Colorado is there to be moderated, it will be indeed a picturesque juxtaposition. Uncle Joe is far famed for his politeness where the fair sex is concerned. He will be sure to see that Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, or whoever it may be, is conceded the last word in any discussion, and he will not venture to become vituperative or even unduly vehement in the restraining presence of femininity. It is to be feared that the claws of the congressional lion will be clipped, and that to please the lady—and the thousands of other ladies whom she represents—he will roar as gently as any sucking dove. The effect of the election of a perfect lady to the House of Representatives could only be for the general spiritual and ethical elevation of the members of that body—and especially the Speaker of the House. In fact, if not in name, the lady is likely to wrest from "Speaker" Cannon that titular distinction.

The Hudson Tunnel.

From the New York World. Engineers forty years ago scouted the idea of a tunnel under the Hudson. Today it is an accomplished fact, though it is still wonderful and will remain so for fully nine days in New York. After that it will be a matter of course.

A Tip for Tennessee.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Having prohibited liquor, Tennessee should try to prohibit feuds and give the population a chance to grow.

Just a Bourbon.

From the Portland Press. It is reported that Don Jaime, the new carlist pretender, will continue the hopeless game. He is one of the Bourbons, and it is proverbial that the Bourbons learn nothing and forget nothing.

TWINKLES

Disadvantage.

"Don't you realize that you are financially handicapped by bad roads?" "Of course we realize it," answered Farmer Corntassel. "No automobile dares travel fast enough to give us an excuse for collecting a fine."

Grudging Praise.

"Did the critics say anything favorable."

able about your performance of Hamlet?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "They admitted that I had selected a pretty good play."

Merry Sunshine.

The merry sunshine I admire,  
But merriment will sometimes tire.  
When days of summer heat intrude  
Its humor seems a trifle crude.

Explained.

"Why must we settle so much  
money on our titled son-in-law?" asked  
Mr. Cumrox.

"Men never understand those  
things," answered his wife. "His an-  
cestral pride positively demands that he  
be removed from danger of humili-  
ation by looking like a poor relation."

One Thing Lacking.

When dad goes fishin' we prepare  
To listen with the closest care  
To all his efforts to describe  
The marvels of the finny tribe.  
We'll hear with wonder and dismay  
Of big ones that all got away.  
We'll always complimentin' dad  
About the fish he almost had.

Like some great chieftain of his race  
Who has been following the chase.  
When he comes home, by one and all,  
He's met with many a welcome call.  
And soon upon the board is spread  
The meal—potatoes, meat and bread;  
We have all things that taste could wish  
Excepting one—there is no fish.

BODY'S RELIGION  
WAS HIS SUBJECT

Dr. Thurston Delivered Inter-  
esting Address.

The first of a series of lectures by  
Dr. J. M. Thurston was delivered at  
the meeting of the men's meeting at  
the parish house of St. Paul's Episco-  
pal church last evening. Dr. Thurston's  
subject was "The Religion of the  
Body." There was a large number  
present who were very much interested  
in Dr. Thurston's talk. Lectures will  
be delivered each Wednesday evening.  
The subjects of the remaining lectures  
by Dr. Thurston are "Face to Face  
Talks," and "Practical Religion of the  
Body."

COURT. . . . .

Luxury That Greets the Passengers on  
an Atlantic Liner.

The luxury of ocean travel has  
reached such a state of perfection that  
the land bred and timid passengers may  
almost delude themselves into think-  
ing that they are still on shore when  
they are in the middle of the ocean.

When the luncheon bugle sounds you  
go in to tidy your hair. The sun is  
shining in through your window or a  
least one of the windows, for there  
is a in your drawing room, one in  
the bathroom and one in the bedroom  
beyond. Your drawing room—while it  
might be in the Winter palace. Nice  
for all the resemblance it bears to  
ship's cabin—is furnished in old gold  
and white. A soft carpet of old gold  
a sofa piled luxuriously with cushion-  
several chairs, a table, a wonderful  
equipped desk, on which rests a dro-  
light, are at your disposal. You stop  
moment to admire the panels and  
etchings and the hangings, which are  
embroidered with drooping wisteria  
faint green. An electric grate fire  
with a genuine mantel, leads an air of  
spaciousness to the room. You notice  
that your gowns have been hung in  
one closet and your blouses in another  
and that shoes, slippers, umbrella, etc.  
have been carefully stowed away in  
places provided for them.

The third day out, if the weather is  
fine, is the social height of the trip.  
The ship's type are by this time all  
fully developed. The bridge fenders  
have become known to each other, and  
they never leave their game except for  
meals. There is the usual contingent  
that each morning comes around to  
tell you how early they were on deck.  
You have stood at the prow and  
watched the schools of dolphins jumping  
straight for the ship, you have  
rushed excitedly to the rail to watch a  
passing steamer with which your ves-  
sel exchanged salutes by running up  
innumerable little flags, and you have  
marveled at the and birds that al-  
ways follow the ship across, and per-  
haps you ask the steward to set out  
some fresh water and a plate of  
crusts for them.

If you enjoy spontaneous vaudeville  
the hour in the ship's gymnasium will  
be your regular rendezvous every  
morning, and aside from the fun which  
you will have in watching the others  
perform unaccustomed stunts on the  
frisky camel, the spirited horse or with  
the vibrators you will receive direct  
benefit from the exercises, which are  
the best thing to be recommended for  
the maintenance of sea legs.—Harriet  
Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

An Elephant Experience.

A friend of mine told me of a curi-  
ous experience. He was carefully  
stalking a big bull elephant in a large  
herd, when they got his wind, and a big  
cow elephant charged him. He  
jumped behind a large tree as the  
elephant reached him, and, being un-  
able to stop herself in time, the ele-  
phant drove her tusks with such force  
into the trunk of the tree that she  
snapped off close to her head. The  
elephant was stunned for a moment,  
but quickly turned and galloped after  
the fast retreating herd, leaving him  
the possessor of some eighty pounds  
of ivory valued at about \$250.—Circle  
Magazine.

Taking It Too Literally.

"What do you mean, sir," roared an  
irate father to a rejected suitor for the  
hand of his daughter, "by bringing  
your portmanteau to my house and  
ordering a room?"

"I'm adopted as one of the family,"  
answered the young man coolly. "Your  
daughter said she would be a sister to  
me!"

Mrs. Alligall.

"Who's the woman who calls every  
day to use our telephone?"

"The one who complained because  
our children take a short cut through  
her yard on their way to school."—  
Cleveland Leader.

Cause and Effect.

The Earl of Ennul (dreamily)—Wish  
I just had er million and ten years  
ahead of me. Baron Beating—Well,  
you grab the million and you'll get the  
ten years all right, all right.—Puck.

He who reforms, God assists.—Span-  
ish Proverb.

**U. S. SENATOR VS.****PULLMAN PORTER**

Solon Vindicated in Baltimore  
Police Court for Hitting  
A Negro.

**MAN WAS TOO IMPUDENT**

AND THE JUDGE RULED THAT  
STONE HAD RIGHT TO AS-  
SAULT HIM AND INFORM HIM  
HE WAS "A BLACK DOG."

Baltimore, Md., July 29.—Declaring  
that the assault was justifiable, Police  
Magistrate Eugene Grannan dismissed  
the charge against Senator William J.  
Stone of Missouri, of having assaulted  
Lawrence G. Brown, a waiter on a  
Pennsylvania railroad train. Justice  
Grannan said:

"Senator Stone, I have traveled a  
great deal in my time. I can fully ap-  
preciate the treatment that you re-  
ceived at the hands of Brown, who, it  
has been shown, was discourteous in  
the extreme. I feel that you had suffi-  
cient provocation, and that you were  
absolutely justified in reprimanding  
and striking Brown. I dismiss you."

The crowd applauded until the Mag-  
istrate rapped sharply for order.

Senator Stone was surrounded by  
congratulating friends, among them  
being Murray Vandover, the treasurer  
of Maryland and other prominent  
politically here as he left the station  
where he had spent a most uncomfort-  
able hour or two last night.

And Gave Him a Ride.

The case which brought to the bar of  
the central station perhaps its most  
distinguished prisoner, grew out of  
an incident of the trip Tuesday of  
Senator Stone from Philadelphia to  
that night when a policeman of the  
Pennsylvania railroad entered his car  
and placing him under arrest sent the  
senator to the station house in the  
patrol wagon, accompanied by Brown,  
who charged the senator with having  
assaulted him.

Senator Stone and his counsel took  
their places in the ordinary prisoner's  
dock when the case was called.

At this point an attorney for the  
Pennsylvania railroad and the Pull-  
man company requested that the case  
be dismissed, saying that neither of  
the companies he represents desired to  
press the charge.

Brown, being the complainant, was  
asked by the magistrate whether he  
desired to prosecute the case and he  
replied:

"I do; I insist on his being tried."

Heard the Testimony.

Senator Stone took a deep interest in  
the proceedings as one witness after  
another gave their testimony.

James Owen the cook on the buffet  
car, said there was some trouble over  
the serving of an order to the senator  
and that he heard the latter threaten  
to shoot and kill the "black dog," as  
Owens expressed it. He added that  
Brown had delivered the food intended  
for the senator to some one else by  
mistake.

Brown testified that Senator Stone  
used very abusive language to him in  
connection with the order, saying, "I  
was shocked at what he said; 'dead I  
was. Then he struck me right in my  
mouth."

One Use for Matches.

A clerk in the black goods depart-  
ment of a Broadway store put a box  
of safety matches in his pocket before  
leaving home.

"They'll come in handy for my cus-  
tomers," he said, "not to light cigars  
or cigarettes—my customers don't  
smoke in the store—but to test the  
goods they buy. No doubt their trick  
is antediluvian. Eve may have tested  
fig leaves just that way in the garden  
of Eden for all I know; but, no matter  
how old fashioned it makes a person  
seem, there are plenty of women who  
will not buy a piece of cloth without  
setting a lighted match to one of the  
threads to see whether it burns or not.  
If the thread burns, the cloth is part  
cotton, and the shopper won't have it.  
If it doesn't burn, it's all wool, and she  
buys it."—New York Globe.

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stalking a big bull elephant in a large  
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**HE BROKE A SPRING.**

And the Owner of the Wagon Was  
Grateful For the Truth.

In a small southern Indiana town is  
a liverman who has ideas of his own  
about conducting his business.

Not long ago an Indianapolis drummer,  
known for his ability to get over  
ground in a hurry, had one of old  
Henry's rigs with which he drove to a  
neighboring town. Part of the way  
was over a corduroy road. The drummer's  
business detained him longer than he  
expected, and when he finally got back  
in the buggy for the return trip he found  
that he would have to drive some to catch a train.

He made the livery outfit scamper  
along the road at a lively pace. Finally,  
when he struck the corduroy road,  
he felt something snap and knew that  
he had broken a spring on the buggy.  
He saw visions of having to make  
the damage good to old Henry. When  
he reached the barn he jumped out and  
said:

"Henry, I broke a spring. How  
much do I owe you?"

"How did you break it, Gus?" asked  
the liverman.

"Driving like the dickens over a  
rough road," the drummer answered  
frankly.

"Then you don't owe me anything."

"Well, that's the