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TARIFF AND TRUSTS.

It has been urged by Mr. Bryan that the principal reason for revision of the tariff and bringing the tariff for revenue only into existence is the trust question.

His theory is that the removal of the tariff will restore the country to the time when there were no corporations.

But will it? Surely the removal of the tariff will work a greater hardship on the smaller concerns in that particular industry than it will on the corporation, which controls the largest share of the trade? It stands to reason that if the tariff reduction is one which will destroy the largest concerns in one industry that same disastrous effect will spread throughout the industry.

That the tariff has not much or any effect on the formation of trusts Mr. Bryan will have a hard time to show in as much as there are quite as many "trusts" in England which has free trade as there are in this country. Further more the Standard Oil company which is regarded as the most malignant of the "trusts", would not be affected by a tariff revision nor would the anthracite trust which has no tariff protection what so ever.

It must be recognized that there are certain trusts which have profited by the tariff but so have the smaller concerns in the business.

It must be clearly distinguished that Mr. Bryan's objection to the trust is the crushing of small competitors. Now the tariff has nothing to do with this—that is a matter which is due to other abuses. How can a trust crush a company by the tariff when that same company en-

joys the same tariff.

No Mr. Bryan, the remedy for the trusts does not lie in the tariff but by other legislation.

The fact is that tariff revision is necessary on certain articles, but not for trust extinction. Trust extinction sounds well—but it means business extinction if it is to be accomplished by tariff changes.

There is no question that the tariff must be revised, but not on the basis suggested by Mr. Bryan. It must be revised to help business and not to kill it. It must be done by scientific methods and not by crowbar and sledge hammer methods.

Any attempt to kill business in this country will be resented and justly. The excesses must be topped off the diseased tree but the purpose must be to kill the disease and not to kill the tree. What is the difference in the end if the remedy is as bad as the disease?

Remedial trust legislation is not tariff revision and the two should be kept separate.

FARMING UP-TO-DATE.

The agricultural exhibits in the agricultural show call the attention of the onlooker to the fact which few enough of us realize, that Richmond lies in one of the most fertile agricultural districts in the middle west.

But there is more to it than the mere fertility of the soil—it is the man behind it all. The Indian lived on this same ground and eked out his living, off the products of the woods and stream with a little patch of maize in the clearing.

Today, cleared fields, fine houses, well filled barns, granaries and corn cribs. That is the work of the modern farmer.

Nor is all. Mere quantity is not enough for the farmer. The process of selective breeding is not confined to live stock but to everything the farmer raises.

The wonderful productivity of American soil is not the only reason why the American farmer supplies the world with food stuffs—this year the country has over a billion dollar crop.

There are those who say—the fertility will be exhausted—the country cannot keep it up.

But present methods do not indicate this. The farmer by fertilization and crop rotation is putting back in the soil what he got from it, and is learning better methods.

Moreover, in those portions of the country in which it has been necessary intensive or truck farming has shown that the American farmer can play that game better than the other countries, which have had to rely on it for their very life.

What does all this prove? Only this—that the American farmer succeeds on account of his brain matter. Wayne county is quite as up-to-date in the farming occupation as any other section of the country.

And to a large degree Richmond's growth has been due to Wayne county farmers, as every one will realize who sees the exhibits of agricultural products.

ITALIAN CLAIMS PART OF GOOD SAMAITAN

Andrea Pardo Only Gave Woman a Shelter for Night.

A part of the testimony in the cases of the state vs. Andrea Pardo, an Italian and Stella Schreckenhaus, a white woman was heard in the city court yesterday afternoon. The man is charged with associating and the woman with prostitution. It is claimed by Pardo that the woman came to his house on Fort Wayne avenue late Saturday night and said she was without any place to stay during the night and asked him if he would take her in. He complied with the request and the arrest followed before the night had passed. It is claimed by the police that if this statement is correct the woman must have been accustomed to make such visits as there had been frequent complaint about the conduct of affairs at the house.

MEETING SUCCESS.

Old Folks Met at Whitewater on Sunday.

Whitewater, Ind., Oct. 6.—The Old Folks Day at the M. E. church was observed Sunday. This was one of the best as well as one of the most impressive religious services ever conducted in this church. The attendance was large and the older members took unusual interest in the services. Many outsiders were present. The dinner served in the hall was an elaborate feature. There were 98 guests that partook of the feast. The exercises of the afternoon were especially good. Rev. Bookwalter of the German Baptist church gave an interesting temperance discourse.

Affable Grocer (to local art master)—Yes, sir, I shall be sending 'im along to your evening classes when 'e's a bit older, and I want you to learn 'im just like you learned his brother. You so trained that lad's eye, sir, that 'e can cut the bacon to a quarter of an ounce!—Punch.

COSTLY IS LESSON

Haler Sent to Jail for Not Appearing in City Court.

MAY SERVE AS WARNING.

Florence Haler now is appearing in the light of the "awful example." He has been convicted of the charge of contempt of court and sent to jail. The judge added to that a ten-days sentence and this with his fine, makes Haler's stay at the county boarding house twenty-one days unless some one pays his fine.

A few weeks ago Haler had trouble with Charles Muth. He rushed over to police headquarters and stated Muth had struck him. He said he wanted to file an affidavit charging Muth with assault and battery. He was granted the privilege. Muth was arrested and arraigned. He pleaded not guilty and the case was continued until the next day.

Muth and his attorney appeared in court, but Haler did not show up. The court suspected Haler might have had reason to leave the city and ordered his arrest upon his return. He was taken into custody a few days ago. Haler told the court that his mother was lying at the point of death and he went to her. The court could not see why he did not notify the police and seemed to have a shadow of suspicion as to the authenticity of Haler's story. It is a fact that in the past a number of affidavits have been filed, but never prosecuted, because of the failure of the affiant to make his appearance in court. The judge believes such action tends to put the court in disrepute and has determined to use his efforts to stop it.

Suffering For Love.

An English traveler in northern Nigeria describes an interesting custom connected with marriage which he came across among the Fulani, a tribe of wandering herdsmen who show no trace of negro blood and are supposed to be of Asiatic origin. One might at first suppose that they had advanced ideas about the relations of the sexes. Before a man is allowed to marry he has to stand a sound thrashing with a whip. In some parts of Europe this test of fitness for the wedded state might more reasonably be applied to the woman. One is reminded of Thomas Edgeworth's friend, who in selecting a bride dropped hot sealing wax on the girl's arm and fired a pistol off near her ear.

A primary teacher was presenting her class selections from the story of Hiawatha preparatory to taking up the "Hiawatha Primer." The story was prefaced by a few remarks in regard to the poet and his love for children in reviewing the lesson she asked: "How many remember the name of the poet who wrote this story?"

"You may tell us, Sarah," added the teacher, noticing the little one wildly waving her hand in her intense eagerness to respond.

"Mr. Longlegs," said the child, with evident pride.—Lippincott's.

A Quaint Critic.

A noted woman teacher once spoke before a class of school children on literature. She had spent a week writing the speech. She read it to the little ones, as she hoped, with great success, but the next day she heard that a boy on being asked by his mother what had happened at the school replied carelessly: "Oh, nothing much, except that a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper."

Just the Contrary.

Bessie was just dishing her break fast as papa stooped to kiss her before going downtown. The little one gravely took up her napkin and wiped her cheek.

"What, Bessie," said her father "wiping away papa's kiss?"

"Oh, no," said she, looking up, with a sweet smile; "I'm wubbing it in."

A Bad Spell.

"Poor Jack! He never could spell, and it ruined him."

"How?"

"He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with and he wrote honey for bonny."

A wise man should not refuse a kindness.—Herodotus.

PREPARES PLAYS FOR PRODUCTION IN U. S.



ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Israel Zangwill, the famous author, who has just arrived in this country, and is said to be preparing several plays for production in the near future.

HER FRIEND PLAYED RACES; SHE IS BROKE.



MRS. LILLIAN G. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Lillian G. Johnson is the reality broker of New York City, who was forced into bankruptcy, because she endorsed the checks of a friend who played the races.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye.

"ENTERING JOURNALISM."

A young man asks the writer to state what is necessary by way of preparation to "enter daily journalism."

EVERYTHING IS NECESSARY. Daily newspaper work, on the editorial side, is the most exacting business on earth.

First, the beginner must have a strong body. He should have a RESERVOIR OF VITALITY to withstand the killing strain of intense labors concentrated into a short time.

Next, he must have that sixth sense known as "the nose for news." It is difficult to describe the faculty, usually born in the bone. It is the ability which sees "a story" where others would stumble over it.

These are fundamentals. Add the alert and bulldog tenacity to follow a lead, accurate judgment, ability to make and hold friends, patience, poise, initiative, industry, loyalty to orders.

What? you say. How about the ability to write? Any school graduate can write. Of course it is necessary to be able to write strong, clear, simple English.

Mind you, all this will simply put your foot on the LOWEST RUNG OF THE LADDER as a "club reporter." You can only climb through experience and trials under daily difficulties.

That is why a veteran warns the unknowing.

Young man, don't "enter journalism" unless—

You were predestined from all eternity to be a newspaper man, or—Unless you know you will never be happy outside a newspaper office, or—Unless the stern duties are like a bugle call of challenge to your best endeavor.

Because the demands of a modern daily newspaper—if you would climb—are keyed AS HIGH AS FLESH AND BLOOD CAN STAND. And the pay is not in proportion. The discipline is almost as severe as that of the military service. And there is NO MERCY FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

But—If the odor of printer's ink is intense to your nostrils, if you feel it in your power to make good, if the strong soul of you rises to the call, why, then—

In the name of Benjamin Franklin, PITCH IN.

You will get your chance, never fear. "Pull" cannot promote some less able fellow above you. You stand on your own business. Merit will win.

And there are compensations and satisfactions. The fascination of the business is beyond that of any other.

But, by the price of your eternal salvation, do not misunderstand the requirements.

A New Vehicle.

"Is Mr. Bromley in?" asked the caller.

"He is not, sorr." Pat answered politely. "Shure he won't be in till 4 o'clock or mebbe after."

"Where's he gone?"

"He went to ride in his interim, sorr."

"His what?"

"His interim. 'Tis a tony name for buggy, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago Mister Bromley says to me, 'Pat, says he, 'I'm ipitchin' Mister Dobbs here some time this afternoon, but I guess he won't be after kiltin' here yet awhile, so I'll go downtown in the interim.' An' with that he drove off in his buggy."—The Irishman's Magazine.

WOULD MORTGAGE THE FARM.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire, Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Buckley's Arnica Salve cured the two worst sores I ever saw; one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage the farm to get it." Only 25c at A. G. Luken & Co's drug store.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

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 convention.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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"Unless I am greatly mistaken, I have a ticket in my pocket."
"You don't say! Do you know him?"
"No. I'll look him up in the album in the station when I go off duty."
"Well, he can't do any harm here. O'Brien takes visitors over a regular round, and in any case, the man seems to be honest enough in his curiosity."
"You never can tell. They're up to all sorts of dodges."
"Thanks very much. I'll ring for O'Brien's relief and tell him to keep an eye on them, as the old man is blind as a bat."

Meanwhile the stranger was being conducted up a wide staircase by a somewhat fattering guide, who wore the breast of a uniform, the Crimean and Indian military medals. As he hobbled in front he told, with a strong Irish brogue, the familiar story of the Mary Anson home—how it fed, lodged and clothed 600 boys of British parentage born in the White-chapel district; how it taught them trades and followed their careers with fostering care; how it never refused a meal or warm sleeping place to any boy, no matter where he came from or what his nationality, provided he satisfied the superintendent that he was really destitute or needed his small capital for trading purposes next day.

The great central hall where the 600 regular inmates ate their meals, the dormitories, the playgrounds, the drill shed and gymnasium, the workshops, the library, the theater, were all pointed out, but the big man with the starting eyes was not interested one jot in any of these things.

"Who was Mary Anson?" he asked, when the well worn tale was ended, "and how did she come to build such a fine place here?"

"Ah, ye may well ask that," said old O'Brien. "Sure, she didn't build it at all. She was a poor widow livin' alone—st wid one son, Mr. Philip that is now. She was a born lady, but she kem down in the world and died, forlorn an' forgotten, in a little shanty in Johnson's Mews, as it was called in those days."

"I remember it well."
"Ye do, eh? Mebbe ye know my old shop, the marine store near the entrance to the court?"

"Yes."

"Arrah, ye don't tell me so. Me eyes are gettin' worse, an' I can't make out yer face. What's yer name?"

"Oh, I'm afraid we didn't know one another. I can't recall your name, though I recollect the shop well enough. But, if Mrs. Anson died so poor, how was her son able to set this great house on its legs? It must have cost a mint of money."

"Faix, ye're right. Quarter of a million went afore there was a boy under its roof. And they say it costs £50,000 a year to keep it goin'." But Mr. Philip would find that and more to delight the soul of the mother that's dead. Sure it's aisy for him, in a way. Isn't he the Diamond King?"

"The Diamond King! Why is he called that?"

"D'ye mane to say you niver—Man alive, what part of creation did ye live in to have didn't hear tell of Mr. Philip Anson, the boy who discovered an extra splendiferous diamond mine of his own, no one knows where? Sure, now, what's wrong wid ye?"

For the visitor was softly using words which to O'Brien's dull ears sounded very like a string of curses.

"I'm sorry," growled the other with an effort. "I've been to Africa, an' I get such a spasm now an' then in my liver that I can hardly stand."

"That's no way to cure yourself—profoundly the name of the Almighty," cried O'Brien.

"No, I'm sorry, I tell you. But about this boy—"

"There's no more to see now, if ye please. That's the way out."

O'Brien was deeply offended by the language used beneath a roof hallowed by the name of Mary Anson. The slightest had to go, and quickly. Another commissioner, who was observing them from a distance, came up and asked O'Brien what the stranger was talking about.

"Ye niver heard sich a blaggard," said the old man indignantly. "I was in the middle of tellin' him about Mr. Philip, when he began to curse like old Nick himself."

In the Mile End road the rawboned person who betrayed such excitement found the policeman awaiting him. He sprang on to a bus and purposely glanced at the officer's face to attract his attention. When at a safe distance he put his fingers to his nose. The constable smiled.

"I knew I was right," he said. "I don't need to look twice at that sort of customer."

And he entered the Mary Anson home again to ask the porter what had taken place.

It was an easy matter for Jocky Mason, released from Portland prison on ticket of leave, after serving the major portion of a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude—the man he assaulted had died, and the convict narrowly escaped being hanged—to ascertain the salient facts of Philip Anson's later career.

It was known to most men. He was biographed briefly in "Who's Who" and had often supplied material for a column of gossip in the newspapers. Every free library held books containing references to him.

It was quite impossible that the source of his great wealth should remain hidden for all time. In one way and another it leaked out, and he became identified with the ragged youth who created a sensation in the dock of the Clerkenwell police station.

But this was years later, and the clever manipulation of Mr. Abingdon, as his estate agent, and of Mr. Isaacstein, as his representative in the diamond trade, completely frustrated all attempts to measure the true extent of the meteor's value.

Kodol For Indigestion. Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

PATENT: Gold Medal Flour is very highest

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, and Purifies the breath. A superior dentifrice for people of refinement.

Established in 1866 by
J. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

depended on a certain class of the courtiers and gossips of servants. At a dinner on family, the presence of a pious and solemn lady was dispensed with.

"Oh, you lawyers!" he cried. "That's a nice sort of leading question. But, unravel it as it may seem to you, I must answer 'Yes.' My mother's maiden name was Morland. Her brother was much older than she, and it appears the dear woman married to please herself, thereby mortally offending the baronet."

"Why the offense?"

"Because my father's social position was not equal to that of the aristocratic Morlands. Moreover, her brother had an accident in his youth which rendered him irritable and morose. From being a pleasant sort of man—which, indeed, he must have been did he share aught of my mother's nature—he grew into a misanthrope and gave his life to the classification of Exmoor beetles. He treated my mother very badly, so badly that even she, dear soul, during her married life held no further communication with him and never mentioned him to me by name. Now, one day on Exmoor he found a lady who also was devoted to beetles—at least she knew all that the Encyclopedia Britannica could teach her. She was a poor but handsome widow."

"Ah!"

"It is delightful to talk with you, Abingdon. Your monosyllables help the narrative along. Sir Philip married the widow. She brought him a son, aged five. There were no children born of my uncle's marriage."

"Oh."

"When poverty overtook my dear one, she so far obliterated a cruel memory as to appeal, not once, but many times, to the human clemency of Exmoor, but she was invariably frozen off either by Lady Louisa Morland or by Messrs. Sharpe & Smith."

"Did they admit this?"

"By no means. I am telling you the facts. I am still on top of the Pyrenees."

"Then how did you ascertain the facts?"

"I have in my possession ever since my mother's death the letters they wrote to her. They were fresh in my memory when you and I first met in the Clerkenwell police court. That is why the name of Philip Morland was glib on my tongue."

"So I have only heard historical events—events prior to the last ten years?"

"Exactly. My uncle is now sixty years of age. Lady Louisa Morland's son is twenty-four. Her ladyship's whole aim in life has been to secure him as the baronet's heir. The title, of course, he cannot obtain. But, most unfortunately, he has no penchant for beetles. Indeed, Lady Louisa's researches have long since diminished in ardor. Her son's interests are divided between the Sports club and the copy press of the latest musical comedy. Moths are more in his line apparently."

My uncle,