

MARSHALL VERY TOUGH PROBLEM FOR THE AGENTS

While Waiting for School Book Plum to Be Served, Representatives Both Cuss and Discuss Him.

HIS "BUTTING IN" IS VERY MUCH RESENTED

They State the Governor Is in A Class by Himself as a School Book Anti-Trust Hammer Wielder.

(Special Correspondent.) Indianapolis, May 12.—The school book men who have been hanging around waiting for the state board of education to award the contracts for the school books for the schools of Indiana for the next five years have spent and are still spending much of their time in the hotel lobbies cussing and discussing Governor Marshall, who, by butting into the matter, as they put it, has been the means of probably saving the people many thousands of dollars in a gouge that was attempted. They say Governor Marshall is in a class all by himself as a school book anti-trust agitator. The governor's sudden calling of the board's attention to the Macmillan Company's contract concerning the Tarr and McMurray elementary geographies has been the chief topic of conversation among the school book men. And, by the way, fragments of their expressed opinions have reached the governor.

Goos in Like a Bull. "He's the damndest governor I ever ran up against in all my experience as a book man," said one of the agents. "When he goes into that board of book commissioners it's like a bull going into a china shop, and when he goes out he leaves just about as much of a wreck. I have always been used to treating the adoption of a school book as a sort of 'star chamber' matter, but this governor comes out of the room, and when he finds a newspaper man waiting for him he takes him into his office and tells him everything that took place in the meeting. Then whenever he has anything which he thinks ought to be said about the book contract he calls a newspaper man into his office and tells him about it. He does not seem to think there is anything about making a book contract that ought to be kept quiet."

A Different Deal. "It's a different deal from any I have ever had in the book business," said another. "Usually all the details are looked after on the side, and the newspapers are not expected to get anything about what is going on until after the preliminary work has all been done and the contract is let. Here you have a governor that evidently believes there is nothing the newspapers ought not to know about it. I shall not be surprised if he asks the board to admit a newspaper man to the meeting next Friday, when the board is to agree upon an adoption."

The board will meet Friday morning and will take up Attorney General Bingham's opinion to the effect that the Macmillan company, supplying the Tarr and McMurray elementary geographies at 30 cents can be compelled to continue furnishing the books at that price. There has been no such widespread objection to the geographies that the board feels they should be discarded, and it is thought that any attempt to supplant them at this time with a book which will cost 45 cents, when, in the opinion of the attorney general, they can still be had for 30 cents, will be so daring a step that the board will not think of taking it.

"If this board adds fifteen cents to the cost of that book when it is known that it can be had for its present price, the members will have a mighty hard time explaining to the thousands of people who are compelled to buy them," said Governor Marshall, yesterday.

In addition to the geographies, the board will select readers, arithmetics and copy books.

A WONDER THAT HAS PUZZLED MANY.

There are many people that are greatly puzzled over the wonderful effects of Root Juice. When this new medicine was first introduced it was generally thought that a new fad was born to die in a short time. But as time passes and so many testimonials are pouring in from all over the country from people who had given up hope of ever seeing another well day, and neighbor is telling neighbor of some great good received from the use of Root Juice, many people are wondering why this great remedy was not discovered years ago. What a great boon to human-kind is a remedy like Root Juice, a combination of nature's drugs that soothes and heals and tones the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. How sweet is health and how wonderful are the many cures that Root Juice has made of rheumatism, catarrh, indigestion, female weakness and other troubles of the digestive and secretory organs. Those who wish to learn of this great remedy should go to A. G. Luken & Co's drug store.

THE THEATER

THEATRICAL CALENDAR.

NEW PHILLIPS.
All Week—High Class Vaudeville.

GENNETT THEATRE.
Week of May 10.—Cook Stock Co.

The New Phillips.
The Clayton Drew Players are the talk of the town at the present. They are presenting "When Rome Howls" at the New Phillips and it is true that all the Richmond people who have seen it have had to howl as well. When we say howl, we do not mean that loud guffaws greet these players, for they are extremely artistic, but you can not hold the laughter in, that's all.

The Bannon Troupe of Club Jugglers are emphatically pronounced the best in the business, and that is no bone talk either.

Miss Caroline Pulliam continues to make a hit with her attractive qualities and her winning voice. The houses were packed yesterday and this afternoon.

"In Dreamland."
The sale of reserved seats for the Penny Club's benefit, "In Dreamland," to be given at the Coliseum, Friday night and Saturday afternoon, opened at the rooms of the Starr Piano Co. this morning and a great many reservations were made. Everything indicates a large business for this worthy charity. The trolley parade tomorrow night will prove an attractive affair. The city band will furnish the music and red fire torches will be in evidence and the youngsters will be in their glory—about three hundred of them.

Every boy and girl in town, who is not a participant in the play should attend the matinee Saturday afternoon. They can take a trip to fairyland for only fifteen cents.

At the Arcade.

Mr. Harry Frankel, a Richmond boy who has made good the past season in a well known minstrel troupe, is delighting audiences at the Arcade this week. He has a remarkably deep bass voice, a rarity in illustrated song work. Mr. Ray Rogers now has the drums in charge, and the musical end of the program is a treat. The pictures tonight are "The Note in the Shoe," a romantic little story of a shoe factory, and "One Busy Hour" or how St. Smith tried to sell the corner grocery to Hiram Greengage, and failed. It's funny.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

Richmond People Have Absolute Proof of Deeds at Home.

It's not words but deeds that prove true merit.

The deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills. For Richmond kidney sufferers, have made their local reputation. Proof lies in the testimony of Richmond people who have been cured to stay.

Benjamin F. Lunsford, N. E. Cor. Twentieth and South B streets, Richmond, Ind., says: "The statement I gave for publication in 1906 endorsing Doan's Kidney Pills told of my experience with this remedy and at this time I am glad to confirm what I then said. I had been bothered by kidney trouble off and on for at least fifteen years and whenever I caught cold, my back became so lame and painful that I could hardly get around. At times the flow of the kidney secretions was profuse, then again scant and distressing. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at A. G. Luken & Co's drug store, relieved these annoyances and once or twice since, when I have taken the remedy, it has promptly relieved me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

AN INTERESTING CASE

Man Charged With Burglary Is Now Seeking to Get \$5,000 Damages.

AN INJURY TO CHARACTER

An interesting law suit is on trial at New Castle that will be watched throughout the state. A man named Ross was arrested several months ago and tried on the charge of burglary. While the trial was in progress the judge called a stop, telling the prosecutor the state's evidence was so weak it was an injustice to prosecute the man. The affidavit against Ross was filed by Jesse French, Jr., a well known manufacturer of New Castle. Ross now is seeking \$5,000 damages for false imprisonment and injury to character.

Earthquake Fear.

Mankind are strangely inconsistent in the matter of running risks. There is no danger that appeals the imagination more than the danger of earthquake, and yet those parts of the world that are most subject to earthquakes seem never to have been there. Sooner than human beings. An earthquake is an "act of God," and men are clearly helpless against it. Like death, no one knows when it may come; but, unlike death, it may never come at all, and therefore men fear it less than death.—London Times.

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

Measles and the Police Were A Drawback to the Wedding

Chicago, May 12.—Measles and two policemen threaten to stop the wedding of Miss Louise Wilson, 7038 Princeton avenue, to Arthur McCracken tonight.

The bride and groom say they'll be married.

The health department says they won't.

One mother hopes they will and another hopes they will not try to defy the law.

Meantime the license has been issued and the Rev. E. J. Robert has been asked to perform the ceremony. The minister has no parish or children to whom he might carry the measles and therefore those concerned say the wedding will occur as announced.

The bride-to-be is ill in bed. She says her mother is keeping her there out of an excess of home hygiene. The health department says she has the measles and there's a red sign on the front of the house that says so too.

Miss Wilson is superstitious about weddings. She doesn't want to postpone hers and neither does the bridegroom, Mr. McCracken, cattle buyer for the National Packing company.

His mother, Mrs. Arthur McCrack-

en, 7111 Yale avenue, sympathizes with the young people.

"It is preposterous," she says, "that the measles should be allowed to interfere with a wedding. The young people have planned the wedding for tonight and they haven't changed their minds. When Miss Wilson decides upon a thing she usually carries it out."

However, Mrs. W. B. Wilson, the mother of the bride, who has put her to bed, doesn't take that view of it. When she heard the health department would station a patrolman at each end of the house to keep the groom from entering tonight or the bride from leaving she said:

"I would like to see the young people get married as they planned, but then they mustn't disobey the law. Suppose they should be arrested?" And in alarm at the thought she exclaimed, "Oh, my, I hope they send plenty of policemen so Louise can't get herself into trouble."

And the bride? She has determined to get married tonight if she has to elope from the second story window and make a run under fire from the guard outside her home. The groom is willing, too, and there may be a Lochinvar out at the bride's home tonight.

FOOLED THE ROBBERS

An Incident of the Days of Stage-coach Holdups.

QUICK WIT OF PAT CLOHESY.

The Trick by Which the Old Time Mining Man of Colorado Saved Himself and Sacrificed His Fellow Travelers and the Story Sequel.

"When the passengers in the old coaching days found themselves in the clutches of the 'road agents' they instinctively hurried, during the short time that driver and guard were being put in a proper state of helplessness, to secret money and valuables in the first safe place that suggested itself," said a veteran Colorado mining man. "But such precautions were useless, for there was small time and smaller opportunity of place to hide anything in a mere shell of a coach. If a man was found without money, they stripped him and searched the coach as well."

"The experience of Pat Clohesy, an old time mining man of Colorado, is historic. One afternoon he took the stage from Silver Cliff camp, bound for the railroad, sixty miles away. In the coach were a dozen other passengers, none of whom knew him. As they reached the narrowest part of the gorge that leads out of Wet Mountain valley a loud command of 'Hold up your hands!' brought the stage to a sudden standstill and every passenger in it to a swift realization that unless quick action was taken he would be broke. One crammed his wad of bills down his boot leg; another thrust his roll down the back of his neck; a third took off his hat, put his wallet inside and set it back on his head. Every man Jack of them attempted to secrete his money except Pat Clohesy, and Pat sat perfectly quiet.

"In a few moments a rifle barrel appeared at the window, and there came the order, 'Hands up and all out!' Out the passengers tumbled and stood in line with lifted hands. Pat at the far end. When the searching highwayman went through the first man he found nothing. Irritated at this, he started through the second, with the same lack of success. Angry at this, the bandit turned to his fellow robber, who stood covering the line with his Winchester.

"They have been tryin' to hide their stuff, d-n 'em!" he exclaimed. "We'll just make 'em strip, and then we'll go through the stage. They'll pay for puttin' us to all this trouble!" Then up spoke Pat Clohesy from the far end of the line. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing the highwaymen, "I know you're in a hurry, and I know I'm a poor miner with all my property in the world—just the \$15 I've got—in my pocket. If you'll leave me that little roll, I'll tell you where these other fellows have hidden their wads, so you can collect it quick and skip out. Is it a bargain?"

"Sure," said the man with the guarding rifle. Fifteen dollars meant nothing to the band compared to the risk. "Well," said Pat, pointing to the first in line, "that fellow's money is stuffed down his right boot leg."

"The holdup investigated and drew forth a plump roll of bills from the boot leg. 'That next man,' went on Pat, 'has got his money hid under the hind seat in the stage.' The bandit found a fat wallet stuffed under the cushion. 'The next has got his money in his hat, and the next crammed his stuff down the back of his neck, and the next'—Pat went down the line of them, while the highwayman drew forth money from all manner of places. Swiftly collecting their booty, they bundled the passengers back in the coach, set driver and guard back on their seats and told them to go ahead. Not, however, before they had given Pat a twenty dollar bill and a hearty slap of thanks on his Irish back.

"The storm that broke over his head inside that coach after it had rolled a safe distance from the bandits threatened his very life before he could get a hearing. Had it not been that the robbers had dismissed them all and Pat was a huge man he never would have got away alive."

"Each of you figure up just how much you've lost," he said to his fellow passengers when at last they would listen, "and I'll pay you back not only what that is, but an equal amount in addition, for the bother I've given you," and he pulled from an inner vest pocket a huge roll of bills. In bewildered amazement the travelers counted up their losses. Collectively it was about \$1,000. Pat peeled off two \$1,000 bills from the bulky mass of money

and, handing them to a responsible passenger, asked him to make correct division when they reached the railroad.

"I'm sorry for the unpleasant quarter hour I caused you," he continued, "but it was the only thing I could do to save myself. I have just sold a mine back in Silver Cliff for \$80,000 cash and had no other way to bring the money out except in my pocket. Here is the bundle of it," and he held up the fat roll. "When I heard the holdups outside I thought it was all up, for you can't hide money from those hounds. But when you fellows pulled out your money to hide it and I saw that none of you had any large amount I thought I would work a game on the road agents and give you away to the villains in order to save myself. I surely did! They've got \$1,000, but I've saved my money!"—Washington Post.

As high as we have mounted in delight, in our dejection do we sink as low.—Wordsworth.

WILD ELEPHANTS.

A Herd's Successful Raid on a Granary in Ceylon.

Some soldiers stationed at an outpost in Ceylon, says a Colombo paper, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice were sent off a few miles to quiet some unruly villagers, only two of the party remaining behind. No sooner had the soldiers departed than a herd of wild elephants, which had long been wandering about the neighborhood, appeared in front of the granary. Its walls were of solid brickwork, very thick, and the only opening into the building was in the center of the roof, which was reached by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants the two men clambered up into a lofty banyan tree to escape injury. Screened by the thick foliage, though unseen by the elephants, they easily saw all that went on below. The sagacious animals began operations at the corners of the building. Two powerful elephants, after putting forth every effort, but in vain, to make an impression on the building, were forced to retire exhausted. A third came forward, and applying his tusks as levers, he at length succeeded in dislodging a single brick. An opening once made, others of the herd advanced, and soon an entrance was obtained sufficiently large to admit them. As the whole company could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small groups of three or four. After satisfying themselves they retired and gave place to others until the whole herd, upward of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, and those still in the granary rushed out and joined their companions. One of the first divisions, after leaving the building, had acted as sentinel while the others were taking their turn. He had perceived the troops returning from the village and gave the signal for retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle.

The soldiers found the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a fieldpiece was discharged at them in their retreat, but they only wagged their tails as if in mockery and were soon hidden in the recesses of their native forests.

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ARE NOT SATISFIED

Farmers Have a Protest on The Kind of Weather On Tap.

CORN PLANTING DELAYED

Farmers are somewhat disappointed over the weather that has been dished out to them by the weather man, as corn planting is being greatly delayed, while the kernels ought to be in the ground now.

In the earlier part of last week arrangements were made to put the corn in the ground, but the rains of Thursday gave the planters a set back. They expected the ground to be in condition the first of this week, but the heavy rains of Saturday night and Sunday has again thrown calculations out of gear, and it is doubtful if any corn can be planted this week. Corn to mature before the early fall frosts ought to be in the ground now and the failure to get it planted is causing the farmer some uneasiness. Yet some of the oldest and best farmers contend that corn planted from May 10th to the 20th is all right.

IS FAST DRIVING COMMENDABLE ACT

Question to Be Decided at Gas City Today.

Gas City, Ind., May 12.—When is fast driving and violation of speed rules commendable? The question will be answered in the city court at Gas City today. Miss Marie Havens has been arrested and charged with fast driving. She claims she was going to the drugstore at Jonesboro to get medicine for her father, who was ill. She believed the case merited great speed being made and she drove her horse at his top gait. The marshal saw her, however, and not knowing her mission, arrested her. The case was taken to Gas City for trial.

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NOTICE

I am called away on special business, to leave Saturday, May 8th. Will return for our final spring business in about a week or ten days. Representative

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COLISEUM FRIDAY NIGHT MAY 14-15

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