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Items Gathered in From Far and Near

The Maryland Tomato.
From the Baltimore Sun.
"This is an ill wind that blows nobody
good—a platitude, of course, but one
that finds constant corroboration and
support in the stern facts of existence.
Consider, for instance, the recent
drought. It turned the countryside
into dusty steppes and drove the farm-
ers to pessimism and agnosticism, but
all the while it was making the Mary-
land tomato a perfect fruit. When the
clouds leak copiously the tomato is apt
to grow watery and emaciated, but
when rain is sparing it grows firm and
nourishing. The tomatoes of the present
season are the best known for years.
They are poor in water, but
extraordinarily rich in foodstuffs. The
modern tomato, with its round, rosy
cheeks and sweet, cool heart, is essen-
tially a Maryland product. Its wild
grandparent was known and esteemed
by the native Indians of the state as
far back as the year 2500 B. C. When
the white settlers came they began
to improve upon the aboriginal meth-
ods of cultivating it, and soon it was
lifted from its original state as a low-
ly pot herb and placed among the
heaven-sent delicatessen. Today the
tomato asks no odds of any other fruit
or vegetable. As it is grown upon the
eastern shore it is as perfect as the
grapes of Calabria or the apples of
Hesperides. The most accomplished
tomatologists in the world have their
laboratories on the shore.

A Good Roads Inquiry.
From the Philadelphia Press.
Representatives from the states of
Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas
and Louisiana, comprising the south-
western Good Roads association, are
now in New England inspecting the
improved roads of that section. They
passed through Pennsylvania, appar-
ently without seeing much in the way
of road building to impress them, but
they were pleased with the roads of
New Jersey, and will no doubt carry
back from there and from New Eng-
land ideas and enthusiasm for im-
proved roads that will bear fruit in prom-
oting the good roads movement in the
southwestern states, which they repre-
sent. Pennsylvania ought to have
a road system that would serve as a
model for other states. It was a pio-
neer in the good roads movement and
the legislature has been liberal, if not
always wise, in its good roads legisla-
tion. But the systematic improve-
ment of the highways of the state has
been hampered and hindered by pri-
vately owned turnpikes occupying the
best highway routes in a large section
of the state. The first legislative
steps have been taken for the elimi-
nation of the turnpikes.

Another Discrepancy.
From the Springfield Republican.
Peary and Cook differ even in the
spelling of the two Eskimo names.
Cook writes them "Etukishuk" and

"Ahweiah," while Peary writes them
"Itok-a-shoo" and "Ah-pe-lah." An
international spelling commission
should get busy at once in order that
the real truth about this may be
known.

Gloating.
From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.
Every one in the United States now
knows where Detroit is—especially
since Saturday.

Surrender!
From the New York Tribune.
Down in Yorktown, Va., public at-
tention was focused on the surrender
of Lord Cornwallis to Gen. Washing-
ton. Here in New York however,
there was more interest taken in the
surrender of Judge Gaynor to Tam-
many.

TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

The Making of Names.
"I want to make a name for myself
in politics," said the ambitious youth.
"Well," answered Senator Sorghum,
"it's liable to be a long and difficult
enterprise. You'll probably have to
put in a considerable share of your
time allowing your enemies to call
you any names they happen to think
of."

Another Question.
Here is another question which
May do for conversation:
Is football quite as rough a game
As polar exploration?
Parental Cares.
"One of your daughter's suitors has
a distinguished ancestry."
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox.
"And the other is a very promising
young man."
"Quite true. But I can't help wish-
ing we could make arrangements that
based on the present tense instead
of the past or future perfect."

Variations.
"Aren't you tired of this Cook con-
troversy?"
"Which do you mean?" asked Mr.
Sirius Barker. "The argument in the
newspapers or the one in the kitchen?"

October.
Loafin' time is over,
You's got to step along;
De wind is blowin' chilly.
It don't sing day summer song,
De squirrels is a tollin'
Foh to put de nuts away—
Everywhah you sees re sign.
"Dis is my busy day!"

De bee is in his office
A-countin' up his wealth,
De birds is gittin' ready
To travel foh deir health.
When 'ol October starts to boss
Dar ain' no time to play,
Dat sign is hangin' everywhere,
"Dis is my busy day!"

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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HIS TWO TEMPTATIONS.
Billy Robeson, brakeman on the
Long Island railroad, has two qualities
that go far toward making a human
success—namely:
He is honest and red headed.
Billy's quality of honesty keeps him
on the straightway tracks, and his red
headed determination furnishes plenty
of motor power for speed.
The other day he was suddenly con-
fronted by two great temptations.
He found a bagful of diamonds,
pearls and cash. The contents of the
bag were worth \$30,000.
That was temptation No. 1.
And this is the way Billy Robeson
met it: He went straight to head-
quarters and made every effort to
discover the owner, who proved to be
Mrs. Schwab of New York, a very
wealthy woman.
Then the son of Mrs. Schwab did a
fine thing. He gave Billy a bunch of
money and offered him a lifetime job
working for Mrs. Schwab at \$100 a
month.
That was temptation No. 2.
This was the situation: Robeson is
twenty-two years old and has a wife
and baby. That \$100 a month life-
time job looked good to him. It was
more money than he was getting. He
might lose his job.
That was one side of the problem.
He and his wife talked it over. He
wanted to get up in the world all right,
but he wanted to get up on merit, by
his own efforts, which is the real heart
of every honest, earnest man's desire.
Robeson refused the job.
Was he wise? In justice to himself
and his family was it right to refuse?
Yes! Back of him were four years of
honest service for his company. He
was in the line of promotion. He
would try for the bigger stake.
In that choice Billy Robeson again
showed the stuff of which he is made.
He holds the triple guaranty of suc-
cess. He is honest, energetic, ambi-
tious.
Some day he will be division super-
intendent or maybe traffic manager
and then—superintendent or president
of the road. Just as sure as he lives
he will succeed.
He has already succeeded:
This is not a Sunday school book
story, but a leaf out of the real life of
a real man.
Since Billy Robeson faced and con-
quered his two temptations he has
been promoted to be conductor.

The Bed-Rock Of Success
lies in a keen, clear brain, backed by
indomitable will and relentless energy.
Such power comes from the splendid
health that Dr. King's New Life Pills
impart. They vitalize every organ and
build up brain and body. J. A.
Harmon, Lizemore, W. Va., writes:
"They are the best pills I ever used."
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SULPHUR COMBINE MAKES AN EFFORT SECURE A CORNER

But American Trust's Efforts
Were Frustrated by the Un-
expected Back-down of the
Italian Government.

BIG DEAL WAS ALMOST
MADE BY A MINISTER

But He Suddenly Ended Nego-
tiations, Fearing That His
Action Would Cause Loss of
His Portfolio.

(American News Service)
Rome, Oct. 23.—What is believed to
be a determined effort upon the part
of the American Sulphur Trust to cor-
ner the world's supply of that mineral,
so important in the manufacture of
paper and paper pulp, has been tem-
porarily thwarted by the sudden and
unexpected backdown of the Italian
government from the position it had
recently taken in attempting to force
the sale of the Sicilian mines' produc-
tion to the Union Sulphur company
of New York, a strong Standard Oil in-
terest.

The ministry of industry, commerce
and labor had prepared a royal de-
cree amending the law which governs
the output and its commercial manip-
ulation, so as to conclude the sale.
But, as a result it is understood of ad-
dives from the United States, the de-
cree has been withheld from presen-
tation to King Victor Emmanuel for
signature, the minister fearing the
loss of his portfolio upon the recon-
vening of the Italian Parliament in
November.

A powerful political clique has been
hard at work for a considerable length
of time seeking to compel the dispo-
sition to the Union Sulphur company
of which Herman Frasch, of New
York city, is president, of the entire
output of the mines of Sicily for the
next ten years, as well as a vast stock
of the mineral already mined and
now in the custody of the Bank of
Sicily and the Cassa Vittorio Emman-
uele III., of Catania.

By a vote of 180 to 2 the sulphur
miners and producers, forming the
Sicilian Sulphur Consortium—a syndi-
cate founded and conducted under the
immediate supervision of the govern-
ment and regulated by act of the
chamber of deputies—lately rejected
the proposal of the American trust
to take over the stock at a price ap-
proximately ninety million dollars.

The members of the Consortium, be-
coming suspicious when they learned
the identity of the would-be buyer,
have sought by every possible means
to prevent the surrender of their pro-
duct to the American corporation. But
the last word in the matter is with
the government, and it was ex-
pected that strong political, diplomatic
and other pressure, brought to bear
upon the ministry named, would re-
sult in the royal decree.

In this event, parliamentary action
at the forthcoming session would un-
doubtedly have taken the form of a
vote of censure, by which a minister-
ial crisis would have ensued and the
cabinet official would have forfeited
his portfolio. By that time, however,
the damage would have been done
and the Sicilian supply would be for
some time to come, at least, in the
hands of the Standard Oil subsidiary.

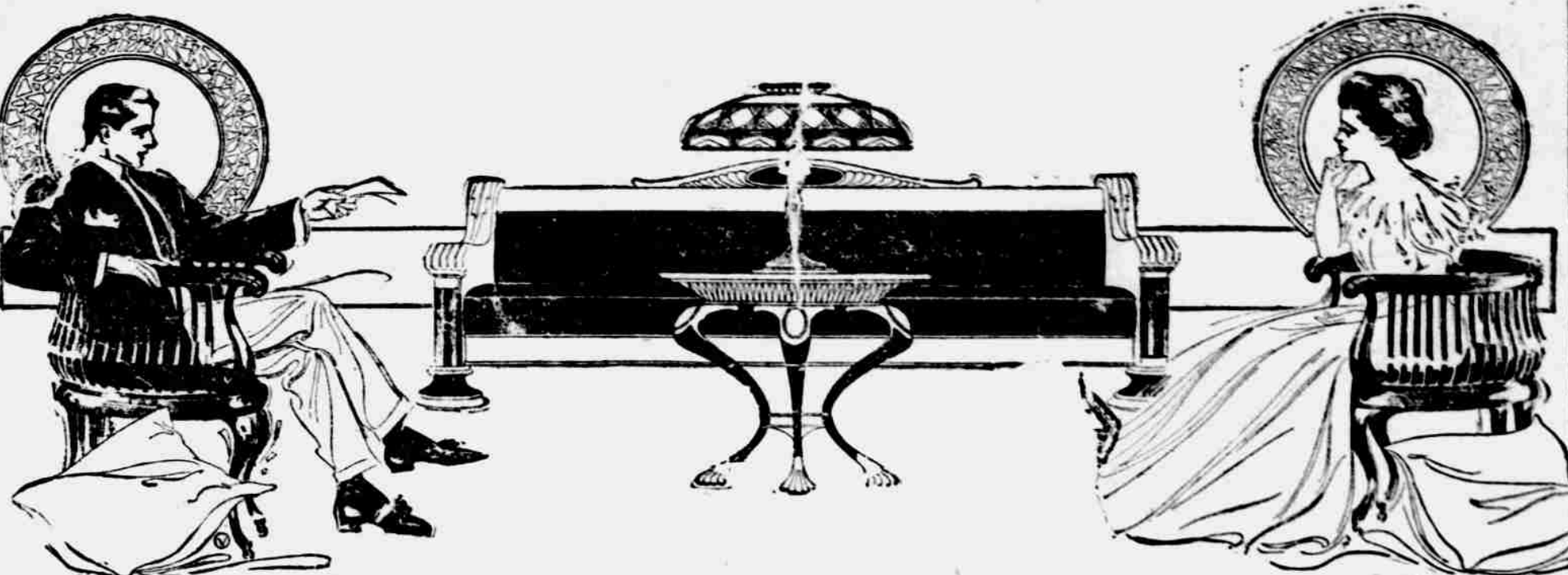
The output of the Sicilian mines for
the ensuing ten years is estimated at
the rate of 470,000 tons annually,
which is just about sufficient for the
average yearly requirements of the
world, and the quantity now in store
aggregates half a million tons. Six-
teen dollars per ton was offered by
the Union Sulphur company for this
stock, originally, but upon the rejection
of the proposition by constituents
of the Consortium the figure was ad-
vanced by the French concern by 60
cents per ton, or a total of \$1,600,000.
But the miners have remained ob-
durate in their refusal to sell, believ-
ing that by independent operation in
the American and foreign markets
they may ultimately derive far great-
er profits.

At an early stage in the negotia-
tions the minister of foreign affairs of
Italy, Hon. Francesco-Ortu, adopted
the unusual expedient of calling di-
rect to Mr. Frasch, at the latter's of-
fice, No. 82 Beaver street, New York
city, demanding to know the exact
state of the mines and properties owned
and controlled by the Union Sulphur
company, in Louisiana and he is un-
derstood to have received the as-
tounding response that a capacity of
40,000,000 tons is still to be depended
upon from Louisiana.

This amount would be sufficient for
the world's needs for sixty-five years,
and for American wants in sulphur
for more than 250 years. A present
mined stock of 400,000 tons is claimed
by the Union Sulphur company, but
secret agents of the Consortium, who
have been investigating in and about
the properties at Sulphur, La., declare
that a supply of but 100,000 tons is
available above ground, while they
contend that the mining of sulphur in
Louisiana is becoming more and more
difficult and expensive, owing to the
increasing depths to which it is neces-
sary to bore for the product.

Figures advanced by these emissar-
ies of the Sicilian Consortium to show
the correctness of this assertion, indi-
cate that in 1905, when the Union
Sulphur company, which is capitaliz-
ed at \$400,000, first took over the
properties from the American Sulphur
Mining company, a \$200,000 concern,
the product was obtained at an aver-

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Colonel John Sneed's Conversations on Domestic Problems

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IV.—Making a Man of the Boy

COLONEL SNEED watched with
sparkling eyes and swelling
chest the efforts of his infant
grandson to swallow a very
small but very chubby foot.
"There is no use a-talkin', honey," he
observed to his daughter, Mrs. William
Rollins—"there's no use a-talkin', but
that's a remarkable child, a most re-
markable child. He knows what he
wants and he's goin' to get it or break
his neck a-tryin'. Just notice how he
hangs on to that foot. He's got a
grip like a country politician, and he's
as dead set as Jim Robinson's old
mule. Did I ever tell you about that
mule, honey?"

"No, papa, but all babies suck their
toes if they're given a chance."
"Huh! Maybe they do, maybe they
do, but they don't all do it the same
way. Every human walks on two legs,
yet it's easy to tell a man from a
mollicodde by the way he steps.
When it comes to readin' character
there ain't many can get ahead of
your old daddy, and I don't need a
telescope to see that this young un is
an extraordinary child. He's got the
makin' of a man in him, and he'll
make one, too, if
you don't let tom-
foolishness head
him off."

"Why, papa, what on earth do
you mean?"
"Just what I
say, honey.
There's a whole
lot of people in
trousers loafin'
around this town
who'd 'a' been
real men perhaps
if their mothers
had let 'em alone.
The main point
in raisin' boys
is in knowin'
where to stop.

There's too many mothers—and they're
good mothers, too; I ain't sayin' any-
thing against their intentions, but
there's too many of them—that's got
the idea that they ain't doin' their
whole duty unless they make little
angels out of their boys. Some of
them succeed, too, but the product
don't stay on earth very long. Little
angels are all right in heaven, no
doubt, but they don't seem to fit into
the plan of things down here. As old
Bill Swift's always sayin', 'they're
kind of de trop. What we need in this
vale of tears is men, just plain men,
and the sooner you get that fixed in
your noggin, honey, the better it'll be
for William Matrimony there. Just
look at the little rascal kick. I never
saw such an extraordinary child. Hon-
est, I never did."

"But, as I was sayin', honey, the
main thing in raisin' boys is knowin'
when to let 'em alone. And boys, I
want to tell you, can stand a whole lot
of lettin' alone and be all the better
for it. If you let that youngster get
the notion that he's boss of the shop,
and I see signs of it already, if you

jump and run every time he hollers
and fetch and carry whenever he com-
mands; if, when he gets old enough to
understand, you talk about how sweet
he is and how smart he is right before
his face; if you pet him and coddle
him all the time and feed him things
he's got no business to eat just be-
cause he wants them, he's pretty cer-
tain to turn out a prig that'll have as
many friends as
a sheep stealin'
cur and be about
as much use to
society. Maybe
you've wondered
why the woods
are full of just
such people.
Well, that's the
reason. If I had
a chance to be
born again and
was given my
choice between
that kind of a
mother and no
mother at all I'd
say, give me an
orphan asylum.
Yet some of
the sweetest and
best women God
ever made make that very mistake,
and the funny part about it is that
they don't know it and their boys
don't know it. But everybody else
does.

"There's another way of not lettin'
'em alone, and that's hoppin' around
all the time, like a hen on a hot
griddle, hollerin' 'don't.' That's the mother
with the overheated conscience who
got a stern duty to perform and raises
her boys with a plumb line and a ham-
mer. She believes, like the poet, in
heavin' to the line no matter where the
chips fall, but the trouble is that most
of the chips hit the boy. She's got her
eye fixed on him every minute
of the day, and every time he turns
around there's a 'don't' shot at him
until he's afraid to do anything at all.
And the chances are that he never will
do anything worth mentionin', for if
he habbit once gets fixed it's pretty apt

to stay through life. I know lots
of men who don't amount to a row
of pins because they're afraid of makin'
a mistake, and I'll bet a whole lot that
most of them owe their dispositions to
the way their mothers trained them.
"No, little girl, if you want to make
a man of that boy give him a fightin'
chance to develop accordin' to nature's
plans and specifications. You've heard
the old sayin' that the Lord takes care
of drunken men and little children. I
have my doubts about the drunken
men; I think it's another party that
looks after them. But there's no mis-
take about the children, and if I was
goin' to write a prescription for the
makin' of a man I'd put down twenty
parts good example, ten parts good
advice, twenty parts love and fifty
parts trust in Providence. If you're
ridin' a thoroughbred horse you don't
want to use spurs or whip, and you
don't need to touch the rein except to
guide him. It's the same way with
that youngster there. He's got good
blood in him, and all you've got to do
is to keep him in the middle of the
road and nature'll do the rest. You
and William have got first to set the
right kind of an example. You can't
be much of a guide unless you know
the route; you can't expect him to be
truthful if you tell fibs; you can't ex-
pect him to be honest if you look out
the car window when the conductor
comes by; you can't expect him to be
honorable unless you are honorable,
not only in your dealin' with him,
but with others. It takes a mighty
little preachin', but a whole lot of prac-
ticin', to raise a boy right.

"You'll have to remember, honey,
that the boy don't know the road.
Once in awhile you'll have to give the
little pull to the right or the

left to keep him from strayin' on in
the forks, and now and then you'll
need to check him up from goin' into
mudholes or stumblin' on rocks, but
that's about all. You're his guide, you
must understand, not his driver. About
every so often he'll come to a fork
where the left hand road'll look to
him lots more attractive than the right
hand one, and then you'll have to ex-
plain the difference. You'll have to
show him that the main thing to know
about a road is where it's goin' to
wind up. Put it up to his intelligence
and he'll go the right way nine times



EXPLAINING THE DIFFERENCE.
out of ten, but if you try to club him
into goin' that way it's ten chances
to one that he jumps the track and
cuts across the fields.
"That's about the long and short of
it, little girl. It's an easy matter to
make a man of a boy if you just keep
him headed the right way and let him
develop as the good Lord wills. Look
at him now, will you? Makin' gooses
eyes at his granddaddy. Most remark-
able child I ever saw."

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