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THE SPOILS.

"To the victor belong the spoils."
Since the time when Andrew Jackson invented the spoils system, the democratic party has never wavered from that doctrine. The issues have come—the issues have gone—but still remains. Mr. Bryan's futile fallacies have one by one died and he has tried to bury them out of sight by maintaining that they "are not in the platform," but the spoils system has flourished in all the history of the Bryan party still called democratic.

Mr. Marshall subscribes heartily to the evergreen principle of democracy. In August Mr. Marshall announced at Bethany Park:

"I am a democrat, and the democratic party believes that to the victor belong the spoils."

As this is one of the few straightforward statements Marshall has made, we assume that it is the feature of his campaign which he desires to be emphasized.

The spoils system is one of the most potent reasons for bad government, mal administration and graft in this country. It goes on the doctrine that any man who has contributed services or money for his parties success is deserving of a "job" so that he may get his pay. It does not mean that a man should be a public servant have any qualifications for office which he is given by the man he helped elect.

The spoils system breeds the graft and corruption in office. The fat job, the franchise sold for a "rake off," the contract for public institutions in which, "there is a little graft," some bodies incompetent never do well of a man who can not succeed in business

—he too is "taken care of" by the beneficent spoils system.

It is greatly to the credit of the republican party throughout the states and the nation that it has undeniably stood for civil service examinations as a qualification for fitness and for non-partisan administrations of public works.

The civil service examination has given us two results—good public servants; and the means by which the man who has not a pull may obtain the work he is fit for.

The non-partisan administrations have given the country administrations which are for the most part entirely freed from the suspicion of graft corruption.

Will Mr. Marshall please stand out and say why it is that he believes in the spoils system?

Is it for better government?

Or is it for the benefit of the Brewery Trust?

The question for the people of Indiana to answer is: "Do you want able public servants of non-partisan character who will serve the people, or do you want public servants who are judged solely on how much money they have contributed to Marshall's election and who are answerable to Tom Taggart and not to the people of the state?"

What is the record of the democratic party under this splendid spoils system?

Does any one happen to remember the affairs of the Central Hospital for the Insane, when that institution was under the democratic ward healers? The inmates were fed on the worst food, were in some cases brutally treated. The contracts were loaded with graft, the place was one grand "spoils" for the benefit of democratic politicians. This policy was characteristic of the whole administration. It was a sample of what the spoils system means in operation.

By the act of a republican legislature of 1895 the first non-partisan bills were passed and subsequently these have been strengthened.

Do the people of Indiana want the insane, the prisoners and the other inmates of the state institutions to go back under the rule of the spoils system or not?

Do the people of Indiana care to have their affairs managed by the cats paws of Mr. T. Taggart and Mr. Lamb who were involved in the spoils system scandals of the democratic regime.

If they do they can get it by electing a democratic legislature and Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Marshall has come out clearly and strongly in favor of the spoils system the perfecting link of Brewery Domination in this state. Elect Marshall and you have it and all its unsavory corruption, bribery and graft.

Will Marshall evade the words which he uttered last August. If he does what manner of man to be governor?

"I am a democrat and the democratic party believes that to the victor belongs the spoils."

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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THE BAD BACHELOR.

Some bachelors appear anxious to offer excuses for their bleak and barren existence. They deplore their lost estate.

Others, it seems, glory in their bachelorhood. They are bachelors by malice prepense.

Of this latter are those who participated in a bachelors' parade recently in Chicago. They wore badges thus:

None That I Love
More Than Myself.

Appropriately enough, these badges were of a yellow color. The sentiment is an expression of raw selfishness. It is a worse selfishness than that of the legendary old party who prayed:

O Lord, bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife—
Us four and no more.

Who loves no one better than himself loves a mighty selfish individual and lives in a very small circle. "Single blessedness" affords but a narrow range.

The confirmed bachelor lives an abnormal life. Marriage is more than nature's plan for the propagation of the species. It affords a wider growth, wider experiences, wider happiness.

The obstinate bachelor says:
"Look at the divorce courts. Marriage is a failure." Or, "Marriage is a lottery. I cannot afford to take the risk."

Marriage is not a failure, and he who says so might as well point to the hospitals and declare human life a failure as to point to the divorce courts for proof of his assertion.

To be sure, the bachelor may have real excuses.

Possibly the right party has not yet appeared on the horizon of his hopes, though she may live only next door. Or he may have dependent relatives and cannot afford matrimony. Or there may be a lack of health.

But—
The healthy, foot loose celibate goes too far when he glorifies in his bachelorhood and confesses that he loves himself too well to marry. He puts himself down as a no account member of the human race.

FORMER RICHMOND MAN DIES SUDDENLY

C. H. Ankeny Found Dead by Daughter.

Word has been received here of the death of Charles Howard Ankeny, a former Richmond business man, at Lafayette, Monday morning from heart trouble. Mr. Ankeny left the Lafayette club about noon on Monday and returned to his home. He was in the best of spirits and there was no sign of the approach of death in his genial manner. Removing his overcoat he spoke to his daughter and went up stairs to take a short nap before dinner. He had just reached his room when his daughter, Miss Alys, heard a crashing sound, and rushing upstairs she found her father prostrate on the floor unable to answer her questions. Physicians were summoned and pronounced his death due to heart trouble. Mr. Ankeny came to Richmond from Cincinnati about 1870, and engaged in the jewelry business. He is well remembered by many of the older residents of the city. In 1874 he left Richmond for Lafayette, where again he entered the jewelry business. While there he has always been one of the leading citizens of the city. He is survived by his wife and a daughter, Miss Alys. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the home and was private.

AGED MAN KILLED IN PIT CAVE-IN

Several Workmen Have Narrow Escapes.

Anderson, Ind., Oct. 8.—Rain softened earth where the were working a gravel bank caved in on several workmen near this city this evening and John Atkinson, 61 years old, was instantly killed. Several men had narrow escapes from death.

REAPER RACE THAT MADE WHITELY FAMOUS

First Consolidation in Harvesting Business.

In the early days of the exploitation of various reaping machines a field demonstration, usually competitive, was a necessary occurrence. H. N. Casson in "The Romance of the Reaper" tells the following story of William N. Whiteley, "the Charlemagne of the harvest field."

He was as tall as a sapling and as strong as a tree. As a professor in the great school of agriculture he has never been surpassed. He could outtalk, outwork and generally outwit the men who were sent against him. He was a whole exhibition in himself.

"I've seen Bill Whiteley racing his horses through the grain and leading over with his long arms to pick the mice's nests from just in front of the knife," said an old Ohio settler.

The feat that first made Whiteley famous was performed at Jamestown, O., in 1867. His competitor was doing as good work as he was, whereupon he sprang from his seat, unhitched one horse and finished his course with a single surprised steed pulling the heavy machine.

His competitor followed suit and succeeded fully as well.

This enraged Whiteley, who at that time was as powerful as a young Hercules.

"I can pull that reaper myself!" he shouted, turning his second horse loose and yoking his big shoulders into the harness.

Such a thing had never been done before and has never been done since, but it is true that in the passion of the moment Whiteley was filled with such strength that he ran the reaper from one side of the field to the other, cutting a full swath, a deed that, had he done it in ancient Greece, would have placed him among the immortals.

That ten minutes in a horse collar made \$2,000,000 for Whiteley. His antagonist, Benjamin H. Warder, was filled with admiration for Whiteley's prowess and at once proposed that they should quit fighting and work in harmony.

"Give me the right to make your reaper, and I'll pay you \$5 a piece for all I can sell," said Warder.

"It's a bargain," responded Whiteley. And so there arose the first consolidation in the harvesting business.

"Before we were married," said Mrs. Chatterton, "you used to tell me how much you loved me, but you never do now."

"Of course not, my dear," replied the masculine partner. "Since our marriage you haven't given me a chance to tell you anything."

MASONIC CALENDAR.

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

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McKIE, Hotel Edward, Indianapolis.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,

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

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"That is odd," thought Philip, who had witnessed both incidents in the course of a six yards' walk. He glanced at the cabman and fancied the man gave a peculiar look of intelligence toward a couple of fashionably dressed loungers who stood in the shadow of the closed public entrance.

The two men, without exchanging a word to Philip's hearing, went to a brougham standing at some little distance. They entered. The coachman, who received no instructions, drove off in the same direction as the hansom, and as if to make sure he was being followed the cab driver turned to look behind him.

Once in Naples Philip saw a man stealthily following a woman down an unlighted alley. Without a moment's hesitation he went after the pair and was just in time to prevent the would be assassin from plunging an uplifted stiletto into the woman's back. The recollection of that little drama flashed in his mind now. There was a suggestion of the Neapolitan bravo's air in the manner in which these men stalked a girl who was quite unaware of their movements.

He asked himself why a cabman should refuse one fare and pick up another in the same spot. The affair was certainly odd. He would see further into it before he dismissed it from his

thoughts. The distance to Malda Crescent was not great.

While thinking he was acting. He sprang into the nearest hansom.

"A brougham is following a hansom on Langham place," he said to the driver. "Keep behind them. If they separate, follow the brougham. When it stops, pull up at the best place to intercept."

The man nodded. Nothing surprises a London cabman. Soon the three vehicles were spinning along the Outer circle.

It was not a very dark night, the sky being cloudless and starlit. Away in front at a point where the two lines of lamps curved sharply to the right and vanished amid the trees a row of little red lights showed that the road was up.

The leading hansom drove steadily on. There was nothing remarkable in this. When the driver reached the obstruction, he would turn out of the park by the nearer gate; that was all.

But he did nothing of the kind. There was a sudden crash of wood, a woman's scream, and the horse was struggling wildly amid a pile of loose wooden blocks, while one wheel of the cab dropped heavily into a shallow trench. Simultaneously the brougham pulled up, and its two occupants rushed to the scene of the accident.

Philip's driver of course obeyed instructions, but he shouted to his fare as he jumped into the road:

"That fellow's either drunk or 'e did it a-puppus."

Philip was of the same opinion. He reached the overturned barricade almost as soon as the two hurrying men in front, both of whom were in evening dress.

One of them held the horse's head and steadied him. The other was just in time to help the young lady to leave her dangerous conveyance.

"I hope you have received no injury, madam," he said politely.

"Oh, not at all. I was frightened for an instant. How could it have happened? I saw the lamps quite plainly. The man seemed to pull his horse deliberately into the barrier."

The voice was singularly sweet and well modulated. A neighboring arm lamp illuminated the girl's face, with its white, unspitting radiance. It revealed features beautifully modeled and large, startled eyes that looked wonderingly from the man who came so promptly to her rescue to the driver who had caused the mishap. Philip behind the hansom, was unused. He remained a critical observer.

"I fear he is intoxicated," was the reply. "Here, you! How came you to make such a blunder?"

"Blind as an owl," came the gurgling answer. "I saw some red spots dancing about, and I thought it must be that last girl of beer."

Nevertheless the cabman extricated his horse and vehicle from their predicament with singular ease for a half drunken man.

"Goin' on, miss?" he grinned. "There's nothin' extra for the steeplechase."

"No, no," cried the lady. "I will walk. I will pay you now."

"Take my advice and pay him not a cent," protested the man by her side. "Leave him to me. My friend here will take his number. If you will accept a seat in my brougham?"

The cabman began to swear and threaten them all with personal violence. The lady, clearly unwilling to avail herself of the accommodating offer made to her, tried to edge away. The driver of the hansom whipped his horse on to the pavement. By this time he had turned his back to the roadmen's barrier.

The girl, angered and alarmed, shrank toward the gentleman, who seemed to give her some measure of protection from the infuriated cause of all the trouble.

"Do step into my brougham," he said civilly. "Victor, just grab the gee-gee's head again, and keep that idiot quiet until we get away. Now, madam, take my advice. You will be quite safe instantly."

Even yet she hesitated. There was perchance a tinge in the quiet, cultured tone of the speaker that did not ring truly. The note of a bell cannot be perfect if there is a flaw in the metal, and the human voice often betrays a warped nature when to all outward seeming there is a fair exterior.

The man who addressed her was youthful, not much older than herself. Victor caught his friend's arm.

"Come away," he whispered. "She does not know you. You have failed this time."

his words, his attitude, were in the best of taste. Yet—

A loud altercation broke out between the cabman and "Victor." The latter did not appear to be so ready to lay hands on the reins again, and the whip fell viciously on the horse's flank, causing him to plunge forward in dangerous proximity to the couple on the sidewalk. He came close, but not too close. Philip was now quite certain that he was witnessing the dexterous display of a skilled driver.

"Really, I am at a loss for words to persuade you that your only course is to use my carriage; otherwise there will be a confounded row."

The stranger's voice was a trifle petulant; she was such an unreasonable young lady. She turned to him irresolutely—to find Philip at her side, thrusting himself in front of her would be rescuer.

"You have been the victim of a plot, madam," he said. "Your driver is not drunk. He caused the accident purposely. These two scoundrels are in league with him. If—"

"What the devil!" cried the other fiercely, but Philip swung him bodily against the iron railings.

"If you care to take my cab alone I'll at your service. I will look after these cabs."

His quick eyes caught a signal from Victor to the cabman. He was sorry for the horse, but this comedy must be

stopped. He instantly caught the bride and backed the cab violently toward the excavation. The cabman lashed at him in vain and swore, too, with remarkable fluency for one so drunk. Both wheels crunched on top of the stout barrier and became locked there.

Then Anson ran back toward the girl, whose arm was held by the owner of the brougham.

"Take your hands off that lady or I will hurt you," said Philip. And there was that in his emphatic order which brooked no delay.

The stranger dropped his restraining hand, but shouted furiously:

"By what right do you interfere? I am only offering the lady some assistance."

Philip ignored him.

"What do you say, madam?" he inquired, somewhat sternly, for she seemed loath to trust any of them.

"Will you occupy my cab? It is there. Rest assured that neither of these men shall follow you."

She stood her ground, came nearer to him.

"I believe you," she murmured. "I thank you from my heart. It is inexplicable that such wretches can exist."

"E fairly bested the crowd," he growled, "and got the girl as well. My eye, but she's a beauty!"

CHAPTER XV.

MAIDA CRESCENT was little more than half a mile beyond the park. Philip thought it due to the lady he had befriended that she should know exactly how he came to interfere in her behalf.

She listened in silence, and when she spoke there was a suggestion of shy nervousness oddly at variance with her spirited action of a few minutes earlier.

"I cannot understand it at all," she said. "I am seldom out so late. My professional engagements are few and far between. I am sorry to say."

"Were you attending a rehearsal at the Regent's hall?"

"Yes."

"A rehearsal for M. Jowkacy's concert?"

"Yes."

"She volunteered no further information, but Philip was a persistent person."

"I do not remember another day in my life previously," he said, "when so many fortuitous events grouped themselves together in such a curious relationship. Even this adventure is a sequel to a prior incident. Just before I joined in the chase after you I had purchased some tickets for Jowkacy's musicale. The strangest item of all is that I was practically walking away from the direction in which I live when my attention was drawn to the cabman's behavior."

"Good gracious!" she protested. "Am I taking you out of your way? I thought you merely happened to be driving after us through the park."

She invited no confidences. She adhered strictly to the affair of the moment, and he had no option but to follow her cue.

"I do not think I have ever been in Regent's park before."

"What an amazing circumstance—that you should gallop off in such fashion to the rescue of an unknown woman, I mean?"

"That, again, is original or nearly so."

"Are you a Londoner?"

"To some extent; a little while each year. I live mostly on the sea."

"Oh, that accounts for your gallantry. You are a sailor."

"A yachtsman," corrected Philip.

"How delightful! I have not even seen the sea for ages. One has to work so hard nowadays to obtain recognition. I do not object to the work, for I love music, but the bread and butter aspect is disagreeable, and—and you have learned tonight how even the small amount of publicity I have achieved brings with it the risk of insult."

"By the way," he said quietly, striving not to add to the excitement under which she was certainly laboring, "one of those men is named Victor Grenier. You ought to know."

"Thank you. How did you ascertain it?"

"The cabman told me. He knew me."

"The cabman knew you?"

"Yes. I fly about town in hansoms. I am too lazy to walk."

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Without another word the pair crossed the road to their waiting brougham. The cabman, who became remarkably sober, began to whine:

"It's only a lark, gov'nor. The lady would ha' took no 'arm. I didn't mean."

Philip was strongly tempted to kick him, but refrained. He grasped the man's shoulder and lifted his badge to the light.

"I will spare you for the lady's sake," he said grimly, "but I want your number, in case you try any more such tricks."

"My Gawd, it's Mr. Anson!"

For the first time the driver saw Philip's face clearly.

"Ah, you know me, then? Who were those blackguards who employed you?"

"Help me, sir, I only know one of 'em. 'E's a Mr. Victor Grenier. I often pick 'im up at the Gardenia."

"E said 'is pal was sweet on the young lady an' wanted a put up job ter 'elp 'er. That's all, gov'nor, on me life."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," was Philip's only comment.

He rejoined the girl, who was watching the retreating brougham.

"Now," he cried pleasantly, "you can go home."

"Please drive me there. I will not deprive you of your cab."

So they drove away together, and the driver of the hansom, striving to free his vehicle from the broken trees, managed to crash it.