

RICHMOND OUTFIT WAS WHOLE WORKS

Opening Game in New Polo
League Crushing Defeat
To Elwood.

TINPLATERS WORKED HARD

SHARPE WAS THE FEATURE OF
THE EXERCISES, SCORING AN
EVEN HALF DOZEN GOALS FOR
QUAKER TEAM.

LEAGUE STANDING.			
	Won	Lost	Pct.
Richmond	1	0	1.000
Elwood	0	1	.000
New Castle	0	0	.000
Hamilton	0	0	.000

Tonight's Games.
Richmond at Elwood.
Hamilton at New Castle.

Richmond 8; Elwood 2.
There was nothing to the polo game last night but Richmond. It was the opening game of the new series and by getting away in the lead the locals acquired a start that may stand them in good. Elwood was not able to put up a very serious opposition. The tinplaters worked hard but the efforts availed nothing. Their drives were so wild as to be ludicrous.

Sharpe was all the good with his crook and made goal after goal securing an even half dozen. Houghton worked well with him and Edington and Oesting helped Lancaster in the defense work. "Hank" kicked them away in all directions. The contest was too one sided to be very exciting, but the fact the locals were winning made the crowd feel good just the same. Lineup and summary:

Richmond	Elwood
Sharpe	Williams
Houghton	H. Able
Edington	Regan
Oesting	E. Able
Lancaster	Baldwin

First Period—Sharpe 14:30.
Second Period—Williams 3:10;
Sharpe 20; Houghton 35; H. Able
4:30; Sharpe 55.
Third Period—Sharpe 1:55; Sharpe
4:35; Sharpe 2:30; Houghton 5:55.
Rushes—Sharpe 5; Williams 7; H.
Able 1. Stops—Lancaster 23; Bald-
win 25. Time-keeper—Williams.
Score-keeper—Brehm. Referee—Gil-
leespi. Attendance—600.

MADLY CHEERED WAS ROOSEVELT AS SAILED AWAY

(Continued From Page One.)

meal and tried to keep out all appear-
ances of sadness.

Affecting Leave Taking.

The farewell between Col. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt was an affecting one. Mrs. Roosevelt was in tears and gazed after the carriage that held him and Kermit and Quentin, as they departed, to the station. In the excitement the Colonel forgot his railroad tickets and had to pay his fare over again on the train. On the train the newspaper correspondents. He was in the midst of moods and declared he looked forward to fifteen months with unadmitted delight. "This is a great day," said Mr. Roosevelt, "and I take it as a good omen for the trip, and the trip will certainly be a good one. I feel it. I know it."

Hannah More's Wedding Day.

The colliery of Hannah More, the English writer, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has always been a subject of surprise and discussion. A writer relates this circumstance: "She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off early to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, only to find that the lover was not there. The laggard comes late," thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He came not at all. A horseman rode up to the church door and handed a letter to Miss More. With melancholy apologies the faithless avails told her that he could not take the responsibility of making her his bride. At the same time he offered any pecuniary remuneration in his power. "The lady faints at the only point not mentioned, but her relatives followed the business up with her and she was married. The bride and groom in love made a settlement on the delighted lady of £400 a year for life."—Exchange.

Old Oxford Wins Meet With Cambridge. Yankee Is Star

London, March 23.—The Oxford-Cambridge field sports at Queen's club were won by the former university, six events to four.

The victory of Hull, an American Rhodes scholar at Oxford, in the quarter mile was a notable display of grit. He was working through the field about 100 yards from the start when he stumbled and sprained his ankle badly; but this did not deter him. He quickly pulled himself together, picked up the field again, and, in spite of the intense pain, went to the front

and won by three yards. He had to be carried off the field to be attended by a doctor. His time was 0:53 3-5. It had been anticipated that G. E. Putnam, a Rhodes scholar from Kansas, would win the hammer throw for Oxford, but he had to be contented with second place. Watson of Cambridge beat all varsity records with a throw of 148 feet 10 inches. Putnam was second with 143 feet 10 inches and D. G. Herring, a Rhodes scholar from Princeton, was third with 122 feet.

GEORGE BONHAG STATES HE WILL BE A PROFESSIONAL



FIRST OVERTIME GAME WAS PLAYED

Yale Was Again the Winner in
A Hard Fought Y. M.
C. A. Contest.

CONTEST WAS ROUGH ONE

HOWEVER NO DIRTY TACTICS
WERE INDULGED IN—COMPTON
SCORED, WINNING GOAL ON
DIFFICULT SHOT.

Y. M. C. A. LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Yale	4	1	.800
Princeton	3	2	.600
Illinois	2	2	.500
Cornell	2	2	.500
Carlsle	1	3	.250
Chicago	1	3	.250

In the first overtime game of the Y. M. C. A. basketball league season last evening, Yale defeated Princeton by the score of 25 to 23. The game was unusually hard fought and because of the close score was rough but free from dirty tactics. At no time were the teams separated by more than two points. When the final gong rang the score was 23 to 23 and overtime was played without intermission. The team to score two points first was to be the winner and both sides began to work their hardest. The overtime playing was all in Princeton territory, however, and Compton scored the winning marker on a difficult shot from near the outside line.

Reach Half Way Point.
The games of this week mark the

half way point in the season. Yale enters the last lap in the league. Before last night's game the blue was tied with Princeton for first honors. Yale played without its regular center and before the game it was feared the absence of Wiechman would prove a severe loss. Princeton was short one of its regular players and Hasecoeter filled in at guard. The game was high spirited. Spangler did nearly all of the scoring for his team mates, his work in throwing goals from the foul line being a feature. Summary:

Yale	Princeton
Kelsey	Spangler
Myers	Farrow and Compton
Genn	Glilchrist
Hiatt	Porter
Hasecoeter	Guard
Compton	Farrow

Goals from field—Spangler 6, Compton 2, Kelsey 2, Myers 5, Genn 2. Foul goals—Spangler 8, Hiatt 4.
Points awarded—Yale 1, Princeton 1.
Referee—Cain. Umpire—Allison.
Scorer—Mendenhall. Time-keeper—Buhl. Time of halves—Twenty minutes. Overtime—40 seconds.

ECZEMA VICTIM SAVED AFTER THIRTY YEARS

Wintergreen Compound Stopped Itch
At Once—Disease Soon Dis-
appeared.

After dosing the stomach for years and trying all kinds of alleged cures for eczema, Mr. M. T. Firmin, reports a perfect cure. He simply washed the skin with an oil of wintergreen compound, mixed with thymol, glycerine, etc.

Mr. M. T. Firmin, for the last 20 years in the employ of the C. S. Daniels Furniture Co., of Wichita, Kan., writes:

"Eczema first appeared on my body when I was a child 8 years of age. For over thirty years I scratched and scratched and doctored, it drove me wild.

"The disease covered my entire body from my scalp to my toes. My doctor and my friends all gave me up as incurable.

"Then I commenced using the D. D. D. Remedy. The first application stopped the horrible itching and gave me a night's sleep. It gave me strength and hope. I continued growing better.

"I kept up the treatment for months and am now entirely cured, excepting a little roughness on my left ankle." Having personally known of many chronic cases, we have gained great confidence in D. D. D. Prescription. For sale by all druggists.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY.

BILLY WHITLA IS WILDLY CHEERED ON RETURN HOME

(Continued From Page One.)

lobby unannounced for several minutes asking bell boys for his father before the latter knew his son was in the big foyer.

The moment the anxious parent heard that a strange boy was in the hotel sauntering in aimless fashion he rushed across the lobby, grasped him in his arms and smothered his face with kisses.

"My boy!" he cried.
Tears were streaming from the strong man's eyes as he grasped the boy in his arms and rushed for the stairway.

Dramatic Scene Enacted.

A dramatic scene was enacted as the father seized his son in his arms. Only a few seconds was required to tell the crowd in the lobby that it was Whitla and his son they saw rushing for the stairs.

"Speech! Speech!" was the cry.
The father kept on weeping as he fled. He remained in the room he had prepared for the boy for some time.

When he reappeared the cries for a speech were redoubled in volume, the hotel by that time being filled with the curious. Men pressed forward to press the father's hand. Finally he stood up beside a divan.

"I can't speak, my heart is too full," he said. "I can only say that this is my son who was lost and is found. I want to thank the people of Cleveland, the press and the police for their kindness and sympathy. I never could have stood it but for the thousands of friends that came to me."

Whitla senior refused to state whether he had paid the ransom or not. He said that he received a letter yesterday from the kidnappers at his home in Sharon saying that if he called at a confectionery store in the East End of Cleveland he would be told how to secure his boy unharmed and "well fed."

Leaves Sharon for Cleveland.

Shortly after noon he left Sharon for Cleveland. He was unaccompanied. His immediate family and the private detectives he apprised of the proposed secret meeting, but insisted that he make the trip alone. Every one of them was warned that he must be allowed to go unheeded and no attempt at the capture of the kidnappers be made.

Whitla was certain that if he spoiled the plans of his son's captors last night he would never see the boy again. His experience at Ashtabula served as a warning.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon he went to a candy store in the East End. With him he carried the \$10,000, expecting that it would be demanded of him there. He was met by a woman, who detailed to him the terms of the kidnappers.

With all the eagerness of a distracted parent, Whitla agreed to them immediately. Detectives in his employ say that he paid the money, but on this point the father declines to commit himself.

Half an hour later he returned to the Hollenden hotel and awaited developments. His entrance was shrouded in secrecy. By a previous arrangement made with the hotel management he did not register.

Woman Bears Message.
The woman at the candy store had done her duty. She communicated with the captors of the boy and told them that the father had made no attempt to trap them. The kidnappers were satisfied.

But Whitla senior declines to name the woman in charge of the confectionery store and almost dares the police to locate her.
So the boy was brought from his hiding place—where it was no one knows—to a car line in the East End of the city which would bring him into town quickly.

The kidnapper, according to Willie, was cheerful enough. The mysterious one and the youngster skipped in schoolboy fashion toward the trolley line, jesting in the mean time.

Places Eyeglasses on Boy.
A few rods from the car line the man stopped the boy. Pulling a pair of smoked glasses from his pocket he adjusted them to the boy's head with the remark:

"You'll look better in these."
The sides of the black yarn cap were pulled carefully over the boy's ears. A slip which he was to hand the conductor was put in the boy's pocket. It read:

"Send this boy to the Hollenden Hotel double quick."

Willie says the man told him that if anybody asked him who took him to the car line to tell them it was "Mr. Jones."

"Just tell them your name is Jones, too, if you want to," said the kidnaper. "All right, Mr. Jones," answered Willie.

Presently a car came into view and the mysterious Mr. Jones drew the boy closer to him.

Promises to See His Papa.
"Well, Willie, you are going downtown now and you will see your papa pretty soon," he said.

This delighted Willie. He swung on to the car quickly, according to the conductor.

"Mr. Jones" paid the boy's fare and then got off the car and disappeared after waving a friendly adieu. This farewell salute to his little captive was continued until the car had disappeared in the inky darkness of the night.

"How fast does a motor car take you?"

"It depends on what you mean," answered Mr. Chuggina. "Over the roads it goes at the same pace as most of them, but when it comes to running into debt it's got them all beat."—Washington Star.

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SLOWS DEFEATED THE FAST BOWLERS

Good Contest at the City
Bowling Alleys.

In a contest at the city alleys in which those who use the slow ball for bowling were lined up against those who send the wooden sphere with great force, the Slows won by two out of three. The games were interesting and the result a surprise. It was a test of the two styles of bowling. Markley of the Slows, bowled 223, 170 and 208. Roberts of the same team, rolled 203, 187 and 244. Kenney did the best work for the Swifts, bowling 177, 224 and 233.

The Gloins took the Wilsons for three straight games in the Class B league at the Y. M. C. A. last evening. The highest score was 188, rolled by Gillespie. A few of the bowlers were not up to their usual form.

Russian Education.

The "Intelligenzia" of Russia, writes the Hon. Maurice Baring in "A Year in Russia," is, properly speaking, composed of every one who can read or write. But the term is generally used to designate those members of the middle class who belong to the professional classes—doctors, professors, teachers and literary men. The average man or woman of the Russian middle class is better educated than the average English man or woman of the same class.

They are saturated with the foreign classics. They often speak two languages besides Russian, and they are conversant with modern thought in the various European countries so far as it is allowed to reach them. They are taught at school things which will be useful to them.

Every one receives a general foundation of knowledge. The average Russian boy knows more about English history than the average English boy, let alone European history. A cultivated Russian of the middle class is saturated with John Stuart Mill, Ruskin, Morley and Carlyle, and Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley are treated as Russian classics.

Business Man—Here's a shilling for you to go to the concert.
Office Boy—Thankee, sir. Anything I can do for you?
Business Man—Yes; I wish you would learn to whistle a new song for the office. I am a little tired of the old ones.—London Telegraph.

DEATH OF THE WORLD.

When Water Disappears and Air Gets
Too Thin to Breathe.

The age of the earth is placed by some at 500,000,000 years, by others 100,000,000 years, and still others of later time place it at 10,000,000 years. None place it lower than 10,000,000, knowing what processes have been going on.

Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in so much earlier or later stages of existence. The earth must become old.

Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct.

As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of paper each year.

At this rate in 6,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe.

The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an appreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live. The time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.—Richard A. Proctor.

"They treated me so handsomely at the farewell banquet last night," said Mr. Barnes Torner, "that I assured them I would come back very soon."
"Yes," said Mr. Peppery, "so Critick told me. But he said otherwise the affair was very pleasant."—Stray Stories.

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"Mamma," said five-year-old Edgar one evening, "haven't I been an awful good boy today?"
"Yes, Edgar," she replied, "and I'm very proud of you."
"Well," continued the little fellow, "I can go to bed without saying my prayers, can't I?"

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