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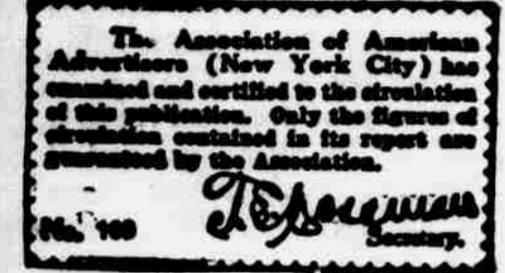
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- REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET. Mayor—DR. W. W. ZIMMERMAN. Clerk—BALTZ A. BESCHER. Councilmen-at-Large: OSCAR C. WILLIAMS, GEORGE J. KNOLLENBERG, HARRY C. WESSEL, ED. THATCHER.

ABOUT CRANE

The controversy, by no means settled as yet, concerning the minister to China, Mr. Crane, seems uncalmed for up to the present time.

The outgrowth of the affair was, that the state department, instead of passing the affair up as entirely without foundation, was indiscreet enough to acknowledge that this was its policy, by publicly reprimanding Mr. Crane.

Such bungling, fortunately, does not often occur in the state department. In this case it savors even of some petty bureaucratic jealousy.

Up to this time, the American foreign affairs have enjoyed the reputation of being well handled. Whether the Crane incident is an exception or the present rule, it does not speak well for the service.

THE NEW PURITAN

The governor of Indiana has coined a new phrase, which seems to have possibilities. "The New Puritan," which he pictures, is a man to be looked forward to, in the hope that America is producing this new species of ideal.

"The new Puritan," said Governor Marshall, "will not be a cruel ascetic machine who thinks the heavens draped in black, but will have the great characteristics of painstaking intelligence, stern conscience and unyielding will, as did the Puritans of three centuries ago."

Out of the melting pot of America, we hope to see a new and sturdy composite, not pessimistic, but optimistic; not full of negative virtues, but full of virtuous action; a temperate man with his fighting instincts under control.

is also the embodiment of the new Puritanism. Not perfect—at least in negative qualities, but splendid in action. It is to be observed that American life is undergoing a new growth, of which a spiritual rebirth is the most marked attribute without a corresponding growth in the outward form of worship.

What we all hope is, that it will exceed the words of Governor Marshall, while following the spirit of his utterance. The historical significance of the Puritan, outlined by the governor, is the Anglo Saxon as affected by christianity, in regard to civic and social progress.

DISCOUNTING FATE

There is no disputing the fact that the modern man has to know more than did his ancestor in a similar position. For this reason, the man who has not a sufficient preparation, or as some term it, education, to hold down the job he would like to have, labors under a delusion that Fate is against him.

At no point is this more to be seen than in the very instances in which the college boy is dismissed from college because he has flunked. The opportunity was there and well you know it was not Fate.

We are about to speak of the Y. M. C. A. Night School.

Despite the usual prejudices in some places against the atmosphere sometimes encircling the Y. M. C. A., it will not do to deride nor to patronize it by assuming things to be existent in its environment which are only by hearsay.

There is only no way to get ahead in this game called life, except to be ready to go ahead. This night school can do—and discount Fate.

In the courses outlined, the studies of English, Arithmetic, Writing and Spelling; Mechanical Drawing, Book-keeping, Shorthand, First Aid to the Injured and Automobile, appear. We are informed that these things are taught by men who are authorities in their line.

Altogether, it would seem that for the young fellow who wants to get ahead—and is really in earnest about it, the night school is a particularly good thing. The reason for the success or failure of such a project is simply whether the young man who needs this sort of thing can see the opportunity when it comes.

TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

Sordid Reasoning. "I have no doubt," said the earnest citizen, "that posterity will know me at my true worth."

"Yes," answered Mr. Lobrow. "But what's the good of neglecting your own business merely to help some future publisher to material for his biographical dictionary?"

Perfection. Men revel in much wordy strife. And say the same things o'er and o'er. There's nothing perfect in this life. Except, perhaps, the perfect bore.

An Attractive Idea. "If all the money Dustin Stax had were changed into silver dollars it would take him years to count it," said the statistician.

"What a splendid idea!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "The enterprise wouldn't do anybody any particular good. But it would keep him out of a great deal of this high finance mischief."

Fortune's Whims. "Where did you get de hand full o' change?" asked Meandering Mike. "It was forced on me," answered Plodding Pete. "A lady up de road sicked de dog on me. I had to steal de pup an' sell 'im in self-defense."

A Question of Art. A man once went to a problem play. And there was fashion in glad array. The things they said on the mimic scene Brought many a blush to his cheek, I ween.

And he shouted "boo!" in the British way, And the others about him in fierce dismay Chided him sore for his gulleful heart. And said, "Be silent, oh, fool; that's art!"

So he steadied his nerve and he learned to speak The language of those who boldly seek To bring new thrills to the public mind By methods sturdier than refined. The self-same story he simply told. They shuddered and said he was rude-ly bold.

"But it's art!" he cried. They exclaimed, "Nay, nay!" "It's only art when they make you pay."

Of the twelve million acres under cultivation in Burma, eight million are devoted to rice.

THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE

BY DR. FREDERICK COOK.

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THE observations of April 14 gave latitude 88 degrees 21 minutes, longitude 95 degrees 52 minutes. We were but 100 miles from the pole, but there was nothing to relieve the mental strain of the icy despair.

With teeth set and newly sharpened resolutions, we set out for that last 100 miles. Some dogs had gone into the stomachs of their hungry companions, but there still remained a sufficient pull of well tried brute force for each sled, and though their noisy vigor had been lost in the long drag, they still broke the frigid silence with an occasional outburst.

We were in good trim to cover distance economically. The sledges were light; our bodies were thin. All the muscles had shriveled, but the dogs retained much of their strength. Thus stripped for the last lap, one horizon after another was lifted.

In the forced effort which followed we were frequently overheated. The temperature was steady at 44 degrees below zero F., but perspiration came with ease and a certain amount of pleasure. Later, however, there followed a train of suffering for many days. The delight of the birdskin shirt was changed for the chill of the wet blanket.

Fortunately, at this time the sun was warm enough to dry the furs in about three days if lashed to the sunny side of the sled. In these last days we felt more keenly the pangs of perspiration than in all our earlier adventures.

The amber colored goggles were persistently used, and they afforded a protection to the eyes which was quite a revelation, but in spite of every precaution our distorted, frozen, burned and withered faces lined a map of the hardships en route.

We were curious looking savages. The perpetual glitter induced a squint which distorted the face in a remarkable manner. The strong light reflected from the crystal surface threw the muscles about the eye into a state of chronic contraction. The pupil was reduced to a mere pinhole.

There was no end of trouble at hand in endeavoring to keep the windows of the soul open, and all of the effect was run together in a set expression of hardship and wrinkles which should be called the boreal squint.

This boreal squint is a part of the russet bronze physiognomy which falls to the lot of every arctic explorer. The early winds, with a piercing temperature, start a flush of scarlet, while

and seas, and had a "land under observation frequently, but with a change in the direction of light or an altered trend in our temperament the horizon cleared and we became eager only to push farther into the mystery.

From the eighty-eighth to the eighty-ninth the ice was in very large fields and the surface was less irregular, but in other respects it was about the same as below the eighty-seventh. We noticed here also an extension of the range of vision. We seemed to see longer distances and the ice along the horizon had a less angular outline.

The color of the sky and the ice also changed to deeper purple blues. We had no way of checking these impressions by other observations. The eagerness to find something unusual may have fired the imagination, but since the earth is flattened at the pole perhaps a widened horizon should be detected.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of April 19 we camped on a picturesque old field with convenient hummocks, to which we could easily rise for the frequent outlook which we now maintained. The tent was pitched. The dogs were silenced by blocks of pemmican. In us new enthusiasm was aroused by a liberal pot of pea soup and a few chips of frozen meat, and then we bathed in life giving sunbeams, screened from the piercing air by silks.

It was a beautiful day, and had our sense of appreciation not been blunted by accumulated fatigue we would have greatly enjoyed the play of light and color in the ever changing scene of sparkle.

The Eskimos were soon lost in a profound sleep, the only comfort in their hard lives, but I remained awake, as had been my habit on succeeding days, to get nautical observations. The latitude calculations lined us at 94 degrees 3 minutes. At noon the sun's altitude was carefully set on the sextant, and the latitude quickly reduced gave 89 degrees 31 minutes—twenty-nine miles from the pole.

My heart jumped for joy, and the unconscious commotion which I was creating awakened Erukishuk. I told him that in two average marches we would reach the "ligi shu" (the big nail).

Abwehah was awakened with a kick, and together they went out to a hummock and through glasses sought for a mark to locate so important a place as the terrestrial axis. If but one sleep beyond it must be seen.

I tried to explain that the pole was not visible to the eye; that its position was located only by a repeated use of the various instruments. This entirely satisfied their curiosity, and they burst out in burrahs of joy. For two hours they chanted and danced the passions of wild life.

It was the first real sign of pleasure or rational emotion which they had shown for several weeks. For some time I had entertained the fear that we no longer possessed the strength to return to land, but the unbridled flow of vigor dispelled that idea.

More sleep was quite impossible. I brewed an extra pot of tea, prepared a favorite broth of pemmican, dug up a surprise of fancy biscuits and filled up on good things to the limit of the allowance for our final feast days. The dogs, which had joined the chorus of gladness, were given an extra lump of pemmican. A few hours more were agreeably spent in the tent, and then we started with a new spirit for the uttermost north.

We were excited to a fever heat. The feet were light on this run. Even the dogs caught the infectious enthusiasm and rushed along at a pace which made it difficult for me to keep a sufficient advance to set a good course. The horizon was still searched for something to mark the approaching boreal center, but nothing unusual was seen. It was the same expanse of moving seas of ice on which we had lived for 500 miles.

But, looking through gladdened eyes, the scene assumed a new glory. There were plains of gold fenced in purple walls, with gilded crests. It was one of the few days on the stormy pack when all nature smiled with cheering lights.

As the day advanced and the splendor of summer night was run into the continued day the beams of gold on the surface snows thickened, while the shadows of hummocks and ridges spread a line of violet barriers through which a way must be sought.

From my position a few hundred yards ahead of the sleds I could not resist the temptation to turn frequently to see the movement of the dog train with its new fire. In this direction the color scheme was reversed. The icy walls were in gold and burning colors, while the plains represented every shade of purple and blue.

Through this sea of color the dogs came with a spirited tread, noses down, tails up and shoulders braced to the straps like chariot horses. The young Eskimos chanting songs and waving with easy step. The long whip was swung with a brisk crack, and all over there rose a cloud of frosted breath.

Camp was pitched early in the morning of April 20. The sun was north-east; the pack glowed in tones of lilac; the normal westerly air of shivers brushed our frosty faces. The surprising burst of enthusiasm had been nursed to its limit, and under it a long march was made over average level with the usual result of overbearing fatigue. Too tired and sleepy to wait for a cup of tea, melted snows were poured down, and the pemmican was pounded with the ax to ease the taste of the jaws. The eyes closed before the meal was finished, and the world was lost to us for eight hours. The observation gave latitude 89 degrees 46.5 minutes, longitude 94 degrees 5 minutes.

With the boys singing and the dog howling we started off after midnight on April 21. The dogs looked large and noble as they came along that day, while Erukishuk and Abwehah, though thin and ragged, had a dignity as heroes of the greatest human battle which had ever been fought with remarkable success.

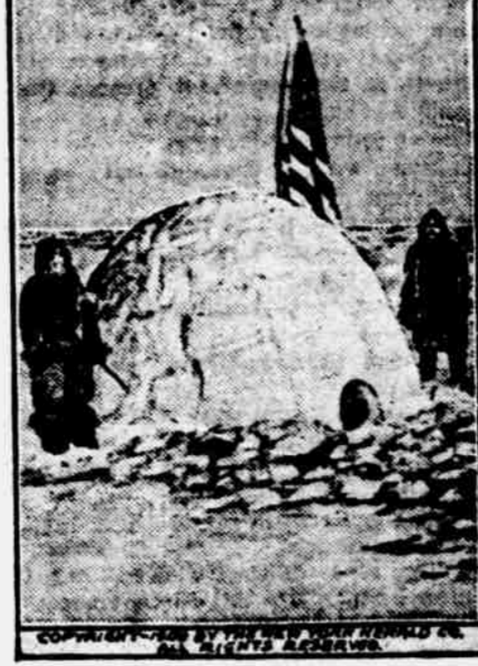
We were all lifted to the paradise of winners as we stepped over the snow of a destiny for which we had risked

life and willingly suffered the tortures of an icy hell.

The ice under us seemed almost sacred. When the pedometer registered fourteen and a half miles we camped and calmly went to sleep, feeling that we were turning on the earth's axis.

The observations, however, gave 89 degrees 59 minutes 45 seconds. We therefore had the pole, or the exact spot where it should be, within sight. We advanced the fifteen seconds, made supplementary observations, pitched the tent, built a snow igloo and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for a stay long enough for two rounds of observations.

Our position was thus doubly assured, and a necessary day of rest was gained. Erukishuk and Abwehah enjoyed the day in quiet repose, but I slept very little. My goal was reached; the ambition of my life had been fulfilled. How could I sleep away such overwhelming moments of elation?



DR. COOK'S ESKIMOS PHOTOGRAPHED BY HIM AT THE POLE.

At last we had reached the boreal center. The dream of nations had been realized. The race of centuries was ours. The flag was pinned to the coveted pole. The year was 1908, the day April 21.

The sun indicated local noon, but time was a negative problem, for here all meridians meet. With a step it was possible to go from one part of the globe to the opposite side—from the hour of midnight to that of midday. Here there are but one day and one night in each year. The latitude was 90 degrees, the temperature -38.7, the atmospheric pressure 29.83. North, east and west had vanished. It was south in every direction, but the compass, pointing to the magnetic pole, was as useful as ever.

Though overjoyed with the success of the conquest our spirits began to change on the next day after all the observations had been taken and the local conditions were studied. A sense of intense loneliness came with a careful scrutiny of the horizon. What a cheerless spot to have around! Endless fields of purple snows! No life, no land, no spot, to relieve the monotony of frost! We were the only pulsating creatures in a dead world of ice.

On April 23, 1908, Dr. Cook began the long return march. With fair weather, good ice and the inspiration of the home run long distances were at first quickly covered.

With a good deal of anxiety Cook watched the daily reduction of the food supply. It now became evident that the crucial stage of the campaign was to be transferred from the taking of the pole to a final battle for life against famine and frost. Early in July farther southward progress became impossible, and in quest of food he crossed the Fifth of Devon into Jones sound. On Feb. 18, 1909, the start was made for Annetok. With a newly prepared equipment the Greenland shores were reached on April 15. Here Dr. Cook was greeted by Harry Whitney and anxious Eskimo friends. To facilitate an early return he moved southward to the Danish settlement and reached Upernivik on May 24, 1909. The Danish ship Hans Egede took Mac from Upernivik to Denmark.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Saturday, Oct. 16—Loyal Chapter No. 40, O. E. S. Stated meeting.

All persons having bills against the Fall Festival, and people to whom awards are due, should file their bills before Friday, this week.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY.

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Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Making Better Citizens. From the Haverhill Gazette.

New York city has thrown open its first public trade or vocation school. It is not to be a trade school that will turn out journeymen, although the aim of its instructors will be to make graduates as proficient as possible in their chosen branches of manual labor.

The view in New York is that a boy of fourteen is incapacitated for shop work by his ordinary school training, and he must be taken under these conditions and trained for the vocational work that is ahead. He must be given non-vocational training in line with his aspirations for at least one-fourth of his time, and then trained under conditions which approach as nearly as possible to those which are encountered in actual shop work as wage-earners.

Art Commission Needed.

From the Milwaukee Free Press. That Milwaukee is fully awake to the gold bricks in public art and architecture which, in common with most American cities, it has bought during the unenlightened past, is evidenced by the demand for a municipal art commission, which was heard by the last legislature. Unfortunately the law providing for the appointment of such a commission was recently held defective, and the city will not have a supervisory art body until the law has been revised.

South's Growth in Population.

From Charleston News and Courier. The growth of population in the south during the decade just ending has been little short of marvelous. Fortunately, too, the growth has been in the smaller towns, for while the larger cities have increased their population rapidly, their percentage of growth has not been so large as that of the smaller towns. It is estimated that thirty-four southern cities, which in 1900 had a population of 1,250,280, now have a population of 2,125,000. This estimate is very conservative, and in

all probability far below what the actual census will show. This is an increase of 70 per cent. and in the list of cities were included five in South Carolina. There are several cities which will show increases of from 100 to 300 per cent., these cities having been in the 10,000 class in 1900.

Passing of "Colony."

From the Toronto Mail and Empire. Officially, the terms "colony" and "colonist" are now no more. The under-secretary for the colonies declares that he no longer employs these designations. When speaking of Australia, for example, his department refers to the "commonwealth," and when alluding to the various subdivisions of the commonwealth it speaks of the "state." This is a satisfactory change. But it does not go far enough. Why should the department in London, which deals with the affairs of the great dominions be still called "the colonial office?" That bureau should bear a more appropriate title, as, for example, the office of the over-sea dominions.

The Word of Explorers.

From the Birmingham Ledger. Peary has complicated the whole business of exploration. Heretofore the explorer's word has been taken by everybody. From the day of Marco Polo to Stanley and Livingston in Africa the world has accepted the word of the explorer. Now Sven Hedlin will have to prove what he saw in Tibet and Peary will have to prove his own story of finding the pole. We don't thank the bad-tempered fellow for disturbing the custom of ages.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WE HAVE A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT of Hand Painted China, showing new things that will certainly please you. Portraits in Oil, Water Color, India Ink and Sepia. Special attention will be given to picture framing. Hand colored post card for five cents each.

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