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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—
FREMONT C. GOODWIN.

—Secretary of State—
FRED A. SIMS.

—Auditor of State—
JOHN C. BILLHEIMER.

—Treasurer of State—
OSCAR HADLEY.

—Attorney General—
JAMES BINGHAM.

—State Superintendent—
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—State Statistician—
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—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—
ALONZO M. GARDNER.

—Representative—
WALTER S. RATLIFF.

—Circuit Judge—
HENRY C. FOX.

—Prosecuting Attorney—
CHAS. L. LADD.

—Treasurer—
ALBERT ALBERTSON.

—Sheriff—
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—Coroner—
DR. A. L. BRANKAMP.

—Surveyor—
ROBERT A. HOWARD.

—Recorder—
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—Commissioner Eastern Dist.—
HOMER FARLOW.

—Commissioner Middle Dist.—
BARNEY H. LINDERMAN.

—Commissioner Western Dist.—
ROBERT N. BEESON.

WAYNE TOWNSHIP.

—Trustee—
JAMES H. HOWARTH.

—Assessor—
CHARLES E. POTTER.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

What other people have to say in regard to the Fall Festival is worth what we of Richmond may think we lack perspective.

A woman who was born and bred in the East, but who has lived in Richmond for some years remarked on the Fall Festival: "The city of Richmond seems unable to do anything without having hysterics over it."

It is true that with all that is going on, the town has been excited, but hardly to "hysterics." At the same time if "hysterics" are the by-product of the splendid enterprise of the Fall Festival let us have them. We need in Richmond just a little more of the enthusiasm and go which seems to the dwellers of the effete and disgruntled East to border on hysteria. That to all close observers of Richmond life has been just the thing lacking. As well have champagne without the fizz—the flower without the smell, as a show without enthusiasm. It is worth while pointing out that we have never had such enthusiasm before and that it is the by-product of co-operation, or working together, of having a common interest.

On the other hand a former Richmond man who has traveled to the ends of the earth and back, made the remark: "There was nothing of this in my day. I like it." This simply means that a new growth has taken the place of the old times. That's what Richmond knows and likes to have realized. Another commentator was a New York banker.

"Yes," he said, "this is a bully show—I like it and above all I like the way the young men have gone into this

with spirit and go. This boosting of Richmond which you are all engaged, it is the proper spirit. The sooner people realize that it is to everybody's advantage to help along Richmond, the sooner you will have profitable results. Enthusiasm is the one thing that you have lacked in the past. I have never seen such public spirit here before."

And there you are! There was one other commentator—and he a farmer from the neighborhood of Eaton.

"I had come here expecting an ordinary show—but you fooled me this time. Why isn't it the same time?"

Boiled down, all the foregoing statements mean but one thing. Richmond has lost the lethargy which was so firmly rooted, lost the sleepy, tired feeling. Richmond is awake. Call it "hysterics" if you will, but instead of a nervous disease it should be diagnosed as the full spirit of health and work well done.

Give us more "hysterics."

LABOR AND TEMPERANCE.

"I wish to state most emphatically that the railroad organizations, as organizations, do not approve of any radical resolutions whereby organized labor enters partisan politics or condemns the action of the lawmakers of the state of Indiana. The railroad organizations, as far as I know, have taken no part in condemning James E. Watson, and positively they stand for temperance, because the fundamental principles of our organization are founded on sobriety, and all possible efforts are being made to impress upon the minds of the public that we are trying to live up to the principles advocated by us."

So spoke the vice president of the legislative board of Railroad Trainmen and a delegate to the recent Vincennes meeting of the Federation of Labor, which passed resolutions against County Local Option Watson and tied up to the brewery interests.

He represents the men of the labor unions who declare that they object to being coerced into supporting the brewery trust by their Democratic leaders. Union labor cannot be bound and delivered to some one else no matter who passes resolutions.

When the organizations of labor which have for their object, the uplift of working men, (whether it be on the question of wages or sanitary conditions of working surroundings, or the betterment of all the working men in their daily life) tie up to the brewery combine they are doing a dangerous thing.

It is pleasing to see that the sentiment of the rank and file of organized labor all over the state, resent being "delivered." If there is one thing which should not be interfered with it is the right of the working man to vote as he pleases.

What good will it do organized labor to tie up to the most deceitful and treacherous force in Indiana politics—the brewery trust, whose very business involves ruin to organized labor.

As far back as 1842 the slogan of the drink workers was "educate and leave glass alone. Education is more stimulating and lasting than liquor, and it leaves the head clear."

The men of the unions have done well to recognize this—the working men as a class are sober and industrious and law-abiding. They do not care especially to be tied up to Tom Taggart and his brewery trust, which in its effect is the most lawless influence at work in this state. They may care to take a glass of beer now and then—but they do not approve of intemperance and brewery control of politics.

By supporting Marshall they support—T. Taggart, Crawford Fairbanks and Albert Lieber.

By electing the tool of Tom Taggart they only help the state to be gagged and bound and rendered helpless to brewery control.

That this is not the purpose and desire of the unions is shown by the opposition to the resolutions passed by the tools of Taggart at the Vincennes meeting condemning Watson and county local option.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

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

RESIGNS AS SUPT. OF LIGHT PLANT

Geo. Donson to Quit Hagerstown Municipal Concern.

Hagerstown, Ind., Oct. 7.—George Donson, superintendent of the electric light plant, has resigned his position to take effect Oct. 15. Donson will be employed by J. M. Worl and Son, Hardware Co., as electrician. Samuel Siersdorfer of Indianapolis, has been secured by the city council to succeed Mr. Donson. Mr. Siersdorfer will come this week, but will not take entire charge until Donson leaves.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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KITCHEN TO THE PARLOR.

Katy and Hilda and Lena work in your kitchen and in the kitchens of your neighbors.

Inquire of the postmaster of your town how much money these girls and other housemaids send in the course of a year to their relatives across the water.

It will be a large amount. It goes by registered letter to the old country to bring father or mother or sister or brother to this country or to pay doctor or burial bills or buy comforts for the folks over there.

The girls save this money religiously. And they do not regard their enforced frugality as a sacrifice. It is rated as a joy.

Compare the filial solicitude of these strong muscled, deep chested, rosy faced girls of the kitchen with the ungrateful, even heartless, conduct of some native born girls.

Sometimes one almost is tempted to suspect there is something about democratic institutions that breeds insurrection under the roof-tree.

Certain it is that the tendency of the times as to the family is changing. The old time discipline, the respect for parental authority, the old time reverence and ready obedience of children are giving way.

Possibly it is a logical reaction. Possibly the stern custom of a former generation was too severe. Possibly, certainly there is a deplorable loosening of discipline, a disposition to push the parents into a corner, to disregard authority—even to sneer at parental advice and direction.

Is it not so? Who that reads the newspapers is not often shocked at the recital of many cases of base ingratitude on the part of children, and worse—instances of abandonment and abuse of parents?

In fact, the easy way in which families are loosened—including divorce—is quite appalling.

This is not rapid pessimism. It is God's truth. And it is serious, because whatever strikes at the family strikes at the very vitals of our society.

Katy and Hilda and Lena—bless their tender hearts—who come over the ocean to serve a prosperous people, do not cease to love and obey the old folks at home.

Katy and Hilda and Lena of the kitchen—almost all of them—are competent to teach the first principles of filial devotion to Muriel and Agatha and Genevieve of the front parlor.

BEVERIDGE COMPLETES NORTHWESTERN TOUR

He Deals With Labor Question in Labor Stronghold.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 7.—Senator A. J. Beveridge of Indiana spoke here last night, completing his tour of the Northwest. Tacoma and Seattle also were visited Tuesday.

Senator Beveridge's exposition of the laws affecting union labor passed by Republican congresses is considered the strongest argument presented in this campaign in this, a strong union labor country. In Seattle, Senator Beveridge urged a greater navy, and pointed out that four additional battleships would have prevented the war with Spain.

BIESER CANDIDATE GETS ON TICKET

Secretary of State Takes a Hand in Third Dist. Fight.

Columbus, O., Oct. 7.—Secretary of State Thompson ordered the name of Raymond Hornbeck, the Bieser nominee, placed upon the official ballot as presidential elector from the Third district in preference to that of John C. Hoover, who was nominated by the Harding faction. This may further complicate matters in the three-cornered congressional fight that is now being waged in that district, to the detriment of the Republican ticket, as Congressman Eugene Harding is contesting for his second term against William Tarzill, who was placed on the ticket when Clatrow resigned.

A Land Where Women Are Tyrants. A missionary of long experience in Basutoland has declared that the men there are much more often ill used by their heathen wives than vice versa. The fact is that these women, by their labor in the fields and their domestic work, support the men; consequently the latter are dependent upon their wives instead of its being the other way about, as with us, and, the field work making them strong and vigorous, the women are usually quite able to hold their own if ill used—for instance, they sometimes bite off their husbands' ears! However, this does not make it any easier for a woman to become a Christian, because then she feels it wrong to assert herself and hit back, and thus she is at the mercy of her husband, and it is very little mercy she gets when she refuses to comply with heathen customs.—Missionary Review of the World.

Kodol For Indigestion.

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

SARAH ELIZABETH: These months you liked so well were made from Gold Medal Flour.

REPUBLICANS LOOK TO GREAT VICTORY

Conditions Over the Country Indicate Election of Ticket.

PRESIDENT IN CONFERENCE

MEETS WITH ROOT, CORTELYOU, BACON, MEYER AND LOEB AND THE SITUATION IS CAREFULLY REVIEWED.

Washington, Oct. 7.—The political situation at large, and particularly the prospects for the state and national tickets in New York, was carefully gone over at a conference at the White House last night between the President; William L. Ward, New York member of the Republican national committee; Secretary Root, Secretary Cortelyou, Postmaster General Meyer, Secretary Loeb and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon.

Secretary Loeb later told the newspaper men there would be no statement relative to the conference. One of those who took part said, however, a review of conditions showed the general situation was encouraging to the Republicans and especially good reports were coming in as to the chances of the New York state ticket. The campaign for Mr. Taft has thrown off the last vestige of idleness, he said.

Secretary Loeb stated that President Roosevelt had answered in 1904 the charges made by Alton B. Parker of New York at Baltimore, Monday night, that "when President Roosevelt so sweepingly condemned Haskell for his alleged connection with the Standard Oil company he perhaps forgot that in 1904 his (Roosevelt's) committee received \$100,000 from the Standard Oil company for the campaign fund and spent it."

"SOMEBODY LIED" YELLS COL. GUFFEY

Claims Haskell's Osage Oil Assertion False.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 7.—In reply to Governor Haskell's open letter to President Roosevelt, Col. J. M. Guffey, ex-democratic national committeeman from Pennsylvania, says:

"Haskell's statement that I ever discussed the Osage oil lease with the president is an absolute falsehood. I never met or spoke to President Roosevelt but once, and that was at a reception and dinner given to him July 4, 1902, at the Schenley hotel, Pittsburg.

"Very well. Let us appoint a day next week and overhaul the entire collection. I intend to keep the big ones to form the center ornaments of a tiara, a necklace and gawgaws of that sort."

"I am glad to hear it." "My dear fellow, I suppose there will be a Mrs. Anson some day, but I have not found her yet."

"Whoever she is, that shall command my heart and me."

And a ripple of laughter chased away the last shadows from his face.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. ABINGTON took his departure at an early hour. His excellent wife was indisposed, and her age rendered him anxious.

Philip wrote a curt letter to Sharpe & Smith. He had given thought to their statements, he said, and wished to hold no further communication with either Sir Philip Morland or his representatives.

Then he ordered his private hansom, intending to visit the University club.

It was a fine evening, one of those rare nights when base London abandons herself for an hour to the delights of spring. The tops of omnibuses passing through Park lane were enlivened by music and flower covered hats. Men who passed in hansom were evening dress without an overcoat. Old earth was growing again, and if weather wise folk predicted that such a unusually high temperature meant thunderstorms and showers it would indeed be a poor heart that did not rejoice in the influences of the moment.

Two powdered and noiseless footmen threw open the door as Philip appeared in the hall. He stood for a little while in the entrance buttoning his gloves. A strong electric light—beamed light—fell on him and revealed his firm face and splendidly proportioned frame.

He cast a critical eye on a sleek horse in the shafts and smiled pleasantly at the driver.

"Good gracious, Wale," he said, "your cattle are becoming as fat as yourself!"

"All your fault, sir," was the cheerful reply. "You don't use 'em 'arf enough."

"I can't pass my time in being driven about town to reduce the weight of my coachman and horses. Wale, if you don't do something desperate there will be an 'h' after the 'w' in your name."

He sprang into the vehicle. With a lively "Kim up!" Wale got his stout steed into a remarkably fast trot.

A tall man who had been loitering and smoking beneath the trees across the road for a long time sauntered toward a tradesman's cart which was standing near the area gate of the next house while the man in charge gossiped with a kitchenmaid.

"Beg pardon!" he said to the couple. "Is that Mr. Philip Anson's place?"

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy.

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

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"I do not know. I forgot to ask."

"I have a wide experience of the jeunesse doree of London. Hardly a week passed during many years of my life that one of his type did not appear before me in the dock. What is he—a rouse, a gambler, probably a drunkard?"

"All these, I gathered from the so-called."

"And if your mother were living, what would she say to Lady Morland?"

"She would pity her from the depths of her heart. Yes, Abington, you are right. My uncle's wife has chosen her own path. She must follow it, let it lead where it will. I will write to Messrs. Sharpe & Smith now. But step into my dressing room with me for a moment, will you, eh?"

In a corner of the spacious apartment to which he led his guest stood a large safe. Philip opened it. Within were a number of books and documents, but in a large compartment at the bottom stood a peculiar object for such a repository—an ordinary leather portmanteau. He lifted it on to a couch and took a key from a drawer in the safe.

"This is one of my treasures which you have never seen," he said, with a sorrowful smile. "It has not been in the light for many years."

He revealed to his friend's wondering eyes the tattered suit and cap, the rusty doorknob, associated with that unfortunate month of March of a decade earlier. He reverently unfolded some of his mother's garments, and his eyes were misty as he surveyed them.

But from the pocket of the portmanteau he produced a packet of soiled letters. One by one he read them aloud, though he winced at the remembrance of the agony his mother must have endured as she experienced each rebuff from Lady Morland and her husband's solicitors.

Yet he persevered to the end. "I wanted a model for a brief communication to Messrs. Sharpe & Smith," he said bitterly. "I think the general purport of their correspondence will serve my needs admirably."

As he closed the Gladstone bag his stern mood vanished.

"Do you know," he said, "that this odd looking portmanteau, always locked and always reposing in a safe, has puzzled my valets considerably? One man got it out and tried to open it. I caught him in the act. I honestly believe both he and the others were under the impression that I kept my diamonds in it."

"By the way, that reminds me of a request from Isaacstein. As all the smaller diamonds have now been disposed of and there remain only the large stones, he thinks that some of them might be cut into sections. They are unmarketable at present."

"Very well. Let us appoint a day next week and overhaul the entire collection. I intend to keep the big ones to form the center ornaments of a tiara, a necklace and gawgaws of that sort."

"I am glad to hear it." "My dear fellow, I suppose there will be a Mrs. Anson some day, but I have not found her yet."

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som, did not take his master down Park lane, along Piccadilly, and so to Pall Mall. He loved corners. Give him the remotest chance of following a zigzag course and he would follow it in preference to a route with all the directness of a Roman road.

Thus it happened as he spun round Carlos place into Berkeley square he nearly collided with another vehicle which dashed into the square from Davies street.

Both horses pulled up with a jerk, there was a sharp fusillade of what cabmen call "language," and the other hansom drove on, having the best of the strategic position by a stoical yard.

Philip lifted the trapdoor. "Hiss he a fare, Wale?" "Yes, sir, a lady."

"Oh, leave him alone then! Otherwise I would have liked to see you ride him off at the corner of Bruton street."

Wale, who was choleric, replied with such force that Philip tried to say sternly:

"Stop that swearing, Wale."

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, but I wouldn't let a fellow like that ride my own old keb. Didn't you spot it?"

"You don't tell me so. How odd?" "And to think of a brewer's drayman like that gettin' 'old of it. Well!"

Wale put the lid on in case his employer might hear any more of his sentiments.

Philip, leaning back to laugh, for Wale's vocabulary was amusing if not fit for publication, suddenly realized the queer trick that even the events in the life of an individual have of repeating themselves.

In one day, after an interval of many years, he had been suddenly confronted by personages connected with the period of his sufferings, with the very garments he wore at that time, with the cab in which he drove from Clerkwell to Hatton Garden. Abington had dined with him; Isaacstein had sent him a message; his driver even was the cabman who made him a present of 2 shillings, a most fortunate transaction for Wale, as it led to his selection to look after Philip's London stable.

All who had befriended the forlorn boy in those early days had benefited to an extraordinary degree. The coffee stall keeper who gave him coffee grounds and crusts, the old clothes man who cut down the price of his first outfit, Mrs. Wrigley, going helplessly to her toil in a Shepherd's Bush laundry; Mr. Wilson of Grant & Sons, the kindly jeweler of Ludgate Hill, were each sought out and either placed in a good business or bounteously rewarded for the services they had rendered. Of Eden, of course, was found a sinecure office at the Mary Anson home.

As for the doctor, he owed his Harley street practice to the millionaire's help and patronage.

It is worthy of note that Philip never wore a watch other than that presented to him by the police of the White-chapel division.

It was an ordinary English silver lever, as he recalled it attached to a knotted hosiery.

Did he but know how far the historical parallel had gone that day—how Jocky Mason had waited for hours