

## The Richmond Palladium and Sun-Telegram

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RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Readings of the... Editor  
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## RICHMOND, INDIANA "PANIC PROOF CITY"

Has a population of 73,000 and is growing. It is the county seat of Wayne county, and is a trading center of a rich agricultural community. It is located due east of Indianapolis 85 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 trading center of Eastern Indiana and enjoys the retail trade of the surrounding 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, 200 small banks and 4 building associations with combined resources of over \$1,000,000. Number of factories 125; capital invested \$1,000,000; wages paid out \$2,700,000, and a pay roll of \$3,700,000. The total pay roll for the city amounts to approximately \$8,300,000 annually.

There are five railroad companies radiating from the city in different directions. The annual freight handled daily, 1,700,000 lbs. The city is a great yard facility, per day 1,700 cars. Number of passenger trains daily, 89. Number of freight trains daily, 77. The annual post office receipts amount to \$50,000. Total assessed valuation of the city, \$18,000,000.

Richmond has two interurban railroads. Three newspapers with a combined circulation of 12,000. Richmond is the great hardware jobbing center in the state, and carries in general jobbing interests. It has a plant factory producing a high grade of steel in 15 minutes. It is the leader in the manufacture of traction engines, and has a large stock of threshing machines, lawn mowers, roller skis, and other outdoor equipment.

The city's area is 2,640 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; 3 parochial schools; Eastern Indiana and the Indiana Business College; five splendid fire companies; in the heart of the city, a park, the largest and most beautiful park in Indiana, the home of the Richmond chautauqua; seven hotels; municipal electric light plant, under successful operation; a private electric light plant, insuring competition; the oldest public library in the state, over 100,000 volumes; the second largest water, unsurpassed; 45 miles of improved streets; 40 miles of sewer; 15 miles of water pipe and gutter combined; 60 miles of cement walks, and many miles of other improvements.

Churches, including the Reid Memorial, cost \$125,000. Reid Memorial Hospital, one of the most modern in the state, cost \$100,000, erected at a cost of \$100,000, one of the finest in the state. The amusement center of Eastern Indiana and Western Ohio. No city of the size of Richmond holds so fine an annual art exhibit. The 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

**Feminine High Flyers.**  
From the Washington Star.  
When the heavier-than-air flying machine was proved to be a mechanical possibility it was predicted that aviation would soon become a fact similar to that of automobilizing or, in the earlier days, bicycling. Despite recent mishaps in the air which have cost the lives of several experimenters this forecast seems likely to be verified. Already factories are turning out airplanes to order both in this country and abroad, and soon it will be possible for anyone who fancies an aerial career to equip himself with an up-to-date machine of any one of half a dozen or more types. Indeed, there are now at work several thousand skilled artisans making airplanes for public use, and in all probability next season will see an airplane owned privately in every large city, while possibly the town that does possess a sky pilot among its followers of venturesome sport will feel declassified and distanced in the race of progress. It has just been announced that three French monoplanes are now on their way across the Atlantic, having been manufactured especially for the American feminine market. They are in every respect the most ladylike machines that have been turned out thus far, and it is the hope of the French manufacturers that after they have been demonstrated by a trio of exceedingly attractive Parisiennes there will be a demand for them for their owner-

## A Wail

The American Economist which among other things is the official pork-barrel-organ of that organization of Stand Pat, Stand Still financiers known as the American Protective Tariff league which continuously does cry for a High Tariff is incensed.

The occasion is none other than the fact that the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is going to make a speech for Mr. Beveridge this fall.

The Standstillers in this neck of the woods, and they are scarce, will take courage from the headlong rush of words on the subject issuing from those powers of pillage that want an extortionate tariff.

"... In thus supporting Beveridge, Mr. Roosevelt will be entirely consistent with past performances. No man more so. He is the primal insurgent, the inventor of Insurgency. All who came after him were mere copyists, 'me-too's.' The standard of Insurgency was first raised in 1902, when the Cuban reciprocity legislation was bludgeoned through House and Senate. The next insurgent exploit came when the German Tariff agreement was negotiated in secret and privileges of tariff evasion through undervaluation were granted to German exporters in direct violation of the provisions of existing law, and when in a measure to Congress the system provided by law for enforcing honest valuations of imports was denounced as 'outrageous.'"

"... But how about the Protection element of the Republican Party? How about the loyal and conscientious men who stand for the one 'cardinal principle' of their party? Will they be harmonized? Can they be whipped into line with and made to play second fiddle to Beveridge, Cummins, Dooliver, Bristow, LaFollette, Roosevelt, and the rest of the Insurgent phalanx? Is the mountain going to Mahomet? Is the whale about to be swallowed by Jonah? Is the tail going to wag the dog? ... Are the real Republicans and Protectionists in the States which furnish electoral votes and determine majorities in Congress ready to confess themselves in error and seek pardon at the feet of the Man from Elba? ..."

Still Mr. Roosevelt will find lots of other people in this part of the country who do not feel hurt about his Insurgency.

We are glad that the news comes from the American Economist. That is convincing.

ship, and the American market for these machines will have been established. It will require only the enlistment of one or two of the American society leaders in the ranks of the aviators to set the fashion in a manner to make the fortune of any manufacturer who is in position to supply the demand for something particularly attractive in the way of an aeroplane.

From the Boston Herald.

Another boatload of Russian Jewish refugees is on the way to this country under the auspices of the American Jewish Aid society, and will present a test case to the federal authorities whether or not the fact that they come here under the implied promise of this society to provide employment for them makes them ineligible for admission under the contract labor law. Surely it is better if some organized agency receives such immigrants and aids in their distribution about the country where there is room for them and where their labor is needed than to have them dumped into New York City to hunt for such place of permanent labor and abode as they may find. A law is unreasonable that does not admit the benevolent effort of such societies as this.

The Fight Fraud.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
The fight pictures, depicting what was to be the pugilistic contest of the age, whatever may be said of the propriety of that form of entertainment, throw a curious light upon the whole prize-fighting enterprise. They show, as perhaps no other evidence could, that one of the most gigantic frauds of which there is any record in pugilism or any other activity was perpetrated upon the public. The epigram of Lincoln to the effect that you can't fool all the people all the time, may express the truth, but for many months it plainly appears from the photographic films the whole American public was grievously fooled, and in all the multifarious avenues of intelligence there was no one to give the public a glimmer of the truth.

## TWINKLES

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

**The Expensive Promoter.**  
"That man's time is worth \$60 a minute," said the mathematician.  
"More than that," replied the reckless investor. "He once gave me five minutes of his time when I was looking for advice and it cost me several thousand dollars."

**Enlightenment.**  
"Won't you tell me something about this report that you preferred staying home and darning socks to acting?" said the interviewer.  
"Certainly," replied Miss Frillington.  
"What material do you advise for darning?"  
"Oh, that's an easy question. The latest style of press agent's yarn."

**A Consolation.**  
The hard luck lands an upstart.  
That jars us, in the baseball strife.  
Cheer up! We've had our troubles; but  
We've always saved the umpire's life.

**The Practical Instinct.**  
"Why do so many children dislike mental arithmetic?" said one school teacher.  
"I suppose," replied the other, "it's because a boy resents figuring on how many imaginary apples a mythical

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## "THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

JULY 28TH.

- 1696—The French under Frontenac for the last time invaded northern New York.
- 1750—Johann Sebastian Bach, famous composer, died. Born March 21, 1685.
- 1751—Joseph Habersham, soldier and postmaster general of the United States, born in Savannah. Died there November 17, 1815.
- 1760—Sir Hudson Lowe, governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's confinement, born in Ireland. Died in London January 10, 1844.
- 1810—Reading room established in the Exchange Coffee House in Boston.
- 1840—Edward Drinker Cope, celebrated naturalist, born Philadelphia. Died there April 12, 1897.
- 1861—John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota, born in St. Peter, Minn. Died in Rochester, Minn., September 21, 1900.
- 1863—Marriage of Crown Prince Frederick and Princess Louise of Sweden.
- 1884—Henry M. Stanley returned to England from Africa.
- 1898—Imperial Military Commission to investigate the character and condition of Canadian defenses commenced its work.
- 1900—Martial law declared throughout Spain.

## THE SCRAP BOOK

### THE FAVORITE WON.

A Prizefight Referee Who "Seen His Duty and Done It."

In a sporting resort in the east end of London a popular Irish pugilist was matched against a burly and clever negro. The Irishman was a hot favorite, and his friends bet heavily that he would whip his colored opponent. The referee was also an Irishman, and when in the first round the negro reached the Irish fighter's jaw and the latter's head thumped the boards with a crash that seemed to preclude further contest the following monologue by the referee as he stood over the fallen favorite, counting the seconds, took place:

"One!" (In an undertone to his gasping compatriot: "Come on, man; get up.")

"Two!" (Warrab, man, can't ye raise yourself and listen to what I'm tellin' ye? Come on; get up.)

"Three!" (For the sake of yer fathers that bled on many a field get up and wipe up the floor with this black smoke that's grinnin' at ye!)

"Four!" (An' sure are ye goin' to lie there slavin' while this limb of Satan takes all the money? Get up, I say, afore I pull ye up!)

"This sort of entreaty continued until, as the disgusted referee lingered on the final count, the badly dazed Irish pugilist staggered to his feet, swung wildly at the unguarded negro and bowled him over unexpectedly.

Quick as a flash the ever ready referee sprang to the prostrate colored man, who, though dazed and weak, was wildly struggling to regain his feet, and counted:

"One, two, three, four, five and five is ten! You're out, you naggur!"

**"YOU'RE OUT, YOU NAGGUR."**

out of 'em. Are ye goin' to let this black son of Ham say he knocked ye out?)

"Two! (Warrab, man, can't ye raise yourself and listen to what I'm tellin' ye? Come on; get up.)

"Three! (For the sake of yer fathers that bled on many a field get up and wipe up the floor with this black smoke that's grinnin' at ye!)

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**Why He Didn't Go to Church.**  
A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishioner. "Richard," he said, "I have seen ye at the kirk for some time and wad like to know the reason."

"Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I have three decided objections to goin'—firstly, I dinna believe in bein' whaur ye does at the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in 'at muckle singin', an' thirdly an' in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife."

**Friendship.**  
They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life, for we have nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful.—Cicero.

**Not a Suffragist Yet.**  
During a presidential campaign the question of woman suffrage was much discussed among women pro and con, and at an afternoon tea the conversation turned that way among the women guests.

"Are you a woman suffragist?" asked the one who was most interested.

"Indeed, I am not," replied the other most emphatically.

"Oh, that's too bad! But just supposing you were, whom would you support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I've always supported, of course," was the apt reply—"my husband."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**His Son Andy.**  
Dr. Andrew J. McCosh was in his college days a famous athlete. He could run faster, kick a football farther and jump higher than any man in Princeton. Publicly his father, President McCosh, took no notice of Andy's achievements. That he privately rejoiced in his son's prowess the students learned in this way:

Jimmy, as the president was familiarly called, though exceedingly courteous, was given to fits of abstraction in which he entirely forgot his surroundings.

Once at a reception in his home, apparently forgetful of all the world, he was pacing up and down the room with head bent and hands interlocked behind his back. Suddenly he walked up before a young lady and asked:

"How tall are ye?"

In an embarrassed way she replied, "Why, doctor, I'm—I'm five feet two inches."

"Me son Andy could jump over yer head," said the doctor and immediately resumed his walk.

**An Aid to Digestion.**  
The Blanks had invited a guest to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually during the meal, looked over at him once more and said:

"You haven't changed a bit since you starting eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the visitor.

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," blurted out Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him—"because I heard pa say you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eyes on this feed."

**Changed the Record.**

The Court Blundered and the Old Man Went Free.

"There used to be an old fellow of sixty," said a Denver judge, "who got arrested about twice a week for conviviality. He was always haled before Magistrate Blank, and as the magistrate was about sixty, too, a queer kind of comradeship, almost friendship, arose between the two men."

"In the late autumn the toper was called away from Denver. He did not return till Christmas time. The convivial Christmas spirit in the crisp Denver air was, of course, too much for him, and the day after his return he was haled before the usual magistrate on the usual charge.

"The magistrate in the green festooned courtroom felt kindly and forgiving.

"Well, George," he said to the prisoner, "you are here again at last, eh?"

"Yes, your honor," said old George humbly.

"You've been away some time, haven't you?"

"Yes, your honor; nigh on to three months."

"And how many times, George, did you get drunk during that period?"

"I don't like to say, your honor," old George faltered, "before all these here people."

"Well," said the magistrate, "take paper and pencil and write it down."

"So George wrote, and the paper was passed up to the magistrate, who looked at it and said:

"Ah, well, it's the Christmas season, and since you were away three months, George, and got drunk only sixteen times I'll let you off."

"Thank you, judge," said old George as he left the dock. "You looked at the paper upside down, though."

**Hard Work.**  
The idle man does not know what it is to rest. Hard work tends not only to give us rest for the body, but, what is even more important, peace to the mind.—Sir John Lubbock.

**Mersey and Fresh Eggs.**  
At a small post in Egypt Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist, and an English officer lived practically on eggs and flannel meat, and as there was nothing else to be had, the eggs were a very important item of the dietary. Day after day the eggs, like those of the oft quoted curate, were "very good in parts," but one morning they were frankly bad. The officer, who had the power of life and death in those parts, determined that the eggs

should be fresh in future, so the egg merchant was brought before him. "Open your mouth," said the officer, and the wretched man, standing between two sentries, obeyed tremblingly. Slowly and solemnly an evil smelling egg was poured in. Again the command was given, and again a potential rooster was gulped down. A third followed the other two, which must have been the worst of the lot, for the victim, with tears of agony streaming down his face, fell on his knees and, half choking, gasped for mercy.

He got the mercy, and the officers got fresh eggs in future.

**Cause of the List.**  
When Theodore Roosevelt was president he told this story to William H. Taft, who was then secretary of war. "When I started for Panama on the same warship that Taft had traveled on I noticed a slight list to starboard. I called the captain in and asked him how it happened that we were not run-

ning on an even keel. He was somewhat embarrassed, but I told him to 'out with it,' and he came back with this: 'Well, Mr. President, the secretary of war sailed with us not long ago, and he slept on the port side. And—and, well, sir, we haven't had a chance yet to shift ballast.'"

The Irishman's Request.

In the days when flogging was in vogue as a punishment in the British navy a Scotchman and an Irishman on the arrival of their ship in harbor obtained leave to go ashore for a couple of days, and they overstayed the period of leave granted them. When they did put in an appearance they were ordered fifty lashes each. On the day of the punishment a parade was ordered to witness the infliction of the flogging. When all was ready the Scotchman asked as a favor to be allowed a piece of canvas on his back while he received his flogging. The captain granted his request and, turning to the Irishman, asked him if he required anything on his back while he was being flogged, to which he replied, "If ye please, yer honor, I'd loike to have the Scotchman on my back, if ye wouldn't mind."

DEPENDABLENESS.

Dependableness is a basic virtue, and the lack of it spells failure. It is better than brilliancy. When you say of a man, "He is a bright fellow, but you can't depend upon him," you write down not only his moral delinquency, but his reputation. A lot of people lack this virtue. You make an order on your grocer. It is for your dinner, and you are promised prompt delivery. The stuff does not arrive, and your dinner must wait. You are exasperated, and there is no apology. This happens a few times, and you change your grocer.

You go to the wall paper establishment and select the pattern for your rooms. A definite day is agreed upon for the work, a date that will not interfere with your wife's annual cleaning. The day passes. You call up the store. The manager is sorry, etc., but the hanger will positively get to your place tomorrow. Tomorrow passes and no man appears. It may be a week before he appears, provided you do not cancel the order.

Or—Your dressmaker, madame, positively agrees to have your new gown ready. You explain that you must have it for a certain evening. You give her plenty of time. When she wants you to come to be fitted you comply. There is no excuse, but the garment is not delivered, much to your annoyance.

What is the matter with this sort of people? They lack dependableness. A man makes a business engagement with you. He is late and apologizes. You have another date with him, and again he apologizes. You have lost valuable time, and you remember that man.

These are little things, but they merge into a man's character. Is he prompt? Is his word good? Is he entitled to credit? Can he be depended upon? These are the commercial touchstones that determine a man's standing.

Dependableness is capital. It is better than money. It is the basis of business credit which enables a man to make money.

Therefore begin early to put the fiber of dependableness into your child's character. Train him to keep his engagements, however trivial they may be. Teach him the inviolability of a promise. Make your child dependable.

THE REAL TEST

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There is only one test by which to judge of the efficiency of any article and that is by its ability to do that which it is intended to do. Many hair vintners may look nice and smell nice, but the point is—do they eradicate Dandruff and stop falling hair? No, they do not, but Herpicide does, because it goes to the root of the evil and kills the germ that attacks the papilla from whence the hair gets its life.

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