

# The Review.

## PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM HAUD  
PASSIBUS AQUIS.

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

*Nemo me Impune Lassit.*

*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.*



**L**ISTENING to the eloquence of Gov. Mount, last Monday, I was momentarily persuaded to believe that we were a prosperous people. I might have gone away convinced, had not a group of men near where I stood, commenced a conversation, and I remained to listen. When they were through I was satisfied that the Governor was an optimist; that he was not in touch with the hewers of wood and drawers of water. These men were fairly well dressed; laboring men and farmers, and when the Governor had finished a rounded period about the money in the banks seeking investment, one of these men remarked: "That's the h—l of the whole business. Why does Jim Mount come to Montgomery county to talk prosperity? We know how it is. We have no money and cannot get any. The banks, corporations and trusts hold it. Such prosperity be d—d." The others talked in the same strain. The people are feeling now as never before the strain put upon them, and to fling the statistics of imports and exports, and the amount of tariff duties collected at their heads, only goads them to rebellion. Prosperity will not do for a shibboleth this year.

**F**ROM a Denver, Col., paper of last Sunday, I clip the following information which will be of great interest to our people here at home:

*"Learn hypnotism at home. For particulars send two cent stamp to Prof. ——, Crawfordsville, Ind."*

So we have a school of hypnotism right in our midst, where people are taught how to do the real business.

A Svengali has taken up his abode here, and no telling how many people will fall under the charm of the "terrible eye." There was a name in the "ad" where I have left blank. This young man shouldn't do the work of a common "grafter." He ought not to allow himself to get such a deep seated antipathy to work, or to get the vain delusion into his head that the world owes him living and try to collect it by working a "graft." He ought not to think that one half the people are fools and the other half drunk. Most men have run up against the "grafter" too often; they know him too well for his spider and fly racket to amount to much. I am sad when I think of the 180 pounds of human flesh which this able-bodied young fellow carries, wasting its energy waiting for suckers to bite, that he may land a couple of occasional dollars, when he could earn so much more by working while waiting. When it was done he would feel like a man, and enjoy the fruits of his labor. Young fellows often get afraid of Old Man Toil, and try to work a "graft," but they soon lose caste, even with themselves. This young man's mother or wife, should he have such an article, should vigorously hypnotize him with a bed slat every morning when she wakes him for breakfast until he is induced to exercise his avor-dupois in some of the many avenues of labor. That languid look indicates "born tired" and not inspiration. His eye focused on a shovel in a gravel pit, would be more effective in procuring dollars than any hypnotic school he can operate. This advise

will cost him nothing, but will be money in his pocket if he takes it.

**T**HE Lafayette Sunday Times, a short time since, informed the world that Lafayette didn't want any nasty old street fair, that such things could go to Crawfordsville and be received with open arms but immaculate Lafayette would have none of it. I supposed this was "by authority," but imagine my surprise when I read in the Attica Ledger, the other day, that Lafayette was talking about a week's carnival to be held in October, and that the affair was sufficiently developed to talk about, and that those interested were anticipating a big time. I suppose that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Now I would like for the Times to tell us whether a street fair by any other name will stink as loud. Carnival is a good name, better than street fair, perhaps. It has a high, and faraway sound, and reminds one of the blowouts of the Order of Cincinnati or the Veiled Prophets, and will draw like a fly blaster. But the same thing would be called a street fair elsewhere. I congratulate Lafayette on deciding to be in the push, and hope it will be a success. Our street fair will come off first, and Crawfordsville invites Lafayette, all of it, to come down and join in our "carnival." We will guarantee that the most inexperienced citizen of that staid and puritanical burg will neither be hurt, robbed nor have his modesty shocked.

**I**N the crowd Monday on Union Block corner, I ran into the irrepressible woman with the baby wagon, who is at all times in evidence in a crowd. The bigger the crowd the more anxious she seems to push the prou of her perambulator into it. This one was in the midst of a jam of people so that none could pass, and persons were surging and sweating to get through both ways, yet there she stood in the middle of a sidewalk flanked on one side by barrels and on the other by the merchants' display, and stood guard while half a dozen other women examined that baby from crown to to heels, pulled its toes, cracked it under the chin, and commented on how much it resembled its different relatives, and among them they blocked the way of traffic for ten minutes. The poor baby looked like it would have given anything life offered to have been a little Zulu, and allowed to roll in the sand. I may be very peculiar, but I actually believe it to be a sin to take the babies out in such a crowd as we had here Monday. I say this at the risk of having my hair pulled out, for there were a large number of them being tortured by their over curious mammas that day.

**S**OME drunks in an alley last Sunday put up a stiff fight with the coppers who undertook to arrest them. They were closely questioned by the Mayor, but declared that they had gotten their whisky on Saturday night. I am surprised that the Mayor should think otherwise.

**B**OYS in the Philippines, who receive papers from home, believe the truth, that the people as a mass are opposed to the war now going on. Some of them are writing home and asking whether the people here are with the boys who are on the firing line. Yes, indeed, every man with an-American heart in him is with the boys in the trenches. They

## How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

### Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

want them all to come home safe and sound, with not a hair of their heads harmed. Most of the thinking people feel that it is cruelty to keep them there, exposed to death in an hundred forms. The boys who are giving their lives over there are martyrs to an idea which has no place in the American head. What is a father to do, however, when appealed to by son ten thousand miles away, but tell him that we are all in favor of expansion. He does it to keep the pride of his heart from discouragement. We may talk about the little white lie all we please, and condemn it harshly, but it has its place in human life. Were my boy in the Philippines I would not discourage him by telling him the truth, that while the people were with the soldier they were against the cause, and wanted the needless slaughter stopped. He should die, if need be, thinking that he was fighting for freedom instead of imperialism. Lie to him for his own good, of course I would. But think of a government placing the father in such a position, on account of broken pledges. We will end the agony in 1900.

**D**EWEY is coming home, and from all indications is coming by invitation of the navy department. The old man knows too much, and when he opens his mouth it is to plead for the Filippino and peace. The indications are that the Admiral needs an "hundred lashes on the bare back" for talking as he does. Dewey would take the flag down from where it does not belong and bring it home. He is too popular to do anything with him but let him alone. All that can be done is to get him away from the seat of war, no matter what the excuse. His health is good, and he is still able to fight, but his voice pleading for peace and freedom for the Filippino, sounds like "sweet bells jangled, out of tune." It does not chord with the bang of the Krag Jorgensen and clash of sabers.

**W**HAT extreme lengths persons will go to commit a violation of rules, or to evade paying for what they get and enjoy, is illustrated in the case of six or eight young men of the West End, who have a very tall piano case set in a spring wagon. Every base ball game they get out their contrivance, drive to the west side of the park, mount their box, spread a big umbrella and enjoy the game without money and without price. The management should employ the police to club the heads of the young sneaks a few times and teach them honesty. But when a fellow gets to be a base ball fiend, his case is almost hopeless. Every knot hole in the fence has the eye of some impudent individual glued to it, and they often fight over whose property the hole is. In a few years the State will have to erect a special hospital for the cure of ball mania. It is on the increase and is a growing danger to the peace of families and to business interests.

**H**OW proud the people of this city should be over the beautiful cottage which adorns the Central school campus. It is what every tax-payer has been praying would be done for years. In these days when the frisky microbe is taking such a prominent part in all of our affairs, and science is striding with such mighty strides toward knowing all about it, it is not safe to expose the dear children to anything, not even the bath room. By orders from the Board of Health, the drinking cups, the pencils, etc are all sterilized each morning, and it is right that the janitor should be sterilized also; that he should be isolated, and given a lemon juice and bran massage each morning before he comes into contact with the precious little kids of Crawfordsville, some of whom never wash except it be hands and face in cold water and wipe dry on the tail of mother's cast off petticoat and are hearty as pigs the year round. I am astounded at the laxity of the School Board in the matter of duty. It should have provided Turkish baths and perfume sprays concealing powerful antiseptics, and compelled the janitor to run himself through them three times daily, and a fumigator through which his clothing must pass at least twice daily and as many more times as the Board of Health might deem necessary. We cannot be too careful. These are fatal oversights on the part of the part of the School Board. In the desire to save money, they have become parsimonious. What is money compared with comfort, convenience, health, and destruction of the venomous "mike?" These gentlemen of the School Board, no doubt, have done the very best they knew, and are not to blame for these fatal flaws

in their administration of affairs. Two of them have never had the necessary experience which makes men careful with children. The other's hopes are grown. They were raised under the old regime, before we had discovered that we were in daily danger from lurking, insidious microbes, looking for the innocent and unsuspecting kid, ready to pounce upon him from the point of a slate-pencil. This is the extreme folly of placing men without buds of promise of their own on school boards. They do the best they can in their darkness, but are short on knowledge of "mikes." Then to have the odor of fried onions and tripe, of which all janitors are said to be fond, floating up from the kitchen of the janitor in the basement, to annoy the supersensitive and cultured nostrils of a superintendent, or the odor of bacon and beans assaulting the tip tilted olfactory organs of a delicate school marm, or the fumes of sour kraut or boiled cabbage reaching from cellar to dome of the temple knowledge, is enough to cause the Sphinx to sweat blood. It is extremely aggravating not to say stomach-aching. Then the odor of stale soap suds creeping up the stairways, through the doors, under the seats, everywhere, after the week's washing, freighted with the vicious microbes washed out of the janitor's overalls and undershirt, cannot be conducive to the health of the future senators, governors, authors, poets, prima donnas, prize fighters, hod carriers, politicians, and ward heelers which the city is preparing to spring on a waiting world. We cannot have these things under any consideration.

**M**RS. CAMPBELL, of the school board, is reported to have said he was won over to the building of the janitor's cottage by the fact that should yellow fever or small pox break out in the family school would have to stop. This reminds me of a tale written by the late Mr. Grimm, a fairy tale, in which a girl named Elsie who was sent to the cellar for cider, was found weeping by the cider barrel as though her heart would break. When asked the trouble she pointed to a pickax hanging on the wall and said: "See that pickax? I am weeping because I was thinking that if Hans and I should get married and have a little boy, and should send him to the cellar to draw cider, and that pickax should fall on him and kill him what an awful thing it would be." The messenger began to weep with Elsie, and soon, the entire family, Hans included, were weeping over the impending calamity. The school board is a parallel case. I do not know which one discovered the danger and wept first, but Mr. Campbell confesses that he was in at the finish.

**T**HE cottage they built was all right had they used the care I suggested above, but it is so close that should the pickax fall the schools would have to close anyhow. The trustees should have purchased "Knoll Cottage" for the janitor. That was the proper thing to have done. Of course it would have cost \$10,000, perhaps more, but that is a mere bagatelle compared with the sacred trust lodged with the board; the comfort and convenience of the janitor, and the health of the children. Of course there are mean men who will kick because the trustees have done this thing, and insist that they pay for it themselves, and I hear are even threatening to enjoin the payment. But mean men are found everywhere. Just think what is at stake in this matter! Why it is the comfort and convenience of the janitor, the health of the children, the amount of money the building put in circulation, and many other things combine for benefits in this thing. The man who had plans for sale, the men who wanted to work, etc. Think of all these things, ya sad-faced, overburdened, shirtless, coatless, hungry taxpayers! Stop your everlasting howl and call the school board blessed. Your needs are cheap. Think of what you are doing for posterity, and stop your squealing. If you die in the poor house insist on having a fine one. You are pouring out your sweat and blood in vicarious sacrifice in order that others may be happy. So "Bless while it smites you the chastening rod, And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,

There's welcome above for a moneyless man."

**O**UR strong-minded young women—those who desire to be independent of mankind, and who are taking all the places which men formerly occupied, and doing the work for which men received and ought still to receive from \$8 to \$10 per week for from \$2.50 to \$4, are surely standing in their own light. Woman is a home builder, not a wage

earner. She was never intended by her Creator to step into man's place and compete with him as a producer. The result is going to be that in a few years marriage will fall off one half, the women will be old maids, and when the flush of beauty is gone, they will have no employment and no home, while the young men unable to earn a living in the way God intended them, have either become wrecks or loafers. It has gotten to the point now where young women cannot be found who are willing to do housework; they consider it degrading and can accept nothing but work in an office, where they crowd some young man out and take house girl's wages, where he is receiving probably four times the amount. In Chicago there has been such a hegira of women from their own work to that of men, that in the residence districts half the families cannot find female help, and are taking their meals at restaurants. They despair of ever obtaining female help, and are employing men. They find them better help than women, easier to get along with, and worth two dollars on the week more. The same Associated Press dispatch which gives the above details continues as follows:

"We are placing men for housework right along," said the superintendent of one agency, as he booked the case in a big ledger. "People come in for girls, can't get them, and find that they can get men, therefore accept them. Again, many people say they are tired of women servants; find it hard to keep them; hard to satisfy them with their situations, and consequently ask for men as an experiment in the hope of bettering conditions. Others come right forward and plainly say that they would rather have a man than a girl, and ask for men outright without bothering for women. It is not a question of cheapness, either. The man who does housework, as a rule, gets about 20 per cent. more than a woman."

The same thing will be true all over the country in a few years, the way things are going at present. Girls must learn that their proper place is where God designed her work. She is not a man and cannot be made one by taking a man's place.

**B**ERT E. LAKIN, who is a soldier in the Philippines, and who enlisted from Boone county, has a letter from Manila in the Zionsville Times in which he gives some of his alleged experiences over there. I clip the following little extract from it:

"I fought all that day and night and until four o'clock the next morning, and then there was not a nigger to be seen only those who were gasping for breath, and then we as hospital corps men were ordered to shoot every nigger we found on the ground breathing, and so I struck out and every nigger I found breathing I either shot or knocked him in the head, for I was so mad I was not afraid of the devil himself. \* \* \* There were about eight hundred niggers killed and wounded and about two hundred Americans, thirty killed and about a hundred and seventy wounded. We pile the niggers up and let the buzzards feed upon them, and the Americans we bury in military honor."

I do not know this man Lakin. I do not want to know him. I am satisfied that he is a liar of the first water. If what he says he did is true, all he lacks is a tail, a pair of sharp pointed ears, and a few stripes on his back to make him a grave-robbing hyena. He is evidently a degenerate to write such stuff home for publication, let it be true as Gospel. The The editor to whom he sent it should be prosecuted for publishing this libel on the American soldier. Such cruelty and brutality is hardly known among canibals and the lowest savages. It is not an American trait and Mr. Larkin has lied. If he did what he claims to have done, it was on his own volition and he should be at once be tied up and shot by the army officials, and his carcass given to the sharks in Manila Bay.

Yours Observantly,

PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

### CURTAIN RAISERS.

There is a Dorothy Morton Opera company, and Hubert Wilkins is in it.

Ada Melrose is to take out the old Minnie Palmer play, "My Sweetheart."

"Uncle Dick," Sol Russell's new play, having proved a failure, is to be with

drawn.

Hall Caine has been engaged to make a new translation of "Catherine" for Annie Russell.

"That noble actor, John L. Sullivan, is Bill Hall's estimate of the eminent gentleman from Boston.

Charles Coghlan has completed his new play, which he will produce in New York in January. The subject is the French revolution.

Ola Nethersole has a new play by Max O'Rell, which she will produce in this country. She has also secured "The Sea and Mrs. Tanqueray."

Auguste van Buren, with his "Broken Melody," was a ghastly failure in the United States last year, yet in England this year his success is emphatic.

Charles Frohman has loaned Amelia Bingham to William H. Crane for the lab

## Keep Coughing

We know of nothing better to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.

Stop coughing and you will get well.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured.

Ask your druggist for one of

**Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster.**

It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write us and we will receive a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

ter's forthcoming production of Eugene W. Presbrey's new modern comedy, "Worth a Million."

Eddie Baldwin gave the first production on any stage of "A Twit of Laurel," a four act play, by Warren Forbes, at Mahany City, Pa., last month. Lansing Rowan is his leading woman.

Sydney Rosenfeld has closed with Daniel Frohman for the production of his English version of "Im Wessels Rosal," the successful German play which Mr. Rosenfeld secured in Berlin.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has been translated into Russian by Mlle. Schepkina-Copernic, into German by Fulda, into Italian by Signorina Lambertini and into Portuguese by M. de Simoes.

### THE BEEHIVE.

The strength of the colony determines the amount of brood therein.

A board covering should never be placed over and directly on the frames.

The ground in front of each hive should be banked up level with the entrance.

The best material in the smoker is dry, rotten wood that has become light and spony.

The first thing after hiving a swarm in a frame hive is to adjust the frames.

Combs that are new and bright are not near so liable to become infected with worms as those of a dark color.