

The Review.

PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITUR PATREM HAUD
PASSIBUS AEQVIS.

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
sorrows."

"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.



Some wild and woolly advocate of expansion by the sword route, has furnished an evidence of how the ears can grow on the human ass, by proclaiming to the world the following choice bon mot: "Democrats are traitors in time of war, and fools in time of peace." The author has carefully hidden his identity, as though ashamed of what he had done. The attention of certain editors of administration organs hereabouts is hereby called to this choice expression, which they can work in occasionally with the words "copperhead," "Atkinaldoists," and other choice specimens of polished English, when expressing their contempt for Democrats, and thus vary their pipings a little.

NOW the powers that be are proposing to pay the soldiers in the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico with silver. What terrible crime is this which the administration contemplates! Silver is good enough for the man in the trenches and behind the gun, but is too base a metal for the man behind the bank counter. One is fish and the other fowl it seems, after all.

BUNKO games are quite numerous and smooth, but Marysville, Ind., comes to the front with the smoothest of all of them. Mark Carmichael offered to bet his father-in-law that he did not have nerve enough to take \$1,000 out of the bank and keep it in the house over night. The old man showed his nerve and got the money. He placed it under his pillow and laid a big revolver close at hand. When he awoke the next morning he found his money gone, and further investigation revealed the fact that his entire family, including his wife, were gone also. When last he heard from them they were crossing the Missouri river. This is a practical illustration of the fact that a man's foes are in his own household.

OUR President has missed being immortalized, by living after Dickens died, although that celebrated novelist has left on record a portrait which fits the President's case. Our President spoke at town in Michigan when on his great vote hunting tour, and said: "The shedding of blood is anguish to my soul. The shedding of blood of the misguided Filipinos is a matter of sincere regret and sorrow to us all."

This very closely resembles some of the sayings of that noted man who had named his daughters Charity and Mercy—Mr. Pecksniff. What meat and drink his tour of speechmaking would have been for Dickens. At one town his soul was racked with anguish, and ten miles further on, with different environment, the anguish would spend itself, and bracing up he would declare: "We have expanded; who is going to contract?" He has certainly proved himself able to give Pecksniff cards and spades and then win out.

CAPERS which would have done credit to an Hibernian ball were cut by the guests at a church social at Greenwich, Connecticut, a few evenings ago. Milk in abundance was served, and within an hour fully half the attendants were singing rag time songs and howling for

more milk. Before the seat of trouble was discovered, a great many reputations were knocked silly. The cause of the disturbance was the fact that the farmers had been feeding their cows apples. This has the effect of impregnating the milk with alcohol, and changing the lacteal fluid into a liquor closely akin to very hard cider without destroying the natural taste of the milk. So the entire crowd was drunk. The church social to my mind is a delusion and a snare at best, and when it comes to causing antics like this it is time to abolish it from the catalogue of religious ceremonies.

SMALL statuettes are now to be made of Mark Hanna, dollar marks and all to be labeled "Our Republican God." Before this figure every morning the partisan republican can kneel to say, "Give us this day our daily opinion!"—Frank for Crescent.

The political editor of the Montgomery county organ evidently has secured one of these for his desk, and often approaches the shrine, as I notice the daily trumpet blasts are getting louder and louder in behalf of trusts and their beneficent influence. In history we read of a time in an Asiatic city, now hardly accorded a name on the map, but then rich and powerful, wherein stood a great gold ornamented temple, when a mob arose and sought the lives of two men in simple garb, who were the propagandists of a higher civilization than that of blood and pillage; and a certain worker in silver raised the cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" "These simple men will ruin our business if we allow them to make such speeches in the streets of the city of Diana!" and they would kill the men. They were preaching truth, equal rights and humanity, and the idol makers of Ephesus arose to put them down. The same spirit exists to-day. The cry is not "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but "Great is Marcus, of Ohio!" and the Trusts from which our campaign boodle comes!" Down with the man who thinks the yokel without great capital has rights in the land! We cannot afford to give anyone room who is not willing to worship the Golden Calf of Hanna!"

THE anonymous letter writer has again showed his hand in this city, and is bestowing his attentions on the pastor of the Christian church. I believe that his energy and postage stamps are wasted on that gentleman. He has been around the world long enough to pay but little attention to such fellows. It is only a rank coward who will write an anonymous letter, and he is generally a fellow who would be in his element could he stir up trouble somewhere. But he has stuck his nose into the wrong place if he is expecting notoriety as a trouble maker in that quarter. It won't work.

A SWISS chemist has discovered an embalming fluid which, when introduced into the heart and stomach immediately after death, and the body exposed to 90 degrees of heat, will turn the body into solid stone in ten hours time. He works on the theory that the functions of these organs do not cease immediately. It is said that the body can be chipped with a chisel, like stone. So many persons are using the new plan in Switzerland and keeping the dead bodies of relatives as statues to ornament the homes of the survivors, that the government is said to be contemplating forced burials by law. In this land of second marriages and divorce courts this process is not likely to become popular.

ONE newspaper, not afraid to tell the truth, closed its write up of a flashy wedding of a couple of young society pushers as follows: "After a wedding tour of several eastern cities the young couple will return to this city and settle down with the bride's parents till the husband gets a job." How many wedding accounts could be closed with the same homely truth? Yet not every editor has the nerve to do it. Nearly every wedding is the "mating of a couple of well known society people," where the young man in the case is described as "one of our promising young business men," when if all his wages were used for the purpose he could not comfortably house and feed a hen and chickens; and the woman while she is just too pretty, couldn't patch the basement of hubby's pantaloons decently in a week's time. When I read an illuminated article slopping over with purple adjectives descriptive of a wedding which I know and everybody else knows is a misfit, I long for the day to come when truth will be told by newspapers as well as preachers.

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INDIANA is a great state. She raises corn enough each year to keep the entire world drunk, if manufactured into whiskey, and wheat and rye, and cattle, hogs and sheep enough to feed the United States and a part of New Jersey. She has 9,000 saloons, two penitentiaries, four insane hospitals, ninety-two well filled poor houses, and an equal number of jails, all well tenanted. She has Dr. Hurty, Wm. S. Haggard, J. Frank Hanley, Booth Tarkington and others who could be named. But probably the worst microbe she has to contend with is the Legislature which comes into view with the regularity of death, every two years. The last lamented body passed a law compelling the mourning parent to go to the health officer and take out a permit to bury their dead, and should he neglect to do such thing he shall be arrested and fined, and the officers of the law, doctors, justices, constables and a lot of smaller fry have the right to disinter the body of his loved one and exercise upon it the scalpel, examine the heart, stomach, lungs and brain for traces of disease, so that the health officer may know that no microbes or germs of death have been buried with the body. There are fees connected with all this for the gang who dig up the body and desecrate the grave in the interest of public health. The certificate of death from the physician to the undertaker may be all right, saying that no contagious disease was the cause of death, but farther than this no man should be allowed to go, even if there was a fee for him in it. I look for the next legislature to ordain the health officer king, and give him absolute power to confine in jail the woman who dares kiss her baby. Graves have been opened in several counties of the state under this law, and much ill feeling is being created by it.

I AM a believer in the germ theory of disease, and feel confident that it is correct, but at the same time I am equally confident that many of our doctors are growing exceedingly "nutty" on the question, and the "nuttier" one of the push is our state Health Officer. I expect to hear soon of him living in a glass case, on distilled water and grape nuts, and breathing air pumped to him through a dozen thicknesses of bolting cloth. He is the worst scared man on microbes the world has ever seen. Every particle of dust floating in the air is to his eyes a monster ready to tear the vitals out of a human being. From these jabberwocks of the atmosphere, these bandersnatches of the frog pond, with teeth and horns and claws he would save mankind. In every odor wafted to his delicate and scientific nostrils he smells microbes, deadly, awful microbes, carried from far away climes to wreak vengeance on the people of Indiana. I wonder if he ever, when a boy chasing the swift "cottontail" through the woods ever thrust a pole into a hollow log and made the acquaintance of a full grown specimen of that vigorous odor dispenser, the American skunk? I also wonder what sort of microbes he thought he had caught? I tell you, good people, that while the microbe is a living reality, he is being overworked, and a great lot of microbe hunters are living off of his misfortunes.

WE are informed now that small pox will get us this winter if we "don't watch out." Dr. Hurty declares that it is now in the state and that it is bound to spread, and spread just because the local doctors of the state do not know what small pox is when they see it. That they will stand around and talk while death on a pale horse rides through the community. They will only know "where they are at" when the secretary of the state board of health arrives on the scene and casts his trained eye over the spot and his trained nostrils detect the scent of the small pox "smoke" in the December air. Dr. Hurty desires to see this whole state with its arm in a sling, so he advises that everybody be vaccinated, at once, that this swarm of bacteria may be headed off. He incidentally remarks that it would only cost the pitiful bagatelle of \$30,000 to do the work, and avers that it would save the state eventually hundreds of thousands of dollars. If this is so, let everybody pull up his sleeve or bare his leg to receive the prod of the point. "If 'twere done when 'tis done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

XORCIDE is a crime punishable by death in this country, and it should be. Any man who kills his wife should be hanged and hanged very high. But the question naturally presents itself: What would Mr. McKinley do were his \$10,000

Sultan of Sulu to take a sudden notion to clean up his harem, and get a new supply of wives? This is a weakness of Sultans, and the dis temper is likely to break out under the shadow of the stars and stripes. Mr. McKinley has not proven himself a man who sticks so closely to the constitution and law and tradition, and republicanism in the past, however, but we could depend on him in such an emergency to settle the case satisfactorily to himself and his Father Confessor, Pope Marcus I., at least.

MUST a policeman pay for his clothes? Dare a man whom a policeman owes ask him for the amount of his little account? It would seem that both these propositions are not true from an item I notice in the news columns, where the wearer of a helmet and blossoming terror to small boys and dogs, had refused to pay his tailor and had the tailor arrested for provoke when he dared ask for a few dollars on the big bill. It is no doubt annoying for a man who holds a place as a policeman to be bothered by such pestiferous insects as tailors with bills to collect. This policeman proposed to make an awful example of this tailor. He said "shoo fly!" but the tailor wouldn't "shoo." He resented the impertinence as St. Anthony resisted the blandishments of the devil. His high dignity had been insulted, and his tender feelings been made to bleed, so he had the tailor, whose clothes he was wearing, arrested for provoke because he asked for his money. The resplendent blue suit, the brass buttons, the regulation helmet in which he struts forward and back in front of the city hall, waiting for some daring criminal to hold out his hands to be tied, the collar so stiff, the shirt so stylish, the pants so tight, the necktie so chic, were on his body, and possession was ownership. He had owned them so long, he knew the tailor had no claims, and he resented the insult by having the cheeky knight of the goose arrested. The case was dismissed, however, and the tailor will attempt to have the police board hold it out of the gallant copper's wages, as the law directs. The policeman should pay or be stripped of his blue and brass, so far as clothes are concerned—a brass foundry can run ten years on cheek such as he possesses. The police force is no place for this fellow. Men of sterling worth, and who are really men, should be selected for responsible positions under the city government. This is the second time he has pleaded the baby act, and showed that he was not fit for the place he holds. The only place he is useful is where he can scatter small boys at marbles, or separate angry dogs in a fight, chase drunken countrymen in on a show day, or march at the front of a procession. On occasions like these a yellow terrier under a red wagon is not more conspicuous, but when he strikes "the real old thing," as in the case of Davy Doyle, he squeals lustily for help and has all the bystanders arrested for not rescuing him. If the Police Board will do its duty it will drop this frost from the city's pay roll, and hire a man.

THE Kansans conceived the bright idea of giving a sword to their hero, Funston. They had the sword made at a cost of \$1,000. They also had it properly inscribed, as they thought. The inscription read: "I can hold this position until my regiment is mustered out." These are the heroic words that are reported to have fallen from the lips of Funston in reply to his superior officer, while charging round Manila as did Hector 'round the walls of Troy. And now the pugnacious, inconsistent and ungrateful Funston denies the soft impeachment. He says he never said it, and will not accept the sword until the false, misleading inscription is taken off. Such base ingratitude is simply appalling. If he did not use the expression everybody will believe that he should have done so. Now he inconsiderately deprives us of something by which he could be remembered, robs himself of immortality, and his tombstone of an appropriate epitaph. His name will now never appear in the school books, and his valorous deeds and words stir the blood of Young America. Foolish Funston! Vale Funston!

THE preliminary skirmishes in South Africa wear the grim aspect of bloody war. They reek with the odor of the shambles, and to a spectator whose blood is not tinctured by passion or eyes blinded by prejudice, it would appear that one of these Christian nations, if not both, must have made a woeful blunder. Oom Paul may find inspiration from the pages of the sacred Book and Victoria pray for the divine bless-

....GOING OUT OF BUSINESS....

The people of Crawfordsville, Montgomery County and surrounding counties will be interested in learning that Mr. Edward Warner has decided to go out of the Clothing business. They will be vitally interested because it will effect their pocketbooks—because, before retiring, Mr. Warner intends to conduct the

LARGEST CLOSING OUT SALE

Ever known in the history of Crawfordsville. A \$35,000 stock of the finest

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Etc.,

Will positively be placed on the altar of low prices and sacrificed at absolute cost. Everything goes—counters, fixtures, etc.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PRICES:

Overcoats.

Vermont Frieze, worth \$5.00 for	\$ 2.25
Black and blue beavers well worth \$6.00 for	3.50
Heavy Chinchillas, in blue worth \$6.00 for	4.00
Extra heavy beaver, in blue and black, worth \$7.00 for	5.00
Fine Covert cloth, made up in extra wide facing, satin bound fancy check black, sells every where for \$8.00 for	5.00
Kersey beaver in black, blue, and brown, satin bound, good value at \$10.00 for	7.00
Raw edged English Kersey, worth \$12.00 for	8.00
Extra fine English Kersey, elegantly tailored, worth \$14.00 for	10.00
Fine Kersey Beaver in blue and black, wide facing, satin yoke and sleeves, worth \$15.00 for	12.00
Extra fine quality K-sey Beaver, equal to finest merchant tailored garment, worth \$20 for	15.00

Underwear.

A large lot of odds and ends wall worth 50¢ at25
Regular 50¢ Camel's Hair at25
Best fleecy lined 16-lb goods in blue and natural at40
Barbigrass in blue and brown, worth 75¢ at45
Sheard's all wool health underwear, \$1.25 at80
very best Australian wool in blue, tan and natural, \$1.50 goods, at	1.00

Men's Suits.

Men's Union, 60 per cent. wool suits, cheap at \$5.00 at	\$ 2.50
Men's blue and black cheviots and clay worsted patterns, well worth 8¢ at30
Regular all wool cassimères Darville and South Bend woolen mill goods, worth \$8 to \$10 at	5.00
Wendel's celebrated cassimères, all wool, elegantly made and trimmed, worth \$12, \$12 and \$14 at	7.00

We Want Your Trade.

EDWARD

WARNER

One Price Clothier and Hatter.

ing upon England's arms, and yet there cannot be Christian justification for both. It is not new, this seeking for the blessing of God upon the fruits of greed and folly, and yet the pages of history do not show that it is ever given. On the contrary, it does show that the fool has ever paid the price of his folly and doubtless he ever will. But before the fool is brought to his senses the soil of South Africa will be wet deep with innocent blood. So is it written in the chance that makes the destiny of nations.

MUSIC finds a ready response in the heart of every human being. The witness to this was seen on the visit of the Chicago

Symphony Orchestra here last Wednesday night, as the first number in the Y. M. C. A. lecture course. Persons got up early and stood in line for hours to give up their dollar for a seat, and half of these same people couldn't carry a tune themselves if they had it in a jug. I didn't go, for the reason that I had been swamped before on classical music, and French and Italian opera. It was too rich for my musical education, and I never like to yawn at a public place, even to be pointed out as a lover of classic music. The Y. M. C. A. deserves great credit for risking the expense of bringing such a combination to the city. Those who were educated in music enjoyed a great treat, and those who were not imagine they did, so no one is disappointed.

THE hobo still wanders over the face of the land in his fruitless search for work, notwithstanding the frequently reiterated statement to the effect that farmers cannot find enough men to help harvest their crops in many sections. His search for the delusive will-o-the-wisp, called work, is as heartrending as the famous search of Evangeline for her beloved Gabriel.

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"A Perfect Beauty."