

# The Review.

## 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 Lascit.*

Once there lived a man, a satirist  
and in the natural course of time his  
friends slew 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 kick-  
ed it.'

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

FIFTEEN divorce cases cumber the  
docket of the Circuit Court for the  
September term. This is a  
terrible array of broken pledges  
for one term of court, and shows that  
there is something radically wrong  
in our marriage laws, or else "pure  
and unadulterated cussedness" is on  
the increase. It shows at least rank,  
criminal carelessness on the part of  
men and women in the selection of  
life partners. These fifteen divorce  
cases represent misery incalculable,  
nine-tenths of which could have been  
avoided. All sorts of things figure in  
them—adultery, whisky, laziness,  
brutality, bad temper, dyspepsia, for-  
nication, lasciviousness and general  
cussedness. Many of them were mis-  
matched to begin with, and half of them  
should be compelled to live together  
or go to jail.

MARRIAGE is a failure because  
people will have it so. Col.  
Bob. Ingersoll once said "No  
man ever stood with his hand  
clasped close in the loving grasp of a  
faithful wife beside the grave of a  
loved child, and pronounced marriage  
a failure." It is too easy to get mar-  
ried, and entirely too easy to get a  
divorce, in Indiana especially. Any  
pair of paupers at the county infir-  
mary who can raise two dollars can get  
a marriage license. Any pair of idiots  
can procure license if they have the  
price, and some fellow will be found  
who will marry them according to  
law, whether there is any fee in it or  
not. Thus the divorce mill and the  
pauper factory is kept running on  
overtime year in and year out; the  
burdens of taxation are increasing  
and we are widening our penitentia-  
ries and jails to care for our stock of  
criminals we are raising up through  
our lax marriage system, and building  
additions to our poorhouses to accom-  
modate the paupers we are making  
every day by the same lax system of  
marriage.

LAWS which may seem harsh to  
the over sentimental, must be  
passed if we desire to protect the  
race from degeneracy. Love,  
they tell us, must not be interfered  
with, but allowed to "have its own  
sweet way." The array of divorce  
cases in our circuit court is an indica-  
tion of what alleged "love" will do  
when it has that "sweet way" we read  
about. Whole families disgraced by  
having the domestic squabbles of one  
couple of fools, who are repenting,  
aired in the courts and newspapers.  
Here we are a motley mix. Caucasians  
intermarrying with negroes, Japanese  
and Chinese; Anglo Saxons mix-  
ing their strong, red blood with that  
of inferior peoples, Spaniards, Mexi-  
cans, Cubans, Italians, Filipinos,  
Slav, Bohemian, Italian, and others,  
is not calculated to strengthen the  
race. Laws compelling candidates for  
matrimony to pass rigid physical  
examination, including mentality,  
before a competent board of medical  
experts and to furnish evidence that  
they would be self-supporting, would  
cure many ills along this line. To be  
sure others would come up but they  
can be very easily handled. Here is  
a wide field for the display of socio-  
logical wisdom in legislation.

WE may feel contempt for the  
cruelty and treachery of the  
Spaniard, but we may not de-  
spise his valor. He is courageous,  
but his courage is not tempered  
with wisdom; it is rather inflamed  
with rashness. He has the vices and  
weakness of the descendant of a decay-  
ing race, but he still has the courage  
that spread the name of Castile and  
Leon over the earth. He is a strange  
mixture of the base and the noble  
that makes him an object of pity.  
Yet, sometimes he displays the spirit  
that gave grandeur to his race in the  
"brave days of old." Long have been

sung the praises of the Spartan heroes  
at Thermopylae, of Horatius at the  
bridge, the Six Hundred of Balaklava,  
but the little Spanish garrison at  
Balcar deserves to be immortalized  
with the defenders of Carthage. For  
337 days they kept a veritable horde  
of Filipinos at bay. They had not  
heard that Spain had surrendered her  
sovereignty over the Philippines, and  
they chose to know but one thing—to  
do their duty. Inside the crumbling  
walls of an old Catholic church, they  
kept grim watch with death. Fever  
faded upon their bodies and wasted  
away their limbs, famine, fiercer than  
the Filipinos, lowered threateningly  
upon them, despair, ever present, hover-  
ed over them. For them there was  
no challenge of war's stirring music  
and the inspiration of the mad  
charge, to render duty and death clear  
and easy, but the dread monotony of  
a prison whose breath was poison and  
end, the unmarked grave. These men  
were Spaniards, yet they were capable  
of heroism great as that of Greeks or  
Roman, or Anglo-Saxon. It is good  
that it is so. It makes us have greater  
respect for not only the Spaniard, but  
for mankind. We know that the  
heroic age is not wholly past, but in  
the veins of our brothers runs the rich  
red blood that has traced its way on  
every page of history, and marks the  
foot prints of the race in its onward  
march.

MARIE SHEA, a young woman  
of Newark, N. J., has sued her  
foster mother for \$10,000. She  
was taken from a foundling  
asylum, at an early age, and her foster  
parents, in adopting her, agreed to  
bring her up in "a moral and correct  
manner." This part of her education,  
she alleges, was wholly neglected,  
and she became a moral wreck. Upon  
this ground the suit is brought in the  
supreme court of New Jersey. The  
action of the court will be full of in-  
terest to parents general and particu-  
lar, present and prospective. If they  
may be held financially responsible  
for the moral well-being of their  
children, it may serve as a greater  
conscience-quickener than is the moral  
responsibility. A moral obligation  
may be shirked, but a money liability  
is so tangible and pressing that no  
escape is possible save through the  
friendly loophole of a bankrupt law.  
The rewards of heaven and the  
horrors of hell are very far away from the  
ordinary individual in good health,  
save as mirrored in earthly pangs.  
The average parent is entirely too  
much inclined to trust to Providence  
and the Sunday school teacher to  
point to youth the steep and thorny  
way, while he devotes his valuable  
time to business, and if the youth  
should choose rather to find and fol-  
low the primrose path, he is much  
grieved and pained, but never thinks  
of the part he himself has played in  
the drama of moral disaster. 'Twere  
well to consider the seed time, if one  
would be pleased with the harvest.  
Truths early instilled in tender minds  
are ineradicable, and so are evil things.  
The responsibility of the parent is one  
not to be borne lightly and carelessly,  
but carefully and prayerfully.

ADRUMMER at one of the hotels,  
the other day, was asked how  
business was. "Poor," he answered,  
"there's too much prosperity  
and business is light," and then he  
opened up on the McKinley adminis-  
tration in a manner to amaze. He  
admitted that he was one of the trav-  
eling men who had moved heaven and  
earth to elect McKinley, but he was  
going to work just as hard for Bryan  
and free silver next time. The drum-  
mer is not the only one who had his  
fingers in the crack when the wedge  
flew out. We have them right here at  
home, and lots of them, too. I meet  
them every day. The grand quad-  
rennial round up will not be sufficient  
to hold them this time.

I WONDER how long this expansion  
howl would last if we were to take  
all ideas of commercialism and  
speculation out of it? "Trade fol-  
lows the flag" is a great shibboleth.  
Death is following it now, and the  
prospect is excellent that Azrael will  
continue to banquet on American  
flesh and blood for several years yet,  
if the present crowd is allowed to

Don't Stop  
taking Scott's Emulsion be-  
cause it's warm weather.  
Keep taking it until you are  
cured.  
It will heal your lungs and  
give you rich blood in sum-  
mer as in winter. It's cod  
liver oil made easy.  
50c. and \$1. All druggists.

keep in the saddle. Take the dollar  
mark off of the business, and we would  
have every soldier and ship out of  
eastern waters in two weeks. The  
grand old party wants to stamp  
dollar marks on the flag instead of the  
stars. They are not all of this opinion  
however, notably in our own city we  
have Hon. P. S. Kennedy. Some people's  
patriotism never rises higher  
than the dollar mark. They should  
have been christened as Theodore  
Parker christened the negro baby:  
"Thy name is Slave; I baptize thee in  
the name of the Golden Eagle, the  
Silver Dollar, and the Copper Cent."

WHAT has become of the flag of  
Cuba? This is a question  
sprung on me the other day  
by an officer in the late volunteer  
army, and I thought sure enough,  
what has become of the little blue  
flag of Cuba Libre, which was so  
much in evidence one year ago? That  
flag with the blue and white stripes  
with its triangular field of red and its  
single star; that flag which we twined  
so lovingly with our own, and pasted  
on our windows side by side with Old  
Glory in the days when the "Maine"  
was fresh in our minds and we all  
went wild over the question of "hu-  
manity;" that flag which we saw  
everywhere, pinned on the breast of  
young maidenhood, to the lapel of  
young manhood, tied to the pinnares  
of children, emblazoned on the pins  
which held the dress of the baby,  
printed in the newspapers, sold in the  
stores, hawked about the streets,  
pasted on the dead walls, woven into  
handkerchiefs, ribbons and dress  
goods, made into shirt waists and  
fluttering everywhere. It has been  
lost—that beautiful flag of Cuba Libre!  
The Spaniard has vanished  
from the island. The flag with the  
lone star has been hauled down, and  
the stars and stripes are now kissed  
by the breezes which one year ago  
whispered of liberty to the starving  
reconcentrado and the patriot Cuban  
soldier wielding his machette in the  
cane brake. But gone is his flag!  
Gone is his dream of Cuba free! Then  
we called him a patriot. Now we  
call him a discontented rebel because  
he desires us to keep the promise  
made the world, that he should be  
free. Above his head flaps the folds  
of the flag whose every stripe and  
star should speak to the Cuban of  
liberty, but instead the flag under  
which the American slave lost his  
shackles, tells to the Cuban the story  
of his conquest. We will not starve  
and kill him as Spain did, but we de-  
sire to turn his fair fields into places  
for speculation, and grind him down  
under the heel of greed and a protec-  
tive tariff. The Cuban flag has  
been shelved along with the Declara-  
tion of Independence, the Monroe  
Doctrine, the traditions and unwritten  
law of the Republic, our pledges  
made the Cuban and the world in  
our declaration of war with Spain,  
and a lot of other old things which  
are useless in an empire; a nation with  
a big N. These are the much prized  
bric-a-brac of other days; the days  
when the great heart of the people  
was stirred by the stories of Cuban  
wrongs and suffering, and with tears  
in our eyes we twined the flag of  
Cuba Libre with the folds of Old  
Glory, and the maid and mother  
kissed the brother, son and lover  
good bye and sent him forth to die  
if need be for Cuban freedom. But  
we have no more use for these things.  
We took the island away from Spain.  
We "remembered the Maine," but  
had forgotten our pledges. In the  
lust of conquest we have forgotten  
the foundation stone of our national  
fabric. We have suddenly discovered  
the sweets of possession, and that the  
patriot Cuban of 1898 is nothing but  
a heathen whom we must christianize,  
and unfit for self-government, and we  
must govern him. We have about  
concluded to keep the island, fling  
Old Glory out over it, camp an army  
on it, and grab for everything that is  
loose. These Cubans are not patriots  
any longer in our eyes, but a crowd  
of ignorant, rebellious niggers unfit  
to govern themselves. We will there-  
fore introduce them to our civilizing  
and christianizing trusts, and whisky,  
and financial schemes and politics.  
This is the policy of the administra-  
tion. The boys who went up San  
Juan hill and stormed El Caney  
fought for Cuba's freedom. They  
loved the little blue flag because it  
was the symbol of freedom. But the  
flag they fought for has been lost.  
The flag of Cuba Libre is a dream at  
present. Soldier, you lost what you  
fought for, and Old Glory's folds  
droop sadly over the grave where  
Cuban independence lies, thanks to  
imperialistic Republicanism. The  
world will take the eagle from our  
coat of arms and substitute that ani-  
mal cursed by Moses and drowned by  
Christ, if this thing continues.

HISTORY tells of how we have  
taken the flag down from places  
where it did not belong, and  
brought it home brighter than  
ever because we did take it down.  
We took it down from the walls of  
Tripoli after we had punished the  
Mediterranean pirates and obtained a  
treaty from the Bey, and brought it  
home. Had that happened under  
McKinley instead of Jefferson, it  
would have been howled aloud that  
we should expand; that it was our  
duty to take hold of those Moors and  
christianize them. They are not civi-  
lized yet and never will be. We  
planted the flag over the city of Mex-  
ico. We had her thoroughly whipped.  
But we took the flag down and came  
home, and Mexico is still intact, bar-  
ring what we received as a war in-  
demnity. Sections of old Mexico were  
willing and anxious to become a part  
of our dominion. According to the  
prevailing idea of the imperialists of  
to-day, the flag was waving over the  
City of Mexico, and we ought to have  
gone on and christianized and civiliz-  
ed her, instead of allowing her to  
work out her own salvation, and pro-  
tecting her in it, as President Polk  
did. We stood ready to fight Austria  
and France in 1866 when they under-  
took to establish an empire in Mexico.  
This was carrying out the Monroe  
Doctrine. Taking forcible possession  
of the Philippine Islands is throwing  
that doctrine away. America for Amer-  
icans is the only safe proposition.  
When the flag is where it does not be-  
long, take it down. There's no dis-  
grace in it. If there is, we have been  
disgraced long before the days of Mc-  
Kinley. I like the ring of the verses  
written by Hon. P. S. Kennedy, of  
this city. They have the right sort of  
sentiment in them:

"Haul down the flag! Yes, haul it down!  
From where it ought not be—  
Its stars were made to shine above  
None but the glad and free.  
1½ stripes were never meant to wave  
Above a conquered race;  
It is the banner of the free,  
And surely out of place.  
Whenever sent to other lands  
To conquer and make slaves  
Of those who long for freedom's sweets,  
Around their father's graves.  
Haul down the flag and bring it home;  
It's where it should not be—  
'Tis not a shackles for the slave  
But guardian of the tree."

ONE of the substantial farmers of  
Clark township was in, the other  
day, depositing a subscription to  
THE REVIEW. "I don't know how  
it will be in 1900," he said. "We will  
have to face a big corruption fund.  
They are gathering it now. I bought  
a lot of barbed wire, the other day.  
It had advanced, and I donated two  
dollars to the campaign fund for  
1900." The people are beginning to  
catch on to the system of "shaking  
the plum tree" referred to by Mr.  
Quay to Mr. Wanamaker. They un-  
derstand what "frying out the fat"  
means. The people can be fooled a  
long while sometimes, but it won't  
work forever. Democrats have known  
these things many years, but the Re-  
publicans are catching on here lately.

CRITICS abound in newspaper of-  
fices. When a fellow runs out  
of anything else to do, he can  
organize himself into a commit-  
tee to criticize someone else. I clipp-  
ed the following item from a Repub-  
lican paper the other day, one of the  
orthodox kind. It's a real gem of its  
kind, so I embalm the thing:

"Grandma Hoar, at one time urged  
war on account of the Armenian trou-  
bles. She would conquer Turkey and  
do all sorts of things which we had no  
color or right to attempt. Now, when  
we have a lot of lawless residents of  
American territory shooting American  
soldiers, destroying American proper-  
ty and insulting the flag, this tooth-  
less sage holds up her hands in  
inspired horror and in quavering tones,  
exclaims against the inhumanity of  
man."

I'll bet that this criticism of the  
wise old statesman from Massachus-  
etts was written by some fellow who  
was making his toothless gums  
squeak on the rubber nipple of a  
nursing bottle, when Hoar was one of  
the foremost figures in American  
statesmanship. When the author of  
the above was crying with the colic  
Senator Hoar had had years of experi-  
ence in Congress and was helping  
settle the vexed questions left by the  
civil war. But then he differs from  
McKinley on the imperial features of  
his administration, therefore he should  
have the regulation "100 lashes on  
the bare back" and if that don't settle  
him he should be "shot at sundown,"  
and if he shows life after that put him  
in a lunatic asylum.

MORE law suits and bad blood  
have been the result of line  
fences, perhaps, than any other  
one thing in this country. A  
good second to this is public high-  
ways. Every fellow seems to try to  
gobble all of the road he can get, and  
every time he resets his fence he sets

# A Picnic FOR . . . Clothing Buyers

This is picnic weather and we have determined to give our friends and patrons one continuous picnic of low prices and bargains from now until September 1. We do this for the purpose of closing out our entire line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing so that we may begin the fall season with an absolutely new line of goods. It is impossible to give prices on everything in the store, but we quote below enough figures to show that this sale is going to be a money saver for the people of Montgomery county who are shrewd enough to take advantage of it.

## PRICES:

### Men's Suits.

Black Clay Worsted; not strictly all wool, well worth \$5.....	\$2.79
Unfinished Worsted, all wool, worth \$7.....	3.98
A full line of Cassimeres and Worsted suits, small sizes only slightly smoked, worth \$8, 10, 12 and \$14.....	4.08
Blue Grand Army suits, regula- tion quality, worth \$7.....	3.98
Faonelle coats and vests, summer goods, \$2 quality.....	.50
Blue linen broken plaid pants, 50c quality.....	.29
Plain linen pants, 75c quality.....	.49
Plain linen pants, \$1 quality.....	.69

### Children's Suits.

(Knee pants, 3 to 14 years.)	
\$1.00 Suits at.....	.79
1.50 ".....	1.19
2.50 ".....	1.79
3.00 ".....	1.98
4.00 ".....	2.69
Limited number of knee pants worth 25c.....	.09
50c knee pants at.....	.29
75c knee pants at.....	.39

### Furnishing Goods.

Best overalls worth 50c.....	.33
25 dozen Jersey ribbed bal- briggan underwear, worth 75c.....	.39
Best 4-ply linen collar, 15c kind.....	.10
Celluloid collars, 15c kind.....	.05
Suspenders worth 20c.....	.13
".....	.19
Caps worth 25c and 50c, 9, 10, 12 Neckwear, an elegant line of 25, 35 and 50c values, your choice for.....	.19

### School Suits.