THE ARGUS,

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By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, December 14, 1907.

DO IT NOW.

The delay of the Christmas shopping to the last moment means a heavy strain on the nerves and strength of the young girl clerks and other employes of the stores—how great a strain is little realized by those who gather around the glittering Christmas trees.

That this condition may be changed is the ardent wish of every charitably inclined person. It can be changed by the buyers of Christmas presents doing their shopping early.

They will not only benefit the clerks and employes of stores by so doing, but will also greatly benefit themselves by avoiding buying in a hurry and getting the pick of the holiday goods.

The Argus' advice to Christmas shoppers is to do it now.

Next week will witness the real Christmas hustling.

Admiral Evans' big fleet of ironclads sails Monday. Here's God-speed and good luck.

Chelsea, Mass., voted the saloons back after they had been gone a year. That was long enough experience with "blind tigers."

The man who said he looked through a glass and saw a flame 300,000 miles leaping from the sun, should not touch another glass.

Glance through the columns of The Argus Merchants' and Shoppers' edition before going out on your holiday errands.

Talk about appropriateness. A game of football was played in Kansas City the other day for the benefit of an emergency hospital.

A Boston woman who has just turned out her millionth doughnut wants a pension. She ought to have it; isn't her occupation quite as deadly as war?

The first thing we know, Charles J. Bonaparte is going to walk right out in the middle of the big road, grab the crisis by the scruff of its neck and shake its teeth out.

The gypsies, William and Alzina Jones, who kidnaped little Lillie Wulff from Chicago and spirited her away in a covered wagon to Momence, Ill., where they were captured and the child recovered, are facing life imprisonment. They deserve the full penalty of the law—and then some.

The supreme court of the United States has finally decided not only that ticket scalping is illegal but, also, that every sale of a non-negotiable ticket constitutes a separate offense. The decision is a great victory for the railroads which have suffered greatly from the practices of scalpers. It ought to help reconcile them to the enactment of 2-cent fare laws.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung gives a description of the marriage of Sinjawski, one of three young men who were tried by court martial for attempting to assassinate the czar, and Kit Purkin. The marriage took place in the prison in the presence of the wardens and was celebrated by a regularly ordained priest. The young man's request to have the ceremony witnessed by two men who were excuted with him a few hours later was denied. As an act of mercy the three men were allowed to be together for a little while, and the newly made husband was placed where he could see his wife and she could see him. At 3 o'clock the next morning the young men were taken in a closed wagon to a point on the seashore, where they were executed. The feelings of the people of this country have become blunted by horrors, but a shudder ran through the whole community when it became know that these suspects, against whom no case had been established, had really paid the dreadful penalty.

Turkeys Galore.

About 14,000 pounds of Vermont turkeys have been ordered into cold storage for Christmas dinner for the "jackmen" (sailors) who make the costly cruise from New York to 'Frisco, rounding the cape. Of this amount of turkey, each enlisted man will get about a pound. Nothing is said in the telegraphic dispatches as to the officers' shares.

But what's the dicerence? We want to show the other nations of the earth that even a financial squeeze doesn't hinder the United States from "blowing in" millions of dollars for a pleasure trip from coast to coast.

Save the Mother Songs.

With the Christmas holidays approaching, Chicago has a new fad—the collection of mother songs. The time and affection that used to be lavished by society matrons on old china and toy terriers is now being spent to better purpose in rescuing from oblivion the old familiar lullabies which were sung to cradled children by generations of American mothers in long past winter twilights. Some of these are known to everyone, but many of the most beautiful are fast being forgotten and might be lost forever if they were not noted down, together with the melodies, in the dainty note books of the collectors. Foreign songs are being reserved in the same way, some of them very rare and beautiful, but the prime favorites will always be the familiar ones such as the German—

"Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Dein Vater hut' die Scnaf,
Dein Mutter schuttelt's Baumelein,
Da Fallt herab ein Traumelein,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf;"

Or the Swedish, "Rida, Rida, Ranka, Hasten heter Blanka," in which the boy is told to ride his rocking horse while he may, for when he grows up the happiness of youth will have departed. Less known melodies of Norwegian and Italian and Russian and Bohemian mothers have found their way into the collections—even some of the American Indian cradle songs—chants that were first heard in the lodges of the Algonquins and Sioux and Dakotahs in the forest clearings of Michigan and Wisconsin and along the banks of the Missouri.

An Evanston woman was the first to open up the new field, and she has made it her life work. If her efforts bear fruit, future babies will owe her a debt of gratitude that they will find hard to repay.

The Oldest and the Youngest.

Maryland enjoys the distinction of having the oldest, as well as the youngest, member in the 60th congress, which is now in session, and not the least remarkable circumstance of this coincidence is the difference in their respective walks of life, says Ladies' Weekly. Senator William Pinkney Whyte, Maryland's "grand old man,' is a grandson of William Pinkney, perhaps the ablest lawyer of his day, and one who served his state and country in many responsible positions. Senator Whyte, now in his 84th year, is still vigorous in mind and body, and during the recent campaign in Maryland stumped the state with the same intensity of feeling and brilliance of oratory as he did 50 years ago. In his long public career he has filled with honor every high office within the gift of the people of his state.

Harry Wolf, the infant of the house of representatives, was born and reared under conditions just the opposite. Compelled in early lte to make his living, young Wolf sold newspapers; later he became an office boy, and finally studied law. This was accomplished only through privations which would have subdued the ardor of a less resolute character, but this ambitious young man plodded on with energy, pluck and ability, and when a little more than 25 years of age he carried a district which for many years had been represented by a republican.

The distinguished grandson of the illustrious Pinkney reached out his fatherly hand to the once barefooted Wolf, guiding the boy along the lines of a useful and honored public servant.

Messages Too Long.

The list of newspapers priating the president's annual message in full this year is very small. The only New York paper which printed it entire appears to have been the Tribune. Papers like the New York Times and Sun cut the message down one-half or more. The World, Herald, and other metropolitan journals printed a still smaller fraction. It used to be that no daily newspaper of high standing would ever fail to present these annual messages in full to its readers. It is only since Mr. Roosevelt came into power that the practice has started and become quite general of cutting down the official deliverances of the president, and this is due simply to the inordinate length of his deliverances. Their demands upon newspaper space have become simply intolerable.

This should not be, and a president of the United States ought to recognize the fact. No matter if he himself cares not whether or no his messages are given full newspaper circulation. This is a government by the people, and the people have a right to be, and should be, kept informed of the official outgivings of the chief magistrate; and the newspaper is the only medium by which they can be kept informed.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"Personally Conducted."—By Arthur Boltonwood.

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"It has been very much like a dream," the girl was saying earnestly. "Of course I had pictured it all out to myself, but I never imagined it would be anything like this. It has been"—she paused as if seeking a proper adjective—"heavenly," she said at length, with a little reminiscent sigh. "The only trouble is that it ends all too soon. Day after tomorrow we sail for home."

Lancaster looked at the pretty, eager face beside him, and the pathos of it touched him. He was trying to imagine how the word "heavenly" could apply to the dull, colorless wanderings of these "personally conducted" tourists. He glanced through the door into the next room. There they were, gathered about a tired looking guide who was using his umbrella as a pointer while he explained nasally, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is an excellent example of Rembrandt's later work." They were a weary looking but eager

"ARE YOU GOING BACK TO IOWA TO TEACH SCHOOL?"

group, anxious evidently that nothing should escape them. They lifted their tired eyes to the picture indicated by the umbrella and stared at it dully while the droning voice reeled off its stereotyped phrases like some schoolboy reciting a well learned lesson.

"We must go back," said the girl, glancing uneasily at a tiny silver watch. "We are missing a lot."

"You had better rest awhile," Lancaster counseled. "We'll take it all in by and by. I think I know this gallery quite as well as the guide does. I'll show you a Vandyke that they will miss entirely. We'll take our time and go back to the hotel leisurely."

The girl looked at him narrowly.

"Then you've been here before?" she asked.

Lancaster nodded his assent.

"I've been watching you since you joined us at Cologne," she said. "Most of the time you've been very, much bored. I concluded you had seen it all before."

Lancaster said nothing. He was wondering if some sudden intuition had given her an inkling of the truth.

"If you had taught school in Iowa as many terms as I have," said she, "if you had slaved and saved and looked forward to this, perhaps you would enjoy it as I do. But you've been awfully kind since you've joined us. You've shown me lots of things I wouldn't have missed for worlds and that I'd never have seen but for your thoughtfulness. Oh, I knew you must have traveled this country quite extensively."

She looked at him with an intentness that was rather disconcerting.

"Tell me," she said, "why should you, knowing all these things as you do, care to travel with us?"

Lancaster regarded her for a time in thoughtful silence. Dare he tell her the truth? He looked into her clear gray eyes and decided to risk it.

"Shall I tell you the real reason?" he asked.

"Why, yes, of course," she replied, with a little note of surprise in her voice.

"Well, then," said Lancaster sturdily, "it was because of you."

The color deepened in her cheeks. "Oh!" she said, with sudden comprehension. Her eyes fell. She was abstractedly pulling her gloves to cover her embarrassment.

"You remember that evening at the hotel in Cologne," Lancaster went on "when you and I were partners at whist? I joined your party the next morning. I wanted to be with you—just to be near you."

"I—I rather wish you hadn't told me," she said uneasily.

"Would you rather I had fibbed politely?" he asked.

"No-o," she replied slowly.

"You see," Lancaster explained, "I'd been poking about the continent all by my lonesome, and, to tell the truth, I'd not been having a very hilarious time of it. And that night at Cologne"— He paused.

"Yes, that night at Cologne?" she prompted.

"It seemed," he said very gravely, "as if you fitted into a niche in my life that had been made for you and that had always been waiting for you."

She was still nervously pulling her gloves. The personally conducted flock, headed by the guide, swinging his umbrella like a shepherd's crook, were filing out of the room beyond, bound for the hotel.

"Are you going back to Iowa to teach school?" asked Lancaster.

"Yes," she said quietly.

There was a rather painful silence for a time.

"Is teaching school in Iowa something very, very desirable?" he pursued.

"Not always," she confessed.

"I was thinking," said he, "that after we got home I should like very much to come to Iowa if you'd let me, and then I'd like to bring you back here for a little personally conducted tour all our own—just yours and mine. I haven't showed you a tenth part of what I'd like to show you then when just you and I are in the party."

He leaned nearer her.

"I want that personally conducted tour to go on forever," he added.

He spoke quietly, but with such earnestness that the hot blood crept even to her temples. He noticed that her hands were trembling and that her breath had quickened.

"It would be no end better than this tour," said he. "What do you think of it?"

Very deliberately her eyes were lifted to meet his. He read in their depths an answer that set his pulses bounding.

"Oh, it would be"— she began.

"Heavenly," he suggested, with a gay laugh.

"Yes, heavenly," she said softly as his hand closed over hers.

If you cannot obtain what you want the most, be as happy as you can with second choice, which is perhaps the best you can get.—Manchester Union.

MINORITY IN NEW CONGRESS UNIT ON ALL ISSUES

(Special Washington Correspondence of The Argus.)

The Sixtieth congress opened with the best imaginable opportunities for the Democratic minority. It is practically a unit on all issues. In the caucus of the house of representatives there was not one voice raised against the re-election of John Sharp Williams as leader. Hon. Champ Clark, a veteran representative with seven terms to his credit, said the day before this letter was written: "The Republicans are now divided on the sort of legislation that should be passed, especially in regard to the currency. On the other hand, the Democrats are united. Because of the much smaller majority held by the Republican party in the house we shall have more chance of outvoting it on important measures. The truth of the matter is that the Republicans have been found out. For ten years they have been preaching that the Dingley tariff was responsible for all our wonderful prosperity. The Dingley tariff is still with us, but the prosperity has been given a blow. If things go on the way they have been going, Mr. Bryan will be elected president of the United States as sure as you are born."

Evidences of Republican Dissension.

Mr. Clark has been somewhat ridiculed for describing the Democratic party in congress as united and the Republican party as split into factions. Let me take up the case of the latter party first.

President Roosevelt insists that he is not a candidate for the presidency. About half his party are trying to force a renomination upon him, the other half plotting secretly to avert what they rightly think would be a fatal blow to their party's success.

The president writes Secretary Cortelyou that there will be prompt currency legislation in this congress. Senator Allison, Speaker Cannon and all the prominent leaders of the party announce that there will probably be no currency legislation, or if any is completed it will be at the very last moments of the session.

Postmaster General Meyer recommends the establishment of postal savings banks and a parcels post. Speaker Cannon assures an interested public that neither measure can secure attention.

Tariff revision is demanded by one-third of the Republican members of congress and probably four-fifths of the constituents of all, but the speaker and two-thirds of the members of house and senate, being tied to the protected industries, bitterly oppose it.

The president's admirable plan of interior waterways has the opposition alike of the speaker and Mr. Roosevelt's personal candidate for mayor of Cleveland, Mr. Barton, who holds the commanding position of chairman of the committee before which the proposition must be brought.

It is fair to say that the clash between the divergent forces in the Republican party would better be described as a growing hostility among the men at the capitol to the man at the White House. Speaker Cannon has his forces well in hand. There will not be much apparent divergence of opinion between Republicans in debate unless the president is able to find some stronger spokesman in house or senate than he now possesses. The general impression now is that the programme of legislation for this session will be dictated at the capitol and that it will be as brief a programme as possible.

As for the Democrats, they are, of course, because of their small number, impotent to accomplish any legislation, though they can block some. They will be ridiculed as being a party of negation, opposing everything and accomplishing nothing. But what else can the party of opposition be? They will oppose almost as a unit the projected asset currency law. They will press as a unit a demand for immediate revision of the tariff. At least three representatives on the Democratic side will introduce bills of the greatest importance to the newspaper publishers of the United States, providing for the admission free of duty of all materials entering into the manufacture of print paper. The measures won't be passed.

It is characteristic of the timidity of the Republicans in touching any subject which by any possibility might affect the tariff that President Roosevelt, who has posed as a revisionist in the days of long ago, explained that he would recommend only the abolition of the duty on wood pulp in order to save our forests, which were rapidly being destroyed. In other words, he seems to think that his happy hunting grounds are of more importance than the newspaper business of the entire nation. It is fair to admit, however, that the president's point of view is not without some plausibility. Even now, with the duty in existence, I learn from the bulletin of the forestry department that Wisconsin paper mills are buying pulp wood in Quebec, 1,200 miles away. Canada itself is apprehensive of the exhaustion of its supply. Newspapers all over the United States are either reducing their expenses or increasing their prices. It is easy to say that much of the increased cost of white paper is due to the trust, but the scarcity of the raw material makes the paper trust possible. Still, if the 15 per cent duty does not protect the American pulp manufacturer its abolition ought not to hurt him. Why cumber the statute book with a useless law?

Solid South and Solid West.

Looking the other day at a map showing that the Democratic congressional strength was confined almost entirely to the south and to New York city, I was impressed with the fact that it was high time that the Democracy ceased to allow itself to be called sectional. I recalled also the fact that Republican newspapers have been inclined to scoff at the Democratic party because, while it got the majority of its electoral votes from the south, it had never selected a southern man as its standard bearer in the presidential battles. The latter fact is true, yet there are some people who know that if eight months ago the south had desired to rally about a truly southern man, and a man who had shown unfailing loyalty to the principles of the Democracy of today, such a man might easily have been nominated. I have some reason to believe that Mr. Bryan himself would have looked with favor upon such a nomination, but in personal conversation with distinguished senators from Virginia, from South Carolina, from Alabama and from Texas, two of whom at least might have been considered as possible candidates, and from correspondence with certain Democratic governors of southern states I learned that the south itself did not feel that the time was ripe for a southern candidate.

"The Democratic party should elect one more president from the north," said one senator to me, "before it goes south for a candidate."

But what of Republican sectionalism? Abraham Lincoln was the nearest approach to a western man the Republican party has ever nominated for the presidency. The party has never looked west of the Mississippi river for a candidate and does not now. The history of the real westerners who sought Republican nominations has been an uninterrupted record of disaster and defeat. Today the only man among the list of those striving for the Republican nomination who is near the borders of the Mississippi is Speaker Cannon. Indiana has one, Ohio has two, New York has two, but from that great territory which gives to the Republican party the bulk of its electoral votes not one candidate has appeared. It may at least be said for the Democratic party that, with Nebraska, Minnesota, New York and Maryland all having possible candidates for its national candidate, it cannot be accused of sectionalism.

And speaking of the geographical distribution of votes recalls the fact that a New York newspaper which seemed very much distressed lest any Democrat should be nominated for the presidency with a show of winning has been finding great comfort in the daily publication of a map showing the gradual loss of the west and the north to the Democratic party.

Daily it lays stress upon the fact that in 1892 Mr. Bryan worked and voted for Weaver in Nebraska, the Populist nominee for the presidency. It carefully, however, refrains from mentioning the fact that he was asked to do so by the Democratic national committee and that largely as a result of his efforts the electoral vote of the state was given to Weaver instead of to Benjamin Harrison, a result by which Grover Cleveland profited greatly.

Was that bad service for the cause of Democracy?

It emphasizes the truth that Mr. Bryan has not carried Nebraska either for himself or for any other candidate since 1896. It ignores the truth that the only Democrat who ever did carry Nebraska was Mr. Bryan. And it has not expressed any horror or indignation over the fact that Judge Parker did not carry New York.

It finds something exquisitely humorous in the unquestioned truth that Mr. Bryan did not carry his own ward or precinct. Probably there is no one connected with the publication sufficiently interested to look up the facts to know that it is the exception when a presidential candidate does carry his precinct and his ward. Why that is I don't know, but the instances have been repeated.

Pedestrianism and Politics.

The newspapers for a few days past have been filled with stories of the triumphant progress of a seventy-year-old pedestrian, Edward Payson Weston, who at that advanced age walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago in rather more than twenty-four hours' less time than he consumed in making the same journey forty years ago. It was a good stunt well done. But, after all, it is not only the professional athlete who holds his strength and vigor to the last. There is a certain Washington end to this story. Only a few days ago those Washingtonians who are accustomed to play the game of golf were cheered on the links by seeing Mr. Justice Harlan, now seventy-four years old; Mr. Justice Brewer, seventy years old, and Chief Justice Fuller, seventy-four years old, playing what in the jargon of that game is called "a threesome." These veterans of politics, of the bar and of the bench went gayly over the course, covering many miles and driving the ball with vigor and with accuracy. Justice Harlan, a little the oldest of the three, confessed that he was progressing less rapidly than the others because he was saving his strength for two speeches he had to make, one of which involved a midnight trip to New York.

Washington, D. C.

WILLIS J. ABBOTT.