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—and Sun-Telegram—

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No. 300 *Telegram*
Secretary.

**RICHMOND, INDIANA
"PANIC PROOF CITY"**

Has a population of 53,000 and
is growing. It is the county
seat of Wayne County, and the
trading center of a rich agricultural
community. It is situated in
the middle of Indiana, 40 miles
from Indianapolis and 4 miles from the
state line.

Richmond is a city of homes
and industry. Primarily a
manufacturing city, it is also the
jobbing center of Eastern
Indiana. It is the rail and
trade of the populous community
for miles around.

Richmond is proud of its
spacious streets, well kept
yards, its cement sidewalks and
beautiful shade trees. It has 3
national banks, trust companies
and building associations
with combined resources
of over \$3,000,000. Number of
factories, 125; capital invested
\$7,000,000, with an annual out-
put of \$27,000,000, and a pay
roll of \$3,700,000. The total pay
roll for all citizens amounts to
approximately \$6,300,000 annually.

There are five railroad com-
panies, with a total of 18
different lines radiating from the city.
Incoming freight handled daily,
1,750,000 lbs., outgoing freight
handled daily, 750,000 lbs. The
Yard facilities, per day, 1,700
cars. Number of passenger
cars, 1,000; 88. Number of
freight cars, daily 77. The an-
nual post office receipts amount
to \$80,000. Total assessed valuation
of property is \$15,000,000.

Richmond has two interurban
railways. Three newspapers
are published, a combined circulation
of 22,000. Richmond is the greatest
hardware jobbing center in the
state, and only second in
general jobbing interest. It
has piano factory producing
a high grade piano every 15
minutes. It is the home in the
manufacture of traction engines,
and produces more
threshing machines, lawn mowers,
etc., than any other city in the
world.

Richmond is in 18 series;
has a court house costing \$500,
000; 10 public schools and has
the finest and most complete
high school in the state, under
construction; 3 splendid schools
for black children; 100 fine
houses; Glen Miller
parties, the largest and most
beautiful park in Indiana, the
annual chautauqua, seven hotels; mu-
nicipal lighting plant, under
successful operation, and a
private electric light plant, in-
cluding the oldest
public library in the state, ex-
cept one, and the second largest.

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etc., than any other city in the
world.

The woman in the case is pretty and
sweet tempered, but frivolous, willful
and selfish.

She was not like "The Vampire," who
is pictured as deliberately sucking the
lifeblood of her victim. Nevertheless,
she takes all she can get from her
man and then, like Oliver Twist, holds
up her plate for more.

She will not understand.

The husband strains every nerve to
get money. He warns his wife that
they must economize. He tells her he
is on the brink of bankruptcy. She
sweetly promises to be more careful
and proposes that to save money they
shall take a trip to Europe, where living
is cheaper.

The woman has no conception of the
value of money, no comprehension of
her husband's sacrifice and strain.

And then the thoughtless creature,
after trying to borrow money from a
rich old aunt, accepts a loan from a
notorious society rate.

She is not bad—only foolish.

By and by the wife comes to her
senses. She bravely accepts poverty
and through struggle learns her lesson
and comes to appreciate her husband.

But the pity of it! She cannot re-
store his youth and vigor, spent un-
selfishly because of her vain and silly
extravagance.

An exaggerated story?

No. A wife may be foolishly extravagant,
whatever her husband's income,
whether it is \$50,000 a year or \$1,000
a year.

She knows he does not want her to
think him stingy, and when, taking
advantage of this knowledge and of
his love for her, she lures him into
spending more than his income she is
leading him—and herself—into certain
ruin.

A close student of modern marriage
and divorce says that nine-tenths of
domestic unhappiness in this country is
caused by money matters.

Extravagance is the one special eco-
nomic and social sin of our day.

The foolish desire to possess expensive
things simply because others have them,
the craze for display, the wish
to shine socially—these are at the bottom
of much of the unrest and dissatisfaction
of modern married life.

TIED TO A POST.

A pathetic picture of man's inhu-
manity to babes is that of the poor,
half-idiotic boy of eight years who
was tied to a stake every day in the
yard of a poor farm in New Jersey.

The newspapers got hold of the story,
and the brutal practice was
stopped.

It came out that the little fellow was
accustomed to the himself to the post.

He had been "staked out" like a
horse for so long that he had come to
believe it was a necessary part of his
life, so that he would rush to the post
and pull the rope around himself.

The poor child was sadly demented.

Vegetable Cast Iron.

Official tests of the many valuable
hard woods native to Western Australia
have made known the extraordinary
properties of yate, believed to be
the strongest of all known woods.
Its average tensile strength is 24,000
pounds to the square inch, equaling
that of good cast iron. But many
specimens are much stronger, and one
was tested up to seventeen and a half
tons to the square inch which is equal
to the tensile strength of wrought
iron. The sawed timber of yate is
probably the strongest in the world.
The tree grows to a maximum height
of a hundred feet and has sometimes
a diameter of two and a half or even
three feet.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Longing of a People

It is the test of a nation whether or not it awakes to a crisis in its affairs and realizes the significance of the lessons of the Days Work.

The question of child labor is more than the question of the children themselves. It embraces both the present and the future—the present pointing out the future ruin with no uncertain finger.

In his speech at Anderson on the Day of Independence Senator Beveridge set forth the issue. There was no party politics mentioned and yet the speech is full of political meaning. The speech is an Insurgent speech because the Insurgent movement is greater than party. And it is full with the unexpressed longing of the people.

"On this day of our Nation's birth we are fond of saying that the purpose of this Republic is to develop human beings. But we say it ignorantly; for instead of developing human beings, we today permit a brutal system which kills human beings—a system which not only kills, but which does far worse, ruins the lives and destroys the souls of human beings.

"And those human beings are children, from which the men and women of the future must be made. The one immortal truth in the Declaration of Independence is that the inalienable right of every human being is the right of liberty and the life-pursuit of happiness. Yet that right is denied and forever made impossible to hundreds of thousands of little American children. And is made impossible by greed.

"We hear too much of the worth of the purse, too little of the worth of the soul. We hear too much of politics, too little of patriotism. We hear too much of wealth, too little of character. Yet character is the purpose of human life. One Emerson is worth more to the American people than all the senators they have sent to Washington in a generation. One Lincoln is a better asset to the Nation than all the millionaires ever produced.

"In each citizen's soul I would enthrone intelligence, ideals and patriotism; in every citizen's soul I would enthrone servility, sordidness and partisanship. Partisan politicians of all parties ask you to care for your party; I ask you to care for your country. They ask you to care for your party's welfare; I ask you to care for humanity's welfare.

"And what are the ideals for which I would have this Nation live? They are merely those which the Master taught—the ideals of brotherhood, justice and mercy; they are merely the ideals to realize which the Republican was established—ideals of equal opportunity, equal rights.

"I want the great business organizations of this country to serve the people for a fair profit—more than a fair profit is wrong. I want every man to have his chance in life—less than that is wrong. I want to lighten the burdens which most of us bear. I want to make this land a better place to live in. I want to make human life happier.

"Whether these blessings shall be ours depends upon the people and upon the people alone. Your fate is in your own keeping. Let every citizen think, act and vote for his family and his country and the Republic will not only be secure, but will increase in the happiness of its millions and in the respect of all mankind."

**Heart to Heart
Talks.**

By EDWIN A. NYE.

Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye

A SPENDTHRIFT WIFE.

Every woman in the land could read "The Spendthrift" with profit.

The book, which is now also a popular play, contains the story of a husband aged and broken before his time by the extravagance of a spendthrift wife.

The woman in the case is pretty and sweet tempered, but frivolous, willful and selfish.

She was not like "The Vampire," who is pictured as deliberately sucking the lifeblood of her victim. Nevertheless, she takes all she can get from her man and then, like Oliver Twist, holds up her plate for more.

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TWO SMALL BLAZES

Toy balloons caused two small fires during the Fourth of July celebration in Richmond. In both cases the fire department responded promptly and little damage was done.

Last night a lighted balloon fell on the roof of a building at 922 South Ninth street, owned by William Knopf. The rooms were not occupied but the start of the blaze was noticed by people who were watching the course of the balloon.

Sunday night the home of Christian Becker, 119 South Third street, was set on fire by a balloon. Only a few of the shingles were burned before the blaze was extinguished.

Success awaiting anyone with enterprise in the Panic Proof City.

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM, TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1910.

BRITISH NAVAL DRILL

Practice That Keeps the Crews
in Fit Condition.

CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.

A Lively Time While the Decks Are
Being Stripped of Everything That
Would Impede the Fire of the Guns.
Working the Torpedo Nets.

It is a little after two bells in the
forenoon watch, or, in shore going talk,
9 a. m., and the officers and men of
the battleship wear an expectant air.
The ship's company is fallen in at stations
for general exercise. The commander,
surrounded by his staff—a midshipman,
a bugler and the chief boatswain's mate—is standing on top
of the after barbette. A kind of tense
hush is over all hands and, indeed,
over the rest of the squadron at anchor
in the bay. It is a general drill morning,
and the ships of the squadron are about
to compete against each other
at various evolutions.

On the after bridge the glasses of the
signal boatswain and his yeomen are
glued on the flagship. Presently a
couple of gayly colored flags are hoisted
at her main. Hardly have they left
the rail when the signal boatswain spins round.
"Signal's place net defense, sir!" he cries.
"Out nets!" bawls the commander.
"Out nets!" shout the boatswain's mates.
Instantly hordes of men dash at the neat roll
of wire nets lying on the shelf round
the ship and push it overboard. One
edge being held in place, it rolls as
it falls, making a veil on the side.
"Clear the net shelf!" The men vanish.
"Man the purchase!" Somewhere
above a bugle blows out a "G."

The marines, handling large bearing
out spars, shove the upper ends of the
booms, from which the nets hang, out-
board. They revolve slowly about their
lower ends, which are near the water
line and, hauled by the steam capstan
on one side and the seamen on the
purchase on the other, extend themselves
at right angles to the hull.
"Break!" bellows the commander, and
a signalman jerks the halyards. A
red, white and blue pendant, hitherto
waiting in a ball at the topsail yardarm,
breaks from its confinement and floats
out on the breeze, announcing to all and sundry
that the ship has finished the evolution and is now protected
from torpedo attack by her crinoline of nets.
"First ship, sir," reports the signal boatswain,
and the men, once more at their general stations,
grin contentedly and make contemptuous comments on the struggles
of the remainder of the fleet. There
is a short pause till these are ended; then
another hoist rises from the flag-
ship's bridge. "In nets!" is the order,
and the ship's company is once more
galvanized into action. Amid a scene
of orderly confusion the huge booms
return to position, shut back against
the ship's side, the braids which pass
beneath the nets every few yards are
manned, all hands haul with a will,
the mass of steel meshes is rolled up
and secured on its shelf, and the bright
pendant at the topsail yardarm is again
broken by the signalman.

A short "Stand easy!" follows, soon
ended by another signal, "Clear for action!" To the mind of the bewildered
spectator pandemonium follows. But it is only in appearance. Each man
knows what he has to do and does it. Under the onslaught of the
seamen davits, stanchions, rails, stove-pipes—in fact, all things that can possibly
restrict the fire of the guns—disappear with a rapidity that gives the
impression of their being mowed down; skyights are masked by steel hatches,
boats are turned in and secured, and in two or three minutes the decks are
stripped bare and the men again fall in, awaiting the order to replace gear.

This done—a longer job, but still accomplished with celerity, the last and most exciting signal of the forenoon appears—"Away all boats' crews; pull round the fleet." The men tumble into their boats at the
davits, the lowerers pay out the falls, and in a few moments the cutters, whalers, gigs and galleys are pulling for dear life, a midshipman in charge of each. On the after bridge the commander, waving two small
hand flags which control the huge steam derrick, is lifting the pinnace and launching from the boat deck and depositing them in the water. Men drop into them, double and treble
banking the long oars, and soon these are pounding after the lighted boats.

The boats are hoisted as they return,
the men left on board manning the
falls and running away with them to
the sound of the ship's band playing
on the shelter deck. Presently all is
square again. The boatswain's mate
pipes "Hands carry on smoking." The
forenoon's drills are over, and officers
and men alike are in good humor,
proud of the final signal received from
the all powerful flagship.

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