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**THE GROWTH OF RICHMOND.**

To those who examine the industrial and mercantile history of Richmond, it will be found that there have been crises or turning points in her history.

The first crisis was that of road building. Here was Richmond in the heart of the wilderness, with bad roads or no roads. That was the time when as the way of the time said:

"The roads are impassable. Hardly jackassable. I think those that travel 'em Should turn out and gravel 'em."

And then came the great national road and the times changed from barter with the Indians and the simple traffic of frontier and pioneer life.

Even at that time there were those hard shelled and moss grown individuals with ingrowing dyspepsia who said "Richmond will never grow."

But it did; Richmond grew.

It was not long until these same individuals had commenced their same story. But unfortunately for them and fortunately for Richmond, the railroad came in 1853 and teams which had carried all the freight were dispensed with. And almost the same time water power was dispensed with.

The next crisis was reached a few years ago in the coming of the interurbans—those arteries of local trade which have branched out all through Indiana. They correspond to the coming of the National road and the coming of the railroads which had so great an effect on the growth of Richmond.

And now to make matters short, Richmond faces another turning point brought about by the activities of the Young Men's Business club in the Good Roads congress and the gigantic

undertaking of the fall festival.

This is another crisis.

We still have the pessimists with us. But Richmond has awakened and the lethargy of the pessimists and the New Era is here.

As a sample of the enterprise and energy and good management of the leaders in this movement which is an answer to the pessimists, take for instance the decorating of Main street.

At eleven o'clock in the morning the decorations had scarcely begun—they had reached fourth. By four o'clock of the same day the street was a wilderness of extreme beauty. Festoons of flags, bunting, loops of electric bulbs—all these were in place up to Eleventh street. And there is more to be done. Such work as this is what we mean when we say that Richmond is undergoing a regeneration—A New Era.

To all the outside world Richmond wants it known that the fall festival is going to be a success. It believes that no one can fail to recognize the increased business facilities and that the title to the Trading Center of Eastern Indiana is unquestioned.

**GOOD LOGIC.**

The speech of James R. Garfield on the issues before the country this campaign was a masterpiece—not of eloquence, consisting of gestures and postures—not of eloquence which consists of whooping it up and denouncing the opposition. It was far greater and enduring than that. It was a clear and quiet "talking it over" with the people of this vicinity.

Mr. Garfield's logic was faultless and his manner irresistible.

No one could fail to see his sincerity as he took up the trust question and showed that it was better to "make the corporations obey the law than to invite disaster by killing business."

No clearer exposition of the trust question in regard to the tariff could have been set forth—the same tariff which promotes the large corporation fosters the small corporation. To kill the greater would mean the extermination of the smaller long before. "Lop off the abuses and let the good stand. What won't the admiration of Mr. Garfield's hearers was his announcement—"I do not believe in vituperation and abuse. It accomplishes no end."

Mr. Garfield had with merciless logic destroyed the argument of his opponents.

This speech gave food for thought to every man who does his own thinking, and Mr. Garfield's hearers were thinking people. It was a speech which was needed at this time. Everybody wants reason—not blind following after a popular hero—for the basis of his political allegiance. That is the sort of speech needed in this campaign. Real fact and cold logic.

**HOPES TO SEPARATE GIRL FROM HUSBAND**

Takes Heiress Who Married Chauffeur to Europe.

New York, Oct. 2.—Mrs. W. A. Speer and her 18 year old daughter, who recently married the family chauffeur, Russell Thomas, in Atlanta, Ga., have engaged passage for Europe. The girl is a millionaire. Thomas is reported to be on his way to New York to prevent Mrs. Speer from taking his wife out of the United States.

**\$500,000 DIAMOND ROBBERY DISCLOSED**

New York, Oct. 2.—A \$500,000 diamond robbery has been disclosed at Oliver M. Ferrand's diamond store. A trusted employee failed to return from his vacation and an investigation instituted which disclosed the theft. The robbery has probably been going on for a year and the amount of loss may exceed that amount. A former woman employee is also implicated in the systematic robbery scheme.

**GREAT PLEASURE OF WEALTH IN GIVING SAYS M. M. WHITE**

(Continued From Page Two.)

for peace, and for the better establishment of the principles of international peace, having also in view the International Conference appointed to meet at The Hague in the year 1915.

These Yearly Meetings have appointed committees to confer with similar committees that may be appointed by other Yearly Meetings.

In bonds of Christian fellowship, we are

YOUR FRIENDS.

On behalf of the New York Yearly Meeting held at Fifteenth Street and Rutherford Place, New York.

WM. H. WILLIAMS, Clerk.

On behalf of the New York Yearly Meeting held at the City of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JAMES WOOD, Clerk.

**The KING of DIAMONDS.**

By Louis Tracy.

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

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"How many of you are there, then?" "I beg your pardon?" "Are you alone?" "Yes."

The clerk fumbled with the register. Precocious juveniles were not unknown to him, but a boy of Philip's type had not hitherto arisen over his horizon.

"A sitting room and a bedroom en suite?" he replied.

"Exactly."

The clerk was disconcerted by Philip's steady gaze.

"On what floor?" he asked.

"Really," said Philip, "I don't know. Suppose you tell me what accommodation you have. Then I will decide at once."

The official, who was one of the most skilled hotel clerks in London, found it ridiculous to be put out of countenance by a mere boy who could not be a day older than seventeen and might be a good deal less. He cast a critical eye on Philip's clothing and saw that, while it was good, it had not the gloss of Vere de Vere.

He would paralyze him at one fell blow, little dreaming that the other read his glance and knew the exact mental process of his reasoning.

"There is a good suit vacant on the first floor, but it contains a dressing room and bathroom," he said, smiling the smile of a very knowing person.

"That sounds all right. I will take it."

"Ah, yes. It costs \$5 a day."

Each of the six words in that portentous sentence contained a note of admiration that swelled out into a magnificent crescendo. It was a verbal avalanche, beneath which this queer youth should be crushed into the very dust.

"Five pounds a day?" observed Philip calmly. "I suppose there would be a reduction if taken for a month?"

"Well—er—during the season it is not—er—usual to—"

"Oh, very well. I can easily arrange for a permanent later if I think it."

What number is the suit, please, and will you kindly have my luggage sent there at once?"

The clerk was demoralized, but he managed to say:

"Do you quite understand the terms—thirty-five pounds a week?"

"Yes," said Philip. "Shall I pay you a week in advance? I can give you notes, but it will oblige me if you take a check, as I may want the ready money in my possession."

Receiving a faint indication that, under the circumstances, a check would be esteemed a favor, Philip whipped out his check book, filled in a check to the hotel, and did not forget to cross it "ac. payee."

The clerk watched him with an amazement too acute for words. He produced the register and Philip signed his name. He was given a receipt for the payment on account, and then asked to be shown to his rooms.

A boy smaller, but not younger, than himself—a smart page, who listened to the foregoing with deep interest—asked timidly whether the guest would go by the stairs or use the elevator.

"I will walk," said Philip, who liked to ascertain his bearings.

The palatial nature of the apartments took him by surprise when he reached them. Although far from being the most expensive suit in the hotel, the surroundings were of a nature vastly removed from anything hitherto known to him.

Even the charming house he inhabited as a child in Dieppe contained no such luxury. His portmanteau followed quickly, and a valet entered. Philip's quick ears caught the accent of a Frenchman, and the boy spoke to the man in the language of his country, pure and unadorned by the barbarisms of John Bull.

They were chatting about the weather, which, by the way, ever since the 15th of March had been extraordinarily fine, when there was a knock at the door, and the manager entered.

The clerk found the situation too much for him. He had appealed to a higher authority.

Even the suave and diplomatic M. Foret could not conceal the astonishment that leaped to his eyes when he saw the occupant of suit F.

"I think you are a very nice young man," he said for lack of aught better. A commissionaire was already on his way to the bank to ask if the check was all right.

"Are you the manager?" asked Philip, who was washing his hands.

"Yes."

"I am glad you called. One of your clerks seemed to be taken aback because a youngster like me engaged an expensive suit. I suppose the proceeding is unusual, but there is no reason why it should create excitement. It need not be commented on, for instance."

"No, no; of course not."

"Thank you very much. I have a special reason for wishing to live at this hotel. Indeed, I have given this address for certain important documents. Will you kindly arrange that I may be treated like any ordinary person?"

"I hope the clerk was not rude to you?"

"Not in the least. I am only anxious to prevent special notice being taken of me. You see, if others get to know I am living here alone, I will be pointed out as a curiosity, and that will not be pleasant."

The request was eminently reasonable. The manager assured him the strict orders would be given on that point instantly, though he was quite certain in his own mind that inquiry would soon be made for this remarkable youth, perhaps by the police.

"You can leave us," said Philip to the valet in French.

Now the chance use of that language, no less than his perfect accent, went a long way toward removing the manager's suspicions. A boy who was so well educated must be quite out of

the common. Perhaps some eccentric parent or guardian encouraged him to act independently from early in life. He might be the son of a rich man coming to London for a special course of study. The name, Anson, was an aristocratic one. But his clothes—they were odd. Good enough, but not the right thing.

"Will you oblige me by recommending a good tailor?" said Philip. "I need a complete outfit of wearing apparel, and it will save me a lot of trouble if somebody will tell me exactly what to buy and where to buy it."

His uncanny trick of thought reading disconcerted the manager greatly. Undoubtedly the boy was a puzzle. Never had this experienced man of the world met any one more self possessed, more direct and yet, with it all, exceedingly polite.

"I take it that you want the best?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Are you lunching in the hotel?"

"I would like something sent here, if you please, and there again your advice will be most gratefully accepted."

The manager felt that a generation was growing up of which he knew nothing, but he simply answered:

"I will see to it. Do you—er—take wine?"

Philip laughed, that pleasant whole souled laugh of his which instantly secured him friends.

"Not yet, monsieur."

"Forest is my name."

"Well, M. Forest, I am far too young as yet for either wine or tobacco. I promised my mother I would touch neither until I am twenty-one, and I will keep my word. I think I would like some cafe au lait."

"I understand. Your déjeuner will be sent up in ten minutes. By the time you have finished I will have people here from two or three establishments who will meet all your requirements in the shape of clothes and the rest."

An hour's talk and the payment of checks on account worked wonders. Before many days had passed Philip was amply provided with raiment. His presence in the hotel, too, attracted no comment whatever. People who saw him coming or going instantly assumed that he was staying with his people, while the manager took care that gossip among the employees was promptly stopped.

As for the ragged youth with the diamonds, he was forgotten apparently. The newspapers dropped him, believing, indeed, that Isaacstein had worked some ingenious advertising dodge on his own account, and Messrs. Sharpe & Smith never dreamed of looking for the lost Philip Anson, the derelict from Johnson's Mews, in the Pall Mall hotel, the most luxurious and expensive establishment in London.

That afternoon Philip visited the Safe Deposit company. He had little difficulty, of course, in securing a small strong room. He encountered the wonted surprise at his youth, but the excellent argument of a banking account and the payment of a year's rent in advance soon cleared the air.

He transferred four of his portman-

teaus to this secure environment, and fifth was sent to his hotel. When the light failed he drove to the East End and made a round of pawnbrokers' shops. Although some of the tickets were time expired, he recovered nearly all his mother's belongings excepting her watch.

The odd coincidence recalled the inspector's implied promise that he should receive one as a recognition of his gallantry.

How remote, how far removed from each other, the main events in his life seemed to be at this eventful epoch! As he went westward in a hansom he could hardly bring himself to believe that barely twenty-four hours had elapsed since he traveled to the Mile End road in company with Mrs. Wrigley.

And the curious thing was that he felt in no sense awed by the possession of thousands of pounds and the tenancy of palatial chambers in a great hotel. His career had been too checkered, his recent developments too stupendous, his life too full of undue emotion. Existence for the hour was a species of well ordered dream, in which imagination was untrammelled save by the need to exercise his wits in order to keep the phantasy within the bounds not of his own brain, but of other men's.

At the hotel he found the French valet setting forth a shirt. The man explained that he required a spare set of studs and links.

This reminded Philip that there was still a good deal of shopping to be done. He was about to leave the room for the purpose when the valet said:

"Another portmanteau has arrived for monsieur. Will you be pleased to unlock it?"

"No," said Philip. "It must remain untouched."

He smiled at the thought of the sensation his father and mother, so he bought it. He also acquired a dispatch box in which he could store his valuables, both jewelry and documents, for he had quite a number of receipts, letters and other things to safeguard now, and he did not wish servants' prying eyes to examine everything belonging to him.

When alone in his room he secured the album and looked that special portmanteau again, after stowing therein the letter found beneath Mrs. Anson's pillow. Soon his mother's dear face smiled at him from a beautiful border of filigree silver. The sight was pleasant to him, soothing to his full mind.

In her eyes was a message of faith, of trust, of absolute confidence in the future.

It was strange that he thought so little of his father at this time, but the truth was that his childhood was passed so much in his mother's company, and they were so inseparable during the last two years, that memories of his father were shadowy.

Yet the physiognomist would have seen that the boy owed a great deal of his strength of character and well knit frame to the handsome, stalwart man whose name he bore.

Philip loved his mother on the compensating principle that persons of opposite natures often have an overpowering affinity for each other. He resembled her neither in features nor in the more subtle traits of character.

After a dinner the excellence of which was in nowise diminished by lack of appreciation on his part he undertook a pilgrimage of curiosity to

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**BEE HIVE  
GROCERY**

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You can get at our store for your Sunday Dinner

**Dressed Chickens**

Lima Beans, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Lettuce, Turnips, Cucumbers.

Malaga Grapes, Tokay Grapes, Concord Grapes, Fancy Peaches, Sweet Oranges, Blue Plums, Large Red Plums, Snow Apples, Bananas, Cranberries, Pears, Etc.

Rodman's Whole Wheat Pancake Flour and Genuine Maple Syrup.

Give us your order if you want the best.

USE BEE HIVE COFFEE.

which he had previously determined to devote the evening.

He wondered uneasily to whom he was indebted for the good meals he had enjoyed in prison. Now he would endeavor to find out.

A hansom took him to Holloway, but the first efforts of the driver failed to discover the whereabouts of the Royal Star hotel.

At last Philip recollected the warder's added direction—"opposite."

He dismissed the cab and walked to the prison entrance. Directly in front he saw a small restaurant called the Star. Its titular embellishments were due to the warder's gift of humor.

He entered. A woman was knitting at a cash desk.

"Until yesterday," he said, "you sent food regularly to a boy named Anson, who was confined in the prison?"

"Yes," interrupted the lady. "I only heard this mornin' that he was let out."

"Would you mind telling me who paid the bill? I suppose it was paid?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, it was overpaid," was the reply. "You see, the pore lad was remanded for a week, and Mr. Judd, a man 'oo lives in the Farringdon road, 'eem 'ere an' 'e heard 'is mornin' that he was let out."

Philip's heart was in his mouth, but he managed to answer that the boy was all right; there was no charge against him. Then he escaped into the street. The one man he had forgotten was his greengrocer friend, who had indeed acted the part of the good Samaritan.

There was some excuse for this, but the boy's abounding good nature would admit of none. He hastened to Farringdon road with the utmost speed and found his fat friend putting up the shutters of his shop.

The restaurant next door was open. Philip approached quietly.

"Good evening, Mr. Judd," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good evenin', sir," said the greengrocer, his eyes revealing not the remotest idea of the identity of the smart young gentleman who addressed him so familiarly.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Judd?"

"Well, sir, I can't exactly bring to min'—"

**NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS.**

All persons exhibiting flowers and plants are requested to have them at the Court House Monday and not later than Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. Competent men will be there all day Monday to mark them with the owner's name and make proper entries. Careful attention will be given them as to watering and handling. One of the best judges of Floriculture in the country has been secured to officiate as judge. The number of entries to date promises flower lovers of Richmond a rare treat.

If you have good plants call Richmond Fall festival headquarters and get a premium list. Either send or bring your plants and add to the beauty of Richmond's first flower show.

ADelaide: Mother says "they can't say anything too good about Gold Medal Flour." CHARITY.

**Pennsylvania Cincinnati Excursion**

Next Sunday  
\$1.25 Round Trip From Richmond.  
Train Leaves 7:00 a. m.

**KNOLLENBERG'S STORE**

The weather conditions have changed, and all is favorable for active trade. Purchases of New Fall Suits and Coats have been pouring in on us for weeks, and our stock is in splendid condition to meet the requirements of the trade. There's a decided change in the style of

