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TWINKLES

A DESTRUCTIVE SUCCESS.
"What has become of that man who
said Mars is habitable?"

"He made the mistake of convincing
too many people. There wasn't enough
skepticism to keep up a fairly interest-
ing conversation."

CRITICAL SENSE.
"That youngest son of Bliggins
seem to have the making of a true
musician in him."

"Does he sing or play?"
"No. But he cries piteously when
Bliggins tries to."

A STANZA FROM WALL STREET.
It was a melancholy tale
The veteran had to tell:
"Water, water, everywhere
And not a drop to sell!"

COUNTING UP.
"Think of the golden moments you
have wasted playing bridge," said the
serious friends.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Flimflam, regret-
fully, "besides a lot of silver coin and
paper currency."

THE SIGN OF SUPERIORITY.
"Some of the primitive instincts
linger in the highest civilization," said
the statesman.

"Yes," replied the ethnologist;
"many of our communities cannot get
away from the idea savages all have
that a man who manages to get pos-
session of a high silk hat is thereby
qualified to be a leader."

OUTLAWS.
When Uncle Jabs says it's time
To clean his favorite pipe
He acts like he was bent on crime
Of a most dreadful type.
Aunt Jane says, "Smokin's a mistake,"
An' Cousin Sallie calls,
"Pa, if you must, for pity's sake,
Put on some overalls!"

He hooked some hairpins from the
shelf.

The little scissors, too,
He has to manicure herself
Have disappeared from view,
He has some wires long and short,
If Uncle Jabs finds
Around too much he'll be in court
For havin' burglar's tools.

He went out by the kitchen door
An' no one said, "Good-bye."
They jec' said, "Change your clothes
before

You think of drawin' nigh
Us people that are neat an' clean,
Remember, if you can,
That if you give dogs nicotine
Each drop will kill a man!"

But Uncle Jabs answers not,
With slow and cautious tread
He finds a quiet, shady spot
Behind the carriage shed.
We sneak like Indians. I must call
If I see any one,
I don't like smokin' pipes at all,
But cleanin' 'em is fun.

This Is My 33rd Birthday

PRINCESS INGEBORG.

Princess Ingeborg, one of the most
popular members of the Swedish royal
family, was born August 2, 1878. She
is the wife of Prince Carl, a younger
brother of the present king of Sweden.
Before her marriage she was a Danish
princess, being the daughter of the
Crown Prince (now King Frederick)
of Denmark. The marriage of Prince
Carl and Princess Ingeborg took place
in 1897. Their union has been blessed
with two daughters, Princess Mar-
garet, the elder, being now in her
twelfth year, and Princess Martha a
year younger. Prince Carl and his wife
lead a most democratic life, which can
be said also of the other members
of the Swedish royal family. In winter
they live in Stockholm, and in summer
they take their children to a little
villa called Parkudden, situated on the
Djurgard, not a great distance from
the capital.

Strangers,
Knicker—Can you make ends meet?
Becker—Well, you meet, but they
don't speak—Harper's Bazaar.

A Million Dollars

Tomorrow night there will be a meeting at the city hall to discuss
the tying up of this city in a million dollar contract.

The representatives of the company will be there to answer any questions
which citizens may want to put to them—and to explain why the
proposed contract contains provisions drawn in the language in which it
stands now.

Here is a contract by which the citizens of the town obligate themselves
to pay a million dollars. Per capita it would probably amount to
\$200 apiece in the next twenty five years.

In hydrant rentals the city will pay out \$360,000 during the term of
the contract—while the citizens will make up the rest of the million in
their water bills.

In this situation we wish to call attention to the fact that the Water
Works company has every reason to wish the contract involving this
million dollars drawn up in its favor. And we call attention to the fact that the
company is thoroughly conversant with the situation. Every legal
point has been carefully looked into—not by one attorney nor yet by two
firms of attorneys—but by attorneys from outside the city—each an authority
on the sort of work which he was called upon to perform.

A turn of word, the dropping of a comparatively unimportant looking
word or clause—a rearrangement of clauses—may be worth hundreds
of thousands of dollars to the company.

Mr. Gardner, the legal adviser of the city is opposed to this aggregation
of attorneys and experts—he is single handed. The administration has
relied greatly on him as have all the citizens of Richmond. We wish
that he had more help and the more we look at the contract the more we
feel that every effort must be made by the city if it is not to be the loser
of justice in the proposal that stands before the citizen.

Here is another case of the strong and selfish organization of business,
compact, with a considerable incentive pitted against the weak organiza-
tion of the city—in which it is hard for men to get together.

But it seems to us that if tomorrow night that the individual citizens
of the town should come out to the meeting and ask the representatives
of the company questions about this proposed franchise that they would
be able to help themselves in this million dollar contract.

What, for instance, would the city profit under the proposed contract
at the present rates and maintenance of the company?

Questions of that sort ought to be the sort of thing that a contracting
company should answer straightforwardly with sufficient data to bear in-
vestigation.

The reason that so many city governments have failed in America is
because when large contracts were up that the citizens never had a
chance to interfere. But here the people have the chance—and we think
that they will use it.

Over a million dollars is what you are promising to pay and tie your
hands for the next twenty five years, if it signs the proposed contract sub-
mitted by the Richmond City Water Works Co.

DO YOU KNOW THE PROVISIONS OF THE PROPOSED CON-
TRACT?

WILL YOU BE AT THE CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER TOMORROW
EVENING.

DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF ASKING THE
WATER WORKS REPRESENTATIVES ANY QUESTIONS YOU WISH
ABOUT THIS PROPOSED CONTRACT?

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU, AS ANY AVERAGE CONSUMER OF
WATER, ARE OBLIGATING YOURSELF FOR \$200.00 TO BE PAID TO
THE COMPANY IN THE NEXT TWENTY FIVE YEARS.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU AS A TAX-PAYER?

WHAT OTHERS SAY

CALLING OUT RESERVES

From the Boston Transcript.

There is no confirmation as yet of
the rumor current in Paris a day or
two ago that Germany has summoned
400,000 reservists to join their regi-
ments. As this is an operation that
cannot be carried on in complete
silence or complete secrecy we may feel
reasonably certain that the rumor
was the coinage of some alarmist of
an ordinary newsmonger under the
necessity of sending something.

The calling out of the reserves for the
whole German active army would
mean that at least 700,000 men would
have to leave their homes and ordinary
peaceful vocations and repair at
once to their regiments. Germany
manages such things as quietly,
smoothly and systematically as may
be, but is beyond Germany's power
to blind all the eyes that are watching
its military movements or to deafen
simultaneously all the ears that have
been bent to the ground to catch the
first sound of the concentration of so
great a force.

—THE FLY WAR

From the Baltimore Sun.

The battle rages from Bay shore to
the uttermost parts of Towson. Hundreds
of thousands have fallen and now lie dead in the barrel. When the
Swatting Artillery wheeled into action
they mowed down the enemy by the
quart. The slaughter has been
frightful, but the valiant Fly Brigade
has brought up reinforcements by the
million. As fast as one falls another
takes his place. You can see them
swimming in the milk pail without
waiting for any pontoon bridge; charging
up Butter Dish Hill as if they knew no
fear. Though pursuing a Fabian policy
retreating when closely pressed, they leave their tracks
on the broadways and march right up
to the mouth of Babyface. Their
scouts can be felt creeping across
Baldhead Summit. Their forces scale
the walls with marvelous agility, and
some of the more athletic when pur-
sued escape by walking across the
ceiling. Not a few have fallen into
the ambuses set by crafty opponents.

—MAKE HIGHWAYS SAFE

From the Philadelphia Press.

The striking of an automobile con-
taining five persons by a fast express
near Pittsburgh with fatal results to
most of the occupants is another awful
illustration of the incompatibility of
railway grade crossings and automo-
biles. They cannot exist together
without this constant peril and occa-
sional sacrifice of human life. Prob-
ably one consequence of the
Pittsburg collision will be the elimination
of this particular dangerous crossing
of fifteen tracks with trains
running at high speed and at close in-
tervals all the time, but its abolition
should not have awaited this toll of
death. There should be a state-wide
movement for the abolition of grade
crossings, especially near cities where
trains and vehicles are both very nu-
merous and grade crossings are death
traps.

—BAD INDEED

From the Chicago Tribune.

When it becomes really interested
the British house of commons has no
better manners than our own Illinois
legislature.

Wednesday, Aug. 2—Webb Lodge,
No. 24, F. & A. M. Called meeting.

Work in Entered Apprentice degree.

Work to commence promptly at 6:30
P. M.

—MASONIC CALENDAR

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Heart to Heart

Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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WHAT IS TRUE LOVE?

Love, which is the greatest thing in
the world, often has been slandered by
the proverb makers.

For instance—

"Love is blind."

Love is not blind. It is acute and
open eyed. More than that, it has in
sight. It sees below the surface. It
sees the real, the unseen. Where other
eyes see deformity or weakness love
sees strength and beauty. It does not
judge by appearances. Whereof some
of us should be glad, because, having
neither comeliness nor grace, keen eyed
love finds both. It sees that which is
worth loving.

Another mistaken saying:

"True love is first love."

It may be. Often it is not. Usually
first love is a sort of a mushroom grow-
ing sentiment. It is not aptly termed
"puppy" love. Ordinarily it does
not last long. True love is an out-
gushing fountain that freely gives. It
will last as long as it is appreciated.
It is more than a mere sentiment. It
is mature affection.

And still another:

"True love cannot die."

It can. It does die—dally. It may be
wounded so that it bleeds at every
pore. And it may be murdered outright.
Mostly it is killed by neglect or
indifference or lack of response or
inattention. You can easily starve it
to death. Like life itself, love grows
and thrives by what it feeds on. And,
on the contrary, you may feed and
pamper false love to surfeit, and it will
surely die. The seeds of death are in
it.

I submit that true love is so precious
a thing it should not depend upon
proverbs, even though the proverbs
have never been challenged.

True love!

Without it earth would not be.

Without it there could be no heaven.

—THE UPGNG OF HUMANS.

The world is growing better.
Have you seen a glacier? If so you
have wondered at its monstrous grind-
ing power because you cannot see that it
moves. But it does move. If you
could put up some sort of a mark and
come back later on you would be con-
vinced.

So is the progress of humanity—slow,
but sure.

Look over its track.

A few centuries ago a majority of
the men and women were slaves to a
horde of petty tyrants. Now, save
in some out of the way world corner,
the crack of the slave driver's whip is
never heard.

In the middle ages epidemics swept
over Europe, destroying half the popula-
tions of communities. Now you sel-
dom hear of the plague.

Once men and women were tortured
and burned and hanged for religion's
sake. Now, even in Turkey, there is
tolerance and religious liberty.

Drunkenness?

A hundred years ago the liquor habit
was common among the best people.
When the minister called the decanter
was always on the sideboard.

Nowadays it is a disgrace to be
drunken, and besottedness is largely
confined to a low type of humans.

War?

History is the story of garments
rolled in blood. Today more impor-
tant than the enginery of rifled can-
non are the engines of peace—Coriolis,
Atkins, Westinghouse—and the white
palace at The Hague stands for the
furled flags of battle.

Trusts?

Greedy, criminal, they are less in
their ruthless tyrants than the feudal

—Offering of Thanks—Freeman F. Halsey.