THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL ROCK ISLAND

Friday, December 24, 1909.

Christmas eve.

Be good to the poor.

A Merry Christmas to all.

P. T. Barnum told us the truth about ourselves, but it remained for Cook to rub it in.

Doctors may say what they please about the "bacteria in a handshake." The handshake is here to stay.

It is said that the Eskimo equivalent for "liar" is shag-la-hoo-tl. The English word is shorter, but not so ugly.

Speaker Cannon is finding his position embarrassing to him. It has embarrassed the country for a considerable time.

Speaking of the color line, natives of the Solomon islands in the Pacific are killing white men who marry dusky women.

Owing to the operations of the coal barons, a five-pound box of coal will in a few years become a splendid Christmas present.

It will take the new king of Belgium a long time to accumulate as voluminous and variegated a record as that of his predecessor.

How much of the $3,000,000 left by King Leopold was tainted money the will doesn't say. Evidently it pays to be a king if one has a good side line.

After the latest revelations about Dr. Cook, can you really blame Peary, who knew the facts, for warning the world at the outset to look out for him?

Don't worry about Commander Peary proving his claim to actual discovery of the north pole, Admiral Schley. He'll be there with the goods when the time comes.

The newspaper is a medium indispensible to advertisers because of its wide and repeating circulation. As a promoter of trade and profit newspaper advertising is no longer an open question—that is, when done in a practical and intelligent manner, and through mediums of general and established circulation. This kind of advertising pays because it is effective, and for that reason cheaper.

And Still They Come.

The Hamburg-American liner President Grant, famed as the "prosperity ship" because of bringing in a record number of steerage passengers, warped into its Hoboken pier last week with decks fairly alive with alien travelers. Altogether the steerage was just one short of 3,000, two persons having died on the trip over.

This was said to be the biggest load ever landed here. In the populous steerage were many Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, and a few Italians and Scandinavians. It is said by several of the aliens who spoke English that almost half the total number came from Austria, principally Galicia. The oppressed of the old world are still fleeing to "the land of the free and the home of the brave" with high hopes that they will find here profitable employment and liberty of conscience.

If they come with a purpose to be good, industrious citizens, they will be welcome.

Practical Temperance Work.

It is announced that employes of the railroads controlled by James J. Hill who are known to indulge in the drinking habit, must either drop it or leave the service of these roads. This mandate is in accordance with the course that has been adopted by many of the great transportation lines of the country. Human life is too precious a commodity to be entrusted to men whose nerves may be shaken or whose brains may be fuddled by alcohol. Railway wrecks, even when they do not involve slaughter and maiming, are costly affairs.

For these reasons common carriers are steadily increasing the stringency of their rules against the use of intoxicants by the men whose wages they pay. There seems to be no particular sentiment about this policy. It is not enforced in the name of a higher morality, but as a measure of cold, plain, business sense. Nevertheless, there is ample ground for thinking that its extension is one of the most potent factors now operating to stamp out intemperance and promote sobriety in the United States.

Commission Form of Government in Gloucester.

Mayor Henry A. Parsons and the city commissioners have issued a statement to the voters, reviewing the first year of work in Gloucester under the new commission form of government. The city debt has been reduced $18,000; all bills have been paid; the roads are reported in superior condition, although they have cost $6,000 less than in former years; the bookkeeping methods of the municipality have been better cared for at less expense.

Gloucester and Haverhill are the only two cities in Massachusetts which have as yet adopted the commission plan of government. The new Boston charter is based, however, upon the same principle, namely, the election of only a few important officers, the power being concentrated in the hands of a small number of conspicuous officials.

The voters at election time are thus able to see more clearly what they are doing, and the candidates are made so conspicuous that the chances of a rascal slipping into office are very slim.

The "Money Trust" Has Arrived.

A special New York dispatch to the Chicago Tribune announces the formation of what Wall street itself regards as a money trust.

"So close has become the alliance of the amalgamations of the leading financial interests during the last three months," says the dispatch, "that almost complete control of the country's financial affairs now is lodged in the hands of a few men who are acting in concert." These men are J. Pierpont Morgan, George F. Baker, chairman of the board of directors of the First National bank, James Stillman, chairman of the board of directors of the National City bank, William Rockefeller, vice president of the Standard Oil company, Henry C. Frick, capitalist, and William K. Vanderbilt, representative of his family's interest.

These five men, Morgan at the head of them, absolutely dominate the financial situation in the United States. With the exception of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., bankers of great resources, and the Moore-Reid group of railroad financiers, practically all the great financial and industrial institutions are under the control of the group of five through the system of interlocking boards of directors.

There is not, of course, any definite concrete organization of this latest trust, no legal incorporation, no elected directors, and no list of stockholders. In the descriptive term of Wall street it is "a community of interests." But the trust exists as a vital fact and its power is as great as it would be if a regularly incorporated company.

The formation of such a trust, the bringing together into the hands of one giant intellectual force of the various strings of capital—banks, insurance, railroads, public utilities, industries—was a development long ago foreseen and frequently pointed to as a peril confronting the American nation. It is a most significant fact that the formation of this mighty trust follows immediately upon a financial panic which prostrated the industries of the country for two years. That panic Senator La Follette charged to Wall street, to the Morgan and Standard Oil groups of financiers. They precipitated the panic, La Follette charged—and justly, we believe—with the avowed purpose of insuring against the election of another man such as Roosevelt to the presidency, and with the purpose of so depressing the stock market as to enable them to secure control of great organizations with vast resources.

If we had a different financial system, one that would make impossible inflation of money, we would have no pyramiding of values and no financial crashes. We have such a system because the great minds that have been scheming to secure control of the money of the country have been adroitly inserting in the laws the pegs on which they could hang monopoly.

They will not have finished their work until they have caused the creation of a central bank, controlling every other bank in the country, and acquired control of the central bank. This accomplished, they will have put the apex on their pyramid and will dominate absolutely the capital of the nation.

FIELD OF LITERATURE

The Red Book Magazine for January.—The leading story in The Red Book Magazine for January is a singularly human and appealing tale by Hamlin Garland told in the manner that long since established Mr. Garland in the front rank of America's really great fiction writers. Its title is "A Short Line Romance." A second story turning upon an international marriage is "The Wreath," a powerful specimen of dramatic writing by Gouverneur Morris, whose stories, within the past few years have won him well deserved popularity. A melodrama of Broadway is Horace Hazeltine's story, "The Episode of the Prince's Pearls," and "The Price of Memory," by Mrs. Jacques Futrelle will go straight to the heart of all "young married couples." A story of unusual power and self-sacrifice is "The Higher Duty," by I. A. R. Wylie, and fishermen will be attracted by James J. Carroll's, "an Understudy to Tantalus." Other well known writers who contribute of their best work to The Red Book Magazine for January are W. M. Raine, A. Harold Brown, R. A. Bowen, Michael Williams and Fred Jackson. The latest New York plays are forcefully discussed by Louis V. De Foe, and the issue opens, as usual, with a notable collection of art portrait studies.

MAIL VERY HEAVY

Postoffice Is Experiencing the Heaviest Work in Its History at Present.

EXTRA HELP IS NECESSARY

Express Wagons Used in Making Deliveries Today and Tomorrow—Many Registry Stamps Used.

The Rock Island postoffice is experiencing the heaviest work in several years. The Christmas parcels and letters commenced coming early and the amount has been steadily increasing in the past week. People began to shop early this year and so their packages were mailed early. Most of the outgoing Christmas mail has been sent from the local office and the incoming mail is requiring almost the entire time of the clerks. This will be the case till Christmas and possibly two days following Christmas when it will cease as suddenly as it began. Yesterday, several of the carriers were assisted by a helper and each carried a double load. Even at that it was impossible for some of the carriers to complete more than two trips in the time allotted for the day's work. Today a number of express wagons were pressed into service and with the aid of the vehicles the carriers were able to deliver all of the mail which was on hand. The wagons will be used tomorrow for one delivery.

Are Registering Mail.

Postmaster H. A. J. McDonald stated yesterday afternoon that the receipts from the sale of registry stamps were larger this year than ever before. The people who send valuable presents through the mail at this rush season are evidently learning the value of registering their mail.

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

I met one singing by the way,
Her raiment was not that of gloom—
"'Tis Charity," I heard folk say,
I asked as one pronouncing doom,
"Where is thy robe of hodden gray?"

She answered: "I bring laughter
And love and light and song,
And cheer that follows after
To linger ever long."

"But Charity," I said, "is grim;
She treads with stately, solemn pace;
Her eyes with heavy tears are dim—
How, then, are roses in thy face
And roses on thy bonnet-brim?"

She said: "Nay, I'm gladness
And melody and mirth,
To banish want and sadness
And beautify the earth!"

"Pale Charity tastes tears of salt,"
I urged; "she speaks in sorrow's voice,
And ever pens to find the fault!"—
"Nay," answered she, "I cry, 'Rejoice!'
Unto the lame and blind and halt!

"For know you I am never
From merriment apart;
My feet are timing ever
The music of my heart."
—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

BIG TUBERCULOSIS GIFT

President Ely Whitney Announces Fund From Philanthropist.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 24.—Ely Whitney, president of the New Haven General Hospital society, has announced a gift of $300,000 for the treatment of tuberculosis. The sum presented is believed to be the largest amount ever given to any general hospital for the treatment of a particular disease.

It is understood that the aim of the hospital in accepting the gift and beginning the treatment will be to apply current methods for relieving and curing a disease rather than to pursue original research work in seeking new cures. For the present the name of the donor of the gift will not be made public.

"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not least among the princes of Juda."—Matthew II, 6.

"O, little town of Bethleham, how still we
see thee lie"—
The song brings back the silent peace of
Christmases gone by;
Brings back the olden mystery, and sets
the heart a-thrill
With fancies of the snow-draped firs that
nodded on the hill,
With memories of ruddy lights that night
would find aglow
Which from the cottage windows flung their
banners on the snow.

"Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the
silent stars go by"—
The stars above the little town were very
far and high;
They marched triumphantly from lands
whereof a boy might dream
To other lands that beckoned him with
dawn's enchanting gleam—
But under all the silent stars that marched
from east to west
The little town—the little town—contented,
was at rest.

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth the ever-
lasting light"—
The mellow blaze of memory still leaps
serenely bright
And through its wondrous necromance
the bare trees it illumes
All pink and white are radiant with snowy
apple blooms
Whose petals, when the winter winds the
branches sway and lift,
Float dreamily away, away, to pile in drift
on drift.

"The hopes and fears of all the years are
met in thee tonight"—
Are met in every little town seen in the
Christmas light,
For none of us but muses now, when this
old song is sung,
Of all the blessings that were his when
head and heart were young,
And, miser-like, he counts his store of
treasures, for of them
He builds anew at Christmas time his
"town of Bethlehem."

The Argus Daily Short Story

An Alpine Climber.—By Clara A. Burton.

"An odd New Year's, but a grand one," thought Marcia Wells as she paused for a moment on a spur of the Alps and gazed down upon what seemed the world outspread before her.

Five years she had been traveling now into many remote parts of the world—studying, investigating, exploring—a strong, self confident and courageous girl from the first, and gaining experience and new ambitions with her progress until now, at the end of only five years, she was gaining a reputation as a mountain climber, a student explorer, a writer of travels.

TOLD HIM TO SWING HER GENTLY TO AND FRO.

But there was no exultation in her eyes as they looked out across the world, dwarfed by height and distance.

With the conquering of obstacles was coming a broader, more earnest purpose in life that was above personality, and, moreover, over this day was a shadow that made even the conquering of the great heights of ambition seem trivial and small.

Even as they started up the mountain they had passed a white faced guide with a story of his party being caught by a snowslide and carried over a precipice. He was the only one saved and had been swept many rods down the mountain side and saved himself only at the very brink of the precipice by cutting the connecting rope.

The severed bit of cord still dangled from his waist, overlooked and forgotten in the horror of the catastrophe.

And among the party were friends and acquaintances of Marcia Wells met with on her travels. They had started to climb the very mountain she was going up, and by rapid progress she had hoped to meet them somewhere near the top.

And now all that was left was the guide, stumbling and slipping down the mountain, white faced, hatless and disheveled.

They had listened to his story, their own faces whitening, but nothing could be done, so Marcia Wells had said she would go on and climb the mountain as planned.

They were now more than two-thirds of the way up, and Marcia Wells was standing upon a narrow shelf of the spur, so narrow that only her heels held, with her toes projecting over, but her face was calm and her nerves steady.

Many times had she been in such places before. On either side were the guides, grasping the rope which secured them together and holding it taut to assist her in rounding the almost sheer wall of the spur.

But for a long time she stood there gazing, then slowly, inch by inch, for that was the only way, she continued to edge her way across.

"The signorina would better have taken the other route," the advance guide said anxiously, "and even now it will be easier to go back. This way is shunned even by the more reckless of the guides."

"It is the way the other party went," Marcia answered briefly. "Maybe it was a mistake on their part, but it is too late to change that now. They started this way and were intending to scale the sheer wall beyond, the guide told us. It must have been near here that the slide struck them. Doubtless, from his story, they all perished, but until we have absolute proof to the contrary there is a chance they did not. It is for us to find out. Ah!"

The exclamation was a startled one, and she raised a curved palm above her eyes in quick inquiry and gazed long and earnestly into the depths below.

"Henri," she called quickly, "you and Fritz tighten the rope and hold it firmly against the wall of the rock. I am going to lean out far enough to see over that bulge yonder, and the rope must sustain me."

Both of the guides whitened.

"It may be death," gasped Henri in remonstrance. "It is dangerous as you are now, and if you lean out your heels may slip, and then—and then you will go down and drag us with you. It may be death."

"It may be life for the ten persons the snow carried over. I do not know, but there is the edge of something dark just over the bulge of rock, and I thought I saw it stir. You may hold your knives ready, and if I fall you can cut the rope quickly and save yourselves. Now!"

They pressed the rope sharply against the rock wall behind and braced themselves as firmly as possible to hold it from slipping or swaying. Marcia, without even looking at them again, leaned out, and out, and out, until only the rope sustained her weight, her heels resting against the narrow shelf keeping her in position. Then, after what seemed an endless suspense to the men at the end of the rope, her hand motioned for them to draw her back to her footing.

"Yes, it is the party," she said as she regained her balance, "and some of them are alive. We must go down to them."

"But the rope is not long enough," both guides protested in a breath, "and we cannot"—

"Yes, I think we can," Marcia said, "or at least we can try. There are several fissures large enough for our heels to grasp. One of us will stay here, another be let down to a fissure as far as the rope will reach, and so on. There are three of you guides and myself. Four lengths of the rope will reach down to the party, I think. You have plenty of strong twine, and that can be used to draw the rope up from shelf to shelf as the party are rescued."

"A girl could never draw a heavy body up this wall," fearfully, "and—and if the rope should slip away and be lost"—

"We will take that risk. And I shall be strong enough to draw them up. I have done such things before. Now, Henri," as she worked her way along the shelf to his side and motioned for the other guides to follow, "you will stay here and lower the rest of us to the next fissure, then fasten the twine to the rope and let it down for Fritz to lower Gaspard and myself to the next fissure; then Gaspard will lower me, and I will fasten the rope to some rock projection, or if I cannot find one I will drill a hole in the rock and drive in a spike.

"Then I will go down hand over hand and see if any of the party are able to help themselves.

"If they are, I will climb back to my fissure and draw them up, or perhaps some of them will be able to help me. If not, I will have to go down to fasten each one separately, then climb back and draw him up.

"And, now, mind, all of you," her voice ringing sharp, "there must not be a hand to tremble or an eye to waver. On each of us the lives of all will depend."

"Perhaps one of us men would better go down to the lowest fissure," hesitated Henri.

"No; I will go myself. I can do the work better, I think, and my muscles have been trained for and by such work. It may be the entire party are alive and we can save them all."

They started to follow the plan the girl had laid down. Marcia, having assumed the leadership, naturally took it upon herself to be the first one lowered.

The rope having been fastened about her waist, she was lowered to the fissure below. The distance was not great, but only a steady pair of eyes, swinging, as she did, over a giddy height, could have enabled her to maintain her equanimity.

Having reached the fissure, she unbound the rope. It was drawn up, and Fritz was next lowered, then Gaspard.

When the three were ready to go a step lower Marcia, still taking the lead, was lowered to the next fissure, and Gaspard followed.

It was now Marcia's part to do the rest alone.

But this step was more dangerous than the others, for there was but one pair of arms to bear her weight, and the distance was greater than either of the two former descents.

The brave girl made a loop at the end of the rope, and, instead of having it placed about her waist, took it in her hands that she might drop whatever distance the rope would not reach.

And so, swinging by her two hands, she was lowered to the rope's full length.

There still remained six feet between her and a rocky projection on which there was a surface as many feet square. She called to Gaspard to move three feet to the left. He did so, and she called again to him to move two feet farther in the same direction. Then she told him to swing her gently to and fro from the cliff. When directly over the proper place she let go and safely landed on the rock.

Tying the end of the rope around a point of rock, she completed her journey.

It was only after a day and night and another day of such hardihood and daring as was told at the inns and chalets for many a long year that the work was finished.

Even the guides, fired by the example of Marcia and perhaps also by solicitude for the other guides of their party, seemed to be unconscious of fear and hunger and weariness.

When at the end of the second day they reached the foot of the mountain the rescuers were almost as exhausted as the party they had saved, and from the palms of Marcia Wells' hands nearly all the skin had been worn by the rope.

But three days later, although her hands were still bandaged, she said goodby to the rest of the party and started off to begin the new year in quest of another mountain to climb.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE ability to influence things about you doesn't come from neglecting your own affairs nor interfering with those of your neighbors.

While some of us are looking for a smooth track up the hill of progress, others have made their own way and pre-empted most of the claims.

Every skillful liar knows that there is a psychological moment when he must tell the truth or see his fabrications glimmering.

Getting into trouble isn't the specialty of any one, but getting out of it is a lawyer's specialty, and he charges according to the depths of the trouble and the pressing need of getting clear.

Pressure upon the pocketbook is responsible for many of the astounding things that often startle us.

It always might have been worse to the superficial, disinterested observer.

After all, the way we behave is the best evidence of what we really think and are.

It would be pleasant indeed to his friends if when a violent man loses his temper the loss should prove total and irreparable.

Nobody is of any value to his friends who doesn't sometimes get angry with them and prod them up a little.

Unless you run the risk of being misunderstood you will never say or do anything of much value to yourself or those about you.

Couldn't Help It.

The shades of night were falling.
Are you surprised at that?
For gravity was calling,
And so they tumbled flat.

The village street was twisty—
At least it seemed to be—
Because the night was misty,
So one could hardly see.

And so the perfect stranger
Who bore the queer device
Brought up against a manger
And didn't cut much ice.

Her Profession.

"What a markedly homely woman!"
"Yes, but isn't she swell?"
"I should say so. She must be the wife of a millionaire."
"No; she is a business woman who is coining money."
"In what business?"
"Making women beautiful."

It Looks Like That.

"Pa!"
"Yes, my son."
"What is a trust?"
"A trust?"
"Yes; that you read so much about."
"Anything that is doing business, but not operating in your favor."

Quite a Delicacy.

"You are charged with stealing an overcoat. Have you anything to say for yourself?"
"Judge, my family was starving."
"Might I ask you how your wife cooks an overcoat so as to make it palatable for the children?"

Playing Safe.

"Why are you so discreet?"
"Discreet!"
"Yes."
"Because."
"Because what, you idiot?"
"Then I won't have to be brave."

Modest Spending.

"Going to spend the winter in Florida?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"The winter is all I have to spend."

Gathering Material.

"I expect to make some money."
"How?"
"Raising bees."
"Oh, in the sweet by and by."

Also Expands It.

"What is the effect of cold?"
"It contracts."
"Give me an example."
"Cold contracts a coal bill."

Didn't Match.

"You don't seem to like Siegfried."
"He gets on my nerves."
"How does he do that?"
"By his prize nerve."

Easier Way.

"My son, don't you know that it is the early bird that catches the worm?"
"Huh! I can buy a whole can of worms for a nickel."

More Practical.

"What are you doing—building castles in the air?"
"No; saving my money to buy a flying machine."

When the Desert Looks Good.

"How is the scenery along the line?"
"Fine for wedding trips."