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Mr. 300 Secretary.

## RICHMOND, INDIANA "PANIC PROOF CITY"

Has a population of 22,000 and  
is growing. It is the center  
of the Wabash Canal and the  
trading center of a rich agricultural  
community. It is located  
about due east from Indianapolis  
69 miles and 4 miles from the  
state line.

Richmond is a city of homes  
and industry. It is a  
manufacturing city. It is also  
the jobbing center of Eastern  
Indiana and enjoys the retail  
trade of a populous community  
for miles around.

Richmond is proud of its  
splendid streets, well kept  
parks, its sidewalks and its  
beautiful shade trees. It has 3  
national banks, 2 trust companies  
and 2 building associations  
with combined assets of  
over \$15,000,000. Number of  
factories 125; capital invested  
\$7,000,000, with an annual  
output of \$10,000,000 and a  
roll of \$3,700,000. The total pay  
roll for the city amounts to ap-  
proximately \$6,300,000 annually.

There are 125 manufacturing  
plants radiating in eight dif-  
ferent directions from the city.  
In 1909 freight handled 1,765,000  
ton-miles, outgoing freight  
handled 1,750,000 ton-miles.  
Yard facilities, per day, 1,700  
cars, with 1000 cars per day  
of freight trains daily. 88 Number of  
freight trains daily 77. The  
annual post office receipts amount  
to \$6,500,000, and the value  
of the city, \$15,000,000.

Richmond has two interurban  
railways, each with a combined circulation  
of 32,000. Richmond is the greatest  
hardware jobbing center in  
the country, with over 1,000  
shops. It is the leader in the  
manufacture of traction  
engines, and produces more  
lumbering machines, lawn  
mowers, roller skates, grain drills  
and burial caskets than any  
other city in the world.

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

## 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 Runnimead, 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 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 busi-  
ness 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 succeeded, 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 we'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.  
"Being 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  
tried 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 unb burden my bunch  
of high-class talk and when I look out  
at the audience what do I see? No-  
body 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

## Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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### 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 dis-  
couraged 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  
fraternal 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—

Move 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 whip-lash.

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 labor 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 tremen-  
dous 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-  
ly 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  
has 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  
have 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  
despised.

Indifference is sane. Hatred is mad-

ness. That is precisely what hatred is—  
madness. Its legitimate refuge is the  
insane hospital, where it leads.

Hate no one. It is useless, retro-  
active 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."

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

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

## MASONIC CALENDAR.

Monday, July 25—Richmond Com-  
munity, No. 8, K. T., drill.

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

"I don't know. Where were they?"  
"Lookin' at a Shakespeare show on  
the next block. Takin' in the old time

## "Wind"—Palladium Short Story

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

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