

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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THE PALLADIUM AND VACATIONS

Subscribers of the Palladium leaving the city during the summer months should arrange to have the Palladium follow them. Addresses will be changed as frequently as may be required without extra charge. Orders may be given to any carrier of the Palladium or sent to The Palladium circulation department. Subscriptions less than one month are payable in advance at time subscription is given. Subscriptions must be entered for a definite period. The Palladium can not be responsible for errors made if instructions are given over the telephone.

Rest Room for Farmers

The rooms which the Wayne County Motor Club has fitted up in the Masonic temple are not club rooms restricted to members, but are especially intended for farmers and their families who come to Richmond to shop or visit. The rooms are arranged to serve the needs of the farmer and his wife and daughter. The ladies' parlor will have all the accommodations needed for a woman who has spent an hour or less coming to Richmond in an automobile. Wives of farmers know that their apparel becomes disarranged in traveling, and they will welcome a place where they may remove the dust and dirt of traveling before they begin a shopping tour or make a call.

The leaders of this movement hope the farmers will learn that these rooms are intended for them. Every farmer who visits the rooms or hears about them ought take it upon himself to inform his neighbors so that the whole county will know that there is a place in Richmond where travelers may remove the stains of traveling before they attend to their business in the city.

The merchants of the city have furnished the furniture and equipment for the rooms. They

know that these rooms supply a long felt want. They also know that the farmers will appreciate the worth of these rooms as soon as they learn of their location in the Masonic temple.

Paper Famine and Prices

The price of paper which has advanced from 100 to 200 per cent. or more over prices prevailing a year ago, seriously threatens the life of a large number of publications throughout the country and greatly lessens the profits of others.

It is doubtful if any other large industry in the United States has had to face so serious a situation, because when prices of raw materials have advanced the manufacturers of the finished products have advanced their prices and thus throw the burden on the ultimate consumer. In the newspaper business this has not yet been done. The newspapers, from the largest dailies to the smallest weeklies, have been bearing the burden which to many publications will mean complete destruction and to many others the wiping out of all profit.

Under existing conditions the newspapers will be forced to defend their own interests and they can not postpone it much longer without serious embarrassment to many of them. Hundreds of the smaller weeklies, including the religious papers, which have but very narrow margins between loss and profit, will, we fear, suffer most seriously, and many of them disastrously, unless the public promptly recognizes the situation and accepts an advance in subscription and in advertising rates and thus saves the situation.

The day laborer, the mechanic, the farmer and nearly all business interests, manufacturing and mercantile, under the activity of the times, are showing larger earnings than for years. But the newspapers, as a whole, are meeting a more perplexing problem in the doubling, and in some cases the trebling of price of paper, and in the absolute inability to contract in advance for supplies, than they have ever had to face before. The statements which have recently appeared in the daily newspapers on the subject do not at all exaggerate the seriousness of the problem. Manufacturers' Record.

"Two Sisters"

"I believe he is going in a day or two. I may possibly go out with him tomorrow evening—if you don't mind," she added submissively.

"Why, no, dear, I don't mind," Julia answered, remembering with a throb of relief that Delaine had said Redfield was all right. "But I'm sorry his sister is going away."

Caryl was re-reading her note, preparatory to sealing it. Julia would have gasped in dismayed astonishment could she have read over the writer's shoulder. For the "note to Dora Redfield" was as follows:

"My Dear Mr. Delaine—Do not be surprised if I am not at your rooms tomorrow morning, for I am half-ill tonight with a cold. If I am able to be out in the morning I will come to work. If not I will keep quiet in the house so that I can go to work the next day. Julia begs me to do this. She is sure that you will understand, and want me to take care of my cold in the beginning so it don't get worse."

"Yours truly,"
"C. MARVIN."
Julia was in bed when Caryl returned from posting her letter. Usually it was the older sister who was the poor sleeper, but tonight Caryl lay wide awake, hour after hour. She gave little thought of her sister, and that thought held no compunction or regret. She remembered Delaine's discovery of her falsehoods; she also remembered his devotion to Julia, and Julia's liking for him. Thinking on these things she hardened her heart against her two best friends.

And Julia, secure in the nearness and safety of her little sister, slept on peacefully and dreamlessly through all the hours of darkness, not waking until the alarm clock summoned her to go to her work. Then she got up, with a happy heart and an affectionate glance at the fair face on the pillow next her own.

Caryl Marvin's letter to her employer was brought to him as he sat at his 8 o'clock breakfast. He read it carelessly. He was not annoyed that his stenographer was not coming to him today. In fact, he did not care to see her just now. Of course, he

was sorry she was not well, he told himself; then he forgot her in the thoughts that had filled his mind ever since yesterday. They were all of Julia Marvin, his love of her, his pity for her, his desire to protect her and make her his wife. Over and over he asked himself the question: Why not tell her all this?

Of course he appreciated the fact he had not known Julia long, but he had known her long enough to love her. And she did not know him well, but he would tell her anything about himself that she wished to ask. He had fallen far short of the ideal man he wished to become to be worthy of her, but he thanked heaven that he had at least a decent and clean record.

Now that he had the morning to himself why not write to Julia before he began work, although he knew that he would not be able to fix his mind on his work until he had learned his fate? Well, then, work must wait!

It took him a long time to write his letter. Late in the afternoon in her own room, Julia read it and re-read it. She was alone when she had started to work that morning Caryl—not yet out of bed—had told her not to worry if she was not at home early.

"John Redfield had invited me to dinner and to a concert afterward," she explained drowsily, "so don't expect me until you see me. I did not sleep much last night, and I don't want to talk now. Let me get another nap now, please, Judy."

"All right, dear; good-by," Julia said softly, bending over to kiss her. "Good-by," was the sleepy response. So when the older girl came home from work she was not surprised to find the room empty. For a while she was glad of her solitariness, as it gave her an opportunity to think all that Kelley Delaine had written.

She thought of nothing else all that evening. Her heart told her what to answer, but she wished to consider all sides of the question. This she had done when she had seated herself at the table at which Caryl had sat twenty-four hours earlier to write her letter to the same man whom Julia was now writing to.

[To Be Continued.]

The "Crevice"

For a moment the rows of bottles on their shelves seemed to reel before Morrow's eyes, and his heart stood still, but he forced himself to reply:

"Oh, that? I know all about it of course. Wasn't I in on the ground floor? But that's only a fake steer; this Charley-boy hasn't got anything to do with it, that I know of. Maybe the big guy thought he hadn't got out of the way, and sent me to find out. No use my hanging round here any longer, anyhow. I'll amble back and tell Pad he's gone. Swell dame, that Annie—some queen, eh? Let's have one more drink and I'll blow."

With assurances of an early return, Morrow contrived to beat a retreat without arousing the suspicions of the bartender, but he went out into the pale, wintry sunlight with his brain awry. To his apprehensive mind a raid on a plant in the Bronx could mean only one place—the little map-making shop of Jimmy Brunell. Something had happened in his absence; someone had betrayed the old forger. And Emily—what of her?

Morrow sped as fast as elevated and subway could carry him to the Bronx. Anxious as he was about the girl he loved, he did not go directly to the house on Meadow Lane, but made a detour to the little shop a few blocks away.

Morrow's instinct had not misled him. Before he had approached within a hundred feet of the shop he knew that his fears had been justified.

The door swung idly open on its hinges, and the single window gave forth a vacant stare. Within everything was in the wildest of disorder. The table which served as a counter, the racks of maps, the high stool, the printing apparatus, all were overturned. The trap door leading into the cellar was open, and Morrow flung himself wildly down the sand-streps. The forger's outfit had disappeared.

What had become of Jimmy Brunell? His purpose served, had Pad-dington betrayed him to the police,

or had some warning reached him to flee before it was too late?

With mingled emotions of fear and dread, Morrow emerged from the little dismantled shop and made the best of his way to Meadow Lane.

The Brunell cottage appeared much as usual as he neared it, and for an instant hope surged up within him. Emily would be at the club, of course. If her father had been arrested, or had succeeded in getting away safely alone, she would not know of it until she came back in the evening. He would wait for her, intercept her, and tell her the whole truth.

Instead of entering his own lodgings, he crossed the road, and paused at the Brunells' gate. Something forlorn and desolate in the atmosphere of the little home seemed to clutch at his heart, and on a swift impulse he strode up the path, ascended the steps of the porch and peered in the window of the living room. Everything in the usually orderly room was topsy-turvy, and everywhere there was evidence of



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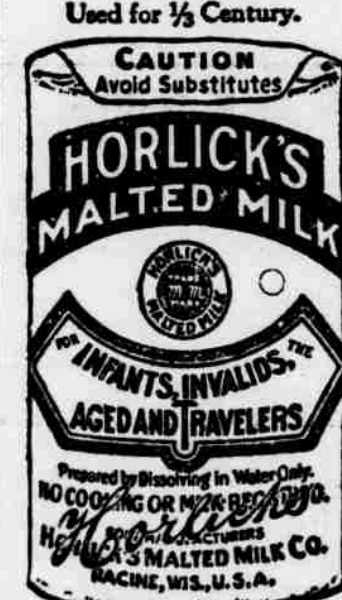
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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg
Office Freight Agent, Richmond, Ind.,
August 31, 1916.

Embargo 750-10. Account impending labor trouble, Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg place an embargo as hereinafter itemized, same to apply on shipments from ALL points for ALL Destinations:

- Item 1. Effective close of business Thursday, August 31st, 1916, embargo all shipments of explosives and inflammables of every kind and description.
- Item 2. Effective close of business, September 1st, 1916, embargo all shipments of perishable freight, including: live stock, dressed beef, dressed and live poultry, fresh fruits and vegetables.
- Item 3. Effective close of business Saturday, September 2nd, 1916, embargo ALL freight of all kinds from ALL points for ALL destinations.

All freight as above described, which may be in transit, will not be accepted from connecting lines at any junction point after date and hour in each item above named, regardless of date on which shipments were accepted as indicated by date on card and revenue receipt.

All bills of lading issued on and after Wednesday, August 30, 1916, and until further notice must bear the following notation: "This shipment accepted subject to delay, loss and damage account threatened strike."

This embargo takes precedence over all modifications of embargoes that have been previously issued, and the acceptance of any cars that may have heretofore been arranged will not be accepted if acceptance is in conflict with this embargo.

Please be governed accordingly.
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Frt. Agt.

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