

## THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRA

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## 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—  
REMONT C. GOODWINE.

—Secretary of State—  
FRED A. SIMS.

—Auditor of State—  
JOHN C. BULLHEIMER.

—Treasurer of State—  
OSCAR HADLEY.

—Attorney General—  
JAMES BINGHAM.

—State Superintendent—  
LAWRENCE McTURNAN.

—State Statistician—  
J. L. PEETZ.

—Judge of Supreme Court—  
QUINCY A. MYERS.

—Judge of Appellate Court—  
DAVID MYERS.

—Reporter of Supreme Court—  
GEORGE W. SELF.

## DISTRICT.

—Congressman—  
WILLIAM C. BARNARD.

## COUNTY.

—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.

## UNSMIRCHED.

This Foraker business seems nastier at each new disclosure. But with it has strengthened Taft rather than weakened him.

Roosevelt's letter, coming as it did, after Taft's own refusal to say something has made Taft appear in his true light before the public.

When Taft was asked if he had anything to say in regard to the letters, did he seek self aggrandisement? He said: "If it should win me every vote in the United States I will not hit a man when he is down." That shows the man. Foraker's obloquy is as deep as it can ever be—why jump on him when he is down and out. What Taft refused to do, was to clear himself. Knowing his own sterling honesty, he thought it was unnecessary.

But what Taft would not do—self vaunting as any such action would be of his own initiative, Roosevelt can do and has done. Those who remember the trials of the administration, with not only the rate bill, but with all its other legislation in which Foraker blocked the work at every issue, and then remember the terrific fight which Foraker waged against Taft, can hardly fail to see that Foraker's downfall is for the good of Taft.

Taft had the chance to compromise with Foraker, but scorned to do so. That is the message which Roosevelt brings to the country. And Roosevelt can do with propriety what Taft can not.

"I personally know the strongest pressure by various party leaders was brought on Mr. Taft at that time to consent to the proposed arrangement and he was informed by leading men from other states that if he would consent to this arrangement all opposi-

tion on the part of Mr. Foraker and on the part of some of Mr. Foraker's influential friends in the senate and elsewhere would cease, and that Mr. Taft's nomination for the presidency would be assured.

"But Mr. Taft declined for one moment to consider any possible advantage to himself where what he regarded as a great principle was at stake. His attitude on this question, as well as on countless questions, convinced me that of all men in this Union he was the man pre-eminently fit, in point of uprightness and character and fearless and aggressive honesty and of fitness for championing the rights of the people as a whole, to be president."

As Mr. Roosevelt later points out, the Brownsburg agitation was not a genuine love for the colored man, but part of a campaign to embarrass the republican party. What if Taft had compromised with "the interests," then Foraker's downfall would have made his election precarious indeed. He has shown up true and strong.

"If I was confronted with a mere factional difference within my party," says Taft, "not involving a subject which must come up for consideration and action by the next republican convention, I should not be so emphatic in my conclusion." And he goes on to say that he can not "stultify himself by acquiescence in any proposed compromise." Here is the real Taft. Not for any consideration—even though it meant the highest office in the land with assured election would he compromise with the "interests."

Thus it is that in the greatest scandal of the campaign Taft stands out without a blemish, without a suspicion of collusion or of compromise with the forces which are so dangerous to the country and which have fought the administration at every turn.

Taft has justified the confidence which has been placed in him. From other candidates we have promises and assurances of ability and character—of Taft we have conclusive proof of his cleanest and true sincerity in the fight against the common enemy.

**FORAKER-HASKELL.**

The disclosures made by Mr. Hearst have done a service to the country. They have pointed out in no unmis-

takeable terms the difference between the republican and the democratic parties in their attitude toward the forces of corporate wealth which have been committing abuses.

"Foraker was a republican and Haskell a democrat," you say. Yes. But with a difference. Foraker was discredited and in active conflict against the republican party—he fought Roosevelt and Taft at every turn. He was a snake in the grass. But how about Haskell? Where is he? The right hand man of Bryan. The treasurer of the democratic national campaign funds. He is the man from whom all the Oklahoma banking law business is coming. He is not convicted by mere damaging correspondence—he is convicted by court record. As Mr. Hearst points out: "Mr. Haskell has had many years in which to sue Mr. Monnett if that gentleman committed libel in naming C. N. Haskell as one of the men who attempted to bribe him in the Standard Oil case." He is equally or more incriminated.

Has that made any difference to Bryan? Has it made any difference to the democratic party. Did they fight Haskell as the republicans under Roosevelt and Taft fought Foraker. There is no excuse for ignorance. The matter was one of sworn testimony in a well known bribery case. So they put him in as treasurer to Mr. Bryan the fighter of the trusts. How much fighting is Mr. Bryan going to do when hampered by the tool of the corporations? Is it mere talk? If it isn't why does not Mr. Bryan get a new treasurer and explain to his sympathetic followers that he was deceived about Mr. Haskell and ignorant of his court record?

With Monday came a remarkable change in his fare. A pint of first rate cocoa and some excellent bread and butter for breakfast evoked no comment on his part, but a dinner of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage and rice pudding was so extremely unlike prison diet that he questioned the turnkey.

"It's all right, kid," came the brief answer. "It's paid for. Eat while you can and ask no questions."

The door slammed, and at the next meal Philip received in silence a cup of tea and a nice tea cake. This went on during three days. The good food and rest had already worked a marvelous change in his appearance. He entered the prison looking like a starved dog. When he rose on the Thursday morning and washed himself, no one would have recognized him as the same boy were it not for his clothes.

After dinner he was tidying his cell and replacing the plates and the rest on a tin tray when the door was suddenly flung open, and a warden cried:

"Come along, Morland. You're wanted at the court."

"At the court?" he could not help saying. "This is only Thursday."

"What a boy you are for arguing! Pick up your hat and come. Your carriage waits, my lord. I hope you will like your quarters as well when you come back. A pretty stir you have made in the papers the last few days."

Philip glanced at the man, who seemed to be in a good humor.

"I will not come back," he said quietly, "but I wish you would tell me who supplied me with food while I have been here."

They were passing along a lofty corridor, and there was no superior officer in sight. The warden laughed.

"I don't know, my lord," he said, "but the men came from the Royal Star hotel, opposite."

Philip obtained no further news. He passed through an office, a voucher was signed for him, and he emerged

all the work itself and my washing for the entire week only costs me 5c."

## MASONIC CALENDAR.

Wednesday Evening, Sept. 23.—Webb Lodge No. 24, F. & A. M., Masonic Degree; light refreshments.

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRA

## The KING of DIAMONDS.

By LOUIS TRACY,  
Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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Lady Morland hastily tore open the recovered dressing case and consulted an address book.

"Oh, here it is!" she cried triumphantly. "No. 3 Johnson's Mews, Mile End road, E. What a horrid smelling place. However, Messrs. Sharp & Smith will now be able to obtain some definite intelligence for me. Julie! My carriage in ten minutes."

Thus it happened that during the afternoon a dapper little clerk descended from an omnibus in the neighborhood of Johnson's Mews and began his inquiries, as all Londoners do, by consulting a policeman. Certain facts were forthcoming.

"A Mrs. Anson, a widow, who lived in Johnson's Mews? Yes, I think a woman of that name died a few weeks ago. I remember seeing a funeral leave the mews. I don't know anything about the boy. Sometimes when I pass through there at night I have seen a light in the house. However, here it is. Let's have a look at it."

The pair entered the mews and approached the deserted house. The solicitor's clerk knocked and then tried the door. It was locked. They both went to the window and looked in. Had Philip hanged himself, as he intended, they would have been somewhat surprised by the spectacle that would have met their eyes. As it was, they only saw a small room of utmost wretchedness, with a mattress lying on the floor in front of the fireplace. An empty tin and a bundle of old letters rested on a rickety chair, and a piece of sacking was thrust through two broken panes in the small window opposite.

"Not much there, eh?" laughed the policeman.

"Not much, indeed. The floor is all covered with dirt, and if it were not for the bed one would imagine that the house was entirely deserted. Are you sure Mrs. Anson is dead?"

"Oh, quite sure. Hers was rather a hard case, some one told me. I remember now. It was the undertaker. He lived near here."

"And the boy. Has he gone away?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him lately."

Each of these men had read all the reports concerning Philip and his diamonds. Large numbers of tiny, white pebbles were lying on the floor beneath their eyes, but the window was not clean, and the light was far from good, as the sky was clouded. Yet they were satisfied enough. The clerk noticed them at once, but neither he nor the policeman paid more heed to the treasures almost at their feet than was given by generations of men to the outcrop of the main reef at Johannesburg. At last they turned away. The clerk gave the policeman a cigar with the remark:

"I will just ask the undertaker to give me a letter, stating the facts about Mrs. Anson's death. I suppose the boy is in the workshop?"

"Who knows? It often beats me to tell what becomes of the kids who are left alone in London. Poor little devils, they mostly go to the bad. There should be some means of looking after them, I think."

Thus did Philip, bravely sustaining his heart in the solitude of a prison, escape the greatest danger that threatened the preservation of his secret, and all because a scheming woman was too clever to tell her solicitor the exact reason for her anxiety concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Anson and her son.

The boy passed a dolorous Saturday and Sunday. Nevertheless the order, the cleanliness, the comparative comfort of a prison were not wholly ungrateful to him. His meals, though crude, were wholesome, luxurious even, compared with the privations he had endured during the previous fortnight. The enforced rest, too, did him good, and, being under command, he had nothing to do but eat, take exercise, read a few books provided for him and sleep.

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Philip, proud in the knowledge that he was cleared of all dishonor, was at no loss for words now.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County of Lucas, State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Swear to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON  
(Seal.)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Sent in small quantities from F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.