

## The Richmond Palladium

—and Sun-Telegram—

Published and owned by the  
PALLADIUM PRINTING CO.  
Issued 7 days each week, evenings and  
Sunday morning.  
Office—Corner North 10th and A streets.  
Palladium and Sun-Telegram Phones—  
Business Office, 1564; Editorial Room,  
1112.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Rudolph G. Leeds ..... Editor  
Carl Bernhardt ..... Associate Editor  
W. M. Foundstone ..... News Editor

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In Richmond \$5.00 per year (in ad-  
vance) of 100 per week.

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One year, in advance ..... \$5.00  
Six months, in advance ..... 2.50  
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Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post  
office as second class mail matter.

New York Representatives—Payne &  
Young, 30-34 West 37th street, and 35-37  
West 32nd street, New York, N. Y.  
Chicago Representatives—Payne &  
Young, 747-749 Marquette Building,  
Chicago, Ill.

The Association of American  
Advertisers has examined and certified  
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Association of American Advertisers  
No. 169, Whitwell Bldg., N. Y. City

## 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 inter-  
esting 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. Filmgilt, 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 Jabez 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 Salie calls,  
"Pa, if you must, for pity's sake,  
Put on some overalls!"

He hooked some hairpins from the  
shelf,  
The little scissors, too,  
Ma has to manure herself  
Have disappeared from view,  
He has some wires long and short,  
If Uncle Jabez tools  
Around too much he'll be in court  
For havin' burglars' 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 Jabez answers not,  
With slow and cautious tread  
He finds a quiet, shady spot  
Behind the carriage shed.  
We sneak like Injuns. 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, 1873. 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?  
Booker—Well, they meet, but they  
don't speak—Harper's Bazar.

## 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 ques-  
tions 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 them-  
selves 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  
arms of attorneys—but by attorneys from outside the city—each an au-  
thority on the sort of work which he was called upon to perform.

A turn of a word, the dropping of a comparatively unimportant look-  
ing 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 aggrega-  
tion 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 busi-  
ness, compact, with a considerable incentive pitted against the weak or-  
ganization 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 THE 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 regiments.  
As this is an operation that  
cannot be carried on in complete sil-  
ence 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 ordi-  
nary peaceful vocations and repair at  
once to their regiments. Germany  
manages such things as quietly,  
smoothly and systematically as may  
be, but it 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. Hun-  
dreds of thousands have fallen and  
now lie dead in the barrel. When the  
Swatting Artillery wheeled into ac-  
tion 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 close-  
ly pressed, they leave their tracks  
on the breadways 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 ambushes 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 auto-  
mobiles. They cannot exist togeth-  
er without this constant peril and oc-  
casional sacrifice of human life.  
Probably one consequence of the  
Pittsburgh collision will be the elimina-  
tion 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.

FORMER STUDENTS  
TO HOLD REUNION

Picnic and Corn Roast Next  
Saturday at Old Bethel  
School House.

A picnic and corn roast will be the  
features of the reunion which is to be  
held by many members of the classes  
of 1872 and 1873 of the little old  
brick school house at Bethel, Indiana,  
which has since been rebuilt into a  
modern school house. There are a  
number of old students and teachers  
who will gather at Bethel on this oc-  
casion to recall old times and tell  
"how things used to be." This is the  
first reunion of the class ever held.  
Three years ago the last reunion of  
the singing school class was held, and  
since that time there has been an an-  
nual gathering. A. L. Wiley, of Pitts-  
burg, is the prime instigator of the  
coming reunion.

There are only twenty-five or thirty  
members left of the old classes. In  
Richmond there are just five, D. L.  
Mather, Mrs. John W. Turner, Mrs. J.  
H. Clements, Ezra Thompson and  
Freeman Halsey.

The program is as follows:  
10 a. m. Song by School—Led by M. E.  
N. Harlan.

Prayer—By Rev. Nathan Harlan.  
Roll Call—From Old Register.  
Address—D. L. Mather.

5 Minute Talks by Former Teachers:  
David Thomas, Mrs. Tillie Polly, Al-  
bert Chenoweth, Charlie Thomas, T. S.  
Pyle, J. E. Polly, Rev. J. E. Jones, Mrs.  
Cela Anderson, A. L. Van Nuy, N. E.  
Davis, Frank Adleman, Dr. Coffield,  
Mrs. Belle Wilson, Nicholas Beam,  
Lynn Boyd, Corman Hyde, Dr. Hunt,  
Rev. Henry Polly, and others.

Address—By Chas. Jordan.  
Some Things I Remember—By Tudy  
Harlan.

Let Something Good be Said—Rev. J.  
E. Jones.  
Election of Officers.

Collection—Taken up by Miss Bernice  
Anderson and Miss Mary Davis.  
A Song by the School.

Adjournment.

Glad Hour—Game of Black Man.

2 p. m. In Charge of D. L. Mather.  
Song—By E. N. Harlan.

The Most Marvelous Sight I Saw in my  
Trip Around the World—W. W. Van  
Nuy.

The Golden West—By Miss Olive Till-  
son.

My Work Among the Indians—By  
Miss Minnie Tillson.

The Old Log School House—By Rev.  
Nathan Harlan.

My School Days—By Isaac Van Nuy.  
Solo. By the Light of the Silvery Moon  
—Mrs. Alpha Clements.

Address—By Chas. Jordan.  
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Election of Officers.  
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Anderson and Miss Mary Davis.

A Song by the School.  
Adjournment.

## MASONIC CALENDAR

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.

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 oth-  
er 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 inaptly ter-  
med "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.

Another:  
"True love never did run smooth."

But it does usually. Why not? True  
love is harmony. It concerns two per-  
sons. Where there is adaptation there  
is accord. If there be outside interfer-  
ence it will not last and cannot avail.  
A real proverb is that which says,  
"Love laughs at locksmiths." It is the  
false love that does not run smoothly.  
It cannot by the very nature of things.  
The rough ways of true love are most-  
ly the invention of the romancers.

And still another:  
"True love cannot die."

It can. It does die—daily. It may  
be wounded so that it bleeds at every  
pore. And it may be murdered out-  
right. 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 UPGING 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 popu-  
lations 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.

## Drunkennes?

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

Nowadays it is a disgrace to be  
drunk, 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 engine of rifled can-  
non are the engines of peace—Corliss,  
Atlas, Westinghouse—and the white  
palace at the Hague stands for the  
furled flags of battle.

Trusts?  
Greedy, criminal, they are less in  
their ruthless tyrann than the feudal

lords who held the power of life and  
death over men and women.

And—note philanthropy.  
A hundred years ago the insane were  
chained like beasts in a cell, and pris-  
ons were veritable hells of torture,  
and hospitals, homes for the friend-  
less and organized charities were un-  
known.

Philanthropy is the product of the  
last hundred years.

And, so you see, when you look back-  
ward over the weary way by which it  
has come the upward trend of strug-  
gling humans is plain.

It cannot stand still. It must go on.  
There is no place to stop this side of  
universal brotherhood.

You cannot stop the glacier with  
your puny hand. No more can you  
stop the steady oncoming of the race.

Speaking of heroes—  
Note how John Grady of Nanticoke,  
Pa., died.

He passed away singing in a weak  
and faltering voice "The Top of the  
Mornin'."

Nor was he intoxicated nor beside  
himself. He was sober and in his  
right mind. That a dying man should  
sing the old Irish melody instead of a  
religious hymn seems strange. But—

Grady was an electrical worker, and  
one day he was carried into the pres-  
ence of his mother with one leg and  
both arms literally burned off by a  
current. In his pitiful plight he suf-  
fered agonies beyond description.

But when he saw his mother he for-  
got his pain.

You see, mothers are just bound up  
in their boys. It is the way of them  
that when a son suffers pain in their  
presence they suffer as keenly as he  
does.

John Grady knew that.  
And so, crushing back the pain that  
was taking his life, he called out to his  
mother to say that he was not badly  
hurt. "There is no cause for alarm,  
mavoreen," said John Grady to his  
little old Irish mother. And then—

Seeing the look of maternal anguish,  
he thought of his mother's favorite  
song. She had sung it to him in his  
cradle. Often they had sung it to-  
gether.

To prove to her that there was no  
reason to be concerned about him he  
started to sing the old melody.

Trivial? Under ordinary circum-  
stances trivial, but now it was the out-  
burst of the holiest impulse a boy can  
know. Surely the angels in heaven  
must have heard and changed that  
roistering song into a psalm of praise.

The song faltered—ceased.  
Somehow Grady's voice would break  
in spite of him; the brave lites twit-

## "THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

AUGUST 2.

1684—Treaty of Peace concluded at Albany between the Colonists and the  
Five Nations.

1704—The English and Confederates, commanded by the Duke of Marl-  
borough defeated the French and Bavarians at Blenheim.

1802—Bonaparte elected First Consul for life.

1811—William Williams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence,  
died at Lebanon, Conn. Born there April 18, 1831.

1812—The Constitution sailed from Boston on her famous cruise.

1820—Sir John Rose, Canadian statesman, born. Died Aug. 26, 1888.

1830—Charles X. abdicated the throne of France and retired to England.

1854—F. Marion Crawford, famous American novelist, born in Florence,  
Italy. Died in Sorrento, Italy, April 8, 1909.

1861—Federal force under Gen. Lyon engaged the Confederates at Dug  
Springs, Mo.

1862—Orange Court House, Virginia, taken by Gen. Crawford, of Pope's  
army.

1882—Regina made the capital of the Northwestern Territories.

1910—The strike on the Grand Trunk Railway was ended by intervention  
of the Canadian Government.

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in spite of him; the brave lites twit-

ed; the light died out of the boy's big  
eyes.

Well? How better could a boy die?  
It is not so hard to be a hero when  
the elbow of your comrade touches  
yours and the flag snaps over your  
head in the thrill of a charge, or when  
the crowd cheers you up the ladder to  
save the child from a burning building  
or to go down with your ship in the  
sight of the rescued, firing your fare-  
well salute.

Because you throw into the uncer-  
tain breach all the vigor of a strong  
manhood. But—