THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY 20

Saturday, May 6, 1911.

Is the Mexican note relative to border fighting to be regarded as a promissory note?

And still the stern, rockbound face of the Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon of Illinois is set against Canadian reciprocity. Eheu!

Former Senator Carter of Montana says Sherman will be renominated. This will make it easier for the democrats.

Strange that though Maine is a prohibition state the mayor ordered saloons closed while Bangor was burning.

One might find it a good rule when one can't understand a joke to behave as one sometimes has to at a classical concert.

It is suggested that the reason those Ohio legislators took to graft was because they wanted to get some of their money back.

An English editor says he shivers every time he reads an American newspaper. Because of the same sensation Lee O'Neil Browne wanted to muzzle them.

A western nature wizard has been grafting alfalfa roots on strawberry plants. Now the blame laid on the early imported strawberry can be placed where it belongs.

This Mexican armistice reminds one of that old chap in the Bible who grabbed his enemy with his right hand while he jabbed him under the fifth rib with a dagger in his left.

The Duchess of Marlborough formerly Miss Vanderbilt is furnishing funds for the excavations in Jerusalem. This, however, is not surprising American girls who marry titled foreigners, have to dig frequently.

What more pitiful spectacle than the retirement under fire from the exalted position he has held for so many years, of President Diaz of Mexico! He was all but king and his unfortunate political end sounds a warning to those who yield too strongly to humor ambition and become drunk with power.

The African sleeping sickness, one of the most terrible plagues in the world, is yielding to medical treatment. As a result of protective measures, the deaths from the sickness in the Kingdom of Uganda have been reduced from 8,003 in 1905, to 975 in 1909, the last year for which statistics are available. Now let the doctors do as well with insomnia and make their victory complete.

The Defeat of the Initiative and Referendum.

The initiative and referendum which went by the boards in the Illinois house at Springfield the other day, failed because it lacked about nine votes of the required number to insure its adoption. That the resolution received 93 votes, notwithstanding that 102 were needed, to only 29 against it, is at least a moral victory.

A Springfield paper in commenting on the vote says:

"That so many members voluntarily absented themselves from the house during the roll call contributed in no small degree to the resolution's defeat. Those 31 recorded "absent or not voting" were equivalent to votes against the measure, though a few of them were perhaps unavoidably absent. As it was the resolution received 16 more than a constitutional majority and only nine less than the required two-thirds vote."

The defeat of the initiative and referendum shows, the urgent need of a more tremendous and potential interest on the part of the people in the election of members of the general assembly. This resolution was in effect that the legislature permit the people to vote an initiative and referendum constitutional amendment up or down.

The defeat of the resolution was equivalent to applying a gag to the people who demanded that they be given a vote on the amendment.

From the 33d district Representative H. L. Wheelan alone voted the affirmative.

Those voting in the negative were: W. E. Anderson, Chiperfield, Church, Collins, Curran, D. D. Donahue, Erickson, Green, Griffin, Hollenbeck, King, Kirkpatrick, Kleeman, McLaughlin, Marcy, D. B. Miller, Moore, Ostrom, Pitlock, Roos, Shanahan, Shurtliff, Smejkal, P. F. Smith, Strauss, P. J. Sullivan, Werdell, Whitaker, Winthrop. Nays, 29.

Those absent or not voting: Abbey, Abbott, Blaha, Campbell, Carter, Coolley, Dickman, Galligan, Gilbert, Harp, Hrubec, Hruby, Hutzler, Judah, Kelly, Kinsella, Leavitt, Lewis, McConnell, McNicholas, Martin, Murphy, Prendergast, Rice, Stoklasa, D. J. Sullivan, Swanson, Trimarco, Walsh, Watson, Welborn. 31.

Note that 19 of the 20 voting "no" are from Cook county. Seventeen Cook county members were recorded as "absent." This is equivalent to a total of 36 Cook counay votes against this legislation, which the people of the state demanded.

Labor's Wise Attitude.

The attitude of the Central Labor union concerning the labor leaders accused of dynamite outrages is worthy of highest commendation. They ask for a suspension of judgment and are entitled to it. The accused men are gravely charged but justice requires that they be considered innocent until they are proven guilty. They will be given a fair trial and meanwhile are entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

The following additional resolution shows that trade unionists of Rockford are law abiding:

"Resolved. That we deprecate all appeals to violence in any form or degree as repugnant to the principles of true trades unionism and as injurious to its progress and success, and that we brand any persons who resort to felonies in industrial disagreements, whether through malice or mistaken zeal, as enemies to the welfare of the union movement and as deserving of the most severe punishment the laws of the land and of the crafts' organizations can inflict."

Nothing could be stronger or more timely. They rightly hold that violence is injurious to their cause and bravely denounce law breakers as enemies of organized labor.

The action of the Central Labor union will have a good effect. It shows that the Rockford labor leaders are conservative and that they aim to better industrial conditions through the forms of law and wise agitation rather than by law breaking.

Labor men who encouraged and adopted the above resolution are entitled to public thanks.

Salaries of Illinois Solons.

The proposition to increase the salary of members of the general assembly from $2,000 to $5,000 per term recalls an interesting fragment of state history. The bill defeated this week, however, has been amended to make the salary $3,500.

In the early days an honest man could not serve his state as a legislator for the money that was in it. His reward was the satisfaction of having performed a patriotic duty. But the record, even at that, shows there were no dearth of candidates, and there were giants in those days. Under the constitution of 1848 the salary of a member of the assembly was fixed at $2 per day for the first 42 days' attendance, and $1 per day for each day's attendance thereafter, and 10 cents for each necessary mile's travel going to and returning from the seat of government, "as a compensation for their services, and no more." The speaker of the house was allowed $1 a day additional to his salary as a member. This order of things continued until 1870.

For this princely stipend men of heroic mold, such as Yates, Palmer, Trumbull, Oglesby, Davis, Logan, Douglas and Lincoln, rendered valuable service to their state. This was the compensation for some of the legislators in the days of the civil war, when great men were needed. An ordinary artisan body receives from 50 to 100 per cent more as his daily wage than the statesmen of the old days.

The veil of "special legislation," however, made it possible for dishonest men to reimburse themselves. There were special laws for everything. It was not possible to rebuild a bridge or establish a ferry across any stream without special act of the legislature. Then, as now, "bloodsuckers" preyed upon railroads and other interests. This gigantic evil was swept away by the constitution of 1870.

Under the latter constitution the salary was fixed at $5 per day for the first session of the legislature held under the new organic law;; 10 cents for each necessary mile traveled and $50 per session for stationery. The legislature was not handicapped in the matter of increasing the salary.

The general assembly of 1909 raised the salary of members of the general assembly to $2,000 for the term of two years, 10 cents per mile for necessary travel, and $50 for stationery and other incidentals. The law is now in force. Solons get no extra pay, except milage for special sessions, and it is therefore to their interest to attend strictly to business.

Through With That Now.

"When we go into a country, we take it," says Representattive Prince, republican representative in congress from the Galesburg district and which formerly was a part of the Rock Island district. Fortunately, however, if President Taft is to be taken seriously, his determination is that the policy of territorial aggrandizement and colonization shall cease. Besides we went into Mexico in 1847 and we didn't take it. We did take Porto Rico and the Philippine islands following the Spanish war and there were reasons for this action about which there are wide divergencies of opinion.

Representative Prince was alluding to Canada. Beside the jocular remarks of Champ Clark in regard to Canadian annexation, the statement of Representative Prince sounds like a declaration of war.

As far as the speech of Mr. Prince appeals to the mass of the people of the United States, "it is to laugh." The obstructionists of the reciprocity campaign in congress are hard up for campaign thunder when they advance such utterly silly ideas. Nobody with a grain of sense is advocating the annexation of Canada any more than the annexation of Mexico, but if sensible ideas of legislation are carried out there will be a community of inzerest and a commercial reciprocity between the United States and its northern and southern neighbors in the future that will amount to practical annexation as far as the interchange of commodities between the countries is concerned.

The mere matter of national boundaries is a small matter compared with the necessity for amicable business relations between the countries that are mutualy benefited by the mutual interchange of commodities on a basis that is beneficial to all and harmful to none.

If we ever "take" Canada it will be with Canada's full consent and cooperation.

YOUNG WOMAN HAS FASTED FOR MONTHS.

She Believes That an Angel Is Providing Her With Food.

One of the most remarkable facts known to medical science is recorded in the New Jersey State hospital at Morris Plains concerning Annie Geshella, a thirty-year-old Austrian girl, who has taken practically no nourishment since Feb. 7. The girl said that every morning at 4 o'clock an angel visited her bedside and brought celestial food. Nothing could prevail upon the young woman to eat, but in spite of her long fast she seemed well otherwise. Specialists who have examined the girl believe that she is a religious fanatic, but the most peculiar part of the whole performance is that the young woman has retained her vitality and even walks around the hospital.

Annie Gesbella worked in a mill, and the first time that she became known to the hospital authorities was about four years ago, when she went to the general hospital for some treatment. At that time it was plain, according to the physicians, that the young woman was mentally deranged, for she announced one day that she was going to die on Easter Sunday. The girl prayed repeatedly and said that she wanted to leave this earth.

On Feb. 7 half an orange and some other light nourishment were given to her. During the following week she drank two glasses of milk, but from then on she protested, saying that an angel brought her a small glass of wine and a piece of bread early each morning.

Although there was practically no possibility that the girl was receiving food from the outside, the strangeness of the situation caused the superintendent to have the girl's room watched at night. Of course no stock was taken in the assertion about heavenly food, but on account of no loss of vitality it was thought best that some one be on hand at 4 o'clock. According to the hospital authorities, nothing developed during the vigil, but the girl kept on refusing to eat.

While the girl is slight and not particularly healthy looking, the physicians say that she worked hard before being taken to the hospital, and, in addition, the nature of the illness which she said caused a pain in her side has not been determined. But the fact that the girl is somewhat below the average health, it was pointed out, made her long fast all the more astounding.

BLAMES THE TONSILS.

Physician Finds Cure For Rheumatism In Their Removal.

Dr. H. E. Peterman, head physician of the Baltimore Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat hospital, delivered an address before the medical and chirurgical faculty, in which he discarded the theory that rheumatism is due to uric acid in the blood.

The responsibility for rheumatism Dr. Peterman places on the tonsils, and the removal of them, which he declares to be useless after a person has attained the age of six years, he says, will obviate all rheumatic trouble. After the age of six years, Dr. Peterman asserts, the tonsils in some persons gradually dry up by the time the age of twenty-one years is attained; in others they become enlarged and then diseased. The rheumatic germ, he says, has never been found.

Dr. Peterman says exposure and uric acid may be contributing causes but if the tonsils be removed before the disease has progressed too far and the tissues have been destroyed the germ will have been eradicated. Dr. Peterman reported success in six cases he had so treated.

Your Best Friend

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Proverbs xviii, 24.

You've a friend you have sorely neglected—
The very best friend you possess,
He's the one that is always expected
To shoulder your load of distress.
You have always been good to the others,
Have lavished the kind word and smile;
You have made these strangers your brothers—
Be good to yourself for a while.

You have sacrificed time, thought and money
For those who forgot it too soon,
You have met them with countenance sunny
When he would have thought it a boon
If you'd only let him share your laughter
Instead of the weight of your bile—
So remember your best friend hereafter—
Be good to yourself for a while.

There are many who lend or who borrow,
Who come to collect or repay;
There are those who forget you tomorrow
Who greet you with handclasps today;
But he knows your worth, and he only,
He knows all your merit and guile.
Don't you think that sometimes he is lonely?—
Be good to yourself for a while.

Now, you know all the others completely,
As though they were books on your shelf;
But for long you've ignored him too neatly—
Say, what do you know of yourself?
Is there anyone else who will struggle
To bring you success all the while?
Then why is it with life you would juggle?—
Be good to yourself for a while.

Just be good to yourself—it will pay you,
You'll find when you're down on your luck
And when everything wants to dismay you
That he helps you out of the ruck.
So, today, with yourself get acquainted,
Be free with your friendliest smile,
For you're not half as bad as you're painted—
Be good to yourself for a while!

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The Argus Daily Short Story

An Escape on an Iron Horse—By F. A. Mitchel.

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Stories about the war between the states are getting scarce—that is, stories told by men who enacted the events narrated. Time was when veterans used to meet and swap yarns by the dozens—all true too. But now they are too old to get together very often and when they do they find their memories are so defective that it is difficult for them to get through a continuous narrative. They mix up dates and places and armies so that it spoils the story.

A veteran whose hair was white as snow, whose cheeks were hollow, told me this story. It was difficult for me to realize that he was the same man who as a boy nearly half a century ago took part in the adventure he narrated.

"I'd been a prisoner of war so long," he said, "that I felt I'd rather die than stay any longer in that prison pen. So one dark night I got two men to stand up against the fence, the one on the other's shoulders, and I climbed up to the shoulders of the top man, clutched the fence and got on top of it. How I did it I don't know, for I'd had little or nothing to eat for months and was weak as a kitten. I dropped over into soft mud, and luckily the sentry didn't hear me; if he had I'd have been shot.

"Some negroes took me in early the next morning, hid me and gave me plenty of corn pone, with an occasional feed of salt pork. Having got some strength in me I concluded to light out northward. One of 'em told me about

"I SAW THE AGENT LOOKING AFTER ME."

a dead Confederate soldier he'd seen in the woods, and I asked him to get me his clothes. They were nothing but butternut, but there was a brass belt buckle and some other things with C. S. A. on them, and that served me as well as a uniform.

"I started to travel nights and lie hid among the niggers in daytime. In the morning after starting, when the dawn was breaking and I was looking about for a retiring place, I came upon a railroad station. A locomotive was standing on a side track coupled to two or three empty freight cars. The fire was burning low and there was some steam on. I judged that the engineer and fireman had arrived not long before and turned in either in the station or in one of two or three houses that were scattered about.

"I lived near a railroad yard as a boy and used to get the engineers to let me run with them, sometimes firing for them; so I knew something about a locomotive. I got up into the cab, opened the furnace door and saw that the fire was nearly out. I calculated the possibility of getting a ride northward on the machine, but I'd have to fire up before trying it. I was pretty desperate and ready for any risk. So I dropped one lump of coal after another into the fire box, not daring to make the noise of shoveling it in. I worked half an hour at this, and concluded that whoever was running that engine must be pretty sleepy, for no one appeared to interfere with me. I should have raked out the ashes, but I didn't dare do that, for the noise it would make. Pretty soon the steam began to make a noise escaping, and I didn't dare defer my departure any longer. I uncoupled the box cars, mounted the cab and made as noiseless a start as possible.

"My heart was beating wildly, I keeping my eye to the rear, but when I came to a turn around a rise in the ground without seeing any one behind me I gathered courage and let her go. I got over some five miles in about fifteen minutes, when I stopped and, taking a file from a tool box in the cab, climbed a telegraph pole and cut the wires. This was to keep any one from heading me off.

"Considering that I wore butternut I had a pretty fair show to pass along the road without being stopped—that is if no telegram had been sent to stop me before I'd cut the wires—and I didn't think any one would suspect a Yankee had stolen the engine. After I had passed the first station I wouldn't likely be called back or stopped by telegraph. If I could have a free road I wouldn't fear getting on, but all those southern roads had but a single track in those days, and I would have to stop and switch to let trains go by.

"Five miles from where I started I passed a small station. It was still early, though it was broad daylight, and no one was up and about. I knew by this that no information about me had got through—at least to this point—from the one where I had taken the engine. I pushed on, but stopped after going a few miles to rake out the cinders. When this was done I knew I would soon get steam enough to go as fast as the roadbed would permit, which was not very rapid, for there had been no work done on it since the war commenced, and it was very rough. So long as I had stopped I concluded to do some more cutting of the telegraph wires, and, climbing a pole, nipped them again.

"In a few miles more I came to another station. This one was open. I slowed up and called to a man inside:

"'Bring me a time table, quick.'

"He took a soiled table from his pocket and handed it to me.

"'Anything coming?' I asked.

"'You'll meet No. 5 at B.,' he replied.

"'Next station?'

"'Next but one.'

"'Any side track at the next?'

"'Yes. What you doin' runnin' wild this way?'

"'Government business,' was my reply as I rolled away.

"I glanced at the time table and found the man was right. In two miles there was a station. Three miles further on was B. I resolved to go to the next station, get on a side track and wait. I soon covered the two miles separating me from it, got on to the switch and in ten minutes a passenger train went by. I saw the conductor leaning out and looking back at me, but he didn't seem to think it worth his while to inquire what I was doing there.

"Of course I couldn't get on this way very long. I was sure to be stopped in time and called upon to give an account of myself. So I bethought myself what story I would tell. I might say I was bearer of dispatches from one general to another, but I knew nothing about the southern commanders of that region. While I was thinking I passed another station. A man was sitting on a box reading a morning paper. I slowed down and asked him the news.

"'Thar's been a fight on the Charleston and Savannah railroad at Pocotalego,' he said.

"'Who's in command of our fellows?' I asked.

"'General Beauregard.'

"This was enough for me. I would pretend to be going for ammunition. It was well that I had found some story to tell, for at the very next station I reached I found a freight train standing on the track stopping my way. I pulled up in front of the locomotive. The engineer of the freight was sitting in his cab reading about the battle the day before. I yelled to him to back up and take the siding. He called the conductor, who asked who I was.

"'You'd ought to know by my uniform,' I said, 'that I'm a Confederate soldier. You get your train out of my way pretty quick.'

"'What right have you to order me about?'

"'What right? I'm making a quick run for ammunition by General Beauregard's order. If I'm delayed I'll let the general know who delayed me.'

"That was too much for him. He ordered his engineer to back up to the siding, and I started putting on full speed as I proceeded.

"I was in such luck about the battle having occurred just in the nick of time and in thinking of my ammunition scheme that I considered it probable I might get through the network ahead of me. I knew that certain parts of North Carolina were full of Union people who would hide me and help me get on northward.

"Fortunately for me there wasn't many trains coming southward, and by working the ammunition story I managed to get on till noon without being stopped. Then I saw by smoke ahead that I was coming to a city, which by my time table I judged to be Raleigh. It was one thing to pass small stations, where the agent had little to do with the running of trains, and another to get through a city where the dispatching was done. While the country was yet open I pulled up at a station. The agent was sitting at a telegraph machine with the window open, and he hailed me.

"'Say,' he said, 'I just got word over the wires that there's a wild locomotive cavortin' over the road, and I'm ordered to stop it. Are you the fellow that's running it?'

"'Yes. I'm after ammunition for the troops below. I've got to git into Raleigh right off.'

"With that I opened her up, and away I went. Looking back, I saw the agent standing on the platform gaping at me.

"I knew now that my run was ended. But I wouldn't leave my locomotive until I had put it on a side track, since I didn't wish to be the cause of an accident. But near the city side tracks were more frequent, and, coming to one of them, I put the machine on it and took to the woods.

"My Confederate trappings were a protection to me, and I felt comparatively safe. I told a boy I met that I was looking for a Union man whose name I couldn't remember, and he told me to go into the next hamlet and inquire. He said they were all Union people there.

"I went to the house, found the owner and, having made sure that he was on my side, told him what I had been doing. He took me out to a deserted bakery and hid me in the ovens. I remained there till my friend told me that it would be safe to go farther, and then I worked my way, traveling by night and hiding by day, over the mountains into east Tennessee."

May 6 in American History

1708—Francis Xavier de Laveile Montmorenci, first Roman Catholic bish- of Canada, died; born 1623.

1902—F. Bret Harte, noted author, died; born 1839. Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, U. S. N., retired, died; born 1840.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A WIFE can sometimes cure her husband of rheumatism, but when it comes to egotism she has to pass the job over to some pretty girl who is looking for some one to make game of.

Some handsome men are too clever to wear becoming clothes.

Sometimes a little flirtation results in a big alimony.

When you get out of temper don't try to borrow of your next door neighbor.

He who fights and runs away will get a chance to draw his pay.

One way to reform yourself is not to do things that need reforming.

There may be people who can't give advice when your guard is down, but we have never been fortunate enough to meet them.

The man who doesn't talk much generally gets paid for keeping still.

Some young men seem to think that having a rich father is quite hard enough work for them.

Even dull people are sometimes able to put their friends all on edge.

The reason why women talk so much may be because time is short and styles change rapidly.

Explained.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
No one wonders what you are.
Science makes it plain as pie
Who you are and also why.

Once we thought you were a tack
Pushed into a background black,
With a head of polished brass
That for gold you tried to pass.

Once we thought you rose and set.
On that point we would have bet.
Now we know you stand, while we
Tumble on our axis free.

We regarded you a speck
As we upward turned our neck.
Now we know you are as large
As a fancy doctor's charge.

Science tells us that your size
Is the kind that wins the prize;
That beside you at a fair
We would not be anywhere.

You're not, it's as plain as noon,
Little brother to the moon.
For the moon would hardly pass
As a pygmy in your class.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
We don't wonder what you are.
Since your twinkle answers us
We'll let science fume and fuss.

Queer.

"It is queer how some men keep out of the penitentiary."

"Maybe it is, but"—

"But what?"

"I was just thinking that it was their queer ways that got some men in."

Explained.

"Why are there so many more blonds in the city than in the country?"

"Well, you know there are a lot more drug stores in the city than in the country."

Complaint.

"Pay day doesn't come often enough.'

"I have noticed that."

"Have you noticed another thing?"

"What?"

"It doesn't work hard enough when it gets here."

For the Aeroplane.

"Have you heard of the beautiful new shade?"

"New shade?"

"Yes, for hats and gowns, you know."

"No. What is it?"

"Sky blue."

Proved.

"Men are braver than women."

"They aren't either."

"But they are."

"Prove it."

"Don't men marry women?"

Needed Hustling.

"What are you doing?"

"Being thoughtful."

"Well, hurry up and do your work or I will shake some of the thought out of you."

Terrifying.

"Go on out there."

"I am afraid."

"There's nothing out there."

"And I am afraid of nothing."

Different.

"Honesty is the best policy."

"But better than best is the policy that wins."

Willing to Please.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I don't know. You might try me."

To Foil Him.

The busy little microbe,
He leads a life of care.
He cannot stand the sunshine,
He cannot stand the air,
So open wide the window sash
And see his toothless jawbones gnash.