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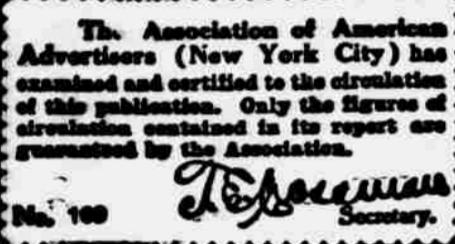
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ed until payment is received.Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post
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From Far and Near

Taft and Roosevelt.

From the Washington Star.

It is announced that the Roosevelt Club of Cincinnati has given up the ghost—at least its quarters. So many members had dropped out and made other alliances, there seemed no further use for the club's existence.

And yet, if we consult the philosophy of the New York Times, this action was premature. The Times sees a chance for Mr. Roosevelt to "come again," and rather expects him to improve it. Mr. Taft may not hold his party together. Already the tariff is giving him trouble. Suppose other questions should give him trouble. Suppose republican difficulties increase and as the time for naming the candidate approaches a protest within the party against a second term for Taft is made, and represents an influential faction of the party. What more natural and logical than to turn to the former leader?

The Times dwells upon the tariff, and thinks Mr. Roosevelt would hold a strong position as to that. He has not indorsed, and may not indorse, the Payne law. When a young politician he accepted membership in the Cobden club. Suppose, then, discontent with the Payne law grows. Suppose an increasing number of republicans refuse to accept it as a redemption of the party's promise to revise the tariff downward, and insist upon further action, making the issue of 1912 turn again largely upon that issue.

Mr. Roosevelt has no very definite position on the tariff. It is understood that he is a protectionist because he is a republican. His membership in the Cobden club—a free trade club—is of no consequence. Gen. Garfield was a member, and maybe other American politicians, without a thought of committing themselves on the subject, have accepted the civilities of that English organization.

But a refusal to indorse Mr. Taft at the republican national convention in 1912 would not be referable solely to the tariff. The party, in effect, would confess failure all along the line, and would almost invite defeat. Could anybody save the day? Strong as he was when he left office, as he may be now, he may then be with an element of his party. Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate of his party the third time would be handicapped. He would find himself leading a divided party, and resting under the imputation of having connived at the rejection of his friend for indorsement. A strong democrat might discover his opportunity in the situation.

Those Cincinnati politicians evidently do not expect Mr. Roosevelt to "come again," as a presidential quantity. And there does seem further use for his name for political purposes. But it is a good name for a hunting club, or a riding academy, or a tennis court.

The Tools of Genius.

From the New York World. Of all the features of the celebration, there is any which has caught the imagination of the crowd as has the facsimile of the Half Moon, with its suggestion of human daring and endeavor? Truly they had hearts of oak and nerves of triple brass who ventured out over uncharted seas in this puny craft. Many timid souls today, would not risk a cruise off Sandy Hook in the boat in which Hudson crossed the Atlantic. Genius is proverbially careless of its tools. A Franklin flies a kite, a Watt watches a tea kettle, a Herschel scans the heavens with a tiny homemade telescope, a Garcia looks down the human throat with a miniature mirror found attached to a stick in a Paris shop, and civilization takes a long step ahead. If it had been necessary to wait until a Lusitania was built before the ocean was crossed, or until steam lathes and trip-hammers were perfected before a locomotive was built, we should still be in the dark ages. The world has wonderfully advanced in all the arts and pursuits of peace. But has one millimeter been added to the breadth of the human spirit in a thousand years? Are the Bleriot and Wrights and Curissies who are wrestling from nature the secret of a new science a whit more daring than Columbus or Hudson?

THE SPIRIT OF THE OCCASION.

It gives a thrill of the best sort to look down Main street. The banners and bannerets, so gaily blowing in the fall breezes; the splotches of brilliant color here and there; the plaited poles; the festoons; and the preparations for the brilliant lighting of the streets—and not done yet!

Not done (you gasp), why, have they commenced already?

Now that is the remarkable part about the whole affair and it extends throughout the whole performance. Everything in this Fall Festival is proceeding in the same orderly confusion—if you will pardon the expression. It is the spirit of rapid accomplishment.

And it is particularly good for a town which bears itself as staidly—and which has so good a title to the name of the "Panic Proof City"—that it should have a taste of this rapid accomplishment.

It gives a grip on affairs—a strengthening of the sinews and the muscles—a direction to its mind and a stimulant to its ambition—for Richmond is a living organism.

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ness man's shoe made. Ask to see them.SOROSIS SHOES for ladies, the best fitting shoe in the world; carried in
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For MenIs the place that is suited to what we are.
For love is wider than church and sect
And last in all is the old "elect."More than you dreamed, O planters, has come.
Perhaps what you feared in that wilderness home.
The wid'ning of service, the lapsing of creeds,
Salvation outside of the folds of the Kirk,
Religion as wide as humanity's needs,
And ev'ry-day gospels, the gospels of work—
But could you look backward with us you'd say
Not ours, O Jehovah, but Thine is the way.Two angels look ever on life's bright dream
And under their vision its vistas gleam.
Blind them, and what could the future hold?
And how would the marches behind us appear?
O Hope, keep ever thy scroll unrolled,
And Memory, ever thy fondest tear,
For the way is covered by clouds and night
And long is the waiting for absolute sight.

TWINKLES

(BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.)

Invitation to Argument.

"So you think I should not marry
Reginald?" said the confiding girl.
"I am afraid he has a quarrelsome
disposition," answered Miss Cayenne.
"What makes you think so?""He is constantly asking people
whether they think Cook or Peary dis-
covered the north pole."

Something of a Logician Himself.

"You must at all times have respect

and reverence for the law," said the
sincere patriot."I have," answered Farmer Corntos-
sel."But it's pretty generally admitted
that Satan may quote Scripture and
pervert its meaning. So I can't help
feeling suspicious when certain par-
ties get up to read from a merely hu-
man production like the revised sta-
tutes."

In the Eye.

"Your old enemy, Mr. Snortington,
is very much in the public eye.""Yes," answered Senator Sorgum.
"And he's as irritating there as one ofthose cinders you pick up while trav-
eling on the steam cars.""Imitation," said Uncle Eben, "may
be sincere flattery to be original, but
it's usually an insult to intelligence
of de people you tries to pass it off
on."

Ezra and Rufus.

We're in a great commotion down to
Ponick on the crick.We tried to do the proper thing, but
fate has played a trick.That leaves us in confusion. Ezra
Spinks an' Rufus Lee,
They went out a-explorin' fur to find
a possum tree.Ezra borrowed several lanterns, dogs
an' similar supplies.An' had a great farewell when he set
out to win the prize.But Rufus, he snuck out alone an', fur
as we could see.He didn't even stand a chance to finish
one, two, three.We'd 'most forgotten 'em when Rufus
came in out o' breath.With Ezra steamin' after him like he
was scared to death."Congratulate me!" Rufus says. "I've
found that possum tree!"An' Ezra says: "Shet up! The one
that seen it fust is me!"We cried "Hooray for Rufus!" which
made Ezra want to fight.Then we says: "Hooray for Ezra!"
which riled Rufus out o' sight.And, as all that we could think of was
that useful word "hooray."We stood around, embarrassed, not
jes' knowin' what to say.Then ol' Joe Struthers, he spoke up as
folks: "Pears to me
You're makin' an unusual fuss about
that possum tree.When you go our explorin', the im-
portance of yer findis measured by the help that it kin be
to human kind.My judgment isn't warped by either
prejudice or fears.The one that brought the possum
home's the one that gits my
cheers."But there warn't nary possum. An'
we all went home agin'.
Exceptin' Spinks an' Lee. They
staid an' kep' on arguin'.

Frightful Fate Averted.

"I would have been a cripple for
life, from a terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Disberry, Kellher,
Minn. "without Bucklin's Arnica
Salve, which soon cured me." Inflam-
mable for wounds, cuts and bruises, it
soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old Sores,
Boils, Skin Eruptions. World's best
for Piles. 25c at A. G. Lukens & Co.

Slow Trip.

From the Springfield Republican.
No newspaper has yet published a
sketch-map of Peary's dash to New
York. He is reported as making fifteen
miles Friday in spite of bad
weather.

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