

## The Republican.

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The Indianapolis Sentinel, in a holy but not contrite spirit, says, "anarchy is nothing but contempt for law and order" and "every man who deliberately ignores or violates the law is to that extent an anarchist." It was the Sentinel that said of the Indiana supreme court, "Damn their cowardly souls!" thereby ignoring the law and casting contempt upon it.

The war in South Africa has been all over for so long that we do not readily accustom ourselves to the news each day brings forth showing that the hostile forces are still on battle bent and they are pushing their lines well up toward the very walls of Cape Town. The grim old Dutch rebel seems to have understood himself when he said the world would be staggered at the price the Briton would be forced to pay for the liberties of the Boer. There is much excitement yet to be had in the Transvaal with standing its annexation to the British crown and its repeated pacification by Lord Kitchener.

The municipal campaign in Indianapolis is being conducted without much noise or excitement this year, largely because of the certainty of the result. Bookwalter, the republican candidate for mayor, is a clean man, who has had large experience in public affairs, and McGuire, the democrat is merely a "me too" to the Taggart machine, of which the rank and file, regardless of party, is weary. McGuire can't awaken any enthusiasm and for that reason Bookwalter doesn't need any. Republican success in Indianapolis means much to the party throughout the state, but, disregarding that fact, the Indianapolis Republicans have been in the habit of losing their local battles through intestine strife. After having by their own acts weakened the party in the state they have gone into state conventions with the utmost assurance and displayed a disposition there and elsewhere that may be mildly described as boggish. In this campaign harmony seems to prevail, Bookwalter's election appears to be sure and confidence in the republicans of the capital city may be reinstated.

European newspapers in recent months have been much occupied with grandiloquent accounts of visits back and forth among royal personages, each visit being attended by much pomp and ceremony, and a great deal has been said about the increasing neighborly sentiments, the spreading influence of international amity, the near approach of general political adhesion and the like. Subsequent developments in the markets of the world, however, indicate that the fraternal osculations of these high and mighty rulers have a significance that runs deeper than mere neighborly sentiment. It seems that beneath and behind each majestic embrace there lies a desire for a small loan. The fact is, their majesties are a trifle short and in looking about for somebody to touch they are beginning to realize that Uncle Sam is about the only fellow who is flush, and he has such a business-like way about him that they hate to approach him on the subject. Besides, they have been treating him as a sort of poor relation since he set up in business for himself and it rather grinds them to admit the supremacy he has won. Five or six years ago he was borrowing of them. What has wrought this change if it was not McKinleyism, which is the very essence of Americanism?

### LET THE FACTS APPEAR.

The court of inquiry now sitting in judgment on the professional character of Admiral Schley is perhaps the most notable military or naval inquisition ever held in this country and one of the most remarkable in the world. The proceedings of the first three days indicate in a general way the methods to be pursued and suggest comparison with the memorable Dreyfus trial.

The thing that will attract general attention is the decision of the court to confine witnesses to statements of fact after it had announced its intention to hear their expressions of opinion also. Centuries of experience in getting at the ultimate truth of things and in forming judgments thereon have long since taught the civil courts of England and America, admittedly the most perfect engines of justice in the world, that opinion is an unsafe guide to verdicts and conclusions, even where the opinion is given by an expert; that the judge or jury will get along far better if given the facts and permitted to reach their own opinions based thereon. It was opinion that led to the undoing of Dreyfus, for the proven facts were overwhelmingly in

his favor. It is the admission of opinion in evidence that makes French and Spanish trials uncertain and unjust, for opinions will often outweigh facts in apparent value and induce the miscarriage of justice.

Fair play is wanted in the Schley hearing and a course of persecution such as ruined Dreyfus would be resented by the people and destroy their confidence in the administration of the navy department. Let the French have their French procedure, but let our courts follow the American plan of getting out the facts uncomplicated with biased and prejudiced opinion.

### A RECKLESS PRESS.

Here is a letter to W. R. Hearst. We do not print it with the idea of starting a discussion with Hearst's papers as a text. His journals at this time are not pleasant things to remember. The author of the letter is a professor of logic and philosophy. His words burn. Here is the letter:

"To the editor of the New York Journal—Sir: While the world stands aghast at the horror recently enacted at Buffalo, it looks beyond the miscreant who fired the shot at our noble President. It sees in you and those like you, the leaders of a reckless press, the forces which make such an act possible. Behind the much-abused license of printing you have for years been uttering, both by word and by picture, that which you know to be lies of the most damnable blackness from the vantage ground of your 'coward's fort.' This constant hell-broth of vituperation and lies, spewed all over the land, has done its legitimate work. It has incited weak men like this ignorant and fanatical Polish anarchist to do a deed in which you, the real assassin, gloat in your immortal soul, but from which in your craven terror you crouch like a frightened hare! Why don't you, if what you have been saying for years is true, repeat it now? If false, why do you not have the manliness to admit that all your utterances about the President and vice president were conscious, premeditated lies? All good men and women in this nation denounced you and your like as the real assassin who fired the shot. I denounced you from the pulpit Sunday and shall do so, supplementing your own conscience with the testimony that you, to the full extent of your ability, are the real assassin of President William McKinley.

"Carry with yourself day and night, everywhere, while you curse 'the earth with your presence, the consciousness that all honorable and virtuous men and women in the land who have had the opportunity to know the facts hold you and your like responsible for this awful horror, and loathe you, not to the extent your conduct deserves, but to the reach of their ability.

"JACOB COOPER."

### THE AWFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

In one of the many sermons preached last Sunday on themes suggested by the murder of McKinley, the preacher, speaking of the influences that led up to the assassination, said:—"The cartoons of one paper which I call to mind, with its low-browed bestial giants, armed with clubs, and dominating the figure of President, vice president and senator, have preached many an eloquent sermon to the poor, identifying the government with all the power of tyranny."

Of all the papers in the United States none has been filthier and more licentious than Hearst's Chicago American in printing cartoons of the type named, with editorials to match. It has put forth scores of pictures in which President McKinley was drawn as a rickety pygmy, with a crown on his head, and grinning abject obedience to one or more millionaires who towered over him and directed his movements. Sometimes the American made of the President a manikin seated on a throne, with a lop-sided crown on his head as if drunk, and the body swathed in imperial robes, while the plutocrat stood near to be the real ruler of the country. Every line of the "artist" reeked with as malignant a hate as ever rankled in the heart of Czolgosz.

On the very morning of the foul crime the San Francisco Examiner, one of Hearst's cursed trinity of anarchy-breeders, had a cartoon representing President McKinley as a minstrel with blacked face singing a con song deriding the common people. The next morning the Examiner announced the assassination with the remark that "William McKinley is loved as an American citizen, an American soldier, a simple man who voted to the interests of the people."

The Hearst sheet whines and begs, saying that it has taken only a "critical attitude toward Mr. McKinley," and "never uttered an unjust word of Mr. McKinley's personal character or misrepresented his honorable intentions in public life."

What do the people think of that craven falsehood? What is to be thought of an apologist for such licentiousness who will say that the Chicago American "never made a personal attack upon the integrity of Mr. McKinley and never pictured him in the attitude of a culpable or despotic ruler?"

The American—God save the name it bears so dishonorably!—has steadfastly represented President McKinley as the tool and echo of "Hanna and the trusts," a man who obeyed his oath of office by serving a band of plutocrats instead of the people, and who had not sufficient manhood or

character to be the President himself though elected to the office.

The American has showered the President with charges of imperialistic designs. Now it begs off with apologetic snivel and a few whose knowledge of public affairs is, like that of Czolgosz, gained exclusively from such sources, gabble about "close argument" and partisan purpose in holding the American up to shame. The leading democratic newspapers throughout the country are condemning "yellow" journalism with a unanimity that takes partisanship out of the question and the next session of congress will see it still further removed.

### ANARCHY'S CURE.

Address of Rev. Thornberry at McKinley Memorial Service.

The address delivered by Rev. O. S. Thornberry at the memorial service held at the Washington school last Thursday afternoon, to which we alluded briefly in our account of the exercises of that day, is here given in full.

A scene arises in vision before me at this time. And as I look at it I see certain things, and as I study it I think certain things.

I see in a distant city a large and beautiful building, and in it a great throng of people eagerly desirous of approaching near enough to grasp the hand of the President. He evidently is in his best element as he in turn cordially takes the hands of as many of them as he can reach. I see his kindly face and make note of his cordial, winsome way.

Just before him and about to take his hand is a man of evil purpose and sinister look. And from him I pass on in vision all up and down the land. As I go, I take note of all others of his kind—a strange company indeed—seeming to rejoice at others' woes, or to rant and hiss at others' success.

Momentarily these two men, as unlike each other as two men could well be, stand face to face. The one appears the soul of kindness and goodwill, the other the picture of low cunning and deceit. The one gives bountifully, unreservedly, of the grace and favor of his noble heart; the other too gives as his spirit prompts him, but it is as the viper gives, with hiss and sting unto certain death.

The good man falls and is borne tenderly away to suffer, to wait, to die. And I see a great nation, stricken dumb at first by the awful shock, afterward slowly to bend its head as it realized the unspeakable fact, and with bleeding heart and streaming eyes shake and tremble with the strain of grief.

By his bedside I stand with the watching, hoping, yet despairing friends. And I see his poor, frail, clinging wife, suddenly carried afar to the land of mist and maze, unable as it appears to tell whence she came or why it is she lingers there. The cruel blow has rendered her so nearly insensible as to make it impossible for her to tell whether it is fact or whether it is fancy, that retains her in the shadow.

I now turn back to look at the wretched assassin and I see him cowering, trembling, bleeding as he is being hurried beyond the reach of the maddened throng. Safe within the prison cell he is ready to speak, and to boast of the service he has done the cause of liberty and humanity! Alas, and he seems to be satisfied, and more than satisfied with himself and the deed he has done. And with him, all the world around, his kindred spirits join in secret yet keenest delight.

Finally, I see a casket borne out of the old home yonder and along the familiar streets to the new-made grave which with such seeming assurance awaits the coming of the sleeper. I turn with the rest and leave all that is mortal of the good man behind. My heart aches, my tears fall. I am in the mazes and the mist. Till at last I bethink me of the wretched murderer yonder indicted before the law, "that craven beast, and the immediate cause of my pain and undoing. My soul cries out for vengeance, and I lash myself into a fury. But then it is I regain my senses and I pause to ask, Why this bitter enmity, this spirit of unquenchable retaliation? Shall I seek to serve him as he has served me? Is that the solution of the problem? Or the way from the valley and its insufferable gloom to the hill top and its unspeakable radiance and glory? So from seeing, I turned unto thinking, and I declare in this presence that while tears and sentiment are well and that sorrow must needs come, we shall be acting more nearly in accord with the spirit of him in whose memory we are met here today, if we shall seek to come at the root of this matter, and from that position begin to rid ourselves of the curse that now torments us. Shall we imprison? When it is necessary. Shall we hang the offender? Of course, when he deserves it. Shall we transport to a land chosen for such? This I should prefer to see done. But this is not

the secret and spirit of the true reformation. Let us resolve to begin at the beginning.

Hence I ask myself the questions, By what way do men come to be McKinleys? And by what ways do they develop into Polish assassins? And are these ways as widely apart at the beginning as they are at the ending? First of all, in seeking an answer to this question, I look for a foundation upon which to tade my stand. That foundation, for there is none other, shall consist of right, eternal truth. Planting, then, myself firmly upon this enduring rock I proclaim this to be true, that both the course of good and the course of evil lead forth, and away from, identically the same point. Sin, therefore, has its origin in the perversion and abuse of that which is fundamentally right and proper. So Error is the distortion and misapplication of the essentials of truth. This is eminently true whether of the social, civil, or religious world. Law and authority when rightly understood and administered, are both fundamentally and essentially good. But the very same, when abused become tyranny, and are a curse to any nation. Likewise liberty, which we all love and for which we are ready to give our life's blood, when it is conceived to mean license, and an excuse for wrong-doing of any sort is an evil, and as well a menace to all noble institutions.

Follow therefore the course of license, or the abuse of any legitimate right and power and it were vain for us to hope to escape the natural and inevitable results. Freedom of speech is a blessing to any people. But where, freedom of speech is taken to mean the right to distort and abuse, to execrate and lampoon, to hold up to contempt and ridicule, then it is that the divine idea has been misconceived, and prostituted to an unholy and illegitimate use. And it will certainly bear fruit after its kind. Honest and earnest disagreement and discussion are both wholesome and good. But it does not follow that where there is diverse opinion and difference of understanding that then and there is born to right the denounce, to call in question motive and principle, and otherwise to detract and cheapen. Anarchy has much for which it is itself to be held strictly accountable. But anarchy is far from being wholly to blame, whether as to its own existence or as to the fruits which it brings to the harvest. An attitude of propensity in any direction is assisted mightily on its way both by suggestion and encouragement. Hence I hold it to be safe teaching that no one has morally the right either from the stump on the platform, or the pulpit, or through the press or from anywhere, to pour contempt and ridicule upon the well meant ideas and achievements of his fellow. It will be a sad day for the cause of right and truth and sacred honor, but a most glorious day indeed for anarchy and its kindred doctrines—if the time should ever come when we shall regard other men as being as great humbugs as we feel ourselves to be, and their motives and endeavors as insincere and unpraiseworthy as our own.

We detest anarchy, and must be rid of it. But how will it do to begin the reformation with ourselves? Is it not high time that we seek to curb and control the hysterical tendency among us to berate and belittle, to rant and fume in rabid speech and wild harangue? Instead of furnishing suggestion and inspiration to the law-breaker and the assassin, would it not be well for us, by the wholesome example of reason and self-control, to try to set a check upon all violent and foolish outbursts whether in act or in spirit? More-over our churches and schools possess marvelous power to tame, to soften and save; and they will succeed where even the imperial hand of the law, backed by armed men, will be of little avail. The growing tendency to hold human life and character as something cheap or visionary, should be crushed out with a mighty hand. And all things high and sacred and holy, should be revered and respected without stint or question. In short, if we would change conditions among us, we need but to have faith in, and to put due emphasis upon, the true and proper agencies, and the glorious end will certainly be achieved.

It was his unvarying adherence to such a course as this that enabled William McKinley to climb to the lofty station he occupied both as a man and a citizen. He believed in God, in humanity and in himself, and aided wondrously by this three-fold faith, he sought in every instance to emphasize and to emulate that which is ever brightest, noblest and best. Hence it is that he was as the sunshine and the gentle helping hand to everybody. That is the reason the American people loved him, and it is as well the reason that the world weeps now that he is gone from it. No finer, grander, tribute was ever paid by any nation to the memory of its illustrious dead, than is witnessed in this day of silence, of reverence and of tears. In the hallowed hush and quiet one might well fancy that he hears the sobs and the wails of the

grief-stricken millions. In the little burying-ground yonder, in his native state, and not far from the old homestead that he loved so well, they are tenderly laying him away—laying away all that is mortal of this pure simple, genial, patient, kind-hearted man, husband, citizen, "The Well-Beloved." Not in some gloomy or stately receptacle for the dead are they laying him away, but out yonder under the blue of the sky, out there where the grass will grow green above him, and the sweet flowers give of their fragrance and perfume and the little birds gather to sing their morning and evening songs, out there where the people, the people that he loved and served so well, will be privileged to come—to drop a flower, to let fall a tear, to breathe a prayer, to think in unbroken strain, and perchance to say: "There, alas, lies the work of both the bad man and the good." And such let us add is the will of God, and such is the end of all the living, and such is an inspiration to sing: "Lead kindly light, lead thou me on."

### Plymouth All Worked Up.

It was reported here last week that a party of surveyors from Plymouth started out to survey the line for the Three I extension to Toledo. A wagon load of stakes is said to have been seen to go out of town last week and they will be used for that purpose. The report was verified by two persons who were there at the time and they say Plymouth is all worked up over the prospect of the new road. —Knox Crescent.

### Old Wayne Barred Out.

Deputy Insurance Auditor Babcock, of Nebraska, has given notice that the Old Wayne Mutual Life Association, of Indiana, has no legal right to transact business in Nebraska and that the agents found soliciting for it will be prosecuted. This company makes a specialty, it is claimed, of writing insurance on the lives of very old people at reduced rates. There is a company at Elkhart that comes within the same category.

### Death of W. H. Carpenter.

W. H. Carpenter, who was for some years in the dry goods business here and went to California because of failing health about two years ago, died at 4:50 a. m., Wednesday, Sept. 18, at San Diego, California. Mrs. Carpenter was with him to the end and left last Saturday with his remains for his old home at North Adams, Mass., where the funeral and interment will occur at once upon their arrival.

Mr. Carpenter was born in Massachusetts and came west while yet a young man. He lived at Three Rivers, Mich., for a time and then at South Bend. From the latter city he

came to Plymouth with F. W. Bosworth, the two being partners, and established a dry goods business which was successfully conducted until they dissolved a few years ago and each continued in business for himself. Mr. Carpenter's health broke down and he went to California, where he died of consumption after a vain effort to prolong his life.

Besides his widow the deceased is survived by one brother, E. B. Carpenter, who lives at North Adams, Mass. They had no children. E. B. Carpenter, who is with J. F. Hartle, in this city, is a cousin.

Red is a danger signal on the railroad on a fellow's nose and on a woman's face. Men and women use Rocky Mountain Tea and get genuine rosy cheeks. 35c. J. W. Hess.

We wish to call attention to the fact that nearly all our new Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods, etc., are now in and on exhibition at our store. All goods come direct from New York, which fact may assure you that weshow the newest fabrics in the market. Goods have all been purchased for cash at the lowest market prices and will be sold accordingly.

ly. For this writing we wish to call attention to our enormous stock of Cloaks and Furs. We show all that is new in that line at prices absolutely the lowest. Special in the cloak line is what is carried over from last year, namely, short jackets. We make three prices on them.

### Lot No. 1

Ladies and Misses Jackets, 1900 prices from \$2.98 to \$4, to close at \$1.98

### Lot No. 2

Ladies and Misses Jackets, 1900 prices from \$4.50 to \$5, to close at \$2.98

### Lot No. 3

All of best Jackets left over from 1900, used to sell from \$9 to \$15, now \$3.98

Anyone not caring for this season's styles can get one of last year's at just about 1/3 of their value. On new goods of 1901 we will make lower prices if purchased NOW than you can get when season is fully opened. Now is the time to get a bargain in a cloak or cape, either last year's or this year's styles, and the place to get it is at our mammoth store.

## Kloepfer's New York Store

# Top Notch Fall & Winter Clothing For Men and Boys

In making these remarkably low prices for Men's and Boy's Guaranteed Suits and Overcoats we are after the hundreds who have yet to learn that Lauer & Son leads them all in selling good clothes CHEAP. Those who have learned will come here without extra urging. We want to dress more men and more boys, and offer these splendid inducements to start the buying.

Recollect in making up your mind where to trade that we give a positive guarantee that if you don't get what you want BRING IT BACK, take your money, or exchange it. There is no string to this proposition, either.\*\*\*\*\*

### \$4.95

Choice of 200 Men's Suits and Overcoats in Oxford Grays, Black Vicunas, Fancy Worsteds and Browns.

A regular \$7.50 value.

### \$7.50

Choice of 150 Men's Suits and Overcoats in Fine Clay Worsteds in Black or Gray, in Fine Meltons and Kerseys

A regular \$12.00 value

### \$9.50

Choice of the Finest French Worsteds in Suits and Overcoats. Also Imported Serges and Globe Cassimeres

A regular \$14.50 value

Our line of Dutchess Trousers at \$1, 1.50, \$2, 2.50, \$3 and 3.50 is the talk of the town—

50 dozen Men's Overalls at	25c	300 Pairs Boys extra quality calf skin Shoes at	\$1.25
25 " " extra heavy Overalls	39c	100 prs Men's satin calf Shoes	\$1.15
50 " " Harvest Coats at	25c	200 prs Men's Self Top Notch Shoes	\$1.50
10 " " extra qu'ly Duck Coats	\$1	All kinds of Rubber Footwear for Men and Boys at Out Prices.	
5 " " " covert " "	1.50		
50 " " Fleece Underwear	35c		

We are ready for you for Fall Purchases. Come in and see that we do as we advertise. Hundreds of real bargains throughout our entire store. It pays others, it will pay you to investigate

## M. LAUER & SON, ONE-PRICE OUTFITTERS.