

WILLIAM H. DRULEY WILL PROBATED

His Widow and Children Are
Handsomely Cared for by
Its Provisions.

EXECUTOR HAS BEEN NAMED

UNDER NAME OF M. H. DRULEY &
SON THE BIG FARMS WILL CON-
TINUE TO BE OPERATED—CAN
BE SOLD.

The will of the late William H. Druley, a prominent and wealthy farmer of Boston township, was probated today. His son Jesse T. Druley and his daughter, Mrs. Minnie D. Gillispie, are named as executor and executrix without bond.

Under the terms of the will the home farm and the south half of what is known as the North farm, are bequeathed to the widow, Matilda H. Druley. The south farm and the north half of the north farm west of the C. C. & L. right of way are bequeathed to Jesse Druley. As her share of the estate, Mrs. Gillispie receives that part of the north half of the north farm which is east of the C. C. & L. right of way.

On the death of Mrs. Druley the south half of the north farm west of the railway goes to Mrs. Gillispie; that part of the south half east of the railway goes to Jesse Druley. He will also receive the home farm on the death of his mother.

The live stock on the various farms is to be kept and used and the farms are to be operated under the name of M. H. Druley & Son. The will provides that the farms or any part of them can be sold at any time.

A PROPOSITION WORTH CONSIDERING.

We are about to open a business in Richmond. We want a reliable man to engage in it with us. We will furnish most of the capital. This is an opening for the right man who can raise \$500.00 to get into a permanent business that will pay him from \$1,200.00 to \$1800.00 per year, so long as he is willing to do six honest days work each week and give everybody a "square deal." Write giving the names of several business men to whom we can refer as to your general reputation and then if we care to know more of you, a personal interview can be arranged for. Address Manufacturer care of Palladium.

BODY OF CHARLES JOHNSON FOUND

While Demented He Walked
Into White River.

Indianapolis, Jan. 21.—The body of Charles E. Johnson, the former wealthy real estate man of Muncie, who wandered away from Stevens Sanitarium in this city, two weeks ago, was found this morning in White river. He is supposed to have committed suicide while he was demented.

CARD OF THANKS.
We desire to express our sincere thanks to our neighbors and many friends for their kindness and sympathy extended to us in the recent loss of our husband and father.
Mrs. W. H. Druley and Family.

GRAIN EXCHANGE TO BE OPENED

O. G. Murray Will Act for Miner
& Company.

Next Monday O. G. Murray, who formerly conducted a grain exchange on North Ninth street, will open an office at his headquarters in the New Phillips theatre as agent of Miner & Co., Chicago, members of the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Stock Exchange.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE FEES?

Question Asked in Connection
With Market Scales.

What becomes of the fees collected by the market master for testing scales? This question was asked by Mr. Bartel in the city council last night and he was informed that they go into the city's general fund. However, there was some doubt expressed as to whether the market master really makes any charge for this service.

Every Woman in This Vicinity

will be glad to know that local grocers now have in stock "OUR-PIE," a ready to use preparation in three varieties for making lemon, chocolate and custard pies. By purchasing and preparing the choicest ingredients in large quantities the manufacturers are able to name the low retail price of 10 cents for a package which makes two large pies. A very economical and satisfactory food product for everybody.



LADY SARAH WILSON.

Lady Sarah Wilson is known as the heroine of Mafeking. She was captured by the Boers outside Mafeking in December, 1899, was exchanged a little later for a Boer prisoner and was in the town throughout the memorable siege, living a part of the time under a temporary bomb proof. Lady Sarah was born in 1865. She is the sixth daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and is an aunt of Winston Spencer Churchill, the famous young British statesman, author and soldier.

SOCIETY NEWS

To Reach the Society Editor, Call Home Phone 1121, or Bell Phone 21.

Tonight at the First M. E. church will be given the annual banquet of the Brotherhood of St. Paul's, instead of Wednesday night. Officers will be elected and there will be a discussion of the plan to form a federation of all men's organizations of the city. A banquet will be served by the ladies of the church. The program is as follows:

Invocation—Rev. L. H. Bunyan.
Banquet 6:45.
Introductory address—E. E. Brown, President.
"The Shop Man and the Church," W. E. Russell.
"Christian in Politics," Edgar Haas.
Men's Class—R. Ellabarger.
Election of officers.
Benediction—Rev. R. J. Wade.

Mrs. Paul Comstock was the hostess for the regular meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at her home on South Fourteenth street. Reports by the various committees in charge of the recent art exhibit were read. Papers were read by Mrs. Yarnan and Mrs. Harry Mather.

Miss Evelyn Shoemaker of South Twelfth street was pleasantly surprised by her friends, it being her birthday anniversary. The following were invited: Elmer Craig, Ruth Lawson, Madonna Zattermeister, Bernice Judy, Lucile Vance, Catharine Twigg, Ethel Pruss, Rose Schmidt, Ruth Wickemeyer, Roland Judy, Robert and Charles Lawler, Orval Thomas, Marvin Pickett, Carl and William Meyer, Thomas and Harold Dean.

Earlham students formed a skating party last night and enjoyed a delightful evening.

Russell Matlock entertained several school mates yesterday at his home on South Fifth street in honor of his Tenth birthday anniversary. He received many pretty gifts. An elegant luncheon was served. The guests were: Virgil Newman, Harry Frame, George Fee, Paul Lassond, Vere Atkins, Helen Frame, Dorothy Dean, Frances Kinder, Miriam Plagg and Marguerite Long.

Miss Marcella Lukin will entertain the members of a sewing circle at a dinner party Thursday evening at her home, 114 South Thirteenth street.

The Buzzers' Whist club will meet Saturday evening with Miss Hollingsworth, at her home, 51 South Fourteenth street.

The Magazine club met yesterday with Mrs. Fred Schneider of North D street. The meeting proved to be a most delightful occasion.

Mrs. Mary Grant has returned from a trip in the East, where she has been the guest of her sons for several weeks.

Mrs. James Mafford has gone to Indianapolis to be the guest of friends for a few days.

Floyd Morgan of Middletown spent yesterday with friends in this city.

Miss Isabelle Burdett has returned to her home at Cincinnati after visiting relatives in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Iveton of New Castle spent Sunday in Richmond, the guests of friends.

Lafayette Shreve of Eaton, O., has returned home after a few days' visit with friends in this city.

The Penny Club will meet tomorrow with Mrs. Benj. E. Wissler at 110 North Seventh street. Tomorrow will be lunch day and a full attendance is desired as arrangements will be made for a candidate to be given in the near future.

The Alice Carey club will meet Thursday with Mrs. John Mitchell of South Tenth street. The club has

not met for about a month as several of the members have been ill. A full attendance is expected.

The Merry-go-Round club will meet Thursday with Mrs. Sol Frankel in the Reid Plaza.

The Aftermath society met this afternoon with Mrs. Stevens, 118 South Fifteenth street. It was guest day and all members were asked to invite a friend. There was a large attendance.

Miss Josephine Gates will entertain a Bridge club Thursday at her home, 315 North Eleventh street.

Mrs. Timothy Harrington is entertaining this afternoon at her home on South Thirteenth street.

The Ticknor club met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. H. Kelley, 18 North Thirteenth street. The club is discussing Shakespeare's Macbeth, and readings were given by members of the club.

Miss Cassina Kennepohl of South Sixth street will entertain the members of a club called the "Baker's Dozen" Wednesday evening.

The teachers and officers of the council of St. Paul's Lutheran church will give a banquet Thursday evening in the church parlors. The banquet will be furnished by the Ladies' Aid society and the young people will serve. About one hundred and forty people will be present.

The Domestic Science club will meet at the home of Mrs. Frank Land, 314 North Twelfth street. A paper on "Fireless Cooking" will be given and all persons interested in Domestic Science are cordially invited to attend.

The Protection Mite club will meet Thursday with Mrs. Gates in the Colonial building.

The East End Sewing Circle will be entertained by Mrs. Martha E. Parry, Thursday afternoon at her home, 2211 East Main street.

Mrs. Charles G. Swain has gone to Cincinnati to be the guest of her daughter for a few days.

Mrs. Henry Burns of the Western Building has gone to Cincinnati to be the guest of her mother.

The members of St. Mary's church choir and the Richmond city band will give a concert at St. Mary's hall, January 29. An elaborate program is being prepared.

Mesdames F. A. Brown, C. A. Piersen and John Fry will entertain the four circles of the Missionary Society of the First M. E. church at the home of Mrs. John Starr, on East Main street, Wednesday afternoon. Each member is expected to bring a guest.

THE CITY IN BRIEF

Rubber Stamps made in town. Bartel's Stationery Store makes them on short notice. 21-2t

The Varian contains a thousand rooms and covers thirteen acres of ground.

Flat now open for Roberson travel lectures on South America at Ross' Drug Store.

French doctors are prohibited from receiving money bequeathed to them by patients.

Beat Roberson at Earlham; first victory Thursday night, the 23rd. 21-2t

The metal point on your shoe string made the fortune of the woman who thought of it.

The Gutsch mountain at Seitz's end, 7 feet high, was climbed last summer by a mountainarian.

A VICARIOUS EPICURE

Scheme of a Man Whose Digestive Organs Were Jaded.

GASTRONOMIC JOY BY PROXY.

He Couldn't Eat Himself, but He Scoured the Markets For Game and Dainties For His Friends and Watched Them While They Ate.

"A while ago," observed the man who sees things, "I caught an old dyspeptic friend of mine doing a curious stunt. He was watching a gang of negro street pavers eating their boundary meal. He watched them with a sort of fascinated gaze. The feasts they were accomplishing in the way of projecting absolutely impossible things into their systems seemed weird and almost uncanny to my dyspeptic friend. One of the negroes particularly seemed to hold the enraptured focus of my friend's vision. This negro had for his noonday feed two gigantic sandwiches, composed of thick hunks of boiled salt pork stuck between big slabs of bread. He gulped these two sandwiches in about four bites and then licked his chops in a hungry sort of way, as if they'd only about tasted like more to him, if more were to be had. It was a spellbinding spectacle in the view of my dyspeptic friend. It looked incredible, out of the question. It seemed to him such a spectacle as might be afforded by the sight of a bon constricter feeding on a full sized and kicking donkey.

"Enjoy that stuff?" he asked the big darky.

"Had he enjoyed it? The darky grinned and licked his chops suggestively. "Could you eat any more of that junk?" he asked the big negro.

"The negro invited him to try himself, in fact, to find out.

"Get a couple more of those sandwiches," my friend said to the black, and gave him the money to pay for them at the wagon presided over by the negro woman in charge of feeding the gang.

"The black sat down with the other two huge salt pork sandwiches and put them away with the same easy and facile unctious that he had exhibited in disposing of the first two. My friend stood and watched him as he put 'em away. Then he shook his head over and over again. He couldn't understand it. It was beyond reason. His own diet consisted of a little milk with graham wafers, and the idea that any two-legged creature could get away with much less like, such a terrific mess as those four salt pork sandwiches came to—oh, it was the world upside down, that was all.

"Well, this dyspeptic friend of mine reminded me of a rather celebrated character who used to live in Washington many years ago—now long in the land of the beyond. He was a noted wit and bon vivant. But through excessive and kinkish eating and drinking—drinking particularly—he had quite ruined his stomach long before I ever met him. He had ruined it so thoroughly that he could eat nothing but frozen food—frozen consommés, frozen fruits, frozen creams, and the like. In fact, he existed almost wholly on ice cream, which was made particularly for him by a chef whom he employed for fixing up his frozen foods. Hot stuff of any sort was poison to him with the lining of his stomach all gone, and even a morsel of the sort of natural food we ordinary mortals partake of would have put him out of the game entirely.

So, with praiseworthy philosophy, this clever and accomplished man resigned himself to the system of getting his gastronomic fun by proxy—that is to say, he'd enjoy watching other folks eat. He'd provide the ways and means. He'd do all of the buying. I've enjoyed some rare old feasts myself at that man's Washington house. I was just one of the good eaters, with a perfect stomach, whom he had on his list.

"He'd had out the stuff that I or any of the others liked the most, and then he'd have us come to his house to partake of that stuff. There'd be terrapin, perfectly cooked game of all kinds, richly fixed vegetables, ornate and rich pastries, extraordinarily fine coffee, delightfully bouquetized wines—everything in good and a good deal of the stuff, as you may imagine, to the last degree indigestible, except for folks whose internal mechanism was of cast iron and in perfect working condition.

"And so, with such a spread all set and in process of being served, this wit, all in himself, from the gastronomic point of view, would lean back and just watch us fellows, friends of his, eat and enjoy ourselves. He'd be taking little mouthfuls of his frozen stuff—a bit of frozen asparagus or frozen consommé, or the like—while we went on with the feast, and there'd be a wistful gleam in his eyes as he watched us putting away the ducks and the terrapin and the choice wines—he wasn't allowed a mouthful of wine even. I should have said. Then when it was all over there were huge cigars ready for us—he wasn't permitted to smoke anything whatever—and then we'd just lie back and blow the heavy, odoriferous rings of smoke into his face and enjoy life up to the end of the handle.

"Now, we used to wonder if this man wasn't inflicting needless torture upon himself, but it really seemed as if he was not. We used to ask him about that, in fact, and he invariably replied that next to eating the fine truck himself, he enjoyed seeing people capable of appreciating it and enjoying eating the stuff. I always thought, though, that his curious system must have involved an immense amount of self control and character.

"Not only did he like to watch people with fine stomachs eat difficult things, but he was forever buying choice articles of food for them to eat out of his presence. He had a sort of mania for buying fancy foods and the most expensive in the market too. Whenever I'd see an oyster wagon backing up in front of my house with a big barrel of choice oysters in the tail of the cart for me I knew that my old friend was in Washington for the winter. That's the way he'd announce himself. He'd head south-up to the house.

stock, or some hard-boiled or guava jelly that had caught his eye or a brace of redheaded or canvasback duck or an assortment of partridges or an invoice of redbirds—always something high class and tasty and usually something that belonged in the domain of epicuredom. His idea was that this stuff was meant to be eaten by people of sufficient knowledge to appreciate such articles, and if he couldn't eat that sort of stuff himself, why, he wasn't going to be debarred the pleasure of providing it for others not so well able to afford it as he.

"A quaint man and a generous one, and those of us who had the honor of his friendship learned a lot from the sort of restraint that he practiced through so many, many years of his life."—Washington Star.

A PERSON OBSESSED.

The Victim of an Insistent and Compulsive Habit of Action.

The word "obsession" may be defined as an insistent and compulsive thought, habit of mind or tendency to action. The person so burdened is said to be obsessed.

Few children are quite free from obsession. Some insist on stoneware; others must walk or avoid cracks; some must ascend the stairs with the right foot first; many must kick posts or touch objects a certain number of times. Some must count the windows, pictures and figures on the wall paper; some must bite the nails or pull the eye winks.

Consider the nail biter. It cannot be said that he bitts not, but to what end? Merely to gratify an obsession. He nibbles a little here and a little there; he frowns, elevates his elbow and inverts his finger to reach an otherwise inaccessible corner. Does he enjoy it? No, not exactly, but he would be miserable if he discontinued.

It is during childhood that we form most of the automatic habits which are to save time and thought in later life, and it is not surprising that some foolish habits creep in. As a rule, children drop these tendencies at need, just as they drop the rules assumed in play, though they are sometimes so absorbing as to cause inconvenience.

An interesting instance was that of the boy who had to touch every one wearing anything red. On one occasion his whole family lost their train because of the prevalence of his color among those waiting in the station.

The longer these tendencies are retained in adult life the greater the danger of their becoming coercive. And so far as the well established case is concerned, the obsessive act must be performed, though the business, social and political world should come to a standstill.

A child who must kick posts is father to the man who cannot eat an egg which has been boiled either more or less than four minutes, who cannot work without absolute silence, who cannot sleep if steam pipes crackle and who must straighten out all tangles of his life, past, present and future, before he can close his eyes in slumber or take a vacation.

The boy Carlyle, proud, shy, sensitive and pugnacious, was father to the man who made war upon neighbors' poultry and had a room, proof against sound, specially constructed for his literary labors. —Lippincott's Magazine.

Petrarch.

Petrarch was at this time a young man of engaging appearance, comely if not strikingly handsome, with a high color and a complexion rather fair than dark. His eyes were animated in expression and remarkably keen of sight in the Laurentian library portrait they are rather small, but very clear and beautiful—he was of middle height, and his limbs, though not very strong, were well knit and agile. In early and middle life his health was robust, and he was extremely temperate in his habits, "drinking nothing but water throughout his childhood and down to the close of the period of youth." From the Laurentian portrait we see further that he had an intellectual face, with a rather low but very massive forehead, a large, straight nose, delicately arched eyebrows, high and well modeled cheek bones and a beautiful mouth, with lips that shut at once firmly and smilingly. —Petrarch, His Life and Times.

GONE TO DAYTON.

G. W. Avey has gone to Dayton, O., to attend the funeral of his mother, Rachel Avey, who died yesterday, at the advanced age of 88 years.

Prof. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Cal., who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday was the inventor of the compressed ice machine, and in 1865 made the first artificial ice ever produced in this country.

Absolutely Pure

From Grapes,
the most healthful
of fruits, comes the
chief ingredient of

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder
made from Royal
Grape Cream
of Tartar

Costs a little more than the injurious alum
or phosphate of lime powders, but with
Royal you are sure of pure, healthful food.

Just Affairs of the Richmond High School

Miss Caroline Stahl is ill and unable to attend her classes. Miss Edna Johnson, substitute, taught the German classes today.

The basket ball girls will practice this evening.

Lost Several lovely pompadours worn by some of the Richmond high school boys. If found do not return to the owners, and so oblige the faculty.

Tomorrow afternoon Alpha Mu Kappa, an organization composed of the girls of the Senior class, will meet with Miss Marshall to instruct them in the art of cooking.

Let us suggest that if the boys had worn rats in their pompadours like the girls do they would have looked doubly charming.

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WHITE WAS KIND AND THOUGHTFUL MAN, SAID EVELYN

(Continued From Page One.)

cricket-like from one part of Mrs. Thaw's testimony to another in the effort to confuse her. He began to read from the record, beginning with the incidents of her acquaintance with Stanford White in the Twenty-fourth-street house.

After bringing out admissions from the witnesses relative to happenings in White's studio in the Madison Square Garden, Jerome led the witness rapidly along the trail blazed by Littleton up to the night of the shooting.

Better Nature Disclosed.

The witness described the location of their seats on the roof garden. As his wife told of the killing, Thaw moved to another seat, where he could see her face. Mrs. Thaw smiled faintly, but in the smile there was a desperate courage, careless of all consequences.

She said that after her acquaintance with White she had thought all women were improper persons, and that she had thought herself a very degraded person.

Afterward, as her knowledge of the world widened, she began to suspect that there were some good women in the world. It was then that she thought herself unworthy to become the wife of any good man.

Again the prisoner smiled. It seemed as though, with every downward drag of his wife's soul Thaw felt himself nearer freedom, so much uplifted toward the pinnacle of justification.

But this strange man only sat in his chair with curved hand and flaring ears listening to the testimony of the woman he had married knowingly.

The path chosen by Jerome was not altogether a smooth one. The witness was undeniably clever. When the prosecutor asked her why she had not told him about the suicide pact between her and Thaw in the first trial, she said:

"Because Mr. Delmar said it might make Harry too crazy."

This was a fair sample of the way in which the harassed woman occasionally turned on Jerome. When the witness confessed to Thaw that she could not marry him on account of Stanford White, she was not thinking of the Thaw family at all, she said; she had refused him instinctively, feeling that it was not right.

This was after Jerome had hashed and rebashed the revolting details which on Friday he said should never be told in open court.

Jerome brought out the fact that the witness had told Stanford White that Harry Thaw was "very thin and ugly," and for a time the prisoner seemed pained. He is undoubtedly vain of his position as star actor in the drama.

New Feature Introduced.

But one new feature appeared in the testimony of the witness. This was when she told about Thaw swallowing the contents of a bottle of laudanum at Monte Carlo in 1904 in an attempt to end his life. Previously to this, at the Grand hotel in New York, Thaw had talked of suicide, his wife declared, and had suggested that she also should take poison, as both their lives had been ruined.

Mrs. Thaw said she ignored Thaw at the time and diverted his mind. She was out of the room when he finally took the poison in Europe.

"Why didn't you tell us about this at the first trial?" demanded Mr. Jerome.

"Because Mr. Delmar said it might make Harry too crazy," the witness retorted before the district attorney could stop her.

Jerome's Tactics.

After Mr. Jerome had questioned the witness at length as to her trips abroad and the dinner at Martin's he asked if she testified at the first trial about the suicide.

"No, I did not because Mr. Delmar said it might make Harry too crazy," the witness retorted before the district attorney could stop her.

"Madame," shouted the district attorney, "kindly answer my question and don't argue."

Mr. Jerome repeated his tactics of last year, jumping frequently from one period of the story to another and then returning.

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Quaker Oil of Balm Liniment for all Aches and Pain, Cramping Spells, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sore Throat, Earache, Bruises, Frosted Feet, Sprains, Lame Back, Stiff Joints. Price 25 Cents.

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