THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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UNION LABEL TRADES COUNCIL ROCK ISLAND

Wednesday, September 15, 1909.

Here's wishing President Taft a pleasant journey all around the 13,000 mile circle he is just entering upon.

Why curl up in despair at the sight of a yellow leaf when the swimming is still good? asks the Quincy Journal.

The New York World says that in time, perhaps, the expression "I'm from Missouri" may be superceded by "Produce your Eskimos."

Judging from the social festivities planned in honor of Taft, the president is not likely to die of hunger or thirst during his transcontinental trip.

Friends of King Menelik complain that he is the most henpecked monarch in the world. They fail to mention the name of the runner-up.

President Taft will be in Chicago tomorrow. In view of the big trip ahead of him, he will act the part of prudence if he puts his spending money in his sock while in the windy city. Otherwise, he may be "broke" right at the start.

From Candidate Cooke's acceptance speech: "The arguments for a bi-partisan bench are more numerous and of more weight than those for bi-partisan appointive boards. The supreme court deals finally with the most sacred rights of the people and declares finally what the law is by which we must all be governed. That court must be above suspicion and beyond cause for criticism. It would be exceedingly unfortunate to have its composition overwhelmingly partisan."

The Grand Old Man.

Colonel William R. Morrison, the grand old man of Illinois, yesterday celebrated his 85th birthday anniversary at his old home in Waterloo, which was his birthplace and has been his residence ever since. He was in public life for many years and his career was marked with probity and honor. He served in the Mexican war under General Zachary Taylor, and was stumping the state of Illinois for Douglas in 1852. He was in the state legislature in 1854, and during the civil war was colonel of the 49th infantry. He was a member of the memorable electoral commission of 1876 and voted for Tilden for president.

In congress he was the author of the Morrison tariff bill, which was a measure of horizontal reduction. He has been the choice of the democracy of Illinois for the senate and the presidency and he would have adorned either office with independence and integrity.

McClure Asks No Republican Votes.

No republican need to worry over a feeling that he might be expected to vote for Milton McClure for party reasons.

McClure is not asking republican votes.

He says this himself.

Read this from McClure's speech of acceptance, printed in the Quincy Whig Sept. 4:

"No man should be elected judge because he is a democrat or because he is a republican. * * * Let the merits of the candidates for judicial office, particularly, be compared without reference to politics. * * *"

And read this from McClure's letter accepting the nomination, printed in the Chicago Record-Herald Sept. 7:

"I shall ask no voter to cast his ballot for me solely because I am a republican. * * *"

If these deliberate public statements by Milton McClure, as a candidate for judge of the supreme court, do not clearly and definitely release all republican voters from any party obligations to support Mr. McClure, then the English language has no meaning.

In accordance with Mr. McClure's publicly expressed wish, all the republican voters in the Fourth judicial district are absolutely at liberty to disregard their party affiliation in this judicial election.

Still Vigorous.

Thoughtless people sometimes are inclined to lament the decline of human physical vigor, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. They claim to believe that the race of Americans, for instance, has grown weak and flabby since the days of the pioneers. They argue that between the frontiersman and his grandson, who perhaps sells ribbon behind a department store counter, there lies the difference between a race of stalwart men and a race of weaklings.

To such shallow reasoners the story of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook's triumph, of the Wright brothers' repeated victories over the most intractable of elements, of the intrepid actions of Captain Chandler, of Lieutenant Lahm and other young army officers active in aeronautics, must come as something of a shock. Their philosophy makes no place for such everyday heroes. Their theory is hopelessly shattered.

The truth is, these and hundreds of other examples show that the human race, American with the rest, has lost little in daring, in ability and willingness to endure physical hardship, in Spartan courage to face death for a cause. The old vigor persists, asking but the opportunity to burst forth into splendid achievement Peary, Cook, the Wrights, Chandler and others of their kind give the lie to those who believe the race is decadent.

The Colonial Delusion.

It has been more than 11 years since a United States fleet under Admiral Dewey took forcible possession of the Philippine islands, and nearly that length of time since our government, by treaty and by purchase, was ceded the islands by Spain and began the process of "benevolent assimilation." By taking these islands from Spain the United States adopted the colonial plan of governing a people without their consent, a principle antagonistic to democratic ideas and to our form of government. The Philippines were made ours for such purposes as congress sees fit, but in the 10 years no administration has yet dared to render an accurate account of the outlay made necessary by its foreign conquests.

For the first time since Spain parted with its possessions in the West Indies and in the Philippines and set about straightening the affairs of its own household, it has been lured into foreign adventures and is paying the fearful penalties of waster resources and civil discontent, as it is being steadily drawn deeper into the Morocco campaign. It is spending millions of money and sacrificing thousands of its citizens in fighting for possession of a strip of Moorish country which it has held as a colony.

Germany spent tens of millions fighting the savage tribesmen of southwest Africa, and when the semblance of peace was restored was able to count only a few hundred German settlers in the whole extent of the colony. France has not yet stopped to reckon the cost of penetrating the Soudan and beating the Moors of the west coast into subjection.

Everywhere the story of colonial extension repeats the same details of the wholesale waste of blood and taxes.

It was a sad day for our country when the colonial delusion took possession of the federal administration and our legislators.

HOYT'S NEW POST.

Former Solicitor General Now Counselor of the State Department.

A new and most important government office, that of counselor of the state department, was filled recently by the appointment to this post of Henry Hoyt, ex-solicitor general. The new counselor of the department will deal with all the large legal questions

HENRY HOYT.

and will have especial supervision over the negotiations of treaties. The important Japanese treaty is to be entered into within the next two years, and Mr. Hoyt will devote himself largely to the framing of this measure.

After completing his public school education in Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he was born fifty-three years ago, Mr. Hoyt entered Yale university and graduated with honors. He then attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he took up the study of law. He practiced in Pittsburg for some time and in 1883, through his father, ex-Governor H. M. Hoyt, was made assistant cashier of the United States National bank in New York. In 1886 he went to Philadelphia as treasurer of the Investment company, but resigned later and resumed his law practice.

Mr. Hoyt entered the office of Judge Shiras in 1890 and later became a partner of Colonel Dechert. In 1897 he was appointed assistant attorney general of the United States and later became solicitor general. His father was governor of Pennsylvania in 1879-83.

Both President Taft and Secretary Knox are delighted that they have been able to secure the services of Mr. Hoyt for the position to give the new office a proper dignity from the start.

Quite a Mistake.

A lady visitor at Blackpool was bathing and was on the point of drowning when a boatman, who is a local wag, went to her assistance. Later in the day he called where she was staying and saw a gentleman who, seeing the lady in difficulties, had offered £20 to any one who would rescue the lady. This conversation took place:

Boatman—I am the man who saved the lady, sir, and I thought I'd call and see about the £20.

The Gentleman—Y-e-s, I know, but when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was in danger, and it turned out it was my wife's mother.

Boatman—Just my luck! Well, sir, how much do I owe you?—London Tit-Bits.

MARTYR OF PEARY'S TRIP.

Cornell Professor Only Man to Lose His Life on Journey.

Professor Ross Gilmore Marvin of Cornell, the only man to lose his life during the Peary expedition to the north pole, was the first assistant to Commander Peary and chief scientist of the expedition. He was drowned on April 10 forty-five miles north of Cape Columbia while in command of the supporting party.

Professor Marvin was a young man—less than thirty years old. He was born in Elmira, N. Y. When he was less than ten years old his father, Edward Marvin, then city overseer of the poor, died, leaving a widow and five children, of whom Ross was the youngest.

Ross Marvin after a course in the Elmira high school worked his way through Cornell university, taking up classics and later a course in civil engineering. He displayed a retentive mind and an indomitable courage and spirit.

Ross Marvin's courage and scholarship attracted the attention of the faculty, and when Commander Peary in arranging his expedition to the arctic four years ago asked Cornell to lend him a vigorous man to collect scientific data there was no hesitancy in selecting Marvin, who was able, ready and willing for the adventure.

After his return in 1906 he remained on the instructing staff of Cornell university, and, realizing the value to the scientific world of the work being done by arctic expeditions, that institution had generously granted him leave of absence to accompany Commander Peary once more and continue the valuable work already under way.

MAY MAKE PEARY ADMIRAL.

Advance In Naval Rank Urged by Polar Explorer's Friends.

Commander Robert E. Peary's discovery of the north pole has aroused his friends to urge that he be promoted to the rank of rear admiral.

Commander Peary is not an officer of the line of the navy, but a civil engineer with the rank of commander. Not only is there no vacancy in the list of rear admirals, but Commander Peary is far down in the list of precedence and would have to pass through the rank of captain before he could be made an admiral.

It is, of course, possible that congress will see fit to create an additional rear admiral and confer the rank and title on Commander Peary, but it is generally believed that if this additional distinction is conferred on him it will be only by executive action.

"U" IS THE SHORTEST.

Island Off the Coast of Korea Bears the Littlest Name.

The new list of names adopted by the United States geographic board contains the shortest geographical name on record, it being U, which is an island east of Quelpart island, on the southern coast of Korea. It used to be "in the olden days" that the river Po, in Italy, had the distinction of having the shortest geographical name on record, but it will be seen that U goes it one better.

CAPT. ARCHIBALD W. BUTT

Military Aid to President Taft, Whom He Will Accompany on the Coming Swing Through the States.

The Argus Daily Short Story

An Impromtu Wedding—By Hope Daring.

An automobile stopped before Los Olives, the country home of the Hunters. Mrs. Joyce Hunter rose and went out on the veranda to meet the young couple who were ascending the steps.

"Did you enjoy your ride, Carol, sweetheart?"

"Oh, it was divine! Paradise can be no fairer than San Gabriel valley in early April. The fragrance of the orange groves is overpowering, and their fences are wreathed with roses. Why, I never dreamed there were so many roses in all the world! The mesa is a flame of red-gold poppies, the rosy mist of the apricot orchard slopes up to the gray green of the olive wood and—Joyce, what is it?"

"What is it, Joyce?" repeated Ronald Strang, Carol's companion.

"It is not the poetry our dear little brown eyed maid has been talking,

SHE TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND READ ALOUD.

Carol, there is a telegram from your Uncle James."

"A telegram!" cried both Carol and Roland in one breath.

"A telegram, my children. I know it is from him, as he sent one to Harry, asking that if you were absent from Los Olives it might be forwarded to you. He must have sent it as soon as he received the letters telling of your engagement."

Carol sank down upon one of the porch chairs. Her fingers trembled as they unwound the mass of chiffon in which her head and neck had been swathed.

"No, Joyce," she cried, as her hostess turned away. "There is no use bringing the message. I know that it forbids my marriage to Ronald, so I will not read it."

Ronald Strang straightened his broad shoulders. "Let us read the thing and have it over with. What if he does withhold his consent? Carol, surely you will not give me up at the command of an uncle and a guardian?"

The girl threw out her hands with a despairing gesture. "When papa was dying I promised him that I would never disobey Uncle James."

"The old tyrant! What reason can he give for refusing us his blessing? I know I am not worthy of you. No man is. I am a decent sort as men go. I love you to distraction, and I've plenty of money to give you everything you want."

"You don't know Uncle James. For one thing he will say you are a Californian. Then I have known you only since my arrival here to visit Joyce, two months ago. He will declare that I am too young and silly. There is no use talking, Ronald, if I ever marry you it must be before I read the telegram."

There was a moment's silence. The mind of each one of the trio was grappling with the same question. It was Ronald who spoke first.

"You blessed archangel! Do you mean tomorrow? You will never regret it, Carol."

"Tomorrow!" and Joyce Hunter threw back her head. "Tomorrow may be too late. The dragon uncle may arrive before then. It must be tonight. Here comes Harry, my own liege lord and master born, and he is the best hand at arrangements."

Carol began to sob. "Yes, I love you, Ronald, but I—I want a wedding. It may be my only chance."

"You precious lamb!" Mrs. Hunter smoothed Carol's disordered sunny hair with one hand while she beckoned to her husband with the other. "You shall have a wedding, a full grown one. Let me see. It is 3 o'clock, and we can't have the wedding later than 9. Six hours is rather a short time, but things grow rapidly in California. And that telegram shall not be read until the wedding is over."

That was a busy afternoon not only for the inmates of Los Olives, but also for all who lived in the other half dozen country houses near by. Telephones and automobiles were pressed into service. Joyce asked her neighbors to give her their flowers and their time, to lend her their servants, the contents of their refrigerators and any other thing that they might have which could be utilized for a wedding.

The call was met gladly. It was not only that the colony had many things in common, but the merry little eastern girl had won all hearts. It would be delightful to have her safely married to one of their number.

"Pray don't ask me to waste my breath telling you why," Joyce gasped. "Explanation will come in due time. A little lower, Carrie, please. Now, Maggie, remember that you are to run into Los Angeles and bring out the Rev. Alexander Hunt, who is to perform the ceremony; ten yards of No. 7 white satin ribbon, a corkscrew and a freezer full of ice cream."

The arrangements were completed. Just as the clock in the hall struck 9 some one struck up a wedding march, and the bridal couple descended the stairs. The front parlor was a bower of white, golden centered Cherokee roses. Long sprays of them made an arch on that side of the room where the clergyman stood waiting, and the carpet was strewn with snowy petals for Carol's white satin slippers to tread upon.

The bride was arrayed in a dainty white frock that had come home from the dressmaker only the day before. She wore her mother's pearls on her neck and arms, orange blossoms in her belt and Mrs. Lankard's wedding veil. The girl's face was pale, but her eyes were clear and steady. The young couple had no attendants. Harry gave the bride away, and Joyce hovered near, satisfaction and anxiety curiously blended upon his face.

As soon as congratulations were over the wedding dinner was served. The menu was not along the conventional lines of wedding dinners, but its excellency was surprising to the masculine part of the company.

"The fish the Gardeners sent up from San Diego for our Sunday dinner is excellent, is it not?" Mrs. Duke asked of her next door neighbor.

"Indeed it is. Was it not fortunate that both Carrie and I planned to have fruit salad for dinner tonight?"

The dinner was hurried a little as the newly wedded pair were to motor into town. That would enable them to take a boat the next morning for Santa Catalina island, where their honeymoon was to be spent. While Carol and Ronald were upstairs changing their clothes the Hunters told the story of the telegram.

"Here, Carol! You must read your uncle's message before you start; you really must, dear," Joyce cried as the bride descended the stairs, arrayed in her navy blue traveling suit.

"Very well. Nothing matters now," Carol said with a fond look at Ronald.

She tore open the envelope and read aloud:

New York, April 4.

My consent and blessing. Shall I come on for the wedding?

JAMES WHITE.

Frog Industry In France.

It is in France that the frog was first generally used for food, and it is in that country that the industry of frog farming has been most largely developed. The green frog exists abundantly throughout France wherever there are marshes, ponds or sedgy margins of rivers or bays that contain fresh or slightly brackish water.

The best outfit for frog raising is one or more shallow ponds or reservoirs filled with grasses and other water plants. It should be so situated that the water can be partially drawn off so as to facilitate the labor of catching. If, as is often the case, the pond already abounds in frogs they are simply protected and left for a year or two to propagate. If food does not prove abundant the owner throws in live earthworms, as the frog is a carnivorous animal and prefers the food, whether worms, larvae or insects, fresh and in normal living condition. If no frogs exist in the water they are planted, either living or in the form of eggs, which hatch when the water becomes warm, in April.—Popular Mechanics.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

OFTEN the man who is fertile in expedients demands that he be furnished with a horde of slaves to put them into practice.

Faith in yourself is one of the best permanent investments that you can make.

Many a woman fractures the peace of her family while she is preserving fruit.

Probably the world can wag without us, but most of us would vote not to permit it to so strain itself.

The things that we don't know aren't apt to prove active influences in our lives anyway.

A girl's ability to make bread has nothing to do with the color of her eyes or the dimple that isn't in her chin.

Sometimes sympathy helps and sometimes it saves its pocketbook.

We all have a lot of useless experience that we go about with vainly endeavoring to turn into an asset.

Annual Call.

You there
On the job,
Oyster, dear?
September,
You notice,
Is here,
And you
Are in style
For awhile,
So we smile
As we order
A few
In a stew
Or a fry
To supply
The burning,
Intense yearning
That ice cream
And summer drinks
Couldn't satisfy.
We don't know why
You're not good
In July,
June and May,
But
It's your way.
There may be reasons,
Perhaps if the man
Who named the seasons
Had slipped in an "r"
On the sly
And called them
Mary, Jrune
And Jurly
We might be eating you
Clear
Through for twelve
Months in the year.
But still
We're thankful for the nine.
Fine
Business.
Who said "Oysters?"

We Don't Believe This Happened.

"Now," said the lady who gossips, "I am going to tell you something. But you must remember that it was told to me in confidence, and you mustn't repeat it."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Sweet, "it would be better for you not to tell me."

"Why not?" was the query in astonishment.

"If a lady of your self command can't keep from divulging it I shouldn't like to trust myself with it."

They Do Fall Off Bicycles.

Willie—Say, pa, is the earth round like a ball?

Pa—Yes, Willie.

Willie—And does people live on the other side of it?

Pa—Certainly, my son.

Willie—Why don't they fall off?

See?

"Hear him praise himself."

"That's all right. He is a benefactor of his race."

"How do you make that out?"

"If he were to bribe any one to do it for him he would be causing his brother to do wrong."

The Reason Why.

Mrs. Golightly—If you want to go on the stage, my dear, why don't you get a divorce from old Moneyburn as a means to the end?

Mrs. Moneyburn—Because unfortunately that would be an end to the means.

The Uncertain Future.

He—My darling, I always feel like taking off my shoes when I enter your sacred presence.

"Well, I would rather you did it now than after we are married."

With Her Eyes Open.

"But she married with her eyes open, did she not?"

"Well, she knows who were at her wedding and how they were dressed."

Sure Reminder.

"I hadn't seen him for twenty years."

"Did you know him?"

"Right away."

"How much money did he owe you?"

Excellent Reason.

"You naughty boy, why did you fight Willie?"

"'Cause I can lick him."