

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Friday, December 2, 1910.

Help Santa Claus take care of the poor children at Christmas time. Do it now. The Argus shows you the way.

The next house of representatives will comprise 227 democrats, 163 republicans and one socialist. The democrats will thus have a majority of 63.

Et tu Brutus! Pincher has now turned on Roosevelt. He declares Teddy's straddle in the New York state convention was the party's undoing at that state.

The Pullman company has announced to the interstate commerce commission its compliance with the commission's proposed reduction in sleeping car berth rates. Certainly, had the Pullman company not been willing it is doubtful if the new schedule would have been thought of.

Some estimates that the American people annually consume 2,998,000 pounds of bad eggs. They are bought and stored when cheap, and after indefinite confinement are sold as "rots," "spots," and "leaks" to bakers for use in pastries. The one way to remedy the abuse and destroy the lever that holds up the price of eggs when production is heavy, is to limit the time eggs may be kept in cold storage.

Dix and Foss.

Governor Dix of New York proposes to confine himself strictly to his constitutional function. He will have no hand in the selection of a United States senator. That is the business of the legislature. Governor Foss of Massachusetts, on the contrary, proposes to take a hand in the selection of a successor to Senator Lodge. There is one essential difference in the political situation in New York and Massachusetts. In New York the legislature as well as the governor is democratic.

In Massachusetts the governor is a democrat, but there is a republican majority on the joint ballot in the legislature. The outcome of gubernatorial generalship in the two states will be noted with some curiosity.

Some Needed Reforms.

Rockford Star: Under the rules that govern the lower house of the legislature it is quite impossible for that body to legislate intelligently and honestly. The committees are strongly partisan and the chairman of each is the whole thing. If he desires to prevent a report on an important measure he refuses to call the committee in session. If it is desired to kill a bill and dodge responsibility it is reported so late in the session it cannot be considered. Another weakness is that legislation, as a rule, is so ill-considered and ill-digested that the laws often contain errors enough to nullify them. What is needed is a bureau of information such as Wisconsin has.

These and other reforms are suggested by Representative Hruby, a democrat of Cook county. Mr. Hruby's suggestions are as follows:

That the democratic party is opposed to any alliance with the republican party, or any of its members, unless that alliance contemplates the election of a democratic speaker.

That the house committees should be organized along non-partisan lines and that both parties be given representation upon all committees and chairmanships.

That the democratic party pledge itself to investigate the high cost of government in the state and favor legislation to reduce that cost and incidentally taxation.

That the house rules should be so amended that all bills must be reported out of committee within a fixed time with a complete report as to their disposition, to be signed and filed by the chairman.

That all bills, except appropriation bills and emergency bills, be placed upon the order of their passage and that no bill be given preference over the others.

That the house establish a bureau of information or legal department whose members may procure legal assistance in the correct preparation of their bills.

That the house establish a reporting service, by the means of which the statements and speeches of members may be recorded properly.

That an efficient stenographic service be established.

That the house, instead of meeting two days in a week, and thereby prolonging the session for five months, should meet five days a week and complete the work in two months.

Lessons From a Bad Fire.

Yesterday's fire in the New Harper which during its early progress threatened to prove one of the most disastrous in the city's history, emphasized four things. One is that Rock Island possesses, as has often been said in The Argus since the inaugu-

ration of the paid department, one of the best organized, most courageous and altogether one of the most intelligent band of fire fighters in the country.

Another is that the city has acted none too soon in the installation of an automatic fire alarm system, now happily on the way. How the city could have gone along for years heedless of the danger of delay in providing this essential seems past comprehension. Fully 10 minutes time was lost yesterday when the fire was in its incipient in seeking to reach the fire department by telephone. Once the alarm was communicated the firemen were quick to respond, and despite the circumstances that it happened at the hour of day when some of the men from each station were at dinner, the men did wonderful service.

Another thing that was demonstrated is the necessity of the ordinance regarding the right of way that should be given the fire department on the streets at all times. Awkwardness on the part of a teamster caused a collision at Third Avenue and Seventeenth street and held up the Central station hook and ladder truck 10 minutes. It was only by the most expert driving that the hose wagon from the same station preceding the truck cleared the obstacle. Chief Newberry, himself a clever driver who was on the box of the truck in the absence at dinner of the regular driver, did his best to avoid the accident but the offending vehicle was driven directly across in front of him. The consequence was delay and the loss to the department of a valuable horse.

Another fact that was brought out by the fire is the need of a fire engine in the business district. Be it said to the credit of Mayor McCaskrin this is a provision that he has urged for some time. Ever since the putting in of the last pump at the waterworks, the force of the water supply has been woefully deficient. This may be attributable partly to the mains, but whatever the cause the fact exists that the city has not the water facilities to cope with a fire in a high building. The only remedy is a fire engine. That should be considered and without delay.

Last of Her Race.

The passenger pigeon, ending her life at the zoological garden in Cincinnati, is today all that remains of an American species that early in the last century swarmed over the continent in flocks numbering billions. With the death of this sole survivor of a bird tribe, whose nesting places often covered hundreds of square miles, there will soon disappear the last trace of the wild pigeons that have been slaughtered by the millions by men who fed their hogs upon the carcasses they could not carry away. Though it is too late to save the species, special efforts are now being made by the Audubon society workers to bring about the resurrection of other birds of economic value that must otherwise share the same fate.

For many months systematic search has been made throughout the continent by officials of the Audubon association for relics of the once prolific passenger pigeon. Members of the organization headed by Prof. C. E. Hodge of Clark university have made a standing offer of \$1,500 to anyone discovering a nest of this species; but though thousands have been trying eagerly for the prize, not one single claimant has appeared. In response to a recent inquiry by T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon societies, the authorities of the Cincinnati Zoo have just furnished the last chapter in the tragic tale of these butchered birds. The "Last of the Passenger Pigeons" is a female, 18 years old, whose mate died recently without any issue at the age of 24 years.

As late as 1877 what is now known to have been the last nesting place of these wild birds was found in the state of Michigan, where their nests thickly covered the trees over an area 28 miles long and 4 miles wide. Residents of New York city declare that in 1850 they flocked over Manhattan island in such numbers that they obscured the sun and that ships loaded in bulk with the bodies of these birds lay at the wharves selling them at a cent apiece. Audubon is quoted as observing a roosting place of wild pigeons in Kentucky early in the last century that extended 40 miles and was 3 miles in width. On its edges men with guns, nets, clubs and torches slaughtered the roosting birds, each often bagging five hundred in one day. When the wholesale butchers could carry away no more, they let loose droves of hogs to fatten on what was left. About 1855 this treatment began to thin the ranks of the passenger pigeons till two years ago it was discovered that only seven could be found on the whole continent, four at Milwaukee and three in Cincinnati.

Sad as is the passing of the passenger pigeon, its lesson may avert the extinction of other valuable species, it is declared, if the American people rally at once to save their remaining bird resources.

ALABAMA. Population 1900..... 2,138,032 Increase 1910 per cent..... 18.28,697 Population 1900..... 1,828,697 Population 1910..... 1,613,917

Dec. 2 in American History

1823—The Monroe doctrine promulgated in President Monroe's message. 1892—Jay Gould, capitalist and railroad magnate, died in New York city, leaving an estate of \$72,000,000 to his family; born 1836.

HAS SINGLE NAME

New Yorker, Known as Simply Tift, Seems Satisfied With Cognomen.

OMISSION PARENTS' FAULT

Left Choice of Another Word to the Son and He Decided to Let It Go at That.

Tift, that's his full name—not John X. Tift nor Horatio Q. Tift nor Peter X. Tift nor yet Myque St. Patrick Tift—just Tift. If you don't believe it you are at perfect liberty to go down to the New York Produce Exchange, ask the starter how you get to the offices in the tower and come face to face with a sign which reads:

E. R. TIFT TIFT A. H. TIFT

For twenty-five years the general public has been unacquainted with the fact that there is a person in New York who owns no initials, first name or addendum to his name. In the recent rule of England it was not uncommon to see official statements emanating from Buckingham palace signed "Knollys"—pronounced Noles—but that was not because he didn't own an autopenital syllable; it was attributable to the European custom.

"It happened this way," said Tift. "My father thought that perhaps I wouldn't like the name that he gave me, my mother thought that perhaps I wouldn't like the name she gave me, and so they decided to leave it to me until I get old enough to choose one for myself."

Always Merely Tift. "Well, it went along, and I found that I was not exactly endowed as other persons. The boys at school wanted to know what my name was, and I told them Tift. If they wanted to know anything about my first name I told them Tift. That was all there was to it, and so what do you suppose they called me? You guessed right the first time. Tift—just that and nothing more."

And so his childhood passed. Once in awhile some overinsistent companion wanted to know just why it was that there was no first name, and after awhile Mr. Tift began answering by physical prowess. But, as a rule, there were few queries. Such things spread.

And then it came to the time when he would have to vote. He and his father, who was one of the original members of the stock firm, went to the family counsel and asked him what about it. The lawyer looked up everything that had happened in that line since the common law was written and discovered that the only case of a one named man was a rhapsodist in Boston.

That person seemed to be able to struggle along without much trouble and without anything like police interference, and so Mr. Tift thought he would risk it. He lives in Brooklyn, and he found that in his town—as it then was—and in New York there were only four or five Tifts, and all of them were consuls, and he didn't think they would do anything disagreeable about it.

Votes That Way Too. The first time Tift went to vote the inspectors of election wanted to know what about it. He told them that it was just Tift, and there wasn't any use in arguing. It got by.

Pretty soon Tift got far enough along in the world to start a bank account. The receiving teller took a good look at him when he shot through a sample of his signature and wanted to know why he was so stingy with the ink. But by the time a couple of checks had come home without a murmur the teller allowed that it must be all right. And right at this minute Tift has two bank accounts, both of which he opened with the one word Tift.

Now there are two young Tifts, and the odd part of it is that both of them have perfectly good front names. The idea of a junior Tift or of a Tift 2d didn't look good to him, and besides, it didn't look good to Mrs. Tift, which is more important.

What's Kismas? The boy would ask with shining eyes, knowing that it was something enjoyable, but ignorant of its nature.

Christmas is de day de blessed Lord was bo'n. Fust yo' wake up in de bed. "What do you mean, Sue? I haven't come to take your boy. I've come to bring you the turkey for Christmas. Here it is." And she held up a four pound bird.

"Oh, Missy Alice," said the father, "we don't want no turkey. Day ain't no Christmas fo' us. De Lawd hab-

Life Lines

BY BASILEUS.

CONSCIENCE.

(Copyrighted, 1910.)

Conscience is the clock which tells the time to work and the time to worship; conscience controls conduct. You may think that whatever you think is right, your conscience is your critic but rarely a good criterion for others to go by.

Conscience when listened to, makes men feel right, while concurring in the conventional makes them look right to others.

You can't cover up the wrong by training your conscience to voice it as right; a seared conscience is neither sincere nor contrite.

When conscience does not approve then you must not teach or do what does not appear right to you, even when others say that it is "for the best"; man but acts the fool if he does not listen to the voice of conscience in every test.

ACTRESS WEDS WEALTHY AMERICAN



CHARLOTTE KATHERINE PALMER.

NEW YORK—A cablegram from Paris announced the wedding of Charlotte Katherine Palmer to James C. Parrish, Jr., a relative of the Vanderbilts. The Parrishes are very wealthy and have a beautiful home near Southampton. Mr. Parrish, Jr. is a Harvard graduate, and was admitted to the bar this year. Miss Palmer formerly was in "Wang," and also with the Lew Field forces. In London she numbered Mrs. Oscar Lasker, Mrs. Henry Lyndhurst Brace and Sir George Prescott among her devoted admirers.

The Argus Daily Short Story

A Christmas Stocking—By Lucy K. Wynkoop. Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

"De chillen is gittin' big enough to understand about Christmas now, and I reckon we better get some toys fo' 'em. Tommy is five year's old, and Pinky is nearly two. De gen'leman what visit de house las' month gib me some money fo' takin' keer ob his horse, and we kin spend it fo' a fust class Christmas."

"And de lady what was wid him gib me money fo' washin' some lace 'olies. We kin hab a fine Christmas 'is year. Missy Alice done tol' me he goin' gib us a turkey."

This conversation occurred between Ben and his wife, Sue, a young couple who were slaves on a plantation in Virginia. The time was a week before Christmas, and preparations were being made both by the whites and by the colored people to celebrate the day. From that moment Ben and Sue spent all the time they were allowed for themselves planning to give their children the first Christmas they had ever known or at least could appreciate.

The last Christmas little Tom was ill, and his father and mother were hourly expecting him to be taken away from them by death. That he had been spared to them and was now in good health added zest to their preparations to make the coming celebration the Christmas of their lives. Ben secured a rocking horse for Tommy and smuggled it into the cabin when the children were asleep. Sue bought a doll with a fine china head for Pinky and made the clothes for her. Besides the gift of the turkey, a lady living on a neighboring plantation gave them a whole mince pie for their Christmas dinner. A few little things might be expected from the church.

Every night when Ben came home from work Tommy would run out to meet him, and the father would take his child up in his arms and say: "Christmas comin', honey."

"What's Kismas?" the boy would ask with shining eyes, knowing that it was something enjoyable, but ignorant of its nature.

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Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's cough remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by all druggists.

"Everybody Praises My Biscuits" —Says the housewife who uses RUMFORD THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

Advertisement for Rumford Baking Powder. Text: "They are always light, tender and snowy white. They never cause indigestion when eaten hot. Rumford makes all food light, more nourishing and more wholesome. You ought to use it. The best of the high-grade baking powders. It Makes Baking Easy"

struck us down. Mars' done sold Tommy to a trader, and de trader gwine take him down souf. Take de turkey away, Missy Alice. We ain't got no use fo' it."

The visitor, Alice Wharton, was a girl of twenty, whose face bespoke the kindness of her nature. But over kindness triumphed indignation.

"It is brutal!" she exclaimed.

The mother continued to moan. Several times Alice essayed to speak words of comfort, but her lips refused to say what was untrue. There was no comfort for her to speak. Colonel Torrence prided himself upon his strength of will to do whatever he considered it to be his duty. He had had such unpleasant episodes in his life before and had never shrunk from carrying out his plans. Alice took the hand of the father in one of hers, the mother's hand in the other, pressed them, and with the words, "God help you," turned and left the cabin.

It was, as Ben had said, a melancholy Christmas eve. Little Tommy was put to bed early, his mother lying beside him. On the morrow he would pass out of their lives.

It was near midnight when there came a rap at the door. Ben arose and opened it. A boy stood in the opening, but he was as black as the night and consequently invisible. Ben heard a voice say:

"Missy Alice tol' me to tote yo' de stockin' fo' to hang up on de chimney. She sais she done tol' Sant' Claus to bring somepin nice fo' Tommy."

Ben felt a stocking shoved into his hand, heard the departing footsteps, closed the door, hung up the stocking and returned to bed.

When it began to be light Tommy, who did not know that anything had occurred to interfere with Christmas, shouted:

"Merry Christmas, pop! Merry Christmas, mom! Merry Christmas, Pinky!"

The only reply he received from his parents was a sigh. They lay for a while, dreading to get up. It was Christmas day, but the day as well that their little boy was to be taken from them. Finally Ben, urged by the children, arose and uncovered Tommy's rocking horse and Pinky's doll. He glanced at the stocking Miss Wharton had sent, but, seeing that it gave no more sign of contents than when he had hung it up the night before, paid no further attention to it. But Sue, with a woman's inclination for investigation in such matters, took it down, put her hand into it and pulled out a bit of paper. This she opened, and on it in large printed letters that she and Ben could read was written:

Merry Christmas! I have bought Tommy.

ALICE WHARTON.

The father and mother looked at each other for a moment before the full meaning of the words penetrated their brains; then, taking the two children in their arms, all were united in a single embrace.

In a twinkling all was changed. Miss Wharton now being the owner of Tommy, his parents knew well that he would never be separated from them. The girl was beloved by the colored people, both her father's slaves and those on other plantations, for she devoted all her time to ministering to them. She had a little money of her own, and as soon as she knew of Tommy's sale went to the trader, offered him a good profit on his purchase, it was accepted, and the boy passed into her ownership.

As soon as Ben and Sue felt assured that Miss Wharton had arisen they started for her home to hear the good news from her lips and thank her for having been the means of sparing them a suffering worse than their child's death. She met them with a smile not less happy than their own. Ben tried to speak his thanks, but failed. Sue then tried, but did not get very far before she broke down in tears.

And so it was that the Christmas which came so near being a day of agony was saved to this humble family by an angel of mercy. The children enjoyed the toys and the turkey and the mince pie. But there was in their parents that which did not come of several things, for theirs was a great comfort of the soul. That which they held most dear had been taken on Christmas eve and returned on Christmas morning.

Tommy remained for several years with his mother, it being his owner's intention to give him free papers as soon as he was of an age to take care of himself. But before that time came around a great change had come over the colored people of the south. It was reserved for another to give Tommy his freedom. Abraham Lincoln one day wrote his name, and all the slaves were free.

Never on Foot. "We want men from every walk in life on the committee." "Every walk?" "That is what I said." "Then you are going to leave out the autoists."

Get It Early. "Do you believe we will ever have a universal language?" "It is here now."

"Who talks it?" "All the babies in the world."

Lonely. I wonder where the comet strayed That caused no big a fuss, And all that talk and furore made, And if it misses us

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by all druggists.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN may scorn to beat a traction company out of a fare and yet beat the man who saws his wood down 5 cents an hour on his wages.

Some men know enough to quit when they are ahead of the game, some quit even, but most quit broke.

The new hat which its owner thinks a dream her husband calls a nightmare.

The actress might have a hard time making both ends meet if she didn't marry a millionaire occasionally.

A rounder is never on the square with his family.

If fashions never changed, how would the church committee get articles for its rummage sale?

You can't always tell by the size of the rally how many votes your candidate won't get.

When a man's wife keeps him hot water all the time, can you blame him if he boils over once in awhile?

Language Stimulant. In language unconventional. Down on that male he bore. It wasn't quite intentional. But I feel sure he swore. He did his best, made pause for rest, And then he said some more.

The mule was quite unbending. A patient beast and slow. Not in his pride pretending. That he was built to go. He'd rather stand and view the land And hear the language flow.

The driver, full of phrases As nuts are full of meat. Made little language blazes. Push up and down the street. To persons who the line was new It might have been a treat.

To drive a mule procession By means of whip and lung Finds things in its expression That loosen up the tongue. And always cause a man to pause To hear the changes rung.

To get his English fluent. One need not go to school. No; he can be a truant. And disobey the rule. If he will put professors out. And learn to drive a mule.

Unfounded Anxiety. "Why do you look so distressed, my poor man—because you are hungry?" "Partly, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what is the further reason?" "I am oppressed by fear."

"Of what?" "That I shall disgrace my relatives by dying rich."

The Grouch. "Laugh and the world calls you foolish."

"In that case what do you recommend?" "Kick."

"Kick?" "Yes, for then it will get busy and either take you in or fire you out."

So Thoughtful. "I feel so thankful to the owners of the Mayflower."

"Because they brought over the pilgrims?"

"No, not that so much."

"Why, then?" "Because they didn't name it the June Bug?"

Better Still. "He is an ideal husband."

"Gives all his money to his wife?"

"No; takes all her advice."

A Mystery. "I can find water with a crooked stick," said the active little man.

"Can you indeed?" said the person with the large red nose.

"You bet I can!"

"What do you want to find water for?"

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"Every walk?"

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