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.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 20

Wednesday, January 11, 1911.

Factory whistles have been declared a nuisance in Paterson, N. J., but they're still music in towns where they are organizing boosters' clubs.

Through becoming an honorary member of the chamber of commerce Dr. Carnegie is saved $50 a year. No use in talking, that man simply cannot die poor.

Cuba is offering a prize of $30,000 to the person, native or foreign, who shall discover the origin of the disease which attacks and kills cocoanut trees in that island, and the means necessary for its cure and prevention.

Representative Mann purposes to abolish by federal law that long standing curse, the white phosphorous match, which poisons and mutilates the workers who make it. Humanity calls loudly for the proposed beneficent action.

Let us hope the Minneapolis judge who sentenced two boy chums to refrain from speaking to each other for a year has the good sense to never attempt to inflict such punishment upon girls. To do so would be to invite certain contempt of court.

The new governor of Oklahoma balked on wearing a dress suit for inauguration ceremonies, but conceded the wearing of a silk hat. On sleeping over the concession, however, he barred the hat also. There is your standard of virtue for Oklahoma.

An Italian physician says that nervous depression is due to a tendency to talk too much, while persons who are not loquacious have always been remarked for their good health. The sphinx attests the healthfulness of silence and for the other illustration there T. R.

The commission form of government doesn't care who runs for office, but it is a little particular who gets in. It is now up to the people. The higher the standard of excellence of the commission, the better will the government be. Whatever the result of the election, we have a right to expect better government than we have had on the average during the past decade or more.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the demand for reform that is being voiced by the governors of many states in their inaugural addresses and messages to their legislatures this week. Never have state executives as a body taken such advanced ground. Ten years ago the measures advocated by many today would have been considered revolutionary, but things are viewed differently now.

The burden of the railroads' argument for an increase in freight rates is still based upon the assumption that it is perfectly right and proper for them to tax the people for new capital with which the transportation companies may expand and keep pace with the growing business of the country. In other words, they expect the public to provide the principal which they will continue to own and exploit as they may see fit and upon which they will continue to collect a handsome rate of interest.

To Recover the Soils.

Columbia university, which is supposed to speak with the force and sanction of the commercial metropolis, is planning to add farming to its course of education. The business leaders of the city and state of New York have for some time been of the conviction that something must be done in a wholesale way to start on the recovery of the worn out and abandoned farms, they being part of an economic loss which this generation could not afford to countenance. Columbia is willing to do its part in public education to establish a better way. The private farm is part of the public dependence in meeting the questions of the cost of living. If the poor manager of a private farm is recreant to his part of the problem the rest are helpless.

The Outlook.

According to the review of the finances as made by Henry Clews, the first week of 1911 has proven better than its predecessors in 1910 and 1909, each of which signalized the new year with a slump in values. There was a distinctly more cheerful sentiment and prices displayed an encouraging degree of strength. The basis of improvement is the comparatively easy condition of the money market and prospects of its continuance. The end-of-the-year payments have safely passed and funds will soon begin to return more freely from the interior. It is possible that the eastward movement of currency may not be quite as early or large as at one time expected, because of the extensive borrowings of western farmers either to hold crops or to invest in cattle for feeding purposes. Funds, however, detained for these legitimate purposes will find their way later on to the financial centers. Perhaps the strongest influences for cheap money are the prevailing dullness of trade and the late decline in both security and commodity values; factors which have simultaneously released a large amount of money and increased its efficiency.

Commission Form Popular.

Rock Island, in adopting the commission form of local government will join in a movement for civic betterment that is country wide. Commenting on the fact that already 96 cities in 23 states have adopted the commission form of government, the Dallas News says this means that the voters of these cities have decided to claim dividends upon their investment in municipal stock. The Dallas paper asks, "Why should not the people who pay their money into the city treasury for fire and police protection, schools, streets and water works be entitled to have money as judiciously expended as if they invested in any other corporation"? This paper adds that it has been truly said that "if the people of the United States invested all of their money with the same careless disregard for results that characterized their investments in municipal government, we would be a nation of bankrupts."

This is the list of commission government cities:

Iowa—Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Fort Dodge Keokuk, Marshalltown, Sioux City.

Texas—Anthony, Austin, Beaumont, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Lyford, El Corpus Christi, Dallas, Denison, El Paso, Houston, Kennedy, Lyford, Marshall, Marble Falls, Palestine, Port Lavaca, Sherman, San Antonio, Waco, Fort Worth, Galveston, Greenville.

West Virginia—Bluefield, Huntington.

Alabama—Birmingham.

South Carolina—Columbia.

North Carolina—Charlotte.

Colorado—Colorado Springs, Grand Junction.

Wisconsin—Eau Claire.

Louisiana—Shreveport.

Kansas—Abilene, Coffeyville, Cherryville, Caldwell, Emporia, Girard, Marion, Newton, Neodesha, Parsons, Pittsburg, Topeka, Wichita, Wellington, Independence, Iola, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Hutchinson.

Idaho—Boise, Lewiston.

South Dakota—Dell Rapids, Huron, Pierre, Rapid City, Sioux Falls, Vermillion, Yankton.

Washington—Tacoma (modified).

Massachusetts — Gloucester, Haverhill, Lynn, Taunton, Chelsea.

Oklahoma—Ardmore, Bartlesville Duncan, Enid, Miami, McAlester, Muskogee, Sapulpa, Tulsa, Wagner.

North Dakota—Bismark, Mandan, Minot.

Tennessee — Bristol, Clarksville, Etowah, Memphis, Richmond City.

Mississippi—Hattiesburg.

Minnesota—Mankato.

California—Berkeley, Modesto, Riverside, Oakland.

Michigan—Port Huron.

Missouri—St. Joseph.

But no list of commission government cities is adequate for very long for additions are being made to the list almost every day. Springfield and Joplin are going to ask for commission charters when the Missouri legislature meets and a bill has been drafted for introduction in the Indiana legislature that will permit cities of that state to adopt commission governments. A similar bill will be introduced in the Arkansas legislature.

Life Lines

BY BASILEUS.

CHEERFULNESS

Copyright, 1910.

If you can't see through your clouds get rid of them; when the black clouds of despair get between, your vision of heaven won't be clear—dispel them with good-cheer.

The cheerful thoughts of man permeates society like the fragrance of the rose; the smile and not the frown brings sweetness to any town.

Cheer up, and by so doing mix your own medicine for your ills—cheerfulness comprises health while "blue-days" bode evil to you.

Laughing away troubles in the face of fate is man's greatest good fortune; man can never fail if he set his success sail with courage and good cheer.

Business is best done when industry is ever wreathed in cheerfulness; the sunny smile and kind face are the factors that efface all the frets from your face.

DOG BLUFFS DOZEN POLICE

Discomfiture of London Bobbies Is Made Complete by New Incident.

London, Jan. 11.—These are trying days for the London police. A dozen of them were held at bay for five hours yesterday afternoon outside a bedroom by a bull dog guarding the body of his master, who had committed suicide. After exhausting their resources to capture or kill the dog, a doctor was sent for. He poisoned some meat, which was thrown into the room through a hole in the door. Not until the animal was dead did the police enter the room. They then removed the body to a morgue. Taken in connection with the battle against two anarchists a few days ago, in which hundreds of police and large detachments of soldiers took part, this incident has served to increase the ridicule to which the police are being subjected.

BUSINESS MEN FIGHT SALOON

Organize in Iowa Cities to Defeat Petitions Giving Consent to Operate.

MUCH CAPITAL IS READY

If Liquor Interests Carry Day Temperance People Will Enforce the Moon Law.

Waterloo, Iowa, Jan. 11.—A new movement has been inaugurated in Iowa to combat the liquor traffic. Business men, adopting business principles, are incorporating temperance associations with ample capital in many of the larger cities, and the work of resisting the renewal of the consent petitions by the saloons is being vigorously carried forward.

The idea originated in Waterloo last autumn, when the Business Men's Temperance association was incorporated for 50 years, with capital stock of $25,000, divided into shares of $5 each, shares to be paid for only on assessment at a pro rata basis when money is needed to carry forward the objects of the association, which are set out to be the opposing of censent petitions and illegal sales of intoxicating liquors. All consent petitions in Iowa expire June 30, 1911, unless renewed before then.

SALOON MEN APPEAL.

In Waterloo the new petition was pronounced insufficient by the board of supervisors, but an appeal was taken by liquor men to the district court, where the case is pending. Other cities in which the business men have organized to oppose the saloons are Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Oskaloosa, Marshalltown, Mason City, Iowa City, Fort Dodge, and Independence.

The chief characteristics of these assolations are singleness of purpose, continuity of effort, and provision of funds to carry on their work.

SUBSCRIBES $200,000.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jan. 11.—More than 400 business, professional and laboring men, including most of the city's preachers, have bought all the $200,000 stock issued by the Cedar Rapids Business Men's Temperance association, incorporated for 50 years. The stock is issued in sares of $5 each and is payable by assessments of not more than 2 per cent each year, the assessments to be made when deemed necessary by the board of directors.

The money thus raised is now being used in an attempt to defeat the saloon petition of consent which is being circulated and which must be filed by the liquor men on or before next Saturday. The temperance association has brought many noted temperance speakers to Cedar Rapids during the campaign and has maintained a headquarters for the men employed to circulate the petition of revocation.

MAY ENFORCE MOON LAW.

Both sides claim victory. If the city goes dry the temperance association will appoint a vigilance committee to ferret out and prosecute liquor drug stores and "holes in the wall." If the liquor men win, the association will begin at once a campaign to put the Moon law into effect. This law provides that there shall be only one saloon for every thousand population. Cedar Rapids has 33,000 population and 60 saloons. The dividends on the stock are paid in "the consciousness of Christian and civic duty done."

AGED 81; SOLD LAST VOTE

Ohioan Says He Never Will Cast Another Ballot.

West Union, O., Jan. 11.—"I have cast my last vote. Even if I should happen to live through the five years of my disfranchisement I never will vote again. I feel that I have disgraced myself and my family name."

This statement was made yesterday by Leonard Pollard, 81 years old, when he came here to plead guilty to the indictment charging he accepted a bribe for his vote.

"For 60 years I have voted," he said. "I did not realize I was doing wrong. Now I see my mistake. I want to atone for it in some way."

Butter and Egg Dealer Fails.

Chicago, Jan. 11.—Edwin McAdam, wholesale butter and egg dealer, filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday. His liabilities are $332,000, and assets are $310,000.

Atlee Pomerene, Ohio's New Senator, Example of Self Made Man.

Lieutenant Governor Elect Atlee Pomerene, progressive Democrat, who has been selected as the next United States senator from Ohio, succeeding Charles Dick, is a self made man. He was born at Berlin, O., forty-seven years ago, a poor boy. He worked his way through school and through Princeton. He practiced law in Canton. In 1908 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor and was defeated by Harmon. In November he was Harmon's running mate. He is married, but has no children. Through Pomerene's selection a coal miner may become governor of Ohio. William Green, president pro tem. of the senate, will succeed to the office of lieutenant governor. Should Governor Harmon become the Democratic candidate for president he probably would resign as governor and Senator Green would succeed him. Green was a former president of the Ohio miners.

The Argus Daily Short Story

The Japanese Umbrella—By Clarissa Mackie.

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A whole year passed after Nelson's return from Asia before he found himself again treading an oriental street and rubbing elbows with slant eyed, blue bloused Chinese. His present position in the custom house made it necessary that he should visit a well known silk importer, whose place of business lay in the heart of San Francisco's reconstructed Chinatown.

Jay Nelson had been glad enough to eliminate all memory of his last year in China. There had been one horrible incident from which he had fled, but whose shadow had lurked in the background of his daily life since his return to America. In broad daylight he had laughed at the fears that pursued his first sleepless, fear haunted nights. After awhile the fear gave place to a sense of security fostered by the practical workaday happenings of his busy life.

Today, however, as he passed along Dupont street and turned into a narrower thoroughfare there burst upon him the significant fact that this part of a great city was but a fragment of the old eastern world after all.

He had to pause once or twice and inquire his way, for the house of the importer was set in the heart of the web of streets and alleys. Then when his goal lay but a few yards ahead there sprang into sudden view, bobbing along in the crowd before him, a certain green and gold paper parasol, the meaning of which was all too clear to Jay Nelson. He had a vague realization that this emblem of an old horror might have been evolved from his own morbid fancy.

He pressed forward, eager to stretch forth his hand and prove that the Japanese umbrella was a thing of air, was an optical illusion. But always it danced before him like a will-o'-the-wisp, now showing a glint of gold and green and then melting into a dozen illusive tints.

Where it went there he too must follow until he could prove by actual contact with its surface that it was a creation of his fancy and not the dreaded emblem of the White Brotherhood.

It drew him on down into the very bowels of the earth.

The paper umbrella collapsed and was cast aside, while the bearer turned to confront Nelson. Then the latter awoke from his trance-like state and stared first at the strange face that confronted him, then about the small dungeon-like room, empty of furniture and reeking with foul odors and lighted by a single swinging oil lamp. Nelson's gaze came back to the face of the Chinese, and he shivered slightly, for the face was that of a member of the dreaded order—the sign was written on the man's brow.

Instantly Nelson whipped off his coat, holding it before him as a shield and backed to the stairway leading upward.

"Hold a moment," said the Chinese in the Cantonese dialect; "I am not alone."

"Who else?" demanded Nelson sharply in the same tongue.

"The brotherhood—at each stair head they await your coming if you contemplate flight," returned the Chinese imperturbably.

"What do you want with me?"

"Command of the big brother that you be brought before him for trial."

"He came on from Hongkong to seek me?"

The Chinese cackled shrilly. Then he spat contemptuously. "The brotherhood is everywhere, Captain Leeson—wherever there are offenders there also will be found a tribunal of the brotherhood."

"Why do you call me by Captain Leeson's name?" questioned Nelson warily.

"Because you are he."

"Suppose I am not?"

"You are!" asserted the man roughly. "The brotherhood does not make mistakes."

"You blunder this time. I am Nelson."

The other laughed derisively. "I was told you would claim that name. Nelson died that night."

"Ah," cried Nelson suddenly, "you are the big brother! This is the tribunal. You are alone; you thought to fool me; see you later, Tai Laao!" He started to leap up the stairs and then stopped short.

Tai Lano made no move to arrest his flight. He merely folded his long claw tipped fingers into either capacious sleeve and smiled widely.

It was this smile that halted Nelson's departure, the smile and a certain hissing whisper that sang down the stairway and bore warning on its breath.

Again he turned to the Chinese. "Have it over with—this court of yours! Be quick, for I have business to attend to—matters of importance."

"Very good, Captain Leeson," commented the man called Tai Laao. "Follow me."

He led the way to a shadowy corner and pushed open a door into another dimly lighted room. At a long table sat seven men, three on either side and one at the end. At the farther end of the table there stood a wide armed empty chair. Except for a low swung lamp above the table the room was devoid of other furnishing.

"Captain Leeson," he announced in a low voice, "on trial for betraying secrets of the White Brothers."

"Captain Leeson died, as you all know," said Nelson sternly. "I saw him die, killed by your orders. He died in the street of"—

"Silence!" menaced the leader. "He claims to be Nelson, the one who died that night."

The seven nodded in unison, but did not remove their gaze from Nelson's angry face.

He kept silence now, briefly reviewing the strange events that had snatched him from the busy streets of the city into as dismal a den of murderers as one might hope to find along the water front of any Chinese city.

Before his eyes there flashed a picture of his last year in China. Then he had been in the diplomatic service of his country. Leeson, his friend, an Englishman in the British employ at Hongkong—inspector of health or something of that sort—had interested Nelson in his establishment of a leper colony down in Anam.

It was Leeson's ambition to clean out the lepers hidden in the city, to root them out from their places of concealment and transport them to the colony where preparations had been made for their segregation, where their cases should be studied and modern methods be employed.

It happened that the afflicted ones looked on the idea of banishment with distaste. They cared little to be herded together in a foreign province far from friends and familiar scenes. They cared nothing whatever for the benefits that might accrue to posterity through their segregation.

Leeson's efforts met with little success, and he brought the law to his aid. Thus he gained permission to capture the afflicted ones, and so his colony prospered for awhile. Then there was formed against him the society of the White Brothers, created to protect the lepers scattered throughout the city from Leeson's agents. Each one bore some mark of the disease, and they had some other emblem by which they might be known to each other if the mark of the disease was not plain enough. And this emblem was the green and gold paper umbrella, with its snaky twisting golden dragon coiling in and out of the green painted bamboo shoots.

Nelson remembered the first time he had seen them—that night of Leeson's carefully planned expedition into a suspected quarter. It was at night, and red lanterns had lighted the street down its crooked length. Suddenly there had burst upon them and the three agents who accompanied Leeson a hideous babel of cracked voices; a horrible spectacle of ghastly faces; a leprous mob that leered and jeered at them; that drove them point by point toward the end of the street of lepers; a yelling crowd that received the bullets from their revolvers and died noisily; a filthy crew that tried to touch them, that longed to render them as loathsome as itself.

Leeson had been killed, and Nelson tried to forget the sight as the rest of them got away. The next day he led a party back to the street, but it was deserted. Even poor Leeson's body had disappeared. After this outbreak the matter went under the supervision of a large medical corps, and the colony at Anam was augmented by several hundred cases. Nelson resigned from the service and went home, sickened of the whole dubious web of oriental life, thankful that he had escaped contact—that he was clean.

Now they had found him out they would take their revenge for his betrayal of their outbreak. It pleased them to call him by Leeson's name. As Leeson he would probably die in this hole in the ground under San Francisco.

Nelson determined to force some immediate action from the men who had sprung up in this faraway city to call him to account for his setting the hounds of law upon their trail. All his hideous dreams of the past year seemed to have been realized in the strange events of this day that would undoubtedly be his last on earth.

It had been a strange day, and even now, face to face with death—for the presence of these White Brothers meant nothing less—he seemed to be moving in a dream more frightful than anything his sleeping mind had conceived.

"Fire ahead," he said recklessly; "I'm not afraid of you. Come on, every devil's imp of you!" He flashed out the revolver he always carried just as they arose in a body and came at him, a ghastly company with stretching, clawing fingers and fiendish eyes.

Then Jay Nelson awoke. He sat up in bed, his brow dripping sweat and his heart pounding with excitement, for once more he had dreamed of the Japanese umbrella and the horrible band whose emblem it was. This was the worst dream of all, and he murmured devout thanks that it had been a dream.

Sitting there with the morning sunshine streaming into the room and a fresh breeze from the bay ruffling his hair, Nelson saw the early newspaper slid under his door. Eager to be in touch with the commonplaces of everyday life, he fetched it and read the headlines. After awhile, in a corner of the sheet, he read that the Hongkong authorities were satisfied that they had rid that city of its lepers. The White Brotherhood had been broken up, and most of its members were in Anam colony. The leader, Tai Laao, was dead. Captain Leeson's death had been avenged.

Jay Nelson went forth that morning a care free man to interview the silk importer in Chinatown. At last he was emancipated from fear. He would dream no more.

Jan. 11 in American History

1757—General Alexander Hamilton, soldier and statesman, secretary of the treasury under Washington, born; killed by Aaron Burr 1804.

1825—Bayard Taylor, author, born; died 1878.

1844—Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," died in Baltimore; born 1780.

1902—Horace E. Scudder, noted author, died; born 1838.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

DON'T act superior to your next door neighbor because she wears old clothes. She may be saving money to buy an automobile.

Many a man has won a dinner with the story of his hard luck.

You can sometimes tell by the looks of a man why his wife is cross.

A poor man may be honest, but that is no sign that an honest man should be poor.

Somebody says that having faith is the process of believing things that we know aren't so.

Perhaps the reason why children have no show is because there are so many dog shows.

It isn't always the promising young man who keeps his promise.

Wrong Thing.

"I am going to quit that suburb."

"It must be that the neighbors do not bring anything in."

"Oh, yes, they do."

"That ought to be some attraction."

"They bring in their appetites."

Partly Qualified.

"What can I ever do for you?" said the charming young heiress, still dripping from her accidental bath. "You have saved my life."

"You might marry me," said the modest hero.

"But you are not a duke or an earl or anything like that, are you?" she asked doubtfully.

"No, but I resemble them in many ways."

"Oh, how lovely! In what way?"

"Financially."

Taking His Word.

The good old fashioned winter
When grandpa was a lad
Was harder than they ever
Before or since have had,
And true as any gospel
This may or may not be,
There is no way of knowing;
We can't go back to see.

The snow was deep as mountains,
The wind a blizzard swept
Across the freezing landscape,
And school was seldom kept.
The water froze in boiling
The steam went up as snow.
No; I am not mistaken,
My grandpa told me so.

Guilty Conscience.

"A dark woman is about to cross your path. Beware of her," said the solemn fortune teller, who was trying to give the victim something fresh and original for his half dollar.

"Has that washerwoman found my address again?" exclaimed the man frantically.

"Oh, no! This one is a siren."

"Where did you say I was to avoid her? I will go this very afternoon and get in practice."

Couldn't.

"Why don't you keep to the straight and narrow way?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"I couldn't."

"And why not?"

"You see, I am a broad minded sort of chap, so I have to cut a v'de swath."

His Opinion.

"Just look at her!"

"I am looking."

"She is trying to look pretty."

"She doesn't have to try very hard, does she?"

It's Two Bad.

"Waiter?"

"Yes?"

"This egg is bad."

"Better try another, sir."

A Sight.

See the resolutions,
Once so fresh and new,
Warranted when taken
They would stick like glue.
Now they are so musty
That you think it right
And good taste to hide them
From the public sight.

When you put them over
And the year was new
It looked easy money
Then to see them through.
You felt very certain
They would water hold,
But how soon they faded
When your zeal got cold!

Now the pipe is taken
From its hiding place,
And the way you're puffing
Is a rank disgrace.
And were you invited
At the bowl to sip
When no one were looking
You might take a nip.

Give the resolutions
Thirty days of grace.
It is seldom longer
They can save their face.
Men who wait till New Year's
Comes around again
To shake off their meanness
Cannot lose it then.