THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, August 20, 1910.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for minority representative in the Thirty-third senatorial district, and ask the support of all democrats who deem me worthy. J. S. SLOAN.

Write your out of town friends about the Rock Island exposition—and the Curtiss aeroplanes. Everybody will be traveling Rock Island's way this fall, even to the aerial navigators.

Six republican members seeking reelection to the Illinois delegation in congress are pledged to oppose Cannon, which indicates that there are high places of political progress in Illinois, too.

Representative Weeks assured President Taft that he is gaining strength in the west. Mr. Weeks probably was a dinner guest and didn't want to drag in a death head at the feast.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat observes that the difference between a night rider and a joy rider is that the night rider gets the person he goes after and the joy rider gets any innocent bystander.

Senator Heyburn forbade the playing of "Dixie" at a republican meeting in Seattle. The pioneers of the northwest were largely union soldiers who went into the new country in quest of their fortunes when the war ended. Heyburn has his finger on the pulse of his constituents, but he is overdoing his part.

Former President Roosevelt has indicated his willingness and his purpose to enter the political arena any time his policies are in danger. There seems to be a high incentive for Teddy to get busy right in his own state now, although in the country at large which he is soon to traverse the need of Roosevelt strenuosity is not so apparent.

"The report that I am to retire," says Rev. Billy Sunday, "is all nonsense—bunk—hot air. I never dreamed of such a thing. My life work is to preach. That's what I shall do until I die. I refused an offer of $20,000 for chautauqua work this year, in order to spend the summer resting to build up great reserve force in order that I may work the harder the coming year." In other words, "Billy" has gone into training for another long battle with the devil.

Estimates of the cost of capturing Dr. Crippen, the accused wife slayer, place the amount at $25,000. Never before, it is asserted, has the Scotland Yard spent so much in the pursuit of a fugitive. Of the money spent about $2,500 has gone into wireless tolls. Posters and photographs spread broadcast over two continents and a small army of detectives kept on the trail also have added largely to the bill. Dr. Crippen's case illustrates the determined methods now employed by police to run down a criminal "Get your man," is the order, and never mind the expense. Nor is there apt to be much protest against the spending of large sums by the public which ultimately pay the bills. It means protection against those who would prey on society. It spells a warning to the evil doer he cannot mistake.

The Average Farm.

How big is a farm? The agricultural department's answer to this conundrum is at hand, and it appears that the average is a little more than 100 acres in the country as a whole. The smallest average acreage is that of the cornfields of Vermont—about three acres. The largest acreage is not to be found, as might be supposed, in the wheat fields of Minnesota or Dakota, nor in the corn belt, but in California, where the average farm runs up to 169 acres. The valuation of crops varies more than the size of the fields, however.

In Illinois the average production of an acre of wheat is $84 and of corn $100; in the south the average for these two cereals is $32 and $27 per acre respectively. Intensive farming yields more than extensive.

"Look Out Below."

The plunge in a 900-pound "runaway" aeroplane by Walter Brookins at Asbury Park, from a height of several hundred feet down upon the spectators, emphasizes the need of greater precautions to protect the man on the ground. Up to the present time the principal danger at aviation exhibitions has been to the aviator. The Asbury Park accident which caused injury to several persons beside Brookins, is a warning of the peril to those below.

It is plain that sharper restrictions need to be placed both upon the aviators and upon spectators at aeroplane meets. The former should be forced to do their flying at a sufficient distance from grand stands to insure the safety of their occupants. The latter should be compelled to remain within limits which will prevent them from crowding into the aviation field.

All these precautions will be taken in connection with the Curtiss aeroplane flights to be made in Rock Island in connection with the third annual Rock Island exposition which opens Sept. 12.

New York Democrats.

Among the party leaders the opinion is unanimous that never has the democratic outlook in New York been more hopeful. The recent reorganization of the state committee and the general trend of public sentiment toward the democratic standard has greatly cheered the party leaders and given them a feeling of confidence in the results of the November election.

The high cost of living, dissatisfaction with the tariff and resentment against the republicans for alleged mismanagement of state affairs are cited by the democrats as contributory causes that will insure a bitter contest this fall, with the chances of success favoring their party.

The evident harmony among the democrats this year, as contrasted with the almost hopelessly divided position of the republicans, is regarded by politicians of both parties as of deep significance. The majority of the republicans are ready to admit that their party is split almost as badly as it was in the great stalwart-half breed feud, and with little prospect at present of being able to get together before election.

The democrats appreciate the fact that their hopes of success will be greatly strengthened by the choice of an able candidate for governor. Should Mayor Gaynor of New York city survive his wounds it would seem almost a certainty that he will receive the gubernatorial nomination. At present he is the most talked of democrat in New York, if not in the entire country, and his name completely overshadows those of Osborne, Havens and others who have been mentioned as possibilities to head the democratic ticket. The nomination will be made with an eye to the future, as democratic state politics in New York this fall will have a distinct bearing upon democratic national politics in 1912.

The boom for Gaynor for governor may take such impetus now as to sweep everything aside and result in a genuine demand of the people for his nomination. In such event the belief is general that the mayor would accept the nomination.

With Gaynor nominated in such manner, with harmony in the democratic ranks, barring Hearst's opposition; with the republicans split into factions, and with the general unrest and resentment of the people against the party in power, the betting odds, it is believed, would be largely in favor of Gayner carrying New York.

FIELD OF LITERATURE

The September Metropolitan. — The Metropolitan Magazine makes its September issue a fiction number, which, as the magazine appears in mid-August, is a sensible departure. Gouverneur Morris leads the fiction list with "The Wise Miss Carrington," a daringly original story of Newport life. An unusually good adventure story called "The Money-Maker" is contributed by a new writer. Henry Edward Rood's "Johnny Staples and the Suffragists" is a laughable take-off. On the same order is "Marriage as a Fine Art," in which Eugene Wood is at his best. Beverly, the nation's summer capital, is one of the society colonies seasonably described in "A Social Pilgrimage."

Baseball, the one live hot-weather topic, is again featured in the September Metropolitan, with an article by "Hughie" Jennings, the Detroit manager, on "Who Will Win the Pennant in the American League?"

The critical review of the Taft administration is continued in "Spending the People's Money," an account of the economies in progress in the various departments at Washington. Cleveland Moffett makes good reading of the Hagenbeck wild animal farm at Hamburg, which is illustrated with interesting photographs. Numerous pictures and the illustrated departments give to the Metropolitan's summer number an attractive variety.

The September Everybody's.—The September Everybody's Magazine is noteworthy beyond even its own standard of excellence, in that it contains the initial instalment of a new series of articles by Lincoln Steffens. Inteed, in many ways the series may be fairly characterized as the most important that Mr. Steffens himself has ever undertaken, and for the author of "The Shame of the Cities" and "The Struggle for Self-Government," this is saying a good deal. The series carries the novel title "It—An Exposition of the Sovereign Political Power of Organized Business." It is a study of Wall street along the broadest lines, and promises to be of national significance. "Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa," by Guy H. Scull, is the first detailed account, lavishly illustrated, of Buffalo Jones' unique hunting expedition after lions and rhinoceroses. "Bringing in the Fleece," by G. W. Ogden, is the story of sheep on the commercial side of that extensive western industry. "The Women of Tomorrow," by William Hard, is the second in the interesting series begun in the August number. "The Greedy Game of Getting Things Through," by Franklin Clarkin, is an anecdotal account of what goes on in the custom house when travelers come home from Europe and attempt evasion of the laws concerning smuggling. Eight stories make up the fiction of the number, including two "Little Stories of Real Life" and the concluding instalment of a "Successful Wife," the anonymous serial that has been so widely discussed. "Law and Order" is a Texas and New York story by O. Henry, one of the last from the pen of that brilliant writer. "The Man Who Ran Away from New York" is a love story by Walter Prichard Eaton. "The Water Mark" is one of Harry Allyn's humorous stories of Spanish-America. "The Comer" is a political story by Arthur Train, and "The Life Tale of Pearl McCoy," by Henry B. Fuller, is a delightful character study of certain phases of American life. Besides these articles and stories there are four poems, and the usual departments, critical, editorial and humorous. The number is charmingly illustrated.

Aug. 20 in American History

1794—Battle at Maumee rapids, Ohio; General Anthony Wayne defeated the Miamis and other Indians.

1833—Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third president of the United States, was born in North Bend, O.; died 1901.

1866—President Johnson proclaimed a state of peace.

1886—Ann Sophia W. Stephens, American novelist, died; born at Derby, Conn., 1813.

ADMIRAL INVENTS CRAFT FOR LAND AND SEA USE.

Howells of Torpedo Fame Predicts Many Uses For It.

Experiments are being made at Bath, Me., with the Amphi II., a unique craft built for Rear Admiral John A. Howells, U. S. N., retired, which is designed for use on land as well as on sea.

Rear Admiral Howells, who was the originator of the Howells torpedo, experimented with a similar craft a year ago, but the results were not just what he wanted, so this second craft, considerably larger, has been built, and there is great interest manifested in her trials.

The craft measures twenty feet long and six feet beam, while she has a tail ten feet in length. She is equipped with a single cylinder ten horsepower engine, which will send her along, it is hoped, at the rate of seven miles an hour in the water or twelve miles on land. Mammoth thirty-six inch wheels are situated forward of amidships of the craft and another in the tail of the craft, thus giving the boat the general appearance of a tricycle.

Buckets are attached to the forward wheels for use in the water, while there is also a small propeller, which is situated on the port side, for auxiliary service in the water. There is also a small centerboard in the tail which acts as a rudder for steering the craft either on land or on the sea.

Admiral Howells will take his craft to the mouth of the Kennebec river, where she will be tried upon the sands of Popham beach, and she will also be given trials at Old Orchard, and if she works satisfactorily she will be taken to Long Beach, N. Y.

Mr. Howells believes that such a boat has many uses. It could be used as a surfboat at life saving stations, while it could also be used by sportsmen gunning along the coast, who could sail on the water or go upon the beaches at will.

A Good Night

By Gilbur D. Nesbit

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii, 2.

"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast"—
The stars drift slowly down into the west,
The drowsing breeze sighs faintly on the hill,
Save for its song the wide, wide world is still.

Night has one cure for Day's one thousand
cares,
One healing balm within her clasp she bears—
The blessed sleep that makes our frowns
grow smooth,
The blessed sleep, to comfort and to soothe.

The battles of the day have left their scars,
There is no warfare now; the marching stars
Wheel patiently and surely from the east
And all Day's trumpet challenges have
ceased.

From the illimitable depths of night
There breathes a lullaby no pen can write,
A melody that lives through ages long—
The half-hushed, mystic wistful slumber
song.

There are no wounds that ache, no stings
that smart
Once sleep has flung her spell about the
heart.
Forget the weary road, the endless quest—
"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast."

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The Argus Daily Short Story

The Canton Man—By Clarissa Mackie.

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Dr. Osmond sat on the veranda of his bungalow trying to be content in the knowledge that his enforced rest from the daily grind of his Hongkong practice was proving very beneficial to his health as well as to his projected book on "Chinese Temple Ruins." And because the famous Lenchuou temple ruins were in the neighborhood he had gone no farther north than the coast town of Ko-Ngan.

Within the jasmine draped veranda all was dark save the red glow of the doctor's cigar. Overhead the great punkah fan swayed to and fro, stirring the air into refreshing coolness.

A sampan bumped against the little landing, and there came the slap-slap of bare running feet on the ground outside, then the gate in the garden wall creaked slowly on its hinges, a shadowy form flitted up the path between the oleanders and flung itself in a crumpled heap at the foot of the steps and somebody's long cue struck the floor like the snap of a whiplash.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the doctor sharply. "Who is it?"

"The great doctor's contemptible servant whose honored father"— the whine died away in a choking sob.

Dr. Osmond half rose to his feet. "You are the Canton man who called me to town yesterday? Your father is worse?"

"Nay, the great foreign doctor cured my revered father of a fever," whined the Chinese. "Newt's eye and an owl's membrane were of no avail, but the black medicine of the foreign lord brought my parent to life.

"I am grateful to the great physician. I would reward him generously for saving my father's life. I am a poor man, but I have knowledge that may repay the great lord for his goodness," whined the Canton man.

"I want no reward, my man. I am glad your father is better. Do you want some more of the black medicine?"

"No more medicine is needed. My father is well and happy. The foreign doctor is interested in the ruins of the temple in the walnut grove?"

"Yes."

"He has perhaps wondered what became of the sacred image of the Goddess of Mercy whose fame is on every tongue, but whose face has never been looked upon since the earth dragon shook down the temple a century ago?"

"By Jove, yes." The doctor leaned forward eagerly.

"He has perhaps heard of the priceless jewels hung upon the sacred form—offerings from royal pilgrims of many ages. He has heard of the great emerald that a son of heaven took from his royal brow and placed in the hand of the Goddess of Mercy? The great foreign physician would like to see all these splendors and perhaps choose some for himself?"

"Your story sounds incredible, and yet—can you take me to the ruins now?"

"Yes. It is but a few steps to the walnut grove."

"Wait, then, while I make ready." Still skeptical as to the truth of the native's story, Dr. Osmond equipped himself with cap and stout oaken stick from the rack. In the breast pocket of his white coat was another weapon without which he never traveled in this country of doubtful friends—small and heavy and shining and very deadly looking when one faced its muzzle.

The doctor lighted a paper lantern for the Canton man, and this, augmented by the white triangular ray from his electric pocket lamp, lighted their way through the garden to a gate in the south wall that gave into a tangled field.

On the farther side of the field the walnut grove loomed blackly.

Under the trees the doctor and his guide picked their way among the crumbling columns and scattered stones of the fallen temple.

Suddenly the Chinese paused and swung his lantern about with a swift circular movement, lighting up heaps of broken rocks and columns, rough and forbidding, just as they had fallen. He beckoned to Osmond, and the latter bent his back and followed his guide through an opening among the debris that grew larger as they advanced. The ground sloped suddenly, and he felt several stone steps beneath his feet. He paused while the Chinese lifted a slab of stone and then another and motioned him forward.

"If the great lord will go on ahead, his servant will arrange the opening that we may have air."

Nothing loath, Osmond moved down three shallow steps and found himself in a small chamber choked with debris. Before he could look around there was the dull clang of falling stone, and he rushed up the steps only to knock his head against the stone that covered the entrance.

It did not need the derisive cries of the Canton man to reveal to Dr. Osmond that he had been the victim of a very flimsy plot. His threats and commands only brought forth insults from the lips of the Chinese.

"Ah—foreign devil doctor—you cast the evil eye upon my father, and he died this morning! He is dead, and the black medicine killed him! Ai—ai—ai!" screamed the furious man through the crack between the stones.

Osmond placed the muzzle of his revolver to the crack and said, "Lift this stone or I will kill you!" And when there was no reply save a wild sobbing laugh the Englishman pulled the trigger.

Above the noise of the explosion the doctor heard a shriek of pain that diminished as the Canton man fled from the scene, leaving him alone in the underground prison house with little chance of escape.

After a vain endeavor to lift the stones that walled him in he retraced his way down the steps and turned the rays of his lamp about the chamber.

The image of the Goddess of Mercy, filling two-thirds of the space, was propped slantingly against one wall, revealing tarnished splendors of paint and gilding; the staring, supercilious eyes were of painted porcelain, but nowhere was there a trace of the precious gems with which tradition had loaded the image.

There was a movement on the outstretched hand of the Goddess of Mercy, and Osmond started violently; a small venomous snake inched its way up the arm and disappeared over the shoulder. He turned the light rapidly here and there, and then he understood the full sweetness of the Canton man's revenge, while the skin about his temples seemed to shrink with terror.

The rays of the lamp fell on countless writhing forms of serpents.

The flashing of the light seemed to rouse the reptiles to greater anger; they hissed loudly until he snapped it out, but the horror of total darkness overcame this other fear, and he turned it on again, the lense fixed on the fallen image.

If he got out alive he would have rich material for his book. This underground chamber could tell him many things once rid of its occupants. But he would never get out alive, so it would be of no use to him! He laughed bitterly, and the sound echoed weirdly among the rocks. There was a quick rustling—and the serpents had disappeared!

If he could keep them away by shouting he would do so, and at the same time he might be heard. But that was absurd, for all his native servants were arrant cowards, and there was no foreigner nearer than the town. All at once he remembered that two officers from the British cruiser in the harbor were to spend the evening with him. Might they wonder at his absence and look for him? He, who was never a praying man, called upon God to send his friends that way. Then he lifted his voice and shouted their names again and again.

By and by when he was tired silence reigned in the chamber; one by one the snakes came back and stared at him with lidless watching eyes. He gazed at the porcelain orbs of the Goddess of Mercy and thought how little mercy there was in her disciple, the Canton man!

The serpents were becoming obnoxious again, and this time he pulled out his revolver and aimed at the tiny viper in the outstretched hand. There was the sharp tinkle of shattered porcelain and when the smoke settled down to the floor the Goddess of Mercy still thrust forth an arm, but the hand was broken; on the floor among the crushed fingers lay the straight slim body of the dead viper.

Osmond leaned forward and peered at the half palm extended toward him. His eyes distended and his breath came sharply. The hand was hollow, and poised on the broken edge was something that gleamed strangely in the lamplight! The emperor had been no fool who had placed his offering within the hand of the Goddess of Mercy! The doctor stretched forth a hand and, with unbelieving eyes, touched the sparkling green stone; it fell into his palm and nestled there, while he gloated over it. Reaction came when he remembered that he was a prisoner until death!

He shouted again and again. He lifted his weapon and shot the porcelain eyes from the staring image. He shot at the other hand and saw that it was wood. He shot at the hissing serpents and drove them away from the stone steps, and then he mounted the steps and tried to throw a flash of light through the crack of the flagstones.

At last there was a distant shout—an English shout—and he shouted in return; he reloaded his weapon and fired recklessly through the cracks and he flashed his light repeatedly. The shouts grew nearer, and he recognized the voices of the naval visitors he had expected.

When they found him his own eager hands helped to lift the stones of his prison. Briefly they told of their visit to the bungalow and their wonder at his absence, their natural suspicion and their search for him. In turn he told his story, and they did not believe he had found the emerald until he displayed it to their wondering eyes.

Back in the bungalow Osmond asked for the time. "It must be near morning," he said.

"Ten o'clock," remarked Lieutenant Breer, with a glance at the white hair that sprinkled Osmond's head—it had been jet black the day before!

"And it was about 9 when I left the bungalow," said Osmond briefly.

After that Dr. Osmond went back to Hongkong and plunged into his neglected practice. "I came back to get rested," he explained, but he lost interest in the ruins of Chinese temples, and whenever he was asked why he merely looked at a gleaming emerald on his little finger and answered vaguely, "Because!"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

If you will have a hoodoo try to have it trained so that it will come and go at your bidding.

You can't shake a man too soon who shakes hands loosely and clammily.

Trouble acquaints you with a great many people that are really worth while.

When baby goes to school is the happy time when mamma dons her wigs and puffs and goes clubbing.

The simple life calls to the wild, and after a few weeks the simple lifers will call to the doctors.

Anybody thinks he can make a good boss, but few bosses make good.

The cost of living is indeed high, but that need not affect people living in boarding houses.

Sometimes when a man gets into print he is found willing to part with real money for the chance of getting out.

Gentle words may not pay the grocer's bill, but they will keep the grocer patient a little longer.

The thrifty young man often finds that being married is an expensive habit.

Near Enough.

We read about the simple life
And how it is succeeding,
But most of us are overjoyed
To take it out in reading.

A joy it is to contemplate
A life of bread and reason,
But at this moment, for our part,
The thing is out of season.

We praise this method to the skies
And hear it highly rated,
But for our personal affair
We'll take it complicated.

In dew for breakfast duly mixed
With plain and lofty thinking
Some men may joy, but we're not yet
From eggs and bacon shrinking.

To live as cattle in the field
May suit the mental plodder,
But we will make our bill of fare
On different kinds of fodder.

To live on Emerson and toast
May be sublime and filling,
As for that noble scheme with us,
It does not make a killing.

A sack of peanuts and a peach
A meal may make that's ample,
But, we confess, for daily fare
We do not like the sample.

Though we applaud the ones who thus
Their appetites may coddle,
We're mighty careful that we do
Not take them for a model.

Brilliant Percy.

"Shall I close the door, Miss Ethel?"

"Yes, if you will, kindly. And Mr. Percy!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel."

"Would you really mind closing it from the outside?"

"The outside, Miss Ethel?"

"Yes, please."

"But—er—er—Miss Ethel, would you mind telling me how I would get in again?"

Appropriate.

"What do you think?"

"Well?"

"You know Ethel is going to sail down the Mersey river."

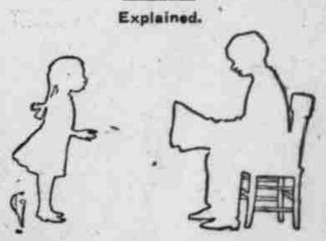
"Yes."

"And she just insists on having her costume all of mercerized cotton."

Equally Insistent.

The plans for saving quite a sum
In summer slowly crumble,
For, while the coal man doesn't come,
The ice man keeps us humble.

Explained.



"Pa?"

"Yes."

"Why does a policeman carry a club?"

"Because he is always on the beat."

Her Mission.

"And so you are graduated?"

"Yes."

"What do you expect to do next?"

"Next?"

"Yes."

"Oh, prepare a lot of bills for papa to pay."

The Way to Do It.

"I would like to break off a bad habit."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Don't know how."

"Just adopt two worse ones."

Indefinite.

"When do you take your vacation?"

"We don't just know yet."

"When shall you find out?"

"When our landlord serves his five days' notice."

Chance For Trade.

"Getting tired of your auto, I hear?"

"Yes; I would sell it for a song."

"You're on. Bring it around to the house and take away the phonograph."