

STATE CAMPAIGN COMES TO CLOSE

Last Meetings Under Auspices
Of State Speakers' Bu-
reau Tonight.

HAYS SEEMS CONFIDENT.

RETURNING FROM TRIP ON WAT-
SON SPECIAL HE FEELS RUSH-
VILLE MAN WILL BE ELECTED
NEXT TUESDAY.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 31.—The re-
publican campaign in Indiana will
probably close with tonight's speeches
in different parts of the state. In the
last two days the state committee has
made its final appeal to the party
workers over the state. In thousands of
circular letters sent out. At headquar-
ters yesterday, every stenographer and
clerk and a number of additional em-
ployees called in for the purpose were
busy sending out these circulars.

Secretary Riddick said they were
for the eye of the precinct workers
out in the state. Neither Secretary
Riddick nor Chairman Goodrich will
make a prediction as to results. They
feel confident of success, however.

Will H. Hays was not so modest.
Hays left the Watson train yesterday
in the charge of C. F. Remy and hur-
ried back to his desk at headquarters
to make what new assignments of
speakers were necessary for the clos-
ing two or three days. Hays can talk
of nothing but the success of the Wat-
son train.

People Are With Watson.

"The people are with Watson and
the things he stands for," Hays said.
"We had splendid crowds everywhere,
and there was the keenest enthusiasm.
It seems to me that we are sure of vic-
tory beyond a doubt. His reception in
counties where there are big democratic
majorities was gratifying."

The republican orators who have
come in from over the state, having
finished their work for the state com-
mittee, are flushed with success. One
of the speakers said:

"Down at Rockport, and other
southern Indiana cities, I found many
democrats who will support Mr. Wat-
son. I saw men wearing Bryan but-
tons with Watson buttons galore. In
some localities the liquor element is
rampant against us. In the town of
Clinton there are forty-eight saloons,
twenty-seven are on one street. I was
ordered out of one of these saloons by
the proprietors. Representative John-
son of Clinton, who had the courage
to vote for county local option, is not
allowed to walk on the side of the
street where these saloons are."

THE SWORDFISH.

Overlord of the Sea and the Daintiest
Feeder That Swims.

The swordfish is the overlord of the
sea. Neither the whale, the shark nor
any other giant of the deep can con-
quer him in private fight or public
brawl. Nevertheless he is peaceful in
the main and seeks the simple life,
amusing himself often with worldwide
travel and always with delicate gus-
tatory joys. He is the daintiest feeder
that swims, always kills his own game
and, thereby, insures the freshness,
wherefore his flesh is a delight to the
palate of mankind and wherefore,
again, men go forth to kill him for
market and thereby at times fall upon
adventures that make the hunting of
tigers and the shooting of grizzlies pale
into pastimes for the weary weakling.

For the bold swordfish is still hunted
in mode as primitive as that the Eski-
mo uses to kill the stupid whale, and
often the sting of the harpoon changes
this luxurious ocean gastronomie into
a raging water devil, quick to perceive
his advantage, charging with the speed
of a bullet and the accuracy of a
swordman up against the lone fisher-
man in the dory who tries to bring
him to gaff. Then must the fisherman
measure with exactness the lunge of
the monster, avoid it by a marvel of
side-stepping in a plunging dory, or
he will be spitted like a lark.—Wil-
liam Inglis in Harper's Weekly.

CHANCES IN GAMBLING.

The Rule of the Unexpected at the
Tables in Monte Carlo.

There are systems, some will say,
that will defeat the bank at Monte
Carlo. I have not found one. Two
factors settle all systems. One is the
bank's limit, which prevents the dou-
bling system so often advocated; the
second, the extraordinary idiosyncrasies
of chance. Red or black will often
run in long series. I saw fifteen reds
come up in succession on one occasion,
seventeen unevens numbers in an un-
broken series on another. One even-
ing on a losing day I was playing on
the first six numbers and persistently
for some hours the last twelve num-
bers invariably turned up. Once I saw
21 come up four times in succession
when mathematically it should have
taken 144 coups to make it show that
number of times, and still more strange
that on this occasion each time it
came up a gentleman had staked the
limit on the number—namely, 180
francs—winning in ten minutes some-
thing over 24,000 francs. One readily
sees by these instances the unexpected
very often happens—in fact, more of
ten that not.—Arthur Hewitt in Bo-
hemian Magazine.

Killing Time.

A friend met Count Truffe of Paris
in the Rue de la Paix.
"Where are you going, count?" he
said.
"Down here to the Rue Castiglione,"
was the reply. "To get my hair cut."
"Why, your hair is short enough,"
the friend exclaimed.
"Certainly," the count admitted, "but
a fellow can't always be strolling
about with nothing to do."

VENEZUELA FORTS SHOULD BE SILENCED

Holland Advised to Then Block-
ade Ports.

The Hague, Oct. 31.—The Nieuwe
Courant advocates the re-enforcement
of the Dutch flotilla off the island of
Curacao by three cruisers and four bat-
tle ships, which, it says, should com-
mence operations against Venezuela
by silencing the forts of La Guaira and
Puerto Cabello, and then enforce a
strict blockade until President Castro
submitted to the Dutch demands.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Galbreath
Thrown Out of Rig in
Accident.

TWO RIGS IN COLLISION.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Galbreath, who
reside near Fountain City, had a nar-
row escape this morning from being
seriously injured. They had driven to
the city to attend the Bryan meet-
ing at the coliseum. Just as Mr. Gal-
breath started to hitch his horse to
the hitch rack on North Seventh
street opposite the Neff & Nussbaum
store, Guy Trotter, driving a team of
horses, emerged from the alley in the
rear of the store.

He pulled up suddenly to prevent
colliding with the Galbreath rig. In
so doing the tongue of his vehicle
raised, catching under the Galbreath
rig and turning it upside down. Mr.
and Mrs. Galbreath were thrown out
and deposited among a basket of eggs
and a jar of butter. Several police-
men formed a rescue party and soon
had Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath on their
feet and the rig righted. Mrs. Gal-
breath's indignation over the loss of
the eggs amused the big crowd which
witnessed the accident.

The Hog.

No other animal has been more mod-
ified by civilization and none reverts
more quickly to the original wild type
than the hog. Three generations of
running wild suffice to turn the
smooth, round, short snouted razor-
back or hazel splitter thin, lank, leggy,
lop eared, snarling snout, an Ishmael
in bristles, running like a deer, if run-
ning be possible, fighting as only a
wild hog can fight when battle is im-
perative. The tusks, which have been
half obliterated in the process of civil-
ization, get back size and strength.
At a year old they are formidable, at
two murderous, at three or five more
deadly than a sword. They afford a
certain index of age up to six years,
but are commonly broken in fights
long before that time. Wild boars are
very ill tempered and when worsted in
fighting often revenge themselves by
ripping the bark from trees as high as
they can reach.

Her Exercise.

Many readers think insufficient exer-
cise is responsible for worrying moods.
"Dare I whisper it," writes one cor-
respondent. "Though I am a married
woman, with two homie babies, when
my worries and temper prove too much
for me I shut myself up in my room
and dance a wild Scotch reel. I al-
ways did it when I got in a temper as
a child as a sort of vent to my feel-
ings, and I do it still and probably
shall continue to do so as long as I'm
sufficiently energetic."

Certainly a Scotch reel ought to pro-
vide enough exercise to exorcise any
demon of worry if lack of exercise is
the cause of it.—Home Chat.

A Bad Quarrel.

"Why don't you try to get him to
straighten up?"
"He's his own worst enemy."
"Well?"
"It's pretty hard to patch up that
kind of a quarrel."—Louisville Courier-
Journal.

Describing the Climate.

"Is your climate changeable?" asked
the stranger.
"Not very," answered Farmer Corn-
tassel. "It keeps shifting around a
little till it strikes a kind of weather
nobody likes; then it sticks."—Wash-
ington Star.

Just Like Her.

Hewitt—I didn't know that you lived
on the first floor. I understood your
wife to say that you lived on the sec-
ond floor. Jewett—If you knew my
wife you would know that she always
stretches a story.—Exchange.

They Married.

Trotter (who has been abroad)—So
Maud and Charlie finally married?
Miss Homer—Yes. Trotter—I suppose
they are happy. Miss Homer—Un-
doubtedly; they each married some
one else.—Chicago News.

What do we live for if not to make
life less difficult to each other?—George
Elliot.

HOUSE-
WIVES: Gold medal
salmon.

NAT GOODWIN FICKLE OLD BUG

Announced He Is to Marry
Edna Goodrich.

New York, Oct. 31.—Phocian How-
ard, in the Graphic, today published
the following interesting little piece of
gossip:

"Nat Goodwin is to be married
again. Edna Goodrich will be his
wife. This, at least, is the gossip
around the Lambs club, where Good-
win is spending an hour or so daily
after the rehearsals of his new play,
'Cameo Kirby,' which will be produced
by George Tyler on November 16.

"It's only been a few days ago that
Nat got a divorce from the beautiful
Maxine Elliott, now playing at Daly's.
"Miss Goodrich has been abroad all
summer, but will arrive in America
in a few days, when the marriage will
take place.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

The Unalloyed Joy That Came With
the Little Red Scarf.

"I was wondering the other day
what one thing had given me the most
pleasure in the world," said the village
deacon. "I had to go back a long
ways—clear back into the blessed San-
ta Claus days—but I recalled it. It
was a scarf I found in my stocking
one bright Christmas morning. I got
a red one, and my brother got a blue
one. I was a mighty proud boy that
morning as I trudged downtown with
that red scarf around my neck. I
wore it every day until the birds be-
gan to sing in the springtime and the
kids were hunting up their marbles.
I don't now remember who gave it to
me nor what became of it, but I do
know that the memory of it still clings
like a benediction.

"Since the days of that little red
scarf I have had things of far more
intrinsic value. I have worn lodge
emblems of high degree; I have had a
gold watch and chain; I once had a
pair of shoes that cost \$5 and a neck-
tie that cost twice as much as the lit-
tle red scarf. Nay, more, I once tackled
a plug hat. But among these things
do I recall none that gave me such
genuine and unalloyed pleasure, such
a swelled up feeling, as did that little
red scarf way back in the days when
the wolf sat out in the road and
howled. 'Tis the little red scarf days
that stir the memory with 'It might
have been.'"—Osborn (Kan.) Farmer.

PLAIN JOHN SMITH.

How His Name Changes in Various
Parts of the World.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not
very high sounding; it does not sug-
gest aristocracy; it is not the name of
any hero in the day novels, and yet
it is good, strong and honest. Trans-
ferred to other languages, it seems to
climb the ladder of respectability.
Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus;
the Italian smooths it off into Giovan-
ni Smith; the Spaniards render it
Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it
as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it
out into Jean Smeat, and the Rus-
sian sneezes and barks Jonoff Smit-
towski. When John Smith gets into
the tea trade in Canton he becomes
Jovan Shimmitt; if he clambers about
Mount Hie, the Icelanders say he is
Jahne Smithson; if he trades among
the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qs
Smith; in Poland he is known as
Ivan Schmittewski; should he wan-
der among the Welsh mountains they
talk of Jihon Schmidt; when he goes
to Mexico he is booked as Jontli
F'Smitti; if of classic turn and he lin-
gers among Greek ruins he turns to
Ion Smitkon, and in Turkey he is ut-
terly disguised as Yoe Seef.—Phre-
nological Journal.

Mystery of a Cookbook.

Somebody mentioned cookbooks.
"It takes a good deal to make me
wonder," said the publisher, "but I
received a jolt in the culinary line the
other day that set me thinking. In
looking over the manuscript of a cook-
book that had been submitted for our
approval I was struck by this intro-
duction to many of the recipes, 'Good
for boarding house table.'

"Now, why that discrimination? Is
anything that is good enough for a
boarding house table good enough
for any other table, and isn't anything
that is good enough for any other ta-
ble good enough for a boarding house
table? Judging by the way those par-
ticular recipes read, they may result
in some rather tasty dishes. Then
why limit them to boarding houses?"
—New York Globe.

His Successor.

Shortly after the death of one of
England's greatest poets a devoted ad-
mirer of his visited the little West-
morland villages where the poet had
lived and died to gaze reverently at
his house, the little church and at
some of his favorite haunts where
some of his immortal poems were com-
posed.

Seeing an old man a native of the
village, the stranger entered into con-
versation with him, remarking sadly
on the death of the poet, to which the
old man answered kindly and encour-
agingly:

"Aye, aye, still I mak' na doot but t'
wife'll carry the bizness on."

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

WHIPPED WITH HICKORY FERRULES

Cleveland Principal Admits to
Punishment of Boys.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 31.—Boys are
beaten with a hickory ferrule across
their bare backs at the Public Boys'
School, according to the statement of
Principal H. O. Merriman, who said
this punishment was sanctioned by
Superintendent Elson.

Merriman tried to explain matters
to Juvenile Court officers who had re-
ceived a complaint from twelve-year-
old Matthew Flood that he had been
whipped at the institution.
"Boys who are sent to the Boys'
School need severe treatment," Merri-
man said. "We punish them scientifi-
cally. We give three blows for tardy-
ness, ten for absence and from three
to ten for other offenses."

A LINGUISTIC ESCAPEDE.

When Henry W. Longfellow Shocked
Intellectual Boston.

In the original impression of Long-
fellow's poem of "Hiawatha" there
were found in the seventh book the
three lines following:

Straight into the river Kwand
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dove as if he were a beaver.

How this offending preterit passed
the proofreader without protest is one
of those mysteries which have never
been revealed. But the form certainly
made its appearance and can still be
found in copies of the poem which
were regularly published and sold.
Boston never received such a shock
since the days when Fenimore Cooper
insisted that it was only in the middle
states that the English language was
spoken in its purity. But that attack
came from an outsider. Here the of-
fender was of her own household, was,
in fact, her favorite son. What means
of suppression were resorted to will
probably never be disclosed. A myste-
rious reticence has always been pre-
served in regard to this linguistic esca-
pade. The biographers of Longfellow
appear to be silent upon the subject.
Measures of some sort must, however,
have been taken at once. "Dove" was
expunged, and the decorous "dived"
assumed its place, and the whole trans-
action was so completely hushed up
that no public scandal was created.
Let him who possesses a copy of that
first impression continue to cherish it.
Whatever may be its worth now, the
time will come when it will reach the
value of the virtuous woman of Scrip-
ture, and its price will be far above
rubies.—Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury
in Harper's Magazine.

THE CITY IN BRIEF

Fresh Sealship Blue Point Oysters
and Baltimore Standards, and Selects
in cans at Muth's Fish Market. Phone
1535. 29-31

The finest Fresh Fish and Oysters
to be had at Muth's Fish Market.
Phone 1535. 29-31

This week, donation of can goods,
fruits, vegetables, staples and Money
thankfully received at Margaret
Smith Home. 31-71

HURLS BROADSIDE INTO CAMP OF HOSPITAL BOARD

(Continued From Page One)

janitor! Tell the thinking honest
people of this community where un-
der heaven could politics get a foot-
hold or in what manner either party
could swing it into profit. Run your
eye down that list, ye voters of Rich-
mond, and smile at the thought when
you note that which you have seen in
the past, one of the prominent mem-
bers buying votes on the streets of
this city on nomination election day.

Would or would he not swing that
single vote out at the hospital toward
his interests politically or not?
And then another member styled by
himself as a "law abiding citizen" de-
fending before the courts of this coun-
ty a "Blind Tiger" and an automobile
story thrown in. Come out from un-
der cover and into the open! Let us
have less prattle as to "pure benevo-
lences" and mushy "compliments" to
the council. Let us deal in facts as to
the management of that institution
and then let us note if it be wise to
continue a self-perpetuating board. I
get it on good authority that the pre-
sent superintendent wonders why the
people of this city are averse to going
to the hospital and thereby contribut-
ing to its support. She is entitled to
wonder. Let the history of its manage-
ment be made plain to her and the
"wonder" will cease.

I charge upon the board of trustees,
mismanagement as to policies toward
its patrons and the doctors; misman-
agement as to its care of the sick
within it, and business mismanage-
ment.
I dare its president and its executive
committee to appear before me with
their books and bills for interrogation.
I enjoin upon them to bring the ed-
itors of the three daily papers with
them to note their answers. I invite
them to bring with them Drs. John-
ston, Marvel, Markley, Davis, Bram-
kamp and Stevenson, and if I cannot
prove the above statements and
charges to be true, then I am not
alive. I think I can plainly show to

council why it was that there was one
member of the former Medical Staff
that "no one could get along with."
Will the Press of the city hold the
board of trustees to its proposition or
will it continue to stand for them be-
cause forsooth—they are "Honorable
Gentlemen?"

Let me state further—that the con-
clusion of this "open" investigation
will be—that a few of that board of
trustees will find the problem very
easy to obtain successors. As a con-
cluding eye-opener—will Mr. Rupe
now state to Council what he said in
the board meeting at which time the
clause was enacted, providing that the
"mayor of the city be given visitatorial
powers and the right to question any
of its employees." Will council note
the answer, and then refer to the
many very cordial thanks extended to
them for this personal interest in the
hospital? When Mr. Rupe read that
clause he laughingly said, "If anybody
knows what that means." I was there
and heard it.

JOHN M. WAMPLER.

Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co.

Eastern Division

(Time Table Effective Oct. 27, 1903.)

Trains leave Richmond for Indian-
apolis and intermediate stations at
6:00 a. m., 7:25, 8:40, 9:25, 10:00,
11:00, 12:00, 1:00, 2:25, 3:00, 4:00,
5:25, 6:00, 7:30, 8:40, 9:00, 10:00,
11:10.

* Limited trains.
Last car to Indianapolis, 8:40 p. m.
Last car to New Castle, 10:00 p. m.
Trains connect at Indianapolis for
Lafayette, Frankfort, Crawfordsville,
Terre Haute, Clinton, Sullivan, Paris
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Nice White Stock
85c PER BUSHEL
3 or 5 Bus. Lots.
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2 Automatic
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Just Cut--Rich, Sharp Cheese.

DRESSED CHICKENS

Roasting, Stewing, Frying.

Cauliflower, Cucumbers, Spinach, Egg Plant,
Green Onions, Oyster Plant, Green Beans, Head
Lettuce, Leaf Lettuce, Celery, Parsley, Turnips,
Parsnips, Endive.

Tokay Grapes, Malaga Grapes, Catawba
Grapes, Concord Grapes, Oranges, Grape Fruit,
Grimes Golden Apples, Johnathan Apples, Fancy
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Sweet Cider, Gold Bond Maple Syrup, Home-
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