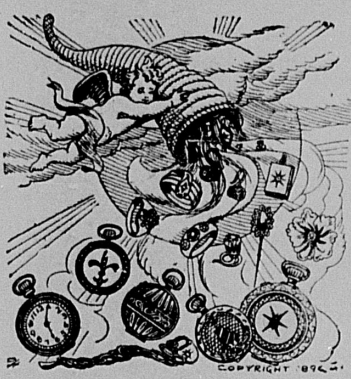


THE NEW REVIEW.

Established 1841.

Crawfordsville, Indiana, Saturday, December 2, 1899.

59th Year, No. 16



HORN OF PLENTY

That never ceases to pour in the latest and most unique designs in fine jewelry, Silverware, Watches, and settings for precious stones you would think our supply was furnished from. We keep up with the times in everything in the jewelry line, and nothing is selected for our superb stock but the best and newest styles and best quality.

M. C. KLINE.

Jeweler and Optician.

Opp. Court House.

A FEW LEFT

I have a few Buggies and Surries left after my "Clearance Sale" last Saturday. I do not want to carry any buggies over, and will make very low prices to close them out within the next thirty days. Don't miss this opportunity as you will pay more in the spring.

Remember we have a fine line of Plush and Fur Robes and Horse Blankets.

See Our 88c Blanket

The most complete Harness and Buggy Store in Montgomery county. Remember that

Fisher's Harness are Good Harness.
Eisher's Buggies are Good Buggies.

JOE E. FISHER

SEASONABLE NOW

WE MEAN—

Fel . . .

AND

Rubber Goods.

And we are Leaders in these lines.

Ed. VanCamp & Co.

—THE BIG—

Broken Lot Sale

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS

Regardless of Cost is Still Going on at the

STAR SHOE HOUSE

"A FAIR FACE CANNOT ATONE FOR AN UNTIDY HOUSE." TRY

SAPOLIO

A Wonderful Prosperity.

It is not true that because certain lines of business are profitable just now and that some men are making money, or earning wages, that we must therefore throw up our hats and shout for prosperity. One swallow does not make a summer, and upon the theory that the misfortunes of a few men do not involve the destruction of the earth or the nation, it is absurd to speak of prosperity and our financial system in the same breath.

With an increasing commerce—to call general business, productions and manufactures "business"—based upon a contracting circulating medium, prosperity, is a fantasy more proper for the brain of a monomaniac than for the gray matter of an American citizen who either knows better or who does not want to know better. We have reached a point where our financial condition is at a lower ebb than ever before in the history of the nation, and yet there are those who try to make us believe that we are in a highly prosperous condition. We are indeed growing great as a nation; we are building fine ships of war, our army is increasing in magnitude; all of our officials wear good clothes, sport diamonds and fine jewelry, and whenever their wives obtain a new garment from Paris or their daughters marry a foreign lord, the papers record the fact; our taxes now exceed the total amount of our entire circulating medium annually and is daily, nay, hourly, increasing, we are reaching a condition where we can defy the whole earth, and when it comes to twisting the lion's or dragon's tail we are strictly in it. But what of the rank and file? Those who toil and struggle, sweat and worry, who are miserable and despondent? They are the ones who must pay for all this balderdash of general prosperity. The individual is nothing in the great onrush of glory. Not so very long ago a man who accumulated money was said to be prosperous; he was making money, but now it is regarded as a wonderful badge of prosperity for a man to get any work at all and receive wages enough to keep body and soul from separating. The laborer forestalls his future, draws on it to satisfy the demands of the past; he must spend what he may earn next week for the necessities of life he needs this week; by an enormous production the farmer is enabled to realize enough to pay off some of his back interest, he even feels hilarious enough over that unusual state of his finances that he buys his wife and daughter a cheap calico dress, mayhap he takes all hands to a cheap circus or vaudeville. Next year he will be slaving to make up for his prosperous dissipation.

There can never be any such thing as prosperity unless the individuals of the nation are prosperous, and that prosperity can ever come under our present financial system, though we double our productions and fill the whole earth with our manufactures. The reason is plain when one stops to think about it. We have no accretions to our stock of money; indeed, on the authority of the treasurer of the United States, we are two hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars short of enough silver money absolutely necessary to transact the business of the country. What does this mean? Why, if one man makes a few dollars some other man loses the amount. When the banks of New York are stuffed full of money the country elsewhere is suffering from a deficiency. When Chicago is gloating over its surplus cash New York and the rest of the country are upon the verge of bankruptcy. It is the same volume of money shifted about from place to place, a robbing of Peter to pay Paul that constitutes our financial system under the gold standard. How can there be a dearth of money under the gold standard? We were told that it would bring us prosperity and the only thing it has brought us—as it is hoped—is the wisdom of a sad experience. What system was it that has reduced our circulating medium to \$225,000,000 below the amount absolutely necessary to carry on the business of the country? What kind of a financial system is that which will permit the manufacture of paper money based upon an insufficient supply of gold, and prohibit the coinage of a deficit of \$225,000,000 in silver money? If there is anything that can convince a reasonable Amer-

ican citizen that the gold standard is not beneficial to the people, it ought to be its result in depriving the people of their money to carry on their business.

Why not use gold? Why, that is not intended for the use of American citizens; it is all required to keep our foreign creditors in easy circumstances and for foreign importations; for foreign husbands for our sweet American girls; for the trusts, combines, syndicates, bankers, brokers and speculators. When it comes to the American citizen, silver is good enough for him, but he is not even allowed enough of that lest he make a little money that can not be controlled by the gold standard.

The Amende Honorable.

ONE of the local "organs" of the Democratic party asserts that a "hungry workman" carded The Journal relative to the destruction of some wire nail machines. The card was written by Rev. T. D. Fyffe, and if any man can gaze on his portly figure and then designate him as a "hungry workman" he is certainly entitled to a position on a Democratic paper in Crawfordsville.—[Crawfordsville Journal.]

The above mentioned "local organ" of the Democratic party, humbly makes its apology to the "local awgun of the Republican party," and to the "hungry workman." How could we tell that it was Rev. T. D. Fyffe who wrote the card? There was nothing about it to indicate its authorship. Rev. Fyffe, indeed, does not look hungry; on the other hand he has every appearance of having plenty to eat and eating it, and we beg his pardon for the insinuation that he was "hungry." But Dr. Fyffe, if we mistake not, is the pastor of a flock whose members were "hungry" last winter, many of them, because the men of the home were turned out of work by the trust closing down the nail and wire plant. Dr. Fyffe is a man in close sympathy with those people whose spiritual wants he looks after, and is not so warped and biased politically that black appears white in his eyes. He does not consider, as does the Journal, that the destruction of the machines and the closing of our largest factory are the "manure of prosperity." But that has nothing to do with the failure of the Journal to let the news of the destruction of the nail machines loose and waiting for Dr. Fyffe to card it. The Journal could not possibly have feared to take the responsibility, without telegraphing to the trust or consulting its Hanna dream book? In these days of "McKinley prosperity," however it is not safe to rush in when consistency compels a fellow to stay out. It is the part of policy to hedge. It is safer to put the responsibility on the preacher, than to assume it. The editor of the Journal has many of the characteristics of old Joey Bagstock—"sly sir, sly; de-vilish sly."

The Fool and His Money.

EXAMPLIFIED in all its beauty was the old adage "A fool and his money are soon parted." One Albert Sheek alighted from the Monon train and offered a book for sale, but found no buyers, and the train pulled out with one passenger less. Sheek had run up against the real old thing in the person of the train boy. This depraved young man was looking for a soft mark and found one in Sheek. He had worked the old racket of three books with a five dollar bill in one, and \$2.50 for your choice. Sheek has now altered his opinion of his brilliancy as he has a ten cent book and no money, stranded among strangers. MORAL.—Don't be too poor to take your local paper because it costs more than a story published at Augusta, Maine.

Auditor's Settlement.

THE time for the annual December settlement with the state by county officials has come, and the settlement sheets of Montgomery county have been made by the auditor. The county treasurer stands charged with \$126,190.39. The division of the amount is as follows: The state gets \$30,917.11; the county gets \$38,195.81; the free gravel roads receive \$9,879.15; the townships are credited with \$3,320.94; the roads get \$3,040.07, and the schools \$40,737.31.

To Have Paved Streets.

IS the result of our council indulging in the proper brand of cigars. They all smoke Muhleisen's celebrated Hoboe.

"Truth Seeker" Still Hunting For Enlightenment.

EDITOR NEW REVIEW:

I am at a loss to understand why the ministers of this city have seen fit to entirely ignore my very important inquiry contained in your issue of the 16th.

I was surely not aware that my article so far transcended the bounds of either pertinence or decorum as to merit no consideration whatever, from the preachers of our city, many of whom I know to be gentlemen of both polish and erudition.

The Apostle Peter stopped in the midst of an important discourse to answer an inquiry as to the terms of pardon, Acts, 2:38; and Paul condescended to do the same, Acts, 16:31, 32 and 28:30. And Stephen took the pains to make an elaborate explanation, even to those who were merely seeking his destruction, Acts, 7. Likewise did Philip, Acts, 8:34-7.

It was stated last night from one of the city pulpits that "the saving of one soul was of more importance than the gaining of all the wealth of the universe" and recently I heard an eminent divine assert in a magnificent discourse that "if a myriad of men and angels should be engaged throughout eternity in saving one sinner from perdition, they would be amply repaid for their labor." Are the preachers of this town in fellowship with this statement? I sincerely trust they are, at least to some extent; and yet, I fear their refusal to pay any attention to the inquiry of one who longs to know the whole truth may leave the impression on some that they are more zealous in building up their respective religious parties than in piloting the unfortunate derelicts on life's voyage into a port of absolute safety.

It has been suggested that the ministers probably anticipate that any attention given to my inquiry might provoke controversy.

Controversy with whom? I ask. Surely not with the writer hereof, who is a member of no religious denomination, and therefore, has no social, financial or political axe to grind on this ecclesiastical stone, and who never saw the inside of any theological institution, nor any college, university or academy, except as a visitor. Surely not among themselves; for what a singular spectacle that would present to the religious world; viz: a number of organizations uniting in an enterprise for the accomplishing of a given purpose; yet no one daring to suggest how it may be consummated, lest the suggestion result in controversy.

In the last chapter of Ecclesiastics and 13th verse, we read: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

But how can we keep the commandments of God unless we know them?

Therefore, the object of preaching should be, first, to teach us what God requires us to do, and, second, induce us to perform it readily, cheerfully and accurately. I readily admit that the preaching of Mr. Ostrum included much that was commendable in the line of inducing people to become Christians by pointing out its blessings and advantages, but I was unable to learn from the sermons I heard what steps the sinner was required to take in order to become a Christian.

If any of the intelligent citizens of the city were able to gather from the sermons of the distinguished gentleman just what the scriptures teach on the subject, I will be pleased to have the terms stated, as the ministers seem not inclined to give us the desired information. I should be glad, however, for them to inform us why they decline to answer the question.

TRUTH SEEKER.
Crawfordsville, Ind., Nov. 27, 1899.

Stout Divorced.

ON Saturday James Stout was divorced in the circuit court from his wife Nettie. There is nothing peculiar in this occurrence, the like of which is happening often, were it not for the fact that James proved that he was the victim of a designing woman who had euerched him into a marriage a la convenience, and then when she had used him for her purposes abandoned him. James is not strong minded, and deserves pity rather than censure.

Robert F. Beck is serving on the Federal jury at Indianapolis.

What We are Trying to Do.

WE are trying to make of THE NEW REVIEW a good paper, reliable in all it says. We are trying to give, and are giving to our readers the very cream of the local news. We are endeavoring to place it before the public in a short and readable manner. We want subscribers on the basis that our paper is worth all you pay for it. We believe that the policy of rushes for subscribers is unsatisfactory, and a money losing operation in the end. It costs money to get out a paper and we cannot afford to give it away by giving you some other paper to induce you to subscribe for ours. We are not giving any chromos this year, nor do we propose to give you the "Weekly Scimitar," the "Farmer's Hope" and the "Housewife's Friend" FREE if you will subscribe for our paper at one dollar per year. Such subscriptions are only temporary, like that of the fellow who subscribes for three months in order to get a write up that is worth two dollars.

The subscriber who comes to us on the merits of the paper will stay, the fellow who bites at what he thinks is a "snap" will not. One subscriber who stays is worth a dozen who are attracted by ulterior inducements. We believe that there is a large field for a good paper, and we are now making the best paper ever published in the county. We are not spreading dead advertisements and boiler plate at ten cents a column, and a lot of gush and rot over twelve pages of white paper in order that we may "blow" about our size, but we do give eight pages of matter not excelled by any paper in the state, published in a town the size of Crawfordsville. The people are awakening to this fact and the outlook for a materially enlarged subscription list for 1900 is flattering indeed. They are coming every day, and more will come as fast as they get over dangerous attacks of "McKinley prosperity" which has them down and almost under the care of the overseer of the poor. We thank our friends for their friendly interest, manifested by prompt renewals and additions to our list.

Mr. Simpson's Card.

T. C. SIMPSON, the uncrowned school teacher of Scott township, cards one of the daily papers, or rather addresses his former friends through that medium. Simpson says he is bad but not any worse than he has always been, yet he feels shocked that their good opinion of him should be so suddenly and emphatically knocked down and trailed in the mud. He claims to be devotedly attached to the girl, but now has a job lot of second-hand affections on hand, along with an excellent assortment of pure motives, and sincere thoughts and other bric-a-brac for which he is hunting a purchaser. He says the young woman has stated that he was a gentleman and guilty of no improper conduct, etc. He talks of having idealized the lessons of some great works of literature, and that his character had been affected by them for good. Then he accuses the public of having an abnormal appetite, which is satisfying its propensity to gorge on scandal by picking his bones. The letter is a literary curiosity, coming from one whose letters indicate that he had tried to entice a child to slip away from home, under cover of darkness, and come to his room. Mr. Simpson bears evidence of being both knave and fool, a very unhappy combination.

The Public Library.

AT the next draw of school tax the public library will be enriched by the purchase of a lot of new books. The library, from an humble beginning, has grown to quite respectable proportions, and is liberally patronized by the people. The great trouble is that everybody desires to read the same books at the same time. A few duplicates of popular works would be a good thing. To be sure their popularity would wane in a few months, and no calls will be made for them, but as it is a public library the public taste should be gratified, if possible, when the call is for literature which will not hurt.

Sam Thomas, who is managing Creston Clark, the tragedian, was in the city visiting his father Sunday. Mr. Clark will appear at Music Hall this month.