THE ARGUS.

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By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, May 27, 1905.

There is one particular moral to be drawn from Savanna's double tragedy: It is that murder will not only out, but that crime of any sort will out.

So Hero Hobson is married at last. What illustrious son of the republic will now come forward and invent a popular substitute for the osculating bee?

The Springfield high school, like that in Rock Island, has been having trouble with so-called "color rushes," and there, as here, the principal has taken a position against the form of demonstration, and the board of education has upheld him.

Dr. Osler continues to insist, and vigorously, that he did not say what was attributed to him relative to chloroforming people when they have reached certain stages in the journey of life. What shameful carelessness has fame shown in this particular case.

The fact that courage of conviction is always sure to win is emphasized in the way the councilmen in Philadelphia are coming gradually around to the side of Mayor Weaver. The mayor took a positive stand against graft, and he is going to triumph in his position.

A distribution has been made of a portion of the Carnegie hero fund. A number of silver and bronze medals were given to various heroes who have come under the especial observation of the commission having the fund in charge. No offer has yet been made, however, to present Secretary Taft a tin medal for being the first to announce himself as a presidential candidate in 1908.

The legal position of Queen Alexandra is very curious. So far as her private business is concerned she is not regarded by the laws and customs of England as a married woman at all. She is the only woman in Great Britain who does not come within the scope of the married woman's property act. The idea of the law is that affairs of state consume all the time of the king and therefore no responsibility for the queen's private business rests upon him. If the queen contracted debts in her husband's name, he would not be responsible for them as any other husband would. The king cannot be sued for debt, but the queen can be. Should the king die, some authorities hold that the queen could not marry again in case she wished to do so, without the special license and commission of the king's successor.

Asphalt and the Influence For and Against It.

Springfield is becoming more pleased daily with the experiment of asphalt pavement in that city. And what is true of the state capital is true of every city that has given this paving material a reliable test. But what attaches peculiar interest in Rock Island to Springfield's experience is the fact that they have been having for years there the same disadvantage from which Rock Island has suffered. They have been in the throes of a brick trust, and every attempt to adopt some paving material of any kind other than brick has been effectually blocked by some means or other.

On a little strip of two blocks in the city of Rock Island the property holders have been striving for years to have some asphalt put down in front of their property. Inasmuch as these property holders will pay the bill, they have felt that it was their right to elect the kind of pavement they wanted. Nevertheless they are still without pavement and they are likely so to continue unless either they surrender to brick, or the council comes to their relief.

The original desire of the property holders along Fifteenth street was that asphalt pavement be laid in front of their property. Fifteenth being the main thoroughfare leading out to Long View park, it seemed quite proper that material such as is employed in the drives and boulevards in the larger cities be used there. But the brick influence prevailed again. First it was strong enough to delay the laying of the street car tracks through the street for a year, thus retarding the grading and then finally by exaggeration as to cost to scare the people from what they really desired. How far the people in the Twenty-first street district will submit to the same switching process remains to be seen.

In the meantime read a little more from the Springfield Register as to how the people who have been trying asphalt there feel on the subject: "The effect of the new asphalt pavement on Fourth street seems electrical. It has caused more apparent satisfaction than anything that has happened in this city in the pavement line in a long time. If you don't believe this just stand on the curb stone on Fourth street for a few minutes and watch the expressions on the faces of the men and women drivers as they glide along over the smooth surface of the street. There has developed what may be called the asphalt smile. You can see it all along Fourth street. It seems to be the smile that won't come off until the driver drives off the asphalt pavement, and then the jolting on the brick pavement again freezes the countenance to its normal frigidity. Now if you think this is a myth about the asphalt smile, take a look. Fourth street between Madison and Jackson streets is now the avenue of smiles."

The Sympathetic Strike and the Schools.

The novel spectacle of entire schools in the city of Chicago participating in the sympathetic strike movement and leaving their studies because a supposed non-union teamster had delivered coal at the buildings where they were taught, is not only one of the most remarkable phases of the great struggle that has been waging in that city for several weeks, but it is something else. It is the presentation of an example of how far-reaching and earnest may become the influence and strength of the sympathetic idea as applied to labor disputes. While it is gratifying to know that the rising generation is becoming so apt to post itself on the progress of current events, and to form settled convictions, there is occasion for serious thought where prejudice becomes so intensely and so deeply aroused.

There is always a principle at stake where labor disputes arise, and in nine times out of ten the man who strikes is in the right. It is his only redress, his only salvation from the grinding heel of capital, and if it were possible to weigh his case before an impartial tribunal, he would be overwhelmingly vindicated. Furthermore, it is the spirit of Americanism to sympathize with the oppressed. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the man who seeks relief from his grievances through the only course open to him should have the moral support and the practical sympathy of his fellow toilers in every vocation of life. Hence the question of the sympathetic strike becomes one of the most complex in the entire system involving the adjustment of the relations between labor and capital. It is human for the laboring man to extend, not only his sympathy, but his moral support to his fellow toiler in distress, but how far he should go in carrying out that spirit of loyalty is the point to be determined.

The innocent have been obliged to suffer with the guilty in most of the great controversies in the world's history, whether in international warfare or in bloody or peaceful revolution, and yet it does not appeal to reason that the man of high morals and liberal instincts who considers his laborer worthy of his hire, and so rewards him, should undergo hardship because his neighbor is less conscientious and less humane. Yet this is what invariably comes from the sympathetic strike. It is the logical consequence, and there is no theory of philosophy that will afford the deduction that the man who does his duty must pay the penalty in order that his neighbor who does wrong may be punished or at least brought to his proper sense of duty by force or otherwise.

So that the theory of sympathetic strikes being, as it so often proves, wrong in principle and operation, it does not offer the proper or safe idea to be inculcated into the minds of the young. It is not patriotism, because it is unjust.

It may be natural, but it is not fair.

Plight of the Populists.

Jerry Simpson, the leader of the populists, was in Chanute, Kans., the other day and in an interview thus chronicled the eclipse of some of the old time leaders of the people's party:

"Mary Ellen is in N'Yauk, Annie Diggs is leading the sheltered life, Peffer is a pension attorney, Leedy and Little are not in it and the rest of the populists are nowhere.

"Who would have thought it? Eight years ago we were the whole show in Kansas. We made United States senators for them, we made governors for them and we came pretty near telling the people what to think. Look at it now. You cannot find a populist with a search warrant. The crown of thorns and the cross of gold have been forgotten. The people have gone off after strange gods.

"Where are the roses of yesterday? Where are all the populist leaders? Think of seeing Mary Ellen making speeches for Roosevelt. How can she reconcile that with the doctrines of "less corn and more hell?" Think of Annie Diggs, far from the strife of politics. Think of Peffer, dear old whiskers, leading the humdrum existence of a pension attorney in Washington. Think of me as the land agent for a corporation and then burst out crying. That shows you how times have changed and how we change with them. It shows too, that the populist party has gone to smash for all time."

DAILY SHORT STORY

THUMPING A KING.

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The old Calabar river flows into the bight of Benin, on the west coast of Africa and twenty miles up the river. In the year 1862 was born the kingdom of King Oyampoo. The British had had possession of that coast for thirty years, but more in name than in fact. Their authority was supreme wherever settlements had been made or ports opened, but up the numerous rivers and back from the coast the native chiefs held full sway.

Oyampoo was a man about forty years old and chief of the Adamawa tribe. He began making war on other tribes as soon as he had been elected chief, and at forty he was cock of the walk for 500 miles around. In twelve years he had licked nine tribes and brought them under his rule.

Traders had visited him and sold him firearms and taught him how to use them, and deserters from whale ships and men-of-war had found refuge with him and taught his troops the white man's drill and built forts to defend his capital on the water side. Cannon and ammunition were wanted for those forts, and so one day when a French survey brig came up the river she was seized and disarmed and her crew made to shift the guns and instruct the natives in their use.

Oyampoo wasn't cruel, but he was ambitious. He had just got his forts in working order when the British government sent a gunboat up the river to knock them about his ears and humble his pride. It wasn't a success. He sank the craft in half an hour, and such of her crew as survived were held prisoners for months.

He expected the British to fight, and there was a glad song in his heart as he saw their ships in imagination sailing up the muddy old Calabar to give him battle. Within a distance of seven miles he erected nine forts and five or six earthworks. He counted up and found that he hadn't cannon enough, and he sent a fleet of war canoes down to the gulf to see what could be scooped in. As luck would have it, a merchantman laden with military supplies for Cape Coast Castle had put in there in distress, and her capture was an easy job. There were twelve cannon among her supplies, and these went up the river to be mounted, while her 2,000 muskets went to arm 2,000 more of the king's fighting men.

According to Oyampoo, things were coming his way and he was leading the procession, but there was a little cloud forming on the horizon which was beyond his ken. The British had their hands full elsewhere on the coast just then, but they finally got around to take the king's case under advisement. All needed particulars were learned from traders and deserters, and when an expedition finally set out it knew what it was up against.

Oyampoo had posed as a strategist, and he had had the advice of other posers, and yet they made a fatal mistake. All the forts had been built on narrow islands in the river, with a deep channel flowing on each side, and the batteries in front of the town were protected only by flimsy earthworks and could be taken in reverse. The depth of the river was well known, and the exact location of each fort was mapped out. Four men-of-war, accompanied by two transports carrying 2,000 infantry, made up the expedition, and when it had gathered at the mouth of the river Oyampoo sent word down that he would demolish it on sight. As a matter of form he was asked to surrender, and he returned word that he would have the ears of the commander of the expedition.

It was thought best to make an object lesson of Oyampoo and to make a fair stand up fight of it. The expedition, therefore, advanced up the river with wind and tide one morning about 8 o'clock, and word was sent to the king of its coming. Salvos were fired and hurrahs given, and by and by the head of the line appeared. Two of the fighting ships took one channel and two the other, and in this way all the forts were taken in reverse. The transports did the same, and the rifle fire poured into the embrasures, and the roar of the forts was enough alone to drive the natives from the guns.

Of the fifteen mounted cannon not more than three were fired more than once. The big shells from the fighting ships knocked the earthworks to pieces and dismounted the guns, and the rifle fire mowed the defenders down by the score. The men-of-war sailed up to the city without a halt and with only three men killed, and, anchoring in front of the capital, they knocked it into smithereens within half an hour. What huts were not knocked to pieces were reduced to ashes in the conflagration.

The natives did not run away like cowards. On the contrary, they fought in a way to compel admiration and yet without a show. When flesh and blood could stand it no longer they broke and fled, and the victors landed and finished the chapter. It was three days before Oyampoo could be induced to come forward and take a little fatherly advice. He had lost his kingdom, his capital and his armament, and he had had 800 of his army killed. He was told what would be expected of him in the future, and his written declaration was taken that he would forever bear allegiance to the British crown.

In three short days he was reduced from a boastful and powerful ruler to a contrite and badly frightened subject, and the lesson was one he never forgot. Two years later he was picking up shells at Cape Coast and selling them to traders for a living, and when he happened to get in the way of a white man he was kicked aside like an old shoe.

M. QUAD.

Clearing Himself.

"Henry," said Mrs. Penhecker, "what is the meaning of this empty glass on the table? Is it possible that you have acquired the habit of taking a sly nip while you are reading?"

"Oh, no, my angel," explained Mr. Penhecker. "I was perusing a volume of poems entitled 'Golden Memories' and merely put the glass there as a sort of a help to my understanding."—Chicago Tribune.

A Subject For Pa.

"Father will be past here in a minute with a new horse. He wants to see if it will shy at you."

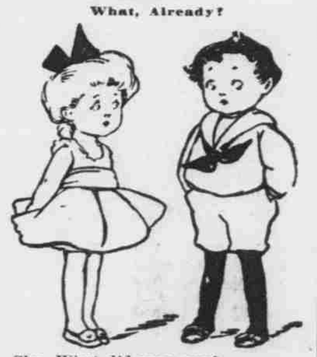
The Number the Victim Saw.

Stuck on Himself.

"There's Percy. He says he's in love."

"Oh, he has been for a long time He's infatuated with himself."

What, Already?



She—What did papa say?

He—He said you were hardly old enough to think of marriage.

She—Humph! He's forgotten that I'm going on six.—New York American.

Among Friends.

Maud—I believe that people inherit most of what they know.

Ethel—Oh, darling, you shouldn't cast such a slur on your parents!