

Republican Progress

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Service Overseas Post-Office.

If this paper pleases you tell others—if not—tell us.

EDITORIAL.

Grant-Cantacuzene.

Already the betrothal of Miss Julia Dent Grant and Prince Cantacuzene has afforded an excuse for a repetition of the nauseating display made at the time of the Vanderbilt-Marlborough wedding. An epidemic of syphilis already afflicts such newspapers as the New York World and the New York Journal. Through their efforts the contagion has been spread so generally that even Chicago correspondents in New York have caught it and are endeavoring to communicate it further. Thus one of them even secured space in last Sunday's Inter-Ocean for a column of nonsense, which, though it never should have seen the light of day, may serve the good purpose of a lesson and a warning.

It is noteworthy that the persons who have become hysterical over the betrothal of Miss Grant seem impressed with the belief that Prince Cantacuzene, by selecting her for his wife, confers an honor upon her. It is quite probable that neither Miss Grant nor Prince Cantacuzene is responsible for this, but it is certain that the impression could not have become so general had it not been encouraged by persons from whom we might expect more common sense and knowledge of the world.

In general it may be said that no man, whatever his title may be, can confer upon a refined American woman any special honor by asking her hand in marriage. In particular it should be added that Miss Julia Dent Grant is the grand daughter of one of the three great Generals of the century, a President of the United States, and as such the peer of any monarch on earth—a man whom Queens and Kings alike took pleasure in meeting as a social equal, whose name and fame are stamped indelibly on the minds of humanity, and whose deeds are embazoned on the pages of history. At the forthcoming wedding the grand-daughter of Ulysses S. Grant cannot possibly receive any honor so great as that which is hers by birthright. It requires only a superficial knowledge of Russia's social life to warrant the statement that the next Prince Cantacuzene will point with more pride to his great-grandfather on the American side than to any paternal ancestor that ever lived.

Only an ignorant fool could see in the Grant-Cantacuzene union anything which would add in the least to the dignity or distinction of the bride. It will not improve her social standing in the least to share the title of her future husband. Russia has any number of "princes," some of them wise and some of them foolish; some of them rich and distinguished, and some of them neither; some of them possessing the formal attributes of titles: nobility, and some of them far below the social standing of the English or American country gentleman. But in this century Russia has had no Ulysses S. Grant, and in the last two generations the world has had only one to compare with him.

It would be well if the tuft-hunters who at present are prostrating themselves in Newport and in New York could be brought to a realization of these facts, as well as to an appreciation of the condition that an American gentleman is the social equal of any gentleman, that he is accepted as such by European society, and that his position in Europe is also the position of his daughter, provided only she possess the attributes of refined American womanhood.

A horse can draw on the worst kind of earth read about four times as much as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamized road he can pull ten times as much; on a wooden road twenty-five times as much; and on a street railway fifty-eight times as much.

A bad boy seldom gets his badness from his father. The old man usually hangs on to all he has.

Some people keep the Sabbath so holy that they don't work any for three days before or three days after.

respect due to themselves, the society in which they move, and the Nation of which they are a part. But it is time that a custom which tends to degrade American manhood as well as American manhood in the eyes of the civilized world should be checked rather than encouraged by an intelligent public opinion.

DEPRAVITY AND LOVE

The word love is often misused. It is sometimes ridiculed, sometimes respected and very often abused. The synonym of love is affection, friendship, kindness, tenderness, delight.

Depravity is a vitiated state of moral character. Its synonym is wickedness, vice, contamination, and degeneracy.

We now come to the master in hand. Last Sunday morning Bloomington was startled by a murder. A negro who had been keeping company with a white woman was shot dead at a house where she was living. On Tuesday she confessed to having committed the crime and naked a plea for self defense. The revelations incident to the coroner's inquest were revolting enough to turn one's stomach. This female creature admitted her intimacy with the negro and claimed to be approaching motherhood because of this illicit relation. She takes the hat of the "dear" departed, whom she helped greatly to bolster up the Bourbon tyranny. They are more dangerous to the country than were the Pretorian cohorts of Tiberius and Vitellius, who occasionally dictated the succession to the post of head of the state. They are instruments of despotism, Bryan believes, who deserve to be locked up rather than fated.

Arthur Young and Lord Chesterfield foresaw and predicted the coming crash in France of the last decade of the eighteenth century several years before it took place. Bryan and his fellow-revenges, who belong to a different order, of course, from Young and Chesterfield, also see times of trouble impending for the United States. The conflict in the Philippines is, in their opinion, an unholy war, in which President McKinley is a more reactionary George III, and Agustino a nobler George Washington.

The condemnation which Pitt, Pownall and the other British friends of liberty heaped on the ministry of Lord North is rather laudatory compared with the feeling which Bryan and the rest of the copperheads entertain toward the administration in Washington for its administration in defending American authority in American territory. When whole states turn out to do honor to soldiers of the Philippine war, as California, Utah, Nebraska, Pennsylvania and other states are "doing" these times, the days of the republic, as the "anti-imperialists" look at affairs, can not be long in the land. Holding these sentiments nobody will be surprised that this particular Nebraskan who has been mentioned get out of Nebraska and started for the Pacific coast just as soon as the Nebraska regiment reached the state line coming home. Seldom since the days of Abassurus and Philip Nolan has the world seen a more abject political outcast than William J. Bryan at this moment.

Want of Respect for the Hoop-pole.

A Chicago Tribune reporter in writing up the sphinxes of Senator Beveridge said that when he gets into the hoop pole commonwealth he will still be silent.

There is an insult in that combination of hoop poles and split infinitives to the sensitive Indianans. Are they to be taunted by the greasy lard makers and packers of pigs' feet in Chicago with hoop poles and the preservation of the art that binds, with an industry that along with fence rails, was a large section of the foundation on which our religious and literary pre-eminence rest? The hickory sapling and the thrifty oak, marketed as hoop poles, rails and clapboards, sent the pioneers to college and gave us our first crop of lawyers, teachers and Methodist preachers. Time fails to dwell upon the barrel hoops that Indiana supplied to the distillers and pork packers of neighboring states until the substitution of a miserable iron hoop drove the cooper's horse to the kindling pile and hung up the drawing-knife for aye. We neglect, it is to be feared, the hickory sapling, the ornament of the log school house, the stimulator of ideas in the upper end of the lazy school boy, the banner, as it were, that made the great political processions in the flaming campaigns of Clay, Harrison and Van Buren look as if again "Birnamwood do come to Dunsinane." What a fitting emblem of Indiana's best qualities is the hoop pole, product of the sapling, progeny of the noble hickory. Let no sucker speak contumeliously of the hoop pole commonwealth, for we are it.

Veterans at Philadelphia. President McKinley does well this year in taking a few hours away from official duties and reviewing the veterans assembled at Philadelphia. The President lately has been reviewing the younger veterans of a later war. But the great events of an earlier and more critical struggle are not to pass from memory even for a time. Only a comparatively small proportion of the American public may be represented in Philadelphia to-day, but wherever in the country the veterans' reunion shall be mentioned it will be with words of sympathetic fellow-feeling and good-will.

In attending the reunion the President not only performs a pleasant duty as a veteran, but obeys the tacit wishes of the people of the United States, by whom the Grand Army of the Republic is held in high regard for what its membership represents.

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Nebraskan Who Refuses to Rejoice.

Apparently the whole State of Nebraska is turning out to welcome the regiment from that locality on its return from the Philippines. There is one particular Nebraskan, however, who declines to join in this jubilation. This is William J. Bryan. For a short time during the war against Spain he was the titular Colonel of a Nebraska regiment stationed in the Southern states. This particular episode in his career has dropped out of the recollection of the public. He was the one political Colonel of the war time, and the nominal connection he had with the army was cut by him just as soon as he decently could drop back into civil life.

Bryan is the one Nebraskan who finds nothing to applaud in the conduct of the regiment from his state which has been fighting its country's battles on the other side of the globe, and which has just returned to its home. The scenes at the railway stations in Nebraska when people press around the cars to get a glimpse of the returning soldiers depress rather than exalt Bryan. In his view these Nebraskan soldiers were worse than Louis XVI's Swiss guards who helped to bolster up the Bourbon tyranny. They are more dangerous to the country than were the Pretorian cohorts of Tiberius and Vitellius, who occasionally dictated the succession to the post of head of the state. They are instruments of despotism, Bryan believes, who deserve to be locked up rather than fated.

The permanency of the New England schools and historical scenery, and assured stability of her manufactures, with a tendency to create the finest fabrics, the prospective revival of commerce, the grange, and the enterprises incidental to these conditions make the New England farm an ideal possession. The New England farmer who says that the farm is a thing of the past is himself but a product of the past. The man who has a five-thousand-dollar farm in New England, with five thousand dollars in the bank, and who will live within his means, is a millionaire, and his possession and contentment are not unlikely to outlast that of the millionaire.

Belgium's Socialists are again threatening the government of that country. The disturbance which they caused a few months ago created a fear that a revolution was imminent. The socialists are growing rapidly in all the countries of Europe, even in England, although they do not yet figure prominently as a distinct party in the latter country. Europe's Socialists are often called by American writers the Populists of the Old World, but this characterization is unjust to the Socialists. These, unlike our Populists, comprise many of the ablest men in their respective countries. The grievances which they have are real. In most cases the remedies which they propose are wise. Of course, the ultimate aim of most of the Socialists of the nations of continental Europe is the establishment of a republic, although this object is not avowed so openly in recent years as it was once. What the Socialists of Belgium ask for is manhood suffrage. This prevails in Germany for the election of the members of the Reichstag, and in France for the election of members of the Chamber of Deputies, the popular branch of the Parliament of each country respectively. Belgium's Socialists for the time being are weakened by the withdrawal of the Liberals from their support. Nevertheless, the eventful accomplishment of their present purpose seems certain.

It makes quite a difference whose ox is gored. Here is Governor McMillin of Tennessee, formerly one of the most ardent advocates of States' rights, opposing the proposition that trusts shall be investigated by states and insisting that the work shall be undertaken by the national government. An investigation of the trusts in Tennessee by its governor, Mr. McMillin, might be an unpleasant duty and have a disagreeable effect in its relation to his political ambitions for the future.

There are a whole lot of people who want the newspaper to help boom the business of the town, provided the editor will do all the writing, make enemies, get licked and pay the expense of doing it. They only appreciate the power of the press when it is turned against them.—Rockport Journal.

An incident occurred during the President's stay at Pittsburgh which had some significance. An English lady called on him, accompanied by her little son, and the latter saluted the President as "William the Conqueror." The President laughingly declined to accept that title, and said he would rather be known as "William the Liberator." That is what he is in Cuba and Porto Rico, and what he will be in the Philippines as soon as the insurgents show sense enough to lay down their arms and accept the proffered friendship of the United States.

An eminent scientist advises as a precaution against tuberculosis and several other germ diseases, that the mouth be kept closed. This suggestion should come into general practice, and if it fails to prevent tuberculosis it may incidentally prevent other troubles that are quite as bad.

New England Farms.

The thousands of abandoned farms of New England are being purchased by people from many countries and are disappearing. The old farms have a new value. The Portuguese, and Italian, and the Canadian is found in almost every community, and it behoves the thrifty New Englander to receive his Latin neighbor well, for he has come to stay and vote, and his many children are to vote. The outcome of these changes we cannot foresee. But of one thing we may be reasonably sure, that an honest man can have no more honorable or stable possession than a New England farm on which no mortgage remains, accompanied by the protection of a sum equal to its value in some solid bank.

So I would repeat, whether in

New England or elsewhere: If you have a farm, keep it; if not, get one, for the time may come when this country will be largely divided into monopolists, dependents, and farmers, and the farmer will be the most independent of all men and the saving power of our institutions. The relief from the perplexing problems of the time is a simple honest, character-building, faith-sustaining life on the soil.

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