

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 North 9th and A streets.
Home Phone 1121.
RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Rudolph G. Leeds Managing Editor.
Charles M. Morgan Manager.
W. R. Foundation News Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.

In Richmond \$2.00 per year (in advance) or 10c per week.
MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One year, in advance \$5.00
Six months, in advance 2.50
One month, in advance25

Address changed as often as desired; both new and old addresses must be given.

Advertisers will please remit with order, which should be given for a specified term; name will not be entered until payment is received.

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 guaranteed by the Association.

No. 100 *T. D. Pendleton*
Secretary.

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 viewing 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 waterworks.

According to this report the light plant owed the city December 31, 1908, \$3,077,50, and from the semi-annual report issued in July, 1909, \$19,171.83 of that amount was paid leaving an indebtedness of only \$14,806.67. 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 \$75,604.64 and its operating expenses, construction and bond interest, etc., \$56,091.73, leaving a net profit of \$19,602.91, deducting \$6,500.00 as sinking fund to retire the bonds in 1937, there is a net surplus of \$13,102.91, 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 to purchase price for the waterworks 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 proposition with politics thoroughly eliminated. On the contrary as our population 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 acquisition 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 a good government, instead of party obedience be our slogan and qualification the standard from mayor to garbage collector.

ALPH.

TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

The Sense of Danger.
A-gwine down de road whah re
screach 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'nt'ly key.

I couldn't 'spain 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 aflashin' razors an'
a-throwin' 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 screach 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 what's natchelly

Jes' my 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 contract the company proposed the abolition of meter rental and the installation 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 compel 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 inclined to hope for the best."

"He has a right to," answered Senator Sorghum. "He's from Ohio."

Impractical.

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other, "liberal but not always practical. For instance, 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 hi mwhen 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 entertainment in Omaha had already been suggested to Ak-Sar-Ben officers having the program in charge. If the school children are given an opportunity 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 meeting 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 afford 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 expulsion of seven cadets with the approval of President Taft, acting upon the report of Supt. Scott and the Sibley board of inquiry. Contrary to a recent distinguished precedent, Mr. Taft and Secretary Dickinson will not reinstate any of the dismissed men by a appeal from the law to the dictionary. Neither the influence they can wield nor the many appearance of these young men who have been convicted of doing an unmanly thing—unmanly because in disobedience of orders—will save them.

The action of the new President clearly shows that during his administration the military ten commandments 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 Chicago will have the sympathy and approval of thoughtful people everywhere, and especially of teachers and parents, in the resolute stand which it has taken against Greek letter secret societies, in the public schools.

We do not know that these so-called "kid frats" are any more objectionable than 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 developed 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 enormous scale and at a tremendously rapid pace of progress. The educated Chinese who have come to this country within the past few years tell us that this is so, and every observant American who has visited the celestial realm within the past twenty-four

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 giv' ye the d'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 execooter of the estate o' Sammis McDougal?"

"An', ye ha'e yer han' in the pile the noot?"

"Hush, mon," said McGregor, looking hurt, "a' i' th' will. First it said his 'lawfu' debts were to be paid, which was unnecessary under law.

Then it said th' execooter was to set aside thirty-6' pun' for th' buryin' D'y mind?"

"Oh, aye," responded McDermott.

"An' then he wished th' execooter to procure as handsome a stane as could be had in a' Glasgy for a mather o' seventy pun'."

"Aye?"

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

The Worth of a Woman.

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

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

In the thought o' a woman's love— Charlotte Louise Rudyard in Harper's Bazaar.

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 cassowary:

"I would I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuktu!
I would eat a missionary,
Cassock, bands and hymn book too!"

"A dispute once arose about the authorship of that rhyme. The bishop of Oxford claimed it, and a punster on Punch also claimed it. According to Punch it 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 cassowary effort.

"Well, the Punch punster failed—fell down completely—but the bishop of Oxford easily proved his rightful ownership of the cassowary production by dashing off on the spur of the moment this magnificent effort:

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

The Very Ideal.

A Flushing (N. Y.) clergyman, pastor of a popular church there, 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," she mother said.

After the ceremony the clergyman started to write out the baptismal certificate 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, having 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 report.

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, however, the two nearly covered his whole back. 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 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."

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 incomes.

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, ingenuous, bubbling with enthusiasm and evidently 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 fountain 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 recognized you the moment I saw you here."

"Um—m—m—m" said Mr. Clemens 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.

Whispered stories bloomed and songs were ripe.

Love came at dawn, when hope's wings fanned the air.

And murmured, "I am life."

</div