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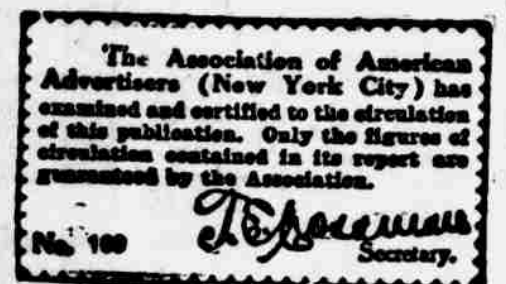
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## FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

Articles Contributed for This Column  
Must Not Be in Excess of 400  
Words. The Identity of All Con-  
tributors Must Be Known to the  
Editor. Articles Will Be Printed in  
the Order Received.

Editor Palladium—I do not know to  
what extent the city is restricted in  
the use of its surplus money, but view-  
ing the city controller's report of the  
Municipal Light Plant for 1908 it  
seems possible that said plant could  
be made the doorway to enter into the  
municipal ownership of the water-  
works.

According to this report the light  
plant owed the city December 31, 1908,  
\$33,077.50, and from the semi-annual  
report issued in July, 1909, \$19,171.83  
of that amount was paid leaving an  
indebtedness of only \$14,906.67. Making  
every allowance for reasonable  
increase in cost of operation, January  
1, 1910 will see the light plant free  
from debt to the city.

There is outstanding as a debt  
against the light plant bonds to the  
amount of \$144,000 due in 1927, and  
according to the report if beginning in  
1910 the sum of \$6,500 is set aside  
annually at 3 per cent interest it alone  
will accumulate the face value of the  
bonds. What disposition is going to  
be made of the profits after January  
1st, 1910?

The gross receipts for the plant for  
1908 from commercial and city sources  
was \$75,604.04 and its operating ex-  
penses, construction and bond interest,  
etc., \$56,091.73, leaving a net profit of  
\$19,002.91, deducting \$6,500.00 as sink-  
ing fund to retire the bonds in 1917,  
there is a net surplus of \$13,002.91,  
which amount deposited annually at  
3 per cent compound interest amounts  
in twenty years to \$270,570.93. What  
better use can this fund be applied to  
than a part purchase price for the water-  
works plant?

In my judgment there need be no  
apprehension of the profits of the light  
plant being less than the amount stated  
as long as its operation is conducted  
along the lines of a business propo-  
sition with politics thoroughly elimi-  
nated. On the contrary as our popula-  
tion increases (which is inevitable) so  
proportionately the profits of both  
light and water. It looks to me that  
our municipal light plant can be made  
a powerful influence in the acqui-  
sition of the water works.

If the same economy is exercised as  
the reports show has been the case  
during the present mixed assembly at  
the city hall, the future should justify  
us in seeing to it that good govern-  
ment, instead of party obedience be  
our slogan and qualification the stand-  
ard from mayor to garbage collector.

ALPH.

## TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

### The Sense of Danger.

Agwine down de road whah re  
screech owl roos'.  
I tried to keep my courage, but it  
wa'n't no use.  
My teeth done chatter, an' I tremble  
in de knee.  
When she lif up her voice in dat  
mo'nful key.  
I couldn't splain it,  
'Cep to say,  
As how it's natchelly  
Jes' my way.

I were gwine to a party whah I met  
Buck Jones.  
Dey was all a-flashin' razors an'  
a-throvin' stones,  
An' a-shootin' de lamps out lef' and  
right.  
An' I cert'n'y had a mighty fine time  
dat night.

I jumped right in,  
A-feelin' gay,  
Because it's natchelly  
Jes' my way.

But, comin' back home, my blood ran  
thin.  
When I heard dat screech owl wail  
ag'in.  
I got to de door tired out complete,  
Fum keepin' up wif my runaway feet.  
Dis question of courage,  
I wants to say,  
Depends on whah's natchelly  
Jes' yoh way.

### Echoes of the Game.

"There is no doubt about Charley's

## Information as to Rates

Some little time ago the Richmond City Water Works submitted a  
contract, or portions thereof, to the Board of Public Works. In that con-  
tract the company proposed the abolition of meter rental and the installa-  
tion of a minimum rate of \$9.00 per year.

The question has been raised that we did not take into account the  
fact that the 'flat' rates were not introduced and therefore would remain  
the same. It is intimated that we have misrepresented the Water Works,  
inasmuch as according to their present statement no one would need to  
avail himself of the high minimum rate of \$9.00 unless he cared to.

We were not aware that we did the Water Works an injustice. And  
for the following reason. The legal opinion of the attorney for the Water  
Works Company was given some time ago to the effect that it could com-  
pel any class of consumers to adopt the use of meters. As all the small  
consumers are for the most part either in the domestic consumer class  
or in the mercantile consumer class it would follow that these two  
classes can be made to adopt meters and the minimum rate along with it.

It is for this reason that we feel that we are not doing the Richmond  
City Water Works any injustice when we say that the rate would be not  
lower than the \$9.00 minimum rate for domestic purposes as proposed in  
the contract submitted.

But even were this not so, there would seem to be a decided injustice  
in making the rate of \$9.00 the minimum. There should be no decided  
difference between the amount charged any one class of consumers  
whether they buy their water by meter or not.

It is the small consumer at present who bears the greatest burden in  
the water works situation and we do not see any reason for raising the  
rates on him under any pretext whatsoever. We therefore call attention  
again to the above loophole by which the Company could force the small  
consumer to pay them whatever they put in the contract as the minimum  
rate.

being a thorough optimist," said young  
Mrs. Torkins.

"How do you know?"

"I overheard him at a card party he

gave to his man friends. He said

scarcely anything all evening, except

'that's good!'"

Coming to Him.

"That politician always seems in-  
clined to hope for the best."

"He has a right to," answered Sena-  
tor Sorghum. "He's from Ohio."

Impractical.

"She is very liberal in her charit-  
ies," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other, "liberal  
but not always practical. For in-  
stance, she wanted to send a load of  
alarm clocks to Africa to aid sufferers  
from the sleeping sickness."

The Early Arrival.

Old Hudson's luck was something rare.

The craft which he commanded

found ne'er a customs person there

To fret him when he landed.

## Items Gathered in From Far and Near

President and School Children.

From the Omaha Bee.

It is announced from Chicago that

one of the features of President Taft's

coming visit there will be the passing

in review almost of the entire body of

school children of the big city. A

similar feature for the President's en-  
tertainment in Omaha had already

been suggested to Ak-Sar-Ben officers  
having the program in charge. If the

school children are given an opportu-  
nity to see and greet the President and

carry the impression home with them  
it will not make so much difference if

limitations of time prevent him meet-  
ing all the grown-ups. The President

could be taken on an automobile tour  
immediately on his arrival in Omaha,  
with stops at a dozen of the principal

school buildings in the city at which  
the children attending the schools in  
the section could be congregated and

massed to receive him. Let the school  
children see the President. They will  
carry the remembrance of it all  
through their after lives. It will af-  
ford them inspiration and example. It

is a rare occasion which can be fully  
utilized in no better way.

The West Point Dismissals.

From the New York Times.

The hazing, some of it innocent and

merely prankish, that led up to the

brutal treatment of Cadet Sutton at  
West Point has resulted in the expul-  
sion of seven cadets with the approval

of President Taft, acting upon the  
report of Supt. Scott and the Sibbey  
board of inquiry. Contrary to a re-  
cent distinguished precedent, Mr.

Taft and Secretary Dickinson will not  
reinstatement any of the dismissed men  
by a nappe from the law to the dictio-

naire. Neither the influence they can  
wield nor the manly appearance of  
these young men, who have been con-  
vinced of doing an unmanly thing—un-  
necessarily because in disobedience of  
orders—will save them.

The action of the new President  
clearly shows that during his adminis-  
tration the military ten command-  
ments will not budge, and hazing will  
continue hazing.

No "Kid Frats" in Chicago.

From the New York Tribune.

The school board of the city of Chi-  
cago will have the sympathy and ap-  
proval of thoughtful people every-  
where, and especially of teachers and  
parents, in the resolute stand which  
it has taken against Greek letter se-  
cret societies, in the public schools.

We do not know that these so-called  
"kid frats" are any more objection-  
able, in that city than elsewhere, but  
we do know that wherever they exist  
their influence is pernicious, and that  
in a number of cases they have devel-  
oped scandalous abuses.

Latest in Serpents.

From the Boston Transcript.

The "giant aeroplane" seen by the  
life savers on Fisher's Island was  
doubtless a sky serpent.

An Educational Rush.

From the Baltimore American.

There is no room left for doubt that  
a transmutation in the civilization of  
China is taking place upon an enor-  
mous scale and at a tremendously rap-  
id pace of progress. The educated  
Chinese who have come to this coun-  
try within the past few years tell us  
that this is so, and every observant  
American who has visited the celest-  
tial realm within the past twenty-four

months has brought back a marvelous  
tale of the way the celestials are mak-  
ing the pursuit of occidental culture  
hum.

## Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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### SWOLLEN FORTUNES.

The crass extravagance of gilded  
New York in all of its sordidness is  
revealed by the testimony in the Gould  
divorce case.

For instance—  
Mrs. Gould admitted having spent  
\$224,000 in a single year upon herself.

She told the court she could not pos-  
sibly buy her gowns for less than  
\$40,000 per year.

Which somewhat gilds the lily of ex-  
travagance.

George Gould testified his father left  
an estate of \$80,000,000; that the in-  
come from this estate for each of the  
Jay Gould heirs was \$15,000 a week.

\$780,000 a year or nearly \$5,000,000  
yearly for the six children.  
A sum sufficient to keep the wolf a  
good way from the door.

Now—  
Aside from the showing of wasteful-  
ness and stopper pulling dissipation  
and social drift, one of the lessons from  
this divorce suit, which has drawn its  
slow, salacious length through the  
courts, is this one:

We need in this country an inheri-  
tance and an income tax law.

Under a reasonable inheritance tax  
law the huge estate of Jay Gould  
would have yielded to the federal gov-  
ernment not less than \$10,000,000. In  
some European states so large a for-  
tune would have been taxed \$20,  
000,000, or 25 per cent.

And the Gould estate is but one of  
several large American family for-  
tunes.

Also, on the basis of a 5 per cent in-  
come tax, a reasonably low levy, the  
government would receive from the  
\$5,000,000 incomes an annual tax re-  
turn of \$250,000.

Would such taxes work a hardship?  
Evidently no. Mr. Gould's testi-  
mony is that, despite the large sum  
spent on the "Gould castle" and an  
ultra extravagant wife, he was unable  
to spend all his income. He says he  
saved from this income since his  
father's death the tidy sum of \$10,  
000,000.

Castellane spent Anna's share or as  
much as he could get his hands on, and  
Helen gives away much of hers in  
charity.

A reasonable tax would be only a  
drop in the bucket to these people.

Mrs. Gould could afford to let the court  
hear her suit of Hotel Belmont rooms  
cost \$300 a week, her automobiles \$500  
a month and her servants \$10,000, "the  
least a lady can get through on."

Moral.—There is one way to stop the  
growth of "swollen fortunes," to put  
a bridle on prodigality and to equalize  
the burdens of taxation, and that way  
is to—

Tax large inheritances and large in-  
comes.

Vain to Rise Early.

There is a story told of how one  
morning Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter,  
Miss Dorothy Drew, refused to  
get up. When all other means had  
failed to coax her out of bed Mr. Glad-  
stone was called. "Why don't you get  
up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grand-  
father, didn't you tell me to do what  
the Bible says?" "Yes, certainly."

"Well, it disapproves of early rising;  
says it's waste of time."

The good old man knew his Bible  
better than most men, but he was not  
equal to Dorothy. For once in his life  
he was nonplussed. "You listen, then,"  
went on Dorothy, in reply to his ex-  
clamation, and, turning up her Bible,  
she read the second verse of the One  
Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm,  
laying great emphasis on the first  
words, "It is vain for you to rise up  
early."

Other people like  
Victor Bread

and we know

you will

A trial

convinces.

## THE SCRAP BOOK

His Monument.

Sandy McGregor, a thrifty man in  
a land of thrift, was seen in Glasgow  
wearing a lustrous sparkler in his cravat.  
To him said Sandy McDermott,  
"Who set ye the d'f'mon, McGregor?"  
"Nobbut myself," was the answer.

"Oh, aye," ventured the questioner.  
"Ye've been tratin' yersel', eh?"

"No that, eyther," McGregor made  
reply. "But ye ken I'm executoer of  
the estate o' Sammis McDougal?"

"An, ye hae yer han's in the pile  
the noo?"

"Hush, mon," said McGregor, look-  
ing hurt, "a' I'll will. First it said  
his lawfu' debts were to be paid,  
which was unnecessary under law.  
Then it said 'th' executoer was to set  
aside thirty-f' pun' for th' buryin'.  
D'ye mind?"

"Oh, aye," responded McDermott.

"An' then he wished th' executoer to  
procure an handsome stone as could  
be had in a' Glasgy fer a mather o'  
seventy pun'."

"Aye?"

"Aweel, mon," concluded McGregor,  
"this is the stone."

The Worth of a Woman.

Whatever the wage of the world may be  
At the close of the tolling day,  
For a task too slight for the world to see,  
As it measures man's work for pay,

He is rich in the tribute of rarer lands  
That reckon world's wage above—  
In the touch of a woman who under-  
stands.

In the thought of a woman's love.  
—Charlotte Louise Rudyard in Harper's  
Bazar.

The Bishop Won.

"There was an English bishop, the  
bishop of Oxford, who could reel off  
wonderful rhymes," said a London  
clergyman. "The bishop once wrote  
a rhyme about a casowary:

"I would I were a casowary  
On the plains of Timbuktou  
I would eat a missionary.  
Casow, bands and bynn book too!

"A dispute once arose about the au-  
thorship of that rhyme. The bishop  
of Oxford claimed it, and a punster  
from Punch also claimed it. Accord-  
ingly, as a test, the word Jehoshaphat  
was submitted to the two claimants  
for rhyming. The man who best  
rhymed that difficult if not impossible  
word would be judged the true author  
of the casowary effort.

"Well, the Punch punster failed—fell  
down completely—but the bishop of  
Oxford easily proved his rightful own-  
ership of the casowary production by  
dashing off on the spur of the mo-  
ment, this magnificent effort:

"The valiant King Jehoshaphat  
Of any man could crack a rib,  
But could not of Jehoshaphat,  
And that because he was so fat."

The Very Ideal.

A Flushing (N. Y.) clergyman, pastor  
of a popular church, received as a  
caller at his parsonage the other day  
a young matron carrying in her arms  
a chubby faced youngster.

"I want the baby christened," the  
mother said.

After the ceremony the clergyman  
started to write out the baptismal cer-  
tificate required by the board of  
health.

Forgetting for the moment the date  
of the month, he remarked to the  
mother:

"This is the ninth, isn't it?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied the young  
matron indignantly. "It's only the  
third."

Separating Them.

Mr. Grubb, an elderly bachelor, hav-  
ing been troubled for a week or two  
with a pain in his back, went to his  
doctor. The physician prescribed two  
large porous plasters and told him to  
call again in about a fortnight and re-  
port.

Mr. Grubb complied with directions.  
He went to a drug store and bought  
the plasters and after a prolonged  
struggle with them in his own room  
succeeded in getting them properly in  
place. Being a very small man, how-  
ever, the two nearly covered his whole  
back, and, at the end of two weeks he  
called at the physician's office again.

"Well, how is your back?" asked the  
medical man.

"Sound as a dollar; hasn't pained  
me any for ten days or more."

"Glad to hear it. You may take the  
plasters off whenever you please."

"Not much," exclaimed Mr. Grubb,  
removing his coat and vest, taking off  
his collar and locking the door of the  
doctor's office. "I won't touch 'em.  
They're bigger than I am. What I  
want you to do now, doctor, is to pull  
me off the plasters."

The Life Giving Touch of Sympathy.

A man may have become almost a  
demon, he may have resolved upon im-  
mortal hate and study of revenge, but  
let him once feel the life giving touch  
of sympathy and love, and the seed,  
long dormant, will spring up and bring  
forth its harvest in the field of life.—  
J. C. Sellers, Jr.

Very Considerate.

Four old Scotsmen, the remnant of  
a club formed some fifty years ago,  
were seated round the table in the  
clubroom. It was 5 a. m., and Douglas  
looked across at Donald and said in a  
thick, sleepy voice:

"Donald, I've notice what an awful  
peculiar expression there is on Jock's  
face?"

"Aye," says Donald, "I notice that.  
He's dead! He's been dead these four  
hours."

"What? Dead! Why did ye no tell  
me?"

"Ah, no—no—no," said Donald. "Am  
no that kind o' man to disturb a com-  
vivial evening."

Contempt of Court.

Mark Twain was waiting for a street  
car in Boston once when a young girl  
approached him, smiling. She was a  
lovely girl, fresh, blooming, ingenious,  
bubbling with enthusiasm and evi-  
dently on her way home from school.

"Pardon me," she said. "I know it's  
very unconventional, but I may never  
have another chance. Would you mind  
giving me your autograph?"

"Glad to do it, my dear child," said  
Mr. Clemens, drawing out his foun-  
tain pen.

"Oh, it's so good of you!" gurgled  
the girl. "You know, I've never seen  
you but once, Chief Justice Fuller, and  
that was at a distance, but I've seen

your portrait so often that I recog-  
nized you the moment I saw you here."

"Um—m—m—m!" said Mr. Clem-  
ens noncommittally. Then he took  
from her eager hands her nice little  
autograph album and wrote in bold  
script these words:

It is delicious to be full.  
But it is heavenly to be Fuller.  
I am cordially yours,  
MELVILLE W. FULLER.

Love.

Love came at dawn, when all the world  
was fair,  
When crimson glories bloomed and  
songs were rife;  
Love came at dawn, when hope's wings  
fanned the air,  
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even, when the day was  
done,  
When heart and brain were tired and  
slumber pressed;  
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking  
sun  
And whispered, "I am rest."

—W. Wilfred Campbell.

Knew What He Was Talking About.

An old German, wearing a faded  
blue coat and a campaign hat, limped  
into the office of a palatial dog and  
horse hospital, bequeathed by a hu-  
mane millionaire to the town of X.

"I wish to be admitted to dis hos-  
pital," he announced to the superin-  
tendent. "I've got heart trouble. I'm  
a G. A. R. man, and I can prove it."