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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY 24

Saturday, March 15, 1913.

A new idea from Kansas! The governor proposes to abolish the state legislature.

It looks as though the mobilization of the snow shovel on the street frontier may soon be called off.

The question that the people of Illinois are trying to answer is why in the world is a legislature?

If Huerta really desires to put an end to fighting in Mexico, why doesn't he establish a pension bureau?

The real test of the moving picture machine is to try to run it fast enough to catch a Mexican revolution.

Turkey, as the result of long practice, does it better than Mexico. Its exiled grand vizier, Kiamil Pasha, died of "apoplexy."

Two donkeys are walking from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore. The one that bet wrong on the election will lead the other.

When everybody agrees that one standard of morals is enough for both men and women the next question will be which standard.

Colonel Gorgas, who made the canal zone healthy, is about to perform the same service for Ecuador. But why doesn't he first tackle Mexico?

President Wilson's former opponents are so pleased at the manner he is assuming that that threatened democratic panic has been wholly forgotten.

Governor Hodges of Kansas didn't attend the inauguration, but sent regrets. Colonel Roosevelt did not send regrets, but he had more of them than Hodges.

Merritt Chance, after 15 years' tenure of office under the republicans, now lands a good job in the postoffice department. Still, with a name like that, he ought always to be able to win, both coming and going.

THE SENATOR'S PENSION

Senator Warren of Wyoming, described as one of the richest members of a body not commonly considered a rendezvous for the destitute, says he has applied for a civil war pension for two reasons, namely, he's going to give every penny of the $12 he hopes to get each month to charity. He wishes his war record preserved in the pension office for the convenience and satisfaction of his children.

The gentleman is within his rights, whether he needs the money or not, but he is woefully wrong in his reasons. The charity which he purposes to dispense at the expense of the public will be no credit to him and the country is not spending $150,000,000 a year for the mere preservation of war records.

Had the senator the grace to explain that the pension roll is a roll of honor on which he desired an honorable place, things would be different. As it is, the opinion will be approximately unanimous that, instead of applying for a pension which he admittedly does not need, he ought to do his distributing and his preserving at his own expense. Surely a man of his ability and means could preserve the finest kind of war record without spending $192 a year, and could give more than that to charity without encountering either criticism or publicity.

THE EDITOR IN THE CABINET.

A real newspaper editor was honored when President Woodrow Wilson named Josephus Daniels as secretary of the navy in his cabinet. "Joe" Daniels, as his friends know him, is one of the most successful of southern editors. Incidentally he is also a lawyer and legal friends who have been in close touch with him declare that if he had wanted to practice that profession he would be one of the top notchers.

Daniels was born in Washington, N. C., on May 18, 1862, and received his education in the Wilson, N. C., collegiate institution, becoming editor of the Wilson Advance when only 18 years old. He became editor of the Raleigh State Chronicle in 1885 and remained in that post until 1894, when he consolidated the Chronicle with the News and Observer. Since then he has been editor of the paper.

Daniels has served as state printer of North Carolina and from 1893 to 1895 was chief clerk of the department of the interior. He has been national committeeman from his state and one of the real workers about democratic national headquarters during all of the recent campaigns, having been at the head of the democratic publicity bureau in 1908 and in 1912. He is a student of detail and was responsible for most of the press work that counted in the campaign of last fall.

JUSTICE TO ALTGELD.

Illinoisans have come to believe that John P. Altgeld was one of the ablest and purest governors Illinois ever had. He was active in public life in the days when strife was very bitter. Party feeling ran so high that a democrat could not receive justice from a republican or a republican from a democrat.

Justice is not always swift, but it prevails in the end. In a recent address President James of the University of Illinois paid this tribute to Governor Altgeld:

It was about this time that a man became governor of the state of Illinois who was perhaps a center of fiercer storm politics and feeling than any person whom the commonwealth ever chose for the high position of governor of the state. John P. Altgeld was inaugurated governor of the state of Illinois in January, 1893. Men were fiercely divided in his day as to the policies and actions of this man. They are not agreed about him today. But all parties have come to see in the years which have elapsed since his term, as governor that he was one of the most determined and valued friends of public education who ever led the people of this commonwealth to a higher view of their opportunities. No man who had preceded him in the gubernatorial office ever showed a keener sense of the importance of institutions of public education or took more pains to see that the importance of public education was driven home upon the attention of the people of the commonwealth. From his administration dated a new era in the history of education, lower as well as higher, in this great state. The time will come when the state will erect a monument to John P. Altgeld in recognition of his services as a wise leader of the people, in emphasizing in season and out of season the importance to the democracy of an adequate system of public education from the kindergarten to the university.

The state university was standing still when Mr. Altgeld became governor. He at once became interested in its welfare. He prevailed upon Andrew S. Draper, who had been superintendent of public instruction of the state of New York, to come to Illinois and accept the presidency of the state university. From that moment the institution grew. Today it ranks among the best institutions of learning of the country.

Governor Altgeld may well be called the savior of the state university.

WILSON AND BRYAN

The New York World, in an article headed "Wilson and Bryan," notifies President Wilson that there can be but one president of the United States for the next four years and that he is the one. The World appears to fear that Mr. Bryan will usurp the office, or at least control Mr. Wilson's actions.

Our esteemed New York contemporary should possess its soul in peace. President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan doubtless understand their respective duties, and will perform them without infringing on each other's preserves.

It was a work of great wisdom as of political justice for the president to select Mr. Bryan for his chief advisor. They are both too great as men and patriots to try to control or to be controlled in the exercise of their public duty or their personal views. The two eminent statesmen are in perfect harmony as to principles and policies. Mr. Bryan wrote the Baltimore platform and Mr. Wilson approved and accepted it. Politically they are two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.

Woodrow Wilson is president of the United States for the next four years, if he lives, and William Jennings Bryan is secretary of state for as long a time during that period as he wants to be.

The World is unduly exercised over any possible danger to President Wilson's tenure of office. Its half column editorial warning to the president to beware of his secretary of state is, as the Springfield Register well puts it, space wasted.

MAKING A LAWYER.

It Took Patrick Henry Six Weeks to Prepare For the Bar.

Patrick Henry when he was a young married man of twenty-three was a complete failure. He had tried clerking, farming and keeping a country store, all with equally negative or disastrous results.

"Best of all," he said cheerfully to himself, "I will become a lawyer."

Six weeks he allowed himself as a matter of formality to prepare for the bar. During this time he read one book, "Coke Upon Littleton," supplemented by an equally strenuous perusal of the "Digest of the Virginia Acts."

His examiners, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph and John Randolph, hardly knew whether to be more amazed at his ignorance of law or his profound knowledge of history. After no little deliberation he received his license.

"Mr. Henry," John Randolph exclaimed enthusiastically after his examination of the young neophyte, "if your industry be only half equal to your genius I augur that you will do well and become an ornament and an honor to your profession."—Green Bag.

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

THE KINGS OF TODAY.

The intense industrial spirit of this period is opening our minds to some mighty important things we had overlooked before. It is giving us a new vision of world-life.

We are learning that commercialism legislates and that great business enterprises direct the destinies of mankind far more irresistibly than do political principles or the dreams of philanthropic doctrinaires.

It is a practical age, in which a man is judged according to what he does, not what he knows or says.

The men who are building the world's railways, spanning the rivers, linking continent to continent with cables, and sea to sea with canals, taking the ores from the mountains and turning them into everyday comforts of life, and distributing the products of the rich valleys to wipe want from the earth—these are greater men and far more powerful than the crowned kings who sit on gilded thrones administering the petty internal affairs of nations.

They are world-rulers who are bringing all mankind together in peace and plenty.

The world is beginning to recognize them as its real masters.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

CONGRESSMAN FROM THE FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, March 12.—More votes were made for woman suffrage in the city of Washington on the afternoon of March 3 than will perhaps ever be made again in the same length of time so long as the government stands. Reports of treatment accorded respectable women—respectable mothers, respectable wives, respectable daughters—while they were conducting themselves in an inoffensive and dignified and entirely respectable manner, have not been exaggerated.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER

The scenes were a positive disgrace to that beautiful avenue in which they occurred — Pennsylvania avenue — made historic by Abraham Lincoln and a host of other great Americans; a disgrace to Washington and to the nation.

A NATIONAL SHAME.

What american is not made ashamed by the thought that in the very heart of the capital of our country, boasted of as our "model American city," aged women, women as old as 82 years, in whose gray hair and wrinkled faces there was certainly nothing to jeer at—that these old ladies should be deserted by the police in the midst of a crowd of jeering hoodlums.

This is no exaggeration. Such scenes, more's the pity, actually took place. It was a thing to make the blood boil in every man that has respect for his mother, his wife and his sister. It is not a matter of whether woman suffrage is right or wrong; it is a matter of whether respectable women shall have the same kind of protection as men in the public thoroughfare, and whether all respect for womanhood has been abandoned.

POLICEMEN SCARCE.

The writer, with his wife, occupied two seats in the Market grandstand on Pennsylvania avenue. Although there were tens of thousands in the street, we never saw more than six policemen at one time during the period that the parade was passing. There were periods of 10 and 15 minutes when not a single policeman was in sight, in which intervals the crowd completely blocked the women marchers, taunting and jeering them, crowding against them, catching the bridles of the horses, and making motions as if to grab the marchers by their arms. There were no police to protect the women, but when it was desired to run a street car through the throng, a cordon of no less than 30 policemen appeared to escort it. And it went through.

The Presidential Kiss Upon Holy Writ

When Woodrow Wilson took the oath of office he opened the Bible at random and his lips brushed the following verses of the 119th Psalm: "And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth, for I have hoped in thy judgments. So shall I keep thy law continually forever and ever. And I will walk at liberty, for I seek thy precepts. I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings and will not be ashamed. And I will delight myself in Thy commandments, which I have loved. My hands also will I lift up unto Thy commandments, which I have loved and I will meditate in thy statutes." Referring to this fact the Washington correspondent for the Milwaukee Daily News says: Several presidents have kissed verses in Psalms. President Hayes, kissing the 12th verse of the 119th Psalm, touched these words: "They compassed me about like bees." President Arthur kissed the 31st Psalm: "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed." President Cleveland, on his first inauguration day, kissed the fifth verse of the 112th Psalm: "A good man showeth favor and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion." Benjamin Harrison also kissed one of the Psalms. Then came Cleveland again, and this time, too, he kissed another verse in Psalms: "They will bear thee up in their hands; lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." After that time no president kissed verses in Psalms until President Wilson took the oath. The bible which President Wilson kissed was the one on which he took the oath as governor of New Jersey. Following the ceremony the verses kissed are marked. The book is presented later to the "first lady in the land."

SCION OF MADEROS TO AVENGE BROTHER

Evaristo E. Madero.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 15.—In Evaristo Madero III, agricultural student in Cornell university, runs the blood which thrilled to action Francisco I. Madero, murdered president of Mexico, and his murdered brother and political advisor, Gustavo Madero. In him runs the blood of Mexico's greatest financial family, the far-spreading branches of which control the mineral, agricultural, industrial, and financial resources of a large part of Mexico; and his is the name Evaristo which was borne by the founder of the race, Evaristo Madero, ancient man, who numbered at his death two years ago 124 descendants. In the veins of Evaristo Madero III, the blood runs hotly, and he looks forward to the time when he may play his part in the second freeing of Mexico from the rule of a Diaz and the avenging of his two brothers, killed by those who rule by blood and iron. The same spirit animates all the living Maderos, a numerous tribe, and many think they will in time succeed in their purpose.

For, as has been hinted, this family is Mexico's most powerful. From its seat in Coahuila, it has in years gone by exercised through its immense wealth a strong influence over the affairs of all Mexico. There, on its 25,000,000 acres, it has mined the earth and smelted ores, it has grown grapes and pressed out wine, it has grown cotton and spun fine thread, it has planted wheat and ground out flour, it has herded cattle, horses, goats and sheep on a thousand far-stretching hills, and in its own factories made rubber of the sap of the native rubber plant. It has directed banks and clearing houses, in which its capital alone is invested. All-sufficient and self-sufficient, this family has presented a financial patriarchy to which we in the United States have no even faint parallel, except the seven sons of Guggenheim.

Mexico has been moved mightily in historic days by the Maderos. The Maderos, although their property probably will be confiscated by the new Diaz-Huerta government, hope to move Mexico again. Evaristo of Cornell, third Madero of that name, may yet be a world figure.

He has six brothers, all young, and all educated, in part or in whole, in this country—Afonso, Emilio, Gabriel, Julio, Raoul and Carlos, the last a youth of 17 still in school in Milwaukee.

The father of these sons, Francisco, now 65 years old, is still living, at present an exile in Havana.

Another Mystery Explained.

A woman frequently changes her mind. That's why she is able to give a person a piece of it and still always have enough left for the next one.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Interpreted.

"That tramp talks funny, ma'am. He says he castigated his itinerary from Boston."

"He only means he beat his way."—Baltimore American.

The Onlooker

BY S. E. KISER

A Patriot

"My country is the fairest land on which
the sun shines down,
The greatest, grandest land of all," said
Ebenezer Brown.
"There ain't no other country which is
half as great or grand,
Or half as lovely or as rich as my own
native land.

"My state's the finest state of all, North,
South or East or West,
Of all the great and grand old states my
native state's the best;
It has the highest, fairest hills, the richest soil on earth,
No other state is equal to the one that
gave me birth.

"My county is the best of all the counties in the state;
There's not another half as fair or half
as rich or great;
My county beats them all by far for everything that's fine!"
P. S. E. Brown had never been beyond
his county's line.

ONE OLD FRIEND.

Though other friends deceive us we
still have one old friend
Who never turns to leave us until
our fortunes mend;
Though others be designing we may
depend on one
To keep serenely shining—he is our
friend the Sun.

Though othe friends refuse us the
courage they might lend,
He still will smile, nor use us for any
selfish end;
And, after sadly meeting cold glances
one by one,
How welcome is the greeting of our
old friend the Sun.—S. E. Kiser.

EASILY EXPLAINABLE.

"I hear that O'Rourke has left the police force."

"Yes. A very queer case, too."

"Why? What was the matter?"

"He got insomnia."

Explanation.

"Why do you like that young Mr. Wappsleigh so well? He's handsome and has a pretty good income and all that, but I never could enjoy myself in his company at all. He called on me several times and on each occasion he had some hard-luck story to tell, or some one whom he thought a great deal of had just died, so that he was always terribly depressed. I just can't stand that kind of peole. I want cheerfulness."

"My dear," replied the very beautiful and still young widow, "one of the pleasantest things in the world is to have a man who is handsome and well-to-do come to you three or four nights a week for sympathy."

His Sense of Humor.

"With all my worldly goods I thee
endow;"
The baron's words were plain, his
air was proud;
The bride's rich father swelled up
and somehow,
Could not refrain from snickering
out loud.

She Hadn't Noticed It.

"The great trouble," he complained, "is that we can't get as much for our money as we used to."

"Why," she replied, "I hadn't noticed it. We still get gum for five cents a package."

Thirst.

"Of all the tortures I should think the most terrible would be to be awfully thirsty where no water could be secured."

"Why water?"

Fun.

Some people are unable to understand how a thing can be funny if it isn't giving pain to anyone.

S. E. Kiser.

Why He Was Glum.

"Why so glum?"

"My wife threatened yesterday to go home to her mother."

"Oh, well, probably she won't go."

"She didn't."—Houston Post.

An unbridled tongue is the worst of diseases.—Euripides.

The Daily Story

HE TOOK HIS MEDICINE—BY F. A. MITCHEL.

I reached my friend Mark Appleton's country house in time to dress for dinner and congratulated myself at having before me a very pleasant visit, but I did not foresee an episode that was destined to endanger my intimacy with Mark and with other results of still greater importance.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Miss Clara Digby, Mrs. Appleton's sister, aged twenty, and their brother Tom, aged eighteen. Tom, I was told, was suffering with a bilious attack and was confined to his room. I found Miss Clara a very delightful young lady, and during the dinner she seemed very responsive to an admiration I could not conceal. During the evening we all played bridge whist, Mrs. Appleton being my partner. But this did not prevent an undercurrent of mutual interest that was continually passing between the young lady and myself.

Having finished the evening, Mark showed me to my room, which was one of four bedrooms on the second floor, two on each side of the hall. I noticed that the doors of my room and the one adjoining were side by side. It occurred to me that I would not like to try to enter my chamber in the dark, for I would be likely to get into the other room. I fell asleep thinking of Clara Digby and the pleasures in store for me the next day.

I was awakened by feeling a spoon shoved against my mouth. It was warm and contained a warm liquid. Half awake, I opened my lips, and the contents of the spoon passed down into my stomach. I recognized it as beef broth. When I had swallowed the first spoonful another was placed against my lips, and I swallowed that too. Another was put against my chin, and that was spilled.

"There," said a voice which I recognized as that of Clara Digby, "you should have let me light the gas."

By this time I was awake and knew that my hostess' sister was in my room giving me a midnight luncheon intended for a sick man. But a surprise like that sprung on a man sound asleep is not an easy one for him to tackle. My reasoning powers worked slowly. If they had not I should probably have blurted out, "What in the world are you doing here?" or some such question.

As it was, it took time for the possible outcome of the episode to work into my brain. Presently I came to realize that Miss Digby had made a mistake and that upon recognizing her position she would be very much pained. Should I apprise her of the fact that she was in the wrong room or wait for her to go out in ignorance of the fact?

While I was deliberating she fed me the remainder of the broth. Then, saying that she had forgotten to give me my medicine, she went to a closet, and I heard her fumbling among some bottles. "I hope I won't poison you," she said, "but I can't see in the dark. I've got it. It's the little square bottle." And the next thing I knew she had poured a spoonful of medicine down where she had placed the broth. Then, having put down the spoon, with a "Good night, hope you'll be better in the morning," she went out, shutting the door behind her.

At first I congratulated myself that I had not ruffled her modesty by betraying her blunder, but I soon came to rue my silence. The dose she had given me made me deathly sick. I remembered her words, "I hope I won't poison you," and I began to fear she had. I managed to get out of bed, lit the gas and made a search for the square bottle from which she had given me my medicine. I found two square bottles, one labeled, "Dose, one tablespoonful every six hours," the other, "Three drops in half a glass of water."

Great heavens! I had probably taken drops by the spoonful. There was no time for fooling. I went into the hall and called lustily for Mark. He came out in his nightshirt and asked wildly what was the matter.

"Poisoned!" I cried and, going back into my room, fell on the bed.

I have ever since been proud of my gallantry in protecting Miss Digby. When Mark came in, asking half a dozen questions at once, I paid no attention to them, but called on him for an emetic.

He ran hurriedly downstairs, awakening the household as he went, and in a few minutes returned with some mustard water. I drank it and threw the broth, the medicine and everything else off my stomach. By this time Mrs. Appleton and Miss Digby, in wrappers and curl papers, came into the room to see if I had expired or could be saved. The moment I got the confounded dose off my stomach I felt better and was satisfied that no serious results would follow.

I now fixed my mind on another possible curious result and how to avert it. I must keep the secret. That was very well to resolve, but doing it was another matter.

"What in thunder," cried Mark, his irritation rising with his relief, like the waves of the sea after the wind has gone down, "did you want to poison yourself for?"

There stood Clara, looking as if she had seen a ghost, with a gleam of wonder in her eye, a suspicion that she might have had something to do with this case of suicide.

"I'd rather not tell," I moaned.

"Not tell!" snarled Mark. "Do you mean to admit that you took it on purpose?"

I looked at Clara and saw by her expression that what had been a suspicion had developed into an explanation of the mystery. How could I get out of the scrape without exposing her blunder? There seemed to be no way to protect her except by owning that I had attempted suicide.

"Yes," I said: "I did."

"Well, I'll be hanged! What did you do it for?"

"Love," I said, casting a side glance at Clara. She blushed, but I was the only one of the party who noticed it.

"Are you sure you're free from the effects of the poison?" asked Mrs. Appleton. "Hadn't we better telephone for a doctor?"

"Or a superintendent of a lunatic asylum?" suggested her husband, with a sneer. "There's a law against suicide. I'm going to call for the police."

"Oh, please don't!" cried Miss Digby, wringing her hands.

At this moment a young fellow appeared at the open door in his nightshirt. He was very pale. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Go back to bed," said Mark.

"Clara," said the young man, who was Tom Digby, the real invalid for whom I had suffered, "I thought you were going to give me my medicine at 12 o'clock."

I looked at Clara, wondering what she would say. Would she give herself away after all I had done for her?

"I didn't wake up," she faltered.

"Well," said Mark, "you women had better go to your rooms. I'll see that he's all right, remaining with him as long as necessary. Get along, all of you."

The ladies left us, Clara giving me a look that I construed to be one of gratitude. That it meant a great deal I could not doubt, but so many things that I couldn't be sure which predominated. As soon as they had gone Mark said to me:

"Have you got any more of the stuff about you?"

"No," I replied meekly. "I took it all."

"Where's the bottle?"

"It wasn't liquid. It was tablets."

He looked at me, puzzled, then said: "There's something queer about this. I don't understand it. Are you telling the truth?"

My conscience began to prick me for the lies I had told. At this last question I weakened and went from black lies to white lies.

"I am truly," I replied. "I took a whole swallow of what is usually given in drops."

"I thought you said it was tablets you took?"

"So it was. I am speaking relatively."

"You're lying, and you know you're lying."

Mark remained with me awhile longer, then consented to go back to bed on my promise to call him if I felt the least need of assistance. Before closing the door he turned and said:

"Are you sure this—mania is over?"

"Oh, go to bed," I said impatiently. "I wish to go to sleep."

He gave me another suspicious look, then left me.

The next morning when I appeared at the breakfast table all looked at me anxiously. Since my stomach had been turned inside out I didn't look cheerful, and I didn't feel cheerful, especially as to how I was to continue to lie about the cause of the trouble. Clara kept her eyes down on her plate during the whole meal. Mrs. Appleton looked as if she knew more than she cared to tell, and Mark looked like a man who didn't know anything, but was very much disgruntled. If he had been sure I had tried to commit suicide he would have felt more comfortable.

Mrs. Appleton insisted on my going out on to the porch and lying on a wicker lounge, for the weather was warm, and I was very glad to do so. During the morning when I was alone Clara came out and, after trying to pull herself together by doing things for me I didn't need, suddenly faced me and said:

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, yes. You're quite welcome."

"You are a very—very"—

"What?"

"Accomplished liar."

"Just so—in a good cause. It's too bad you didn't wake up in time to give your brother his medicine."

"That wasn't entirely untrue."

"I think I took mine very well."

"Indeed you did."

"I couldn't have poisoned myself in a better cause than for love, could I?"

"No," she said, turning away.

"It came to me all of a sudden, but was no less real."

There was no reply to this. I reached forward and felt for her hand. She tried to prevent me, but didn't try very hard.

"I hope you're not going to drive me to another attempt," I added.

There was no reply to this either. We heard a step and a rustle within, and I dropped the hand. Mrs. Appleton came out to find her sister covering my feet with an afghan.

"A pretty pair, you two," she said.

"Next time we're going to die together," I remarked.

"How often have I warned you, Clara, not to give or take medicine in the dark?"

Clara looked penitent, and that's the end of the story, except that before I left Clara and I were engaged, and I told Mark the whole story. He's told it a thousand times since, each time adding to it on his own account.

March 15 in American History.

1767—Birth in North Carolina of General Andrew Jackson, hero of the battle of New Orleans Jan. 8, 1815, and seventh president of the United States; died 1845.

1781—Battle of Guilford Court House, N. C.; General Greene's colonials defeated the British under Cornwallis.

1911—First aero war message delivered at San Antonio, Tex., by Lieutenant Ben. D. Foulois, U. S. A., who flew 52 miles in 48 minutes.

All the news all the time—The Argus