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of Ohio.
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—Sheriff—
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—Coroner—
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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.

WHICH.

How long will Thomas R. Marshall and the democratic party continue the policy of double dealing?

In one day two things happened to show the attitude of stating one thing and doing another. At Wabash college Marshall to evade the question as to whether or not as trustee of the college he could consistently back up the Brewery Trust said that the county local option law was no longer an issue since that bill had been passed. The same day Thomas Taggart and Crawford Fairbanks, the backers of Marshall sent out posters fighting Watson and county local option. At the same time orders went out that the fight for the democratic legislature and the democratic governorship must be upheld by the saloon keeps.

What is the truth?
The truth is that Marshall sought to evade the issue as to whether as trustee of Wabash college he could ask the parents of these boys to support him by declaring that "it was not the issue."

This is a favorite trick which he has borrowed from one W. J. Bryan who seeks to convince the people that he never stood for free silver, government ownership of railroads, in a disastrous tariff and what not, by saying that is not in the platform. In his close following after Bryan, Marshall has made a close imitation but it does not fool the public any more than the statements of the Peerless One.

What is it Mr. Marshall that you are ashamed of? Can it be Thomas Taggart of French Lick? Or Crawford

ford Fairbanks? Or is it Chas. E. Lamb?

These are Marshall's bosses. If county local option is no longer an issue why are the saloon keepers organizing the forces to fight the republican candidates for legislature and governor.

If Brewery Rule is not the issue, why does Marshall want the spoils for Thomas Taggart to parcel out among the saloon cohorts?

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

Something for Taggart's "boys." Marshall has refused to answer whether or not in event of his election he would veto a bill for the repeal of county local option. That makes it still an issue.

And moreover one of the worst features of brewery control of politics is the putting of saloon men into places where they can pillage the public till.

County local option is still the issue whether Marshall evade it or not.

On this question as on all others Watson has been firm and straight forward.

Marshall, on the other hand, has been wavering and evasive. Even if county local option were not an issue the man who stays where you can put your finger on him will make a better governor than the weak kneed man.

Marshall stands for the lawless interests of the state who seek to put in control of the brewery trust and find fat jobs for them.

Watson stands firmly for observance of law, for the settling of the liquor question by the community concerned and for honest government of public institutions.

Which?

BRYAN DISCERNING?

Mr. Bryan was about as discerning in his selection of Norman Mack for his national chairman as he was in his selection of Governor Haskell.

Mr. Mack's latest move has been to boycott and place on the "unfair" list all the leading Chicago business men who have had the temerity to express their views openly on the campaign. He does this in the hope that it will keep other business men from indulging in their right of free speech and will force them into the support of the Democratic party.

Some few people may think this fair. It is silly in this case because it will have no effect—but what of the precedent?

Is it or is it not in accordance with Mr. Bryan's elusive policies "which are not in the platform?"

Most of these men are bank presidents who have refused to sanction Mr. Bryan's pet scheme for making the depositors of a bank which they know all about in one state, pay for the reckless banking of some man in another state which they know nothing about. They dared to tell the people what the scheme is and how unfair and unsafe it is.

Hence the boycott.

American business men who believe that investments will be held back and business injured by the election of Bryan, who tries to hide the fact that he was in favor of debased currency, are threatened.

Who advocates government ownership of railroads, in a tariff for revenue and an impossible system of business surveillance and government regulation of prices.

These men will be apt to applaud the inventive genius of Mr. Mack and they will most certainly vote for Bryan since they are being coerced.

This scheme is worthy of the man whose only recommendation for office is that he will not put into effect the things which he has advocated for twelve years.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

In the death of Daniel Coit Gilman, one of the most distinguished figures in educational life is lost to the country. Although Gilman was active in many walks of life, his chief service to the country was the building up of the Johns Hopkins University. Technically speaking this institution was the first university in America, and for many years was the only one recognized by the German universities. The effects of this institution are not to be measured by itself alone, but by the men who have gone out from it and reorganized the whole educational system of the country.

In its essence the Johns Hopkins

University was the conception of Gilman and for a quarter of a century he was its head.

Whether as a professor of Yale, the head of the Universities of California or Johns Hopkins, and the Carnegie Institution or as manager of the Slater and Peabody funds—Gilman always left his mark. He was a writer and a publicist. He was one of those who reorganized Baltimore under a new charter. But to the world he will appear one of those dreamers who are practical enough to put their dreams into effect and the name of "Uncle Dan" will stand always for higher ideals and victory of truth.

By Harper.

The Rev. Thomas H. Kuhn, Democratic candidate for congress from the Sixth district, has refused point blank to say he is supporting Thomas Marshall, Democratic candidate for governor. Rather a strange situation. Mr. Kuhn does not say he is not supporting Marshall, however. His attitude is entirely non-committal. In answer to the direct question, "Are you supporting Marshall?" Mr. Kuhn returned an evasive answer. He said: "I refuse to make a statement other than say that I am speaking neither for nor against another candidate, but am fighting the battle on federal issues, as I seek a federal position. State questions do not enter into my fight."

Rather an odd situation isn't it, when a Democratic nominee for congress refuses to say he supports the Democratic nominee for governor? The federal issue subterfuge hardly fills the bill. If you are not for a man, you are against him or, if you are not against him you are for him, is an old political axiom that seems particularly applicable in the case of the Rev. Mr. Kuhn. The attitude of the preacher-politician is to be construed either way according to the judgment of the individual. Again it may be said rather an odd situation.

But Mr. Kuhn had a little more to say, when asked for an interview. He informed the inquirer it was not necessary for him to "blow his horn on every issue." "I am supporting Kuhn and telling the people what are his issues," the candidate said. And then he made this assertion: "You don't want an interview for any good purpose. You have no honest motive. You want something to chew the rag about. I don't think it necessary to tell you everything I know. You want to make capital out of it. You won't publish what I would want you to and would leave out what I wouldn't want you to. I am not afraid of the any position nor to take any stand, but I don't want to give an interview and have you use only the parts of it that suit yourselves."

Now wasn't that somewhat unkind of the Rev. Mr. Kuhn? He doubted the motive of the interviewer and told him he had no honest purpose. That certainly was jumping to a hasty conclusion. And then Mr. Kuhn was told he would not need to give an extensive interview, but simply answer the question: "Are you supporting Marshall?" Mr. Kuhn need have said but one word and the interview would have been at an end.

The position of the Rev. Mr. Kuhn is very similar to that of the tramp trying to carry off the pie. He has reached the top of the fence. On one side is a bramble patch and behind him is the bulldog. To jump means severe scratches and the probable loss of the pie by the jolt. To fall back means the teeth of the growling canine.

Let the congressional honor represent the pie, the bramble patch the class of voters that refuses to line up with Marshall, the candidate of the brewers, and the bulldog, the Democratic party. The dog is chasing the minister on to his most rapid strides. It has caused him to leap as high as the congressional fence. But there he must remain.

Why? He can not repudiate Marshall or the Democratic dog would pull off a Wilbur Wright stunt. Fly at his coat tails and put him back on the level whence he jumped. He can not say he is supporting Marshall, as that would lose for him votes that he hopes to gain on election day from the Republican party. There are some voters in the Republican ranks of the Sixth district, who probably will vote for Kuhn. But they are not going to vote for Marshall, whom they regard as the brewery candidate, and if Kuhn supports him he will lose their votes. The ana-

logy is not without its perplexing details.

The memories of Richmond citizens do not need to be exerted to remember the series of sermons delivered at the Christian church when the Rev. Mr. Kuhn was its pastor, upon the subject, "If Christ Should Come to Richmond." Neither will it take any serious effort to recall the manner in which the liquor business was denounced. It will not be forgotten that at that time, the Rev. Mr. Kuhn in his pulpit spoke of the fifty-four saloons then in the city as "fifty-four Hell holes."

After Mr. Kuhn in his pulpit spoke in this manner of the saloons, it would hardly be reasonable for him to declare himself as supporting the saloon candidate for governor. The jewel of consistency would be lost forevermore. But running on the same ticket as Marshall and calling upon the same forces to elect him, Mr. Kuhn could not be expected to say he is not supporting Marshall, either. That would be too far removed from a strategic political stroke.

So in this campaign, the Rev. Mr. Kuhn must be left just as pictured—on top of the fence, the bramble patch before and the bulldog behind."

EFFICIENCY TESTS PROVE SUCCESSFUL

99.25 Per Cent of Pennsy Trains Stop.

Thirty-two hundred and fifty-five signal "efficiency" tests were made by the Pennsylvania Railroad during August, with the result that 99.25 per cent of the trains checked gave perfect observance to all signals. These tests consisted in setting signals at unexpected positions, extinguishing signal lights, placing torpedoes on the track and causing such other unusual conditions to confront those in direct charge of trains on the road.

Lord Bacon Said, "Digest"

This is the Secret of Life in Business Or in Life.

It is claimed that Lord Bacon struck the prime keynote of life when he wrote: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

He wrote of books; many who have followed him have written likewise of life. The man who digests his business, makes success; the actor or actress who digests his or her art brings fame; the man who lives life and digests it as he should lives as was the intention he should live.

It is not the food you swallow or taste that brings happiness to you; it is the food you digest.

If you swallow and taste and don't digest and chew, nature cannot give you health for you do not furnish the ammunition.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain in pure, concentrated form the essences which, when they reach the stomach, turn dyspeptic conditions into those of healthy digestion.

These little tablets are dissolved in the mouth by saliva; they mix with this fluid and are passed down into the stomach, where they immediately set to work upon the food and digest it.

They are many times more powerful than the human digestive fluids, and thus replenish Nature with those juices which sickness, abuse or wrongful eating have exhausted.

The world's best chemists in Europe and America agree on the ingredients best adapted to perfect digestion. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are these ingredients presented to the stomach in the most pleasant and lasting form.

Powders and liquids soon lose their effectiveness through chemical actions and decay. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are made under terrific pressure, and their qualities are thus made lasting.

Forty thousand physicians prescribe and use these tablets, and every druggist sells them. Price 50 cents. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

Church Calendar

TONIGHT.

Teachers' meeting at the Third M. E. church at 7:30 o'clock.

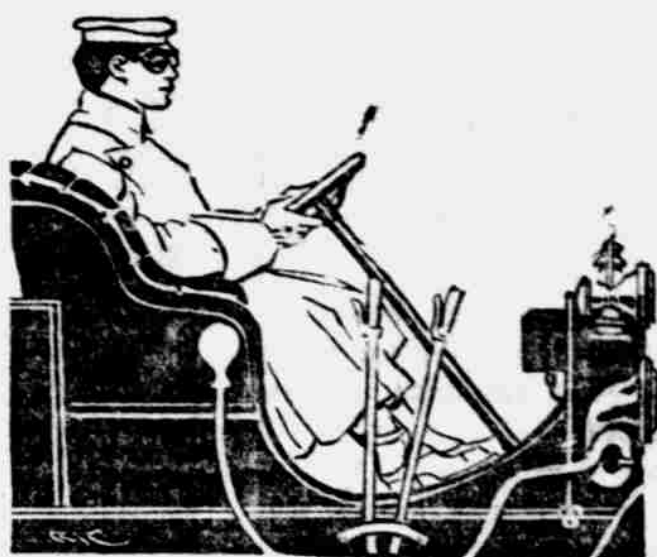
MASONIC CALENDAR.

Saturday Evening, Oct. 17.—Loyal Chapter No. 49, O. E. S., Stated Meeting.

Money-Making Ways of Using Want Ads

To Get a Coachman or Chauffeur, or a Position as Coachman or Chauffeur

A careful driver, either for an Auto or Carriage, is well worth while employing. But you don't always have a chance to get a good selection from which to choose. The sure way to get what you want is to insert a little Want Ad for a Coachman or Chauffeur, under the heading "Coachmen and Chauffeurs" on our Classified page. This column is read daily by those who want positions and want to better what they have. The actual Want Ad will cost scarcely a half a dollar and you get the right man, which may mean your life saved at a critical moment. Coachmen or Chauffeurs—here is the place to apply for positions. You get the attention of good employers. Watch the "Coachmen and Chauffeurs" column each day. Note examples.



EXAMPLES

COACHMAN WANTED—BY BUSINESS MAN who demands carefulness and security in his employ. Must know how to care for Auto. Address H. D. 46, this office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS CHAUFFEUR. BY unmarried white man, 4 years experience. Can drive. Select and instructive—careful driver. References. Address S. K. 26, this office.

The best, biggest and CHEAPEST, as well as most useful employment agency in this city, is the Classified page of this paper. Employers READ—and USE it and Employees follow it's columns EACH day. If you are an Employer, if you are an Employee, and have never read or used our Classified page, LEARN about it TODAY—turn to it NOW. You will find MONEY—and CHANCES there.

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The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy.

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

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At last Grenier declared himself satisfied.

"What do you think of the result?" he demanded, facing about so that the other could see both Anson and himself.

"First rate. It would deceive his own mother."

A terrific rattle sounded on the outer door.

A direct summons to the infernal regions could not have startled both men more thoroughly. Grenier, with the protecting makeup on forehead and cheeks, only showed his terror in his glistering eyes and palsied frame. Mason, whom nothing could daunt, was nevertheless spellbound with surprise.

What intruder was this who knocked so imperatively? They were a mile and a half from the nearest habitation, four miles from a village. What fearful chance had brought to their door one who thus boldly demanded admission? Had their scheme miscarried at this vital moment? Had Anson suspected something and arranged that he should be followed by rescuers—avengers?

The sheer agony of fear restored Grenier's wits. He was not Grenier now, but Philip Anson—a very shaky and unnerve Philip Anson. It was true, but sufficiently lifelike to choke off doubting inquiries.

He clutched Mason's arm and pointed a quivering finger at Philip.

"Out with him! This instant! The tide is high!"

"But his face! If he is found!"

Mason reached for the life preserver with horrible purpose.

"No, no. No more noise. Quick, man! You must go to the door. Only summon me if necessary. Oh, quick!"

He rushed to another door and opened it. There was a balcony beyond. It overhung the very lip of the rock. Far beneath the deep blue of the sea shone and might be seen.

Mason caught up Anson's limp form and ran with him to the balcony. With a mighty swing he threw him outward, clear of the cliff's edge. For a few treacherous seconds they listened. They thought they heard a splash. Then Mason turned coolly to Grenier.

"Is there any blood on my coat?"

"I can see none. Now, the door! Keep hidden!"

With quaking heart he listened to Mason's heavy tread along the passageway and across the kitchen. He clutched the back of a chair in the effort to calm himself by forcible means. Then he heard the unbolting of the door and the telegraph messenger's prompt announcement:

"Philip Anson, Esq."

Mason came to him carrying the telegram.

Grenier subsided into the chair he held. This time he was prostrated. He could scarcely open the flimsy envelope.

Abandon counsel caution. Says there is some mistake. Much love.

EVELYN.

That was all, but it was a good deal. Grenier looked up with lackluster eyes. He was almost fainting.

"Send him away," he murmured. "There is nothing to be done. In the morning!"

Mason saw that his ally was nearly exhausted by the reaction. He grinned and cursed.

"Of all the chicken hearted!"

But he went and dismissed the boy. Grenier threw himself at full length on a sofa.

"What's up now?" demanded Mason, finding him prone.

"Wait—just a little while—until my heart stops galloping. That confounded knock! It jarred my spine."

"Take some more brandy."

"How can I? It is impossible. I haven't got an ox head, like you."

Mason placed the lamp on a central table. Its rays fell on Philip's hat. Something in its appearance caught the man's eye. He picked up the hat and examined it critically.

"Do you know," he said, after a silence broken only by Grenier's deep breathing, "I fancy I didn't kill him, after all."

"Not—kill him? Why—he was dead—in that chair—for an hour."

"Perhaps. I hit hard enough, but this hat must have taken some of it. When you were busy, I thought his chest heaved slightly. And just now when I carried him outside he seemed to move."

"Rot!"

"It may be. I struck very hard."

Grenier sat up.

"Even if you are right," he muttered, "it does not matter. He fell 300 feet. The fall alone would kill him. And if he is drowned and the body is picked up it is better so. Don't you see? Even if he were recognized he would be drowned, not—not—Well, his death would be due to natural causes."

He could not bring himself to say "murdered," an ugly word.

"If you were not such a milkop, there would be no fear of his being recognized."

But Grenier laughed a hollow and unconvincing laugh. Nevertheless it was a sign of recovery.

"What nonsense we are talking! A dead man floating dead in the North sea. Who is he? Not Philip Anson surely! Philip Anson is easily gadding about England on his private affairs. Where is Green? Hunter, go and tell Green to bring my traps here instantly. I wish him to return to town on an urgent errand."

There was a glint of admiration in Mason's eyes. Here was one with Anson's face, wearing Anson's clothes and addressing him in Anson's voice.

"That's better," he chuckled. "You're clever when your head is clear."

"Now be off for Green. You know what to say."

"You will be alone. Will you be afraid?"

The sneer was the last stimulant Grenier needed.

"If you were called on to stand in Philip Anson's boots during the next week or ten days, my good friend," he quietly retorted, "you would be afraid sixty times in every hour. Your job has nearly ended; mine has barely commenced. Now leave me."

Nervousness he quitted that chamber of death carrying with him all that he needed and hurrying over the task while he could not hear the doerant

rafting down the river.

He commenced with an inventory of Philip's pockets.

His eyes sparkled at the sight of a well filled pocketbook, with a hundred pounds in notes stuffed therein, cards, a small collection of letters, and other odds and ends. Among Philip's books was Evelyn's hurried note of that morning, and on it a pencilled memorandum:

Sharpe left for Devonshire yesterday. Lady M. wrote from Yorkshire.

"That was a neat stroke," thought Grenier, with a smile—when he smiled he least resembled Philip. "Being a man of affairs, Anson promptly went to the Midlands' solicitors. I was sure of it. I wonder how Jimmie arranged matters with Sharpe. I will know tomorrow at York."

A checkbook in another pocket added to his joy.

"The last rock out of my path!" he cried aloud. "That saves two days. The bait took. By Jove! I'm in luck's way!"

(Continued Sunday.)

LAD MADE MONEY "JUST FOR FUN"

Rushville Boy Placed Under Arrest.

Rushville, Ind., Oct. 16.—Roy Smeiser, a farmer youth of 18, held here on the charge of making counterfeit money, tells the police he was doing it "for the fun of the thing." Roy has made a number of clever inventions. The bogus coin consists of nickels and quarters.

CARLTON
ARROW
Collared Neck, Quarter Size
COLLARS
The Most Popular
Collars Made
16 Cents—2 for 25 Cents
Cloth, Fraildy & Co., Troy, N.Y.

Pay Less This Season

If you've decided on paying \$25 or \$28 for your Fall Suit, let us show you what he offer this season.

Fall Suits worth as high as \$28 at

\$18, \$20, \$22

Undoubtedly the best line ever displayed at so low a price.

KRONE
The Tailor
12 N. Ninth St.

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE MACHINE." The chilly, uncertain days of Fall are a good time to keep your eye on your "digestive machinery." Fortify yourself against bowel disorders by eating



Heat in Oven Before Serving.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

with hot milk and cream every morning for breakfast. Sweetens and cleanses the stomach and keeps the bowels healthy and active. Your grocer sells it.