THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY 29

Saturday, February 4, 1911.

Illinois taxing methods long have been crying for reform.

Ex-King Manuel doubtless figures that it is better to be born lucky than bright.

Danville has about decided that it will feel more comfortable sitting on the lid.

They are going to feed Roosevelt op ostriches out west. Good thing; his feathers have been a little droopy for some time.

The New York senator seems to have gotten at the Root of the Lorimer situation in some certain respects, at least.

Statistics show that actors are more prone to get divorces than persons of any other profession. The common man does not find use for that kind of advertising.

Still if Senator Lorimer's illustrious predecessor had been in his seat, would he have voted differently on the ship subsidy bill? Not on your life.

Jamaica also wants to hold an exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal. Why not hang bunting all around the Gulf of Mexico and let it go at that?

The financiers are puzzled over the notable decrease in the deposits of the national banks. Maybe the people have become reckless at last and spent the money for eggs and butter.

At no time during his political career has Uncle Joe Cannon refused to take his medicine when the dose came to him. The only thing he declines to do is to look pleasant while taking it.

It is now estimated that the government has been defrauded out of $75,000,000 by tobacco importers, so it is no wonder that Columbia has to economize here and there in her household expenditures.

Some English newspapers fear that in the contemplated reciprocity agreement reposes the beginning of annexation of Canada to the United States. If the two great nations could agree on a swap of Canada for the Philippines it would be a deal worth putting through.

More Vigilance and Caution.

It is not known and probably never will be exactly known who or what was responsible for the terrible explosion of dynamite which did an immense amount of damage to property in and around New York and destroyed human life. It, however, presents in a graphic way the trite warning which can not be too often and impressively repeated against the careless handling of high explosives, especially in public places.

The great area of densely populated territory affected by the explosion makes it almost miraculous that the loss of life and property was not far greater.

There should be the fullest investigation possible of all the circumstances of the accident and a fixing of the responsibility where it belongs. No matter who was to blame, or, if no one was to blame, the public should be fully informed and the men who are engaged in the hazardous business of handling dynamite and other dangerous explosives admonished and penalized into using every precaution that will protect human life.

There is no doubt that more vigilance and precaution are needed in this respect.

Just Between Friends.

Joseph Walker of Boston is a candidate for governor. He wrote Nathaniel A. Francis the following letter soliciting his support:

My dear Mr. Francis: I haven't noticed whether I have received a postal card from you or not, as just now I am swamped with them. I do wish, however, at this time, to write you, as one of my friends, this personal letter, asking you how you feel in regard to my candidacy for governor. I should greatly appreciate your support. I assure you that whatever your attitude our friendship will not be affected thereby. Cordially yours.

Mr. Francis immediately indited this reply:

My dear Mr. Walker: Your letter received. It reminds me of a story that I once heard concerning a bankrupt who called his creditors together to state that he had a proposition to make to them. The first proposition he had to offer was that they should settle with him for 20 cents on the dollar. The second proposition was that if they would not accept his first proposition he would give them his body to be divided among them. Whereupon the largest creditor stated that he would approve of accepting the bankrupt's second proposition, and that he, being the largest creditor, should have the largest part of the body. He therefore chose his gall.

The Proper Remedy.

That we need a merchant marine to exercise the proper control of our own foreign commerce goes without saying, but the right way to secure that advantage is denounced and ridiculed by the ship subsidy advocates.

The only true remedy, suggests the Quincy Herald, is to be found in "free ships" and a removal of the onerous restrictions of the shipping laws, which make it impossible for an American ship, even after the first cost is overlooked, to successfully compete with foreign vessels of the same type. The offer of the United Fruit company to place its entire fleet of 35 fine vessels under the American flag points out the proper remedy. These ships, though foreign built and sailing under a foreign flag, are owned by Americans. If all who desire to invest in shipping were permitted to buy or build ships where they pleased and operate them as they please in competition with foreign vessels, we would soon have an adequate merchant marine.

The existing laws are no protection to American shipyards, as they do not build ships for the foreign trade. The monopoly of the coastwise trade by American built tonnage is more than enough protection. Since no ships are built by our yards for foreign service, the granting of American registry to any ship owned by Americans can put no possible hardship upon these domestic establishments. "Free ships" and not subsidies or mail contracts is the proper remedy.

Democrats and the Tariff.

The tariff board bill which has just been passed by the house of representatives of congress is not a strict party measure. Forty democrats voted for it, including Champ Clark, the democratic choice for speaker of the next house, and Underwood of Alabama, who has been selected as chairman of the new ways and means committee. Other democrats voted against the bill. In fact as between the parties the democrats are split on the question, while the republicans are practically a unit. Following the leadership of such democrats as Champ Clark and Underwood, the majority of the party may be inclined to ask what is the scope of the measure upon which the party seems to be so divided.

The bill creates a board with increased powers and membership as compared with the board. It has no power to fix rates of duties, but is simply charged with the duty of securing such information as shall assist congress in its future legislation on the tariff. There is now power delegated to it by congress and its whole function is advisory. Nevertheless, there is strong opposition to it in the democratic ranks from such men as Senator Bailey of Texas, who announces his intention of fighting it in the upper house.

There lies before the democrats of the new congress a very serious problem, that of revising the tariff in such a way as to make it just and equitable. Whether or not any use is to be made of the labors of the tariff board it behooves the members of the majority party to make good their ante election promises of a revision downward for the present unjust and iniquitious tariff. There should be no failure on account of internal dissension to do so.

DR. MAGILL ENJOYING LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

Former Rock Islander Writes Enthusiastically of Ranch Life in Far West.

Dr. A. H. McCandless is in receipt of an interesting letter from Dr. W. T. Magill, the pioneer dentist who went from Rock Island a few years ago to pass his declining years in the sunshine of California. He is making his home at Watsonville. "It is hard to keep track of the seasons in this climate, where the rose trees are never without bloom, and many other vines and flowering plants as well, all out of doors of course," writes Dr. Magill. "I have picked a dish of red raspberries every week since Nov. 15, and had a bountiful supply yesterday from the vines I planted two years ago this coming April. Then I have fresh vegetables all the time from my garden—spinach, parsnips, lettuce, radishes, onions, carrots, winter rhubarb. Tomatoes gave up the ghost at Christmas time. Blackberries are in bloom and the new shoots are over two feet high. Sweet pea vines are a foot high. I keep busy between showers tinkering in my shop. I hear from Rock Island through The Argus and through occasional personal letters. So many friends and acquaintances have died during the past year. The heavy rains we are now having insure a bountiful fruit crop for 1911. My ranch trees are in fine condition. We have a new reform governor in California who is inclined to enforce the laws against gamblers and villains of all classes. He is a strong man. I heard him speak in October — the right ring to it, too."

Colonel Eats 15 Cent Lunch.

New York, Feb. 4.—Theodore Roosevelt ate a 15 cent luncheon yesterday. He was the guest of his cousin James Roosevelt, general superintendent of the Third Avenue railroad, at the lunchroom of the company's employes.

The colonel ate a chop with green peas, bread, butter, banana fritters and drank a cup of coffee, after which he declared:

"Bully!"

Miss Vivien Gould and Baron Decies, Who Will Wed Feb. 7, and Fifth Avenue Home of Bride's Father.

The Argus Daily Short Story

Under a Cloud—By Barbara Thorpe.

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Clara Bates, with whom I had stood as bridesmaid, wrote me that she was to have a house party at their country place during Lent and wished me to come to her at that time. I accepted and a couple of weeks before Easter went to the Eyrie, as they called the place—it was on high ground—where I found a very pleasant party assembled.

Nevertheless all the guests had not yet arrived. The second day after I reached the Eyrie our hosts gave an automobile excursion. Feeling indisposed, I remained at home. Late in the afternoon, thinking a little fresh air would do me good, I concluded to take a walk. As I was going downstairs the front door opened and a woman carrying a hand bag entered. I met her in the hall, and she said to me:

I MET HIM, EXTENDING MY HAND.

"I have just arrived from the city. It seems that the hostess is away. Have you any idea where I shall find my room?"

"I have not," I replied. "I supposed every room was occupied. I heard Mrs. Bates say so yesterday."

The woman looked troubled.

"You are quite welcome," I added, "to make yourself at home in my room. I am going for a walk, and by the time I return our hostess may be here to receive you."

I showed her to my room and went off on my ramble. I was somewhat preoccupied for the reason that Ralph Priestley had been paying me a great deal of attention and, having met Sadie Stamper, a prettier girl than I, among the guests, was withdrawing his attention from me and bestowing it on her. Indeed, this was partly the reason why I didn't go on the automobile trip. He had arranged to go in the same conveyance as my rival, and I preferred staying at home to seeing him devoted to her. I returned just as the autos pulled up at the door, and I saw Ralph hand Sadie out of the machine and saw, or thought I saw, a mutual lovelight in their eyes. But perhaps it was jealousy.

At any rate my mind was too full of my affair to think anything about the guest who had arrived and whom I had left in my room. Indeed, I forgot all about her. At dinner I noticed an expression of dismay on the part of several of the girls of the party, and it was evident from a restraint that had come over the party that something had happened.

The next morning, on exchanging words with several of the girls, I noticed that they scarcely answered me, while some of them failed to give me any reply whatever. But what was my indignation when Sadie Stamper passed me with a look of contempt and without even a nod. I was in a very perplexed and troubled state of mind when Clara took me upstairs to her room, shut the door and said to me:

"My dear, you have been made the victim of a conspiracy. On our return from the auto ride yesterday several of the guests found that certain valuables they had left in their rooms were missing. John was horrified. He telephoned for a detective, who came right up and investigated the matter. The only servant in the house while we were away was old Martha, who has been in our family forty years and was my nurse when a baby. While you were all in the drawing room after dinner the detective searched the house. Several bits of jewelry—none of any great value—were found hidden away in the back part of one of your bureau drawers.

"Now, keep cool," she said quickly, seeing the expression of despair on my face. "No one can make me believe anything wrong about you. Some one placed the things there to escape suspicion by incriminating you."

I threw my arms about her neck and burst into a passionate weeping.

I remained in my room or Clara's most of the day. I was altogether too wrought upon by my misfortune to take any thought for my defense. In the afternoon I had regained enough of my equanimity to talk with Clara about the matter and asked her which one of the party believed me guilty. The only one she mentioned as being especially sure I was the thief was Sadie Stamper.

"And the new guest," I said—"how does she feel about it?"

"What new guest?"

"The one who arrived yesterday afternoon."

"No guest arrived yesterday afternoon."

"She came while you were all away. I received her for you, and since I did not know what room to put her in I left her in mine. Come to think of it, I've not seen her since."

It was all out that the thief was this woman who had passed herself off on me as her guest. Clara was so delighted at what she considered my vindication that she was about to run downstairs to make it public when I stopped her. I had suddenly regained my head.

"Not so fast," I said. "Who will believe my story of this woman whom no one but I have seen?"

"I do."

"Of course you do, but there are others who will not. Promise me that for the present you will keep the matter secret."

Other purposes than vindication crowded upon me. I wished to see how Ralph Priestley would treat me while under a cloud. Shortly before dinner I went down into the parlor. Now that the matter was explained to my own and my host's satisfaction I felt easier in presence of the others. There were several in the room when I entered, including Ralph and Sadie, who were sitting together on a tete-a-tete in the center of the room. I walked past both of them without looking at either, and I did not bear myself like a thief by any means.

I walked to a window, where I stood looking out for a few minutes, then passed into the library. Seating myself at the long table in the center of the room, I took up a periodical. I had been there but a few minutes when Ralph Priestley entered. I could see by the expression on his face, his knit brows, that he was very much disturbed.

"I have been seeking an opportunity"— he began, when I stopped him, looking at him as severely as I could and pointing to the door.

"Please listen to me," he began again.

"I will not listen to any man who, while I suffer under a false accusation, not only fails to give me his support, but turns against me."

"I have not turned against you. I"—

"You have devoted yourself to one who has assumed that I am guilty and has treated me accordingly."

I arose and swept out of the room.

Smarting as I was under his having transferred his attentions to my rival—a rival who had taken no pains to conceal her opinion that I had stolen the missing jewels—I confess I reveled in my treatment of Ralph Priestley. Finding that he was endeavoring to see me alone, I persistently kept out of his way except when there were others about.

As soon as the detective was informed of my story as to the woman who had passed herself off as a guest he began operations on a different line. He took down as minute a description of her as I was able to give him; also a description of every article that was missing. I asked him why she had hidden the articles in my bureau drawer, and he said that by incriminating some one in the house she hoped to divert suspicion from herself long enough to dispose of her plunder.

For several days while he was at work on the case I remained with the party, affable to those who were affable to me, paying no attention to those who were cool to me. There was a side play going on that I enjoyed watching. Sadie Stamper was endeavoring to hold on to Ralph Priestley, and Ralph was trying to get rid of her. The poor fellow was between two fires. He knew that I would not listen to him so long as he continued his attentions to Sadie, and to break away from her was not an easy matter, especially as his only excuse was that she believed me a thief, which was no more than others of the party believed.

Then one morning the detective reported that he had found some of the missing property in a pawnshop and within a couple of days after the discovery had arrested a woman with more of it in her possession. She tallied with my description of her and turned out to be living in the neighborhood of the Eyrie. This was the reason she knew of the house party and the automobile excursion and was able to concoct her plan of robbing the house.

That evening at dinner our host let out the story, returning a number of the missing articles to their owners.

I was now in a very enviable position. I knew those who were friendly to me and had honored me with their confidence while I had been under a cloud, and I knew those who had not. They all crowded around me to show their good will and assure me that they had not for a moment believed me to be guilty. The only person who did not approach me was Ralph Priestley, whose every effort to do so I had succeeded in thwarting. Now that I was vindicated he not only kept away from me, but Clara came to me after dinner to tell me that he was going away on a late train. I watched for him to come downstairs, and when he came, prepared for the journey, I met him and extended my hand. His countenance changed from a very lugubrious expression to a very happy one. We went into a side room, and I kept him there till it was too late to make his train.

It was Sadie who made the first break in the circle, for I not only declined to notice her, but since Ralph understood that he must choose between us he chose me.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on Tuesday, the 28th day of February, A. D., 1911, in the city of Rock Island, Ill., an election will be held for the purpose of nominating candidates for mayor and commissioners of the city of Rock Island.

Which election will be opened at 6 o'clock in the morning and continue open until 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

Places for registration and voting will be as follows:

First ward, second precinct—413 Fourth avenue.

First ward, second precinct—628 Eighth street.

Second ward, first precinct—1014 Third avenue.

Second ward, second precinct—919 Sixth avenue.

Third ward, first precinct—County jail building, Third avenue and Fourteenth street.

Third ward, second precinct—1434 Seventh avenue.

Third ward, third precinct—1101 Fifteenth street.

Fourth ward, first precinct—1914 Third avenue.

Fourth ward, second precinct—Trinity church vestry, rear 1818 Sixth avenue.

Fifth ward, first precinct—Hose house on Twenty-second street.

Fifth ward, second precinct—Schmid's store, 823 Twentieth street.

Sixth ward, first precinct—Hose house on Twenty-sixth street.

Sixth ward, second precinct—Rear of 2700 Seventh avenue.

Seventh ward, first precinct—3110 Fifth avenue.

Seventh ward, second precinct—Peterson's carpenter shop, 510 Forty-fifth street.

Seventh ward, third precinct—Gannon's paint shop, Fourteenth avenue between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth street.

M. T. RUDGREN, City Clerk.
Rock Island, Ill., Feb. 3, 1911.

Life Lines

BY BASILEUS.

TODAY

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Do you have business troubles and do things pan out bad for you? Grief and care will not be there if you work and wait, whether success comes soon or late.

If you judge man by the clothes he wears, you judge him not at all; when you do not look beyond the padded form of another, you do not inform yourself.

The good name and the great fame must be attained in your final destiny, for what you now have isn't first rate because you haven't finished.

If you disdain to toil you won't succeed in your trade; the whistle and the gristle must be industriously applied to enable one to over-rule the obstacles of life.

When man does not know himself he should not expect other men to be able to find him as he is; man is hard to understand and to make out, for none know as yet what life is all about.

Do not lose confidence in yourself nor faith in your brother; by keeping your own head above the waves you may prevent the shipwreck of another.

Work to the interest of your employer and make his success most sacred to yourself; loyalty on your part will lead you up the ladder.

The "now" of today is ever present and therefore is eternal; every thing of yesterday has passed away, excepting the "now" that then was and is the same today.

Feb. 4 in American History

1802—Dr. Mark Hopkins, famous educator, born; died 1887.

1840—The United States bank, an institution chartered by Pennsylvania, suspended finally.

1910—The Connecticut hatters' boycott case decided in favor of the plaintiff, with award of damages against the individuals who instituted the boycott amounting to $222,000.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WE like to dwell upon our neighbors' shortcomings. Probably that is the only way we have of showing that we have a regard for virtue and goodness.

A man may start looking for trouble on his own account, but he is apt to blame his wife if he finds it.

When a woman declares that her husband is an angel she is probably wanting you to help her think so, finding it a hard job to do alone and unaided.

Every man hopes to be rich and every woman hopes to be beautiful—some day.

Why doesn't some one invent a sidewalk that never gets slippery?

The man who contributes 50 cents to a charity fund gets $50 worth of pleasure patting himself on the back. Then isn't he indebted $49.50 to the suffering poor?

It is getting so that you can't tell whether the devoted pair at the next table are just married or just waiting for the judge to hand down the decree.

A man thinks that he is sure of a woman when he has married her, but if she agrees with him he would better look out.

Minor Items.

A fellow doesn't lose his head
Because of something great.
His vanity is never fed
On happenings of weight.
It is the very little things
That win with him the prize;
That put him in the air on wings
And puff him to the skies.

How calmly he accepts his fate
When asked if he will sit
Upon the lofty chair of state,
As though it were a fit!
Let him be made the outer guard
In some high sounding lodge
And he will swell about a yard
And trolley wires dodge.

On some important business deal
He may pull down a pile
And not the least elated feel
Or hardly crack a smile.
But let him make a dollar clear
On rags or odds and ends
And he will crow about a year
And weary all his friends.

It isn't on some mighty speech
That he his strength bestows,
Endeavoring to lead or teach
Or naked truth disclose.
It's when the lodge, without a fee,
Puts on a minstrel show
He works himself to death that he
May help to make it go.

Wasteful.

"And, besides all these charms, she is a cooking school graduate."

"Help, help!"

"What do you mean?"

"The cost of living is so high now."

"What of that?"

"Would you have me add to my already heavy burdens the weight of a cooking school wife?"

Pretty Mabel.

"That girl simply has no brains."

"What girl?"

"Mabel."

"Well, there is one comfort."

"What is it?"

"She doesn't need them."

Accurate Information.

"He is a much superior person."

"Superior to what?"

"His neighbors."

"How do you know?"

"Why, he told me."

Left an Impression.

"Father, I suppose you studied all of the branches when you went to school?"

"Certainly."

"Which branch do you remember the best?"

"The hickory branch."

Nothing Else to Do.

"What will you take for that horse?"

"He ain't for sale."

"But if he was for sale what would you take?"

"I'd take a walk."

Some of the Qualifications.

"You know Beth?"

"Yes."

"She isn't a gentleman."

"Maybe not, but she is an awfuhy good liar."

Satan Getting the Best of It.

"He could cheat the devil himself."

"Who?"

"John."

"Then why doesn't he?"

To Cinch the Bargain.

"She married him for his money."

"Well, let us hope that the money will discharge the responsibility."

No Fault of His.

An honest man will never try
To beat his neighbor on the sly,
But if his neighbor will insist
On being on the simple list,
Pray, what then is a man to do
Who has a horse trade to put through?
What can he do but shut his eyes
And say: "I cannot wize him wise."