

The Paducah Sun.

AFTERNOON AND WEEKLY. THE SUN PUBLISHING COMPANY INCORPORATED

F. M. FISHER, President. E. J. FAXTON, General Manager. Entered at the postoffice at Paducah, Ky. as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: THE DAILY SUN By Carrier, per week . . . . .10 By mail, per month, in advance. .25 By mail, per year, in advance. \$2.50 THE WEEKLY SUN For year, by mail, postage paid. \$1.00

Address THE SUN, Paducah, Ky. Office, 115 South Third. Phone 553

Fayne & Young, Chicago and New York, representatives. THE SUN can be found at the following places: R. D. Clements & Co. Van Cullin Bros. Palmer House.



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Table showing circulation data for November 1907, with columns for dates and circulation numbers.

Total . . . . . 102,049 Average, November, 1906. . . . . 3,957 Average, November, 1907. . . . . 3,925 Decrease . . . . . 32 Personally appeared before me this December 3rd, 1907, R. D. MacMillen, business manager of The Sun, who affirms that the above statement of the circulation of The Sun for the month of November, 1907, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief. PETER PURYEAR, Notary Public. My commission expires January 22 1908.

Daily Thought. What you rejoice in, that you love, and what you love, that you are like. —Henry Van Dyke.

THE LICENSE INSPECTOR.

In the words of one, who said he knew, because he had tried it, the office of city license inspector is one of the "best" offices in the city, meaning that the possibilities of graft are exceptional. His point is not far from the mark. The license inspector enforces collection of all licenses from businesses to dogs and automobiles. The average citizen doesn't know one-half the possible sources of revenue, and it requires some keenness on the part of the inspector to find them. Supposing he does find an obscure place of business on which the license is \$25 a year, and the proprietor is agreeable, what is to hinder the license inspector accepting \$15 and saying nothing? When one considers how many opportunities for \$5, \$10 and \$15 transactions of this sort there are in a year, he begins to comprehend how "good" the office is, and understand how great the temptation to this small salaried official to steal, when there is little danger of discovery.

Honesty, intelligence and diligence are required for the proper administration of this office; honesty in accounting to the city for all money collected; intelligence in understanding the requirements of the law, that he may not be deceived; and diligence in seeking out those from whom licenses are due and enforcing collection. The infallible measure of all these qualities is the amount of revenue raised through the office.

George Lehnhard, the incumbent, has produced more revenue from licenses than ever were collected before. His record is open. Councilmen and aldermen should consider the record for honesty of the incumbent and the possibilities for graft in the office, before deciding for political reasons to turn Mr. Lehnhard down. Such a course would look a little like putting a penalty on honesty in office, and inviting graft, by showing Mr. Lehnhard's successor that his fidelity availed him nothing when he asked for endorsement. And then, may not his successor well decide, that if he is doomed to one term anyway, he might as well make all he can out of it while it lasts?

That idea is what makes such positions as license inspector "good" offices.

THE GAME OF POLITICS.

It would scarcely become our assumed attitude of unpartisan regard for the character of office holders in the city and especially those appointed by the mayor or the legislative department, to address the Republican majority in the general council on the subject of its prerogative to name members of their party for the offices at their disposal, and the time-honored custom of the minority in caucus yielding to the will of the majority. And, if any Republican member of the general council should rebel at a caucus dictation that would compel him to affront his conscience or violate the spirit of his oath of

office he would not do otherwise than approve his scruples and commend his pluck. But a coalition with Democrats for the division of offices, not having regard to the best interests of their constituents, and, indeed, pledging their support to an unworthy Democrat against a Republican official, whose record has been one of zeal in the performance of his duties and honesty in his dealings with the city, and whose only offense his exercise of the right of a freeman in a Republican convention to vote for whom he pleased, is not a manifestation of that independence of thought and action we would commend and encourage.

Aside from the lack of party fealty, which in its highest forms is akin to patriotism, such a harboring of a grudge is not sportsmanlike. Revenge has no place in the game of politics, especially the sort of revenge that is mean and is directed toward some one, who did us no worse wrong than to fail to see something just the way we did.

Then consider the logical consequences of carrying a grudge over from campaign to campaign. Supposing aldermen persist in a plan to take petty revenge on a useful but humble member of their own party. He and his friends in turn will have a grudge to feed at some future time when fortune has favored the aldermen in some party contest. Could anyone blame the man if he should play the game the way the aldermen taught him?

Those alleged bombs found beneath the royal box in the Lisbon theater may have been simply some new kind of sugar plum King Carlos had made of especial size for his own gratification.

WE ARE LAW-ABIDING.

The western district of the Black Tobacco Patch is fortunate in the character of its inhabitants and attitude its planters assume toward the buyers. In this district, separated from Trigg county by two mighty rivers, the planters look on the association as a business combination among themselves, and while holding loyally by the organization to better their own condition, they do not regard the buyers as their natural enemies. There never has been the slightest possibility of trouble out here. There does not seem to be any antagonism between the association and buyers, more than there is always between the two parties to a business transaction. We believe the buyers here are not fighting the association, and we feel sure that the association men in the western district would be as quick as any outsider, lawlessness or invasion of this territory by night riders from other sections. There is absolutely no excuse for disorder here. We deplore the fact that outside people lump the whole dark tobacco section into one, and call it lawless. This district will benefit in a way from the disorder in the Green River and Clarksville districts. Buyers are sore on that section, and more ready sales at better prices will be obtained by association men in this district. It may be that planters of those sections will have to bring their product to market in the western district to sell it. This is a law-abiding community and we wish the world to know it.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

St. Nicholas—H. E. Warford, Fulton; J. B. Payne, Louisville; Jeff Bacon, Grand Chain; Roscoe Walker, Vienna, Ill.; J. P. Kitty, Benton; S. P. Jackson, St. Louis; O. J. Rust, Brookport, Ill.; W. L. Houston, Carversville. Richmond—Walter Horn, St. Louis; S. R. Brown, Metropolis; J. H. Stagner, Dover, Tenn.; W. E. Abell, Birdsville; J. L. Howe, Indianapolis; Thomas J. Cooper, Mayfield; W. Hough, New York; H. Wilson, Mayfield. Belvedere—W. M. Archer, St. Louis; J. H. Meeths, Baltimore. H. Walters, Birmingham; A. S. Noel, St. Louis; B. A. James, Evansville; B. B. Johnson, Morganfield; C. S. Hill, Murray; J. H. Nicols, Chicago. Palmer—W. W. Hargrave, Nashville; C. R. Hill, Paris; J. W. Barlow, St. Louis; E. A. Griggby, Louisville; W. B. Louis, Memphis; R. L. Cecil, Louisville; H. L. McGee, St. Louis; Z. H. Palmer, Memphis.

Presidential Nominations.

Washington, Dec. 10.—The president today sent to the senate the following nominations:

Envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Nicaragua and Costa Rica, William L. Merry, of California.

Interstate-commerce commissioner, Charles A. Prouty, of Vermont, (re-nominated).

Notice Rule Suspended.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—The obstacle in the way of a big Christmas business has been removed by Chicago's savings banks. It was stated at the meeting of the clearing house committee today that, in practice the sixty-day notice requirement has been suspended all over the city.

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 10.—Announcement has just been made of the marriage of Kalamazoo, Mich., last Tuesday of Seth A. Low and Mrs. Jessie Wagner, both of Elkhart, Mr. Low is 80 years old. He is a millionaire and one of the best known men in this part of the state. His marriage was a great surprise.

BLINDFOLDED

A Mystery Story of San Francisco

BY EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

(Copyright 1906, the Bobbs-Merrill Co.) (Continued from last issue.)

CHAPTER XXII.

"Did you see him?" asked Wainwright, as the hack lurched into Market street and straightened its course for the ferry.

"Who?"

"Tom Terrill. He was behind that big pillar near the arch there. I saw him just as the old lady spoke to you, but before I catches your eye, he cuts and runs."

"I didn't see him," I said. "Keep the child between us, and shoot anybody who tries to stop us or to climb into the hack. I must read my orders."

"All right, sir," said Wainwright, making the child comfortable between us.

I tore open the envelope and drew forth the scented paper with its familiar, firm, yet delicate handwriting, and read the words:

"Take the train with your men for Livermore. Await orders at the hotel. Protect the boy at all hazards."

Inclosed in the sheet were gold notes to the value of \$500—a thoughtful detail for which I was grateful at the outset of such an expedition. I thrust the money into my pocket and pondered upon the letter, wondering where Livermore might be. My knowledge of the geography of California was exceedingly scant, and Livermore was no where to be found in my geographical memory.

I had some thought of questioning Wainwright, who was busy trying to make friends with the child, but reflecting that I might be supposed to know all about it I was silent. Wainwright's efforts to get the child to speak were without success. The little thing might from its size have been five years old, but it was dumb-frightened, as I supposed, by the strangeness of the situation, and would speak no word.

Why was he put thus in my charge? What was I to do with him? Whether was I to carry him? I reproached myself that I had not stopped the unknown to ask more questions, to get more light on the duties that were expected of me. But the hack on a sudden pulled up, and I saw that we were before the long, low, ugly wooden building that sat square across Market street as the gateway to San Francisco, through which the tide of travel must pass to and from the Golden City.

"Look out on both sides, Wainwright," I cautioned. "You carry the boy and I'll shoot if there's any trouble. See that you keep him safe."

There was nearly 10 minutes before the boat left, but the hurry for tickets, the rush to check baggage, the shouts of hackmen and expressmen, the rattle and confusion of the coming and departing street cars that centered at the ferry made us inconspicuous among the throng as we stepped out of the hack.

"Here Fitzhugh, Brown," I said, catching sight of two of my retainers, "get close about. Have you seen anything—any signs of the enemy?"

"I haven't," said Fitzhugh, "but Abrams thought he saw Doty Ferguson over by the Fair Wind saloon there. Said he cut up Clay street before the rest of us caught sight of him—so maybe Abrams was off his nut."

"Quite likely," I admitted as we turned the jutting corner of the build-

ing and came under shelter by the ticket office. "But keep a close watch."

The other four retainers were in the passageway, and I called to the ticket seller for the tickets to Livermore. By the price I decided that Livermore must be somewhere within 50 miles, and marshaling my troop about the boy, marched into the waiting room, past the doorkeeper, through the sheds and on to the ferry boat.

I saw no sign of the enemy, and breathed freer as the last belated passenger leaped aboard, the folding gangplank was raised and the steamer, with a prolonged blast of the whistle, slid out into the yellow-green water of the bay.

"Keep together, boys," I cautioned my retainers. "Has any one seen signs of the other gang?"

There was a general murmur in the negative.

"Well, Abrams, will you slip around and see if any of them got aboard? There's no such thing as being comfortable until we are sure."

In the hurry and excitement of preparation and departure the orders I had given and received, and the work that filled every moment, I had been conscious of the uneasy burden of a task forgotten. Yet for my life I could not see that we lacked anything. I had my seven retainers, the boy was safe with us, I had my purse, we were well armed and every man had his ticket to Livermore. But at last the cause of my troubles came to my mind.

"Great Scott!" I thought. "It's Doddridge Knapp. That little engagement in the stock market is casting its shadow before."

It seemed likely indeed that the demands of my warring employers would clash here as well as in the conflict over the boy.

Yet with all the vengeful feeling that filled my heart as I looked on the child and called up the memory of my murdered friend, I could but feel a pang of regret at the prospect that Doddridge Knapp's fortune should be placed in hazard through any unfaithfulness of mine.

My uncomfortable reflections were broken by the clanging engine bells and the forward movement of the passengers as the steamboat passed into the slip at Long Wharf.

"Stand together, boys," I cautioned my men. "Keep back of the crowd. Wainwright will take the boy, and the rest of you see that nobody gets near him."

"All right," said Wainwright, lifting the child in his arms. "It will take a good man to get him away from me."

"Where's Abrams?" I asked, noting that only six of my men were at hand.

"You sent him forward," said Lockhart. "Not for all day."

"Well, he hasn't been seen since you told him to find out who's aboard."

"It's no use to wait for him," I growled. "But the next man that takes French leave had better look somewhere else for a job, for by the great horn spoon, he's no man of mine."

We marched off the boat in the rear of the crowd, I in no pleasant humor, and the men silent in reflection of my displeasure. And with some difficulty we found seats together in a forward coach.

The train was the east-bound overland, and it seemed hours before the baggage was taken aboard and the signal given to start. I grew uneasy, but as my watch assured me that only 10 minutes had passed when the engine gave the first gentle pull at the train, I suspected that I was losing the gift of patience.

The train had not gathered headway before a man bent beside me, and Abrams' voice spoke softly in my ear.

"There are two of 'em aboard."

"Yes? Where did you find them? I asked.

"In the stoke hole. I hid behind a bench till every one had gone and saw 'em crawl out. They bribed a fireman

Advertisement for Rudy, Phillips & Co. featuring Christmas Made Substantially Merry With a Carpet or Rug. Includes an illustration of a woman and child, and lists various carpet and rug prices.

Advertisement for Christmas Suggestions Beautiful Smoking Jackets. Features text describing the jackets and a logo for Roy L. Culley & Co. Outfitters to Men and Boys.

Advertisement for a \$250 House, For Rent, and The Body Merely Machine. Includes details about the house and information about the Body Merely Machine.