

COUNT CASOLINO ON HIS WARSHIP

Arrives at Washington, Casts
Anchor, and Pays Official Visit.

TO ENTERTAIN VISITORS

ITALIAN CRUISER'S MISSION WAS
TO ASSIST AMERICAN CRUISE
ERS IN INTERCEPTING PRESI-
DENT CASTRO.

Washington, July 30.—With the flag of Italy emblazoned with the coat of arms of the reigning house of Savoy flying at the fore, the cruiser Etruria is riding at anchor off the arsenal at Washington barracks. About 10 o'clock this morning the signals were flown that the commander, Count M. Leonardi de Casolino, was about to appear on deck to enter his launch, and several moments thereafter he entered the little craft and sped away to the arsenal to pay his respects to the commandant there. He was uniformed in white and wore side arms. He was not attended. This was the first official ceremony of the cruiser's contemplated ten day visit.

Aft, the ship's washing was strung in the sun and sailors were busy painting the ship from blue to war gray. Lieut. Alfonso Gastaldi, the officer of the day showed several newspaper men over the ship. As soon as the thorough cleaning which the ship is undergoing has been completed visitors will be welcomed on board. This work will probably be completed to day.

Want to See Wrights Fly.

All of the officers are pleased with the idea that they may see Orville Wright fly at Fort Myer. Lieut. Gastaldi spoke entertainingly this morning of Lieut. Caldara, the Italian army aeroplane operator, and expressed a special desire to see the Wright machine fly.

During their stay here the officers plan to call upon President Taft and other officials. A number started on a systematic tour of the city this morning. All admired the beauty of the national capital.

It came out this morning that the Italian government was equally as determined as the United States that Castro be kept from landing in Venezuela several months ago. As soon as it became known that the former president of Venezuela had sailed for South America, and that United States men-of-war were on the lookout to prevent him landing, the Etruria sailed from Montevideo to be on hand in Venezuela waters in case of emergency.

Was After Castro.

When Castro's ship sailed into Martinique the Etruria came into the harbor the following morning, and was greeted by three United States men-of-war. In the bay were a number of warships of other nations, all intent on keeping an eye on the former president.

The Etruria left Italy over two years ago, and since that time has been cruising in the Atlantic. Many of the ports in the southern states have been visited, including Galveston, Savannah and Charleston. From this city the ship will go to Baltimore and then to New York. She will continue her cruise in the Atlantic for about two years more before returning to Italy.

The vessel is equipped with a Marconi wireless system.

The members of the Italian society of Washington will hold a meeting within the next day or so to decide upon a program of entertainment for the visitors.

STREET IS AGAIN IN BAD CONDITION

North D Street Is Worn Into
Ruts.

North D street from Fort Wayne Ave. to the Doran bridge is again in a deplorable condition. The street is worn into ruts by the constant grinding of the wheels of heavily loaded wagons. The last time the street was worked over the road roller mashed down the cross walks. They never were built up again and now following each rain the place where the walks ought to be is marked by a pool of water. The street is absolutely impassable for bicyclists.

The Moose

BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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THE moose is the giant of all deer; and many hunters esteem it the noblest of American game. Beyond question there are few trophies more prized than the huge shovel horns of this strange dweller in the cold northern forests.

I shot my first moose after making several fruitless hunting trips with this special game in view. The season I finally succeeded it was only after having hunted two or three weeks in vain, among the Bitter Root Mountains and the ranges lying southeast of them.

I began about the first of September



We then dropped on hands and knees.

by making a trail with my old hunting friend Willis. We speedily found a country where there were moose, but of the animals themselves we never caught a glimpse.

The moose which lived in isolated, exposed localities were speedily killed or driven away after the incoming settlers; and at the time that we hunted we found no sign of them until we reached the region of continuous forest. Here, in a fortnight's hunting, we found as much sign as we wished, and plenty of it fresh; but the animals themselves we not only never saw, but we never so much as heard. Often after hours of careful still-hunting or cautious tracking, we found the footprints deep in the soft earth, showing where our quarry had waded or heard us, and had noiselessly slipped away from the danger. I began to think that this moose-hunt, like all my former ones, was doomed to end in failure.

However, a few days later I met a crabbled old trapper named Hank Griffin, who was going after beaver in the mountains, and who told me that if I would come with him he would show me moose. I jumped at the chance, and he proved as good as his word; though for the first two trials my ill luck did not change.

At the time that it finally did change we had at last reached a place where the moose were on favorable ground. A high, marshy valley stretched for several miles between two rows of stony mountains, clad with a forest of rather small fir-trees. This valley was covered with reeds, alders, and rank grass, and studded with little willow-bordered ponds and island-like clumps of spruce and graceful tamaracs.

Having surveyed the ground and found moose sign the preceding afternoon, we were up betimes in the cool morning to begin our hunt. Before sunrise we were posted on a rocky spur of the foot-hills, behind a mask of evergreens; ourselves unseen we overlooked all the valley, and we knew we could see any animal which might be either feeding away from cover or on its journey homeward from its feeding ground to its day-bed.

As it grew lighter we scanned the valley with increasing care and eagerness. The sun rose behind us; and almost as soon as it was up we made out some large beast moving among the dwarf willows beside a little lake half a mile in our front. In a few minutes the thing walked out where the bushes were thinner, and we saw that it was a young bull moose browsing on the willow tops. He had evidently nearly finished his breakfast, and he stood

tilly for some moments, now and then lazily cropping a mouthful of twig tips. Then he walked off with great strides in a straight line across the marsh, splashing among the wet water-plants, and ploughing through boggy spaces with the indifference begotten of vast strength and legs longer than those of any other animal on this continent.

After a while he reached a spruce island, through which he walked to and fro; but evidently could find therein no resting-place quite to his mind, for he soon left and went on to another. Here after a little wandering he chose a point where there was some thick young growth, which hid him from view when he lay down, though not when he stood. After some turning he settled himself in his bed just as a star would.

He could not have chosen a spot better suited for us. He was nearly at the edge of the morass, the open space between the spruce clump where he was lying and the rocky foot-hills being comparatively dry and not much over a couple of hundred yards broad; while some sixty yards from it, and between it and the hills, was a little hummock, tufted with firs, so as to afford us just the cover we needed. Keeping back from the edge of the morass we were able to walk upright through the forest, until we got the point where he was lying in a line with this little hummock. We then dropped on our hands and knees, and crept over the soft, wet sward, where there was nothing to make a noise.

At last we reached the hummock, and I got into position for a shot, taking a final look at my faithful 46-90 Winchester to see that all was in order. Peering cautiously through the shielding evergreens, I at first could not make out where the moose was lying, until my eye was caught by the motion of his big ears, as he occasionally flapped them lazily forward. Even then I could not see his outline; but I knew where he was, and having pushed my rifle forward on the moss, I snapped a dry twig to make him rise. My veins were thrilling and my heart beating with that eager, fierce excitement, known only to the hunter of big game, and forming one of the keenest and strongest of the many pleasures which with him go to make up "the wild joy of living."

As the sound of the snapping twig smote his ears the moose rose slowly to his feet, with a lightness on which one would not have reckoned in a beast so heavy of body. He stood broadside to me for a moment, his ungaily head slightly turned, while his ears twitched and his nostrils sniffed the air. Drawing a fine bead against his black hide, behind his shoulder and two thirds of his body's depth below his shaggy withers, I pressed the trigger. He neither flinched nor reeled, but started with his regular ground-covering trot through the spruces; yet I knew he was mine, for the light blood sprang from both of his nostrils, and he fell dying on his side before he had gone thirty rods.

Later in the fall I was again hunting among the lofty ranges which continue towards the southeast the chain of the Bitter Root, between Idaho and Montana. There were but two of us, and we were travelling very light, each having but one pack-pony and the saddle animal he bestrode. We were high among the mountains, and followed no regular trail. Hence our course was often one of extreme difficulty. Occasionally, we took our animals through the forest near timber line, where the slopes were not too steep; again we threaded our way through a line of glades, or skirted the foot-hills, an open, park country; and now and then we had to cross stretches of tangled mountain forest, making but a few miles a day, at the cost of incredible toil, and accomplishing even this solely by virtue of the wonderful docility and sure-footedness of the ponies, and of my companion's skill with the axe and thorough knowledge of woodcraft.

Late one cold afternoon we came out in a high alpine valley in which there was no sign of any man's having ever been before us. Down its middle ran a clear brook. On each side was a belt of thick spruce forest, covering the lower flanks of the mountains. The trees came down in points and isolated clumps to the brook, the banks of which were thus bordered with open glades, rendering the travelling easy and rapid.

Soon after starting up this valley we entered a beaver meadow of considerable size. It was covered with lush, rank grass, and the stream wound through it rather sluggishly in long curves, which were fringed by a thick growth of dwarfed willows. In one or two places it broadened into small ponds, bearing a few lily-pads. This meadow had been all tramped up by moose. Trails led hither and thither through the grass, the willow twigs were cropped off, and the muddy banks of the little black ponds were indented by hoof-marks. Evidently most of the lilies had been plucked. The footprints were unmistakable; a moose's foot is longer and slimmer than a caribou's, while on the other hand it is much larger than an elk's, and a longer oval in shape.

Most of the sign was old, this high alpine meadow, surrounded by snow mountains, having clearly been a favorite resort for moose in the summer; but some enormous, fresh tracks told that one or more old bulls were still frequenting the place.

The light was already fading, and, of course, we did not wish to camp where we were, because we would then certainly scare the moose. Accordingly we pushed up the valley for another mile, through an open forest, the ground being quite free from underbrush and dead timber, and covered with a carpet of thick moss, in which the feet sank noiselessly. Then we

came to another beaver-meadow, which offered fine feed for the ponies. On its edge we hastily pitched camp, just at dusk. We tossed down the packs in a dry grove, close to the brook, and turned the tired ponies loose in the meadow, hobbling the little mare that carried the bell. The ground was smooth. We threw a cross-pole from one to the other of two young spruces, which happened to stand handily, and from it stretched and pegged out a piece of canvas, which we were using as a shelter tent. Beneath this we spread our bedding, laying out the canvas sheets in which it had been wrapped. There was still bread left over from yesterday's baking, and in a few moments the kettle was boiling, and the frying-pan sizzling, while one of us skinned and out into suitable pieces two grouse we had knocked over on our march. For fear of frightening the moose we built but a small fire, and went to bed soon after supper, being both tired and cold. Fortunately, what little breeze there was blew up the valley.

At dawn I was awake, and crawled out of my buffalo bag, shivering and yawning. My companion still slumbered heavily. White frost covered whatever had been left outside. The ground was sharp, and I hurriedly slipped a pair of stout moccasins on my feet, drew on my gloves and cap, and started through the ghostly woods for the meadow where we had seen the moose sign. The tufts of grass were stiff with frost; black ice skimmed the edges and quiet places of the little brook.

I walked slowly, it being difficult not to make a noise by cracking sticks or brushing against trees, in the gloom; but the forest was so open that it felt as if I were walking on a plain. When I reached the edge of the beaver-meadow it was light enough to shoot, though the frost still glimmered indistinctly. Streaks of cold red showed that the sun would rise soon.

Before leaving the shelter of the last spruces I halted to listen; and almost immediately heard a curious splashing sound from the middle of the meadow, where the brook broadened into small willow-bordered pools. I knew at once that a moose was in one of these pools, wading about and pulling up the water-lilies by seizing their slippery stems in his lips, plunging his head deep under water to do so. The moose love to feed in this way in the hot months, when they spend all the time they can in the water, feeding or lying down; nor do they altogether abandon the habit even when the



His vast bulk loomed black.

weather is so cold that icicles form in their shaggy coats.

Crouching, I stole noiselessly along the edge of the willow-thicket. The stream twisted through it from side to side in zigzags, so that every few rods I got a glimpse down a lane of black water. In a minute I heard a slight splashing near me; and on passing the next point of bushes, I saw the shadow outline of the moose's hindquarters, standing in a bank of the water. In a moment he walked onwards, disappearing. I ran forward a couple of rods, and then turned in among the willows, to reach the brook where it again bent back towards me. The splashing in the water, and the rustling of the moose's body against the frozen twigs, drowned the little noise made by my moccasined feet.

I strode out on the bank at the lower end of a long narrow pool of water, dark and half frozen. In this pool, half way down and facing me, but a score of yards off, stood the mighty marsh beast, strange and uncouth in look as some monster surviving over from the Pliocene. His vast bulk loomed black and vague in the dim gray dawn; his huge antlers stood out sharply; columns of steam rose from his nostrils. For several seconds he fronted me motionless; then he began to turn, slowly, and as if he had a stiff neck. When quarter way round I fired into his shoulder; whereat he reared and bounded on the bank with great leap, vanishing in the willows. Through these I heard him crash like a whirlwind for a dozen rods; then down he fell, and when I reached the spot he had ceased to struggle. The bull had gone through his heart.



CATCH BY WIERHAK

Harmon, Wierhake, day policeman, yesterday arrested a five leaf clover, the first of the season. It is said that he found the clover on Twenty-third and E Sts. and immediately returned to police headquarters to report his catch. Superintendent of Police George Staubech congratulated him on his ability as an officer.

LETTING: Gold Medal Flour makes the whitest bread.

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Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. FORD, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

CHARGE CONSPIRACY

Present indications are that Mrs. Sarah Hendricks, of Berne, Ind., will not be brought to Easthaven although application had been made for her admittance. It is charged the woman is not insane and that the inquest was the result of a conspiracy upon the part of designing relatives. Two sons have come to her rescue and say they will provide a home for her if she is not taken to the asylum. Habeas corpus proceedings have been instituted against the sheriff to obtain the custody of the woman.

FAIRIES.

They say fairies are myths, but how often on a hot Monday morning has a tired housewife wished that a good fairy could touch the tubs and presto—the clothes would vanish and be found hanging on the line. Perhaps there are no fairies but a good substitute can be bought at your grocer's and they call it rub-a-lac. The wash woman's friend.

Notice to All Master Masons.

Called meeting of Webb Lodge No. 24 will be held Saturday afternoon, July 30th, at 4 o'clock for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late Brother E. H. Bell.

G. R. Gause, W. M.
A. W. Rees, Sec'y.

"Wanted 800 Men For Automobile Factory"

The Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co., is just completing an addition to its New Castle, Ind., plant that will add 150,000 square feet of floor space to its manufacturing department. The company requires the services of 800 men to work in this new addition.

There are excellent openings for good mechanics: Toolmakers, Die Sinkers, Sheet Metal Workers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Benchmen and Machine Operators. This plant also presents an excellent opportunity for men with some factory experience to come in as machine operators and handy men and eventually learn the Automobile trade.

Permanent employment is assured and rapid advancement to those who make good.

New Castle presents some very good attractions, the Company maintains a band of thirty pieces, a base ball team, minstrel troupe, a public park with dancing pavilion and other amusements, a gymnasium and a club room for the benefit of its employees, and is presently considering the erection of a trade school in which to train mechanics.

Men entering the employ of this Company are given every chance to advance and eventually earn the highest wages paid in the State for this class of work.

New Castle is a delightful little home city and presents desirable facilities for men with families to buy or build their own homes.

If you are interested, you will please address, giving your age, experience, wages expected to start, The Employment Bureau, Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co., New Castle, Ind.

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1 Dozen Pints 50c 1 Dozen Quarts \$1.00

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Make reservations at once. Double berth rate from Peru \$1.50. Final return limit August 17. For particulars call

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SCHEDULES

Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville
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In Effect April 11, 1936.

East Bound—Chicago-Cincinnati

STATIONS	LV	EX	S	D	Sum
Chicago	9:15a	10:05p		9:15a
Peru Ar.	1:13p	2:12a		1:13p
Peru	2:12p	3:10a	6:00a	4:45p
Marion	3:10p	3:10a	7:00a	5:35p
Muncie	3:10p	4:10a	7:59a	6:21p
Richmond	4:30p	5:15a	8:32a	7:40p
Ct. Grove	4:30p	5:55a	9:32a	8:12p
Cincinnati	4:50p	7:20a		10:10p

West Bound—Cincinnati-Chicago

STATIONS	LV	EX	S	D	Sum
Cincinnati	8:15a	10:05p		8:15a
Ct. Grove	8:45a	11:35p		8:45a
Richmond	10:30a	12:00a	7:00p	10:10a
Muncie	11:50a	1:22a	8:20p	11:50a
Marion	12:50p	2:12a	9:20p	12:50p
Peru Ar.	1:50p	2:12a	10:20p	1:50p
Peru	2:50p	3:22a		2:50p
Chicago	4:40p	7:20a		4:40p

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Summer after summer Dr. Caldwell is in receipt of hundreds of letters from mothers all over the country thanking him for keeping their children in good health these hot days. The way is simple for any mother. If the child breaks out with sores, if it scratches itself, if it has no appetite and doesn't sleep well, if its bowels are constipated or too loose, do not become alarmed, but try a dose at bedtime of DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN. There is no remedy so effective in the digestive ailments of children, and so well liked by them for its pleasant taste and non-purging, than this very name DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN. Ask the druggist who has your confidence and he will tell you that more mothers are buying this remedy today than any other. It is not to be compared to the ordinary laxative, because this contains tonic properties that help to build up the child; nor is it to be compared to salts and purgative waters, for they do but temporary good, not to tablets or pills, which often gripe and are difficult to take. It is especially the right remedy for women and old folks because of its gentle action. Your druggist will sell you a bottle for 50 cents or \$1.00, according to size.



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