

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 Lacessit.

"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 di-
vorce, 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 penitenti-
aries 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, Japan-
ese and Chinese; Anglo Saxons mix-
ing their strong, red blood with that
of inferior peoples, Spaniards, Mexi-
cans, Cubans, Italians, Filipinos,
Selav, Bohemian, Italian, and others,
is not calculated to strengthen the
race. Laws compelling candidates
for matrimony to pass a 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 courage-
ous, 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
Baler 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
fed upon their bodies and wasted
away their limbs, famine, fiercer than
the Filipinos, lowered threateningly
upon them, despair, ever present, hov-
ered 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 Greek 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
former 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 hor-
rors 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.

DRUMMER at one of the hotels,
the other day, was asked how
business was, "Poor," he answer-
ed, "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 quadren-
nial round up will not be sufficient
to hold them this time.

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

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 peo-
ple'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 volun-
teer 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 pinafores
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 machete 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 pro-
tective 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
have 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 1895 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 civil-
ized 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.
Its 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;
Its where it should not be—
'Tis not a shackle for the slave
But guardian of the free."

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 clip-
ped 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 enbalm 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 property
and insulting the flag, this tooth-
less sage holds up her hands in in-
spired horror and in quavering tones,
exclaims against the inhumanity of
man."

I'll bet that this criticism of the
wise old statesman from Massachu-
setts 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 expe-
rience 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 Mont-
gomery county who are shrewd enough to take advantage of it.

PRICES:

Men's Suits.		Children's Suits.	
Black Clay Worsted; not strictly all wool, well worth \$5.....\$2.79		(Knee pants, 3 to 14 years.)	
Unfinished Worsted, all wool, worth \$7.....3.98		\$1.00 Suits at.....\$.79	
A full line of Cassimeres and Worsted suits, small sizes only slightly smoked, worth 8, 10, 12 and \$14 at.....4.98		1.50 ".....1.19	
Blue Grand Army suits, regula- tion quality, worth \$7.....3.98		2.50 ".....1.79	
Flannellette coats and vests, summer goods, \$2 quality.....50		3.00 ".....1.98	
Blue linen broken plaid pants, 50c quality.....29		4.00 ".....2.69	
Plain linen pants, 75c quality.....49		Limited number of knee pant worth 25c.....99	
Plain linen pants, \$1 quality.....69		50c knee pants at.....29	
		75c knee pants at.....39	
Boys' Suits.		Furnishing Goods.	
(16 to 21 years)		Best overalls worth 50c.....33	
\$5.00 Suits at.....\$2.59		25 dozen Jersey ribbed bal- briggan underwear, worth 75c.....39	
6.00 ".....3.98		Best 4-ly linen collar, 15c kind.....10	
8.00 ".....4.98		Celluloid collars, 15c kind.....5	
		Suspenders worth 20c.....13	
		" " 25c.....19	
		Caps worth 25c and 50c.....9, 19, 39	
		Neckwear, an elegant line of 25, 35 and 50c values, your choice for.....19	
Overcoats		School Suits.	
For next winter at Summer prices. Overcoats worth from \$5 to \$22, will be sold at from \$2.79 to \$10.98, and we expect to sell them, too. You can easily afford to borrow money at a high rate of interest and invest it in one of these coats.		(Coat, Vest, Long Pants.)	
		\$2.50 Suits at.....\$1.98	
		3.50 ".....2.99	
		5.00 ".....3.98	

THIS SALE LASTS UNTIL SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Nothing Charged In This Sale.

Our regular patrons know that we do exactly as we advertise. Those who
are not so well acquainted with our methods should bring
this paper to the store and compare prices.

We Want Your Trade.

EDWARD WARNER

One Price Clothier and Hatter.

it over just a little, until the roads in
many parts of the country are very
narrow and the fences have been
crowded into the ditches. A suit in
injunction has been filed in the cir-
cuit court by Ida M. McDaniels, et-al,
against A. D. Peebles. The plaintiffs
together with Silas Bowers, several
years ago opened a road each con-
tributing a strip 15 feet wide. Bowers
has sold his land to Peebles, who has
fenced across the roadway, taking in
all of the ground which Bowers had
given for the road. Now he is into it,
and they propose to make him open
it up, and have a perpetual injunction
against him ever closing it. They
will very likely succeed, and he will
pay more court costs and attorney
fees than would have bought the
strip of land twice. Strange how
people view "their rights" and blind-
ly run up against things which not
only cost money, but which make bad
blood three generations cannot wipe
out. "Is the game worth the candle?"
Often it is not.

FOR fifty summers, yea, more, they
had followed the plow on its
journey up and down the field
as the faithful horse dragged it
along in an effort to subdue nature,
in that interminable struggle to turn
the wilderness into the garden, to
open the great store house of the
Creator and turn it over to man. The
intervening winters had each left its
trace and whitened locks took the
place of those which once vied with
the wing of the raven in gloss and
color. One could safely wager that
there were young Americans some-
where who would call "grandpa"
upon their approach.

They met on the sunny side of the
hottest street in town, on the hottest
day of the summer and the hottest
hour of the day. As boys they had
grown up together, chased the same
rabbits, sat on the same bench at
school, and been thrashed by the
same teacher. Of course they stop-
ped to talk. They condoled each
other on the failure of the wheat crop,
exchanged congratulations on the
prospect for a corn crop, and one of
them was saying "I never had such"
—when he stopped short. His com-
panion noticed the pause and, follow-
ing the direction of the other's gaze,
found himself looking into the win-
dow of the store across the street, and
there their eyes were greeted with the
most enchanting vision of loveliness
it had been their lot to look upon
since they were boys and had fought
to see who should take Jennie home
from spelling school. The one forgot
that he had left a sentence unfinished,
the other that it had been begun.
And why not? For the vision across
the street, that creature with such a
marvelous complexion, adorned with
the brightest of feathers and gayest
of ribbons, seemed to nod and smile
at them as they stood in the bright,
dazzling sunlight; the weight of
years rolled from their shoulders and
they were boys again. Each thought
he was the one favored with the fair
ones smiles and tried to shake the
other, but it was no go, and so they
marched back and forth along the
hot sidewalk, and finally down to the
corner of the block where they cross-
ed over and followed down the oppo-
site side of the street. With care and
trepidation they approached the win-
dow where they had seen the fair one.
With a feeling akin to fear they step-
ped in front of the window and looked
within. There in all the glory of the
milliner's art was a wax figure used
by her to exhibit her handiwork!
With a sheepish look one remarked
"I believe it will rain soon," and the
other murmured "I believe I'll dodge
around and start home." "Good for
them," did you say? Not a bit. I
am proud of them. They are living
proof that though years may come
and go, leaving behind their trace on
form and feature, the heart can re-
main young. It is the touch of na-
ture that binds the present to the
past, that shows we are all of the
same flesh and blood. Yes, I am
proud of them. I only regret that
while the heart remains young, the
eyes will grow old and that the glit-
tering sunlight is liable to play
pranks. May they have better for-
time next time.

Yours Observantly,
PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

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.