

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Tuesday, May 25, 1909.

The only idea some men have of getting to the front is by pushing others back.

The Aldrich majority in the senate has succeeded in protecting the infant lumber industry by depriving the people of the advantage of competition.

Atlanta recently had a musical festival and cleared \$11,000. This is really astounding. The profits would probably not have been much greater if it had been a prize fight.

A velocity of 100 miles an hour was attained by the wind in Cleveland the other day, but the people of Cleveland will go right on believing Chicago to be the windiest city in the world.

Sheridan Webster advocates public farms where the unemployed can be given work. But will they go there? The farms have always been waiting for those "unemployed" who won't tear themselves from city life.

## Whitewash.

One of the beauties of country life in Kentucky is the liberal use of whitewash on those fences which enclose the blue grass fields. No prettier symphony of color could be devised for outdoors than white and green. So significant of care, so hygienic and care taking. A little lime and a cheap brush will cost only a few cents. A little labor after hours in these delightful evenings will make the back yard fence and the tree trunks look like fairyland. It keeps out the bugs and insects, gives bad taste to the woodpeckers, and the contrasting colors will magnify the size of the yard.

The Spirit Lake Beacon makes the following comment: "A fond father down state shot his little girl's head off. Of course, he did not mean to, in fact, the accounts state he is crazed by grief over the affair. While fumbling his breech loader a refractory shell inconsiderately exploded with the gun pointed at the face of the child. Why in the name of ordinary sanity does any man want to get into his head that it is right to point a gun at anybody; at any time or anywhere, loaded or empty? This heart-broken father will never kill anybody else in this careless fashion. He has been effectually cured of the reckless handling of a gun. Families which have gone through similar terrible experience will not permit firearms to lay within reach of children. But candidates for kindred accidents are in almost every community and they will be elected from time to time through monumental folly."

## Employment Assured.

A national system of national exchanges and a form of insurance against unemployment are the means whereby the British government hopes, if parliament be willing, to grapple with the "hideous problems of social disorganization which are marring the health and happiness of the country." The quoted words are those of Winston Spencer Churchill, who holds the cabinet position of president of the board of trade, and who is the ministerial sponsor of the bill embodying the proposed legislation. This new departure, inferentially, is the final act in the ministry's program of social reforms. Mr. Churchill expressed the hope of being able to put the insurance feature of his plan in operation next year, and he felt assured that to the amelioration of the "hideous" conditions referred to the present parliament would "gladly apply its remaining strength." This sounds very much like a vaudeville act; and it would not be unfair to conclude that the action of parliament on the bill, favorable or unfavorable, would be the signal for a dissolution and new elections.

A system of labor exchanges such as is projected in the bill already exists in one or two countries of continental Europe. If in place of the term "labor exchange" we substitute the more familiar one of "employment bureau" the nature and purpose of the system become self-explanatory. The employer needing help and the man out of a job are to be put in communication with one another by a governmental agency whose ramifications extend all over the country; and, if intelligently operated, a system as proposed would be doubtless helpful. To a very large extent unemployment is due to inability of the seeker for help and the seeker for work to find each other, and in only a lesser degree to the fact that there is no work to do. Some trades unions have adopted the

system, but in an imperfect form, and it is still further weakened by the fear that it might be used for breaking strikes.

The system of insurance proposed is also founded on trades union precedents, and in Mr. Churchill's plan the insured would be grouped by trades. The building and machinists' trades and the shipbuilders are to be first dealt with, and these would cover nearly half of the field of unemployment. The government aims to introduce a scheme of benefits rather lower than are now paid by the strongest labor unions to their unemployed members. To this end a fund is to be created from contributions amounting to sixpence per week per man, and of this sum one-third would be contributed, respectively, by the workingmen, the employers and the public treasury. To make the scheme effective it might be necessary to make insurance compulsory; and this would be practically to nationalize the trades unions. It is this possibility that will cause the greatest opposition to the measure, and, probably, as much from the laborites as from the side of the employers.

## What Are the Man's Rights?

In declaring that smoking will in future be prohibited on the street cars of Des Moines, the general manager of the street railway system becomes a candidate for admission into the "in bad" club, alienates the support of the men, who sit on city councils and do the voting, and wins the favor of the women who have no vote.

He is convinced that smoking is not only responsible for the uncleanly and unsanitary condition of the street cars, but that it is at the bottom responsible for certain inconveniences of operation. The man who wants to

## Forestry Taken Up by Schools of Land

Forestry is attracting wide attention among the schools of the United States. Not only have many colleges and universities introduced courses and even professional school of forestry, but elementary phases of the subject have been introduced into hundreds of the graded and high schools, and teachers give enthusiastic reports of the success which is attending the new study. Public school teachers say that they have found in it a subject interesting to children, and one which furnishes much attractive, tangible material to work upon, developing the child's observation, and being at once acceptable to the young mind, and most practical.

The public schools of Washington, D. C., and of parts of Iowa are in the vanguard of this movement. Every graded school in Washington and a large number of the rural schools of Potawatamie county, Iowa, are now teaching the elements of forestry. In Iowa, the subject is being taught as a commercial course in connection with home geography and agriculture, while in the Washington schools it is used in the nature study courses. The four upper grades of the Washington schools are studying the forest and this year all are following practically the same outline; next year this outline will be confined to the fifth grade, while the other grades will follow an outline one step advanced, and so on until by the fourth year a four year course will have been introduced. As a preparation for this work, forestry has been taught in the normal school of the District of Columbia for several years past, and when the young student teachers take up the actual work of teaching they are already familiar with the details of elementary forest study. Prominent among the other normal schools of the country to take up work of this kind are those of Cleveland, Ohio, Rochester, N. Y., and Joliet, Ill.

There is a section in the forest service of the United States department of agriculture which works in co-operation with schools in teaching forestry and its related subjects. This co-operation is not limited to technical schools of forestry; it is equally open to primary and kindergarten grades. It is as willing to help teach tree study in a first year nature study class as to assist in the establishment of a professional forest school.

This section of education, as it is called, is now working out model courses of study for graded and high schools, in co-operation with the public schools of Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, Pa. The work in Philadelphia is being conducted by W. N. Clifford, head of the commerce department of the southern high school where he is building up a modern equipment and evolving a practical system for the teaching of forestry in high schools.

In Washington, the section of education is directing a similar work for graded schools in four of the public schools of that city. Besides special lessons in the class room, the pupils collect and mount specimens of leaves, twigs, bark, and seeds, and, in connection with wood working, wood specimens of different commercial trees are prepared and placed in cabinets. Opposite each wood section is placed the name of the wood, its qualities and uses. Extensive field work is planned for the spring months, and the different classes will be brought out into the woods, there to study the trees at first hand. As these courses are built up and tested they will be published from time to time for distribution among teachers, and it is expected that the practical line along which the courses are being evolved

smoke on a car stands in the back end, clogging passage into the car, subjecting persons getting on and alighting from the car to inconvenience, and delaying operation. Moreover, the smoke is wafted to the nostrils of women, to their discomfort, and the annoyance of other men who do not smoke. As many smokers expectorate freely, they frequently litter the floor, against the rules, increasing the expense of cleaning the cars, and ruining the gowns of women.

The Dubuque Telegraph-Herald says: "But has the man who smokes no rights? Frequently he is forbidden to smoke at home because the smoke gets into the curtains and the furniture, and 'won't come out.' He cannot smoke in the theater nor public hall. He cannot smoke in the factory because of the danger of fire. There is left him only the thoroughfare and if the street cars occupy these, are they none the less a thoroughfare? Must he throw away a partly smoked perfecto worth a dime to spend a nickel on the street car?"

Let the question be answered as they may, he will be troubled by the new rule. He will time and time again be called to account for its violation. The old order dies slowly and men do not give up their liberties or their privileges without a fight."

## ROPE ROUTE FOR A NEGRO

Unmasked Mob of 300 Hangs Black for Attempted Assault.

Pine Bluff, Ark., May 25.—Lovett Davis, a negro charged with attempting to commit a criminal assault on a 16-year-old girl, was taken from jail at midnight by an unmasked mob of 300 and hanged to a telegraph pole.

Most of the schools now teaching forestry are using as text books several of the publications issued by the forest service, including farmers' bulletin 173, "A Primer of Forestry." The service also issues many circulars dealing with local conditions, which teachers in the localities dealt with might find very useful. By writing to the forest service, Washington, D. C., as many copies of these various publications as are needed for class room use, as well as other helpful material and information may be secured free of charge.

## Rheumatism Cured in 24 Hours.

T. J. Blackmore of Haller & Blackmore, Pittsburg, Pa., says: "A short time since I procured a bottle of Dr. got me out of the house in 24 hours. I took to my bed with rheumatism nine months ago and Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism is the only medicine that did me any good. I had five of the best physicians in the city, but I received very little relief from them. I know Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism to be what it is represented and take pleasure in recommending it to other poor sufferers." Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second Avenue, Rock Island; Gust Schlegel & Son, 220 West Second street, Davenport.

## Whooping Cough.

"In February our daughter had the whooping cough. Mr. Lane of Hartland, recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and said it gave his customers the best of satisfaction. We found it as he said, and can recommend it to anyone having children troubled with whooping cough," says Mrs. A. Goss of Durand, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

All the news all the time—THE ARGUS.

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## FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Photo by McMichael & Gro, New York.

## Success Through Undaunted Courage.

THE daily paper has become a great power, a mighty, personal influence in American life, a pulpit for lay sermons where the audience may number half a million or more. No other American woman writer has so large, so constant, so close and personal an audience as Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her articles in the New York Evening Journal, whose great circulation there is multiplied by their syndication throughout the country, give her a wondrous influence. They are simple, practical, helpful thoughts for better living; sincere, sympathetic and strengthening, filled with the sunshine of courage and optimism. The hundreds of letters she receives is an eloquent tribute to the seriousness of the American mind and the hunger of struggling ones throughout the country for counsel and light on the problems and perplexities of daily life.

She was born in Johnston Centre, Wisconsin, the youngest daughter of a Vermont music teacher, who had made money and lost it and was forced to make a fresh start in life at a little place on the prairies twelve miles from Madison, and at the age of eight made her first offerings to the muse of literature in the form of efforts in prose and verse which she still has preserved.

At fourteen she began to appreciate the commercial side of literature when her verses appeared in "The New York Mercury" and other periodicals that considered subscriptions, books, pictures and brie a brace compensation, in lieu of the coin of the nation.

Mrs. Wilcox's first book, "Drops of Water," a collection of poems on total abstinence, appeared in 1872. Just twenty years ago her most famous poem, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," appeared in the "New York Sun" and for it the writer received five dollars. In the same year her famous book "Poems of Passion," which raised a whirlwind of protest, abuse and ridicule, made her name known from Bar Harbor to the Golden Gate.

Mrs. Wilcox's success was not due to influence nor to special advantages working toward publicity; but to her undying loyalty to a dream, her persistence and a courage undaunted by failure, a serene confidence unmoved by opposition and ridicule.

In 1884, her marriage to Robert M. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn., brought her East, her winter home being in New York and her summer residence at the "Bungalow," a delightful cottage at Short Beach, Conn., where she rests, writes and recuperates from her busy life in the city.

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## The Argus Daily Short Story

The Rejected Dream Man—By Amelia Truesdale.

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Roy Adams, paddling about among the water lilies with Ruby Lane, had just come near proposing to her and she to refusing him, this being their customary daily diversion. Now he was watching her lazily. That was what irritated her—his inordinate laziness. He was large and blond, with placid blue eyes like a sleepy baby's. She was little and trim as waxwork, and her gray eyes were clear and keen.

"I don't know what kind of a fellow you want," he grumbled amiably, with an indolent movement of one ear. "He's brisk," Ruby replied, "and energetic."

"Think I've got him in my mind's eye," Roy gave the other ear an easy touch. "Small and bustling and chipper, like the little cock sparrow that sat on a tree."

"He isn't like that in the least," Ruby sat up prim and stiff and rosy with indignation.

"Oh, isn't he? Beg his pardon. Where is he now?"

"At work," Ruby replied promptly, her tone implying a comparison between a man thus profitably employed and one who idled his time away at a summer hotel.

"Perhaps he has an object in view," Roy insinuated.

"And—um—is the object to be attained soon?"

Ruby let her eyes drop toward the top ruffle of her blue organdie.

"I—don't know exactly; not before next spring," she was dabbling her hand in the lake, her eyelashes still slanting downward.

"Ah! Congratulate him and everything. Shall we row over to that bunch of willows or down to the little cove?"

For an instant Ruby wished she might tip the boat over, just to see if his exasperating equanimity would be disturbed by such an emergency.

"I don't believe it would," she decided in disgust. "He'd get us out if he could conveniently, and if he couldn't he'd drown with the contented smile on his face as serenely as if he were a wooden Shem out of a toy Noah's ark."

Mrs. Albert Lloyd was peacefully crocheting when her sister Ruby whirled in upon her, cast herself into a rocking chair and rocked tempestuously for three minutes. Mrs. Albert viewed her quietly, suspending her crochet hook for a moment.

"Been fencing with Mr. Adams again?" she queried mildly.

"Yes," Ruby answered, "but I hardly think he'll care about fencing any more."

"No? Why not?"

"I practically told him I was engaged."

"Dear me! And to whom?"

"A person I invented."

"You unprincipled wretch! What did you do for?"

"Just to see what effect it would have."

"And what effect did it have?"

"None at all. You couldn't stir him up to move an eyelash whatever you did. He's too sublimely lazy even to lose his temper."

Mrs. Albert shook her head gently.

"You're off the track," she commented, unwinding more scarlet wool. "He may perhaps be guilty of always keeping his temper, and let me tell you, a married woman would consider that a very good failing, but as for being lazy—"

—Albert's friends say that, although he has that lazy way and looks as if he were letting things go to smash if they want to, he has his eye on everything and every move he makes counts. I shouldn't wonder if you've put your silly foot in it for once with your invented man."

Mrs. Lloyd ceased her lecture as she found herself talking to a dissolving view of blue organdie ruffles and a couple of whisking sash ends and returned to her crocheting.

Roy appeared before Ruby early the next day in his usual calm frame of mind and his boating rig.

"Think he'll object to your going out on the lake with me just once more?" he asked. "I'm going away early tomorrow morning."

"What for?" she asked.

"Have to," he responded. "Vacation comes to an end tonight. Can you go?"

She reflected dully that she must either confess her little romance of yesterday to be an unfounded one or bid goodby forever to this exasperating man, and she knew now that the latter was something she could not do and retain any shred of happiness.

She waited, however, until they were out on the blue, soothing bosom of the lake. Then she rushed into it.

"He couldn't object, you know," she said, reverting to his remark of some time before, "because he's only a fiction."

"A dream man?" he asked. She nodded, blushing uncomfortably. He hummed a bar of "When a Dream Came True" and settled back easily. Ruby looked down in silence. She was waiting for him to say something else, and he was carelessly moving an oar now and then and apparently thinking of nothing at all. She noticed for the first time how strong his brown hands looked. They were not the hands of a lazy man.

They drifted along aimlessly.

"It was a silly story to tell," Ruby said at last.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered indignantly. "I rather thought you were fabricating. But you might realize him yet, you know."

"I don't want to." Her voice was a little uneven.

"Poor dream man! I sympathize with him, I'm sure. Like to have that pond lily?"

"Thank you. I don't care for it. Let's go back."

He agreed amiably. "I ought to get back early," he said. "I promised Kingsland to go over and fish with him this afternoon, so we may not see each other again. C'mon, isn't this a day for fishing, though?"

Ruby's cheeks tingled as she walked silently beside him through the light, dry grass on the way to the hotel, while he stalked cheerfully along, making irritatingly pleasant remarks about the scenery.

They came to a standstill at the summer house on the lawn. It was empty, and Ruby did not want to walk into the crowd of people on the hotel porch.

"I'm tired," she said. "I'll rest awhile, and we can say goodbye here."

He held out his sunburned hand and clasped hers closely for a minute. "Goodbye," he said. "If you should come to terms with the dream man don't forget to let me know."

She watched him going across an adjoining field as she fell into the big willow chair and began to rock. Then she looked off dully toward the misty hills. They were dimmer than the light summer haze warranted.

"Only a summer flirtation—only a summer flirtation," creaked the chair maddeningly.

She turned her eyes to the field again. She could still see the tall form loitering along. When it should disappear the end of things would have come. He stooped, seemed to pick up something; then he turned slowly and began his easy stride back toward the summer house. It seemed ages before he reached the door and looked in, holding toward her a flower on a long stalk, just a fringe of pale lilac petals uncurling from a tawny golden center.

"See! I found the first aster and came back to bring it to you," he said. She accepted it silently. He looked curiously at her eyes. The rims were decidedly pink. He folded his arms and leaned against the door casing.

"Sure you aren't going to marry the dream man?" he asked after a casual survey of the landscape.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't any?" "I thought you might be fibbing again. If there really isn't—"

"Well?"

"Couldn't you reconsider things and take me, after all?"

An Inventive Genius.

There is a student in the University of Pennsylvania whose inventive genius, if directed in the right direction, is likely to bring him fame in after life. This youth was called before one of the professors, charged with being absent from more than the permitted number of classes. After lecturing him thoroughly and telling him the penalties that would have to be imposed, the professor asked the youth if he had any excuses to offer for his continued absences. "This hour comes from 9 to 10," said the youth, "and I am so peculiarly constituted that I can never get up for a 9 o'clock hour."

"That is no excuse," replied the professor indignantly. "Why don't you get an alarm clock?" "I did try that," answered the student, "but it was no use. I never could hear the alarm go off. I have a weak heart and as a result am forced to sleep all the time on my right side, and I am totally deaf in my left ear." The professor knew full well that this statement was not confined to the strict truth, yet he thought one who could invent such a tale was deserving of better things and decided to give him another chance.—Philadelphia Record.

Meteors.

The meteors which fall upon the earth in vast numbers every year add their weight to the earth. Thus the earth is increasing a minute quantity in weight each year, but not enough to be perceptible in thousands of years.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

## CALLING A HALT.

Oh, you stupid legislature! Do you think the lovely "creature" Will be told her head adornment Must not run to this or that? Will the heady, haughty beauty Own it's in your line of duty To make rules and regulations Touching on my lady's hat?

Mighty questions you may grapple As a boy toys with an apple That concern financial matters Or the way to run the cars, But to dip in light and airy Where an angel might be scary Only gets you in a tangle. Only carries to you jars.

If it looks to you so simple That the creature with the dimple Should be broken of the habit While the thing is yet in style, Could be made to trim her bonnet With less fruit and feathers on it And would cut it one inch smaller, You would make the wise ones smile.

She will wear it as she pleases, You may bottle up your breezes Or direct them in a channel Where results at times accrue. If you monkey with the feather Or the way she puts together Hat and bonnet, she may saunter With a hatpin after you.

## One Success.

"I think I would make a great explorer," said the family man as a smile of self satisfaction spread over his face.

"What is your special qualification?" "I found the pocket in my wife's dress this morning."

## Make Didn't Count.

"We are going to have a new automobile," said the enthusiastic little woman. "Won't it be lovely?"

"What kind of a car are you going to get?" "We haven't decided whether it will be red or white."

## Unforgivable.

"All men are sinners." "That isn't the worst of it."

"Why?" "In addition some of them are losers too."

## Not So Progressive.

"Fly with me, darling!" "Not much!"

"Don't you love me?" "Sure thing!"

"Then why hesitate?" "An auto is good enough for me."

## Opportune Moment.

"I am going on the stage at last." "You have been studying for it a long time."

"Quite awhile." "Why didn't you try it sooner?"

"Well, you see, vegetables never were so high."

## But She Was All Right.

"Have you a good cook?" "Yes."

"Fortunate." "Not a bit of it."

"Why?" "Her cooking isn't."

## What He Saved.

"Uncle, did you ever stroll down Broadway?"

"Never." "You have missed half of your life."

"Well, I didn't miss my pocket-book."

Keeps Her Busy.

"Does that girl ever do anything?" "I should say so. She is the busiest creature I know."

"What does she do?" "She is a regular little flirt."

## PERT PARAGRAPHS.

No. Evelyn, neighbor and nuisance aren't always synonymous.

Hope is an excellent stimulant, but to be effective there must be something for it to stimulate.

People who can't keep their hands off our belongings can't by any stretch of the imagination be called handy people.

When people agree to disagree they are compelled to come to terms.

It is possible to meet your doctor on friendly terms, but almost impossible to think well of your dentist.

A stitch in time saves a lot of gait.

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