

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM.

Published and owned by the PALLADIUM PRINTING CO. Issued 7 days a week, evenings and Sunday morning.
Office—Corner North 5th and A streets.
Home Phone 1121. Bell 21.
RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Rudolph G. Leeds—Managing Editor.
Charles M. Morgan—Business Manager.
O. Owen Kuhn—News Editor.

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In Richmond \$5.00 per year (in advance) or 10c per week.
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Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post-office as second class mail matter.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

NATIONAL TICKET.

—For President—
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio.

—For Vice-President—
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York.

STATE.

—Governor—
JAMES E. WATSON.

—Lieutenant Governor—
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—Secretary of State—
FRED A. SIMS.

—Auditor of State—
JOHN C. BILLHEIMER.

—Treasurer of State—
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—Attorney General—
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—State Superintendent—
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—Congress—
WILLIAM O. BARNARD.

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—Joint Representative—
ALONZO M. GARDNER.

—Representative—
WALTER S. RATLIFF.

—Circuit Judge—
HENRY C. FOX.

—Prosecuting Attorney—
CHAS. L. LADD.

—Treasurer—
ALBERT ALBERTSON.

—Sheriff—
LINUS P. MEREDITH.

—Coroner—
DR. A. L. BRAMKAMP.

—Surveyor—
ROBERT A. HOWARD.

—Recorder—
WILL J. ROBBINS.

—Commissioner Eastern Dist.—
HOMER FARLOW.

—Commissioner Middle Dist.—
BARNEY H. LINDERMAN.

—Commissioner Western Dist.—
ROBERT N. BEESON.

WAYNE TOWNSHIP.

—Trustee—
JAMES H. HOWARTH.

—Assessor—
CHARLES E. POTTER.

START HERE.

The suggestion of the Rev. David Huntington to establish an employment bureau for the unemployed of New York, has many points of interest. The first question which will arise will be—have we or have we not employment to give these men? There is some reason to think not. A man who has the rental of many houses in this city said: "There are men out of work—men who have been steady and faithful tenants of mine for years—some of these men are behind on their rent. These men are good men. The dullness in business pending the presidential election is one reason for the condition."

What need to find employment for the people in New York City when we have as good or even better men here, men who have patronized our merchants, men who ordinarily have employment in our midst. Is that a fair deal? Charity begins at home or should at any rate. Though we would not class employment as charity, we do think an employment bureau such as Mr. Huntington suggests would better concern itself with the men who are already here—then if the supply gives out, that is the time to import men from the great cities.

Many of the unemployed in the great cities, especially in New York, are men who are totally unfitted both by physique, training and inclination for farm work and the very fact that some of them may be, as Mr. Huntington says, "experienced gardeners trained in the old country," is not convincing. If Mr. Huntington will stop to consider he will recognize the justice of the statement we advance when we say that farming is on the extensive plan—bare—which necessitates a knowl-

edge of machinery rather than the gardening system on the intensive plan in Europe.

If, as we hope is the case or soon will be, the men in Richmond are all employed, and the farmers of the county then want men, then is the time for Mr. Huntington's scheme. But if as we are sure is the case, Mr. Huntington is sincerely trying to better and help his fellow man—then we respectfully suggest to him to start a little nearer home. Mr. Huntington can find just as worthy cases in Richmond "minus the cost of transportation." He can do good—great good if he goes about it in the right way. The opportunity is here. The community owes its primal debt to its own citizens—to aliens afterward.

THE REAL ISSUE.

The real issue in Indiana as everyone knows, is the issue of county option. The measure, as designed by the republican party, is one which will give the people the chance to have exactly what they want in their own locality. It is a temperance measure inasmuch as it will give the people the chance to decide for themselves. And as many people have failed to recognize—the locality which is in a wet county under the local option of the county system, will still have the benefits of the remonstrance.

The remonstrance is not enough. It is a powerful weapon in cases which have become excessively obnoxious, but it is a measure for extraordinary occasions. It is a failure often because men fear to sign a remonstrance lest they fall in ill favor with the brewery combine. Thus it is that the county option is a measure for the ordinary case. The voter in the booth is anonymous and thus immune from the pulling of wires. "No one can tell what a man can do when he is in the Australian ballot booth." And it is on account of the very ability of the people to decide for themselves by this measure, that the Brewery Combine fear and dread and fight it. They fight it with force—with cleverness and guile. But to any thinking man the real reason they oppose it is because they can not control it—nor throttle it—nor buy it.

In the face of this we dare say that many honest, well purposed men will vote the prohibition ticket. It is a vote thrown away. The prohibition party can not win in this state and few, if any, of the prohibitionists think so. If the prohibitionists wish to secure to the people of this state a better condition of affairs, they ought to vote the republican ticket.

All the heavy artillery, the gatling guns of the brewery people is brought to bear against the republican ticket, because it has espoused the cause of common decency and represents the will of the people. Can the prohibitionist afford to stay out in what is bound to be a close election? Unless they want to aid the Brewery interests, indirectly, they must and should support the entire republican ticket.

Whatever may be the guise of the attack on a republican candidate this year—somewhere, far away, the strings which are working that attack lead straight to the offices of Crawford Fairbanks and Albert Lieber.

A vote for the republican ticket is a vote for the cause of temperance.

The prohibition vote can turn the scale for that cause—will it do it?

RESUME PRAYER MEETINGS.

Midweek prayer meetings will be resumed this evening in the Grace M. E. church.

Cultivate Your Power.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Faded.

Tees—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Jess—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.—Philadelphia Press.

His Idea.

Tired Tatters—I wish I had money enough to patent a idee uv mine. Weary Walker—Wo's de idee? Tired Tatters—A nomatic tire fer perlice clubs.—Chicago News.

The millennium will be a time when people carry out their good intentions.—Puck.

The centenarian is a man who has mistaken quantity for quality. The centenarian's life is not always life at all. It is sometimes no more than a bad habit. They live longest who live least.—London Tatler.

Guessed It the First Time.

"Pa," said little Willie, who had been reading a treatise on phonology, "what is a bump of destructiveness?" "Why—er—a railroad collision, I suppose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

From the Courtroom.

Judge—Raise your hand to take the oath. (The witness puts up the left one). Judge—Not that one. Witness—Which one?—Lustige Blatter.

ATTRACTIONS AT SPIRITUALIST CAMP

Mediums, Slate Writers and Musicians to Help.

The state meeting of the Indiana association of spiritualists closed at Chesterfield last Sunday, and the first annual meeting of the spiritualists of Eastern Indiana will be held at Jackson's park Sept. 4, 5 and 6. The most notable speakers and test mediums, who have been at Chesterfield, will attend this meeting and daily at 2:30 and 8 o'clock p. m. will give free tests on the stage. Among the new additions to the already large list of mediums to be present, may be mentioned Mrs. Anna Thronson, a test medium and speaker of national reputation. Mrs. Ruddick, the world's greatest slate writing medium, Mr. French, a trance speaker of note, and E. H. Thronson, the fine solo singer, will appear at each meeting. The public in general is invited to attend these meetings as the association is holding these meetings for the purpose of gaining new members and by giving free tests they hope to interest many in their work.

GIVING HOUSE PARTY.

Cambridge City, Ind., Sept. 3.—Miss Alice McCaffrey is entertaining a number of her young friends at a house party at her summer home east of the city. Among the number are Misses Ruth Bertsch, Gertrude Graver, Lillian Wright, Sarah Oliver, Susie Freeman, Esther Strawn, Hazel Shelton, Nevada Hazelton, Nina Harrison.

VETERANS MARCHED ALONG A STREET AND CAME TO A HALT.

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bearing the word, "Illinois" marking the platoons at the left. The Pennsylvanians, with their emblematic squirrel tails in their caps, paraded in white at the heels of a band uniformed in red.

Mitchell Was a Hero.

With the small delegation from Arkansas marched Michael Mitchell, who true to his promise, sustained himself with the honor of carrying the department flag, leaving his cane at his hotel. Mitchell's right foot was frozen campaigning against the Ute Indians, and his other one was cut by a rifle ball in the Civil War. Ordinarily he walks with the assistance of a heavy cane. The Texans, some forty of whom were in line, attracted marked attention by a seven-foot spread of sicer's horns carried by Colonel Dexter Wagner. West Virginia, with 200 in the column, made her presence particularly felt by the activities of Joe Trax, Trax, with the assistance of his comrades, dragged his unique "Custer" cannon through the parade, firing it repeatedly. Trax was General Custer's orderly in West Virginia.

The men of Custer's command in the parade, were easily distinguishable by the streaming red ties which they wore. It is related by Mr. Trax that when marching up Pennsylvania avenue, after the war, Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, wife of the general, threw a long piece of red flannel at her husband's command, the same being caught by Mr. Trax. It was torn up on the spot and made into neckties by the men, and has since been their distinguishing mark at encampments and reunions. Some 15 of these ties were visible in today's parade.

The flag of the department of Washington was carried by Joseph Dickerson, after four men had been shot from it under the flag at Antietam, seized it himself and was promoted on the field to a captaincy for bravery. His shoulder straps were sewed on by President Lincoln. G. H. Boardman, commander of the department of Washington and Alaska, explained the pride of his being at the head of his command by stating that the Maine reunion, originally set for September 1, had been postponed until the 10th that he might be present among his old comrades, as he enlisted from that state.

A Martyr.

The politician had been charged with perjury.

"What's that?" he asked languidly. "Swearing to a falsehood."

"Why, any chump could swear to the truth," exclaimed the politician. "I'm the victim of professional jealousy, that's what," he added, with manifest indignation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Consolation.

"Pa," boomed the chastised son "if I had let Willie Simmonds lick me instead of me licking him, would you've whipped me just the same?"

"Yes; but remember that in such a case you would be getting two lickings in place of one!"—Judge.

The Height of Hospitality.

Hewitt—I suppose that when you uncle comes to New York you will see that he is properly entertained? Jewett—Yes; he shall have everything that his money will buy.—Puck.

A Distinction of Terms.

"Did you say he was a crafty politician?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum "not crafty, merely grafty."—Washington Star.

Some men earn money. Other make money. Others get money.—Galveston News.

There is no medicine so safe and at the same time so pleasant to take as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the positive cure for all diseases arising from stomach trouble. The price is very reasonable.—Dr. Caldwell.

MAN SHOULD NOT DIE

There is No Physiological Reason For Death.

THE BODY IS SELF RENEWING

Perfect Diet and Mode of Living Would Insure Exact Balance Between Bodily Waste and Renewal and Would Mean Physical Immortality.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," said the Scriptures, yet if some man attempted seriously to reassert this ancient truth today we would look upon him as a mad prophet indeed. Let the time will come when men will be able to believe this promise of the Bible, although they may never see it literally fulfilled.

Death some day will be acknowledged to be as unnatural in the economy of the creative plant as are sin and suffering. But whether or not in some millennium period mortal man will be able to forego the gross process of physical dissolution in becoming a spiritual body is a purely metaphysical question that does not enter here. What does interest us is the question, occupying the greatest scientific minds today, whether the body as such cannot be retained in perfect condition indefinitely.

William A. Hammond, one of the great authorities, answers it by saying: "There is no physiological reason why man should die." Thomas J. Allen, M. A., LL. D., writing in a similar strain, says: "The human body is not like a machine which must wear out by constant disintegration, for it is self renewing. It is a simple, scientific fact that we get an entirely new body every few years, estimated at from three to seven. Every day is a birthday, for the process of waste and renewal never ceases. Perfect balance between elimination and renewal would avoid permanent waste."

There is no doubt that when we become more enlightened and understand perfectly the laws that govern and determine our physical lives and when we conform to these religiously life will be immeasurably prolonged.

The decay of the body as evidenced in old age is unnatural. The aesthetic within us recoils in merely contemplating its approach. We feel that there must be something self perpetuating in the change when the strong color in a healthy man and the fresh beauty in a pure woman take their departure, when the bloom on the cheeks fades, when the brilliant light within the eyes grows dim and the full, red lips become pale and fallen.

Medical science has pointed out the physiological cause of these conditions. Probably the time will come when it will be able to point out the manner of avoiding them.

We know that the body grows old because of the existence of an imperfect balance between the waste which the body accumulates and the amount it is able to throw off. During youth the balance is perfect, because the body has more than its normal vitality and strength to throw off the waste matter, but as we grow older this perfect balance becomes destroyed from cause or another.

The strength that should go to eliminating impurities from the body is not husbanded, but rather squandered in different ways. Then, too, we eat and drink those things that cause excessive waste. An impure diet composed of foods containing acid, such as meat, or of drinks containing poisons, such as tea and coffee, taxes the eliminative powers, and when the time comes when these give way a state of imperfect elimination has set in, and the wastes in part are deposited in the system, settling in the arteries and joints of the body and accumulating until they become obstructive elements.

The blood stream circulates imperfectly, and when once this condition exists bad functioning of every organ of the body results, and old age and death gradually ensue.

Mind, too, has a great deal to do in hastening or retarding the unpleasant signs of physical decay. Mental science has satisfactorily demonstrated that mean, narrow, selfish and unpleasant thoughts act destructively on the tissues of the body, while thoughts of a wholesome and positive character act constructively.

And when the curtains of "the windows of the soul" are drawn, when the temple's door is closed and a final silence is within, when the spirit passes the threshold to take up a never and finer edifice of its own creation, science assures us that the body lives on. Here at least physical immortality is an assured fact.

Theology has irreligiously taught us that the body returns to inanimate dust. The religious answer of science is that it returns to God. The latest word in the field of biology is that all nature, including the all mother soil, is animated and hallowed with the divine principle of life.

More than this, matter is indestructible and eternal. There is not an atom that can be lost in all the universe. For this reason our bodies do not really die. They are in the care of the angels of the elements.

The peculiar cellular arrangement that formed them into a beautiful body may be caused to disintegrate through the action of the oxygen upon it, time may change the position of the atoms composing it, but the latter still contain within themselves the sacred and eternal principle of life as much as does the soul, and they exist only to enter into new and perhaps more beautiful combinations of life.—Health.

Reasonable supposition.

Binks—I believe that Mary does not love me any longer. Jinks—Did she say as much? Binks—No, but she let her little sister sit in the parlor with us last evening.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Where is the pain?" asked the physician.

"Oh, I don't know, doctor!" groaned the patient. "It hurts so I can't tell where it is!"

"Just so," said the doctor, filling a small vial. "It's a wisecrack who knows where he aches."

BECOME A CONTESTANT in the Great Want Ad. Contest of the Palladium and Sun-Telegram.

Now is a splendid opportunity to enter the Palladium and Sun-Telegram's great classified ad contest. The advertising public of Richmond is just beginning to take great interest in this unique contest and the boy or girl entering this contest now has a fine opportunity to win a handsome prize, which will be given in each district in which a contest is carried on. Every boy or girl should have the ambition to win out in this contest, not merely for the handsome prize, but for the feeling of success which will accompany it. The boy or girl who has the ambition to win, no matter what the undertaking, experiences a feeling of success early in life, and as they grow older, it becomes a part of them to succeed in anything they undertake. Let today be the turning point of each contestant. Let each determine to win in their respective district, so that at the end of the contest they can proudly say, "I have the ambition to win and the determination to carry out my ambition and this is just the beginning of my successes which will be numerous in years to come."

This contest is not necessarily a small child's contest. Any boy or girl in school, in high school, or even in college, can participate. The older the contestant is, the greater their chances for success. The art of "want ad" soliciting is a business to which many men devote years of study and naturally the contestant experiences some set-backs. The way to win out in anything you undertake is to remember and act upon the old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and it is just such boys and girls as this who are rewarded with success, not only in their first undertaking, but in their after life of business, so let us all make a new start today with the determination not only to be the successful one in this contest, but to make a success in every undertaking in life.

Bring an advertisement to our office today or tomorrow and let us enter your name in this contest. You will be entitled to two hundred votes for the first advertisement brought to our office. If you are already a contestant, start afresh today, bring at least one advertisement to our office and let us talk with you and give you information which will be helpful to you in your work.

Below is a list of the contestants showing the standing in each district today. You will notice that there is still a great opportunity for anyone of the contestants, or for any one entering the contest now, to win a handsome prize and to experience the feeling of success. Work for your success.

DISTRICT NO. 1.	VOTES.	DISTRICT NO. 7.	VOTES.
William Hilling, 1123 Sheridan	220	Doris Shesler, 24 North 6th	690
Grace Rae Davis, 907 Sheridan	200	Rose Mercurio, 19 North 6th	320
		Leslie Sinex, 200 North 5th	200
		Charles Morgan, 311 North 5th	200
		DISTRICT NO. 8.	
		Ernest McKay, 1028 Main	350
		DISTRICT NO. 9.	
		Eugene Hay, 402 N. 16th	210
		Clarence Love, 229 North 18th	210
		Russel Guyer, 1514 1/2 Main	200
		Carl Sieweke, 1413 North B.	200
		Geo. Pettibone, 409 North 16th	200
		Paul Brown, 402 N. 17th	200
		DISTRICT NO. 10.	
		Lida Hopping, 1322 North F	490
		Ruth Davis, 818 North H	220
		Frank Cummins, 800 North 12th	200
		Willie Moss, 820 North H St.	200
		Daniel Van Etten, 1108 N. I street	200
		Bryan Cooper, 916 N. 12th	200
		William Stephen, 900 N. 12th	200

THE SCRAP BOOK

Wonderful Made.

"What makes it fly so?" asked a little Boston maiden as her mother brushed her hair.

"It is the electricity. Don't you know that there is electricity in your hair?" replied her mother.

"Well, mamma, aren't we wonderfully made? Here I am with electricity in my hair and grandma has gas in her stomach!"

SUCCESS.

There is no moment when a man may stand and scan the mirror of his life and say: The issue of my effort is at hand; I reach the summit of success today.

For as we dream of bliss that is to be or sorrow for the loss of youth's sweet power, So with success, its light no man may see. It slithers on some spent—or mispent hour. —May Austin.

Introducing an Old Friend.

General Grosvenor, the Republican war horse of Ohio, was billed to speak in Pittsburg.

When it was time to introduce the general the chairman arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I need hardly say to you that we are particularly fortunate tonight in having with us one of the greatest Republicans of our sister state, Ohio. We are to have the pleasure of listening to a man whose name is a household word in Pittsburg, who has fought for us the battle of protection, upon which so much of Pittsburg's material prosperity depends. You all know him. Everybody in Pittsburg respects and honors him. He is our friend. His name is on all our lips. Friends, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you that sterling patriot, that rock ribbed Republican, that eminent statesman, General—General—Gen—"

The chairman flushed, stammered, wiped his forehead nervously and blurted, "General Gossamer of Ohio."

Depends on the Yard.

English John and Pat were constantly tilting, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat. "Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?"

"Sure it depends on whose yard you get into."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Case in Point.

"No man is so bad that there is not a little of the angel left in him," said the minister.

"Yes, that's so," replied the dea-

con. "Remember Spilkins? Everybody thought he was about the worst man on earth. Why, his own mother wouldn't come to his funeral! Well, sir, I've been told a thousand times a month for the last five years that Spilkins was the only real saint that ever lived."

"My goodness!"

"I married Spilkins' widow," sorrowfully continued the deacon.

No Cause for Complaint.

A young artist in Washington generally makes up for his lack of technique by spreading color recklessly and counting on distance for the effect. At an amateur exhibition he once hung one of his most extraordinary performances.

"Well," said a friend whom the artist had taken to see the work, "I don't want to flatter you, old chap, but that is far and away the best stuff you have ever done. I congratulate you."

The artist was receiving the compliment with becoming modesty when he chanced again to glance at the picture. The committee had hung it upside down! Hurrying to the head of the committee, he was about to launch into a loud complaint when he was informed of the good news that an hour before the picture had been sold for \$61. The original price mark had been \$19.—Lippincott's.

Job Outdone.

Sir Henry Hawkins was once presiding over a long, tedious trial and was listening apparently with great attention to a long winded speech from a learned counsel. After awhile he made a pencil memorandum, folded it and