THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, $1 per year in advance.

All communications of 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.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY

Tuesday, March 17, 1908.

Announcement.

Having been nominated as candidate for alderman of the Third ward on the democratic ticket, I ask the support of the voters of the ward at the approaching election, April 7, 1908.

CHARLES J. SMITH.

Hurrah for the shamrock!

"Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?"

The supreme court of Ohio has decided the convention of the bridge trust magnates is unconstitutional.

The citizen who permits a rattlesnake to hypnotize him, can blame no one but himself if in after days he finds he has been stung.

Another republican senator has attacked the Aldrich bill on the ground that the railroad bond feature is a step towards government ownership of railroads.

What with a republican governor, a republican United States senator, the night riders and prohibition, the world is nearly upside down in Kentucky these days.

No cause that stultifies itself by countenancing and recognizing, and worst of all assisting hypocracy can convince itself, much less the public, that it deserves success.

If Senator Knox and some other aspirants for the republican nomination for president had voted as they now talk, the railroad rate issue would have been settled some years ago.

The republicans have sidestepped both the moral and prohibition phases of the pending campaign in Rock Island—in order that the candidates so inclined may talk on all sides of prevailing issues in their canvass for votes.

The house of representatives at Washington has passed the bill providing for the restoration of the time-honored inscription, "In God We Trust," to the face of American coinage. The legislation was necessary in view of the presidential freakism manifested in the elimination of the reverential motto.

To Probe for Graft.

Chairman Wagner of the house committee on expenditures in the post-office department proposes to investigate that department on the ground that "some of the expenditures appear to have been made in contravention of law."

No doubt he has in mind the payment of the salary and expenses of Assistant Postmaster General Frank Hitchcock while engaged in influencing southern postmasters to work for Taft's presidential boom. The committee on expenditures in the war department would do well to follow Mr. Wagner's example, and inquire into the payment of Taft's own salary and expenses out of the treasury while he is engaged in traveling and speaking in the advancement of his own boom.

Such proceedings ought to be exposed and punished, even though it is countenanced by President Roosevelt.

Print Paper and the Tariff.

Notwithstanding the earnest and urgent demands being made by all publishers using print paper, there is reason to believe that the majority of the house members on the ways and means committee in congress are determined that no action shall be taken at this session of congress to remove or decrease the duty on print paper.

No combination is more grasping or relentless than the paper trust. Each year this combine puts the screws on a little harder, and an increased price is wrung from the helpless publisher. The committee on ways and means in the house of representatives knows this, but still they refuse to come to the relief of the publisher by removing the duty on the pulp, the raw material from which print paper is made. Much as they may at times love the publisher, they seem to love the paper trust more.

While the price of print paper varies with the size of the contract, it is known that a grade of print paper that sold for a minimum of $1.90 per 100 pounds in July, 1906, is now forced to bring $2.45 per 100 pounds. When new contracts are made publishers expect to be forced to pay in the neighborhood of $3 per 100 pounds for the same grade of print paper that cost less than $2 in 1906.

There is no gainsaying the fact, adds the Prairie Farmer, that the paper trust absolutely controls the manufacture of print paper in this country, and they will continue to control it and exact whatever prices they make just as long as the present tariff prohibits the importation of, and keeps the supply of raw material entirely in the hands of the paper trust.

Many publishers are coming to realize they must either reduce the size of their paper, increase the subscription price, or else go out of business. The committee on ways and means in the house of representatives at Washington could remedy the evil by taking the duty off wood pulp, but at present the paper trust holds the whip and Uncle Sam's committee of household expenses jumps at its crack.

The Presidential Candidacy of Governor Johnson.

Some interesting views are being taken of the candidacy of Governor Johnson, who has been forced into the democratic presidential race, apparently not through any considerable demand for opposition to Bryan, but because of a certain disgruntled element who would like to embarrass the Bryan candidacy, if possible, and who would like to complicate the Denver convention so as to open the possibility of having the convention manipulated by the reactionaries in antagonism to the wishes of the rank and file of the party, who are almost unitedly for Bryan from one end of the nation to the other.

The Chicago Public takes an interesting view of the Johnson candidacy. It says:

"That William J. Bryan is the free choice for the presidency of an overwhelming majority of the democratic voters and a large mass of voters who are not democratic partisans, no one can doubt, and no one does doubt. Neither does any one doubt that the worst influences that curse the nation are conspiring to secure his defeat by trick and device. These influences, commonly known since Lawson's exposures of The System, have settled upon Governor Johnson of Minnesota as the man for their purpose; and, unhappily for himself, Governor Johnson has evidently yielded to their overtures. The inner meaning of the action of the democratic committee of Minnesota last week, followed by Governor Johnson's significant silence, is as obvious almost as if the literal raising of a curtain had disclosed a tableau of machine politicians from Governor Johnson's state in negotiation with The System of New York. Whether The System's plans, so skillfully engineered at St. Paul by Governor Johnson's private secretary, will miscarry at the Minnesota primaries and in the state convention, is quite uncertain. The democratic machine will have patronage from St. Paul and abundant funds from New York, while the Bryan volunteers will have neither patronage nor funds. But the volunteers promise weariless work to save Minnesota from appearing at Denver as a cat's paw for the reactionaries; and whether they succeed or not, there is no reasonable possibility of any extension of this Wall street diversion beyond the Minnesota border."

When One Spends Money.

One would think that money would be saved in prosperous times when there is plenty of it about. But no; that is not the time when it is saved. It is then that it is spent. Everybody spends it—governments, railroads, corporations, capitalists, housekeepers, house builders, collectors. People expand their wants in such times and satisfy some of them, and then is when it is most of all impossible to live on anything a year. But after all the money has been spent a few times over and has come to be scarce and borrowing has come to be a serious matter and folks have much less to spend and no expectations then everybody groans and begins to save, not only trying desperately to squeeze back inside of the bounds of income, but to pay back what was spent in expectation of a time when saving would have become convenient. To most of us that time never comes. And yet there are things for which we spend more than we can afford, that really do justify our expenditures, so that after the money has been spent and we are pinched for the lack of it we would still rather have what it bought than have the money back.—Appleton's.

Napoleon at Dinner.

Napoleon was no epicure. He usually drank nothing but diluted chambertin and was no judge of wine. He liked plain dinners—boiled or roast chicken, mutton chops, grilled neck of mutton, haricot beans or lentils. His table manners were not very refined. He would use his finger in lieu of fork or spoon and would dip his bread in the sauce, the dish being then passed around to guests, who had to dispense with squeamishness. The bread had to be particularly good. He ate fast, quitting the table in twelve minutes and leaving Josephine and the company to take their time. When he dined alone he commonly took only eight or ten minutes. Indigestion was the natural consequence of this speed, and he had sometimes to stretch himself at full length on the carpet till the pain abated. He detested physic and professed to disbelieve in it, a subject of playful discussion with his doctors. Constant never knew him to be obliged to keep his bed a whole day. He was very sensitive to cold and had fires and warm beds all the year.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

When the tongue of an individual is cut on the bias, how can you expect straight talk to come from it?

—

Putting a girdle around the earth overland and undersea has become so common that the only way a daring airship driver can call attention to himself will be by whirling away to the moon or Mars.

—

Nobody doubts that times might be improved, but it is always some time in the past that they were good, you know.

—

A home grown variety of common sense is the best thing in the world to keep you out of trouble.

—

It is about as easy to reach the sympathies of some people as it is to give an elephant the headache by pelting him with ripe tomatoes.

—

The man who really thinks he is funny is a bigger bore than the funny man.

—

Although the winter blizzards were soul trying, it isn't recorded that anybody got hot about them.

—

You may be on good terms with a man without liking him very well or being proud of his acquaintance, but your motives will be open to suspicion.

—

Being a successful business man isn't necessarily exciting, but the results are gratifying, especially to the second generation.

—

You can sometimes tell pretty closely what a man thinks by what he doesn't say.

—

Sometimes it is wiser to attend a banquet by proxy than in person, and the same thing might be said of marrying and hanging.

As to the Worm.

They tell us that the worm will turn
If by untoward events put to it,
Strike back at those who bruise its neck,
But did you ever see one do it,
Or any man that you have known?
Did ever yet a worm pursue him
And catch him in a block or two
And hand him what was coming to him?

Investigate and you will find
The whole thing is a superstition.
The worm may turn when on a hook,
But that's not of its own volition.
Of course it squirms around a bit,
But still the man who was discerning
Would know that antics of that sort
Could not be classified as turning.

'Tis true sometimes the human worm
May throw his left leg o'er the traces,
But mostly, when things don't go right,
He takes it out in making faces,
And as a very general thing
The turning of this lowly brother
When one cheek gets a stinging rap
Consists in turning up the other.

No; worms are not inclined to turn.
That is the nature of the creatures,
Although a man may tread on them
And to a jelly mash their features,
The only turning that they do,
If nothing happens, by and by,
Is, when they are the proper breed,
They turn into a butterfly.

A Big One.

"He says he never made a mistake."
"He is in error."
"Think so?"
"I know it; did it when he bragged about it."

So Inexpensive.

"What are you doing for your health?"
"Taking sun baths."
"Sounds nice."
"Well, I find them as invigorating as a meal."
"What you would call a 'light' luncheon?"

The Main Thing.

"He is taking a course in a barber college."
"Learning to shave?"
"Yes, incidentally. Of course the main thing is to get well posted on the history of all the prize fighters and ball players."

Must Be Bad.

"She says she is so fond of helping her mother in the kitchen."
"Indeed. I did not think they were that bad."
"Who were?"
"Her dad's finances."

Not Checked.

"Where did they get the money to go west?"
"Bought his wife a ticket, and he traveled as baggage."
"In her trunk?"
"No; blind baggage."

Carrying It to Extremes.

"He is certainly very polite."
"Polite. I should say so. Why, that fellow will laugh at an English joke."

When It Hurt.

A German surgeon in the Franco-Prussian war had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow, and, as the sore was obstinate, it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him and, calling up a few of the loungers, ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now, lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done the surgeon laid aside the knife and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "Oh, doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"

Usual Result.

"Well," asked the motorman, "did you manage to collect your little bill from that conductor?"

"No," answered the disgusted passenger. "I got tired trying to collect it at his house, and the other day I caught him on his car."

"What did he do?"

"The same thing as usual—put me off."

The Argus Daily Short Story

"By the Short Cut."—By Matie Barnes.

(Copyrighted, 1908, M. M. Cunningham.)

Sparville was grateful to Henry Griswold. Not since the engagement of McMahon's minstrels two months before had the town had so much to talk about.

Nine years ago Hank Griswold had gone to the city in his Sunday pepper and salt suit, with cowhide boots and cloth cap to complete his costume. Now he had returned Henry Griswold, and to the splendors of well tailored clothes he added the magnificence of a fur lined coat and shoes and hat equally glossy.

Sparville was accustomed to fur coats, but with the fur outside, while Henry showed only the cloth. Patent leather shoes, too, every day in the week were regarded with awe not unmixed with envy.

Even more interesting was the evident interest Griswold displayed in Nellie Morrison. They had been sweethearts in the old school days and had kept up a correspondence, a fact disseminated by the postmaster, but it was evident that Griswold had come home with the intention of cutting out Ben Pierce, who escorted Nell home from church Sunday evenings and otherwise gave evidence of ultimate serious intentions.

Public sentiment was largely in favor of Ben. Had Sparville been so frivolously minded as to indulge in betting the odds would have been about three to one in his favor, for Henry had seemed to lose interest in skating and coasting and other winter sports in which Sparville delighted.

He visited the pond and the coasting hill, but merely as a spectator, and at such times Nell, fully conscious that the exercise brought a stronger glow to her cheeks and an added sparkle to her eyes, was most inclined to hector him.

Griswold ascribed her treatment to a desire to display her powers of coquetry, but when, near the close of the second week, he made formal proposal of marriage and was refused he stared at her in dismay.

"It's this way," explained Nell judiciously, seeing his bewilderment. "I like you, Harry, but you are so different now. When you were a boy there was no one who could beat you in a skating race, and you used to go down Beeman's hill faster than any of the others. Now you're afraid to coast."

"I'm not afraid," denied Griswold. "I don't want to; that's all. I have found other amusements."

Nell smiled and changed the subject, and Griswold went home feeling miserable. He loved Nell, and this refusal was a blow to his heart and his pride.

It was Ben who tugged Nell's sled up Beeman's hill the following afternoon and found Griswold gloomily regarding the coasters. The hill swung in a rough half circle down the steep

"WHO CATCHES MAY KEEP," HE QUOTED.

declivity. Usually the roadway was beaten into a glare of ice by the coasters, for it was the only good coasting place in the neighborhood.

From the brow of the hill the entire road could be observed. All summer Henry Beeman had been cutting the thick growth of pines which had covered the hillside, and now only a broad expanse of glistening snow crust dotted with the pine stumps remained.

It was a pretty spectacle, and Griswold enjoyed it in spite of the evident favor with which Nell regarded Ben, who accompanied her in her dashes downhill and the walk back again, with Nell walking by his side. Nominally Nell's sled was her sister's, and Ben's was supposed to be the property of his little cousin, but those two youngsters had little use of their possessions.

The sun was dipping toward the hills on the other side of the valley and most of the coasters had gone home when Nell settled herself for her last ride. Ben had stopped to tie his shoe laces, and Nell looked over her shoulder.

"Who catches may keep," she called as the sled gathered momentum. Ben sprang to his feet and ran for his sled, throwing himself upon it and starting off at a terrific pace.

Griswold gave one glance at the flying figure far ahead. He knew that Ben's sled was not as good as Nell's and that he would not catch her until she reached the bottom of the incline.

There was just one chance for himself, and, throwing off his coat, he caught up the pointer that Jimmie Sweeney had just brought up to the top of the hill.

At the foot of the field was a place where two lengths of the fence had fallen in, and there were two or three similar breaks where he stood. It was the work of an instant to step through one of these and throw himself face downward upon the sled.

Steering with both hands and feet, Griswold shot down the steep declivity. It was several years since he had been on a sled, but it all came back to him, and with a skill that was the talk of the hill for the remainder of the season he steered his flying sled in and out between the stumps, shaving the bark here and dodging a trunk there just as a fractured skull seemed imminent.

It took but a few seconds to accomplish the journey, but to Griswold it seemed years before he shot through the opening of the fence and with a last terrific effort swung himself into the road.

Just ahead were the smart gray jacket and saucy little hat that he was pursuing, and as he shot past he caught the runner of Nell's sled.

"'Who catches may keep,'" he quoted as he steered the two sleds into the softer snow beside the road to permit Ben to pass them.

"How did you do it?" demanded Nell wonderingly.

"Did you think it would be Ben?" he countered. The girl shook her head.

"I wanted to see if you would make an effort," she explained shyly. "All the way down I heard Ben shouting, and I was afraid that he was alone."

"He was," explained Griswold. "I came the short way."

Nell looked at the runner marks where Griswold had come through the break in the fence and then at the stump dotted hill.

"You came straight down?" she gasped.

"It was the only way," he said quietly. "Ben already had a lead on the road, and I knew that I should have to take the short cut in order to beat him."

Nell looked him over sternly. The thin leather of his shoes was cut and torn, and here and there was a rent in his clothing where he had struck a tree. The gloves hung in shreds from the scratched hands, and his necktie waved under his left ear.

"You go back and get your coat," she commanded, "and then we'll go home and tell mother and Harry. I'm awfully glad that you win," she added as he turned away to obey the command. "I didn't think you would, but I never dreamed you would come the short way. No one has dared before."

"No one else had you at the end of the slide," he explained, with a happy laugh, as she slipped her hand in his and they started up the hill after his coat.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PROHIBITION QUESTION

More About Labor's Position.

[BY PRESS COMMITTEE OF LOCAL OPTION COMMITTEE.]

John B. Lennon, president of the International union and treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, voluntarily sent a signed open letter to the Bloomington Pantagraph in the issue of Saturday, March 14, in defense and in explanation of his attitude on the local option question, for which he had been criticised. A few extracts are hereby presented for the consideration of all men, especially "labor men:"

"I stand unqualifiedly, without any reservation whatever, against the saloon business. I have never, in so far as I am capable of judging myself, stood for any cause simply because it was popular. I believe the fact that I have stood solidly for the trade union movement for now a good deal more than 30 years is evidence of the truthfulness of this statement. If I believe a proposition is right, if it commends itself to my conscience, if I am the only man in the community that stands for it, then I will stand alone. If I am convinced that a cause is right, it is going to have my support, and I believe without any reservation whatever that the saloon is an injury to a community and that it is right to eliminate them, and my efforts will be extended to the fullest extent that I am capable of to bring about that to me desirable end.

"I am especially against the saloon because of my connection with the labor movement. I have lived somewhat more than half a century, and have had some experience in that length of time, and every bit of it tends to convince me from year to year more and more that the saloon is of greater injury to the wage workers of the country than any other one thing connected with our lives as citizens and as men. I could go over the roll of men who have been prominent and even great in the labor movement, whose prestige and influence were destroyed by the excessive use of liquor, and it was the social or illegal social features of the saloon that caused them to go to that excess. * * *

"If a locomotive engineer is known to patronize the saloon, he is looked upon askance by the railroad companies that employ him. If he goes often, and it is known, he loses his job. What is true of the engineer is true of the tailor, the machinist, and every other craftsman. No matter how fine a mechanic a man may be, if he is a frequenter of the saloon and becomes intoxicated, he will find himself discriminated against by the employers in that industry. No man can deny this that wants to tell the truth. It is not open to denial. It is a fact, and I believe it can be removed to a very great extent by eliminating the saloon.

"The saloon is not recognized by society as a legitimate business. This is so self-evident that scarcely a word is needed to convince anyone of the truth of the statement. If a man wants to go into the grocery business he does not have to pay a $600 license fee a year. If he wants to start a saloon, that is the first proposition that confronts him, to pay a license fee of $600. What is this for? It is for the privilege of maintaining a business that is not recognized as being a legitimate one by our citizens generally. Every citizen in this community is a party, or nearly every one, to the granting of these licenses to maintain this business, and I propose for one to have it understood that I do not propose hereafter to be a partner in this business, either directly or indirectly. If they secure a license to carry on their business they will have to secure it against my protest.

"Much is said about the loss of the license fees. This is, however, so small, so insignificant, that it should not appeal to anyone that has any sense of manhood in him. When dollars are to be weighed against moral character by men or by a community, it is about time that such a community should be set back to about the 12th century, instead of claiming to be progressive in the present one. If morals are not worth more than a few paltry dollars, then I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the make-up of the citizens of Bloomington township. I believe that they will show by their votes most positively that human uplift is to be considered of more importance than a paltry license fee, accompanied by human deterioration.

"I cannot take the space at this time to show that even from the financial standpoint the whole argument favorable to the saloon is based upon false premises, absolutely false. Even from the dollars-and-cents standpoint the saloon is a detriment to any community."

LOCAL OPTION PRESS COMMITTEE.

Fighting Prohibition Everywhere.

[BY THE PRESS COMMITTEE OF THE ANTI-PROHIBITION LEAGUE.]

The rumor given currency by the local option press committee is to the effect that the Anti-Prohibition league of Rock Island county has decided to let Moline go "dry" for the benefit of Rock Island. A Moline saloonkeeper is said to be the authority for the statement.

The fact is that the Anti-Prohibition league of Rock Island county is fighting prohibition everywhere in this community and is as deeply interested in the defeat of prohibition in Moline as in Rock Island. It happens, however, that the liquor dealers who live in Moline and pay taxes there and have done their part to build up that proud city have expressed the determination to leave the matter wholly with their fellow citizens, trusting to their common sense and their desire for fair play and just treatment. Accordingly, they have asked the league and the Rock Island wholesalers and all others who, from the Moline point of view, are outsiders, to keep out of the fight in that city, except in so far as the circulating of literature giving verified statistics is concerned.

There is no "plot" on the part of the Anti-Prohibition league. What sort of campaign, if any, shall be made in Moline, is properly a matter for the Moline people to decide and they have been so unanimous in their expression of the desire that Moline be left for Moline, that there was nothing to do but to accede. Reports from the plow city are that the attitude of the Moline retailers in regarding the whole matter as one of public policy and in leaving the issue to be decided by the sense of fair play and local pride of their townsmen, is justified by the results and that it is admitted by leaders of the local option forces in that city that the saloons will not be voted out.

PRESS COMMITTEE ANTI-PROHIBITION LEAGUE.