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Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Taft and Roosevelt.
From the Washington Star.

It is announced that the Roosevelt
Club of Cincinnati has given up the
ghost—at least its quarters. So many
members had dropped out and made
other alliances, there seemed no fur-
ther use for the club's existence.

And yet, if we consult the philoso-
phy of the New York Times, this ac-
tion was premature. The Times sees
a chance for Mr. Roosevelt to "come
again," and rather expects him to im-
prove it. Mr. Taft may not hold his
party together. Already the tariff is
giving him trouble. Suppose other
questions should give him trouble.
Suppose republican difficulties increase
and as the time for naming the candi-
date approaches a protest within the
party against a second term for Taft
is made, and represents an influential
faction of the party. What more nat-
ural and logical than to turn to the
former leader?

The Times dwells upon the tariff,
and thinks Mr. Roosevelt would hold
a strong position as to that. He has
not indorsed, and may not indorse,
the Payne law. When a young politician
he accepted membership in the Cobden
club. Suppose, then, discontent with
the Payne law grows. Suppose an in-
creasing number of republicans refuse
to accept it as a redemption of the party's
promise to revise the tariff down-
ward, and insist upon further action,
making the issue of 1912 turn again
largely upon that issue.

Mr. Roosevelt has no very definite
position on the tariff. It is under-
stood that he is a protectionist because
he is a republican. His membership
in the Cobden club—a free trade club—
is of no consequence. Gen. Garfield
was a member, and maybe other
American politicians, without a
thought of committing themselves on
the subject, have accepted the civilities
of that English organization.

But a refusal to indorse Mr. Taft at
the republican national convention in
1912 would not be referable solely to
the tariff. The party, in effect, would
confess failure all along the line, and
would almost invite defeat. Could
anybody save the day? Strong as he
was when he left office, as he may be
now, he may then be with an element
of his party. Mr. Roosevelt as a candi-
date of his party the third time would
be handicapped. He would find him-
self leading a divided party, and resting
under the imputation of having
consented at the rejection of his friend
for indorsement. A strong democrat
might discover his opportunity in the
situation.

Those Cincinnati politicians evident-
ly do not expect Mr. Roosevelt to
"come again," as a presidential quan-
tity. And there does seem further use
for his name for political purposes.
But it is a good name for a hunting
club, or a riding academy, or a tennis
court.

The Tools of Genius.

From the New York World.

Of all the features of the celebra-
tion, is there any which has caught
the imagination of the crowd as has
the facsimile of the Half Moon, with
its suggestion of human daring and
endeavor? Truly they had hearts of
oak and nerves of triple brass who
ventured out over uncharted seas
in this puny craft. Many timid souls
today, would not risk a cruise off
Sandy Hook in the boat in which Hud-
son crossed the Atlantic. Genius is
proverbially careless of its tools. A
Franklin files a knife, a Watt watches
a tea kettle, a Herschel scans the
heavens with a tiny homemade tele-
scope, a Garcia looks down the hu-
man throat with a miniature mirror
found attached to a stick in a Paris
shop, and civilization takes a long
step ahead. If it had been necessary
to wait until a Lusitania was built
before the ocean was crossed, or until
steam lathes and trip-hammers were
perfected before a locomotive was
built, we should still be in the dark
ages. The world has wonderfully ad-
vanced in all the arts and pursuits of
peace. But has one millimeter been
added to the breadth of the human
spirit in a thousand years? Are the
Bierlots and Wrights and Curtises
who are wrestling from nature the se-
cret of a new science a whit more dar-
ing than Columbus or Hudson?

THE SPIRIT OF THE OCCASION.

It gives a thrill of the best sort to look down Main street. The ban-
ners and bannerets, so gaily blowing in the fall breezes; the splashes of
brilliant color here and there; the platted poles; the festoons; and the
preparations for the brilliant lighting of the streets—and not done yet!

Not done (you gasp), why, have they commenced already?
Now that is the remarkable part about the whole affair and it ex-
tends throughout the whole performance. Everything in this Fall Festi-
val is proceeding in the same orderly confusion—if you will pardon the
expression. It is the spirit of rapid accomplishment.

And it is particularly good for a town which bears itself as staidly—
and which has so good a title to the name of the "Panic Proof City"—that
it should have a taste of this rapid accomplishment. It gives a grip on
affairs—a strengthening of the sinews and the muscles—a direction to its
mind and a stimulant to its ambition—for Richmond is a living organism.

But this sort of thing—the thrill of accomplishment, does not happen
quite by accident. In reality it's simply this old matter of co-operation
that we have all been talking to you about for over a year. Call it "getting
together and doing something"; if you don't like the larger word—but
we're all talking about the same thing.

There really isn't much left unsaid about this Fall Festival. It's hard
to find some new phase to talk about—yet the reason is that we are all so
busy thinking and working that it proves that we are all absorbed in it.

But right here it needs to be said before we abandon ourselves to the
joyous excitement that pulses through those of us who have blood and
youth in our veins (no matter about their age) when the Fall Festival
is over it won't do to go into a long sleep like the coma in which Teddy,
the bear at the Glen, goes into at the winter season. Teddy is a sleepy
old knocker and simply paces up and down in the same old tracks—a cap-
tive of circumstance. We are past that in Richmond except for a few
specimens kept as horrible examples.

Those who have taken the greatest part in the Fall Festival know
better than anyone else the reason for its being—and that is to help all
this part of the country. For that is the way to help Richmond. They
also know that not very much can be accomplished if this Fall Festival
spirit is not participated in by every citizen in Richmond. The Fall Festi-
val must be followed not by a stupor but by a continuance of this wide-
awake spirit.

So when you look down Main street and see what is being accom-
plished—or for that matter, go into almost every district of the town and
see the Fall Festival preparations—give praise to the men who have
worked in your interest. And remember that to be effective this Fall
Festival spirit of accomplishment is the thing for which Richmond re-
ceives her standing in the eyes of the country 'round.

It's the spirit and the thrill which has made the Fall Festival. No
wonder you get the action of reflected energy when you look down Main
street.

OUR PART AS HOSTS.

Many times more people than will read this will be on Main street for
three days during the waking hours next week. Not only will the citizens
of Richmond be there—but hundreds and hundreds of others. The editors
of the leading papers in this part of the country will be here one day, as
will the Governor of Indiana and the Representative of this Congressional
District. As the people of this town as a whole, express themselves
through the medium of their actions and conduct in every particular—so
the town will be judged.

We have no great belief in putting on manners for occasions. Yet
some time ago at the Wright celebration in Dayton the kindly manners
of the crowd particularly toward the Richmond people made those who
were over there have a warm regard for their hosts. Surely that is
worth while.

We who see each other all the time have occasion to judge of the in-
dividual and to make allowance for his grumpy day. Not so with our vis-
itors. They size us up on the snap shot impression they receive from the
short exposure of three days to Richmond.

This is an opportunity for us to show the spirit of hospitality which
we all feel. We made a good impression last year—it ought not to be lost
by carelessness. Don't neglect the glad hand and the smile—we are all
hosts here in Richmond when the Fall Festival is on.

Whitewater Quarterly Meeting.

BY WILLIAM N. TRUEBLOOD.

Two angels look ever on life's bright dream
And under their vision its vistas gleam;
The one looks forward, and the crags seem crowned
With auroras that beckon and promise and smile;
The other looks back from some long sought bound,
And desert and jungle and fortress, the while
Seem asleep in the softest amethyst hue
And all th' long marches, a garden in dew.

Our Angel, today is the retrospect one,
Whose glass has the hues of the low-sunk sun;
But it gives us a view to that morning tide,
When the spireless church and the hymnless choir
Found a home in the wild by Whitewater's side
And voiceless worship, like a pillar of fire,
Arose with the song of the wood and the shore
Which alone had arisen, the ages before.

The picture is fair, O Memory, fair—
This sowing of seed in the wilderness there.
This Star-gleam of faith in the darkness then,
This wisdom that sat in the councils grave
Oh th' sweet-faced women and strong faced men,
Whose eyes ever turned to the future, and brave
In their vision, would reckon no cost—
But sacrificed self until self was lost.

But the futures are changing with every sun,
And short is the work that is already done;
And many have given their prayers and tears
For that which is only imperfectly true,
For glimpses of truth through our dust clouded year
Look strange and oblique, as we climb in the blue,
For truth is a circle, whose circle is seen
Only in arcs until Time has been.

Just Johns of the desert are the prophets, all,
Whose visions of truth are but visions in small.
But hard, indeed, is the lesson to learn
That our own is not all of the infinite Heaven,
And the scriptures, we know and so earnestly yearn
To implant, are not all of the Testaments given;
That man and his church fit together and both
Are alike, being twins, of an infinite growth.

Behold, ye that planted by Whitewater's stream
The harvest is fairer than that of your dream,
Not that your city's a city of spires,
Not that its pulpits are fountains of zeal,
Not that anthems ascend from organs and choirs—
All this might be without worship or weal,
All this has been in some cities old,
That went to perdition in sins untold.

But fairer, because, on the church you saw,
The chief Archangels were Duty and Law,
While now a fairer, and truer one,
Whose home is higher in, in Heaven's above,
Is seen by the altar, standing alone
And smiling forever, the angel of Love,
Whose love is not church, or church alone,
But the great life of man, in its joy and moan.

And fairer, because, from the gilded domes
Worship is flying to th' shops and homes
And the "Call" is the call to a life that is true
Everywhere now—at the mill and the forge, and the bar,
And the place for me and the place for you



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For Men

Is the place that is suited to what we are,
For love is wider than church and sect
And last in all is the old "elect."

More than you dreamed, O planters, has come,
Perhaps what you feared in that wilderness home.
The widening of service, the lapsing of creeds,
Salvation outside of the folds of the Kirk,
Religion as wide as humanity's needs,
And every-day gospels, the gospels of work—
But could you look backward with us you'd say
Not ours, O Jehovah, but Thine is the way.

Two angels look ever on life's bright dream
And under their vision its vistas gleam.
Blind them, and what could the future hold?
And how would the marches behind us appear?
O Hope, keep ever thy scroll unrolled,
And Memory, ever thy fondest tear,
For the way is covered by clouds and night
And long is the waiting for absolute sight.

TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

Invitation to Argument.
"So you think I should not marry
Reginald?" said the confiding girl.
"I am afraid he has a quarrelsome
disposition," answered Miss Cayenne.
"What makes you think so?"
"He is constantly asking people
whether they think Cook or Peary dis-
covered the north pole."

Something of a Logician Himself.
"You must at all times have respect

and reverence for the law," said the
sincere patriot.

"I have," answered Farmer Corn-
stock.

"But it's pretty generally admitted
that Satan may quote Scripture and
pervert its meaning. So I can't help
feeling suspicious when certain par-
ties get up to read from a merely hu-
man production like the revised sta-
tutes."

In the Eye.

"Your old enemy, Mr. Snortington,
is very much in the public eye."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.
"And he's as irritating there as one of

those cinders you pick up while trav-
eling on the steam cars."

"Imitation," said Uncle Eben, "may
be sincere flattery to be original, but
it's usually an insult to de intelligence
of de people you tries to pass it off
on."

Ezra and Rufus.

We're in a great commotion down to
Pohick on the crick.
We tried to do the proper thing, but
fate has played a trick
That leaves us in confusion. Ezra
Spinks an' Rufus Lee,
They went out a-explorin' fur to find
a possum tree.

Ezra borrowed several lanterns, dogs
an' similar supplies,
An' had a great farewell when he set
out to win the prize.

But Rufus, he sneaked out alone an', fur
as we could see,
He didn't even stand a chance to finish
one, two, three.

We'd 'most forgotten 'em when Rufus
came in out o' breath.
With Ezra steamin' after him like he
was scared to death.
"Congratulations!" Rufus says, "I've
found that possum tree!"
An' Ezra says: "Shet up! The one
that seen it fust is me!"

We cried "Hooray for Rufus!" which
made Ezra want to fight.
Then we says: "Hooray for Ezra!"
which riled Rufus out o' sight.
And, as all that we could think of was
that useful word "hooray,"

We stood around, embarrassed, not
jes' knowin' what to say.

Then ol' Joe Struthers, he spoke up as
folliers: "'Pears to me
You're makin' an unusual fuss about
that possum tree.

When you go out explorin', the im-
portance of yer find
Is measured by the help that it kin be
to human kind.

My judgment isn't warped by either
prejudice or fears.
The one that brought the possum
home's the one that gits my
cheers."

But there warn't nary possum. An'
we all went home ag'in.
Exceptin' Spinks an' Lee. They
staid an' kep' on arguin'.

Frightful Fate Averted.

"I would have been a cripple for
life, from a terrible cut on my knee
cap," writes Frank Disberry, Kelliber,
Minn. "without Bucklen's Arnica
Salve, which soon cured me." Infalli-
ble for wounds, cuts and bruises, it
soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old Sores,
Rolls, Skin Eruptions. World's best
for Piles. 25c. at A. G. Luken & Co.

Slow Trip.

From the Springfield Republican.

No newspaper has yet published a
sketch-map of Peary's dash to New
York. He is reported as making fif-
teen miles Friday in spite of bad
weather.

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