THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, January 26, 1904.

Yates went to Ogle county to beard the Lowden lion, but he only got about half the beard.

President Roosevelt says the republican party need not be ashamed of its record. That is a broad assertion in view of its operations in the Philippines and Panama.

After begging half a dozen reputable republicans to take the management of his campaign, the president has fallen back on Quay. The latter has nothing to lose, even if he has nothing to gain.

Many curious blunders are constantly occurring in congress by reason of the strong resemblance, actual or fancied, between well-known men. Maj. Lacey, of Iowa, continues to be mistaken for Senator Alger, of Michigan. They are of about the same height, and wear beards of exactly the same shape and essentially the same color. Their resemblance has been noted for many years. In fact, Speaker Reed at the time of the investigation of Secretary Alger's conduct at the war department, put his arm around the neck of the Iowa member one day with the remark: "Lacey, you look so much like Secretary Alger that I always think, when I see you, that you ought to be whitewashed."

The Pittsburg Dispatch, a republican paper, gives its estimate of Hanna as follows: Senator Hanna has never yet submitted himself as a candidate for the direct votes of the people. He has won his successes as the campaign manager for two friends, one of the widest national popularity and strength, the other of hardly less standing in his state. But if, after gaining reputation by the victories of McKinley and Herrick, he should be put up for the suffrages of the people for the highest position in the land, the fierce light that beats upon a presidential candidacy would begin to pry into his personal political achievements. His acquisitions of southern delegates in 1896, over which charity has heretofore cast a veil, would be dragged into publicity. The veracity of his platform, "there are no trusts," would be tested. The value of the proposition to "stand pat," when neither trust promoters, stock fluctuations nor the wages of labor will consent to stand pat, would be questioned. His relations to the feast of the spoils hunters carried on under the protection of his influence by his next friends, Heath, Beavers, Rathbone, et al., would furnish literature that would make the Blaine campaign seem as mild as new milk.

Eastern View of Democratic Chance.

Harper's Weekly: The democratic politicians are now taking the center of the stage. Notwithstanding the loyal and magnanimous eulogy of his former chief, delivered by Richard Olney at the McClellan banquet, the democratic state committee of Massachusetts, Jan. 9, voted unanimously to urge the democratic national convention to nominate Mr. Cleveland's ex-secretary of state for the presidency. A firm conviction was expressed that, under his leadership in the coming campaign, important New England states could be swung over into the democratic column. We presume that the states which the committee had in mind are Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. If Mr. Bryan and his friends would accept him, Mr. Olney would probably get the electoral votes of New York; indeed, it now looks as if that state would support any conservative democrat capable of uniting his party. Whether Mr. Olney could regain New Jersey from the republicans is, as we have often said, a very different question. The republican leaders in New Jersey believe their organization to be well-nigh unconquerable, except by a native of the state. Hitherto Mr. Cleveland has been the only man of whom they would confess themselves in fear, but they are now beginning to admit that McClellan's name also might be one to conjure with.

It has been hitherto taken for granted that Mayor McClellan's youth put his candidacy in 1904 out of the question, but, as a matter of fact, he is not much younger than President Roosevelt, and has had a far more extensive experience of public life than Mr. Roosevelt had when he was elected governor of the Empire commonwealth. From the viewpoint of certain veteran senators both Roosevelt and McClellan are boys, but we have had boy senators and boy speakers. Henry Clay was but 29 years old when he first entered the United States senate, and only 34 when he was chosen speaker of the house of representatives. It would be a profoundly interesting incident in political history if Mayor McClellan should be nominated and elected to an office which his illustrious father, though nominated, failed to secure.

Russian Newspapers.

Newspaper work in Russia is a pleasant sort of life, and the government spends more money on its press censors than on its schools. Last year 83 papers were suspended for various periods, and 26 were forbidden to accept all advertisements, while 259 editors were told they could have a short vacation in Siberia if they continued their methods of reviving various public questions. What a valuable thing the newspaper must be in Russia under such conditions! No wonder there is so much oppression; so much injustice and so many massacres.

With no press free to speak the truth and oppose all that is in antagonism to the interests of the people, it is not surprising that Russia is always in a state of distrust and unrest.

HANNA'S PROPHECY.

Soup Houses Now Running Full Blast in Ohio, but Mills Are Closed.

In a bitter speech at Piqua, O., on Oct. 13 Senator Hanna said:

"I want to go on record on this proposition. If by your votes next month you serve notice upon the country that you favor casting aside the safe business principles that have brought the present prosperous condition, by and by—and it will not be very long—you will be eating at the soup houses again."

Well, in spite of the fact that Ohio under this soup house threat voted as Hanna desired, yet the soup houses have come. They have come as a result of closed mills and reduced wages. Read the following news items from Cincinnati, O., Jan. 10:

"Councilman Michael Mullen of the Eighth ward Wednesday morning established a free soup house at 435 East Front street. It was instantly crowded by poverty stricken with baskets, broken spout coffeepots, bottles and tin cans to carry away solid provisions, soup and coffee. The condition of the unemployed has become so desperate and thieving so epidemic that our machinery of justice has broken down. Here is a scene in court: A man is on the stand who is caught with stolen bread. The officer who arrested him is called as the prosecuting witness. He addressed the judge:

"'Judge, there are nearly 200 people down there who are starving. This man Jones is a workingman and not a thief. He was going to share what he stole with the others. To prevent worse crimes, such as burglary, we must arrest these men. They are out from 3 o'clock in the morning for what they can find to eat. A loin of pork was stolen Monday morning, and the grocer told us not to look for it. "Lord knows, they need it," he told us. In the buildings at 318, 320 and 322 there are many who have not a cent and who have nothing to eat.'"

Here is the judge's verdict after listening to the policeman's plea for mercy:

"The stealing of bread under such circumstances is no offense."

And this happened in the Republican city of Cincinnati, in the Republican state of Ohio and in the Republican country of the United States after six years of the greatest crops ever seen in any country on God's green footstool. There is no place to put the blame for this horrible state of affairs except upon Republicans and Republican legislation, upon the Hannas, Roosevelts and Dingleys and their legislation. Let the voters do their duty at the polls next fall, and the Republican fakirs will be relegated to the rear and soup houses will cease to exist when natural conditions are so favorable for prosperity. The Republicans have had an extraordinary run of luck, but they have at last left off throwing double sixes. Their inflated boom has burst. They must now answer for their crimes.

I pays no taxes—I pays no rent,
Often busted—without a cent;
But a king among men—from disease I'm free.
'Tis better than wealth—Rocky Mountain Tea.
—T. H. Thomas' pharmacy.

DAILY SHORT STORY

Breaking the Hoodoo.

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When the Thirteenth was brigaded with us, everybody spoke in praise of its rank and file. No better material could have been found in America. A couple of weeks, however, showed the colonel to be an egotist and a drunkard, and few of the company or regimental officers seemed anxious to give him credit for anything outside.

One day the regiment came out to relieve the Fourth on outpost duty. At midafternoon a hundred Confederate cavalry, divided into squads of twenty-five, attacked four full companies of the Thirteenth at about the same moment. One discharge of their carbines, followed by a grand yell, did the business in each instance. The same 100 cavalry then fell upon the reserve of 600 men and routed them at a dash. One thousand men were beaten, routed and disgraced by 100.

The colonel called his officers together and said they must give the men double drill and that in the next fight they must shoot down any man who tried to make a bolt for it. And the captains got their respective companies out on the parade ground and looked savage and swelled out their chests and shouted:

"You are a laughing stock in this brigade. You have had two or three chances to win glory, but you have run away like beaten curs. In our next fight I will shoot the man who even turns pale."

And yet every private in every company remembered that when he ran away he followed his three officers and was not able to overtake them. A month later, at 9 o'clock one summer morning, our brigade swung into battle line on the left center. It stretched across a cotton field, with its right and left connecting in the woods with other brigades. The fight began far above us. That meant waiting, and it is the waiting that makes cowards of brave men.

Down the lines of the Fourth, Seventh and Eighth went the company officers to brace up the men who were not cowards, but yet losing their nerve in the waiting, but over in the Thirteenth it was different. The officers were at the regulation distance in rear of the lines, and the men had nobody to brace them up. To talk to each other only made matters worse.

We were quite prepared for what happened—knew that it would happen. Of a sudden the enemy opened fire on our front with artillery, and as the first shell exploded in the ranks of the Thirteenth the whole 1,000 men broke back like a flock of frightened sheep. A second shell completed the business, and there was a stampede which carried them a mile to the rear. The gap was closed up, and the battle went on, but the Thirteenth could not be rallied again that day. Three days later the major general said to the officers and men on parade:

"I know the history of the Thirteenth since its first skirmish. You are a disgrace to your state, to the army and to yourselves. I shall recommend that the regiment be wiped out of existence."

On the morning that the order of disbandment arrived from Washington the Thirteenth was in charge of a senior captain, and some of the companies were in charge of orderly sergeants. A Confederate column, which had cut loose and marched by night through the fields and woods, suddenly burst out of the woods upon the scattered camps along the river. The surprise was complete, and without a check the enemy came sweeping down the stream. The Thirteenth turned out, but there were no officers to give them orders. They were cowards and had always run away. A few had already started on this occasion, when there came the sound of hoof beats from the west, and a woman rode into camp. She was hardly above twenty years old, fair haired and handsome and probably the wife of some Union officer from the camps above. Every man thrilled as she pulled up her horse and cried out:

"Men, they are making a stand up there by the ford, and if you'll join them the enemy can be checked and driven back."

"We'll go—we'll go! Fall in—fall in!" shouted the men in chorus, after an instant's silence, and five minutes later every man had his musket and cartridge box and companies were being formed up the road crowded with white faced fugitives, and yet never a man of the Thirteenth fell out. There was no officer to lead them, but the woman rode ahead and turned now and then to smile and beckon them on. A round shot plowed up the dirt near by, but she gave no heed. A shell burst against a tree a few yards away and filled the air with splinters, but she did not turn her head. The bullets came thicker and thicker, but she held her way until a line of blue suddenly came into view and then waved her hand and said:

"Right down there, comrades, is where they need you, and after today no man will call the Thirteenth a regiment of cowards!"

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" and a swinging of caps and a dash forward. The blue fighting line was strengthened not a moment too soon. The enemy hurled shell and grape—he poured volley after volley—he charged again and again, but the line stood firm and cheered as it stood. It was a fight of an hour before re-enforcements came up. Behind the log breastworks were a few hundred living men, their eyes still aflame and their faces black with powder stain, and on the right and left and behind them more dead and wounded than the whole brigade had yet lost. Not a coward had died—not a coward had lived on. Led by a woman, all had become heroes. M. QUAD.