

**ROYAL**  
Baking Powder  
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Insures delicious, healthful food for every home, every day.  
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes.  
Safeguards your food against alum and phosphate of lime—harsh mineral acids which are used in cheaply made powders.

**AFTER 25 YEARS  
LOVERS MEET AND  
ARE MARRIED**

(Continued from Page One)

of her great happiness.

"You can never marry that boy," said the father, and he had the support of his wife in the declaration.

There followed many tearful weeks for Alice, and weeks of worry and batte against injured pride for young Toney. The young people were kept apart as much as possible, and as the result they were in one another's company but seldom.

One day the lad, not yet eighteen, became imbued with the determination to go out into the world and battle against the almost unconquerable odds which confronted him; made his fortune and then return to Alice and make her his wife. He told his brother of his determination and whispered his resolve into the ear of his sweetheart at their next meeting.

Proud of her big lover, Alice yet a little girl, looked up into his face, and whispered, "I will wait for you."

Young Toney left her side filled with the determination to do or die for her sake. The world seemed as a play-

thing to the young man as he left the girl that day.

Two weeks ago, twenty-five years had passed, since the lovers had met, but Alice's father who still resides south of Richmond, on the Straight Line park, noticed that his daughter who, for recent years has been his constant companion, was going about her daily duties with lighter step. Her smile was sweeter, her voice more pleasant. Yes, she was happy, for she had received word from her lover that he would soon arrive in Richmond.

She came to Richmond with her father a little more than a week ago, and while in a large uptown grocery, slipped from her father's side and went to her lover, William Toney, who had arrived in the city.

The two took the first train to Newport, Ky., where they were married and telephoned the news to this city. The father extended to them his forgiveness, saying:

"It is all so strange."

Mr. and Mrs. Toney who have been visiting their school day friends for the past several days left for their home yesterday, where Mr. Toney has amassed a small fortune, not considering the large farm of which he is sole owner.

Their friends not constrained, murmur:

"It is all so strange."

**Not Mentioned by Herodotus.**  
Xerxes was meditating upon his good luck in having been made king by his royal father in preference to the eldest son.

"Still," he said, "if the succession had been determined by a primary election I would have got it just the same. Naturally everybody would have marked an X opposite my name."

Subsequently, however, the Greeks gave him the double cross at Plataea—Chicago Tribune.

A Poor Place.

"And you say you almost starved to death in your last position?" said the kind housewife. "What position was it?"

"I was treasurer of a poets' union, mom," replied the dusty wayfarer, with a deep sigh.—Excelsior.

Easy.

Higgs—I never want to see him again. Diggis—That's easily done. Lend him a fiver. Illustrated Bits.

Charity and love of one fellow man.

Something will be expected in return on election day.

The saloon tout will be in his glory. All he will need to do will be to amble past the swinging doors and say: "I'm for Tom Marshall." Promptly he will be handed a glass of "suds" and he will quaff it down and move on to the next saloon. He will not need to search about the empty kegs in the back yards or cellars of the saloons and drain the dregs into an old tomato can. His vote will be as good as that of the man who pays ten cents for a "short," and he will endeavor to get its full worth in the amber fluid and the tonic of joy.

The campaign in Indiana is rapidly resolving itself into one of the saloons against the republicans. The saloon men of Richmond say the county local option is an infringement on the rights of men's personal liberty. The law in reality recognizes the right of the individual to say whether or not he wants saloons.

There is another phase of the question. Richmond saloonists appear to be overlooking. If it comes to a question of vote in Wayne county the saloon element will have to depend upon the republicans for votes. There are not enough democrats to vote the county dry. The republican voter, therefore, asks, if you are fighting our candidates in their attempt to gain office in the state, why should we not turn you down and vote to kill your business in the county? The question is fair and will provide fruit for consideration by the liquor forces.

**LIBRARIANS TO  
CONVENE HERE**

Indiana State Association Sessions to Be Held October 22 and 23.

**PROGRAM IS COMPLETED.**

AMONG THE SPEAKERS WILL BE WM. D. FOULKE AND LIBRARIANS FROM SEVERAL COLLEGES IN THE STATE.

The program for the seventeenth annual meeting of the Indiana State Library Association, has been completed and the copies have been sent to the various members. The meeting will be held in Richmond at the Morrison-Reeves library and Earlham college on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22 and 23 respectively. There are a number of speakers on the program of state reputation and it is expected that the sessions this year will be the most successful held for a number of years. Among the speakers are Prof. Harlow Lindley of Earlham college, Mrs. Ada L. Bernhardt, N. C. Hodges of the Cincinnati library and first vice president of the A. L. A. and Laura C. Foucher of Ft. Wayne all good speakers. The officers of the association are Prof. Lindley, president; Katherine A. Chipman, Anderson, vice president; Ella F. Corwin, Elkhart, secretary and Demarous C. Brown, Indianapolis, treasurer.

The program follows:

Thursday afternoon, October 22. First session 2 to 4 o'clock. Morrison-Reeves library, Richmond.

President's address—Harlow Lindley, Librarian, Earlham college, Richmond.

Appointment of committees.

Thursday evening, October 22. Second session, 8 o'clock.

Address of welcome—Ada L. Bernhardt, Librarian, Morrison-Reeves library, Richmond.

Address—Hon. Wm. D. Foulke, LL. D., Richmond.

Informal social session.

Friday morning, October 23. Third session, 9:30 to 12 o'clock. Earlham college library.

College and Public Libraries—H. S. Wedding, Librarian, Wabash College, Crawfordsville.

Discussion—W. M. Hepburn, Librarian, Purdue University, Lafayette.

Discussion—W. E. Jenkins, Librarian, State University, Bloomington.

Address—N. C. Hodges, Librarian, Cincinnati public library. First vice-president, A. L. A.

Friday afternoon. Fourth session, 2 to 4 o'clock.

Story-telling in Libraries—Laura C. Foucher, children's Librarian, public library, Ft. Wayne.

Discussion—Carrie E. Scott, public library commission, Indianapolis.

Discussion—Orpha M. Peters, Librarian, public library, Elwood.

Reports of committees, election of officers, etc.

**SAOLONISTS NOW  
STAND FOR THE  
DEMOCRAT PARTY**

(Continued From Page One.)

**THE DEEP SEA DIVER**

Perils Against Which the Modern Expert Must Guard.

**PROTECTING HIS AIR TUBE.**

This is His Chief Care While Diving in the Debris of Sunken Wrecks. Tragic Debut of John Day, a Clever but Ignorant Old Timer.

A great deal of water has run under the bridge since, in the month of June, 1774. John Day made his fatal debut as a diver in Plymouth sound. Day, a clever but ignorant millwright, had laid numerous wagers that, confined in a water tight box and provided with a candle, food and drink, he would remain submerged at any depth for twelve hours. His plan was that the box should be fastened by screws—from within—to a vessel subsequently sunk and that when the allotted time had elapsed he should withdraw the screws and rise to the surface. His mad scheme was actually put into execution on June 22, and Day, as might have been expected, lost his life. Not the least extraordinary part of the affair is that, while he was warned how the pressure of the water would affect his box and greatly increased its strength in consequence, no one seems to have so much as hinted at the danger of his death from want of air.

The diver who goes down today to save the contents of a sunken wreck, recover a dropped torpedo or execute some submarine erection or repairs has better knowledge of the necessary risks he runs and the precautions by which he may avoid all needless danger at his work than had poor Day. Science, mindful of the great increase of pressure brought about by every foot that he descends beneath the surface of the sea, warns him to go slowly down the stepladder that hangs from the ship's side or the dock wall and to pause frequently as he does so, that he may grow accustomed to the increase by degrees. By this means a man fit for the work, sound of heart and free from apoplectic tendencies passes with little inconvenience from the moderate pressure of eight pounds per square inch, which surrounds him at a depth of twenty feet, to that of sixty-four pounds, which he must sustain after descending 150 feet—the greatest depth at which his work can be considered safe.

Once landed at the bottom of the sea the diver has a host of things to bear in mind. Weighted as he is with brass sole boots, copper helmet and often a diving set of underclothing below his diving suit of twill and rubber, the tendency to rise is yet so great that his powers of action are very limited. He can lift a comparatively heavy weight with ease; the attempt to pull down some trifling piece of wreckage from overhead will probably take him off his feet. Readers of Robert Louis Stevenson will remember how when, dressed in full deep sea costume, he accompanied a diver to his work the novelist was able to hop with ease upon the summit of a rock some six feet high. But descend again he could not. His companion hauled him off head downward and propped him on his feet "like an intoxicated sparrow." Even for such an apparently simple piece of work as drilling a hole in a rock or portion of a wreck the diver will perhaps need to prop himself against a stone or make himself secure by lashings to the object upon which he works.

The great danger against which the diver must be ever on his guard is that of getting his air tube entangled in the debris of a wreck—no difficult matter as he creeps in and out of cabin, engine room and hold, among a broken and distorted mass of wood and iron. He may have been moving in one direction, all unconscious that he is being helped by a strong current, until he presently attempts to turn and finds it vain. It is not the deep sea diver only who runs this risk. Some years since a diver was at work in twenty feet of water repairing some dock gates. His job finished, he gave the signal to the boat above to close the gates that he might see if all worked well. The rush of many tons of water as the heavy gates swung to swept him between and through them. In a flash he realized that his air pipe would be caught between the massive doors and at the same moment saw his only chance for life. He thrust his heavy hammer head between the closing gates, and this kept his pipe free till he could signal for them to be reopened.

The old method of communication between the diver and his helpers at the surface was by means of tugs upon the line, but nowadays the telephone or perhaps a speaking tube accompanies the air pipe at his side. And, though many divers still work in the comparative darkness, both oil and electric light will shed their light upon the scene if need arise.

Sharks are visitors with whom in certain waters the deep sea diver has to count. But the shark is not always so dangerous a morning caller as might be thought. A diver at work in the cabin of a sunken ship saw, to his dismay, a shark swim slowly in. The diver had no suitable weapon of defense at hand, and flight seemed the only chance for life—and a poor one at that. Meanwhile the shark

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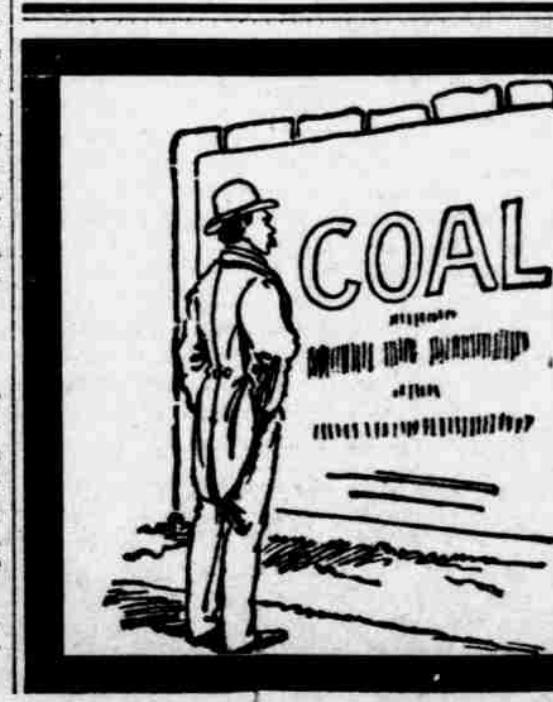
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