THE ARGUS.

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By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

Wednesday, May 16, 1906.

The Illinois primary law, designed to prevent political jugglery, is being made the object of the worst piece of legislative political jugglery in the history of Illinois.

The best word that came from the Traders' Fire Insurance company of Chicago was that of Monday, in which it was stated the company will pay 100 cents on every dollar of its loss in San Francisco.

The cable messages tell that "Turkey has yielded to England on all points," but if Turkey were the stronger power you can be sure the message would read that England had surrendered on every point.

Mayor McCaskrin was given a vote of thanks at the noon day christian mass meeting today when the announcement was made that he had provided for the use of the theater. The mayor would likewise have shown a considerate spirit had he ordered the placing of the customary arc light in the Market Square band stand for last night's open air meeting, and said nothing about it. As it was a torch served as the only means of illumination. When the mayor himself talks there he spares nothing in the way of blazes.

The new Canadian Pacific steamer, Empress of Britain, which has just concluded her maiden trip across the Atlantic, made schedule time, showing that she is a fast traveler. With her sister ship, Empress of Ireland, the expectation is that she will be able to bring Hongkong within thirty days of Liverpool, eliminating from six to ten days of the time heretofore taken for the journey. The Empress of Britain is Clyde built and has four decks above the upper deck. She is 569 feet long and 65½ feet in breadth. Her tonnage is 14,500 and the displacement 20,000 tons. The accommodations for passengers are excellent in every way, and the ventilation is so arranged in the staterooms that passengers may change the air in the rooms every 10 minutes without opening a window. The equipment includes all modern contrivances.

Carl Schurz's Loyalty to a Friend.

It is told among other things of the late Carl Schurz that he declined a major generalship proffered by President Lincoln unless his friend, General Julius H. Stahel, of New York received equal recognition at the same time.

General Schurz wrote to the president a letter which he handed to General Stahel with a request that he forward it as soon as he had read it. The letter excited the profound gratitude of General Stahel and he refused to send it. Later when President Lincoln commissioned both Schurz and Stahel major generals General Stahel called on President Lincoln and placed the letter in his hands.

General Stahel, who is 81 years old, has guarded this letter for years as perhaps his most precious treasure, showing it only to his most intimate friends. The death of his old comrade prompted the suggestion that the letter be made public. It is as follows:

Camp Near Falmouth, Jan. 25, 1863.—To His Excellency, the President.—Dear Sir: I have just seen the Philadelphia Inquirer, which publishes a list of your nominations for major generalships containing my name, but not that of General Stahel. You remember the conversations we have had upon that subject and my emphatic declaration that I would not in any manner be in General Stahel's way; that he yielded to me the command of the 11th corps and would be satisfied with the command of the cavalry reserve; that I accepted this sacrifice if he could be made major general as well as myself. You informed me kindly that this would be done.

If there are circumstances preventing General Stahel's nomination together with mine, I feel in honor bound respectfully to decline the distinction you were kind enough to confer upon me, at the same time thanking you most sincerely for this great work of friendly consideration. You will pardon me for this, for it has always been my principle to be true to my friends and to stand up to a word I have once given. I would much rather command the 11th corps as a brigadier general or not to command it at all than to wear two stars, setting aside a man who is worthy of preferment, deserves my friendship and to whom I had the honor to carry your promise of promotion. Yours very truly, C. SCHURZ.

General Stahel said: "The list of promotions as published in the Philadelphia paper was correct, but the senate cut down the list by eight or nine names, so that General Schurz was not promoted in January. Later in the year there were several vacancies, and the president nominated both of us at the same time."

The incident shows one of the predominant traits in the character of the great statesman and publicist, the more striking, but it is so rare.

Rough Rider Surrenders.

St. Louis Republic: Mr. Roosevelt surrendered all the vitalities of the rate regulation bill and deserted the democratic senators whose cooperation he had invited and whose attitude agreed with his own.

The evidence seems to be clear. The point was whether the courts should be left to "broadly" assume control of a rate dispute—in other words, whether rate regulation should remain where it is. Mr. Roosevelt professed to desire effective regulation. For that reason he took a position of sharp disagreement with the Aldrich senatorial machine. He summoned the democrats to his aid. Then he abandoned them and accepted the Aldrich dictation.

He wears today the yoke of the Aldrich machine.

If there were no disclosure by Senator Tillman and no corroborative statement by ex-Senator William E. Chandler, the history of the bill would demonstrate conclusively these three facts. First, that the president professed to hold firmly against "broad" court review; second, that he asked and received the aid of democratic senators, when it was apparent that there was agreement between him and them; third, that he surrendered his position unconditionally, went over to Aldrich and supported unlimited court review and suspension of rates fixed by the interstate commerce commission.

The statements of Tillman and Chandler are hardly necessary. Controversy about personal veracity is outside the main issue; or, rather, the question of personal consistency if not that of varacity, is settled beyond doubt in the obvious sequences of the main issue.

President Roosevelt is a rough rider who rides as hard in retreat as in advance.

PORTER HEADS COMPANIES

Power and Street Railway Elections of Officers Held.

Three of the companies involved in the tri-city utilities merger yesterday elected officers. J. F. Porter, who came from Alton to represent the new owners, was chosen president in each instance. New officers of the Tri-City Railway company are:

President—J. F. Porter.
Vice President—J. F. Lardner.
Secretary and Treasurer—H. E. Weeks.
Directors—E. E. Cook, C. H. Deere, J. F. Lardner, J. F. Porter, H. E. Weeks.

The new Peoples Power company officers chosen are:

President—J. F. Porter.
Vice President—C. E. Sharp.
Secretary-Treasurer—H. E. Weeks.
Directors—J. F. Porter, C. E. Sharp, H. E. Weeks, H. A. Ainsworth, Phil Mitchell.

The following were chosen by the Peoples Light company of Davenport:

President—J. F. Porter.
Vice President—A. W. Vander Veer.
Secretary and Treasurer—H. E. Weeks.
Directors—A. W. Vander Veer, A. Burdick, J. F. Porter, J. F. Lardner, H. E. Weeks, H. R. Tobey, and H. L. Stuart.

Life Pass for Old Employes.

By a ruling of the officials of the C., R. I. & P., all employes of the road who have been in their employ for 25 years or over, get a life pass for self and wife. All who have been in the employ of the road for 20 years get an annual pass.

DAILY STORY.

THE PRISONER'S TESTIMONY.

[Original.]

"Your honor," said the prisoner's counsel, "I desire to rest this case solely on my client's testimony."

The prisoner, the pallor of death, too weak to stand, sat in the witness box, passed his hand over his brow and began, as it seemed, in the middle—it was at the end of his story.

"I was gradually waking. It must have been night, for it was dark as Erebus. I heard the stroke of a deep toned bell and counted three. It must have been 3 o'clock in the morning. If in midsummer it would soon be light; if in midwinter the darkness would continue till nearly 7. But I could not remember whether it was summer or winter. I felt no bedclothes over me, so I concluded it must be summer.

"One thing I knew—my bed was very hard. The muscles of my back, on which I was lying, ached, but I was principally taken up with where I was. I remembered who I was and that I had been very sick in a hospital, but I could not now be there, for the hospital ward was lighted, and the nurse in charge always, when not engaged with a patient, sat at a table on which was a shaded lamp. My bed had been soft.

"Where was I?

"The odor of the room was very bad, and I could not feel that there was any ventilation. I put my hand down beside me and felt wood. I explored the wood, and it appeared to be a table.

"What did it mean?

"I wished to get up to find out where I was. But I was very weak, too weak to go rummaging around in a strange dark room, too weak to go about anywhere, too weak to stand. No, I could not get up. I must lie where I was and think it out. With difficulty I succeeded in turning on my side.

"I hadn't even a pillow.

"I thought and thought and thought, but could come to no conclusion.

"Then I worked myself toward the edge of my wooden bed and reached out with my arm as far as I could and felt—other wood. It was smooth, like that on which I rested, and, as far as I could feel, the same shape. I raised myself on my elbow and put out the other hand. This enabled me to reach a little farther. I felt—

"Great heavens!

"That's flesh! Cold, clammy flesh!

"I shrank back and lay still. My heart now was thumping. The instinct of self preservation came to give me will power to regain my self control. When my heart had somewhat quieted I raised myself again and reached again. This time I ran my hand along the side of a human being.

"It came to me suddenly. I was in a dissecting room.

"I felt myself fainting, but a terrible thought nerved me. Suppose I relapsed into unconsciousness. Morning would come and with it a medical student who would begin to cut me up. Perhaps his first thrust would be in a vital part. Heavens! I must get up and make an effort to get out of the horrible place. Terror gave me strength, and I sat up. Then, bracing my hands on the edge of my table, I lowered myself to the floor.

"Too weak to walk, I got down and crawled—crawled in among tables till at last I felt a wall. Along this I groped till I felt a window casing. Pulling myself up, I reached a shade. Moving it aside, I admitted a little light from a street lamp far below. My sight was keen, and I saw what appeared to be a door. Long I looked at it with a view to fixing its direction. But I dared not go straight for it. I must follow the wall. This I did and reached it after what seemed an age, wondering the while if I would make myself heard in case I found it locked.

"It was ajar, thank God!

"Crawling through it, I entered an anteroom. There was no light in it, but a light in a building close by gave me all I needed. I was in a coat room. Among other articles were pieces of clothing doubtless left there by students to put on for dissecting work. I found a coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes. In a coat pocket I found a bottle of liquor. I drank it all and went out and downstairs. In an office room in a desk drawer I found a box with stamps and a few small bills with some change. I knew I must have something to sustain me, and this would buy it. I took the money. It was my first theft.

"I was going toward the street door when I heard the words:

"'Stop thief!'

"It was all up with me. I had escaped from a dead house to be put in jail. The night watchman seized me. I told him my story.

"He laughed."

The man was a melancholy sight. A part of his clothing was too large for him, a part too small. Most of it was far too large, for there was little of him except skin and bone. He had told his story with an effort and shuddered at recalling his grewsome experience. Every eye in the courtroom was fixed upon him till the end of his story, then all turned to the judge, who suddenly started as from a dream and said:

"Prisoner, you are discharged."

No sooner were the words spoken than the hands of many of the audience simultaneously went down into pockets and pulled up loose change. An officer seized a hat, and a clinking was heard as of coins falling on coins. Then the whole was dumped before the judge, who added his own contribution and beckoned the prisoner to come and take the pile. He did so mechanically.

And the next day there was an investigation at the hospital to discover who had sent a patient supposed to be dead to a dissecting room.

F. A. MITCHEL.