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AND SUN-TELEGRAM.

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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—  
PREMONT C. GOODWINE.

—Secretary of State—  
FRED A. SIMS.

—Auditor of State—  
JOHN C. BILLHEIMER.

—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.

—Congress—  
WILLIAM O. 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. LINDERMANN.

—Commissioner Western Dist.—  
ROBERT N. BEESON.

## WAYNE TOWNSHIP.

—Trustee—  
JAMES H. HOWARTH.

—Assessor—  
CHARLES E. POTTER.

## AN UNCHANGED SITUATION.

It is urged by democrats and others that now that county local option is passed that fact disposes of the necessity for the election of a republican state ticket. The facts are as unchanged as ever. In state politics it may be urged that the man is more important than his politics—but in regard to this where is the question?

Mr. Marshall has been as fickle, vacillating and evasive as can well be imagined possible. In a "wet" community he expressed sentiments which would win applause—in a "dry" community he appeared as favorable to local option. When the candidate was asked what he would do, if elected, in regard to county local option, he evaded that with sweet phrases carefully calculated to give no information.

Such pertinents as, "I will sign any constitutional bill which the legislature may in its wisdom see fit to pass," and "I will sign no bill whether it is presented by my own party or not until I have read it," may be masterpieces of slick evasion and emasculating political art. But—

Can any one, no matter how they stand in regard to the option question find in these contradictory and weak-kneed utterances any sign of timber for the chief executive of the state of Indiana? It may be true as we have heard men say that "O, well, the governor doesn't count for much anyway in ordinary routine. It doesn't make much difference who is elected." We believe, however, that extraordinary occasions do arise in which it is vital

to have a man at the head of things who does not hesitate to see which way the wind is blowing.

who does not say one thing in Terre Haute, and something else some where else. We can not see how a governor who is willing to sign "any constitutional bill" is particularly desirable. The most that is said for Marshall amounts simply to the statements (which may be true) that he would not interfere with the legislature at all. But is it not conceivable that conditions might arise when it would be for the best interests of the state and its citizens for the governor to act as a check on the legislature? The framers of the constitution of the United States and the framers of the constitution of this state surely intended, when they gave veto power into the hands of the chief executives, for them to use it intelligently and not to have Mr. Marshall's statesmanlike distrust of his own judgment!

Mr. Watson on the other hand, has had harsh things also said about him. It is said that although he was always on hand to vote right on things in congress, that he worked against all the measures in secret. These same had the power to kill in committee that he wanted to!

Now one of these statements is false. It will be apparent that either Jim Watson had the power to kill bills in committee or he had not. If Mr. Watson was truly opposed to every measure and he had the power to kill bills which his critics give him credit for, why did any bills escape this monster?

We think that the average citizen will believe in his heart that some of these things are true and some are false which are said of Mr. Watson by his enemies. No man in public life today is free from such attacks by disgruntled men. We are inclined to believe that Watson's record compares favorably with the average man in congress and that he was and is no monster.

The arenas of state and national politics are widely separate—the issues are entirely different. A man may conscientiously have a difference of opinion on national subjects which are intricate and many sided. We cannot believe that a man's views on national questions matter much in state government. The main point is, "Is the man sincere?"

If there is one thing which can be said of "Jim" Watson, his position in this campaign has been open and above board in every time and place and under every situation. That of Marshall has not been so.

Watson was criticised for going to Indianapolis and urging votes in favor of county local option. Ye God's is there any thing that "Jim" Watson cannot do without his being accused of duplicity! If Mr. Watson had stayed away, then these same personal enemies would have called Watson insincere by the same token. Watson has had but one position and he has stuck to it like a man—Marshall has had as many positions as he had speeches and has backed down from every side.

If Marshall and Watson are the issues, we prefer the man who takes one position and keeps it no matter what it costs.

We would point out that Marshall has not acted squarely and Watson has been open and consistent. The latter has much the better of it.

## FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

Considers It Her Duty to Tell.

I write this for publication with the hope that it will influence others who suffer as I did to try the great Root Juice remedy.

The wonderful medicine has done so much good for me that I feel it my duty to tell it. For years I spent a life of misery, but thanks to the great discovery I am now free from every ache and pain. I like many others, was skeptical when the papers first told of the way many hundreds of cures Root Juice was making, but after seeing several people that were using it, I concluded to try it, although I felt that every organ of my body was almost worn out. My liver was torpid, my kidneys were weak and my stomach was in a horrible condition. At times it felt like it was full of rocks. A great deal of gas formed and I had weak spells frequently and I was badly constipated. My appetite was very poor and even in hot weather my hands and feet were cold. I was using some kind of medicine most of the time without much benefit. After taking the Juice a few days I began to improve. I have used four bottles and am feeling better than I have for twenty years and I believe the remedy has permanently cured me—Mrs. J. A. Colbert, R. R. No. 7, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The great remedy has done worlds of good here in Richmond, as any one can learn by calling at A. G. Lukens' drug store. Root Juice is sold for \$1 a bottle or three for \$2.50. "Uze-It" Pain Oil 25 cents. The Oil is a need-aid in rheumatism and kidney disease when there is pain, soreness or inflammation.

## ATTENDING CONGRESS.

Dr. Charles S. Bond and son George have gone to Washington, D. C., where they are attending the sessions of the International Congress on Tuberculosis now being held in that city.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS PAY.

## The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,  
Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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This time it was a policeman.

For an instant their eyes met in mutual astonishment. Then the policeman came so close that his helmet rested against a pane of glass. He grunted and cried:

"Here! I want to speak to you."

Intuitively grasping the essential fact that his best policy was one of ready acquiescence, Philip sprang toward the door and unlocked it. He stood on the step. The constable sprang after him.

"I hope I didn't startle you," he began, "but I just looked in the entrance—"

"I am very glad indeed to see you," interrupted the boy. "I am leaving here tomorrow. Just now, while I was packing some of my belongings, a very nasty looking man came and peeped in at me in the same way as you did."

He backed into the house. The policeman half followed him, his quick glance noting the open portmanteau and its array of old clothes.

"Just now?" he questioned. "Do you mean some time since?"

"No, no. Not half a minute—a few seconds ago."

"But where can he be? He hasn't left the mews or I must have seen him. I crossed the road, and no one came out in so short a time."

"Well, he is somewhere in the place. He had a horrid appearance—a man with a broken nose. He made me think of a mummy."

"A man with a broken nose! By Jove! I'm looking for a party of that description. A rank wrong 'un. Robbery by violence and a few other little things. What sort of a man was he? You saw his face only. I suppose?"

Philip answered not a word. His eyes were glued on the prostrate form of Jocky.

"The policeman understood his fear and laughed.

"Don't you worry about him. He'll do a stretch all right. I would have given him a harder one than that if I got a swing at him."

His words were quickly justified. The fallen man growled unintelligibly and moved. With a rapidity born of much practice the officer handcuffed him. There must have been some sense of familiarity in the touch of the steel bracelets, for the recipient of this delicate attention stirred uneasily.

"You knocked him silly," grinned the policeman, "but he will get his wits back in a minute or two. Can you bring him a drink of water? It won't do me any harm either."

Philip hurried away to comply with this request. His mind was relieved now and with the backward swing of the mental pendulum came the reflection that the least said of his connection with the case the better.

He held a small cup at the scaly tap and ran with it to the scene of the capture. The constable was gently shaking his prize and addressing him by name.

"Jocky! Jocky Mason! Pull yourself together. This way for the Old Bailey!"

"If you please," said Philip, "I would be very greatly obliged were my name not mentioned at all with reference to this affair."

The policeman, whose senses were normal again, was instantly impressed by the boy's grand manner. His accent was that of the men of the University mission. And how many boys of his age would have struck so straight and truly at a critical moment?

"Well, don't you see, that will be rather difficult," was the answer. "It was you who told me where he was, and the man himself knows that without somebody's help I could not have arrested him. There is no need to mince matters. I have you to thank for not being laid here stiff."

Philip said no more. To press his request implied a powerful motive. The stars in their courses must have conspired that day to supply him with excitement.

Mason eagerly gulped the water held to his lips. Then he tried to raise his right hand to his head. Ah! He understood. A flood of oaths began to meander thickly from his mouth.

"That's better," said the constable encouragingly. "Now, up you get! It's no use, Jocky. I won't let you kick me. You must either go quietly or I will drag you to the street over the stones, and that will hurt."

The man glared dully at his captor. With the apathy of his class, he knew when he was beaten and became submissive in demeanor. Philip, holding his candle aloft, marvelled at his own temerity in biting this giant, oxlike in size and strength.

Mason wabbled his head and craned his neck awkwardly.

"Oo giv me that crack on the nut?" he asked.

"The roof dropped," was the jocular reply.

"Not it. I 'ad yer dahn, sailor. I was on yer afors to use yer stic. Ye was fairly beat until somebody ahted me wiv a wett on the skylight."

The policeman had a second's warning. It was something, but not enough to give him an advantage. He got his truncheon out, and simultaneously his assailant was on him with a ferocity of a catamount. They closed in bone breaking endeavor, and before they were locked together for ten fearful seconds the officer of the law bitterly regretted the professional pride which sent him single handed into this unequal strife.

For he was physically outclassed, and he knew it, and there is no more unnerving knowledge can come to a man in such a supreme moment. Nevertheless he was a brave man, and he fought with all the resolution that is born of the consciousness of justice and moral right. But Providence is on the side of big battalions, and Jocky was taller, heavier, very much more active. Moreover, liberty is as potent an incentive as law any day, and law was being steadily throttled when the pale gleam of Philip's candle lit up the confines of the ruinous hovel about which the two men stamped and lurched and wrestled.

At the precise moment of the boy's entrance the policeman's knees yielded, and he fell, with his remorseless antagonist uppermost. Philip, gazing at them wild-eyed, almost fell, too, for his

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 and State of Ohio, that he, Frank J. Cheney, for the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Cataract that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Cataract Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed by me this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898. (Seal) F. J. CHENEY, Notary Public.

Frank J. Cheney, Notary Public.