

THOMAS OBJECTS TO A THROW DOWN

Taggart Says He Will Retire From Politics When He Is Ready.

CHALLENGE IS ACCEPTED.

BOSS STATES THAT THEY HAVE ROLLED OUT THE SKIDS FOR HIM BEFORE, BUT THEY HAD NEVER BEEN USED.

(Palladium Special)
Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 4.—Somebody remarked to Tom Taggart the other day that it looked as if the new deal faction of the democratic party had the skids ready to put under him and slide him out of the control of the party in this state.

"Well," replied Taggart, "they have brought those things out of the shed a good many times for me, but they have never used them yet. I don't want to be thrown out unless I want to."

Challenge is Made.

So there is the challenge thrown down to the element, led by Governor Marshall, which hopes to reorganize the democratic state committee and the state organization along lines that will be different from those that have prevailed in the past.

Some time ago the story was told that Taggart had announced that he would retire from active politics in this state and devote all of his time to his vast business interests. It is probably true that he did make this statement, but, as has been explained in this correspondence, it does not necessarily mean that Taggart is going to take his hand entirely off of the throttle that controls the democratic locomotive. Taggart is a foxy politician, and it is remembered that he has on several occasions, declared his intention of getting out of politics. It is remembered also, that on each of these occasions the statement was made when Taggart had a big fight on hand. Then when the fight was over Taggart had won and was bigger than ever in his party and more strongly entrenched as the boss.

Color to the Theory.

It is the prediction of many that this is what he will do this time, if he has been correctly quoted in his statement that he will retire. The remark which he made the other day, as quoted above gives color to this theory.

If it ever comes to a point where Taggart and Marshall engage in a genuine fight for control of the party machinery in this state, it will mean the clash of two clever politicians. Everybody knows that Taggart is a good politician. Governor Marshall disclaims any pretensions at being a politician in any sense of the word. He says he does not know a thing about politics. But the rest of the people are of a different opinion. They regard him as a past master at the political game. One man said the other day Marshall in politics was like a beginner who was learning to play euchre.

"You know, when you try to teach some one how to play the game he always beats you," the man remarked. And that is the way with Marshall. He has never been licked yet.

Against Boss Rule.

Governor Marshall has again come out "flat footed" against boss rule in a party. A few days ago he received a letter from a committee of Eastern democrats who contemplate calling a conference of party leaders from all over the country to decide on a plan of campaign for next year. It is proposed at this meeting to discuss the issues that are to be raised and to plan for the organization of the party in the nation. Governor Marshall has

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Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though a new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1888 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for a cure of all forms of female complaint is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulence, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

"Votes for the Women"



Whitewater Valley was Found By Quaker "Cooks and Pearys"

In the current number of the American Friend, Dr. Rufus M. Jones, the editor, who was in this city the past two weeks, has an editorial on Whitewater Monthly Meeting which is as follows:

Whitewater Monthly Meeting (Richmond, Indiana) has arrived at the dignity of being a hundred years old. So many anniversaries abound this year that the wayfaring man is in some danger of forgetting the ones that are really momentous—the ones which touch most vitally the spiritual concerns of the race; and it seems, therefore, quite worth while for a moment to swing away from the din and jubilee over the exploration of the Hudson River, and the building of the first steamboat, and the hurrah over the commercial value of Alaska, now our possession for forty-two years, to consider the establishment of a meeting which has played a great part in the work of spiritualizing the great West.

It was in the spring of 1806 that David Hoover and four others—all immigrants from North Carolina—first pushed through the woods from Ohio and found the Whitewater country. As he told the story himself:

"We took a section line some eight or ten miles north of Dayton, and traced it a distance of more than 30 miles, through an unbroken forest. It was the last of February or the first of March when I first saw Whitewater.

On my return to my father's, I informed him that I thought I had found the country we had been in search of. Spring water, timber and building rock appeared to be abundant, and the face of the country looked delightful. In about three weeks after this my father, with several others, accompanied me to this 'land of promise.'

We took a section line some eight or ten miles north of Dayton, and traced it a distance of more than 30 miles, through an unbroken forest. It was the last of February or the first of March when I first saw Whitewater.

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