

# THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM.

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## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

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—For President—  
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT  
of Ohio.

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

### STATE.

—Governor—  
JAMES E. WATSON.

—Lieutenant Governor—  
FREMONT C. GOODWIN.

—Secretary of State—  
FRED A. SIMS.

—Auditor of State—  
JOHN C. BILLHEIMER.

—Treasurer of State—  
OSCAR HADLEY.

—Attorney General—  
JAMES BINGHAM.

—State Superintendent—  
LAURENCE MCKURNAN.

—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.

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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.

—Recorder—  
ROBERT A. HOWARD.

—Commissioner Eastern Dist.—  
HOMER FARLOW.

—Commissioner Middle Dist.—  
BARNEY H. LINDSEMAN.

—Commissioner Western Dist.—  
ROBERT N. BEESON.

### WAYNE TOWNSHIP.

—Trustee—  
JAMES H. HOWARTH.

—Assessor—  
CHARLES E. POTTER.

### PATRONAGE.

Hanly has ordered an investigation of the charges against him and Senator Wickmeyer, in regard to Knisely. So far Knisely has told a simple, straightforward story under cross examination and Hanly has denied the charges. Unless evidence not hinted at in cross examination is introduced, we can see no chance of successful impeachment of Hanly. Hanly did or did not say "We will take care of you." That is the question. There are Hanlys who would not put it above Hanly—but where is the proof?

It is almost certain that in event of failure to make out a case against Hanly it will leave a stench behind. Money bribery has always been harshly condemned in American politics, though it is to be feared that not ten per cent. of it has ever been apprehended and convicted. But it is a dangerous thing to do.

Patronage has until the latter years, always been held the prerogative of even the president of the United States. James Bryce in his masterly book on the American Commonwealth alludes to frequently, and declares that it is one of the weapons of the executive. President Cleveland, in 1893 got the repeal of the silver purchase bill by distributing fat jobs to the friends of senators and representatives. But this is only an instance—it has been the custom for years.

Now our moral sense has at least outwardly been awakened. Even the hint of patronage is condemned. It is a hopeful sign.

When patronage goes, the spoils system goes with it. We shall have better officials and better public servants. Civil Service Reformer may well

take heart. With the "job" removed from politics we may look for better things.

It does not affect the guilt of Governor Hanly if he is not cleared, nor does it give him moral support for his reputed action. But is it not pertinent to ask whether there was or was not attempted bribery, or bribery in connection with this legislature and the Brewery Trust. It is to be hoped that the Marion County Grand Jury will do a little probing.

## ROOSEVELT FINDS PLENTY OF WORK

Receiving More Callers Than If Congress Were in Session.

### WHEN DOES HE WRITE?

CLAIMED HE IS SO BUSY DURING DAY, HE MUST WRITE BRYAN LETTERS AT NIGHT—OTHER WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Washington, Sept. 30.—The prediction that President Roosevelt would be a busy man when he returned to Washington has more than been fulfilled. The White House is not more besieged with callers even at the height of a busy session of congress. The missions of most, but not all of his visitors are political. The meetings here of the tuberculosis and the fisheries congresses add to the throng, but there has been a continuous procession of callers, with varied interests, some coming at the request of the president and others on their own motion. No one who can make a satisfactory showing to Secretary Loeb is denied an audience and the president is keeping longer office hours than any other official or private citizen at the capital. So busy has he been receiving callers, in fact, that the suggestion has been made that his letters to Mr. Bryan must be written between darkness and dawn.

Mr. Roosevelt has told some of his callers that he expects the next five months to be the busiest of his life. Knowing that next 4th of March will release him from the cares, he is going to crowd into the coming winter all the achievement possible. There are a lot of things he wants to do or see done before he leaves the presidency. He can't get them all done, but he will accomplish some of them or know the reason why.

The possibilities of the wireless telegraph in protecting ships from disastrous storms at sea and saving life and property were illustrated a few days ago when the navy department endeavored to "pick up" the cruiser Prairie and warn her of the approaching hurricane headed for the Atlantic coast from the West Indies. This vessel, with two hundred and fifty men on board for the American fleet now in the Pacific to be trans-shipped at Colon, was four days out from Norfolk when intelligence of the dangerous storm was received. The cruiser was sailing directly in the path of the "twister" and efforts were made from every wireless station on the coast to get into communication with her, but without success, probably due to some electrical disturbance.

Although the department did not believe the vessel would be unable to weather the storm it was thought best warn her captain, if possible, in order that he might change his course and seek some safe refuge until the blow was over. Naval officers and men engaged in the merchant marine of the country believe with the perfection of the wireless system it will soon be possible to communicate with ships no matter how far from land, and warn them of dangers and keep passengers posted on the events of the day. This is done now in a measure, on the great liners traveling over the established lanes forming the pathway between European ports and New York, through communication with each other, but the perfection of the system is expected to extend its advantages to ships at sea, no matter how remote they may be from land. The advantages of such information would be inestimable to ships engaged in trade, but naval officers look only to the great good that would come to them if they were possible intine of war to keep in touch with that arm of the national defense after it has left its rendezvous and gone in search of the enemy. The time is coming, naval officers say, when it will be as easy to direct the movements of a fleet hundreds of miles at sea as it is with the telephone and telegraph wire now to connect the various divisions of an army.

### Woman's Sorrow.

Did you ever notice those small holes in your beautiful table cloths or underwear? Those holes grow larger and larger. There is a remedy, stop your laundress from using strong rosin laundry soap at once. Get a couple of cakes of Easy Task soap, the standard laundry soap of America. All good grocers sell it.

The Women's Foreign Mission Association of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends will meet at E. Main Street church, Richmond, Ind., Oct. 1st, 1908 at one o'clock p. m. for the annual election of Trustees. Pharis W. Stephens, Pres.

Driven to it by stern necessity, the old sailor had taken the job of running an elevator.

"Yast there, my hearty!" he said to the fat man who was stepping toward the side of the car. "I'll have to ask ye to stand amidsts. This craft has a heavy list to port."

# The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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Assuredly he was in an awkward predicament. Of course there was a chance that the policeman would come to laugh at the convict's folly. If he did not, there would certainly be complication. Could he avoid them by any means? Where was there a safe hiding place for his diamonds until next day? Would mother inspire him again as she had not failed to do during so many strange events? Would her spirit guide his footsteps across this new quicksand on whose verge he hesitated?

A few doors to the left was O'Brien's shop. The old man crept into sight, staggering under the weight of a shutter. Good gracious! Why had he not thought of this ally sooner? Some precious minutes were wasted already. "Arrah, Phil, phwat in the worruld!" "Wait just the least bit, Mr. O'Brien. I have some portmanteaus that I want to store for the night. Do let me put them at the back of your shop. My place is not very safe, you know."

"Sure, boy, that's a smaill thing to ax. Bring 'em, an' welcome." With the speed of a deer Philip dove into the mews. He carried the two lesser bags without extraordinary difficulty and deposited them behind O'Brien's counter. The third was almost too much for him, as the weight was all in one hand, but he got it there, breathless with the exertion.

He had to open the fourth and tear out the stuffing of paper. When filled with the packages taken from the fifth, it was beyond his power to lift it, so he dragged it bodily along the mews and into the shop.

A passerby offered to help him. "No, thanks," he managed to say, though the effort to speak calmly took away his remaining breath. "I am only taking it to the shop there."

The man glanced at the shop—it was a marine store dealer's—a place where lead and iron and brass found ready sale. He passed on.

"Be the forchun uv war, Phil, where did ye get the illigant leather thrunks an' phwat's in them?" Inquired the astonished pensioner.

The boy bravely called a smile to his aid. "I have a big story to tell you one of these days, Mr. O'Brien, but I have no time tonight. These things will not be in your way until the morning."

"The devil a bit. If things go on as they are, there'll soon be room enough in the poor old shop. To think after all these years that a murthin' thief is in the worruld!" Philip was safe. He rapidly helped his friend to put up the shutters and rushed back to No. 3. Even yet he was not quite prepared for eventualities. He ran upstairs and gathered a few articles belonging to his mother, articles he never endeavored to sell even when pinched by hunger.

The last dress she wore, her boots, a hat, an album with photographs, some toilet accessories from the tiny dressing table, the coverlet of the bed on which she died—these and kindred mementos made a very credible bulk in the denuded portmanteau.

He gave one glance at the hole in the back yard as he went to the coal house for a fresh supply of coal. That must remain. It probably would not be seen. In any case it remained inexplicable.

He was stirring the fire when a tap sounded on the door, and the policeman entered, followed by an inspector.

### CHAPTER X.

"THIS is the boy, sir," said the policeman.

"Oh, is that him?" observed the inspector, sticking his thumbs into his belt and gazing at Philip with professional severity.

Philip met their scrutiny without flinching. He leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets, one fist clinched over the pouchful of gold, the other guarding a diamond bigger than the Koh-i-Noor.

"I am sorry I have only one chair, gentlemen," he said apologetically. "That's all right lad," said the inspector. "The constable here tells me that you very pluckily helped him to capture a notorious burglar. The man was hiding in this mews and it seems you first saw him looking in through your window. What were you doing at the time?"

"Packing my portmanteau." "Oh, packing your portmanteau." "Yes, that is it."

He stooped and nonchalantly threw it open. His clothes and boots and some of the other contents were exposed to view. The inspector laughed. "Not many diamonds there, Bradley."

"No, sir. I told you Mason was talking rubbish."

"Did he say any more about me being the boy who found the meteor?" asked Philip, with a first rate attempt at a grin.

"Wouldn't talk of anything else," volunteered F. C. Bradley. "Judging by the way he dropped when I hit him, I expect he saw stars," said Philip.

"Are you leaving here?" asked the inspector. "Yes, I must. The company which owns these premises intends to pull them down on the first of next month."

"What is your name?" "Anson."

"Ah! I think I remember hearing something about your mother's death. Very nice woman, I was told. A lady too."

"Yes, all that and more."

"Of course. That accounts for your manners and appearance. Have you found some friends?"

The inspector's glance roved from the servicable portmanteau to Philip's tidy garments, and it was his business to make rapid deductions.

"Yes, most fortunately."

"Anybody connected with Sharpe & Smith?" the constable put in. "Sharpe & Smith? Who are they?"

"Don't you know? Their young man certainly didn't seem to know much about your movements. He has been here twice looking for you. The first time was—let me see—last Monday about 4 o'clock. I was on duty in the main road, and he asked me for some information. We came and looked in, but your door was locked. The man on this beat this afternoon told me that the same clerk was making further inquiries today, so as soon as I came on night duty I strolled into the mews to find out if you were at home. That is how I happened to see you."

He turned toward the inspector. "He was packing his bag at the moment, sir, and Mason had evidently been scared from the window by my footsteps in the arch."

The inspector pursued out his underlip. "The whole thing is perfectly clear," he said. "Boy, have you got a watch?"

"No," said Philip, surprised by this odd question. "Bradley, he hasn't got a watch," observed the inspector. He again addressed Philip.

"Where are you going tomorrow?" "I am not quite sure, but my address will be known to Mrs. Wrigley, the James street laundry, Shepherd's Bush."

"Ah! The constable says you do not wish to be mixed up in the arrest of Mason. There is no need for you to appear in court, but—in such cases as yours the—police like to show their—er—appreciation of your services. That is so, Bradley, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't be here now. Jocky had me fairly cornered."

"You had no time to summon assistance?"

"I barely heard he was here before the window was smashed, and I knew he was trying to get out the other way. You heard him, Anson?"

Philip looked the policeman squarely in the eyes. "You had just taken off your great coat when the glass cracked," he said.

Police Constable Bradley stooped to pick up his coat. He did not wish this portion of the night's proceedings to be described too minutely. In moving the garment he disturbed the packet of letters. Instantly Philip recalled the names of the solicitors mentioned by the constable.

"You said that a clerk from Messrs. Sharpe & Smith called here twice?" he asked.

"Yes."

He picked out one of the letters, opened it and made certain of its facts before he cried angrily:

"Then I want to have nothing whatever to do with them. They treated my mother shamefully."

The inspector had sharp eyes. "What is the date of that letter?" he inquired.

"Jan. 18 of this year."

"And what are those—paw tickets?" "Yes, some of my mother's jewelry and dresses. Her wedding ring was the last to go. Most of them are out of date, but I intend to—I will try to save some of them, especially her wedding ring."

Jocky Mason's romance was now disspated into thin air. The contents of the portmanteau, the squalid appearance of the house, the date of the solicitor's letter, the bundle of paw tickets offered conclusive evidence to the inspector's matter of fact mind that the ex-convict's story was the effect of a truncheon rapidly applied to a brain excited by the newspaper comments on a sensational yarn about some boy who had found a parcel of diamonds.

This youngster had not been favored by any such extraordinary piece of luck. Simple chance had led him to put the police on the track of a much wanted scoundrel, and he had very bravely prevented a member of the force from being badly worsted in the ensuing encounter.

A subscription would be made among the officers and men of the division, and they would give him a silver watch with a suitable inscription.

The inspector noted the address given by Philip. It was on the tip of his tongue to ask his Christian name, when the constable suggested that they should examine the stable in which Mason had hidden.

They went up the mews. Philip locked his door, extinguished his candle and lay down on the mattress, fully dressed, with his newly bought rug for covering.

He was so utterly tired, so exhausted physically and mentally by the storm and drang of this eventful day that he was sound asleep when the two men returned.

They saw him through the window. "He's a fine lad," said the inspector thoughtfully. "I wonder what he is going to make of himself. We might have asked him who his friends were, but they are not badly off, or he couldn't have got that bag and his new clothes. What on earth caused Mason to connect him with that diamond story?"

"It's hard to say," observed the constable. "I will look round and have a chat with him in the morning. Poor little chap! He's sleeping like a top now."

The inspector called at No. 3 Johnson's Mews soon after 10 next morning, but the door was locked and the bird flown. He spoke to Mason after that worthy was remanded for a week, but a night's painful seclusion had sealed the burglar's lips. He vowed, with fearful emphasis, to "get even" with the kid who "ahited" him, for the policeman's evidence had revealed the truth concerning the arrest. But not another word would Mason say about the diamonds, and for a little while the inspector placed his overnight revelations in the category of myths familiar to the police in their daily dealings with criminals.

Philip awoke shortly before 7

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(Copyright 1908, by George Matthew Adams)

He was cold and stiff. The weather was chilly, and there was no ardent meteor in the back yard to keep the temperature of the house at a grateful point during the night.

But his active young frame quickly dispelled the effects of a deep sleep on a drafty floor. He washed his face and hands at the sink in the scullery, and his next thought was for breakfast, a proof, if proof were needed, that he arose refreshed in mind and body.

In the Mile End road there are plenty of early morning restaurants. At one of them he made a substantial meal, and, on his return to the mews, he lost not a moment in carrying out a systematic search through all parts of the house and yard for any traces of the meteor which might have escaped his ken in the darkness.

Amid the earth and broken stones of the excavation there were a few fragments of ore and some atomic specimens of the diamondiferous material—not sufficient, all told, to fill the palm of his hand, but he gathered them for obvious reasons and then devoted five vigorous minutes with O'Brien's spade to the task of filling up the deep hole itself.

By lowering the flagstones and breaking the earth beneath he soon gave the small yard an appearance of chaos which might certainly puzzle people, but which would afford no possible clue to the nature of the disturbing element.

At best they might imagine that the dread evidence of some weird crime lay in the broken area. If so, they could dig until they were tired. But, indeed, he was now guarding against a most unlikely hypothesis. The probability was that Johnson's Mews would soon cease to exist and become almost as fabulous as the island of Atlantis.

Moreover, he had a project dimly outlined in his mind which might become definite if all went well with him that day. Then the ownership of No. 3, Johnson's Mews, would cease to trouble him, for Philip was quite sure the whole power of the law would be invoked to prevent him from dealing with his meteor if once the exact place where it fell became publicly known.

O'Brien's shop was scarcely open before Philip was there with his remaining portmanteau.

"Arrah, Phil, me boy! Where in the name of goodness are ye gatherin' the beautiful leather thrunks from?" asked the pensioner.

"This is the last one," laughed the boy. "I am off now to find a cab, and you won't see me again until Monday."

"Faix, he's a wonderful lad entirely!" commented the old man. "What sort of plunder has he in the bags, at all at all?"

In idle curiosity he lifted the last addition to the pile. It was normal, even light in weight. Then he nodded knowingly.

"A lot of ould duds belongin' to Mrs. Anson, I'll be bound. Ah, well, the Lord rest her soul, 'tis she was the fine woman. I wish I had some one as clever as her to write for me to that that of the worruld who thried!"

As there are no signs in the art of literature similar to those which serve

faraway, pennurid street station with a four wheeler before O'Brien exhausted the first tirade of the day against the war office.

With a cunning that amounted to genius, the boy placed the large, light portmanteau and the two small, heavy ones on the roof of the vehicle, where the driver did not notice the least peculiarity in their weight bags he managed to lift into the interior, one of them needing all his resources to carry it from the shop door to the cab. Were he not fresh and untired he could not have done it. As it was, the effort was a splendid success.

The cabman knew little and O'Brien less of the tremendous avoiddups of this innocent looking baggage. A long suffering horse may have had his private views, but he did not express them.

Saying goodbye to the pensioner in the shop, Philip took good care that none overheard his direction to the driver. In about three-quarters of an hour he lumbered into Charing Cross station without a soul in the East End being aware of his destination.

"Where to, sir?" asked a porter who opened the door for him. "I only want these bags to be taken to the luggage room," said Philip. "You had better get some one to help you with these two. They are very heavy. They contain specimens of iron ore."

The man took a pull at the solid one.

(Continued.)

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In idle curiosity he lifted the last addition to the pile. It was normal, even light in weight. Then he nodded knowingly.

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