

The Richmond Palladium

Published and owned by the
PALLADIUM PRINTING CO.
Issue 7 days each week, evenings and
Sundays morning.
Office—Corner North 5th and A streets.
Home Phone 1111.
RICHMOND, INDIANA.

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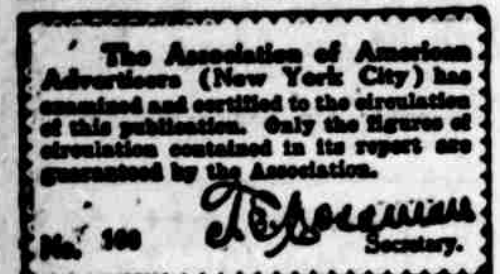
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RICHMOND, INDIANA "PANIC PROOF CITY"

Has a population of 23,000 and is growing. It is the county seat of Wayne county, the trading center of a rich agricultural community. It is located due east from Indianapolis 49 miles and 4 miles from the state line. Richmond is a city of homes and of industry. Primarily a manufacturing city, it is also the jobbing center of Eastern Indiana and enjoys the retail trade of the populous community for miles around. Richmond is proud of its splendid streets, well kept yards, its cement sidewalks and beautiful shade trees. It has 3 national banks, trust companies and 4 building associations with combined resources of over \$1,000,000. Number of factories 125; capital invested \$7,000,000, with an annual output of \$27,000,000. The total pay roll for the city amounts to approximately \$1,000,000 annually. There are five railroad companies radiating in eight different directions from the city. Incoming freight handled daily, 1,100,000 lbs. of freight handled daily, 750,000 lbs. Yard facilities, per day 1,700 cars. Number of passenger trains daily, 85. Number of freight trains daily, 10. The annual post office receipts amount to \$46,000. Total assessed valuation of the city, \$1,000,000. Richmond has two interurban railroads. Three newspapers with a combined circulation of 15,000. Richmond is the greatest hardware jobbing center in the state, and the second largest in general jobbing interests. It has a planing mill, producing a high grade lumber every 15 minutes. It is the leader in the manufacture of electrical engines, and produces more threshing machines, lawn mowers, roller skates, grain drills and burial caskets than any other city in the world. The city's area is 340 acres; has a court house costing \$500,000; 10 public schools, and has the finest and most complete high school in the middle west under construction. It has a high school, Earlham college and the Indiana Business College; five splendid fire departments in fine hose houses; Glen Miller park, the largest and most beautiful park in Indiana; the home of Richmond's annual chautauqua; seven hotels; municipal electric light plant, under successful operation, and a private electric light plant, ensuring competition; the oldest public library in the state, except one, and the second largest, 40,000 volumes; pure, refreshing water, unadulterated, 40 miles of improved streets; 40 miles of sewers; 25 miles of cement curb and gutter combined; 40 miles of cement walks, and many miles of brick walks. Thirty churches, including the Reid Memorial, built at a cost of \$250,000; the new Methodist Central, one of the most modern in the state; Y. M. C. A. building, erected at a cost of \$100,000; one of the finest in the state. The amusement center of Eastern Indiana, the annual Richmond Fall Festival, held each October is unique. No other city holds a similar affair. It is given in the interest of the city and financed by the business men. Success awaiting anyone with enterprise in the Panic Proof City.

Items Gathered In From Far and Near

Crying "Wolf."
From the Boston Traveler.
The old fable of the boys who cried "wolf" when there was no wolf in sight, only to lose their lives when the wolves really did come, because nobody believed their calls for help meant anything, has its parallel in the news columns of the papers almost every day. A great many youths and boys, in swimming, like to shriek for help and then laugh at those who come to save them. It is esteemed good sport to yell wildly, then swim under water for a way and come up to make sport of those who became worried. Then there comes a day when a swimmer, overcome with cramps, gives a despairing cry for help and sinks. His comrades, used to the cry of "wolf," do not begin the work of rescue until it is too late. Here is a good rule for every man, youth and boy who goes into the water, to follow, and to impress on the mind of every companion: Never, under any circumstances, call for help in jest. But whenever it appears that accident is imminent, cry speedily for aid if you are the victim and respond instantly if the victim is another. If parents can impress this lesson on their children, their chances of losing the lad by drowning will be materially lessened.

Colombia and the United States.
From the Hartford Courant.
It is up to us Americans to be very patient with Colombia, just as long as

Insurgency and Supreme Court

"It is under the protection of the decision in the Dartmouth College case that the most enormous and threatening powers in our country and wealthy corporations actually have been created; some of the great having greater influence in the country at large and upon legislation of the country than states to which they owe their corporate existence."

This apparently violent and incendiary statement is not that of an agitator but that of a jurist. It is to be found in Judge Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations."

Sooner or later there will be a rehearing of the Dartmouth College case. For in it is one of the fundamentals of the struggle now developing between the people on the one hand and big interests on the other summed up by the insurgent platform of "Manhood First; Property Second."

Curiously enough just at the time when the questions confronting the American people are bound to be carried to the highest tribunal in the land—practically the whole Supreme Court of the United States has been wiped out by death or disability.

President Taft has no higher function to perform and can change the history of this country by the appointments which he makes to the bench. It is not merely the two great trust cases which are to be brought up before the new court—it is the application of the decrees of the people toward existing problems—the new idea which has caught hold of an entire nation.

The struggle is not a new one.

The insurgent movement is reminiscent of Abel and Cain.

And all history is the same story.

Jonathan Bourne, Senator from Oregon, sums up parallels well when he says:

At Runnmede, in 1215, King John was forced by arms to grant to his barons the Magna Charta which became the basis of the British constitution and Anglo-Saxon liberty, and was finally, after repeated renewals by succeeding kings and after more than four hundred years sealed with the blood of Charles I, in 1649.

In 1776, at Philadelphia, the Declaration of American Independence became the second guide post on the highway of man's march to the far off divine eventuality of government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and our Revolutionary sires sealed their declaration with their blood.

Retribution as well as compensation is a law effect. So sure as a stream is dammed up and the dam breaks there will be a flood. For more than two hundred years in France preceding the reign of Louis Capet the stream of human rights was dammed up. One day there came a vent, the vent of Rousseauism, and it was named a "Declaration of the Rights of Man." Then the vent became a rent and the rent a break. The resultant flood's resistless sweep carried itself and all in its path to chaos. The blood of a royal house and of a reckless nobility sealed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and for the second time in the march to freedom, by an object lesson. Kings were taught true sovereignty—the sovereignty of the people.

January 1, 1863, Abraham Lincoln promulgated the emancipation proclamation—a proclamation of freedom for the black man from personal slavery, the principles back of which were that no man in the United States should be deprived of the fruits of his toil without due compensation, or deprived of his personal liberty except for crime legally ascertained. Fundamentally, popular sovereignty was the essence of the thing sought in that proclamation, which proclamation was a denial of the vested rights of one man in the body of another as property—the denial of the rights and the power of a slaveholding oligarchy to turn aside the march of progress for popular sovereignty and substitute for it a class democracy. It is pointed out that this proclamation was an incident of the fundamentals involved, and was essentially as much a decree for industrial as for personal freedom, and in its last analysis was wholly for the sovereignty of citizenship.

The question is not only that brought up by Judge Cooley "Is the business corporation greater than the state that creates it?"

It goes beyond: "Is business, is property, greater than man himself?"

When the issue has been brought out plainly before the people as it is being brought out in the enunciation of the insurgent movement man has always won.

patience is possible. Colombia thought she had an immensely valuable asset in the narrow neck of land where our engineers and laborers are now making the dirt fly. She dreamed golden dreams about it. The rental for the use of the canal right of way was to be a perpetual Colombian revenue. Panama seceded, and the dreams were over. The Bogota view of the matter is that the secession and our prompt recognition of Panama as an independent state were a case of robbery with violence. Naturally the Colombians don't love us—and show it in their place where he'd be feeling just as they do.

The Altruist.
From the Buffalo Express.
While Mr. Bryan has removed himself from the contest for United States senator from Nebraska, he offers a substitute in the person of Richard L. Metcalfe, editor of the Commoner. Hitherto Mr. Bryan has not been more successful in getting offices for others than for himself.

TWINKLES

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

The Hurry or the Halt.

"Been having more trouble with your automobile?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins.
"Were you arrested for speeding?"
"No. That was yesterday. Today I was arrested for blocking traffic."

A Man of Letters.

Degrees so frequently he'd get.

This man of wondrous fame,
You'd use up half the alphabet
In mentioning his name.

An Unsympathetic Churl.

"Could you let me have a little money?"

"What for?" asked the person who tries to be smart.

"Because I want something to eat."

"Sorry; but I haven't any edible money with me."

Mr. Biff on Art.

"Yes," said Mr. Biff, of Biff and Baff, the vaudeville team, "I keep on digging up new stuff—up-to-the-minute patter, see?—spend money on the act like a lawn-mower cutting through weeds. But what happens?"

"I don't know," said the dazed listener. "What does happen?"

"I get ready to unburden my bunch of high-class talk and when I look out at the audience what do I see? Nobody but the manager, waiting for a chance to fine somebody. Where do you suppose all the people were?"

"I don't know. Where were they?"

"Lookin' at a Shakespeare show on the next block. Takin' in the old time

theater."

theater."

whereas, to be or not to be, 'I must be cruel only to be kind, and so forth! And me ready for 'em with a bunch of real laughs, just out of the factory and never printed in book form! Say, ain't the public a lot of low-brows?"

The Silent Song.

Here's to the singer who acts his song
To the measure of silent print;
And permits the reader to pass along
With a swift selective squint.

For such a singer may tell his woe
Nor trouble the busy ear
Of the person who doesn't care to know
Just why he is feeling queer.

But down with the singer who sings his lay
With the strength of a tireless lung.
And has no thought of the wretch who may
Be waiting, with nerves unstrung.

To get a chance at a dream so light
Or a moment of slumber deep—
Down with the singer who sings at night
When he ought to be fast asleep!

HE UNDERSTOOD.

An Interview That Made Matters Clear to the Officer.

"Come, mister, no one can steal here!" said a policeman the other evening when he found a man lying on a vacant plot of land by the side of the road and aroused him.

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man.

"What is it?"

"See that house over there? Well, please to do me the favor to go and ring the bell and ask if William Dockery is at home."

The officer went to the house, as cended the steps and rang the bell.

A head was thrust out of a window, and a woman's voice demanded:

"Now, who is there?"

"Madam," replied the officer, "is William Dockery at home?"

"No, he ain't, and I don't expect him until daylight," said the woman, and at the same time a bowlful of water descended on the officer's head.

"Well," said the man on the ground as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Dockery. That's Mrs. Dockery."

"I think I understand," replied the officer. "You can remain where you are."—London Answers.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Monday, July 25—Richmond Commandery, No. 8, K. T., drill.

Wednesday, July 27—Webb Lodge, No. 24, F. & A. M. Called meeting, work in Master Mason degree; refreshments.

A razor, bone which has been spoiled by steel particles filling the pores can be made as good as new by washing in hydrochloric acid and then in water.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.
Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye

IN HALF AN HOUR.

In half an hour you can—
Toss a pleasant joke to half a score
Of persons and lighten their daily tasks.
Help some youngster do his difficult
sum or lift him over some barrier in
the way.

Hold a friendly talk with a discour-
aged neighbor and, though you men-
tion not his trouble, help him bear it.

Write a postal card to some lonely
one and send it on its message of frat-
ernal greeting.

Speak the little word in season to
wife or husband that will shorten the
weary day and bring the often smile.

Get in touch with the optimism of
nature and multiply your joys, divide
your sorrows and give yourself an im-
petus for the duties of the morrow.

Read a page or two from Ruskin, or
from Tennyson, or from Tolstoy, or
from the other masters, so that you
may think their thoughts and feel the
beat of their emotions after them.

Relax your tired nerves and strong
bent energies and while resting link
yourself with the infinite forces that
make for strength and righteousness.

All this you can do, or any part of
it, in one short half hour.

Or you can—
More among your fellows with no
"glorious morning face" or word of
cheer.

Speak the words that smart and
sting the heart of your friend like the
cruel stroke of a whiplash.

Write a message of meanness to one
who should be dear to you and fill his
day with sadness.

Withhold the smile that you owe to
your own and cloud the skies that you
should strive to clear.

Slight the sunlight and the breeze
and the birds and the flowers and live
like a stranger in your own good world.

Live without rest or relaxation from
incessant labors and strain to the
snapping point the delicate threads of
life.

Read that which is only for the mo-
ment and fill your mind with mental
trash or that which is vicious and fill
your heart with moral filth.

Push some fellow mortal whose feet
have missed the way farther down
the road that leads to ruin.

The half hour is yours.
What will you do?

HATRED IS WEAKNESS.

Hatred is a costly luxury. Few of
us can afford to indulge it.

Without taking into account the
moral side of it the indulgence of an
ill tempered feeling consumes a tre-
mendous amount of vitality, physical
and mental.

If you are busily employed in mak-
ing a living—or a life—you cannot af-
ford to harbor a hatred against any
man. It will take all your time and
energy to perform your legitimate task.

Some persons will vent their spleen
so viciously as to make themselves
really ill.

Hatred is weakness.

It seldom injures the person against
whom the hatred is directed except
where there is a resort to violence.

But the hater woefully injures him-
self.

Hatred is a force in which action
and reaction are not equal. The re-
action is manifold. The recoil is the
worst part of the explosion.

If you hate a man he has very great
the advantage of you, especially if
he is indifferent to your hatred. He
has the power to make you miserable
by his very presence. He is able to
wound you at every turn.

If you want to turn over to your en-
emy the key to your life's happiness,
hate him.

Moreover, why should you hate a
mortal man or woman? You may not
like one personally or you may not
like his ways. But why fly into a rage
about it?

Indifference is the better attitude.

Let your enemy go his way and you
go yours, or if you cannot be indiffer-
ent let righteous scorn take its place
and be able to say:

Scorn to be scorned by
One whom I scorn
Is that a matter to make me fret?
Is that a matter to cause regret?

If your child comes to you to say, "I
hate so-and-so," explain to him the
malign influence of hatred. Tell him
to pay no attention to the one he is
trying to hate. Tell him to substitute
"I do not like" for the bitter "I hate"
and to go on his way regardless of the
other.

Explain to him that life is too short
and the needs of activity too great to
consume one's energy in hating the
despicable.

Indifference is sane. Hatred is mad-
ness. Its legitimate refuge is the
insane hospital, where it leads.

Hate no one. It is useless, retroac-
tive and dangerous.

And if you come to the moral side of
it hatred is a monstrous sin, because—
"He that hateth his brother is a
murderer."

As a space saver for small houses
a Kansas man has invented folding
stairs operated on the lazy tons prin-
ciple by a hand wheel and gearing.

-BURGLARY-

The summer outing season will
soon be here, when you will leave
your silverware, furs, rugs, paint-
ings and bric-a-brac to the burg-
lars. Upon your return, if you
find some valuables gone, others
destroyed, locks broken, and your
pretty home turned into a place of
desolation, a draft covering the
loss and damage will look mighty
good to you. Let DOUGAN & CO.
protect you. Phone 1230.

"Wind"—Palladium Short Story

By AGNES GROZIER HEBBERTSON

Rachel stood at the cottage door
and watched her son move down the
path. He walked stiffly and uncouth-
ly, for he felt her glance upon him,
and he was wearing his Sunday
clothes. He had forgotten to oil his
dark hair, and it bunched out richly,
setting his cap awry. A sprig of
southernwood nodded in his button-
hole. "A rose or a daffodilly would
have caught a girl's eye better,"
thought Rachel. She wondered why
he had chosen the green sprig.

A sudden gust of wind caught her
skirts, whirled them and shook them
till they stood out like the petals of a
flower. Rachel spread out her hands
to push them down. She saw Aubrey's
cap fly off, and watching him
race, forgetting his Sunday clothes, in
pursuit. He was lost in the green of
the lane and Rachel sighed and turned.
"I'm glad he's going to ask Felicity
at last," she said, voicing her
thoughts aloud. "They'll settle down
together real well. That wild young
thing at the Marsh House set her cap
at him. Once I feared—but Aubrey's
too sensible. Still—I'm glad."

She entered the cottage, and the
door slammed behind her. It was a
windy day.

Aubrey was racing, his dark locks
blowing out, across the stony path of
the Home Meadow.

The wicket-gate at the other side of
the meadow was scarcely a yard from
him, when suddenly the young man
turned. He stood for a moment irreso-
lute, facing the wind, then clapt his
cap under his arm and started to rush
madly back the way he had come.

At the meadow opening, he chose
without hesitation the road opposite
that which led to his mother's cottage,
and ran on. The Marsh house, lonely
and neglected, stood beyond the spin-
ney. He raced up the path and knock-
ed with his knuckles on the door. His
breath broke from him in quick gasps.

It had time to quiet, for his sum-
mons met with no response. The youth
waited, then knocked again. Again
there was silence.

Aubrey pushed the rickety door open
and went into the house. The first
room into which he looked was empty;
the second held a girl, who sat
brooding by an empty grate, her chin
on her palm.

The young man's boldness left him
and he stood abashed. A redness came
into his face which was not that of
the wind. The girl turned and stared
at him with wide grey eyes. "Was it
you that were knocking?" she asked.
His color grew deeper. "Yes," he
said.

"I did not answer. You should not
have come in," said she.

He braced himself. "Why did you
not answer?"

"The girl laughed contemptuously.
"Because I knew nobody could be
waiting there whom I would wish to
see."

He had had many a speech of the
same cruel unkindness from her, and
as it had done many times before,
his heart grew hot.

The youth advanced a step, clumsily.
He took the southernwood from his
button-hole. "Take it," he said,
holding out the sprig.

She took it, smelt it with a kind of
passion, and laid it upon her knee.

"It is like you," he said, nodding
at it.

The girl looked at him curiously.
"Why were you wearing it—and your
best clothes? You have a clean hand-
kerchief, too!" Her voice dropped in-
to contempt.

She did not repeat her question,
having apparently lost all interest in
him; but he answered it, "I am ask-
ing—my mother has sent me—to ask
Felicity to marry me."

She laughed carelessly, turning the
southernwood between her fingers.

"Well, why don't you go?"

Aubrey paused, and a gust of wind
shook the house. The girl turned her
head to listen. The man listened, too.

He said indistinctly, "I would rather
marry you."

She looked at him, and broke into a
hearty laugh.

He thought she would never stop
laughing, but she did at last, quite
suddenly. Leaning towards him, she
asked him in a grave tone, "What
have you to offer me?"

The question was to him a welcome
one, affording—or so he imagined—
a level on which they could meet.

He said, his eyes on the floor, as if
adding up the sum of his possessions.

"There is the farm, and the cottage
(though my mother would want that),
and the four fields nigh—"

She broke in with impatience.

"That isn't what I mean."

"What have you, what is there in

you different from other men, that I
should want to marry you?" she asked.

It was a question as far outside his
life and comprehension as were the
stars. He was silent.

The girl laughed, not cruelly, but
very softly, almost sweetly. "Poor
boy! Go home—no, go to Felicity."

For the first time he was seized by
a desire to hurt her. He looked at her
strangely. What was she, a thin,
grey-eyed thing pretty, to gibe at him
like this?

The girl met his glance. She gave
herself a little shake, and he knew
that she was as little afraid of him
as were the wind and the rain and
the sun.

She said, dismissing him casually,
"You had better go. Felicity may be
waiting."

"No," he said, "I won't go."

"Something a little kinder come in-
to her eyes. She said softly, "This
—what have I to offer you? I am a
beggar and I am not ashamed of my
beggarhood."

"You'd forget it after a bit, when—"

"No, I shouldn't. I should always
remember it—and hatter, after it. To
be a beggar is to be free." She smiled,
a little inward smile; then turned
to him again. "Who would help your
mother on baking days?"

"You—" he stammered. "Wouldn't
you?"

"Oh, I can bake," she said indiffer-
ently. "Perhaps I might on dull days.
May be I would help her, maybe I
wouldn't."

The consternation with which he
battled amused her.</