

ODD FELLOWS HAVE BIG FROLIC TODAY

More Than 800 Lodge Members from All Over County at Centerville.

(Palladium Special)

CENTERVILLE, Ind., June 29.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon more than 800 members of Odd Fellows' lodges over Wayne county were in this town attending the annual picnic which is being held here today. More are coming into the town every hour and it is expected that by 3 o'clock 800 Odd Fellows will be in Centerville.

The morning program was carried out exactly as arranged. The addresses of welcome and the responses to were made.

Promptly at 1:15 o'clock the lodge men formed in line and paraded through the main streets of the town. Lawrence Handley, of Richmond, one of the most prominent Odd Fellows in the county, was marshal of the parade.

The afternoon program was also carried out as prepared by the local committee.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

GAVE A MUSICAL

A pleasant social event for Friday was the musicale given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Shriver at their home in South Eleventh street, when they took this means of entertaining in honor of visiting guests. A number of selections, both vocal and instrumental, were given by the guests. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Gilbert and son Charles, Miss Gertrude Shriver of Orrville, Ohio, Mrs. Buell, Miss Nell Buell, Mr. Frank Buell, Mr. Charles Buell, Miss Vera Bailey of Hartford City, Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cundy, Miss Mary Cundy, Miss Rachel Thomas of Milton, Indiana, Mr. Willard Reddish, Mrs. Lichtenfels, Miss Cora Lichtenfels, Miss Julia Lichtenfels, Mr. Edward Lichtenfels of Anderson, Indiana, Miss Mable Reller, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buckley and daughter, Miss Helen Buckley, Mrs. Hamilton and daughters, Miss Audrey and Miss Gladys of Niagara Falls, Canada, Mr. and Mrs. George Becker, Miss Fannie Fryar, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Weeks and little daughter, Mr. Benton Barlow, and Mr. Robert Tomlinson.

Explaining the Matter. "I want some more for my husband." "What kind, madam?" "Garden hose." "I beg pardon. Did I understand you to say that you wanted garden hose for your husband?" "Yes, young man. That's what I said. I want some cheap, thick socks, size 11. My husband has already spoiled several pairs of his best socks while working on his onion bed." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Who? Who taught the coven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she espied water that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air and to find the way from a flower in a field to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn she buried in her hill lest it should take root and grow? —Bacon.

Of Course Not. "I don't eat enough to keep a bird alive." "You couldn't, my dear, proportionately speaking. Science tells us that a bird eats two and one-half times its own weight every twenty-four hours." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Took Him at His Word. "Never write letters, young man, that you'll regret in after life." "I do. In early correspondence with her who is now my wife I signed myself 'your obedient servant.'" —London Aspers.

City Statistics

Deaths and Funerals. SPALDING—Mary E., widow of Mr. William Spalding, died Friday evening at her home, two miles east of the city after a lingering illness. She was aged forty-seven years. She is survived by two daughters and two sons. The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at three-fifteen o'clock from the home. Burial will be in Earham cemetery. Rev. I. M. Hughes and Rev. Thomas J. Graham will have charge of the service. Friends may call any time. Mrs. Spalding was a member of the First Presbyterian church. Friends from town who desire to attend the funeral may take the three o'clock interurban and reach the Spalding home in time for the services.

BENNING—Anna M. Benning, aged sixty-four years, died Friday afternoon at three o'clock at her home, 125 South Tenth street. She is survived by her husband, John Benning, one son, George, two daughters, Mrs. J. A. Spekenhler, and Miss Effie Benning. The funeral will be held Monday morning at ten-fifty-five o'clock from the home and will be private. Burial in Earham cemetery. Friends may call Sunday afternoon or evening.

RYLE—The funeral of Crystal Ryle, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ryle, who died Friday morning took place at nine o'clock this morning from the home, 412 North Third street. The interment was in Earham cemetery.

— VENEER NOT DEEP —

Scratch the Surface and You'll Find Something Else You Weren't Expecting to See.—If Christianity Does Not Spell Courtesy, It Isn't Worth Much.

BY ESTHER GRIFFIN WHITE.

A reporter learns a lot of things. Among them that the veneer is not deep.

And the thinnest where you might expect it to be the thickest—in fact when you think it would go clear through to the other side and ooze out of the pores in good words.

He finds that the average private citizen cannot be elevated to a position of authority without some damage to his point of view.

Even if the authority is not great. And brief.

A dog catcher will have a lot more side than the Mayor and the President of the United States alone ranks the garbage man.

Humans can't stand it.

"I like to run things," said a charming woman the other day after relating her experiences as chairman of a committee to get up something or other.

"So does everybody else," said the other person.

The charming woman deprecated this. She didn't want to be like every body else. She didn't want to seem to be herded with the multitude. Preferred an elegant isolation as the only person in the world who liked to "run things."

It is ever thus. We must be different. We really are all the same but if we think we're different, what's the odds? However it's only the big soul that can stand an election to office. No matter if but the ward meeting or the ladies aid society.

The reporter will tell you this. He will tell you, also, that the simplest in manner, easiest of approach and most courteous and accommodating is the really great.

If you find somebody harder to get at than the president of a railroad or the head of a theatrical syndicate and who, when found, puts on "God Almighty" airs put it down on page two of your little book, hardly the black mark that he used to hoe corn in Uncle Abe's back lot or sold peanuts at the entrance to a circus.

There is no fine lady so haughty as the mistress who has graduated from the kitchen to the parlor. The woman who bullies her servants, ten to one, hasn't had 'em long.

George Ade writes an amusing fable, referred to here before a time or two, about some magnate or celebrity who was in abject terror for fear somebody would find out that the head waiter who was serving the banquet being given in his honor went to school with him back at the cross roads. In the meantime he writhed under the calm, amused and derisive gaze of this functionary who knew he had him just "where he wanted him."

The reporter has to be "on to his job."

He has to get the news. It's his business.

And it's what people want in the paper no matter how ostentatiously and conspicuously they retire into their holes upon the sinister and impertinent approach of the low down reporter.

The very ones who stop the paper because you forget to include their names "among those present," and the most insistent in their loud and virtuous lamentations that the papers are full of nothing that's fit to print.

The reporter, in the words of Dr. McKinney, of New York, who has been putting up a pretty good "line of talk" at the Sunday school convention, must "cut his edges straight."

And he hasn't all day to do it in either.

Did you ever start out to report a convention that was holding simultaneous sessions in three different churches and known that you had to "cover" it all—details and speeches and every single infinitesimal item that possessed any significance?

Do it in a given time while the city editor and the foreman waited impatiently until you rushed in at the last minute to sit down and arrange your memoranda, whip it into shape on the typewriter, edit it and rush it to the composing room?

In the meantime you have had nothing to eat since the day before and on account of the temperamental peculiarities of your celebrated street-car system have been forced to walk many sun-heated cement blocks which otherwise might have been traversed more expeditiously, if somewhat acrobatically on our jerk-water cars?

Did you ever do this?

The reporter has.

And he finds out in the accumulation of his incunabula that he must gird on his armor of indifference to the villainies of the uncouth.

Curiously he may find that the so-called "good" people will be the nastiest to handle. That those you expect to be disagreeable will be the nicest.

The writer has reported all sorts of conventions, interviewed all classes of persons.

Folger P. Wilson—Henry J. Pohlmeier Harry C. Downing—Harvey T. Wilson

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Phone 1335. 15 N. 10th St. Automobiles, Coaches, and Ambulance Service.

Loose and Mounted DIAMONDS

O. E. DICKINSON

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM, SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1912.

AGERS of the recent convention but to the one or two headquarters officials from Indianapolis who were evidently obsessed with the delusion that they were being pursued by the wicked newspapers and were showing their superiority by one of the worst exhibitions of bad manners, general discourtesy and lack of the slightest manifestation of Christian spirit ever seen in this city.

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Little Miss Hartha Hiff celebrated her eleventh birthday today with a theater party given at the Murray and also with a daisy luncheon held at the theater at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hiff in North Eleventh street. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns. Daisies were very conspicuous in the decorative motif. An elegant luncheon in several courses was served. The tables were placed on the veranda. The remainder of the time was spent socially and with games and music. Mrs. Hiff was assisted in entertaining the little people by Mrs. Ira Swisher. The guests were Miss Martha Leighton, Miss Louise Mather, Miss Winifred Curtis, Miss June Salesman, of Kentucky, Miss Mary Hiff, Miss Lulu Matthews, Miss Frances Clawson, Miss June Hild, of Dayton, Ohio, Miss Katherine Emerson, Miss Thelma Schillinger, Miss Louise Brown and Miss Martha Hiff. The little girls wore pretty summer lingerie frocks and their bright ribbon sashes and bows added to the attractiveness of the affair.

WANTED—Laborers and repair men. Apply at Gas Works.

THE MAELSTROM.

Tides and Winds Cause the Whirl and the Hole in the Sea.

"What of the maelstrom that is between two of the Lofoden islands, off the coast of Norway? Where the water sinks there must be a subterranean passage or an outlet farther north," writes a correspondent.

In answer we reply that there is no opening in the ocean's floor. The whirling motion is caused by tides and winds. The water rushes in channels between the islands, whose configuration aids in twisting. The current runs during six hours from north to south and then six hours from south to north. This reversal and friction against rocks set up the whirling motion. "Suction through a hole in the bottom of the sea" does not exist. Winds in from the ocean when in the right direction increase the rotation of the water which, in the center of the whirl, is about twenty fathoms in depth, but just west of the straits the soundings show depths of from 100 to 200 fathoms.

Many modern ships, in the absence of winds, have traversed the troubled wastes, but they keep away when the wind is blowing against the changeable currents, especially at high tide, when the danger is very great. Many fables regarding the maelstrom have been handed down from ancient times, from medieval also, and moderns still invent them. Of course ships have been wrecked there as well as elsewhere.—New York American.

A Loafer. Mrs. Hoyle—What is your husband's vocation? Mrs. Doyle—Vacation. He never works.—New York Press.

Lungs Weak? Go To Your Doctor

We have had seventy years of experience with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. That makes us have great confidence in it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, weak throats, and weak lungs. Ask your own doctor what experience he has had with it. He knows. He can advise you wisely. Keep in close touch with him.

TRIPS ON RED TAPE

Did Former Congressman in Trying to Get on the Floor Again.

(National News Association)

WASHINGTON, June 29.—An elderly colored man presented himself at the door of the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington and proceeded to walk past the doorkeeper. That august person immediately grabbed the negro by the arm and, whirling him around, asked him what he wanted. The negro calmly told the doorkeeper that he had the floor privilege by virtue of being a former member of the "Greatest-Deliberative-Body in the World."

This statement the doorkeeper halted with what nearly approached derision, but as the man did not appear very much frightened or show any signs of abandoning his intention to enter the House Chamber, the doorkeeper dispatched a messenger to the Speaker's rostrum. The messenger also conveyed to the Speaker the card of the colored man which bore the name of John R. Lynch, with a further line to the effect that Mr. Lynch was engaged in the practice of the law in the commonwealth of Mississippi.

Speaker Clark for a moment was at a loss as to the proper course of procedure. First he called upon the dean of the Mississippi delegation in the lower house, who informed the Speaker that Mr. John R. Lynch was fully entitled to the floor privilege. He had served a number of terms in congress from Mississippi. Mr. Lynch was admitted.

Strange as it may seem, this very John R. Lynch, who experienced such difficulty in being admitted to the floor of the House, a privilege to which the customs of the House entitled him, was twenty-eight years ago, the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, a position to which the greatest politicians in the country aspired not long since. And stranger still the man whose motion picture Lynch in that position was Theodore Roosevelt, then a delegate from New York State.

Don't Call It Slang. A Cleveland man who has lived for a number of years recently got it into his head that he might die one of these days and that it would be well if he wrote his autobiography ere that sad event occurred, as one might say. So he sat down and wrote many pages and took those pages to a local publisher. After the manuscript had been in the latter's hands for some time the author called him up.

"This is B Jones," he explained generally.

"Who's B Jones?" came the reply.

"B Jones, you know—B Jones of East Umph street, whose autobiography you are publishing. Ah—I'm a little short this week. Could you let me have something in advance?"

"Not on your life!"

And you may think the printer was slung, but he wasn't.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Courage. "Is he a man of courage?" "Yes, indeed."

"What makes you think so?" "He's got nerve enough to suggest breaking up a poker game when he's ahead."—Detroit Free Press.

ALL POLICE CASES POSTPONED TODAY

Mayor Zimmerman paid a visit to the temple of justice, the police station, this morning, but did not hold police court. Five cases which were to have been tried this morning were continued until Monday. The case of Mrs. Harry Goodhart vs. Miss Beatrice Virginia Pierce, who is charged with pointing a dangerous weapon, was continued until Wednesday morning. This case is expected to consume some time and the usual Monday police court would not admit of having this prolonged case on the docket.

A Spoon Insult.

The etiquette of eating was formerly simpler, because the number of table implements was smaller. Sir Charles Murray (born in 1808) states in his "Reminiscences" that dessert spoons were unknown in the days of his youth, and people scraped along very comfortably with only teaspoons and tablespoons. When dessert spoons were invented Hamilton Place, the seat of Sir Charles' uncle, was among the first households in Scotland to adopt them, and a small laird invited to dine there was both astonished and disgusted to find one of the new fashioned spoons handed to him with the sweets. "What for do you give me this?" he inquired of the footman. "Do ye think ma mooth has got any smaller since I lappit ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

Palladium Want Ads Pay.

NEARLY COMPLETED

The new cement and cobblestone arch at the Glen entrance on Main street will be finished before July 4, but the new electric sign to decorate the arch will not be completed. The city officials are wondering if it would not be appropriate to have a celebratory exercises for the new arch for this date. Action on this may be taken Monday.

Labor Question. Lady of House—You say you work? At what? Hobo—At intervals.—New York Press.

The Scientific Combined Gas Generator and Burner.

This patent of three months is rapidly forging to the front as a fuel saver, saving at from one-third to one-half what other fuel will cost.

Now being shown and demonstrated at 922 Main street, Murray Hill's pressing parlors.

Ed T. Lichtenfels

Local Agent.

Studebaker Flanders "20"

Forget the nameplate--and still the car stands pre-eminent

If it bore no nameplate—the Studebaker Flanders "20" would be bound to make an immediate and an impressive appeal to your preference.

Study it from any of the ordinarily accepted specification standards—motor-measurement, power, wheel-base, axle-strength, ease, style—and rivalry, in its class, recedes into the remote background.

But you are not asked to draw a check for \$800 on the evidence of your own eyes; or your own experience; or your own sense of value.

Seventy-five thousand of your fellow citizens vouch for Studebaker value.

And we would like you to feel the impact of that tremendous pressure of public opinion.

We would like you to summon up a mental picture of that mighty host of Studebaker cars rendering yeoman service in every nook and corner of the nation.

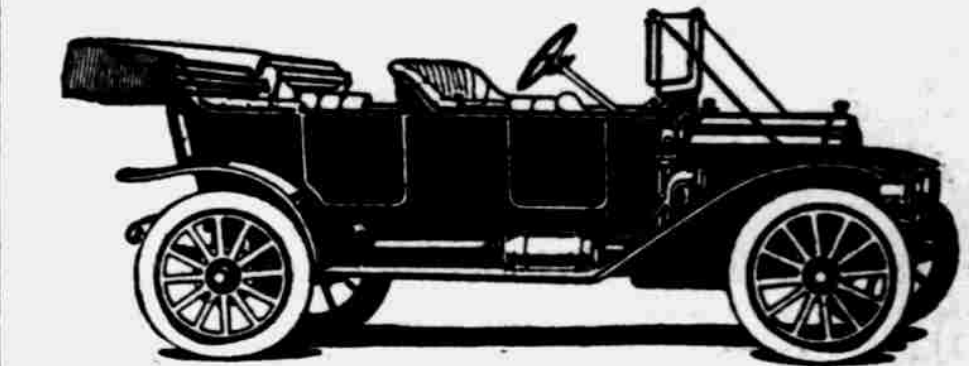
We would like you to remember that the satisfaction of these 75,000 citizens has its source in the name Studebaker.

We would like you to realize that each and every one of these 75,000 cars does its full duty, day by day, precisely because it is a Studebaker car.

The Studebaker "20" which you buy and drive is the embodiment and the expression of the sixty-year-old Studebaker policy of serving its public.

We want you to remind yourself that the Studebaker word has been good as gold to the buying world for more than a century—and that it is being made good in every car that issues from the mighty Studebaker plants.

The globe-girdling sales system of the Studebaker Corporation—the 1,800 Studebaker stores in America—the superb laboratory and manufacturing equipment in the Studebaker plant—and the low cost of production and distribution which they involve—in these factors you find the reason why the Studebaker "20" lays immediate hold upon your preference—why it appeals to you as the very uttermost of value at or about \$800.



Studebaker Flanders "20" Touring Car.

\$800 F. O. B. Detroit, standard equipment. Equipped, as above, with Top, Windshield, Prest-o-Lite Tank and Speedometer, \$885.

Richmond, Ind., M'CONAHA CO., 11-13 South Fourth St.
NEW CASTLE, IND. R. D. EDWARDS.
WINCHESTER, IND. HOOSIER AUTO CO.
LIBERTY, IND. L. E. STANLEY & CO.
BROOKVILLE, IND. C. F. ROBINSON
GREENFIELD, IND. C. E. KINDER & SON
EATON, OHIO E. C. WYSONG
ANSONIA, OHIO PIERCE MOTOR CAR CO.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION, - Detroit, Mich.

"It Isn't Any Work At All—"

you'll admit that"—says the LITTLE HOUSEWIFE. Just place your silverware in the Silver-Clean Pan—pour in hot water—add a little common baking soda and salt—then go about your other duties. After a few minutes, take out the silver—wipe dry and—presto! it is as bright and clean as when new. Could anything be easier? The

is scientifically constructed of electro-chemical metals, which when this simple, harmless solution is added, will remove black or tarnish from any piece of silver—without rubbing or scouring, merely by letting it remain in the cleansing bath for a few moments.

The Silver-Clean Pan lights the work of housewives in thousands of homes, and is employed by many clubs, hotels, restaurants, and on dining cars. Price, \$1.25 to \$4, according to size. The No. 1, single, size costs only \$1.25, prepaid to any address, and as there is no "wear" to them, they last a lifetime—while constant use will in no way injure the finest silverware, nor remove one atom of silver deposit from plated ware. The life of the silverware is, in fact, greatly lengthened.

If you are not fully satisfied with the Silver-Clean Pan, after a fair trial, we will pay return charges and refund your money. Isn't this fair? Beware of imitations. None genuine without the grid; see arrow. Signs and other forms insure silverware. The Silver-Clean does not.

Manufactured only by Jones-Hardware Co., Madison, Wis. For sale in this city by



JONES HARDWARE CO.

KNOLLENBERG'S STORE Repair Orders On Furs

—AT—
Knollenberg's Store
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
JULY 2d AND 3d

By Mr. Brewster

He will be prepared to take orders and give estimates on Furs that you may have to be worked over, in Coats, Capes, Neck Pieces and Muffs. Now is the time to consider it and to get in your order so as to have better work done at a less price and to get them back in time for the winter season.

—THE—
Geo. H. Knollenberg Co.
—RICHMOND, INDIANA—