

The Review.

The Argus News is not a party organ--Argus News Tuesday, June 6, '99.

PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM HAUD PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

The Grandson of His Grandfather Finds the Old Man's Pen and Polishes It Up.

Nemo me Impune Lacessit.

"Once there lived a man, a satirist and in the natural course of time his friends stole him and he died."

The people came and stood about his corpse.

"He treated the whole round world as his football," they said, "and he kicked it."

The dead man opened his eyes. "But always toward the goal" he said.—Schwartz.

KISSING bugs are all the rage just now. The fellow who has not run up against one is a curiosity. The Indianapolis Sentinel used a black vicious looking scare head Monday giving the details of a deed of gallantry by a young man at the Central Christian church on Sunday night. This brave individual saw a large bug fly in at an open window and make straight for his head. He dodged it and it struck a young woman in front and stuck to her dress near the neck. He rushed madly forward and running risk of a horrible death threw the vicious bug to the floor and crushed it under his heel. The young man's name is not known, but he is certainly a hero equal to Dewey or Schley. He probably crushed the life out of an ordinary tumble bug, or scattered the remains of a "pinching bug" over the Axminster carpet. The kissing bug is a picturesque fraud, but people have to have a fad of some sort, and dodging bugs is a harmless one.

ON Charley Annable, was fined by the Mayor Tuesday under the Nicholson law for keeping unlawful hours. On the night in question, the delectable Bridges push were engaged in giving a matinee at his place on the Lafayette Pike, which was attended by some of the city swells. It all ended in one young man, who had gone out to say "how-d'ye-do" to Annable and get a small glass of beer, having a sick spell, which closed the revel. The young men who attended had the satisfaction of having themselves exposed in court. They say they will never patronize any more a joint which fails to protect them spotless before the world. Annable, as a policy man, has not learned all the ropes evidently.

I MET my old friend John Minor on the train the other day. John is very enthusiastic over the political outlook. He feels that with an emphatic, outspoken platform in opposition to trusts and expansion and a stand against the protective tariff, or rather a "revenue only" plank, with a plank declaring in favor of bi-metalism, without any mention of ratio, will sweep the country like a hurricane. He is in favor of the renomination of Bryan and regards him as the great leader of the party. He argues that the question of money should be fought in the congressional districts, as we have every assurance that when settled there the President, whoever he may be, or whatever his particular views may be, will endorse any monetary legislation such as Congress might enact. It will be six years before anything can be done in that line anyway and "a thousand things may happen" in that time. He believes the thing to do is to meet the issues which are crowding themselves to the front just now, and the gravest issues the American people were ever called to meet. He is a bi-metalist of the strictest sort and always will be, he says, but these issues demand attention.

FLAVIUS J. VANVORIS addressed the Democratic sixteen-to-one mass meeting at Chicago Thursday. Mr. VanVohris is a Republican on every other question save money. He is a rabid high tariff advocate, an expansionist and in favor of everything the Republican party favors except the money issue. He went to Chicago as the "representative" of Indiana Democracy. He does not represent it in any way. An advocate of the "robber tariff" which is the "mother of trusts" cannot represent Democracy anywhere. No Democrat will object to Mr. VanVohris

voting the Democratic ticket, but when he poses as a Democrat and as a "representative" of Indiana Democracy, I am compelled to protest.

CONGRESSMAN LANDIS presumes very much on the ignorance of those who read the Delphi Journal as to the history of the past few years when he will print stuff like the following:

The Democratic party in 1892 incorporated a strong anti-trust plank in its national platform. But it never thought of it after it got into power. The people of this country will hardly again commission a party to do this work when it so signally failed to keep its promise along this same line only a few years ago.

The people remember the awful inheritance which the Democratic administration received from the Republican party in 1893. The whole country was shaken by a panic, and this panic was the direct result of the vicious legislation of Mr. Landis' party. The Democratic party did all in its power by wholesome legislation on the tariff question and otherwise to cripple the trusts, as Mr. Landis well knows. During the past three years his party has had control of government, and trusts have multiplied until to day they are "thick as leaves in Valambrosia." Every citizen is feeling the pressure and the great cry is going up that the people be relieved. Not anything has been done by the party in power, nor will anything be done. The trusts furnished the money to elect Mr. McKinley and Mr. Landis, and therefore have been let alone. People are not fools as a rule. The Republican party has succeeded for years under the guise of "protection" to home industry and home labor to foster these very things which now threaten to destroy the nation. Stick to facts Mr. Landis.

ROBBERS broke into the second hand store a few nights ago and carried off quite a bit of old plunder in the line of watches and those things which so delight the heart of the neophyte in burglary. It was quite a smooth performance. They stuck "tanglefoot" fly paper on the window glass and then crushed it in. The broken pieces of glass stuck to the paper and no policemen were awakened by the crash of falling glass, so the thieves had a merry time all undisturbed. The burglar whoever he was must have been a reader of "Old Sleuth" stories.

WE all remember the tin Republican campaign badge of a few years ago, and the marching song:

"Tin, tin, American tin, Grover goes out and Ben goes in."

Ben went in, and we had American tin. The American workman was promised great things from the American tin plate works. He was to live in clover, after Ben got in. He could wade knee deep in luxuries which his palate had never known before. He would wallow in everything good, and life would be one long, sweet dream when Ben got in. A prohibitive tariff was placed on tin, and we went to making plate. The "infant industry" prospered. It grew as fast as the Dutchman's stuffed goose at Christmastide for everything belonged to it. It had no competition. It produced a poor article at a big price. All went well with the American working man who had voted Ben in, and voted him out, and who filled full of promises again voted in McKinley as President of the United States and Emperor of the Philippines. Then came the trust and the bubble has burst. Thousands of the men who stepped and voted to the "tin tin, American tin" tune are now out of a job. Read the following from the Cincinnati Post, you working man, and see how far you have marched to that old tune, and where you have landed:

The mills which the gigantic trust absorbed are located as follows: Anderson, six; Atlanta, Ind., five; Baltimore, Md., two; Bridgeport, O., eight; Blairsville, Pa., two; Brooklyn, N. Y., three; Cambridge, O., six; Connellsville, Pa., six; Cincinnati, four; Cleveland, O., three; Cumberland, Md., five; Demmiser, Pa., eleven; Ellwood City, Pa., five; Elwood, Ind., eight (including the largest plant in the world); Irondale, O., eight; Joliet, Ill., four; Johnstown, Pa., two; Lisbon, O., six; Locust, Point, Baltimore,

Md., two; Martin's Ferry, O., fourteen; Middletown, Ind., six; Montpelier, Ind., six; Monessen, Pa., nine; Niles, O., six; Newcas le, Pa., one plant of six mills, another of twenty, and still another of thirty, New Kensington, Pa., two plants of six mills each; Philadelphia, six; Pittsburg, one plant of fourteen mills, another of eight; Remington Station, Pa., two; Washington, Pa., four; West Newton, Pa., two; Wheeling, W. Va., two.

A number of plants have been abolished by the trust and others consolidated. The tinning department of the Middletown mills was removed to Elwood. About 150 men lost employment at Middletown, while their places were filled in the augmented plant at Elwood by about twenty-five men. The consolidation consequently meant a loss of employment to 125 men. Other consolidations work very similarly. The Mills at Locust Point, Baltimore, closed the first of July and the mills are being dismantled. Over one hundred men will lose employment.

All the mills in the trust are now closed down. The men are demanding a 20 per cent. increase. The trust has promised 8 per cent., and say they will give no more.

Many of the workers have declared to me that they will not return for less than 18 per cent. raise, and unless the trust yields to their demand a long strike is very probable. The trust is independent. It has all competition throttled and laborers are practically in its power.

THE Seventh Day Adventists are still hammering away in this city, but with seeming poor success. They have a tent in which services are held, and four smaller tents in which they live with their families. They have every appearance of having come to stay on the land of promise until they have conquered it. Their ideas are peculiar but it will not harm anyone to go and hear them. We think sometimes we know it all but often we can learn more than we have any idea from sources we affect to despise.

LIQUOR laws have always been hard to enforce, and they are made still harder by the quirky attorney who seeks every technical loophole of escape for his client. It is no wonder that men refuse to try to enforce the provisions of law against saloon men, and will listen to nothing save prohibition, when they see how farcical the proceedings in such cases are. The law was made to be obeyed only by men who are law abiding—for all others it was made to be broken. We had much better have no restriction about the liquor traffic at all than to restrict it and cause men to perjure themselves by the thousand to escape its penalties, and oftentimes to secure the conviction of some one they do not like.

MARION CLODFELTER is one of the tallest men in Crawfordsville. He is a 16 to 1 free and unlimited coinage of silver man, and so firm a believer that his clothing is all made of silver gray material. Mr. Clodfelter is also a wheelman of no mean ability, and to see him scoot along the cement gutter on Wabash avenue with his feet on the coasters, his chin on his knees and a fragrant cheroot between his two front fingers is a sight which makes me desire to ride a wheel. Mr. Clodfelter was snap shot by a young lady kodaker the other day, and the picture will be presented to him when finished. It will give his great grand-children an idea of what a sport the old man was in his younger days.

TWO daily papers are accusing each the other of conducting a bed bug propagating establishment. News is a little scarce it is true, but there should be literary ability enough in either office to produce something the public would enjoy reading without personalities. People are awfully tired of nonsense.

FRANK FIELD, of Spencer, a traveling man for a large shoe manufactory, whose territory extends over several States, was a man I met on the Vandalia the other day. He is one of the fighting Democrats of Owen county, chairman of the county central committee, and a shrewd political manager who has never lost in a single campaign. Last campaign he worked day and night for Bryan, and increased the Democratic vote in his own county and in the second district. He is still an enthusiastic free silver man, and I was rather surprised to hear him express himself in the same manner Mr. Minor had done. He belongs to that great army of men known as "knights of the grip," so many of whom were carried from their moorings by the McKinley crowd and led to defeat their true friend, Mr. Bryan and are now paying the penalty. 100,000 of them receiving their discharge through the medium of the trust. Mr. Field says that while he is as strong a bi-metalist as ever he was, there is no hope of carrying the

cherished plan into effect for six years on account of a Republican Senate, that there is overwhelming defeat ahead for the republican party in 1900 if the democrats attack the trusts, expansion the mismanagement of the war, the McKinley tariff, the violated financial pledges of the Republican party, and also declare in favor of a double standard of coinage, letting the ratio take care of itself when the time comes for the enactment of such a measure, which will be several years a head, that Bryan can be triumphantly elected. I had a long talk with both of these gentlemen, whose democracy and fealty to democratic platforms cannot be questioned, one of them being candidate for Auditor of State, and the other a working politician for years. They have traveled widely over this and other states, and tell me that the sentiments which they express are nearly universal. I print what they said for the information of the public, as an indication of what we may expect the issues to be in 1900. No matter what our individual opinions may be, Democratic success is the goal to which we are going. Close up the ranks, every fellow get into line and charge on the Emperor's forces, and it will be a "splendid victory."

LAST week the genial, gentlemanly and whole-souled editor of the Waynetown Despatch was thrown into a fit of verbal hysterics by a bit of pleasantry which appeared in these columns and which he denominates "rot of the vilest sort." Dear! dear! This would be amusing if it were not sad. What a very gloomy personage the editor must be! With what a solemn, sad and funereal cast of countenance he must go about his daily task of finding out great truths and publishing them to a waiting world. He interviewed some of the P. O. S. of A. boys and knows whereof he speaks. Waynetown was truly not to blame for the character of the weather. That has now been clearly demonstrated. Yet still the editor is not satisfied. Like the lean and hungry Cassius, "Seldom he smiles, and when he smiles he smiles in such a sort as if he scorned himself that could be moved to smile at anything." How darkly and mysteriously he hints a something he calls "wet and dry" and deplores the dreadful condition of him who is in a rut. Kind editor, who lives and moves and has his being on the broad plain of enlightenment and the sunlit ways of truth, can you not be charitable to us in our narrow little rut? Please do not exhaust your vocabulary over such a trivial circumstance. Life is not quite such a serious affair as that. It may happen sometimes that 2 plus 2 does not make four, and hence arises the absurdity which is the spice of existence. We sign our bond "in blood" that hereafter the winds may blow and the rain may fall in Waynetown, trains may be late and crowds may be disappointed, but we will describe it only in the brightest of verbal chrome yellow and peacock blue. No more jokes, but facts, facts and nothing but facts when we write of Waynetown. We know of no human being who is "sore at Waynetown" not even a "boozefighter" as the editor so graphically depicts and everybody hopes that Waynetown may have weather the most serene and send up her balloon and her patriotic shouts on next Saturday and in every way general and particular do herself proud, and even tempt her saturnine editor to develop a smile or even a wide grin. Come, cheer up brother. If you can't be happy, be as happy as you can.

DURING the career of the Nazarine Reformer on earth, there was nothing which afflicted the people, that received such awful denunciation from him as the sin of greed. He evidently regarded it as the cankerous sore, the cancer which would eat out in time the spiritual vitals of the race he came to cure. He said to the Pharisees with whom he dined upon one occasion: "Ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness." * * Woe unto you, Pharisees: for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." He said unto a lawyer who upbraided him for his reproaches: "Woe unto you, for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." It was for such talk as this that they hanged him on a cross. What would he say to-day to the Pharisees who are building libraries and endowing colleges with



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Everybody in Immediate or Prospective want of Clothing of any description for Man or Boy should make it a point to take advantage of our Great Mid-Summer Sale.

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dollars coined out of the sweat and blood of their fellow men and upon the wrecks of smaller businesses while they like the lilies 'toil not neither do they spin' yet are arrayed in all the glory of Solomon, or more properly Belshazzar. The great curse of this world-to-day is greed; inordinate greed: that greed which anaconda like, swallows the houses and lands and business of an entire nation to enrich a few; the greed which with "the grave; and the barren womb; the earth that is not filled with water and the fire that saith not, it is enough," but like the immortal character drawn by Charles Dickens, continues to hold out its plate and beg for more.

"There's a hideous beast abroad in the land, A beast of a mongrel breed, With the head of a wolf, the wings of a bat, The paunch of a hog, the claws of a cat, And the name of this beast is 'Greed.' There is not a home on the prairie lone Untouched by his cruel paws— There is not a child in the crowded town, Where rents go up and wages down, But is torn by his horrid jaws. And his cry, half scream, half roar, On the night wind rises, 'More!' More blood to drink, From hearts that sink— More! More! More!"

ONE of the Crawfordsville newspapers advertises to the world that it's plant is assessed higher by \$300, than all the rest of the plants of the city combined. This is a very refreshing piece of information indeed. At any rate it's a costly style of advertising which the young men affect. It costs money to pay taxes at the rate of two dollars on the hundred, on several hundred dollars of fictitious value, or watered stock at par. There is no disputing the fact that the plant in question is a good one, but that it is worth \$300 more than all the rest combined, is a bluff similar in all respects to that one hurled at the army of Israel on the plain of Ephesdammin by that distinguished citizen of Philistia, and original bluffer, Mr. Goliath, of Gath. Perhaps it is as well when a Board of Review calls a fellow who has been very noisy about what he is worth onto the green carpet and tells him that it is too glad take his word for it, to make the best of it. I admire nerve wherever I see it. Go on boys, and the Lord prosper you in your laudable ambition to be drum major of the band.

Yours Observantly,

PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

A Knock Down Mid-Summer Sale...

G. A. R. Encampment.

Major Travis is making an effort to secure a special car from Crawfordsville to Philadelphia for the national encampment of the G. A. R. September 4 to 9.

All who wish to go are requested to call on or write him as soon as practicable.

The fare over the Big Four route is \$15.45 round trip. Tickets good to Sept. 12, and can be extended to September 30.

New Bakery.

Nuzom Bros.,

No. 127 south Green Street.

Having purchased Gilbert's Bakery, we shall do baking in all its branches. When in want of first-class

Bread, Cakes, Pies

Buns, etc., give us a call.

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HORSE SHOEER AND BLACKSMITH.

Repairer of Wagons and Buggies. All kinds of Blacksmithing done on short notice and at Living Prices. All work warranted.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty. Corrector of all defects in your horse's gait, such as interfering, forging, stumbling and sore feet.

222 E. Main St. Phone 11.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Eliza A. Davis, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and duly qualified as administrator of the estate of Eliza A. Davis, late of Montgomery County, Indiana, deceased. Said estate is supposed to be solvent. ISAAC DAVIS, Administrator. Dated July 22, 1899.

Don't Stop

taking Scott's Emulsion because it's warm weather. Keep taking it until you are cured.

It will heal your lungs and give you rich blood in summer as in winter. It's cod liver oil made easy.

50c. and \$1. All druggists.