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AND SUN-TELEGRAM.**

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CHARLES E. POTTER****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 the way of the time said:

"The roads are impassable, Hardly jacksonable."

I think those that travel them Should turn out and gravel'em."

And then came the great national road and the times changed from barrier 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."

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

"Oh, very well. I can easily arrange for a permanency later if I think fit. 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 portmaneau 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 undefiled by the barbarisms of John Bull.

They were chatting about the weather, which, by the way, ever since the 19th 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 will find these rooms very comfortable," he said for lack of a better word. A commissionnaire 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 in 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 the 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 in French.

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.

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.

"You can leave us," said Philip in French.

Now the chance use of that language, no less than his perfect accent, went a long way toward removing the manager's suspicion.

A boy who was well educated must be quite out of

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. Precious 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 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 permanency later if I think fit. What number is the suit, please, and will you kindly have my luggage sent there at once?"

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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."

"I understand. Your dejeuner 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. Sharp & 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. The 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, to cause him any undue emotion.

Existence for the