

THOS. R. MARSHALL

Democratic Candidate For Vice President Was Born In Manchester, Ind., In 1854, Was Graduated From an Indiana College and Has Practiced Law Since 1875.

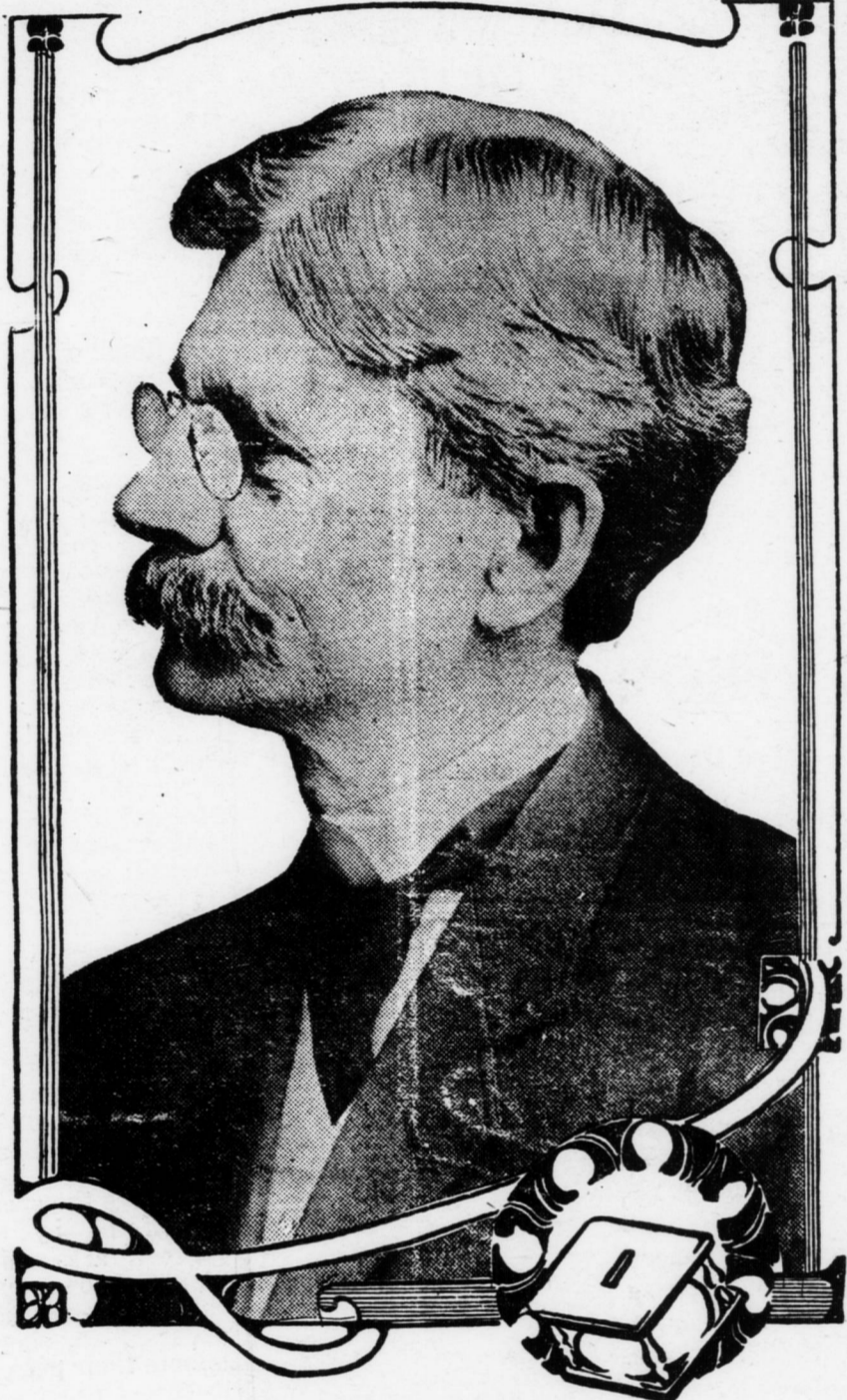
THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL was born in Manchester, Ind., March 14, 1854. He was graduated from Wabash college and was admitted to the bar in 1875. He began the practice of law in Columbia City, Ind., and that city is still his home, though of course while he is governor of the state his official residence is in Indianapolis.

Governor Marshall is an alert, spare man, with smooth, iron gray hair, a gray mustache and a pair of large bright eyes, which look keenly through gold rimmed spectacles. He has a jaw which overhangs his collar on either side and reveals a disposition of aggressiveness. He is a man who speaks his mind like the brisk Hoosier lawyer that he is.

Tom Marshall (as they call him in his home town) lives in an Indian

of his hobbies, and his public documents have won him something of literary fame. He is a trustee of Wabash college, Indiana, and has the degree of doctor of laws from Wabash Notre Dame university, the University of Alabama and the University of Pennsylvania. He is not a "mixer" in the political sense of that term, but he is an amiable, genial, generous and kind gentleman, who has no difficulty in attracting friendships of the most loyal and self sacrificing character.

His friends point to the doings of the legislature of 1911, which was Democratic in both houses, as representing pretty fairly his views on public questions. This record in its important details was as follows: It ratified the income tax amendment to the federal constitution; it petitioned congress to submit to the



THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL

home, the kind which makes tears well up in the eyes and lumps adhere to the throat of a Hoosier gentleman as James Whitcomb Riley. From rooms full of real chairs made to sit in and bookshelves full of real books to read one looks out of wide windows on a turfy lawn with growing shrubs and real trees down the Columbia City main street, which has branches interlaced for the three squares between Tom Marshall's house and Tom Marshall's office.

As Judge Marshall he went Whittier's unhappy jurist one better. He married the girl he met on the summer day. She was Miss Lois Kimsey, who was taking notes of the trial over which Judge Marshall was presiding at Steuben in 1895. Her father was clerk of the court, and during the trial it was frequently noted that the judge came off the bench and visited the desk of the clerk. Not so long after Miss Kimsey became Mrs. Thomas Riley Marshall of Columbia City.

Conflicts With Machine.
Governor Marshall was elected to his present office in 1908. One remarkable feature of his administration lies in the fact that he has twice been in open conflict with the Democratic state machine under the leadership of Thomas Taggart, has twice defeated it and yet has in each instance brought his party with a united front to the polls at the succeeding election. In 1910 he forced the state convention to nominate John W. Kern as the party candidate for the United States senate to succeed Albert J. Beveridge. A campaign on this issue was waged throughout the state, and the governor won by a majority of only thirty in a convention of 1,750 delegates. The Democrats carried the state after a fight which won countrywide recognition for its intensity, and Mr. Kern was elected. The other conflict occurred when he was first elected, because as governor he insisted on making his own appointments to office. While some of the old machine politicians questioned the political value of the appointees, neither Republican or Democrat ever questioned their fitness for the office for which they were chosen.

Another Scholar in Politics.
Although possessing more practical knowledge of politics, because of his experience in Indiana affairs, than Governor Wilson of New Jersey, Governor Marshall is, like his distinguished running mate, something of a scholar in politics. Education is one

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MARSHALL'S THEORIES ABOUT GOVERNMENT.

As an old style Democrat, I'm opposed to the government going into business except as a last resort. I believe that some wisdom on the part of the railroads will make such action unnecessary. Government ownership of railroads and telegraph and telephone lines is the last thing I want to see.

Governments were not instituted to do business. Governments were instituted to see that you, if you are a corporation, can't skin me, and that I can't skin you. They were not instituted to confiscate railroads. If government is to be plain business it's time that the American people knew it. The crying need of this hour and of this people is an immediate divorce of government and business.

I am an income taxer. Personally I would much prefer to have the income tax for the benefit of the state. However, I am in favor of giving this power to the national government, so that those who have incomes may take some of the burdens from those who have none.

I do not approve of a ship subsidy. Payment of \$100,000,000 per annum will not equal the Atlantic traffic alone. The way to build up our merchant marine is to change our navigation and traffic laws. If you're going to have ship subsidy, why not have Illinois put a duty on oranges, so that Illinois owners of hot-houses can go into the orange business? Or close up all the windows of this statehouse that the electric light company can make money, or kill the horses so as to force the use of automobiles?

Broke Low Weight Record.

Until a dozen years ago Governor Marshall was 50 per cent up and 50 per cent down physically, but he practiced law continuously and had a large business for "a country lawyer," as he calls himself. He had sciatica, dyspepsia and malaria intermittently, and his weight during a period of fifteen years was 101 pounds, some ounces less and some ounces more at times.

"Once after a lively run of typhoid fever," he said, "I broke all the adult records in the neighborhood by balancing the beam at eight-eighths pounds scant. I doctor'd for years with regular specialists, old women and quacks and then bought a fifty cent bottle of medicine and was cured."

GOVERNOR MARSHALL AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.

I don't shoot. I wouldn't step on a worm if I could help it. Seven years ago I established a reputation as a fisherman. We were on the lake at Petesky. Mrs. Marshall caught a fine string of perch and pike. I caught five dogfish. I have never fished since. I shall never fish again.

It is well that I didn't run for governor at the age of forty-five, instead of nearly ten years later. In all probability I would have ruined myself. Deficient in philosophy and in balance, I would have spent all my accumulations in a headlong struggle to win. As it was, the state committee asked me for \$1,800. My stumping tour cost me \$1,700—railroad fare, hotel bills and a few cigars for the boys. So Thomas R. Marshall was elected governor of Indiana in 1908 at a personal outlay of only \$3,500.

I am a fatalist. In lawsuits and everything else I do all that I can while I am in the fight, but I never worry about the outcome. I am not responsible for results. If my client is accused of murder and the jury is out I go to bed and to sleep and get the news after breakfast in the morning. What is to be will be, and staying awake will not change it.

MORALITY OF THE ELEPHANT

He Makes a Cat's Paw of Boy's Hand to Steal the Unhusked Rice.

Singular as it may seem, elephants which have associated with men entertain the notion that, under special circumstances, they are not responsible if they utilize another to commit an illegal act. The following is an instance of this elephantine morality: A man in Rangoon bought three young elephants to send to England. They were tame and playful, but cunning. Knowing that it was wrong to steal paddy (unhusked rice)—the idea had doubtless been impressed upon them by punishment for stealing—they would not touch it themselves. But if a boy went to see them, he

An Indian Day.

In the dew-bespangled sunrise, while the air was caressingly cool, we went forth to ride along the river bank and beside fields of yellow mustard or sun stubble; then, on our return to the shadowed tents, a bath, breakfast, and the day's occupations; then again, in the swift dusk of evening, when furtive jackals rent the twilight stillness with wailing and demoniac laughter, or the silver bark of little foxes echoed over the mist-veiled rice-fields, white under the moon, we gathered in comfortable deck chairs in a great, dim aisle of the mango grove, while the tents shone orange in the lamp-light, to tell sad stories of the deaths of kinds, or listen to the Police Chota Sahib, who had a pretty, sentimental tenor, singing "The Long Indian Day."—Charles Johnston, in the Atlantic.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HE DEPENDED ON HIS WIFE

How the Nearsighted Old Man Almost Slept Himself to Death, Never Eating.

It seems that an old man with some property had married an elderly lady. The lady was a sprightly dame, executive, lively and keen. The bridegroom could not see more than an inch beyond his nose, and he was pretty hard of hearing, too. So he depended a good deal on his wife, you understand. He'd wake up in the morning and wonder if it wasn't time to get up for breakfast. So he'd slide out of bed and look into his wife's room. If she was up, he'd begin dressing; if she was still in the hay, he'd go back and have another nap. Well, the lady got on to this habit of his. She fixed up a dummy out of bedclothes one morning just before she went downstairs. The old man came into the room an hour later, squinted at the bed and said, "Anna's still asleep," and went right back to the feathers. After he had slept awhile he took another observation. Same business.

It was ten days before he found out how his wife had been fooling him. He blame near slept himself to death, meanwhile. He never had a meal and he got weaker and weaker, but he never got up. He didn't know it was morning yet. And the old lady had the time of her life; she had saved \$14.36 in groceries alone.

Higgins, the driver of the pie wagon, told us this. And he swears it's true, but we swear not at all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kindly Scribe.
"The editor of the Weekly Plain Dealer is a charitable sort of feller," commented Farmer Hornbeck, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper, wherein he had encountered an example of the linotype's peculiar perversity, says Puck. "In its article on the death of Lefe Daback, who, betwixt me and you, hadn't much to recommend him except that he wasn't quite as bad some time as he was others, he says that the deceased was generally regarded a hijidytemfyvpyvbgkbgkbgkzhrtrdyshrdlu!"

"And I guess that's about as near anybody could get to making an estimate of the departed without hurting his relatives' feelings."

Beware of Cousins!

Cousins are not as simple as they seem. The very fact of being a cousin, or having a cousin, is complicated. The laisses-faire of cousinship is both eluding and deluding—cousins will be cousins, even if you did not choose them. They can borrow money from you, visit you without being asked, tell people they belong to your family, contest your will, even fall in love with you—and a cousin once removed is twice as apt to. Never completely trust a cousin—never depend on his not doing any of these things. Never take him for granted. The "cousinly kiss" may or may not mean what it means. And cousins always do kias—it's part of being cousins.

(Not that cousins need necessarily prove perfidious. Once in a blue moon they invite you to Europe, or leave you money, but that almost always takes an aunt or an uncle.)—Atlantic.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A HIT EVERY TIME
BLOW! NEXT TIME TRY
Blow!
FOR
After your Bread or Pastry turned out poorly—try us

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And Boost Home Industry

The best Bread and Cakes are made by the City Bakery. Controlled and owned by local capital and made by local labor. A demand for our goods means that your money stays at home. Demand our goods and be convinced.



A Bubbler given free with a 10c Bread purchase
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We have seasonable merchandise all through our Store which we will give you at greatly reduced prices, to make room for our Fall Stock. The following items you should be interested in:

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- Figured Lawns, Embroideries
- Summer Silks, Silk Hosiery
- Waists, Skirts
- Kimonos and Gowns, Muslin Underwear
- Ladies' Shoes, Black, Tan and White

You should not forget our Millinery Department. Here we have beautiful Sash Ribbons, Hair Bow Ribbons, in excellent quality at low prices.

For men we have
Ties, Underwear, Suspenders, Hosiery, Cuff Buttons, Collar Buttons, Stick Pins, Watch Fobs and Chains

We want to take advantage of this opportunity to thank one and all for the past favors, and solicit a continuance of same for the coming season. It is our desire to please you by giving you the best merchandise possible for the least money at all times.

W. T. SLEDGE