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— and Sun-Telegram —

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A MESS OF POTTAGE

It would appear to the casual but interested observer that the Friends of this community are about to exchange a most desirable birthright for a mess of pottage. There is a movement on foot to remove the Yearly Meeting from its almost historic grounds at the corner of 15th and Main streets and place it on the west side of the river. The agitation which is being made by the Friends who live on the West Side seems to us inconsiderate and unwise. We have nothing against the residents of the western part of town, but it does seem to us that the removal of the Yearly Meeting from its accustomed place which was built for the purpose is an unwise move and one not calculated for good either to the Society of Friends or the City of Richmond.

The pleasant trees and the green grass plot around the Meeting House form one of the most desirable breathing spots in the City of Richmond. To ruthlessly leave the established place and to do away with what amounts to a park which is an ornament to the town, is detrimental to the town.

Things of this sort are not to be classed with the location of a factory or a business block. It is on a higher plane which should take into cognizance the fact that much silent good is accomplished by the presence of the Yearly Meeting House.

We hope that something will develop in the shape of public sentiment which will dissuade the Society of Friends from an unwise and undesirable moving of the present Yearly Meeting House from its attractive surroundings.

RICHMOND AND THE 10th.

The Tenth Infantry came to Richmond last year at the time of the Fall Festival. That they enjoyed the hospitality extended to them last year is certain. The letter received in reply to the invitation extended them by the Executive Committee of the Fall Festival asking them to come this year was conclusive evidence that the Tenth Infantry has a warm place in its heart for the "Panic Proof City."

As we said just after the Fall Festival last year, the conduct of the Tenth Infantry rank and file, officers and men, was such that they could not but command the admiration of that soldiers on the march are vicious and to be looked upon with suspicion.

The Tenth dispelled that illusion in great shape and did more to awaken kindly feeling for the service and respect for the army than all the patriotic speeches on the Fourth of July have done in the whole history of the town.

We hope the Tenth can come and in saying this we believe that we express the sentiment of all those who saw the Tenth last year.

DR. WAKEFIELD

Tomorrow morning, memorial services will be held in memory of the late Dr. Wakefield. For many years this kindly man moved in the circles of the town in the days that are past and gone. The younger generation has never known him. The older men and women of the town who once were his friends have for the most part gone. And in spite of the change of passing years it should be a comforting thought to all who labor and make their influence felt in a community that their efforts be commemorated after their passing by the town which they have loved.

That Dr. Wakefield loved Richmond is evident from his wish that he should be buried here in the midst

of those to whom he ministered and worked for the common good. It is no little debt which the living owe to the dead—and though there are many who are not honored who should be, it is more than fitting that the death of those who have done their work should be accorded a little share of the respect of the hurrying world intent on other matters.

The PALLADIUM'S FASHION EDITION

The Palladium's Fall Fashion Edition which will be issued tomorrow marks a milestone in newspaper enterprise in this part of Indiana. There have been fashion editions before in Richmond. And these were good. This edition will be better—the best so far.

Fashions are as big items of news as any other things—they play an important role in connection with the long green in the pay envelope. They are the things which make the wearer of clothes either comfortable or uncomfortable—proud or ashamed of himself.

The Fall Fashion Edition which the Palladium will issue tomorrow will settle this disturbing element and give the consumer the knowledge which will protect his pocket book.

The matter of fashions is the wear-some question. The Fall Fashion number will settle this important question tomorrow and will be a model of newspaper efficiency and enterprise.

Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Value of Flowers.

Floriculture develops rapidly as an American industry, as the present census will show. Even ten years ago the retail value of cut flowers was estimated at \$12,500,000 and of plants \$10,000,000. Of the former, roses, constituted nearly a half, or \$6,000,000, while only second to this royal flower was the carnation, at \$4,000,000, leaving but \$2,500,000 for all the other kinds.

The popularity for the carnation is easily explained. It has beauty, fragrance and it has given a cordial response to development efforts. Though a native of the south of Europe, more than 500 varieties, all of American origin, are now cultivated in this country. The monthly tree, or perpetual flowering carnations are the varieties most extensively cultivated under glass for winter cut flowers. They are propagated from cuttings taken from December to May, rooted in sand, transplanted in pots, and kept in cans until the danger of frost is passed, when they may be planted in the ground.—Washington Herald.

The Country Editor.

During the eight years I worked in a country newspaper office I had ample time to study and absorb the daily incidents in the life and work of a country editor. I learned for a certainty that a man to qualify for such a position must be a machinist, a politician, a financier, a diplomat and a printer, besides having a smattering of all professions. He must be versatile, forgiving, brave, prolific, calm, temperate in all things, and withal, he must have excellent bodily health, abundant physical strength and a head filled with concrete knowledge of his village, the country, the commonwealth and all things of national and international moment and importance, from the best methods of treating the pimpl in light Brahmas to the latest revolutionary disturbance in the Balkans.—Don Cameron Shafer in The Bohemian Magazine.

Athlete a Back Number.

The very broad shouldered athlete who has been the popular model for illustrators whether they are making clothing, advertisements or pictures for best sellers is no longer the mode. He has had his day, and the man with more normal shoulders is now preferred.

The padded out shoulders that have been characteristic of the ready to wear clothing" said one of the illustrators, "went into the discard weeks ago, and now they are supplying the inspiration for the comics. In the same way the man with thick muscles and biceps is no longer in demand among the men who make the pictures for the young girls' books. He's a back number of the most decided type.

The popular figure is slim all the way up. It is not narrow shouldered. But of the measure, it is said that the tailors cut natural, which means that the shoulders seem to be broader than they really are. There is no padding in a coat, but there is a lining that carries the coat all the little out.

"Such is the shoulder style—present year. The hulk that is like a champagne bottle turned side down is a thing of the past. Even on the beaches this summer the new medium shouldered man is the real thing in masculine beauty.

"The broad shouldered idol of former years seems to realize this for he attempts to make himself look narrow by the cut of his bathing suit, letting the jersey run out to the arms.—New York Sun.

TWINKLES

TO THE NORTH POLE.

Ah, there, North Pole!
Frozen end of a long roll
Of living and dead who have sought
in vain
To make your place of sprouting plain.
You're discovered at last, golden you!
And we'll proceed to turn you
into something of more worth
Than merely the top end of the earth.

For ages, there on the roof,
You have held aloft
From man.
And plan
As he might to come nigh,
You left him, unwelcomed, to freeze
and to die;
Alone
On your icy throne
You have sat
For all the world to wonder where
you were at;
From the frapped silence of the north
You sent no message forth
Inviting man to call
And join you on the apex of the ter-
restrial ball.

But now—
Wow!
You're discovered at last,
And your past,
No longer a mystery
Will be put into history,
Hully gee!
N. P.
You can't buck against man when he
goes

After what he knows
is there. And say
Since the Yankee has come your way
By Cripes!
He'll string the glorious Stars and
Stripes
On you
And make the Red, White and Blue
Turn you into hot stuff.
Ain't that enough?
Ain't you glad that the starry rag
is the North Pole flag?
We love the nations of the world.
But oh, you Pole.
We've got you—

—W. J. Lampert in N. Y. World.

IN THE COLD, GRAY DAWN.

I dreamed that I dwelt on an isle of
cracked ice,
In the midst of a lake of champagne
Where bloomed the mint juleps in
meadows of green,
Amid showers of lily rain.
I reclined on a divan of lager beer
foam.

With a pillow of froth for my head,
With the spray from the fountain of
sparkling gin fizz
Descended like dew on my head.
From far-away mountains of crystal-
line ice.

A zephyr refreshing and cool
Came wafting the incense of sweet
muscate.

That sparkled in many a pool.
My senses were cooled by the soft
purling song of a brooklet of
pousse cafe

That rippled along over pebbles of
snow.

To a river of absinthe frappe.
Then lulled by the music of tinkling
glass

From the schooners that danced on
the deep.

I dreamtly sipped a highball or two
And languidly floated asleep.
And then I awoke on a bed of rocks,
With a bolster as hard as a brick.
A wrench in my back, a racking in my
head.

And a stomach detestably sick.
With sand in my eyes and grit in my
throat.

Where the taste of last evening
still clung.

And felt a bath towel stuffed in my
mouth.

Which I afterward found was my
tongue;

And I groped for the thread of the
evening before.

In the mystified maze of my brain,
Until a great light burst upon me at
last.

I'm off of the wagon again.

—Chattanooga Times.

Plant historians have never yet settled to their satisfaction just how the pansy flower in England fully three centuries ago, and the probability is that it was developed from a certain species of violet with tricolored petals, which is still to be found growing wild along British waysides and in other parts of northern Europe.

The old herbalist Gerarde, describes the "panse, or heart's ease," as he knew it, says quaintly that it has "flowers in form and figure like the violet and for the most part the same bigness of three sundry colors—that is to say, purple, yellow and white or blue—by reason of the beautie and braverie of which colors they are pleasing to the eye. For smell they have little or none at all. The root is nothing else but, as it were, a bundle of threddy strings."—London Graphic.

Death Traps in the Rockies. In some of the high plateaus, or mesas, of the Rocky mountains, or the pampas of Argentina, there are to be found a short distance from the edge cracks or fissures not more than four feet wide and often as much as eighty feet deep. During the terrific blizzards that rage in the winter these crevices are liable to the level, and cattle and horses which are not acquainted with the country frequently drop into their struggles only causing them to sink deeper and deeper.

As to which the sun never sets, there are two dogs in the pack today. Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of, and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so, "but, as I do not know them, will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me?"

Father's Revenge. "Here is a telegram from papa," says the eloping bride. "He says for us to come right home and live with him and mamma."

"I didn't think he would be so vindictive as all that," sighs the eloping bridegroom.—New York Life.

Change yourself and fortune will change with you.—Portuguese Proverb.

—C. F. BURNS

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