

TURTLE SOUP THE DELIGHT OF HOST

Enthusiastic Man Tries to Describe It But Words Failed Him.

SEASON NEARING A CLOSE

AN AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT SAYS FEW PEOPLE, EVEN WITH INGREDIENTS, CAN MAKE THE SOUP GOOD.

Richmond epicures are deploring the fact that it will soon be time for them to witness, with tearful eyes, the passing of turtle soup—not to reappear again until next season.

Mr. Turtle came with no blare of trumpets or shoutings of the populace, but he is here as any epicure will tell you or any white-aproned chef in a Richmond cafe as he casts an affectionate glance at a steaming kettle and whiffs a dreamy fragrance. That's the turtle offering up his soul for your delectation.

Just outside the door of a cafe Saturday night stood a high box, screened at the top and inside moved a half dozen sluggish, hard-shelled turtles, awaiting the signal of the soup-ladle. Nearby stood a white-aproned dispenser of foaming steins. A reporter began to talk and naturally the theme was soup and the creature that gives it the piquancy of all that's delicious and appetizing.

Can't Describe Real Thing.

Quoth the waiter: "A fellow, to look at that bunch of turtles, would sniff his nose and say, 'I wouldn't eat that old moss-backed thing, don't like the looks of it.' That's the fellow who never tasted real turtle soup. Of course there are all varieties. Some soup that goes by the name of turtle never came within four miles of one. It's made of veal and seasoned up with lemon and the chopped yellow of eggs. A self-respecting turtle wouldn't even say 'howdy' to it. That's one kind of stuff. But the real thing is different. It's got the old boy swimming around in it and the taste is—well—it's made of all the vegetables and all the sweetness and all the sunshine and all the flavors that have been invented since Adam saw the first snapper in the Garden of Eden. I can't describe it. Who can? It romps with the palate and plays tag with the appetite. It's a morning sunburst, a garden of flowers and a hal-luh-luh chorus. I read that somewhere but I won't tell the turtle or he'll get swelled on himself.

Can't Remember Making.

"Just now we don't have much trouble in getting lots of them. They come out of their holes to sun themselves and then we can get a shot at them or bag 'em alive. A piece of red flannel on a hook will often do the business. After we get them in a box or barrel the next job is to fatten 'em up for soup. A turtle is a kind of a sponge. It absorbs for weeks. Then we kill it, quarter the meat and add the ingredients. I can't remember all of them and you wouldn't believe me if I gave the list. Let me tell you, however, that real soup has about a hundred choice selections and takes a good day to make. The more it simmers, the better. We don't just drag

a claw of a turtle through it and add a little red pepper and a slice of lemon. It's an art to make the stuff. The flavor can't be got in 10 minutes. It's like a rose. Takes time to blossom and smell and taste good. That's the reason few people make good soup. They may have the turtle, but they don't take the time to get the right ingredients and to get all the things properly combined. I can tell when it's made right by the aroma, itself.

"Perhaps it can't be helped," he made; but once it's made—um—say, come in and have a bowl for yourself."

ZUEBLIN CALLED OFFICERS SNOBS

Educational Sensationalist Casts Mud at the American Service.

IN CHAUTAUQUA ADDRESS

PROFESSOR DECLARES ANNAPOLIS AND WEST POINT GRADUATES ARE TAUGHT TO THINK SELVES SUPERIOR.

Chautauqua, N. Y., July 31.—Snobs are the annual product of West Point and Annapolis, according to ex-Professor Charles Zueblin, the former university of Chicago sociologist, who is now in charge of a \$3,000,000 settlement in Boston. Professor Zueblin expressed himself on the work done by the government army and navy schools in an address on "Democratic Culture at Chautauqua assembly."

"We are turning out of West Point and Annapolis a generation of snobs," said Dr. Zueblin emphatically. "These young soldiers are brought up to think themselves better than their fellows. Simply because they wear the garb of the soldier or sailor they consider themselves on a different plane from their fellow Americans."

"These snobbish young warriors to be always remind me of an incident famous in German military annals. A German general, long retired, was at a big military function, and had donned his old uniform. A sprightly young petty officer whose only military had been in the training school and on the ballroom floor, thought he saw a chance to get off a clever quip before the ladies. So he praised up to the general and said: 'Why, general, your uniform smells fearfully of camphor.' The grizzled old warrior turned on this military product of the new generation. 'You don't know that smell, young man,' he said. 'That's not camphor; it's powder.' The same thing could be said about our West Pointers."

Army life is tremendously degenerating in its influence, the professor further asserted.

"Perhaps it can't be helped," he said, "but there never is a barracks without its trail of wasted womanhood and never does a vessel put into port without orgies that make us hang our heads with shame. The life is abnormal, and it seems an inevitable accompaniment of our present military conditions."

"Smoke over a city indicates bad business management," added Dr. Zueblin. "A smoke nuisance is a disgrace to a city. Instead of symbolizing prosperity, it marks that city as a city where waste and careless management are countenanced."

Had Forty Homes.

Vollen, the painter, was a unique personage even among the odd characters of Paris. While he was essentially a Bohemian, there were times when even his patience was taxed to the utmost, and to obviate the necessity of meeting unwelcome people he conceived the idea of multiplying his lodging places. At the time of his death he owned no less than forty homes, all in apartment houses, situated in all the out of the way corners of Paris, plainly furnished and with just enough accommodation for himself. He changed from one to the other all the time in order to escape importunate acquaintances and to take refuge from his friends. It was in order to throw them all off the scent that he engaged rooms all over the city. He finally died in the Rue de Dunkerque, where he had as many as three different apartments, all within a stone's throw of one another.

The Stone Houses of Easter Island.

The remarkable stone houses of Easter Island are built against a terrace of earth or rock, which in some cases forms the back wall of the dwelling. They are built of small slabs of stratified basaltic rock piled together without cement. No regularity of plan is shown in the construction of a majority of them. The average measurement is as follows: Height from floor to ceiling, 4 feet 6 inches; thickness of walls, 4 feet to 10 inches; width of rooms, 4 feet 6 inches; length of rooms, 12 feet 9 inches; average size of doorways—height, 20 inches; width, 19 inches.

Skeptical.

"I kind of agree with the folks who say that story about George Washington and the cherry tree is a myth," said Farmer Cornstossel after a thoughtful silence.

"For what reason?" inquired his wife.

"Well, human nature is purty much the same in all generations, and if I had a boy who picked up an ax and voluntarily went out to chop wood I wouldn't chide him. I'd hand him a medal!"—Washington Star.

Practical.

"I send you 10,000 kisses," he wrote. "Bah!" she exclaimed, tossing his letter aside. "Why doesn't he come and look over his terminal facilities in person?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A stout heart may be ruined by fortune, but not in spirit.—Victor Hugo.

TO PUT HONDURAS ON A FIRM BASIS

Real Object of United States' Interest in Turbulent Republic.

RESPONSIBILITY IS PLAIN

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WOULD CONCENTRATE THE DEBTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA COUNTRY IN YANKEE HANDS.

Washington, July 31.—With so many contradictory reports in circulation as to the purposes of the United States government in Central America, the real object of the state department is obscured. It may be stated flatly that the Taft administration desires to establish no protectorates for the sake of extending American influence. The difficulties which the president has experienced in keeping "the lid on" in the Philippines, Cuba, and Panama have convinced him that the government has enough irons in the fire. Nevertheless the continuance of turbulent conditions in certain Central American republics, notably Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras, imposes a responsibility on the Washington government which it can not evade, nor does it wish to do so. It is hoped here however that the restless condition due to long affiliation with the insurrection habit may be cured without recourse to protectorates or diplomatic intervention.

Greatest Danger.

The greatest danger to the interests of the United States in Central America lingers in the possible coercion of delinquent states by European credit or powers. Therefore the state department is favoring every opportunity that arises for the concentration of obligations of these states in American hands. That done, the United States will not only have the moral argument of its role as "policeman of the Western Hemisphere," but also a distinct commercial reason for any representations it may make to put an end to petty quarreling and chronic revolution. In such a course the government has the support of the progressive Latin American states, which feel that the revolutionary republics are a disgrace to the name Latin America. It also has the support of powers like Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy, whose subjects hold Central American bonds. These powers are being constantly importuned to take strong measures to make the defaulting states pay up.

They dislike to act by force of arms because punitive expeditions are never popular in an international way and offer possibilities of complications with other powers especially the United States, which is so sensitive about the Monroe Doctrine.

The negotiations for the refunding of the Honduran external indebtedness by an American syndicate are proceeding satisfactorily. The British syndicate which had planned the refunding of the debt and had entered into an agreement to that end through the British minister to Honduras is disposed it is understood, to stand aside and let the United States have the deal. With the refunding accomplished the United States will have good reason to protest against the continuance of internal warfare in Honduras or the making of war on that country by any of its neighbors save for good cause.

Refunding the Debt.

The refunding of the Costa Rican debt reported to have been accomplished through the National City Bank of New York, is another step in the same direction. Already the United States has exercised a compelling influence for good order in Costa Rica by firmly intimating that no scenes of partisan disorder would be tolerated in close proximity to the canal zone in Panama which adjoins Costa Rica on the south. The attitude of President Zelaya of Nicaragua in encountering Senor Jimenez, an anti-foreign candidate for president of Costa Rica, has caused some apprehension here. The financing of the debts of Honduras and Costa Rica by American bankers will tend to isolate the influence of President Zelaya's strong influence over these states.

SWIFT FAST ENOUGH

Machine Was Faster and Now Driver and Two Companions Are in Hospital.

MAY PROVE FATALITIES

(American News Service) Lake Geneva, Wis., July 31.—Philip Swift, son of Edward Swift, the Chicago packer, is today suffering from probably fatal injuries, as the result of an automobile accident last evening. The young man was accompanied by Mason and Swing Starring, both of whom are seriously injured.

The party left the Swift country home for the Lake Geneva club. Young Swift was at the wheel and sent the car along at a sixty mile clip. It skidded into a telegraph pole. Swift was pinned under the wreck, one leg and an arm were fractured and he suffered internal injuries. The Starring brothers were thrown violently to the ground.

The attendants of the adjoining places quickly turned a spring wagon into an ambulance and brought Swift, who was unconscious, and Swing Starring, bleeding almost to exhaustion, to town.

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Don Carlos Hated in Venice; He Started War on Gondolier

Venice, July 31.—Though Don Carlos has very many sincere mourners in Venice, where he lived so long and where his place on the grand canal is now draped in black, there is no affection for his memory.

These are the gondoliers, who consider him, rightly or wrongly, the source of all their growing troubles. They do not take off their slouch hats or Tam o' Shaners as they pass the draped palace in gondolas, nor can they be heard saying anything agreeable about the man who first introduced the naphtha launch in the lagoons of Venice.

For a number of years Don Carlos spent many hours of each day in a sumptuous gondola propelled by two gorgeously attired domestics of his own household. Then he grew tired of his rather slow means of getting about and suddenly appeared in a brand new naphtha launch. Later on he changed this for an electric motor boat. This was an infringement on the rights of the gondoliers' organization, which has been long recognized by the municipality of Venice, but on account of the royal rank of the Pretender they were unable to gain redress.

Since that time launches of all descriptions are growing more and more common on the canals and lagoons. Even the hotels have usually two or three in front of their doors, and it is

Easily Changed. Said the magistrate to the officer: "But this man doesn't correspond to the description. He has no deep scar on his forehead."

"Well," replied the officer, "that can be easily supplied, and, besides, I think I am entitled to at least a portion of the \$500 reward for bringing him here. It was no easy job."—Filegenda Blatter.

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