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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—
REMONTE C. GOODWIN.

—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—
WILLIAM C. BARNARD.

—County—
ALONZO M. GARDNER.

—Representative—
WALTER S. RATLIFF.

—Circuit Judge—
HENRY C. FOX.

—Prosecuting Attorney—
CHAS. L. LADD.

—Recorder—
ALBERT ALBERTSON.

—Sheriff—
LINUS P. MEREDITH.

—Coroner—
DR. A. L. BRAMKAMP.

—Recorder—
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 withal it has strengthened Taft rather than weakened him. Roosevelt's letter, coming as it did, after Taft's own refusal to say anything about the matter, appears 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-aggrandizement? 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 cannot.

"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 Brownsville 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 clearest 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?

So with all the democratic talk—in spite of Bryan's attempts to pose as the "real Roosevelt heir" the democratic party is tenacious to the friends and tools of the "interests," men of smirched political character, despicable emissaries of bribery, go-betweens and what not.

The republican party has men in it of like character—but they are not in the high places. They are not in the foreground.

If the republican party did have such men in the management of things it could not go before the people and demand their support.

Question and Answer.

The question has been asked a laundress, whose conversion was thorough, "How would you like to go back to the use of yellow rosin soap and the back breaking, muscle-wearing old way of washing?" Her answer was short and simple. "Not as long as Easy Task soap is made. When I follow directions on the wrapper, it does nearly 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., Master Mason Degree; light refreshments.

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. Sharpe & 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 lives 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 cloudy. Yet they were visible 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 workhouse?"

"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 solicitors the exact reason for her anxiety concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Anson and her son.

The boy passed a dolorous Saturday night 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 restraint, he had nothing to do but eat, take exercise, read a few books provided for him and sleep.

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 warder 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 five days."

Philip's emotions were no more capable of analysis than a display of rockets. Immured in this cage, rattling over the pavements, he seemed to be advancing through a tunnel into an unknown world.

At last the van stopped, and he was led forth into the yard of the police court. He followed the same route as on the previous Saturday, but when he ascended into the court itself he discovered a change. The magistrate, a couple of clerks and some policemen alone were present. The general public and the representatives of the press were not visible.

He had scarcely faced the bench when the magistrate said:

"You are set at liberty. The police withdraw the charge against you."

Philip's eyes sparkled, and his breast heaved tumultuously. For the life of him he could utter no word, but Mr. Abington helped him by quietly directing the usher to permit the lad to leave the dock and take a seat at the solicitors' table.

Then, speaking slowly and with some gravity, he said:

"Philip Morland—that is the only name by which I know you—the authorities have come to the conclusion that your story is right. You have unquestionably found a deposit of diamonds, and although this necessarily exists on some person's property, there is no evidence to show whose property it is. It may be your own. It may be situated beyond the confines of this kingdom. There are many hypotheses, each of which may be true; but, in any event, if others lay claim to this treasure—true—and I warn you that the crown has a right in such a matter—the issue is a civil and not a criminal one. Therefore you are discharged and your property is now handed back to you intact."

A clerk placed before Philip his parcel of diamonds, his key, the rusty knife, the piece of string and the two buttons—truly a motley collection. The boy was pale and his voice somewhat tremulous as he asked:

"May I go now, sir?"

Mr. Abington leaned back in his chair and passed his hand over his face to conceal a smile.

"I have something more to say to you," he answered. "It is an offense against the law to withhold your name and address. I admit the powerful motives which actuated you, so I make the very great concession that your earlier refusal will be overlooked if you privately tell me that which you were unwilling to state publicly."

Philip instantly decided that it would be foolish in the extreme to refuse to offer. He pocketed his diamonds, looked at the magistrate straight in the face and said:

"I will do that, sir. As the information is to be given to you alone, may I write it?"

The policeman and other official sniggered at this display of caution; but the magistrate nodded, and Philip wrote his name and address on a sheet of foolscap, which he folded before handing it to the usher.

To the great surprise, Mr. Abington placed the paper in a pocketbook without opening it.

"I will make no use of this document unless the matter comes before me again officially. I wish to point out to you that I have brought you from prison at the earliest possible moment and have spared you the publicity which your movements would attract were your case settled in open court. You are not aware perhaps that you figure largely in the eyes of the public at this moment. There are newspapers which would give a hundred pounds to get hold of you. There are thieves who would shadow your every movement, waiting for a chance to waylay and rob you—murder you if necessary. I have taken precautions, therefore, to safeguard you, at least within the precincts of this court, but I cannot be responsible beyond its limits. May I ask what you intend to do?"

Philip, proud in the knowledge that he was cleared of all dishonor, was at a 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, 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 the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.
(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Only 4 More Days

Palladium and Sun-Telegram Classified Ad. Contest.

Only eight more days until the prizes will be awarded in the great Palladium & Sun-Telegram's classified ad contest. Nine days is a short time in which to gain the lead in your district and it behooves each contestant to leave no stone unturned in covering their district thoroughly. It should be much easier to obtain classified ads now than at the beginning of the contest inasmuch as the subscribers of this paper are becoming firm believers in the great results obtainable from reading and using Palladium want ads. "Little satisfiers for big wants" is an easy way in which to describe this paper's classified ads. The want ad page is the market place of all the people in Richmond and Wayne county and to become a trader in this market only a few pennies is necessary. Let each reader of the Palladium think of anything he wants, wants to sell, trade, to rent or, in fact, anything may be advertised among these little adlets. Send or bring an advertisement to the Palladium office before twelve o'clock tomorrow and we will be glad to credit any one of the contestant's names appearing below.

There is still an opportunity for anyone to enter the contest in the districts below and if the proper amount of energy is displayed in soliciting want ads there is a splendid chance for the last one entering to be the one to win out at the end. Anyone wishing to enter the contest now is entitled to 200 votes for the first ad brought to this office. Below is set forth the standing of the contestants in their respective districts.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

VOTES.

William Hilling, 1123 Sheridan270

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Howard Silekman, 316 S. 6th.....410
May Weiss, 129 South 6th.....330
Bessie Smith, 17 S. 5th.....210
Ida Corcoran, 17 South 4th.....200
Elizabeth McElhany, 427 Main.....

DISTRICT NO. 4.

Russell Parker, 207 South 11th.....200
Henry Schneider, 226 South 9th.....200
Lee Genn, 120 South 10th.....200

DISTRICT NO. 5.

Russell Stout, 217 S. 13th.....200

DISTRICT NO. 7.

Doris Shesler, 24 North 6th.....1170
Rose Mercurio, 19 North 6th.....470
Charles Morgan, 311 North 5th.....200

DISTRICT NO. 8.

Ernest McKay, 1028 Main1060

DISTRICT NO. 9.

Eugene Hay, 402 N. 16th.....290
Clarence Love, 229 North 18th.....220
Russel Guyer, 1514 1/2 Main.....200
Carl Sieweke, 1413 North B.....200
Geo. Pettibone, 409 North 16th.....200
Paul Brown, 402 N. 17th.....

DISTRICT NO. 10.

Lida Hopping, 1322 North F.....800
Ruth Davis, 818 North H.....800
Frank Cummins, 800 North 12th.....200
Willie Moss, 820 North H St.....
Daniel Van Etten, 1108 N. I street.....
Bryan Cooper, 916 N. 12th.....
William Stephen, 900 N. 12th.....

Get Good! Evangelist Says Earth Is Coming to End Before October 25

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 22.—Rev. John J. Morton, an evangelist, in an address here predicted that the world would come to an end on or before October 25. "The present drought that prevails throughout the Ohio Valley is a forewarning of the destruction of the earth by fire," the preacher said.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Success doesn't amount to so much if a lot of age goes with it.
How many things we all have to do that "goes against the grain."

If you are willing to spend money on your fads you can find plenty of encouragement in them.
No man says exactly what he means. To do that would require too much explanation and qualification.

When you have no other reform to think about, here is one that is always important and timely: You talk too much.

The kicker attracts attention for a time and affords amusement, but in a little while people become very tired of him. And how he is hated in his old age!

We frequently see this statement: "It requires courage for a man to do his duty." This isn't true. It is always easier to do right than it is to do wrong.—Atchison Globe.

A cottage prayer meeting will be held this evening at the home of John Kelley, 135 Chestnut street at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL FEARED

Monarchist Extremists Make Ready for Defense.

Lisbon, Sept. 22.—Insistent declarations that a revolutionary outbreak in Portugal, is impending continue to make their appearance in the local newspapers, and a new feature of these reports is the statement that the Monarchist Extremists are making ready for their defense. One of the monarchist organs says that 17,000 persons have enlisted for the purpose of attacking and destroying the offices of Republican newspapers, and the Republicans declare that if this is done they will retaliate by starting a general riot and revolution.

Without danger danger cannot be surmounted.—Pittsburgh Sun.

HOT-WEATHER DIARRHEA

In the summer people of all ages are very subject to "running of the bowels." Germs get into the food or water, find their way into the intestines and keep irritating them so that there is a constant desire to have movement. It is very weakening, destroys appetite, disturbs sleep and produces an itchy feeling that many suppose to be piles. There are many "quick cures" for this aggravated form of dysentery, but they usually contain a narcotic, and that is dangerous. Others try salts and laxative waters, but they have no permanent effects. It takes a remedy with ingredients such as are combined in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin to drive out the trouble-causing germs, to clean out the intestines, to strengthen the stomach and soothe the liver. Ordinary remedies cannot do this, but it is a well-known fact that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin does do it. Thousands use it every summer for this very purpose. It is unquestionably the greatest laxative for young and old, and the most perfect digestive regulator that can be obtained. Go to your druggist today and buy a 50 cent or \$1.00 bottle and see what it will do for you. It is guaranteed to do what we claim or money will be refunded. It is the surest cure for the least money that you can get. It is so gentle in action that a child can take it, and yet effective enough for the strongest. It has enabled thousands of families to cure themselves of simple ailments and prevent the more serious ailments. If you have never tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and wish to do so, send your address for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE to PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

We ought to charge more than we do. But we don't.

And Millions of people Daily eat of the Good Things made from

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

FOR SALE BY YOUR GROCER THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY

