THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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All communications of political or argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

Wednesday, March 5.

Call for Democratic Ward Caucuses and City-Township Convention.

The democratic voters of the city of Rock Island, Ill., are hereby notified that democratic caucuses will be held in each of the several wards of the city, Thursday evening, March 13, 1902, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of placing in nomination one candidate in each ward for the office of alderman, electing two ward committeemen for each precinct in each ward, and electing ward delegates to the city-township convention: and, further, for the transaction of such other business as may properly be presented to the several caucuses. The caucuses in the several wards will be held at the following places:

First Ward—Beiswinger's barber shop, Fourth avenue and Fourth street.
Second Ward—Naab's meat market, Twelfth street and Seventh avenue.
Third Ward—1400 Second avenue
Fourth Ward Commercial hotel, corner Third avenue and Seventeenth street
Fifth Ward—Hose house on Twenty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.
Sixth Ward—Hose house on Twenty-sixth street.
Seventh Ward—3112 Fifth avenue, opposite Rock Island depot.

The democratic city-township convention will meet at Turner hall, in the city of Rock Island, Ill., Saturday evening, March 15, 1902, at 8 o'clock to place in nomination candidates for the following city and township offices:

One supervisor.
Three assistant supervisors.
One assessor.
One collector.
One justice of the peace, to fill vacancy.

Also, to elect a chairman of the city-township committee, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the convention.

The several wards of the city shall be entitled to representation in the city-township convention as follows:

	No. Delegates.
First ward	12
Second ward	14
Third ward	19
Fourth ward	11
Fifth ward	13
Sixth ward	15
Seventh ward	13
Total	97

The basis of representation being one delegate for every 20 votes, or major fraction thereof, cast for Bryan and Stevenson at the last presidential election.

JAMES F. EGAN,
Chairman Democratic City-Township Com.
W. B. McINTYRE,
Secretary Democratic City-Township Com.

For Collector.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination as township collector, subject to the decision of the democratic city-township convention.

DAVID BEISWINGER.

It is said that Prince Henry is already weary of the strenuous American life he is leading. He is being worn out with kindness.

There is a remarkable similarity in the reports of victory sent in by Lord Kitchener. They all state that the Boers lost hundreds; "our casualties were small," and wind up with, "Gen. De Wet got away."

Judging from the Union's announcement column this morning there are republican aspirants in Rock Island county who do not yet know that the republican county convention is over. Or was the space contracted for by the year?

And notwithstanding the position taken at the time of his inauguration against the customary inaugural ball, Governorette Yates, accompanied by Mrs. Yates, attended the ball given to Prince Henry in Chicago. Verily, the deeper that little Dick goes into politics the more wicked he becomes.

One good result of holding the republican convention so early will be found in the fact that the various deputies about the sheriff's office will cease to be annoyed by demands upon their time by the politicians. It has been a great hardship to the deputies to be in such great demand, to say nothing of the time the ordeal has taken from their duties.

A dispatch from Urbana says the agricultural department of the University of Illinois is to test the fertility of seed for Illinois farmers free of charge this year. The samples are to be sent to the institution with data about their raising and will be given a scientific test. Any farmer in the state can enter samples of his grain and find out what the prospects for a good crop in the fields he has planted will be.

Yesterday's Republican Convention.

A county convention animated by the intensity of factional bitterness that attended yesterday's republican gathering has not been held in Rock Island county before. While the strife over the question of indorsement of a candidate for United States senator and that of sustaining the administration of Gov. Yates overshadowed all else, and left such a sting that the convention declared that hereafter conventions to select delegates to outside conventions and these to nominate county officers should henceforth be held separately, yet the rivalry for places on the county ticket was by no means entirely secondary. The feeling engendered over the outcome was not lost sight of in the turning down of the state machine and the cold shoulder that the Yates emissaries received at every turn in the proceedings or in the defeat of the Deere-Dawes move to put the convention on record on the senatorial indorsement question.

Although Moline was repulsed in its determination to override the convention, not only in the matter of the ruling on the Dawes resolution from which the convention repealed and which it reversed, that city was, too, prevented from recording its actual preference for the shrievalty nomination. There is no room for doubt that the majority of delegates from Moline were for Kittilsen. Yet after the convention was over, the adjoining city that usually comes so well organized that it not only knows what it wants but gets it, went home with nothing that it came for but the indorsement of Mr. Magill for representative that Rock Island readily conceded, and when it came to summing up it found that it had coldly ignored the Swedish element entirely, not alone in the general composition of the ticket and all that had gone into the proceedings, but in the direct defeat of Ed Kittilsen. The Moline chief of police has been for years a candidate for the nomination for sheriff, but first one thing and then another has turned up to disappoint him. As far back as the days when Parson Morgan ran to his defeat Kittilsen yearned and was put aside. Four years ago when the nomination was really within his grasp, he paid the political penalty of being away from home in the service of his country, and another Moline man received the coveted honor. Yesterday there was no excuse for rejecting Kittilsen, and neither he nor any of his friends thought it could be accomplished. But the trick was turned just the same, and in the interests of another Moline man. And the gallant Ed again went down.

From the moment that M. M. Sturgeon by his master stroke of coupling the odious methods pursued by the Yates-Lorimer-Hopkins state ring of dipping into ward politics with what the convention proposed to in the indorsement of Dawes, swung the delegates away from what was in their minds to do—express the preference for Dawes — the Moline contingent was off its feet. The convention had failed to do the bidding of Mr. Deere, and therefore the Moline delegation had a foreboding of ill. It was demoralized. It knew not, and judging from the treatment of Kittilsen, cared not what it did.

The convention results in their general nature, however, are quite as apt to occasion as much bitterness of feeling as the unexpected disposition of the shrievalty nomination as far as Moline is concerned. Geographically speaking the ticket is a failure. The upper end of the county that came down with candidates for some of the most important nominations was cut off without even so much as a suggestion of recognition. The lower end, although given two places on the ticket, would cheerfully have parted with both for the shrievalty nomination that it cherished most and which that end of the county was deliberately cheated out of, after combinations had been made that seemed to assure success for Mr. Reynolds' candidacy. The south division may naturally, considering the outcome of the proceedings, charge bad faith against some of the other aspirants who were more successful.

The student of politics who surveys the field carefully may well wonder how a convention dominated by the slightest political judgment could have made so many stupid blunders as characterized the proceedings of yesterday.

A Tip From Prince Henry.

St. Louis Republic. When Prince Henry of Prussia stood on Rock Point, with the majestic spectacle of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Orchard Knob and Racoon Mountain spread before his eyes, the Tennessee river stretching far below in the picture, he exclaimed, "This is magnificent! There is nothing in all Europe that is finer!"

And the prince was right in such an estimate of the scene. The average American, however, has never realized the truth which Henry perceived at a first glance. He knows, of course, that Lookout Mountain is a fine thing to see, that Niagara Falls awes the beholder with its sublimity of aspect, that Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canon of the Colorado cannot be contemplated with an unmoved soul.

But finer than anything in all Europe? The Europe which he must manage to see even if he is compelled to leave unseen all the beauties of his native land? The Europe so raved about by snobbish traveled Americans and so worshiped by them that they are never thereafter content at home? The Europe so skillfully puffed in guide books written by the most artful of press agents for European railway and steamer lines, hotels and tradesmen's shops? Can it be that there is anything in the United States of which one may truthfully say, "There is nothing in all Europe that is finer?"

Indeed there is, brothers, and Prince Henry is making the fact plain to you. Let's quit being blind to the beautiful in our own land. We've been ridiculous long enough. The prince of Prussia has given us a tip to this effect. We should profit thereby.

Other Infants That Need Protection

Ex-Congressman Phillips of Pennsylvania, a republican member of the McKinley industrial commission, has discovered other "infant industries" that need protection.

He maintains that some of the infants that have been fed on bounty pap for the past half century and more—the iron and steel industry for example—have grown to be such giants that they not only want more protection but they menace and actually kill every "infant" that dares to try to compete with them.

"There is," he says, "certainly greater need for defending the beginnings of competition from the ruthless attacks of giant combinations in our own country than for similar defense against foreign combinations no greater and thousands of miles distant."

What is more, Mr. Phillips proves his case by citing specific instances—the National Salt company and the Standard Oil trust for examples—in which these giants have crushed small rivals by reducing prices to the killing point in certain localities while keeping them up everywhere else. They are also aided in their murderous work by discriminating freight rates in defiance of law.

The remedies proposed by Mr. Phillips for the protection of infant competition are worthy the attention of congress.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY.

The Sergeant's Story

[Original.]

The —th United States infantry was in garrison. It was midnight. The relief had just come in to the guardhouse tired and irritable, especially one man, a recruit who had not yet got used to guard duty.

"If I ever get a chance," he said, "I'll pay off that little poppinjay. To think of me, a grown man, bein' under orders from a snip like that!"

"Who are you talkin' about?" asked the sergeant of the guard, with four service stripes on his sleeve.

"Lieutenant Bumble."

"See here, man, if you want to shoot words at Lieutenant Bumble you'd better fire in hearin' of some one else besides Sergeant Conover. P'r'aps I haven't been face to face with death in company with Lieutenant Bumble, and p'r'aps it wasn't his pluck that kep' me up when I was ready to drop with fear of cold murder."

"Give us that, Conover," said a voice from a farther corner of the guardroom.

"It's this," said the sergeant. "We was pushin' the Spaniards in towards Santiago and spreadin' ourselves out to git round 'em. Our regiment was movin' to the right, and our company was ordered to the front. The captain sent Lieutenant Bumble—just reported from West Point and more of a baby faced chap than he is now—ahead to report on the topography of the country and keep a sharp lookout for the —th, which was comin' from the opposite direction to join us. I was with him and eight men, besides a telygraph operator with his machine.

"Well, we'd got five or six miles from the regiment and was steppin' into a pocket between two hills covered with timber when of a sudden we heard voices behind, beside and before us callin' in the dirty Spanish lingo to surrender. Since there was hundreds of 'em and only ten of us we satisfied 'em. An officer stepped up to the lieutenant and jabbered Spanish at him for awhile. Then another officer come up and said in broken English:

"'What's your name?'

"'Bumble.'

"'Rank?'

"'Lieutenant.'

"'The citizen?'

"By this time the lieutenant had seen the Spaniards eyin' the telygraph machine under the arm of the 'cit' and suspected some sneakin' business.

"'An engineer,' he said, lyin' like a man.

"'No, he isn't. He's a telygraph operator. Now, Lieutenant Bumble, send a message to your colonel that the way is clear and to come right on.'

"'I can't do that,' said the lieutenant.

"'Very well. You and your men can stand up there in line while we put a volley into you.'

"The lieutenant didn't weaken a bit, but some of the men did, and the telygraph operator said, 'I'll send the message.'

"'That'll do,' said the Spaniard.

"The operator connected with the wires, the lieutenant abused him for a coward, and jest as all was ready the 'cit' began to cry like a woman, and, turnin' round, he wrung his hands, bawlin':

"'I can't do it, and I won't!'

"'That's the stuff for you!' said Bumble, smilin'. 'I knowed you could not do it.'

"'Get into line, you pigs!' said the Spaniard, ragin', and, givin' one after the other a shove, he made us stand touchin' elbows. Then, callin' with his jabberin' tongue, a platoon come out of the woods, we standin' with our backs to 'em.

"'Will you do it?' said the Spaniard to the 'cit.'

"'Yes, if the lieutenant will order me.'

"'No, you won't even if I order you. You're only foolin' to gain time. Fire away, dago!'

"'You little villain!' said the Spaniard. 'It's you that's sacrificin' your men needlessly. We'll get him out of the way, and then the rest of you'll come to your senses.'

"The men stepped aside, all but one, and the firin' party was gittin' ready with their pieces"—

"Hold on, Conover. Who was the 'all but one?'"

"Never you mind that. I'm not tellin' my own story. I'm tellin' the lieutenant's. The lieutenant turned and faced 'em. I'll never forget the beautiful expression on his face. All his rollickin' was gone, for it was himself alone he had to brace up now, and he seemed bent only on dyin' without showin' himself the coward most any man would before such a death.

"'What're you thinkin' about, lieutenant?' I asked, rubbin' the tears out of my eyes.

"'My mother,' he said, solemnlike.

"Then I heard somethin' familiar—r'r'r'r'r'r—and I seen the Spaniards mowed down like wheat before a reapin' machine. The —th had come up and unbeknownst to 'em had planted a Gatlin' gun on one of the hills that made the pocket and was pourin' death like water out of a steam fire engine. The firin' party sunk down where they stood. One of the Spanish officers was killed, the other wounded as he run away. Little Bumble ordered us to fall in, and, seizin' our rifles, lyin' on the ground, we turned to and sent our bullets along with the Gatlin's, receivin' a shower ourselves, the lieutenant givin' the orders as if he was in a sham battle on the plain at West Point.

"Now, you spalpeen," continued Conover, turning to the man who had expressed his contempt for Bumble, "if ever I hear you makin' any such remarks again about Lieutenant Bumble I'll crack your jaw!"

F. A. MITCHEL.

DAILY RULES THAT INSURE GOOD DIGESTION

We can realize the most favorable chances of preserving for a long time health and strength, especially by maintaining a fair balance in the consumption of the nutritive substance of an animal and of a vegetable nature, by varying our alimentary regime, and by avoiding both insufficiency and excess of nourishment.

The flesh of an ox, according to all authorities on alimentation, of all the kinds of muscular tissue, is that which possesses the greatest nutritive power, which represents the most renovating plastic aliment which furnishes the most tasty and appetizing broth, and which can be used more constantly with profit than any other article of food of its class.

Incidentally, let it be noted, that salted meat is much less nutritious than fresh. It has been ascertained chemically that brine extracts from the muscular tissue much of its nutritive principle.

Dalton places next after beef, as being most valuable as nutriment, mutton and venison; then the flesh of fowls, the various kinds of game birds, and lastly, fish.

The opinions of modern French scientists may be noted and read with interest. According to these authorities, fish is only slightly nutritive, but easily digestible. Its exclusive use would soon produce a diminution of muscular force, paleness of the tissues and all signs of an elimination insufficient in quality.

These interesting rules for a daily good digestion are offered by the wise editor of the Public Health Journal:

Fish is more digestible than the white meat of fowl.

The flesh of shell fish crustaceans is hard of digestion

Roast meat is more digestible than boiled.

Eggs very slightly cooked and dairy produce are more digestible than white meats.

Of vegetables the succulents are the most digestible.

New bread is heavier than stale bread.

The ailments to which the cook's art gives a liquid or semi-fluid form are, in general, more digestible.

The more readily an aliment is dissolved by the juices of the stomach the easier its digestion.

Add to these facts the remark of Dalton, "Cheese contains the nutritious elements of the milk in condensed but somewhat indigestible form."

Nevertheless, you will eat a little cheese after dinner; for, as Brillat-Savarin hath it, "A dinner without cheese is like a beautiful woman with only one eye."

Of the vegetable tribe, lentils, beans and peas are the most nourishing.

Fruit, when perfectly ripe, is the most easy of digestion, because the juice of fruit consists of pure grape sugar (glucose) and water, and it is in the form of grape sugar that all starchy food is finally absorbed into the system. It may be said that the starch of the fruit, having been already changed into glucose by the process of ripening, requires no digestion after it is already in the state in which this element of nutrition is immediately absorbed into the system.