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—and Sun-Telegram—

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Treasurer.

No. 100

CITY GOVERNMENT AND THE PAY ENVELOPES

In his speech at the Glen under the auspices of the labor organizations yesterday, Will Reller made some excellent points. His insistence on the relation of civic conditions to the buying power of wages should be of interest to every one, no matter what he gets in his pay envelope. It is a hard matter to make many men realize until they actually get up against it, that good city government makes the money at the end of the week go farther.

It is equally hard to realize that the price of gas, the price of water, the price of electricity, and house rent—the supplies of the corner groceries, all of them depend on the kind of government, the honesty and methods employed by officials.

The man who has no property, as Mr. Reller brought out, is not immune from taxes. As a matter of fact he may suffer even more than the owner of the property. And as taxes are of various sorts—city, township, state and county—it is not alone a matter of city government. The city government is, of course, the one which the average man has most control over and the one which can be most affected, as rule, by public opinion.

The city government has also to do, as Mr. Reller pointed out, with the rates of charges of public service corporations. Many a man who will not take the trouble to interest himself in good government and public affairs will spend an hour grumbling about the price he must pay for his water.

It is only when callousness to affairs begins to come out of his pocket that the man takes notice.

In his criticisms on present conditions Mr. Reller did not make the mistake of stopping without suggesting a remedy of proved success to take the place of the thing he criticised.

And what he proposed is not a new thing to the men he was addressing. For the Des Moines plan of city government with its features of recall, initiative and referendum have been tenets held by organized labor for some little while. In this remedy, as far as can be judged from this distance, Mr. Reller is correct in our opinion. We have already expressed our interest in the Des Moines plan, and the kindred forms of commission government where they are in force. It is significant that Indiana cities are already going toward that goal as the establishment of the Board of Works with greater authority, in the last few years, shows.

Whether the Des Moines plan is feasible or not, whether it is ever adopted or not, the connection between good government and the pay envelope is undeniably the same.

ULTIMA THULE

The North Pole will soon rival Atlantic City as a spring refuge if people do not stop discovering it. Two Americans have made the Grand Tour now, if we are to believe the press dispatches. What with Cook and Peary—it will soon be overcrowded. We place no credence in the assertion of Abe Martin of the Indianapolis News that Cook has brought back a pole cat—though that might be unmistakable polar evidence. We are still waiting with impatience for some enterprising confection dispenser to announce that he made the gum drops with which Cook bribed the Eskimos to show him the pole.

But we see no reason to believe that Cook and Peary did not reach the last point in Ultima Thule. It is true that Julius Caesar some years ago reported in his memoirs that he had sighted the islands Farthest

North. But time has since withered his laurels.

Christopher Columbus underwent the same carping criticism which met Cook on his return. No discovery of any importance has been unattended by the anvil chorus. That is merely disgruntled human nature aroused at being disturbed. Of course how could any man who has been on the ground and spent twenty years of his life in preparation—a mere arctic expert who has braved the icy north—be expected to know anything about it?

Already the editorial writers on many large papers have discovered that Wilbur and Orville Wright can manipulate their flying machine although they criticised them severely for not giving out information about it.

Several years ago before the days of the Lusitania and even before the days of the Savannah in 1819—one of the scientists in congress produced accurate figures to prove that a steamship could never cross the ocean. He proved without a shadow of a doubt that a ship could never be built which was big enough to carry coal enough to make steam enough, to take the ship across the little pond. This is now being done every little while in just about the same time that it takes the fliers to cross the continent from New York to San Francisco—4 days and 12 hours.

All of which has everything to do with the North Pole and Dr. Cook's admirers.

SCHOOL DAYS

Already the book store people are widening their aisle space for the semi-annual rush to get books. Already in the small boy fearful to be blase in his manner lest his mother make that time worn moth eaten remark—"Well you'll have something to do when school opens." Already the freckle faced freshman is either being rushed for some fraternity at the university or else enquiring anxiously as to the method of procedure to obtain the coveted pledge button.

Soon with pride he will be strutting into the shops getting his equipment for the ordeal and scrutiny of college—attended by his fond mamma who will beam in kindly fashion when the shoe clerk makes the "They will grow up won't they?" It will not be long till he returns a real college devil. Some few escape the disease—but Adam ate the apple.

In the meantime father is reading catalogs and delving into the maze of electives and major and minor courses. He gives sound paternal advice and wishes that he might have the opportunity that he is giving his son—but the chances are that papa would make just as big a fool out of himself as Bob will. Bob (and father) will soon learn that the masterpieces of fiction were not written by the men in the histories of literature but by freshmen to their fathers.

All of which is a considerable part of the "Uplift."

Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Baltimore's Rat War.

From the Baltimore Sun.

In pursuance of the suggested crusade against rats, a member of the city council will at an early date introduce an ordinance to this end. Three ways of ridding the city of this species of rodents are brought forward, the first being ratproof construction, the second the cutting off of their food supply by requiring all garbage to be deposited by householders in rat proof cans, and the third by killing them outright.

Of the advisability of exterminating rats there can be little question, because they, or the fleas on them are purveyors of disease. Infectious diseases are sometimes communicated in a mysterious manner. The mystery disappears when it is considered that rats pass unnoticed by night from house to house, scattering fleas and the disease germs which the fleas harbor. The value of rats as scavengers is far outweighed by their activity, as disseminators of disease, to say nothing of the damage they do to the carefully managed premises and the immense amount of foodstuffs which they consume.

Forty-Foot Suburban Lots.

From the Indianapolis News.

Real estate agents of this city ought to get together and put a stop to the forty-foot lot business in the suburbs. Indianapolis is a flat city, with room for expansion in all directions. Land is not so dear in the suburbs but that the average land owner may have a large lot and not be limited to the dimensions which prevail down town. Densely built suburbs, with houses at intervals of thirty or forty feet, will soon have little advantage over a downtown community. Nobody is more interested financially in this very thing than real estate agents and they can largely control. They at least ought to use their influence in behalf of large lots in rural regions. A fifty-foot lot is more than 25 per cent better than a forty-foot lot. The difference between the country and city is in the air spaces, trees and gardens. There ought to be opportunity for these if the suburbs are to maintain their distinctive qualities.

Let Us Have Peace.

From the Iron Trade Review.

One bright spot illuminating the otherwise gloomy industrial period following the financial panic that broke just two years ago, has been the happy

Mrs. Rosamond Street Eustis



Her husband was stricken with smallpox on board the steamer Carpathia, and all the 2,000 passengers were frightened but she.

relations between employers of labor and their employees. Drawn closer together than any time during the previous years of prosperity, marred by strife and contention and characterized by a heartier spirit of co-operation, these mutually helpful relations bid fair to continue at least through the autumn and into the winter. Why may they not continue indefinitely? Why should they fade under the influence of the sun of prosperity, when developed and hastened toward glorious maturity amid the lowering clouds of adversity.

Weak.

From the New York World.

Wall street is more sickly in some respects than Mr. Harriman.

The Slump.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

How sick was Harriman? Oh, only about ten points.

TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

Appreciation.

"So you are fond of music?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have the highest regard for it. When you go home and meet a crowd of constituents there is nothing like a brass band to take their minds off the explanations they have been looking for."

"Dodgin' work," said Uncle Eben, "is an occupation dat's liable to keep you busy an' fretted twenty hours a day, an' no vacations whatsoever."

The Dreamer.

The dreamer, happy thought not rich, Cares not what fate overtakes him—But hunger's the alarm clock which Relentlessly awakes him.

New Perils.

"Is the trip across the channel dangerous?" inquired the tourist.

"It is becoming more so than formerly," answered the Englishman.

"There is no telling what moment an airship may drop upon you."

Practical Assistance.

"Do you think that Greek has much value in modern education?"

"Certainly," answered the young man with a college hat; "the Greek alphabet enables a man to know what frat he belongs to."

Fruitless Power.

Remember, son, when you aspire

To be a man whose word,

Even though the world may not admire,

With awe is always heard,

Events as they are placed on view

Out at the baseball game.

When things go wrong and all is

through,

The umpire gets the blame.

He stands the monarch of the scene;

His right arm he extends

And yet he has no friends.

Somewhere the home team's bound to

lose

And when with angry shame

The vanquished hear their foes

enthuse,

The umpire gets the blame.

Geraldine, why don't you ask for a

introduction to me, and why do you

now, knowing so little of me, ask me

to be your wife?" Gerald—I decided

the day that I saw you alight from

a sweet car and noticed that you did

not get off backward than you were a

remarkable woman.—New York Press.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Tuesday, Sept. 7.—Richmond Lodge

No. 196, F. & A. M., stated meeting.

Wednesday, Sept. 8.—Webb Lodge

No. 24, F. & A. M., work in Fellow-

Craft degree.

Friday, Sept. 10.—King Solomon's

Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Stated meet-

ing.

F. & A. M. Stated meeting.

F. &