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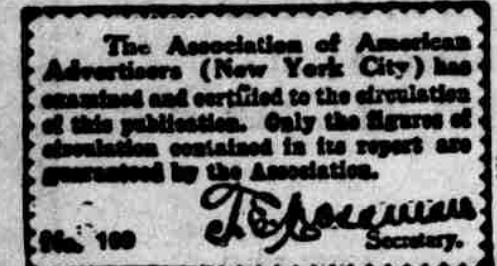
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OVER IN SPAIN

We are apt to think that the country of Spain has settled into dry rot. But it is no comic opera performance of brigands that young King Alfonso has to deal with. He makes a pathetic figure in all the trouble and those who have found much to admire in this young fellow who has had so much misfortune wonder if his stars are not against him.

The trouble which he has on his hands is of so multifarious a nature that he will have proved his right to rule if he pulls through.

In the first instance he has the war with the Moors, which not only is a source of trouble in itself but is the irritating point of most of the other trouble. The war was distinctly unpopular with the tax ridden populace because it is charged that it was strictly for the benefit of the Spanish speculators. It seemed that this trouble might have been allayed were it not for the ever present situation in Barcelona of discontent.

Not only has the Barcelona populace been clamoring for semi-independence, but it has steadily been reluctant to pay war assessments and complete its quota of soldiers during the Spanish-American war and before that in the long drawn out trouble in the Spanish colonies. Added to that, is the situation of imminent peril to monarchy of numbers of anarchistic socialists and malcontents of all sorts who have flocked there.

The presence of these agitators in the wealthiest city in Spain makes it a slumbering volcano ready to erupt at the slightest occasion of trouble whether political or clerical.

This explains the anti-clerical riots which have destroyed much church property. And some of the same sources have given aid and comfort to Don Jaime the pretender.

So altogether it is a muddle which is worth considering.

The really serious situation apart from the Barcelona trouble and the war with the Moors is that the women of Spain are no longer willing to let their sons and husbands enlist for the royal defense. So many of their sons and sweethearts have been killed in the disastrous wars of so many years duration that they will not hear to enlistment in the army.

Sooner or later the whole thing will resolve itself into the actual hold that Alfonso has on the affections of the people of Spain.

All of which remains to be seen.

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE AND THE PROHIBITION PARTY

There is no doubt after the joint convention of the Anti-Saloon league and the Prohibition party held at Bethany Park that there is an ever widening Gulf between the two forces opposed to the liquor traffic.

The prohibitionists are wedded to their party and will no doubt stay there. The Anti-Saloon league is willing to take any assistance it can get from any party. What say seem a surprising announcement to many is that of H. J. Hall who said:

"I wish to take this opportunity to correct reports that have been circulated that the Anti-Saloon league will not ask for state wide prohibition. We are for prohibition in Indiana as soon as it is possible. Mr. Minton and I have said this repeatedly. But it has always been a principle of the league not to ask any party to declare for state wide prohibition in its platform."

There, without doubt has been a conviction that the Anti-Saloon league has threatened state wide prohibition in 1912.

The Anti-Saloon league seems content with county local option. The prohibitionists do not seem to care much for it in some cases. We have found a life long member of the party

who refused to sign a petition for county local option election on the ground that it was "a compromise measure with liquor." We do not know how far this theoretical reasoning goes, but one thing is certain that the prohibitionist pure and simple sticks to his party and nothing can induce him to support another ticket no matter what measures it adopts.

LOST IN THE SHUFFLE

The last hope of provision for a Tariff Commission of experts faded away yesterday when the clause was further emasculated until it now reads:

"To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section and the officers of the government in the administration of the customs laws the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be necessary."

First Aldrich took a bite and then Cannon—until even the fragments of a provision for the tariff of the future to be manufactured along scientific lines had faded away like an idle dream.

If the present congress has done nothing more it has shown the country the need for a Tariff Commission and a scientific tariff. And that the friends of the corporations are aware of the fact that this commission would make it hard for them to carry on their nefarious program in the future there is no better proof than the fact that Aldrich and Cannon are both against it.

TWINKLES

(By Philander Johnson)

Talent Recognized.
"Jebbers doesn't appear to have the slightest idea of practical politics."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "his assumption of ignorance on the subject proves him a most astute politician."

Research.
"De question befo' dis debat' society," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "is whether de fust egg come fum a chicken or whether de fust chicken come fum de egg."

"I moves er amendment," interrupted Mr. Wilkins Marigold, carelessly hitching his thumb in the corner of his razor pocket. "What we is gwine to scuss fow a few minutes is how dat las' chicken you-all had foh dinner come fum de coop."

Cumulative Gloom.
Each summer sings the same sad tune. To words of mournful meaning set. "July was far more hot than June, and August will be hotter yet!"

A Question of Taste.
"You are sure this was moonshine whisky?" said the investigator.
"Yes," answered the man from Tennessee.
"Did you taste it?"
"Taste it? No, I swallowed a little. You don't taste it any more than you'd taste a hornet if you accidentally bit one. You just know it's there."

Imposition.
"That friend of yours never comes around unless he has an ax to grind," said one statesman.
"Worse than that," answered the other. "I not only have to turn the grindstone, but I have to lend him the ax."

Items Gathered in From Far and Near
Vagaries of Scientific Pundits.
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.—In these days of midsummer heat and dullness the vagaries of the scientific pundits as a source of refreshing and innocent entertainment are not to be despised. They are varied in their character and comprehensive in their scope. Their range extends from the interior arrangements of the human anatomy to the exterior limits of the visible universe, and if they are more remarkable for inventive ingenuity than for convincing force that only serves to enhance their interest. No problem is so great or so difficult that the modern scientist shrinks from attempting its solution, nor, on the other hand, is any question too small or insignificant to be deemed unworthy of his notice. He is ready to explain the whole scheme of things in a neatly compacted system, which is quite satisfactory, provided the premises upon which it is constructed are admitted, and as soon as one theory is exploded as a consequence of a more thorough research or a more intelligent apprehension of the facts he is imperturbably ready with another.

The Wifeless Husband.
From the Baltimore Sun.—Pity the poor husband left wifeless in the town! While she is basking in the warm sunshine on the beach or enjoying the sweet delights of rusticity on the farm he is left alone in the crowded city, working his life out from four to six hours a day to pay for the luxuries of his unthinking and expensive family. In the city in the summer time there is nothing in the world to amuse a man except baseball games, roof gardens, parks, sails, highballs, vaudeville shows, cafes swept by electric-fan breezes, blond and brunette maidens, bands, poker parties, orchestras, beer, picnics, "joyrides" and mint juleps. Not another thing. Outside of these all is work.

Reviving the Signboard.
From the Raleigh News and Observer.

ver—Many old things were good. Some years ago in nearly every county signboards were put up at cross-roads so the traveler could find his way and know how far to given places. Most of them have gone down. The Guilford county commissioners have appropriated the money to replace the signboards. Other counties will promote public convenience by doing likewise.

A RUNAWAY AUTO SMASHES A HOUSE

Woman Has a Wild Ride When Machine Started to Run Amuck.

HER COMPANION INJURED

FAST FLYING MACHINE FINALLY ENDED ITS WILD CAREER BY BUMPING HOUSE OFF OF ITS FOUNDATIONS.

Crawfordsville, Ind., July 31.—Mrs. Charles Kirkpatrick, of New Richmond, suffered severe injuries; Mrs. Jacob Kirkpatrick, of West Lafayette, her mother-in-law, received slight bruises, and the auto in which they were riding was badly damaged when it ran away at the edge of Otterbein, in Tippecanoe county, and ended its "chauffeurless life" by running into a house.

The accident was caused by the steam arising in the machine and in some unexplained manner throwing the lever into gear. At the time Charles Kirkpatrick, his father, Jacob Kirkpatrick, and the chauffeur were in a ward getting a drink of water, leaving the two women in the automobile. When the machine started, Mrs. Charles Kirkpatrick jumped out, dislocating her shoulder and spraining her ankle. Mrs. Jacob Kirkpatrick remained in the auto and was not seriously hurt.

House Moved Four Inches.
When the machine struck a house in the edge of the village, after running up the road a distance of 150 feet, the house was moved four inches off its foundation, and a woman asleep inside received a bad fright and jolt.

The party was on its way to Jacob Kirkpatrick's farm near Otterbein. He is a wealthy retired farmer of Lafayette and his son Charles is president of the New Richmond bank, of this county and two years ago represented Montgomery county in the state legislature. The members of the party obtained another machine and returned to their homes.

Showered Him.
The young man in the barber's chair had been annoyed by suggestions of the white coated artist, although he had said clearly enough when he sat down that he wanted only a hair cut and a shampoo. Singeing, facial massage and hair tonics had been offered vainly.

Finally the barber perpetrated what is with barbers the crowning insult. Passing his hand over the young man's face, he said contemptuously: "Shave yourself, don't you?"

"Sure," said the young man. "Don't you?"

And there was silence.—Washington Post.

Poor Man!
She—I'm never going to speak to your wife again.

He—What's the matter?
"She promised to write to me two weeks ago, and I haven't heard from her since."

"Oh, well" (feeling in his pocket).
"Here's the letter. She gave it to me a fortnight ago."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Descent.
"Father, do men descend from monkeys?" asked an inquisitive lad.

"Yes, my boy."
"And what do monkeys descend from?"

"The monkeys descend—ah—from the trees!"—London Telegraph.

Not Guilty.
It is said that within 400 years gold aggregating \$2,000,000,000 has disappeared from circulation, and the government would like to know who has it. We learn that the members of the newspaper fraternity are not suspected.—St. Louis Republic.

Handicapped.
"You ought to save money for your family."
"Yes, but—"

"My family won't let me."—Cleveland Leader.

Petty thieves are hanged; great thieves are asked to dinner.—German Proverb.

THIS WEEK

Emmons Tailoring Co. will show the New Fall Styles in Suitings this week. The styles for the fall are very attractive. Neat plaids and stripes will be worn, also blue serges. Venetian cloth and unfinished worsteds in plain colors. There are also Scotch mixtures and decidedly pretty are certain English effects in which a distinctive pattern is produced by two tones of the same color blending into the design. A cordial invitation is extended to all to see the new fall styles. Fine suits, \$15, \$18, \$20.

Asters—first of the summer. Fred H. Lemon & Co. Phone 2453.

The king of Italy is the only vegetarian monarch.

THE SCRAP BOOK

HE FELL ASLEEP.

A Cure For Insomnia and the Weird Effect It Produced.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windless for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station 400 years ago," he said calmly, folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket. At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—Good Health Clinic.

Made the Duke Feel Cheap.
The second Duke of Wellington, though far from being stingy, was in many odd ways economical. He discovered one day some champagne which he considered and which doubtless was quite good enough for a ball supper and which had the advantage of being extraordinarily low in price. He ordered the quantity required and was rejoicing in his excellent bargain when on opening one of the papers he encountered the following advertisement:

"Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by his grace the Duke of Wellington for his forthcoming ball at Apsley House."

A Genial Greeting.
A young New York broker of convivial habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road.

"Whenever you're in town come up and bunk with me," he urged his friend as they parted. "No matter what old time it is. If I'm not there just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak."

Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered.
"He does," snapped the landlady. "You can bring him right in!—Everybody's."

Man is a Free Agent.
Man is either free or he is not free. If he is not free he cannot in cases of conflicting motives choose, but must blindly follow one of the impulses. But we know from consciousness that he can decide between conflicting motives. Therefore it is false that he is not free. He must therefore be free.—Hepburn.

The Witty Warden.
"You'd hardly expect to find a sense of humor in prison officials," says an American representative on the international prison commission, "but during an inspection made by some Americans interested in penal matters of a penitentiary in England one of us was thus surprised."

"I presume," observed the American, "that here, as elsewhere, you prison officials find existence painful enough."

"I think you may fairly say so, sir," responded the warden, with a grim smile, "seeing the number of felons we have on our hands."—Lippincott's.

One on the Man of Method.
"Don't wait for me," he said to his better half. "I may be rather late, but 'business is business,' you know and can't be helped."

The next morning the man of method was far from either looking well or feeling well. At breakfast he sat listlessly toying with his toast and coffee, while his spouse sat stonily silent behind the coffee pot. The breakfast room clock was equally silent.

"Maria, my dear, there must be something wrong with that clock. I am sure I wound it up last night," remarked the husband.

"No," answered his wife, "you wound up Freddy's music box instead, and had it playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' at 3 o'clock in the morning! The hall clock has also stopped, and you have screwed your corkscrew right into the telephone."—Judge's Library.

The Auto Stop.
When the train stopped at the little southern station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native.

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister, jest stropping himself."—Success Magazine.

His First Letter.
They were playing a game in which some one gives out the initial of some of them try to guess the object. So they tried to get the host's gray haired father into it. But he held off.

"Sure," said he, "I'm a little bad in me spelling. I'd make no hand at such a game."

"Oh, come on!" they pleaded. "You

pick-out some object, tell the letter it begins with and we'll guess it."

So the old man, cajoled, finally yielded. "Well," said he, "then I will. The letter is 'F.'"

They tried and tried to guess what he meant. Knowing his weakness in spelling, his son picked "phonograph," thinking the old gentleman might imagine it began with an "F." But, no, he was wrong.

Finally they all had to give it up and appealed to him to tell the article. He looked wise and said: "Well, since you all give up what the thing is that begins with an 'F,' I'll tell you. It's the whatnot."

The Noble Nature.
It is not growing, like a tree, in bulk but man makes better use. Or standing lone an oak, three hundred year.

To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear. Is fairer far in May.

Although it fall and die that night. It was the plant and flower of light. In small proportions we just beauties see, And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

A Bitter Dose.
An old negro man was riding on the train and fell asleep with mouth wide open. A mischievous drummer came along, and, having a convenient capsule of quinine in his pocket, he uncorked it and effed it well on to the old negro's palate and the root of his tongue. The old darky, awakened, became much disturbed. He called for the conductor and asked, "Boss, is dere a doctor on dis here train?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, sah; I sho' is sick. I sho' is sick."

"What is the matter with you?"

"I dunno, sir, but it tastes like I busted my gall."

Dusty.
Alongside the secretary of state's desk is a great globe, standing over six feet high. One day Mr. Knox consulted it to see if it were really true that the sun never sets on our dominions nowadays or to learn something else of equal importance. The Pennsylvania statesman is the pink of neatness and was somewhat irritated to find that the big revolving ball soiled his coat sleeve.

"William," he said sharply to the messenger and laying his finger on the globe, "there is dust there a foot thick."

"It's thicker'n dat, Mr. Secretary," replied the negro, with that familiarity that comes of mingling with greatness.

"What do you mean?" demanded the premier.

"Why, you've got yuh finger on de desert of Sahara."

Mr. Knox did badly at trying to suppress a smile.

"You'll find some on the Atlantic ocean, too," he remarked as he returned to his desk.

Not an Imitator.
Mrs. Jones, a fussy, fidgety old lady, who was called by some folks a busybody, snapped out to her pastor as he set out for a fortnight's vacation:

"Satan never takes a vacation, Mr. Scentless."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Jones," the minister cheerfully answered, "that is just why I am taking a vacation. I never did believe in imitating Satan."

Sufficient unto the Day.
One summer day a colored man and his family of eight, who depended entirely on the town for their support, started away from home, all arrayed in their best, each carrying a bag of goodies. One of their benefactors met them on the road.

"Well, Uncle Sam, where are you going with all your family so dressed up?" was the inquiry.

"Why, boss," said Sam, "doan' you know the circus am come to town?"

"Yes, but I can't afford to go and take all my family."

"Well, boss, I tell you, it is jes' dis away wid us. We done so' de heathin' stove 'cause de winter am fur off, but de circus am here!"

Your Task.
Let each one accept his task, a task which should fill his life. It may be very humble; it will not be the less useful. Never mind what it is so long as it exists and keeps you erect. When you have regulated it without excess, just the quantity you are able to accomplish each day, it will cause you to live in health and in joy.

Resourceful.
A butter and egg man was visited by a chap who bought four of his best eggs. This chap took the eggs home, put them on to boil, told his wife to take them off at the end of three minutes and then went upstairs to shave.

When he came down again half an hour later the eggs were still boiling away. He removed them from the pot, put them in cold water, dried them and gave them to his little daughter.

"Take these eggs back," he said, "to the man and tell him it was ducks' eggs that we wanted. If he hasn't got ducks' eggs he'll give me the money back."

German manufacturing, exporting and financial circles are keenly alive to the growing custom of establishing in foreign cities department stores to serve as channels for supplying German merchandise.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. False Hairs Family Pills for constipation.

Pennsylvania

LINES EXCURSIONS

To Niagara Falls

August 10 via Cleveland and the Lake.

To Atlantic City, Cape May

And other Seashore Resorts, August 5

To Colorado and California

Daily with long limit. Variable routes.

To Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Daily. Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and other Pacific Coast and Western cities may be visited on the trip, which may be made over variable routes west of Chicago and St. Louis.

Homeseekers Northwest, West, Southwest

On designated dates during Summer.

Sunday Excursion to Lake Maxinkuckee

\$1.75 round trip. Special train leaves 5:55 A. M., Aug. 1, 1909.

Sunday Outing Excursion, Aug. 1st, 1909.

New Castle, 75 cents; Middletown, 85 cents; Anderson, 90 cents; Elwood, \$1.00; Kokomo, \$1.25; Logansport, \$1.50. Special train leaves 9:30 A. M.

GET PARTICULARS

From nearest Ticket Agent, or call on or write C. W. Elmer, Richmond, Ind.

ORCHID HUNTING.

The Terrors and the Dangers of a Tropical Forest.

It is not a pretty story, this narrative of a trip up the Orinoco, but you may understand orchid people better if you read it.

"It began unluckily," said he. "I took a partner because I'd learned that the dark places of earth are hard upon a man by himself. I met him at Port of Spain, and he was eager for the adventure because he had just absconded from a British mercantile house in Havana and the Orinoco sounded to him like a haven."

"We hired a few negroes. Our guides we would pick up at Angostura. One day while waiting for the stores to be packed I took my partner out to show him what an orchid was."

"Near the Pitch lake I saw one in a tree and ordered one of the negro boys to shin up and get it. He would not. A deadly snake dwelt in that tree, he declared. He was afraid of snakes! Nice, efficient, helpful boy to take into tropical forests wasn't he?"

"It was insubordination before the expedition had even started. So I cuffed him and handed him my hunting knife. 'Bring down that flower and also the snake's head,' I ordered, and, whining, trembling, he went up the trunk. He was detaching the orchid from where it clung when a thing like a spear, as black as his own skin, suddenly struck at the boy's wrist. He screamed with terror and, toppling down, writhe with pain. He died, and I felt a gloom settle on my spirits."

"Well, at Angostura we took raft and six guides upstream. First one guide died of fever; then another was bitten by poisonous insects. One fell in with—or into—an alligator. We needed meat, and the skin was worth a good deal, so half in revenge, half in curiosity, we went out and plugged holes in the monster. When the guides cut it open they stooped and drew things out—the bones and the cotton clothes of the guide this cannibal rep-

the "dun" swallowed. The very knot was still in his stomach. Oh, don't squirm! This is orchid hunting."

"We had three guides left at the end of the second month, when, paddling along one day where the vines overreached and let snaky tendrils draggle down, we came to a fifty yard clearing. We saw there the sides of three canoes, half smothered with rapid growing vegetation, and 1,000 alligator skins well salted, but decaying. Hanging to the roof of what had been a kind of lean-to were 100 orchid plants—withered and dead. On the floor lay two rusty rifles and two skeletons. Out by the ashly place where the fire had been was a third skeleton. Up between the ribs were cheerfully growing some gay weeds."—Everybody's Magazine.