

The Calumet News

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LET THE NEWS FOLLOW YOU ON YOUR VACATION. If you go away on a vacation let the news follow you.

Do not stop your paper for a week or two. Let it come to your vacation address. It will be like a daily letter from home.

Rural school officers complain that excellent teachers are decidedly scarce. Perhaps the fact that the monthly average wage of rural teachers in Michigan is only \$23.31 for men and \$22.69 for women explains the reason.

Children on the school census this year bring in a revenue of \$7.41 each to their respective districts. This primary money can be used only for teachers' wages and the payment of high school tuition of eighth grade graduates.

Frances still boasts of the champion aviator. Only last week it was Marcel des Moutains, hero of the 5,900-mile flight from Paris to St. Petersburg and back. Now it is Eugene Gilbert, who, between sun-up and sun-down, flew all the way from Paris to a town on the Portuguese frontier, over 1,900 miles away.

DEMOCRATIC FORECASTS. Hurried to the forecasting of our Progressive Democratic friends. "Discerning judges declare that the only thing that will prevent the reelection of President Wilson will be the failure of his own party's representatives in Congress to support his policies."

Our own impression is that the only thing that would make possible the election of Mr. Wilson or any other Democratic candidate in 1916 would be a continuance of the Republican party splitting themselves that elected Mr. Wilson in 1912.

Let us not forget that even in that politically chaotic year the estimated Taft-Hoover vote exceeded the vote for Wilson by some 1,200,000. And it is admitted and perfectly well known that thousands of Republicans voted for Wilson as the street way to defeat the kind of their own party voters.

The chances very decidedly are that things will return to normal or near-normal by 1916, and in fact the next congressional election will in all probability mark the climax of the tide. Now as for Democratic talk of the reelection of Mr. Wilson, what about that? Ballotless means term plank pledging the candidate to that principle? What a sharpening of Democratic knives there should be should Mr. Wilson become a candidate for a second term!

"BUFFALO BILL'S" FAILURE. The failure of the "Buffalo Bill" Wild West show is attributed in part to the moving pictures, which have been giving much aid to touring that class of entertainment.

The refusal of the European countries, particularly of Great Britain and probably of Germany, to take part in the Panama-Pacific exposition can only be explained in several ways, but the fact remains that it indicates a distance for the big fairs. Probably England's action was not so much due to any dissatisfaction with the small rates proposed as to a conviction that no adequate returns were to be expected. It is the English manufacturers who must ultimately supply the exhibit and a reluctance on their part to enter is only natural.

Whatever the reason for the failure of Colonel Cody's show, however, the public gives him sympathy in his old age. He is one—perhaps the only one—of the old western scoundrels who are in the flesh. His wild west show served a valuable educational purpose. It epitomized the border and pioneer life of half a century. This occupied not a stage, but a vast arena, in which the Indians encamped, the bandits robbed the Deadwood stage, and the cowboys pursued their vocation. "Buffalo Bill" reached the highest pinnacle of his fame in his tours of Great Britain in the nineties. There he was accounted

by the multitude the greatest of all Americans. Spectators from crowded heads to streeturchins, went to see him as much as or more than his entertainment. Of the makers of America, not the least worthy of honor have been its scouts—Boone, Houston, Crockett, Kit Carson and "Buffalo Bill." Colonel Cody had his weaknesses, of course, but these are not to be remembered in the days of his adversity.

ABOLISHING PLURAL VOTING.

The abolition of plural voting in Great Britain under the slogan of "one man one vote" has taken its place among those measures which the liberal government means to force through, despite the opposition of the House of Lords. It has passed the Commons and met rejection in the Lords, along with Irish home rule and Welsh disestablishment. It must now be passed by the Commons in two separate sessions in order to become law.

Tory opposition is natural enough, since there are 225,000 plural voters in Great Britain and every one of them is a conservative. Under the present arrangement a British citizen may vote in every constituency in which he owns property. This is a relic of the theory that ownership of property is the basis of suffrage. And as the British constituencies have the habit of voting on different days, it is easily possible for a man to cast his vote many times, so long as his property holdings permit. The injustice of this practice is apparent, yet such is the conservatism of English opinion that the long fight for its abolition must go on two years longer, supposing that the Liberals remain in power.

There is another phase of franchise reform which is bound to come up soon, and that is the extension of the suffrage to nearly half a million male adults in the United Kingdom who do not now enjoy it. Out of more than twelve million male adults, seven and a half millions have the ballot.

THE GARIBALDIS.

"Extremely interesting if true," will be the comment of the student of history as he notes the dispatches from Panama which state that Giuseppe Garibaldi is preparing to join Castro in Venezuela. For there is no name in all the world more suggestive of the love of combat and of a hazardous enterprise than that of the famous leader of the thousand red-shirts who conquered a kingdom for Victor Emmanuel.

Giuseppe Garibaldi fought for Mexico, and Ricciotti Garibaldi sought to aid Albania against the Turks and has been with the Greeks more than once in their battles against their neighbors. And what a career had the first and greatest of the name! For years fighting in South America with his Amazon wife, Anita, by his side; again and again taking the field for United Italy; offered high rank in the union armies by President Lincoln in 1861; fighting for France in 1870 with his sons, Menotti and the older Ricciotti, the latter of whom fought in Cuba against the Spaniards.

Truly the world has no more valorous warrior family than that founded by the simple and fascinating hero, who raised potatoes on Caprea and visited London to be honored as was no other visitor of the century. And the girls, too, of the line have their distinctions. The granddaughter of the liberator, Miss Italia Garibaldi, heads an industrial school for girls in Rome, her mother maintains a hospital in Sardinia, and a sister is a Red Cross nurse who served through the war with Tripoli, where one of her brothers fought in the field.

PASSING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It looks very much as if the world's fair had become a thing of the past, remains the Saginaw Courier-Herald. In its time it was of interest and no doubt of value, but it was a fact that has run out. More specifically it failed to pay, and the difficulty being experienced by the San Francisco exposition indicates that the world has lost interest in such things.

The refusal of the European countries, particularly of Great Britain and probably of Germany, to take part in the Panama-Pacific exposition can only be explained in several ways, but the fact remains that it indicates a distance for the big fairs. Probably England's action was not so much due to any dissatisfaction with the small rates proposed as to a conviction that no adequate returns were to be expected. It is the English manufacturers who must ultimately supply the exhibit and a reluctance on their part to enter is only natural.

England is far removed from San Francisco. It may be questioned just how extensively English manufacturers enter into the life of the west and if the manufacturers could show no interest in an exposition there it is not to be wondered at. It will be difficult to get any European country to take part in the San Francisco fair.

But this is not all. There are several other states in this country which will not be represented at San Francisco,

Press Comment on the Strike

(From Native Copper Times.) We have read Guy Miller's statement as to gunmen, but up to this time have heard of no violations of law on the part of these dangerous men, who are claimed to be in the district. Members of the Western Federation of Miners, this far, appear to be the ones to disregard all law, and per consequence many of them have been arrested and will be called upon to answer charges preferred.

It is well to see a movement looking to the organization of the men who want to work with a view of returning to work, and with all intimidation, etc., removed, it will be found that a very large majority of Calumet & Hecla employees are not only anxious but very desirous of resuming their duties. They appreciate that they must work to live and care for those dependent upon them, and it is the province of the civil authorities to see that those men are not molested or interfered with, and if the civil authority is powerless to do so, then it becomes the province of the state militia, when sent by the governor, on request of the sheriff.

An article in the Battle Tribune-Review on the strike in the Lake district is conspicuous only in showing how little the Tribune-Review knows of this district. This paper says "the miners are mostly Cornish, and that life is cheap on the copper range; if a man is killed the richest companies pay the man's funeral expenses, and give \$200 to the man's family, etc., also that it is useless to fight the big corporations as they own the courts and that no matter how you get killed in a copper mine, your family has no chance in the world to recover from the companies. If you lose a leg or arm, and lots of them are lost here, you'll get your hospital expenses paid by the companies," and a whole lot more of such rot. The Battle Tribune should know that a very small percentage of the miners in this district are Cornish, and that Michigan has a compensation law, under which all our mines are operating, and that the Calumet & Hecla and subsidiary mines have benefits for sickness, and death, when not caused by accident, and that employees are pensioned, and given, possibly, better protection than they are in any other portion of the world. To say the companies own the courts is as amusing as it is absurd—and that it is not so is evidenced by the verdicts that have been rendered for years, and before the passing of the compensation act. There are few legs or arms lost in copper mines, and any one being so unfortunate is provided for under the compensation act. The author responsible for this untruthful article must have had a motive, and it is not an enviable one.

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Steam Locomotive

In this day of rushing locomotives and luxurious electric-lighted Pullman cars, the ordinary traveler hardly realizes that just 75 years ago the first steam locomotive in America made its maiden run. Uncle Sam has carefully and thoroughly gathered together evidence and illustrations of railroad progress in the United States and dedicated to the memory of those once "steed monsters" a large corner in the old building of the National Museum. The collection is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent exhibits in the world.

At any time of the day one may find a score of visitors examining the two largest locomotive engineering relics in the transportation section, the locomotives "John Bull" and "Southbridge Lion." Although these are the only two real locomotives in the collection, others that have marked railroad progress from the time of a coach drawn by horses to the present day rushing monsters are represented by models.

These two are, however, of unusual interest. John Bull stands upon a section of track made from the first steel rails manufactured in the United States. The John Bull is the oldest intact locomotive in this country. In length of service it is doubtful if it would have to take second place to any. Another, however, has the honor of being the oldest in America.

The famous pioneer of travel was completed by George Stevenson at his workshop in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, late in 1825. It was built for the Camden and Amboy railroad, and was named "John Bull." It was shipped to Philadelphia on the Allegheny July 14, 1831.

In the presence of the New Jersey legislature, the governor and more than a score of United States senators, the John Bull made its first trip over steel rails from Bordentown, Pa., where a railroad monument now stands. It was piloted by Isaac Dripps. From November, 1831, the now famous engine remained in active service, nearly eight hours a day, until the close of the civil war. It was a splendid piece of workmanship, but naturally somewhat crude, according to present day standards. Those familiar with the engine which now pulls a train of a dozen cars at a mile-a-minute clip wonder how in the world this bit of junk operated successfully. It was somewhat altered and added to during all these years, but substantially it is the same as when it left the shops of the famous Stephenson.

It had been in service but three weeks when a New Jersey cow, grazing peacefully on the tracks, was killed. The owner at once instituted suit and won his case. In addition, the engine was nearly wrecked. It was decided that a cow catcher was necessary. A huge, flat rambling pilot was built. It was supported by two wheels and pushed ahead of the engine. It worked successfully. With the court records of New Jersey show no suits against the railroad after the installation of the cowcatcher.

Finally the heaviest wood drivers were replaced by balanced iron wheels. A steam whistle was placed upon the boiler. Gilling devices were attached, and later the style of brakes was changed. Stephenson may have constructed his engine awkwardly, but he certainly built it to run forever. It puffed about the state of New Jersey for 31 years. It was then idle and stored in a damp shop for 28 years when finally, in 1893, the same John Bull made the run from Philadelphia to Chicago with a train of two antiquated cars under its own steam. All during the Columbian exposition it hauled flat cars about the grounds to the delight of thousands of railroad men. After the exposition it returned to Philadelphia under its own steam.

Isaac Dripps, the first man to be stationed at its throttle, died shortly after the engine's first trip, and no descendant of his could be found to take his place in the old open cab. This

miners' homes, that there must come thousands of dollars worth of damage to the mine operators ere the strike fever has run its course—but this is evident to the posted individual who knows what a strike of the Western Federation means. It means a fight to the bitter end.

Michigan cannot too soon exert all her energies to a settlement of this trouble. It is a blighting element and will work much serious injury to the copper country unless terminated soon.

Apparently it is planned soon to begin the removal of the troops from the copper country. The governor is said to be convinced that the demonstration in force has back the strikers undaunted and that a war now be safe to take steps for a gradual restoration of peace conditions. There need be no apprehension that the governor will act hastily in the matter, and it is clear that any order will give to the troops the withdrawal, but to his conviction that a lesser number of men will suffice to preserve peace. It is said that the withdrawal will be accompanied by an assurance that the troops will be shipped right back to camp, if a resumption of the conditions follow their departure. It is proposed, when the modern it beator, that the upper peninsula troops shall be left in service to the last. Conditions in the strike district have, as far as the public peace is concerned, shown some improvement, but not too many.

THE CITY "FELLER"



Daddy's Bedtime Story—Crabber and the Giant Crab.

They were going to the seashore some day with grandpa, and Jack and Evelyn could talk of nothing else for a week ahead. Grandpa and a friend were going crabbing. The friend lived at the seashore and owned a boat.

"Be careful the crabs don't catch you," daddy warned. "Why, we are a heap bigger than they are," Jack said. "Crabs don't catch people," Evelyn added.

"Well, some crabs are most large enough to catch folks. I once knew a man who was very fond of crabbing. He had crabbed every since he was a very small boy.

"When he had spare time and wished to amuse himself he would go crabbing. So it was quite what might be expected that when he went to Japan on business one of the first things he should ask about was the crabbing.

"The little brown fishermen shook their heads. They did not go crabbing for fun. My friend did not have much of an opinion of the Japanese after this. "I'll hire a boat some day and go out and get some crabs," he said.

"He took the boat and went out. He fished with a net known as a senu, and it was a good thing he did. "After the boat reached what he thought might be a good place over went the net.

"It seemed as if this crab must have been prowling around under the water waiting to hop into that net so soon did he catch it. "When he felt the net grow heavy the man dragged it up. As it reached the top of the water he drew it over into the boat, but not without some trouble. When he saw what he had caught, he almost fainted.

"The crab was a huge fellow and was struggling to get out of the net. He looked so fiercely at his captor that my friend just took the net and dumped it overboard. Then he made for shore as fast as he could.

"He had lost his net, and when the old Japanese fisherman from whom he had rented both boat and net asked for his seine he was ashamed to tell him. He had gone so frightened that he had thrown it overboard with the crab he had gone to catch.

"This gentleman lived in Japan to learn about the giant crab. It can deal hard blows with its big claws. The Japanese fishermen are very careful when they go out to catch it, for a crab can give them a painful wound if it gets a chance.

"In the American Museum of Natural History in New York there is a crab which is twelve feet long, and crabs have been seen which are sixteen or eighteen feet across. These, I am sure, would not be nice for small boys and girls to meet on the seashore when the crab was in a bad humor."

made an engine which he ran on a small circular track in New Jersey. His engine worked with a set of cogs and never developed a speed of more than three miles an hour. It had upon it the first tubular boiler built in America. This boiler is shown in the old Smithsonian building.

Uncle Sam has gathered in every speech-making locomotive which he can lay his hands on. Those that have been lost are represented by models.

Peter Cooper built an engine in Baltimore in 1825 which he named Tom Thumb. It drew a car with 20 passengers 13 miles in 72 minutes and returned in 57 minutes. This all happened on the Baltimore and Ohio road when it was in its infancy. Cooper gave locomotive construction a powerful impetus and it was a comparatively short time before countless designs and supposed inventions were tried out.

Finally came the famous Grasshopper. This was the last word in locomotives. Learned engineers said that this type would last forever. The model in the Smithsonian shows that it had two walking beams, similar to those always shown on pictures of a Mississippi river steamboat—a dozen cranks and many valves and levers.

Mathias Baldwin's famous engine, Old Ironside, is shown in miniature. This was used for passenger service in Pennsylvania in 1832. It was used until about 1840, and then consigned to the scrap heap. Also, there is a model of the Flying Dutchman, a machine which derived its propelling power from a treadmill worked by a horse.

ORDERED BY THE SMELL.

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar. "But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word."

"But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar, and there is no one else to send."

The little girl went with her jug, and as she reached the counter of the store she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk: "There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"—Ladies Home Journal.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

"DIXIE." I WISH I was in the land of cotton. Simmon seed and sandy bottom. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Early on one frosty mornin', Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS: Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoop! Hoop! In Dixie's land we'll take our stand. To us and the Dixie, Dixie land! Away, away, away down south in Dixie! Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marny will de weeder. Willa o was a ray dequeter. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land! When he put his arm around 'er. He look as fierce as a forty pounder. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

His face was like a butcher's cleaver. But did not seem to create 'er. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land! Will run away, missus took a de cline, o!

Her face was de taylor ob bacon thine, o! Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Wills missus libbed she libbed in clother. When she died she died all ober. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land! How could she act such a foolish part, o. And marry a man to break her heart, o! Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Duckwheat cakes an' stony butter. Makes you fat or a little fatter. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land! Here's a health to de next old missus. An' all de gals dat wants to kiss in! Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Now, if you want to drive way sotrow. Com an' hear dis song to-morrow. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land! Ben he down in a scratch your arribble. So Dixie land I'm bound to trubble. Look away, look away, away, Dixie land! —Daniel D. Emmett.

THE EAGLE.

HE clasped the oak with crooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Rung with the azure world, he stands. 'Till the wretched sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls. —Tennyson.