THE ARGUS,

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By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY

Friday, January 31, 1908.

They have prohibition populists in Kansas and they are called "soda pops."

It really looks as if the people had triumphed over the boss-ridden legislature. But it was a fight.

It is possible that it will be some time before the late Miss Gladys Vanderbilt will learn to spell her new name correctly every time.

One Austin has an injunction preventing the Panama canal bond awards, but the court proceedings showed that the allotments antedated the suit. Cortelyou was working pretty fast those days.

Those thousands of unemployed workmen who marched to the city hall of Detroit at dinner time Tuesday didn't have any dinner pails at all, let alone full ones. Perhaps they had better borrow some of those little ones the republicans wore in their lapels during the last presidential campaign.

Representative J. Adam Bede of Minnesota was discussing the financial outlook with several representatives. "What is the situation out in your neck of the woods Adam?" asked one. "Well, when I tell you that they have changed a good old hymn so as to sing it 'Bring forth the royal dividend and crown it lord of all,' you can get a pretty good line on the esteem in which real money is held."

In New York city alone the postoffice handles no less than 100,000 picture postal cards every day, and it is the same story elsewhere—in Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Kansas City and in all the large cities. Moreover, it is not in the United States alone that these conditions exist. In Europe, too, all the postal services are actually inundated with postcards. It is officially stated that no less than 500 million passed through the British postoffice during 1906.

The Primary Law and the Democratic Vote.

After one of the most persistent fights on record, up hill all the way, the people have gained from a boss controlled legisature a law giving to the voters the power to nominate practically all officers to be elected in this state. It is the most far-reaching and drastic primary law ever passed by a state legislature. It eliminates the political boss, restrains the politicians and makes the people more powerful than ever. The bargain counter convention is wiped out, all candidates being nominated at primaries, the persons receiving the greatest number of votes being declared the nominees. The direct primary bill as passed has an interesting history. When the supreme court set aside the mild primary law of 1906, the people demanded that something equaly as good be substituted. In an effort to fool the people the Oglesby bill was conceived. It bears the name of Representaave Oglesby, though as a matter of fact he had nothing to do with it other than to introduce it. It was drawn by enemies of direct primaries whose purpose was to make it a radical measure in the belief that it could not pass. But they reckoned without the people, for the electorate saw it was just what they wanted and demanded its passage. In order to pacify the people and make a "record," the house passed it, but hoping and believing the senate would send it to the graveyard. The senators feared to take the responsibility and passed it with some amendments. This necessitated that it be returned to the house for concurrent action.

Meantime Speaker Cannon appeared upon the scene, openly buttonholed members and urged them to oppose the bill. As the result of his labors it failed of passage in the house. The bosses and other politicians could not conceal their joy at the death of primary reform. But again they reckoned without their masters, the people. The people showed deep resentfulness and threatened to send their misrepresentatives into political oblivion. Even the bosses became alarmed and undertook to placate the people by presenting the Shanahan makeshift. The people frowned upon this fraud, the friends of genuine primary reform voted against it, and it died almost as soon as it was born.

Again the bosses were jubilant. But soon they heard from the people, and this time in such a way as to leave no doubt that the people were tired of chicanery, subterfuge and double dealing, and that an honest direct primary bill must be passed. Senator Jones introduced the Oglesby bill in the senate, where it passed with few dissenting votes. When it came to the house the bosses saw it was useless to make an attempt to defeat it. It received 88 votes, 11 more votes than necessary, and 33 against it. It now goes to the governor, whose signature is assured.

There is to democrats a high degree of special pride in noting the attitude and vote of the democratic members who supported the measure. It was their support that secured its passage.

The names of the 34 democrats recorded in favor of this direct primary bill constitute a democratic roll of honor that the people of Illinois, in whose behalf they waived all partisan inclinations and objections, should recognize and hold in grateful remembrance. These democrats deserve special mention, not because they did their duty only, but because they did it with commendable purpose to give the people relief from the political tyranny of unscrupulous bosses.

The following democrats are those recorded as voting for the direct primary bill, and whose names constitute the democratic roll of honor:

JOHN W. ALLISON, Essex.
H. J. C. BECKEMEYER, Carlyle.
W. C. BLAIR, Mt. Vernon.
CHARLES E. BOLIN, Milton.
J. R. BOULWARE, Peoria.
LEE O'NEIL BROWNE, Ottawa.
JOHN A. CALIFF, Carthage.
JOSEPH S. CLARK, Vandalia.
JAMES H. CORCORAN, Rockford.
M. J. DAUGHERTY, Galesburg.
F. E. DONOGHUE, Chicago.
GEORGE W. ENGLISH, Vienna.
A. M. FOSTER, Rushville.
CHRISTIAN HAASE, Washburn.
CAMPBELL S. HEARN, Quincy.
SEYMOUR HURST, Marshall.
CHARLES S. LUKE, Nashville.
WALTER I. MANNY, Mt. Sterling.
CHARLES M'BRIDE, Springfield.
JOHN P. M'GOORTY, Chicago.
WILLIAM J. M'GUIRE, Kewanee.
ROBERT W. M'KINLAY, Chicago.
P. F. MURRAY, Chicago.
THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, Chicago.
DOUGLAS PATTISON, Freeport.
JOHN A. READ, Mason.
JOHN C. RICHARDSON, Edinburg.
PETER S. SCHAEFER, Champaign.
GEORGE F. SMITH, East St. Louis.
B. F. STAYMATES, Clinton.
J. W. TEMPLEMAN, Fairfield.
EVERETT L. WERTS, Oquawka.
ROBERT E. WILSON, Chicago.
GEORGE W. WITT, Kane.

In addition to the 34 democrats whose names are given above, three democratic representatives who are enthusiastically in favor of direct primary legislation, and who would have voted for the bill which passed, were seriously sick at their homes, and therefore could not be recorded for it. The names of these democrats who regret their inability to vote for the bill are:

RICHARD POWERS, Cairo.
PAUL FINNAN, Bloomington.
E. M. YOUNG, Enfield.

Another democrat who was in favor of the bill and voted against the "miserable makeshift" last week was S. D. Canaday of Hillsboro, who since his election has removed his family to Oklahoma, and was called by a telegram to the bedside of his sick wife. He would have voted for the bill had this unfortunate circumstances not prevented.

The bill ends the power of the bosses who hereafter will have no more influence than the plain people. It is a great stride forward in the interest of honest elections. It represents the power of the people over self constituted bosses.

The Remedy.

During all these revelations of mismanagement in certain of the charitable institutions of the state the game of politics is being played to a finish. Some republican politicians are blaming some other republican politicians, and republican politicians generally are engaged in the effort to fix the responsibility upon certain of their political rivals.

Once these politicians have worn this investigation out as a political proposition, they will drop it and forget it in their hungry search for other political material. So, in the hands of these professional politicians who are wrangling over this matter, there rests little material offer of remedy for the wrongs that have been perpetrated.

What the people of Illinois would like to know is how this improvement is to be made and who is to make it.

As to responsibility, we believe with the Chicago News, that "doubtless it will be found that the old system of spoils politics which the present administration of the state's charities is struggling to overthrow and the legislature's cruel parsimony in essential matters are mainly to blame for the evils which have persisted up to this time."

The people will now applaud progressive action to provide a remedy. Governor Deneen can doubtless show there has been much exaggeration and that much political criticism of himself and the present administration has been unwarranted, but there certainly remains enough fact to indicate that the system under which the institutions are now conducted is very, very bad. Governor Deneen, being in authority as the state's executive, cannot avoid his share of the responsibility. He should, and we believe will, make recommendations for a revolution of this system.

This matter has assumed the proportions of an issue, possibly a paramount issue, as the people of Illinois want a remedy applied to lift these state institutions and their many thousands of unfortunate defenseless inmates out of the muck and mire of petty politics and factional "bossism."

In Field of Literature

A Healthy Sign of the Times.—It is said that Lippincott's is one of the fortunate few magazines to thrive in spite of "depression times." People seem to realize that such a bargain—12 first quality novels a year—is not a luxury, but a necessity. Hence, they feel justified in holding on to this safe investment with its big-paying dividends. Lippincott's is sometimes referred to as "a sure thing," and in America this expression covers a good deal—all of which must be highly gratifying to its publishers.

A glance at the February contents guarantees its popularity and explains its prosperity under these adverse conditions. "The Woman He Loved," Marie Van Vorst's new novel, appears complete in that number. She requires no introduction to readers either in Europe or the United States, as her fame is international. "Jimmie Bulstrode" figures in this new story; he has made many friends in short stories which have appeared in Harper's and Scribner's, so that a new edition of this jolly bachelor bids fair to meet with an ovation from old and new acquaintances. The scenes of "The Woman He Loved" are laid about the estate of the Duke of Westboro' in England. The duke is estranged from his American wife, and Bulstrode's tender heart—made tenderer, perhaps, by a seemingly hopeless love affair of his own—lets the troubles of his friends trouble him to the extent of evolving a plan to smooth out their differences. How kind fate helps along his scheme, incidentally rewarding the benefactor, notwithstanding interesting complications which threaten to wreck his craft, makes a deeply absorbing tale, while the vibrant, magnetic style of the author charms to the very verge of hypnotism.

The Lippincott short stories are marked by wide variety. If any one emotion may be said to dominate the pages, it is humor. In February there are four distinctly lively plots. Thomas L. Masson contributes one of his wittiest under the title "A Story That Went Wrong." Elsie Singmaster's story of domestic life among the Pennsylvania German people, "Mrs. Weimer's Gift of Tonvues" possesses fine, subtle humor; "The Widow Smith's Dog," by William R. Lighton, is a funny tale of ward politics and "the woman." A clever and amusing sketch by Harold Susman is "Chatterton." Minna Thomas Antrim deftly mingles pathos and humor in her story, "The Questionings of Don;" and a remarkably powerful story of heroism in the army is "Rakes," by Will Levington Comfort.

Insomnia prevails so generally that it is safe to say the paper on "Sleeplessness," by George Lincoln Walton, M. D., will be eagerly devoured by thousands of sufferers—as well as by the many more who can sleep, and want to help their afflicted friends to the same blessed restorative. Dr. Walton gives some new practical advice toward this end.

Ezra Brudno modestly sub-titles his paper on "The Twentieth Century Jew" by the words, "An Observation." His article evidences most acute study of the subject, and it is in every point dealt with quite up-to-date.

There are poems to please and jokes to entertain; and there is the "Ways of the Hour" department, filled with terse comment on current topics. Here Robert Gilbert Welsh writes "A Prologue to the Opera," Bonnycastle Dale has something new to say about "Nature Fakers Disclosed by Modern Nature Study," Ellis O. Jones contributes thoughts on "Disgrace," and Joseph M. Rogers presents interesting information through his article on "Federal Service as an Occupation." Taken altogether, the February issue is a good example of Lippincott's progressiveness.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"Wolf or Sheep?"—By J. Ludlum Lee.

(Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)

There was a run on the Ilion National bank, and depositors were standing in line hour after hour waiting their turn to withdraw their money. Paying tellers worked with deliberation that was maddening. Some days only half a dozen people would be paid off, but still the line increased, hoping against hope. For two days and nights the figure of a young girl had been noticed. She was slowly working her way to the front. At 2:45 p. m. on the third day she was admitted to the bank and withdrew her entire account.

To avoid confusion depositors were admitted at one door and passed out through a side entrance, and as she emerged from the latter she cast a hurried glance about her. She gave a sigh of relief when she saw that she was quite alone and apparently unnoticed. Then suddenly a tall man appeared in the doorway behind her.

Lillian Burkhart trembled as she clutched the roll of bills, her teeth chattered, the color faded from her cheeks, and she was conscious that her hands trembled visibly. The man looked at her sharply, stepped forward and asked if he could be of service to her.

"You seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with some concern.

"You can go away," she managed to answer.

The man calmly proceeded to button his heavy ulster, slipped his hand in the pocket thereof and pulled out a heavy pair of gloves, which he drew on slowly. His tall, broad shoulders were surmounted by a handsome clear cut face; his whole appearance was faultless. He glanced concernedly at Lillian, whose color had not yet returned and who seemed to tremble from head to foot.

"Really, I feel that I must call for assistance. Will you have a cab or a doctor? It would be nothing short of brutal to leave you here shivering like that. Are you ill or simply cold? I insist upon knowing."

Lillian was forced to look at him again, and it seemed to give her courage to speak.

"Were you ever hungry?" she murmured as she took a firmer hold on the bills.

"Yes, indeed," said her companion. "But never with that amount of money in my grasp."

Lillian started with a sudden jerk at the mention of her money and dropped the entire roll of bills. He stooped to pick it up, and after one wild shriek she called distractedly:

"Stop thief! Stop, I say!"

The crowd was massed in front of the bank, and the cry seemed to have passed unnoticed. The man picked up the bills despite her exclamation and handed them to her. Lillian laughed a sickly little gurgle, saying:

"Perhaps you're not a thief after all—are you?"

"No, I'm not! Are you?" suggested the man. "I am merely one of the many depositors trying to get a few dollars. But you were more fortunate than I. When I reached the window the cashier pulled it down, saying it was 3 o'clock and too late to draw. Better put that wad out of sight and not tempt the hysterical mob outside," he added.

"That's what I wanted to do, but you won't go away and let me. A woman doesn't have pockets all over her clothes like a man. And, oh, I wish you would go, for I'm so hungry and want to get home! I've stood in that line for nearly three days to get money for the landlord. My, but I hate that man!" she expostulated, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Well, I'll be on my way, and be sure you tuck it safely away in its hiding place. I'll promise not to look back." He laughed and turned on down the street.

Lillian hurriedly slipped the bills in the bosom of her gown and nervously started in the opposite direction toward her little home. Her mother met her at the door, and after some hot luncheon the girl was equal to relating her troubles.

"But, mother, we have the money, and that old Shylock can be paid. I'll take it around to him myself in the morning and just tell him what I think of him," said Lillian, with some satisfaction and a threatening intonation of her voice.

The next morning about 10 o'clock she started for the landlord's office, and as she passed the long line waiting at the bank she thought how fortunate she had been. "Extras" were out saying that no more depositors would be paid.

Arriving at the offices of Payne & Payne on Main street, she entered the snug little reception room and asked for Mr. Payne.

"Which one, ma'am?" asked the office boy at the door.

"Why, the one who owns our house, the cross one," she added by way of further explanation.

The boy seemed to know which man she wanted and disappeared in the inner office. He returned in a few minutes, saying that she might go right in, ushered her to the door and closed it after her.

Once inside, Lillian, blushing to the roots of her red brown hair, found herself confronted by the man who had offered his assistance the day before.

"I am looking for Mr. Payne," she managed to mumble.

"I am Mr. Payne," said he as he proffered her a chair beside his desk; "also among my employees I have the reputation of being the 'cross' member of the firm. You see, father is very old and apt to be easy going as to the observance of rules. What can I do for you, Miss Burkhart?"

"I came to pay my rent. Your agent said if it wasn't paid today he would dispossess us. You see, we had money in the bank, but it was tied up, and he wouldn't wait. He said, 'Them's my orders.' Here is the money. Will you give me a receipt, please?"

"I never authorized any agent to say that, Miss Burkhart, and I tell you what I wish you would do. Just put that money back in that mysterious pocket of yours and pay the rent when it is perfectly convenient. I promise that you shall not be bothered by an insolent collector any more. I will call for the rent myself—if I may," he added, with some hesitation. "That collector of mine needs a lesson."

"It would be so nice if I could keep this money to pay the poor tradespeople, if you do not mind. You see, only part of our money is in that bank, and the trust company has closed its doors too. Mother's pension never comes before the 15th," said Lillian by way of explanation.

"Won't you let me drive you home in my sleigh?" Payne asked as she rose to leave. "The streets are rather riotous these days with the howling mob crying for their money." And without waiting for her answer he put on his fur coat that hung on the door. "You have quite persuaded yourself, I hope, that I am not a thief?" he added.

"Oh, Mr. Payne, how can I ever apologize sufficiently for my rudeness and at the same time thank you for your kindness? You know, I was frightfully hungry, and standing in line so long had affected my brain, I fear. I seemed to feel that every one who looked at me wanted to steal that money. And, oh, I'm so delighted to have that sleigh ride!"

He tucked her in the sleigh, and off they started down the busy streets, then on to the outskirts of the village, the longest way home. The ringing sleigh bells, the clear, cold air and the glorious sunlight filled them both with life, and they chatted incessantly for an hour, when they drove up to the little cottage. Mrs. Burkhart waved them a welcome from the window and met Lillian at the door, beaming with pleasure. It took some time to tell the mother how it happened, and the mother was happy because Lillian smiled and went about the house with renewed energies. The landlord was not such a terror after all.

Mr. Payne called several times that month, always insisting that the rent was not yet needed, and his daytime visits generally meant a sleigh ride over the hills and back to the open fire, where they soon grew to be great confidants.

It was the first day of another month, and Mr. Payne called that evening. Yes, he had come to collect the rent this time, he answered as they drew two easy chairs before the fire.

"But mere money won't do," he said slyly as he drew a little nearer to her and took her hand in his. "I want you, little girl, to be my wife. Will you?" he pleaded.

"Are you sure you love me—sure you want me?" she said, with drooping glance and flushed cheeks.

"I am so sure, dear heart, that I want nothing else in all the world but you. And I'll try not to be such a cross husband as I am a landlord. Say 'Yes,' Lillian, and my life shall be yours to do with as you will."

"Yes, surely yes," Lillian murmured as he drew her lovely head to his shoulder and kissed the wavy locks that would slip out of bondage.