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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 those 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 1883 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 misions 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 Colón, 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 lane 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 it were possible intime 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 laundry 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. Phariah W. Stephens, Pres.

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

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

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

The inspector's glance roved from the serviceable 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?"

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 would be chance that the policeman would continue to laugh at the convict's folly if he did not, there would certainly be compulsion. 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 short staff. Good gracious! Why had he not thought of this ally sooner? Some precious minutes were wasted about the arch.

The inspector pursued out his underlip.

"The whole thing is perfectly clear," he said. "Boy, have you got a watch?" "No," said Phillip, surprised by this odd question.

"Bradley, he hasn't got a watch," observed the inspector. He again addressed Phillip.

"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—er—in such cases as yours there—er—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?"

Phillip 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 Phillip 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, read it and made certain of his 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—pawns 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."

Phillip 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 boy bravely called a smile to his lips, then a broad grin.

"I have a big story to tell you one of these days, Mr. O'Brien," he said.

"I have just taken off your great-coat when the glass cracked," he said.

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