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THE QUAKER CITY.

The Yearly Meeting of the society of Friends calls attention to the beginning and the present state of Richmond. Richmond should be proud of the distinction of the title the "Quaker City."

The society of Friends were pioneers in freedom of thought and ideas which have become so much a part of the fabric of modern life that we fail to give credit to whom credit is due.

In the stand for a simpler life, temperance in living, higher education, freedom of the negro race, equal suffrage and peace among nations—the society of Friends were among the first to adopt these principles which are either already embodied or show a marked tendency in that direction.

The disdain for all that was conventional and formal made the earlier Quakers have a hard road to travel but who will say that the end accomplished was not noteworthy. Every one can remember in this community, staid and radical Friends of simple habits whose plain speech and absence of conventionality made them stand out with a dignity which was not abashed.

The heritage of Richmond is not alone one of memories and traditions. It is a heritage of high intelligence and progressive thinking. Richmond has an individuality directly traceable to the Friends—a higher social order, a marked intellectual stamp which distinguishes it from other Indiana towns of the same size.

Nor is the gain altogether spiritual or intellectual. The Quakers when they were business men or farmers were good business men and good farmers. They built on solid foundations

—not to be destroyed in a day as the "boom towns." It was a substantial and not a mushroom growth.

In the Morrison-Reeves library and Earlham the town has a decided gain through the munificence of Friends. In the many enterprises in this town which have grown from Quaker beginnings, Richmond has substantial advantages.

It is a good name which we have—The Quaker City of the West.

THE BALKANS.

To those who regard all "trouble in the Balkans" as newspaper, fiction the dispatches from that section of the country will cause a smile of amusement. But in reality there is always latent trouble brewing over there—a smouldering volcano of wild and dissatisfied hearts.

It has only been by the determination of the powers of Europe to maintain the Balkans in the same way, i. e. in nominal allegiance to Turkey that peace has been kept.

England for various reasons is intent on keeping Turkey extant in full power. Germany has made overtures repeatedly to the parts and finally got a footing in the bureaucracy, only to see it swept away recently by the young Turks.

The intention of the Austrian government to retain a sphere of influence in the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina may not meet with the particular favor of the Kaiser. While in addition English opinion is with Turkey. It may well be that when Austria tries to foster trouble in the Balkans for her own benefit, it may not meet with particular favor in the continent for Austria, is playing a lone game.

The first step in what may become a serious matter, will be the action of Prince Ferdinand in taking for himself the title of czar of the Bulgars. Pretenders often are bought off—or frightened off—and Prince Ferdinand may not do at the last exactly what he is expected to.

There is one thing which there is no speculation about. The population of the Balkans "is wild and unmanageable"—they like to fight and when not engaged in fighting some one else it has not deterred them from fighting among themselves. If there is the slightest chance for a row the public may rest assured the Bulgars will not hang back.

Whatever the outcome of the present trouble—there will be "trouble in the Balkans" for Dick H. Davis to write about for many a day. We suggest that Mr. McCutcheon, who has shown himself such a master in the understanding of East Europe countries leave on the next train to give us "Beverly of the Bulgars."

The Spider and the Fly.

In the long warfare between the spider and the fly the latter has had the housewife for its auxiliary and friend. The flies have been tolerated, even fed and nurtured, while the spiders and their webs have been ruthlessly destroyed. This unrelenting and unending war against it keeps the spider population down, while the flies increase and multiply by the millions and tens of millions, almost unchecked. The spider is ugly, and his web is unsightly in the estimation of most people, but spiders hurt no human creature. They feed on flies, which are the foes of mankind, and do mankind a valuable service.—Philadelphia Press.

Queer Breads.

"This bread is made with sea water," said a seaside baker, "and it is thought to be good for the dyspeptic. Another bread, baked with the powdered seaweed called Porphyra laciniata, is eaten by rheumatic sufferers, with fair results. They say that whole wheat bread mixed with a flour made of powdered fishbones helps certain sorts of skin diseases. There is reason for believing in the medicinal properties of the sea and its products," said the baker leapingly. "They who live on the shore will tell you how at certain seasons many kinds of animals—cattle, sheep, horses and even poultry—come down on the sands and drink of the bitter waters."—New York Press.

A Little Demon in the Heart.

An insane devil lurks in the heart of the most sainted of women. It is the little devil that makes the young wife ask her devoted husband which of the two he would save if she and his mother were drowning, writes William J. Locke in "Simple Septimus" in the American Magazine. It is the same little devil that is responsible for infinite mendacity on the part of men. "Have you said that to another woman?" No; of course he hadn't, and the wretch is instantly perjured. "My immortal soul," says the good fellow, "instantaneously converted into an atrocious liar, and the little devil cooos with satisfaction and curls himself up snugly to sleep.

Father Healy's wit seldom had a sting to it. On one occasion, however, some vulgar people asked how he got on so well in fine houses. "Faith," said Father Healy, "it must be from my mother I got it, for papa was as common as any of you."—Liverpool Mercury.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Monday, Oct. 5.—Richmond Commandery, No. 8, K. T. Stated Convocation.
Tuesday, Oct. 6.—Richmond lodge No. 196, F. and A. M. Stated Meeting.
Friday, Oct. 9.—King Solomon's Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M. Stated convocation.

WIFE OF MILLIONAIRE CHANGES HER MIND.



Mrs. May Harrington-Hanna-Stallo is the wife of Edmond M. Stallo, the New York millionaire and she was planning a second divorce, but is now said to be reconciled to her husband. Picture to the left is Edmond M. Stallo.

RAIN AND FROST MARK WEEK'S WEATHER

Weather Man Vossler Gives Record of Past Seven Days.

Weather Observer Walter Vossler at the waterworks pumping station says he does not believe there is anything real bad in the weather prospect for the next four days. He says he tried to get things started right during the past week and lends all kinds of encouragement to the prospects for the fall festival.

The rainfall of Monday last, was the only real big first class feature of the weather of the week. Friday broke the low temperature record of the season by dipping up to a minimum of 25 degrees. The morning hours were quite cool and Jack Frost made his visits very effective by leaving a calling card the size of a blanket that covered everything completely.

The maximum temperature was registered on Sunday when the thermometer showed 87 degrees. The greatest daily range was 42 degrees on Saturday. Monday and Thursday were cloudy, Sunday and Wednesday partly cloudy, Tuesday partly clear, and Friday and Saturday clear.

The daily range follows:

	High.	Low
Sunday	87	54
Monday	76	44
Tuesday	53	34
Wednesday	74	33
Thursday	62	34
Friday	57	25
Saturday	69	27

One Lone Ladybug's Good Work.

To one lone ladybug is due the destruction of the San Jose scale, which did millions of dollars' damage to the fruit trees of California. When the pest had become a positive menace, the department heard of a species of bug in North China which was fatal to the scale. A large number of the bugs were procured, but all were dead except one when they reached this country. This one insect was taken to Washington and became a ward of the government. She rewarded her keepers by laying about 5,000 eggs. In an incredibly short space of time she had a flourishing family of several billions, and the reign of the scale was over.—Van Norden's Magazine.

The Candle Wick.

When the old fashioned dips were in common use great annoyance was caused by the burnt wick standing upright as the fat disappeared, making a smoky flame, which necessitated a constant use of the snuffers. This trouble is avoided in the modern candle by the simple expedient of plaiting one side of the wick a little stiffer than the other. When it is left free, owing to the wax having burnt away, it naturally bends over to one side. Now at the extreme edge of the flame the gaseous products of the candle are mixed with excess of oxygen from the air, which attacks the solid substances in the wick and speedily changes them into oxides. This always keeps the wick the right length.

"Doctor, if this operation is successful I'll pay you double."
"I shall be entirely satisfied with my regular fee."—Smart Set.

ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES ATTRACT ATTENTION

They Will Be Discussed at Mississippi Congress.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—The nineteenth annual session of the Trans-Mississippi congress will be held in this city Tuesday, with 1,500 delegates in attendance.

The commercial organization of every state west of the Mississippi river will have representatives at the gathering, and a great variety of subjects of importance to the west half of the United States will be discussed. Opening on Tuesday morning, the congress will hold three sessions daily for five days.

The policies of President Roosevelt, particularly in relation to the conservation of natural resources, are expected to figure in the deliberations, even to a greater extent than last year's, and the administration will be represented by William H. Wheeler, assistant secretary of the department of commerce and labor, and a resident of this state.

Meeting an Emergency.

When the late William Windom, secretary of the treasury, dropped dead at a chamber of commerce dinner in New York some years ago just as he was speaking there were but two reporters present, says the Saturday Evening Post. The others had written their stories, sent down their copy and the text of the speeches and gone to more interesting places. In one newspaper office the news did not get in until a minute before time for going to press. Two columns of Windom's speech were in type in the form. As it was too late to make over, and catch the mails, an enterprising editor wrote: "The Hon. William Windom dropped dead at the chamber of commerce dinner last night. If he had not dropped dead he would have spoken as follows." Thus it stood until they could make over.

Words That Rankle.

A charming young actress stood alone in the foyer of a local theater the other afternoon at the close of a rehearsal, which had been a very trying one to her. A frown furrowed her pretty brow.

"What's the trouble?" queried the stage manager, who had troubles of his own.

"Oh, nothing," replied the fair one, well nigh in tears. "Only—only there are two words that I wish with all my heart could be eliminated from the English language."

"Is that all? Well, what are the words? Perhaps I can arrange it." "The words," said the actress as her eyes flashed, "are leading lady! That's all."

"Tut, tut! Forget rehearsal and remember your possible future." And the youthful actress smiled again.—New York Globe.

"Why have you quit work?" demanded the farmer.

"I just put in twenty minutes sawing wood," replied the actor who had hired out on the farm.

"Well, you ain't in vandyville. You're playing in the 'legit' now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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Three hours later a letter came from Philip Anson, Esq., by hand. It was from the solicitors and read:

We are in receipt of your esteemed instructions. Although Saturday is a day on which it is difficult to do business, we lost no time in inspecting the premises in the Mile End road, accompanied by a surveyor. We found that the mews stand approximately on an area of 2,300 superficial feet, while the shop tenanted by O'Brien has a frontage on the main road of 180 feet, with a probable depth of thirty or thirty-five feet. The owner of this shop is a resident in the neighborhood, and he will accept £400 for the freehold.

We were fortunate in finding the managing director of the Cardiff and Hayre Coal company, limited, at his office. Although the company require the mews for the purpose of a depot, they are not unwilling to sell, with a stipulation that the premises shall not be used by any competing company during a period of twenty years from the date of transfer. We stated that the site was required for a philanthropic purpose, but the latter stipulation is insisted on. The price asked is £2,300, which we consider excessive, there being a very inadequate approach. Moreover, we wish to point out that O'Brien's shop does not adjoin the mews, and it would be necessary to purchase two other houses to make the entire property a compact one.

However, adhering to the letter of your instructions, we have pleasure in informing you that the two properties can be acquired, with very little delay, for £2,600. The legal and other charges will not exceed £150. We trust, etc.

Philip immediately wrote:

I am greatly obliged by your promptitude in the matter of Johnson's Mews and the shop. I inclose check herewith for £2,800. The purchase of the other houses can stand over for a few days.

This he dispatched by special messenger, and in a few minutes he held a formal receipt.

A telegram came for him. It was from Mr. Abingdon.

Can see you after 6 at my house.

Then Philip enjoyed his first real breathing space during hours of daylight. He went by train to the cemetery in which his mother was buried, carrying with him a beautiful wreath.

It was a remarkable fact that this was the first visit he had paid to her grave. During the days of misery and mental madness which followed her death he never lost the delusion that her spirit abided with him in the poor dwelling they called "home."

Hence the narrow resting place beneath the green turf in no way appealed to him. But now that a succession of extraordinary external events had restored the balance of his mind he realized that she was really dead and buried; that what he revered as her spirit was in truth a fragrant memory; that he would be nearest to her mortal remains when standing in the remote corner of the burial ground allotted to the poorest of the poor—those removed by one degree from pauperdom and a parish grave.

It happened by mere chance that since Mrs. Anson's funeral no one had been interred on one side of the small space purchased for her. There were three vacant plots here, and a surprised official told Philip there would be no difficulty in acquiring these for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument.

The boy filled in the necessary forms there and then. It was some consolation to know that he could perpetuate her memory in this way, though he had formulated another project which should keep her name revered through the ages.

On the site of Johnson's Mews should arise the Mary Anson Home For Destitute Boys. He would build a place where those who were willing to work and learn would be given a chance and not driven, starving and desperate, to pick up an existence in the gutter.

He was too young to devise all the details of such a splendid institution, but he had got the idea and would possess the money. He would leave the practical part of the undertaking to older hands.

The one essential feature was that generations yet unborn should learn to love and honor the name of Mary Anson. Provided that were achieved, he knew the work would be successful.

Soon after leaving the cemetery he came face to face with Bradley, the policeman, who was in plain clothes and walking with a lady, obviously Mrs. Bradley, judging by the maternally manner in which she wheeled a perambulator containing a chubby infant.

"Well, I'm blowed!" cried the policeman. "Who would have thought of meeting you? I looked in at the mews last night, but you had gone. Some one is looking after you pretty well, eh?"

He cast a patronizing eye over Philip's garments, which were, of course, considerably smarter in appearance than those in which the constable had seen him on Thursday evening.

"Yes," said Philip. "I am in good hands now."

"They haven't given you a watch?" This anxiously.

"No, I am watchless."

"That's right. You'll have one soon. The inspector has your address. By the way, he wants to know your Christian name."

"Philip."

"Thanks. I won't forget."

Philip raised his hat and took the quickest route westward. He did not count on being recognized so easily.

Mr. Abingdon received him with some degree of reserve. The magistrate could not understand the receipt of a letter bearing the address of the Pall Mall hotel, a place where he had been entertained at dinner occasionally by one of his wealthy friends, but which was far removed from the limit imposed on the pocket of any man whose resources depended on the exercise of an ordinary profession.

But Philip still figured in his mind as a ragged urchin. Not even the skilled police magistrate could picture him as the actual owner of millions of pounds worth of portable property; hence, the boy's appearance now told in his favor. Cursory impressions soon yielded to positive begrudgment when

She, like everybody else, had read the newspapers and, of course, had the additional benefit of her husband's views on the subject of the unkempt boy with his small parcel of valuable gems.

But the presence of Philip under their roof, the glamour of the tale as it fell from his lips, cast a spell over her. She was a kindly soul, too, and tears gathered in her eyes at some portions of the recital.

"What a pity it is that your mother died," she murmured when he had ended.

The words endeared her to Philip instantly. A worldly, grasping woman would have thought of nothing save the vista of wealth opened up for her husband and herself. Not so Mrs. Abingdon. If anything, she was somewhat afraid of the responsibilities proposed to be undertaken by her spouse, to whom she was devoted.

The magistrate did not promise definitely that night to accept the position offered to him. He would think over the matter. He could retire on a pension at any time. This he would now do without delay, and Philip could certainly count on his friendship and advice, while his house would always be open to him.

Meanwhile he would give one word of advice—in trust no human being with the power to sign any binding document without his (Philip's) consent. That was all that he offered any one to deal unscrupulously with him.

The boy went away at a late hour. He left behind him an exceedingly perplexed couple, but he felt that when Mr. Abingdon had time to assimilate the facts and realize the great scope of the work before him there was little doubt he would gladly associate himself with it.

At the hotel a telegram awaited him: Have realized for fifty-two thousand returning Monday. ISAACSTEIN.

Here was the final proof, if proof were wanting. Philip was a millionaire many times over.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TALL, strongly built man, aged about forty-five, but looking older by reason of his grizzled hair and a face seamed with hardship, a man whose prominent eyes imparted an air of alert intelligence to an otherwise heavy and brutal countenance disfigured by a broken nose, stood on the north side of the Mile End road and looked fixedly across the street at a fine building which dwarfed the mean houses on either hand.

He had no need to ask what it was. Carved in stone over the handsome arch which led to an interior covered court was its title, "The Mary Anson Home For Destitute Boys." A date followed, a date ten years old.

The observer was puzzled. He gazed up and down the wide thoroughfare with the manner of one who asked himself:

"Now, why was that built there?"

A policeman strolled leisurely along the pavement, his light to the man addressed no question. Apparently unconscious of the constable's observant glance, he still continued to scrutinize the great pile of brick and stone which thrust its splendid campanile into the warm sunshine of an April day.

Beneath the name was an inscription: "These are they which passed through great tribulation."

A queer smile did not improve the man's expression as he read the text.

"Tribulation! That's it," he continued. "I've had ten years of it. And it started somewhere about the end of that fine entrance too. I wonder where Sallor is, and that boy. He's a man now, mebbe twenty-six or so, if he's alive. Oh, I hope he's alive! I hope he's rich and healthy and engaged or married to a nice young woman! If I've managed to live in purgatory for ten long years, a youngster like him should be able to pull through with youth and strength and a bagful of diamonds."

Without turning his head he became aware that the policeman had halted at some little distance.

"Of course I've got the mark on me," said the man savagely to himself. "He's spotted me all right. Well, I'll let him see I don't care for him or any of his breed. I never did care, and it's too late to begin now."

He crossed the road, passed between two fine iron gates standing hospitably open and paused at the door of the porter's lodge, where a stalwart commissionaire met him.

"Have you called to see one of the boys?" said the official cheerfully.

"No; I'm a stranger. It's a good many years since I was in these parts before. In those days there used to be a mews here and some warehouses at the back, with a few old shops."

"Oh, I expect so, but that is long before my time. The Mary Anson home was founded ten years ago, and it took two years to build. It's one of the finest charities in London. Would you like to look round?"

"Is that allowed?"

"Certainly. Everybody is welcome. If you go in by that side door there, you'll find an old man who has nothing to do but take visitors to the chief departments. Bless your heart, we lose half our boarders that way. People come here, see the excellences of the training we give and offer situations to boys who are old enough."

The man appeared to be surprised by the commissionaire's affability. He did not know that civility and kindness were essential there if any employee would retain an excellent post.

He passed on, measuring the tessellated court with a backward sweep of the eye. In the sunlit street beyond the arch stood the policeman. The visitor grinned again, an unamiable and sulky grin, and vanished.

The policeman crossed over.

"What is that chap after?" he inquired.

"Nothing special," was the answer. "Last time he was here the place was a mews, he said."

(Continued.)

Dress Well

Be well dressed. There is a certain correct style about suits made by

Emmons Tailoring Co.

At \$15 and \$20