

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

AND SUN-TELEGRAM.

Published and owned by the PALLADIUM PRINTING CO. Issued 7 days each week, evenings and Sunday morning.
Office—Corner North 9th and A streets.
Home Phone 1121. Bell 21.
RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Rudolph G. Leeds—Managing Editor.
Charles M. Morgan—Business Manager.
O. Owen Kuhn—News Editor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In Richmond \$5.00 per year (in advance) or 10c per week.
MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS.
One year, in advance \$5.00
Six months, in advance 2.60
One month, in advance45

RURAL ROUTES.

One year, in advance \$2.00
Six months, in advance 1.25
One month, in advance25

Address changed as often as desired; both new and old addresses must be given.

Subscribers will please remit with order, which should be given for a specified term; name will not be entered until payment is received.

Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post-office as second class mail matter.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

NATIONAL TICKET.

—For President—
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio.

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

STATE.

—Governor—
JAMES E. WATSON.

—Lieutenant Governor—
REMONT C. GOODWINE.

—Secretary of State—
FRED A. SIMS.

—Auditor of State—
JOHN C. BILLHEIMER.

—Treasurer of State—
OSCAR HADLEY.

—Attorney General—
JAMES BINGHAM.

—State Superintendent—
LAWRENCE McTURNAN.

—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.

COUNTY.

—Joint Representative—
LONZO 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.

—Surveyor—
ROBERT A. HOWARD.

—Recorder—
WILL J. ROBBINS.

—Commissioner Eastern Dist.—
HOMER FARLOW.

—Commissioner Middle Dist.—
BARNEY H. LINDERMAYER.

—Commissioner Western Dist.—
ROBERT N. BEESON.

WAYNE COUNTY.

—Trustee—
JAMES H. HOWARTH.

—Assessor—
CHARLES E. POTTER.

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 Quaker 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.

Now 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 untameable"—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 unremitting and unrelenting 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.

Quer 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 learnedly. "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.

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 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 learnedly. "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 Devil in the Heart.

An insatiable 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 perfused. "My immortal soul," says the good fellow, instantaneously converted into an atrocious liar, and the little devil cooed with satisfaction and curtsied 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 Conclave.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—Richmond Lodge No. 186, F. and A. M. Stated Meeting.

Friday, Oct. 9.—King Solomon's Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M. Stated Conclave.

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

said to be planning a second divorce

it, but is now said to be reconciled

with her husband. Picture to the left is

Edmond K. Stallo.

They Will Be Discussed at

Mississippi Congress.

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 dishing up 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, Tuesday and Wednesday 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

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 speech and gone to other heads.

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.

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 other heads.

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 matronly manner in which she wheeled a perambulator containing a chubby infant.

"Well, I'm blomed," cried the policeman. "Who would have thought of meeting you? I looked in at the news 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

been 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 way, he wants to know your Christian name."

"Philip."

"Thanks. I won't forget."

Philip raised his hat and took the quickstep route westward. He did not stop on the way.

He stopped at a 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,</p