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 ROCK ISLAND

Thursday, September 16, 1909.

Out upon the wine rooms, the curse of any community.

The New York Tribune says Battle Harbor is appropriately named for Arctic explorers.

The sheriff has again started a crusade against gamblers and confidence men. Let the move be sincere and persistent.

The farther west President Taft gets the more difficult will he find the task of attempting to vindicate Senator Nels Aldrich.

President Taft is on a tariff tour, but the government pays the tariff on the tour, which, by the way, is all right in this instance.

The strains of travel will not tax the energies of President Taft half as much as his attempt to explain away the tariff legislation.

There is nothing too good for the president of the United States. Everybody hopes the best in the land will be the portion of Tourist Taft.

The wives of the two explorers, Cook and Peary, have taken up the rapier in behalf of their respective husband achievements. Some efforts should be made to keep them apart.

Pastor Russell of Brooklyn says the millenium will arrive in 2914. With the price of food stuffs steadily increasing, it is going to cost some of us quite an account to hang around until that time.

The Cook-Peary controversy has stirred up no end of commotion in scientific circles, and now the scientists are to decide who is the whole show. Harry Thaw has had so much experience with experts that he might be in position to point out who is the real article.

Some schoolboys of Denver are going to appeal to the courts for a "vindication of their natural and inalienable right to be enrolled in the ancient and honorable fraternity of Alpha Sigma Sigma." There ought to be a spanking machine connected with the Denver courts.

Now, it is being said that Miss Elkins is trifling with the duke of Abruzzi, and the fate of the duke rests in her hands as the royal family have withdrawn their objections. Perhaps after all this talk Miss Elkins has more common American sense than the paragraphers have given her credit for having.

Thanks to the "cooperation of large interests, there has been no Harriman panic." The market in this case was "supported" in a good cause. But the lesson of the exhibition of financial power to sustain prices will not be lost. If it is possible to manipulate the market for one purpose, it is equally possible to manipulate it for another.

When President Taft travels through the west he will be warmly welcomed everywhere. The west always honors the chief magistrate. But he must not mistake the plaudits for endorsement of the iniquitious Aldrich tariff or his signature thereto. Mr. Taft will find, although the loyal west applands the president of the United States, it does not approve of the increase tariff taxation of the west for the profit of the eastern mills.

A Chicago woman is sueing a Michigan attorney, who is said to be a bachelor and a woman hater, for $50,000 for breach of promise. She is fortified with 450 love letters, a diamond ring and other proof. No matter how much of a woman hater a man may profess himself to be he generally has a soft spot in his nature somewhere, and it generally crops out after an endeavor to squirm out of clandestine romance and then the woman has a chance to make a fool out of him by dragging him into the courts and publishing his ardent professions of love to the world.

Anna Held's Warning.

Considering that Anna Held has become famous by the exhibition of her faultless form as near to nature as theh law allows and that her plays depend for their success largely upon the suggestiveness of the situations and the raciness of the dialogue, it seems rather odd that she should warn girls of the dangers of stage life. The very things that she encourages by her own acting she deplores by her words in an interview upon her arrivel in New York from Europe this week. It may be that she fears that some more perfect female form divine and more daring soubrettes may supplant her. At all events, her practice so differs from the preaching that one cannot but wonder whether there is not some sinister motive in it. This is what she said:

"Young women, unless they are possessed of the greatest talent, should let the stage alone—because those without great talent will get along, if they do get along at all, only at the expense of their innocence and their good names.

"Why, there are five theatres in New York, controlled, indeed owned, by millionaires, and these men have all the privileges of the stage during rehearsals and performances. Their object when they prowl about behind the scenes is obvious. A girl with a pretty face is soon at their mercy."

Whiskers and Germs.

According to press dispatches the city of Allegheny is deodorizing and disinfecting the beards of all its sages. The object is to kill germs, especially those of scarlet fever.

When the health department announced that Allegheny whiskers must be cleansed the smooth shaven men looked on thhe order as a joke. The wearers of beards regarded it as an insult.

"It is neither an insult nor a joke," says Police Superintendent McLaughlin. "Last summer a great many scarlet fever cases were discovered in families in which one or more persons wore long beards.

"A solution of bichloride of mercury destroys all germs which may be lurking in those whiskers; so the health inspectors are supplying the bearded continengt with bottles of the preparation and requesting them to use it. In a few days the inspectors will call again to see that their orders are complied with."

The solution is prepared by City Bacteriologist R. G. Burns. Though it is highly perfumed, the bearded citizens do not take kindly to its use, and a number say flatly that they will defy the health department.

This Election as a Precedent.

The election which takes place on the 25th of this month for judge of the supreme court, will be of great importance as a precedent.

There is a vital principle involved in this election.

If the voters of this district decide in favor of keeping our state supreme court on a bi-partisan basis, that decision will have much weight in elections in other supreme court districts in this state.

Such a decision by this district would have a wholesome influence throughout the entire state—and in other states as well.

It is to be hoped sincerely, that for the credit of this district, the voters will decide in favor of keeping the supreme court bi-partisan.

For, let professional politicians say what they may to the contrary, the idea of keeping a political balance in our supreme court is a correct idea.

To approve of the proposition to make our supreme court entirely, or overwhelmingly, republican, would be a great mistake from all points of view.

For this to be done would be most regrettable.

To fill our supreme court with judges from one party alone, might easily work grave complications in our state; while unwise and unfair action would be sure to create distrust of the court politically by a large proportion of the people of Illinois.

And in the end, such an unwise policy would be sure to hurt the political party which made the court to consist overwhelmingly of judges of one party.

All citizens of the district who oppose this unwise and unfair policy of making the court consist of judges from one party, should not only vote for George A. Cook; they should assist his candidacy in every other way possible.

FREE TRADE MAKES ENGLAND SHIPBUILDER OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page One.)

is it not good for a housebuilder also to be able to buy his materials at the lowest possible figure? Not only is the shipbuilding industry flourishing in Great Britain because of the advantage of cheap raw materials, but likewise is machinery manufactures flourishing, the cotton manufacturing industry, the woolen manufacturing industry, the boot and shoe manufacturing industry, the machinery manufacturing industry, and likewise tool making, furniture manufactures, paper making, glove making, hat making, and the manufacture of hosiery.

Increases Own Tonnage.

Not only does cheap shipbuilding materials enable Great Britain to build more ships than all the rest of the world, but each year increase its shipbuilding tonnage. Not only does cheap material enable the United Kingdom to build its own ships, but to build ships for the high protection countries. This greater-than-all-the-rest-of-the-world capacity would not only be a great advantage to Great Britain in time of war, but gives employment to thousands of workmen in time of peace.

Between 1900 and 1906 there were launched from British shipbuilding yards vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 6,725,680, of which 6,341,774 represented steam tonnage. (In freight carrying capacity steam tonnage may be reckoned as three times sailing vessel tonnage.) Of the 6,347,774 steam tonnage, 1,274,651 tons were built for foreign nations, and no less than 5,067,137 tons were absorbed into the British merchant fleet. During the same seven years England built warships for foreign countries of 43,618 tons in all.

Sells Old Ships.

Besides the sale of new ships to foreign nations, Great Britain each year sells them at a very large tonnage of its old ships, the proceeds of which do not appear in its trade returns, though the amount is considerable. In the three years 1904 to 1906, such sales amounted to a tonnage of 205,365 of sailing vessels and 649,693 of steam vessels. Great Britain thus keeps her fleet up to date by the substitution of new tonnage for old, about one-third of the ships so sold having been 20 years or more in British service. Great Britain's mercantile marine has been for the most part rebuilt during the past ten years.

Under protection, the shipbuilding industry in the United States has practically been destroyed, at least so far as the building of ships for foreign trade is concerned. In 1906, the United States turned out only two 6,000 ton ships for foreign trade. Great Britain built 815 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 1,800,000.

Shipbuilder Explained Reason.

President Oriott of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock company explained the reason of British supremacy in shipbuilding a few years ago when testifying before the United States commission of mercantile marine, as follows:

"There is a difference of about 40 per cent (in the cost of shipbuilding) on account of the tariff. Because everything in the way of material entering into the construction of a ship is highly protected here. It is not only the steel that forms the hollow of the vessel that is affected in price; it is every conceivable item that goes into a ship."

Other American shipbuilders made similar statements. In view of such testimony, by what explanation can protectionists account for Great Britain's extraordinary lead in shipbuilding, other than that of free raw materials? And if free raw materials enable Great Britain to build more ships than the combined shipyards of all the rest of the world, is it not reasonable to anticipate that a revision downward on shipbuilding materials would be a God-send to the paralyzed shipbuilding industry of the United States?

A. PIATT ANDREW

The New Director of the Mint.

The Argus Daily Short Story

One August Night—By Virginia Leila Wentz.

It had been an unusually oppressive day even for August. Every one seemed sleepy or sleeping. Cobblers slept with half mended boots in their laps; Italian women slept at their fruit stands with sleeping babies at their breasts; horses trotted conscientiously along in front of sleeping drivers.

In the department store where Antona Wheaton worked the day had been difficult, especially behind the stuffy corner where she measured out ribbons. And, oh, what a godsend the loud sounding bell at 6 had been! Most of the girls in the store were city bred, and they accepted the conditions of August philosophically, but Antona Wheaton had come from a fresh little country town in the west, and as she leaned from her boarding house window—the third floor hall room, back—a few minutes before going down to dinner it seemed to her that she was locked in a place of torment from which no escape was possible.

They dined at 7 in Mrs. Brown's boarding house. In the half hour that Antona had been home she had taken a sponge bath, brushed her silky, flaxen hair and changed her black alpaca dress for a simple white muslin. As she leaned out of the window from the open space beside the storage house in the rear she could see the dust carts roll down the streets. The whisking of their big rotary brooms reminded the country bred girl of large turkey gobblers sweeping the earth with disdainful, proud wings. The open space faced the west, and, resting her little oval checks in her hands, Antona could see that the sun was doing its best to set with some sort of rightful beauty, even in this homely downtown section.

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles"—

Antona was speaking to herself in a reprehensible fashion that was growing on her, trying to recall some verses which Francis Logan had quoted to her one sunset time down on the Battery. She had fancied she could remember them, they were so simple and lovely.

Just then Mrs. Brown's cracked dinner bell rang.

Across the long, narrow table Francis Logan glanced at Antona with something like a lump born of a big, protective instinct rising in his throat. Every vestige of fresh country rose bloom had fled from the girl's sweet face, and in the intervals when she fancied she was not observed the young fellow's alert eye noticed that black lashes rested heavily against her cheek as would those of one who is overweary.

Antona's weariness struck home perhaps because of contrast. Francis himself was more than usually happy that night.

The big importing house where he was employed had that very morning sent a note to his desk informing him that his salary had been increased some $10 a month. His dear mother, over in Devonshire, had just written him that a relative had left her an unexpected little legacy. Altogether the world was going well with Francis Logan.

"You look pleased, Mr. Logan," observed Mrs. Brown from her accustomed seat at the head of the table. "Ah, I remember—this is your favorite soup!"

For five years now young Logan had been an inmate of Mrs. Brown's establishment without having ever changed his seat at table or his room. Naturally Mrs. Brown sought to ingratiate herself with him.

"Why, my dear," she had exclaimed once to Antona in a burst of enthusiasm, "he knows all the poets by heart. He sees only the best plays, even though it may be from gallery seats. He knows all the finest pictures up in the Metropolitan. He has what they call an 'artistic' taste too. My lands, you should hear him notice the sunset at the end of a narrow city street or a tiny flower out in the park or"—

"Yes, I know," said Antona impulsively, for once coming out of her reserve. "He's pure gold—that's what he is!"

"Huh! 'Gold?'" Mrs. Brown had retorted disdainfully. "None o' your pretty, soft yellow stuff for him. He's good, solid, practical steel, if any one asked me. Don't you forget it, Miss Wheaton. And if you could be fortunate enough to tie up to him"—

Mrs. Brown had broken off abruptly at a flash from Miss Wheaton's eye. One dared not presume too far with Miss Wheaton, in spite of the silky, flaxen hair and the childish dimples, as many of the young men in the department store had found out.

"If only they could be a little more like Mr. Logan!" Antona had more than once found herself commenting as she pinned up her colored bolts. "He is the soul of honor, and I—I don't know what I'd do without him."

"Had a stroke of luck today, little girl." Logan waylaid Antona as she was going upstairs after the scanty saucer of raspberries, made purple with milk, had been eaten. "I want you to come out tonight and help me celebrate—if you'll do me the honor."

A little later, from the basement dining room window, Mrs. Brown, who was arranging her cloth for the next morning's breakfast, watched them go up the street together. Antona, in her simple white muslin, wore a nodding spray of pink roses at her waist. As they walked toward the west the young fellow's eyes were fastened adoringly upon her.

"Guess they'll hit it off all right," commented Mrs. Brown as she went on refilling the porcelain saltcellars.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Francis as they walked toward the cars. "We'll go out to Riverside drive and sit there for awhile till the night gets cooler; then we'll go to some big uptown restaurant and order some ice cold chicken salad."

"Oh," broke in Antona in economic defense, "I'd just as lief go to a drug store and have some nice soda."

"Now, don't you bother about the expense, little one," said Francis gayly. "As I said, I've had a rare stroke of luck today, and when we get out on one of those cool benches on the drive I'm going to tell you about it." Also he determined resolutely to himself he would tell her something else. She needed to be petted and taken care of.

The car ride to the river was long. The sun glow had faded entirely out of the west and the gray veil that spread between the night and day was already beginning to be pricked by the city's innumerable lights when finally they reached the drive and leaned over the stone wall that edged it. The Palisades on the opposite shore cast huge black shadows upon the water. Near by a yacht or two were at anchor. Silently, mysteriously, their lights came up, one by one. Over on the Jersey shore a big building which by day showed itself to be an unsightly factory now took on the majesty of a mediaeval castle.

"See the turrets and spires," said Francis, calling Antona's attention to it. "Do you know the story of the Lady of Shalott?" he added. "She lived in a grand castle—we'll pretend that's it," he nodded toward the factory—"and from the highest window she watched her lover, Sir Launcelot, going by, and she drifted down the river to find him. We'll pretend this is the river, and—dear little Lady of Shalott, will you let me be your Sir Launcelot? I love you and want you to marry me and let me take care of you. Surely, little one, you are so fragile and sweet you need to be taken care of. Will you?"

The girl's eyes as he spoke were distant. All the yellow lights on the yachts seemed to be swinging themselves together.

* * * * * * *

"Just look at my hair, Francis," Antona was saying twenty minutes later, with a shy note of laughter.

"I'm looking at it, dear," said Francis oddly, with something like a catch in his rich young voice. "And just to think I'm going to have it to look at all my life!"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

BEFORE AND AFTER.

You can't in every instance tell
Just how a gentleman will act
Before he takes his office on
And is elected for a fact.
His promises look fine and fair
As presents on the Christmas tree.
But practice when he gets the power
With promises may not agree.

When he is running for the place
His hand is like a garden pump.
His words of honey have a taint
When he is talking from the stump.
And everything seems on the square
When he is spouting in a hall,
But when he lands the easy job
Quite likely he forgets it all.

He wants to turn the rascals out
And give the honest men a chance—
That is, if you can take his word,
The burden of his song and dance.
Then when he sits in places high
And hails the speaker from the floor
In very many cases he
Out-rascals those who went before.

The voter has an awful time
In governing his native land,
In picking winners from the list
Who for the right will always stand.
So many men are candidates
Who for the places are not fit,
No wonder that the man who votes
So often makes a mess of it.

Short Cut.

A large, portly person, starting to come down a long flight of stone steps in front of his residence, stepped on a banana peel and made connection with the sidewalk below in less time than it takes to tell it. As he picked himself up, suppressing a groan, a kind hearted neighbor came running to get the first report on the killed and wounded.

"Are you hurt much?" he asked, with some solicitude.

"Hurt! Why should I be hurt?"

"Didn't you just tumble downstairs?"

"Tumble nothing! That is the way I always come down when I am in a hurry." And he stamped off down the street.

Overlooked Nothing.

"I can't do business with him."

"Why not?"

"Too grasping."

"Tries to hog it all?"

"Worse than that. When I asked him to lend me his ear he wanted me to pay rent for it."

Evening Up Things.

A heart that is light
And a wad that is tight
Can seldom get on together,
For the light heart, perverse,
Shakes up the old purse
Until it can slip its tether.

Couldn't Help It.

"I notice you wrote a testimonial for Scraggs' Sure Shot Pills telling of a remarkable cure."

"Sure. They paid me $2 for that."

"But nothing ailed you."

"That was why the cure was so easy."

Lost the Combination.

"How many stops are on that organ?"

"Not any, I think."

"There must be."

"Then the girl doesn't know how to work them, for she never stops."

Making Him Useful.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
He asked it of a lady plump.
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
"You may stay at home and work the pump."

Unsympathizing.

"I met a holdup man last night," said Alwaze Hardup to a friend who had stood for many a touch.

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the friend.

"Oh, he didn't hurt me!"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of you," returned the friend.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It does seem that two heads can sometimes be much emptier than one.

The weather is one thing that is always laying itself open to remark.

Probably the reason some men do not carry insurance is because they know that they are too busy to die.

The men who drown trouble harvest a new crop at the obsequies of the old.

Anyway, he is a clever man who gets pleasure out of the money he hasn't got.

The things that wait around the corner for you are most apt to be the things that you are fondly yearning to pass up.

Money is a good thing to have, and if you haven't it it is a good thing to get.

Bashfulness that is never in evidence necessarily means to pardon our unbelief in its existence.

Many women regard a husband as a useful article to have about the house.