

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLEN PRINTING TRADES UNION COUNCIL 30

Wednesday, July 5, 1911.

The wall of the farmer is excusable these days.

What beautiful weather we had last winter.

Control your temper. The temperature seems able to take care of itself.

The verdict of the Lorimer committee must be unanimous on one point—somebody lied.

It was just like the weather to be have as badly as possible when everybody was expecting so much of it.

It is said that every man who got soaked inside as well as outside yesterday blamed it on the anti-drinking cup law.

Nat Goodwin has written a book on his love affairs and it has just come from the press. Among other tribulations incident to the heated term, we ought to be spared this.

The newspapers of North Carolina are discussing the question, "Do snakes bite cows." North Carolina being a "dry" state, it wouldn't help the thirsty to decide that snakes bite men.

Perhaps it pleases J. Pierpont Morgan to know that he is not the only American to be honored by the Kaiser with the order of the Red Eagle. Adolph Busch received the same decoration, indirectly at least, because he made a popular beer.

Wisconsin now sets up a holler about the non-resident fishing license, which went into effect in Illinois July 1. A similar wall went up when the Wisconsin legislature passed a like bill. It's six of one and a half dozen of the other, but it seems Illinois is getting the worst of the deal.

Helpless Against the Steel Trust.

The most interesting fact disclosed in the report of Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, on the steel trust is this:

"Indeed, in so far as the steel corporation's position in the entire iron and steel industries is of monopolistic character, it is chiefly through its ore holdings and the transportation of ore."

In other words, by monopolistic ownership of the natural sources of ore and coke supplies, and by control of natural highways—the railroads handling its products—the trust has a monopoly.

The federal government can go on legislating until doomsday against trusts, but so long as it permits private ownership of natural monopolies—sources of supply and railroads—it is going to have the trust evil to deal with.

The one solution of the trust evil is to abolish monopoly in private hands.

The Boy and the Cigaret.

That moral degeneracy is the forerunner of cigaret smoking among children is the opinion of a Brooklyn physician who takes issue with the anti-cigaret league on its methods of combating the evil. He admits to the fullest extent the evil effects of the use of tobacco upon growing children and praises the intention and the motives of those who are trying to suppress it, but contends that greater care ought to be used in the exploiting of "horrible examples" lest enthusiasm beclouded judgment. This physician, Dr. E. M. Thompson, in support of his view says:

"My experience with the children who become the victims of the cigaret habit has led me to believe that the moral strabismus was a primary condition rather than a secondary one, and that the acquisition of the tobacco habit was incidental to the lack of moral tone, and I found that these children had other pernicious habits even more injurious than cigaret smoking.

"There is no doubt to my mind that a good healthy boy living in moral surroundings and having the proper training would scorn to do wrong because it is wrong, whether it be smoking, stealing or other vicious thing. By the same token I am equally convinced that a moral degenerate would make bad out of good, regardless of surroundings or opportunity."

Dr. Thompson intimates that the good people who are trying to break up the cigaret habit by fighting the cigaret are "Quixotic" in their methods, and that while there is true courage displayed in fighting windmills after the style of the "Knight of Sorrowsful Countenance," the best way to bring about a reform is to begin with the child and train him aright through improving the morale of the play ground and giving him some good healthy alternative with which to amuse himself.

Of course there is much to be said

on the other side of the question, especially in the line of the removal of visible temptation, but in the view of those who think like Dr. Thompson, if the child is not fortified morally and physically against temptation he will find other and more readily pitfall than the cigaret awaiting him along the pathway of life.

The leaders of the anti-cigaret movement can hardly take exception to this statement, but the more radical of them are sure to object that it does not go far enough.

New Aspects of the Higher Cost of Living.

Evidence of the upward extension of the cost of living problem may be found in the \$7,000,000 increase in the value of the diamonds imported during the last eleven months as compared with the corresponding period for 1910, in the \$2,000,000 decrease in champagne imports and in the diminished imports of silks, laces and dressed furs.

These figures, the New York World declares, reveal the pinch of economy among consumers of luxuries. The value of the works of art imported increased, it is true, from \$20,333,333 to \$21,500,000. But paintings and objects of art have a recognized investment value. The point for the tenderloin's concern is not merely the 20 per cent reduction in the imports of diamonds but the 50 per cent decrease in the amount of foreign champagne entered.

This is an economy with a serious aspect. It threatens a curtailment of revenue for lobster palaces and allied industries and foreshadows a period of depression in the night life of the town. A decrease in the visible supply of champagne by more than 1,000,000 bottles, and this in the face of a proposed state tax on every bottle consumed, will directly discourage wine-opening.

An ultimate effect of the pinch of the problem of living in these quarters will, no doubt, be to hasten measures for relief. The way to abolish objectionable conditions is to make them odious, and the discovery by consumers of luxuries that they have common cause or complaint with those whom the cost of the necessities oppresses should enlist them in the ranks of reform.

'CARRIE,' SALOON SMASHER

Militant Temperance Advocate Figured in Lively Episodes.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher of Kansas, who died recently, regarded herself as a woman with a mission. She declared that hers was the right hand of God and that she had been commissioned to destroy the rum traffic in the United States. The emblem of her mission was a hatchet, and her campaign against the saloon was country wide. She suffered imprisonment, abuse, ridicule, was even called insane and at the end of nine years retired with money enough to enable her to buy a farm in Arkansas. A good deal of her money was derived from the sale of souvenir hatchets.

Whatever view one may hold of Carrie Nation and her methods, it is not without interest to note that since she appeared on the scene as a saloon smasher a prohibition wave has swept through southern and western states and the anti-saloon element has gained the support of thousands of voters, with the result that scores of new excise laws have appeared on the statute books. It is possible that Carrie Nation did not a little to focus public attention upon the evils and abuses of the liquor traffic.

Outside of her own circle few people had ever heard of Carrie Nation, who lived in Medicine Lodge, Kan., until June 6, 1900. On that day she went into her back yard and picked up half a dozen bricks. These she wrapped separately in old newspapers and, adding four heavy bottles to the collection, set out in her buggy for Kiowa, where she smashed three saloons with her ammunition. She would have smashed others had not proprietors locked the front doors. Then Mrs. Nation stood up in her buggy and informed the crowd that the law had been violated and somebody ought to be prosecuted—herself or the authority which permitted saloons to run in violation of the law. After this challenge she drove back to Medicine Lodge. Next morning, when the news was scattered abroad, the country realized that a new reformer was at hand.

Since that day Mrs. Nation had been in jail at Wichita three times, at Topeka seven times, at Kansas City once, at Coney Island once, at Los Angeles once, at San Francisco once, at Scranton twice, at Pittsburgh three times, at Philadelphia once, at Bayonne, N. J., once and at Cape Breton once, making a total of twenty-two times she had paid penalty for taking the law into her own hands. She understood the art of publicity, and whenever she started on a smashing tour her manager—she always had one—took care to notify the newspapers.

In 1903 she created a disturbance at the White House in an effort to reach President Roosevelt and was ejected by two policemen. As she was being escorted from the building she shouted at the top of her voice: "I am going to pray for a prohibition president, and we will have one—one who will represent the people and not the distillers and brewers. You may put me out of the building, but if a brewer or liquor dealer were here he would have been admitted at once!"

Afterward she went to the capital and disturbed the decorum of the senate. Finally she was arrested and fined \$25, with an alternative of thirty days in jail if she did not pay. She promptly appealed for assistance and easily procured the amount of her fine by selling hatchets.

Mrs. Nation toured Great Britain in 1908 and attracted a good deal of attention to her propaganda. She visited public houses in many cities, gave advice to barmaids and magistrates,

First Coronation Photo, Showing King George's Royal Coach Passing Along Fleet Street



was arrested at Newcastle-on-Tyne for saloon smashing and appeared in London music halls, where she was the target for bad eggs. "Before the vices of London I stand appalled," she said.

INDIANS PROGRESSIVE.

Ranchers Set Out Fruit Trees and Otherwise Develop Their Farms.

All the Indian ranchers along Husum creek, Washington, are showing progressiveness by planting fruit trees, irrigating hay tracts and doing development work that would prove a good example for some white men.

As a rule the Kluckit Indian has several abodes on his ranch, giving rise to much speculation as to the necessity of so many buildings. This is explained by the fact that when a member dies the family moves out of the residence at once and lives in teepees if necessary until another building is erected.

The former buildings are used for stables or for storing hay and grain.

Daffodil Superstitions.

Daffodils are not only poisonous and libelous, but most unlucky flowers, especially when single specimens are encountered. Herrick, who must often have gone through the experience without much harm happening, declares that—

When a daffodil I see Hanging down her head to me, Guess I may what I must be. First, I shall decline my head; Secondly, I shall be dead; Lastly, safely buried.

In Herrick's own Devon to this day if you place a single daffodil on the table of a farmhouse the farmer will jump up and exclaim, "Now we shall have no young ducks this year." The evil spell can be broken by increasing the single flower to a bunch.—St. James' Gazette.



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The Argus Daily Short Story

Mortgagor and Mortgagee—By F. A. Mitchel. Copyrighted, 1911, Associated Literary Press.

"The only way, Miss Sanderson—at least the best way out of the matter," said the attorney, gathering up papers strewn over a table, "is for you to marry the man of whom you have made these loans."

"Good gracious!" "The sums you have borrowed from time to time are so large!"

"I don't know who has loaned me the money. It was all arranged through an agent."

"Pardon me. One step at a time. You can't hope to pay off the mortgages, and a very large sum of interest money comes due Sept. 1. Foreclosures are to be expected on the property pledged as security which is—"

"I know all that. Tell me about this method you propose."

"Marriage. Let us look the matter squarely in the face. You are not, of course, willing to lose the best buildings you possess."

"Whom am I to marry?" "These loans have all been made by the same person, Edmond Eastburn, who inherited a large estate from his father. He is thirty-two years old, about five years your senior, I believe—"

"Seven." "Very good; seven years your senior; intelligent, handsome and generally attractive."

"But I can't ask a man to marry me." "I will arrange a meeting for you. It is my business as your attorney to save your property. Leave the preliminaries to me. Mrs. Eastburn, the gentleman's mother, is an old friend of mine. I think I can arrange for an invitation for you to visit her at her country residence."

"Without either she or her son knowing the object of my coming?" "Neither shall have a suspicion."

"Very well. You have my consent." A week from that day Miss Sanderson received a kind note from Mrs. Eastburn containing an invitation to visit her and to set the date herself. Miss Sanderson accepted and mentioned the 10th of July as the date of her arrival. Mrs. Eastburn told her son that she was expecting a visitor of whom she had heard many pleasant things and asked him if he would not like to meet her at the station and bring her to the house. Ordering his auto, he proceeded to the station.

"Are you looking for Miss Sanderson?" asked a young woman who left the train.

"I am." "You're Mr. Eastburn, then?" "Yes."

"I'm Miss Sanderson's maid. Just before the time to leave a matter of business came up which must be attended to. My mistress sent me on to

say that she will be up tomorrow."

"Well, come with me." The maid carried only a little hand bag, but something—Eastburn couldn't very well tell what—induced him to relieve her of it. There were but two seats in the auto, so that he and the maid sat side by side. He opened conversation.

"I have never seen your mistress."

"Haven't you, sir?" "No. Is she young?" "About my age, sir."

After a pause he asked if the lady was pretty.

"Oh, no, sir. Most people wouldn't call Miss Sanderson pretty."

That evening Mr. Eastburn dined with his mother, smoked, yawned and said that if Miss Sanderson or some one else didn't come the next day he must go back to the city. He couldn't positively stand the dull place any longer. At 9 o'clock he said he would go up to his room and read. Passing the sewing room, he saw Miss Sanderson's maid doing some mending.

"Do you think your mistress will surely arrive tomorrow?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. She said she would."

He stood at the door irresolute. Even a chat with the maid would be a relief.

"I wish you'd tell me something about her. I'm intolerably bored here."

"I should think a young man would find it dull in the country unless he had some man companion or—"

"Some girl to flirt with?" "Oh, no, sir. He shouldn't do that."

"Flirt with her?" "Why not?"

"She might become attached to him."

"No fear of that in my case."

"I don't agree with you, sir."

"Oh, you don't! That's very nice of you. I see you have a way of saying pleasant things. Is your mistress like you in that respect?"

"I wouldn't think of criticising my mistress."

"I didn't ask you to criticise her. I merely asked you to tell me something about her to pass the time. Just think of my going to my room at this hour! When I'm in the city I don't go to my club till after 11, and I seldom leave it before 1."

"If you were married you wouldn't care to do that, sir?" "Wouldn't I?" "No."

"Why not?" "You would then begin to live."

"Begin to live!" "Yes, sir. No man or woman really begins to live before marriage—that is, if they don't marry at the proper time for marriage they don't fill the natural course of their lives. They don't develop."

Mr. Eastburn was silent and thought-

ful for a moment, then said: "I believe you're right. Many an evening I go to my lonely room in the city and to bed bored."

"But you have a home here?" "Here! Why, mother bothers me all the while. She treats me as she did when I was a boy. It's my rubbers, or my overcoat, or a fear that I'll get spilled out of my auto, or something like that, with no rest from morning till night."

The maid bent over her work thinking.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Eastburn.

The maid looked up inquiringly, and he explained by asking her what had set her to thinking.

"I was wondering," she replied, "if a wife should worry about you in that way would it bore you?"

"I wonder," was the indefinite reply. Mr. Eastburn heard his mother coming upstairs, and, not relishing being caught in conversation with a maid, he went on up to his room. The suggestion that marriage was, after all, the only real life for man or woman coming from one who could not possibly aspire to one of such different social position impressed him. Women had said that to him before, but he knew they either wished to marry him for his wealth or secure him for a daughter. Spoken by this humble maid the words had a new import.

As he was dropping off to sleep he was picturing a home of his own with a wife in it, and during the last moment before unconsciousness the wife was the image of Miss Sanderson's maid.

The next morning, while Mr. Eastburn was sitting with his mother at the breakfast table, a telegram was received from the expected guest saying that she was again delayed and would write. When the letter came the writer said that it might be a week before she could arrive. She also gave the information that her maid was not a common servant, but a student of domestic science and a friend whom she had taken into her service. Would Mr. Eastburn kindly treat her with more consideration than an ordinary servant?

"Mother," exclaimed the son, "confound this Miss Sanderson!" "What do you mean, Edmond?" "She's sent a lady up here as a maid without telling us anything about it. I suspected right away that the girl was not an ordinary maid. We must change our treatment of her at once. Let her dine with us this evening. I wish to make amends for not having shown her proper consideration."

Miss Eastburn was quite willing to act upon her son's suggestion. She spoke to the maid after breakfast and told her of the proposed change.

"Please give me your name," said Mrs. Eastburn.

"Adele, m'm."

"Never mind the 'm'm.' Adele what?"

"Adele Richards."

"Well, Miss Richards, I believe you brought some baggage of your own. I trust you have some suitable apparel."

Miss Richards said that she had and from that moment dropped the ways of a maid. She appeared at dinner suitably but simply dressed, and it seemed to Mr. Eastburn that the whole house was changed. His mother was delighted that something had occurred to keep him with her, since she had been dreading his departure. Mr. Eastburn asked a great many questions about domestic science and from Miss Richards' replies made up his mind that she must be a very staid student. But since she was pretty and attractive he didn't mind this. After dinner when the maid-lady or maid, whichever the girl was, sat down at the piano and played the most difficult music delightfully Mr. Eastburn was surprised again.

From that time forward the young man had some one to flirt with and this while away the hours pleasantly. He forgot all about the expected guest or if he remembered that she was to visit his mother hoped her engagements would keep her away indefinitely. Fortunately for him she never came.

During Miss Richards' stay the loner of surplus funds instructed his attorney to foreclose certain mortgages, the interest of which was in default. The attorney replied that the mortgagor would like to meet him at their office for a conference. Mr. Eastburn spoke of the matter to Miss Richards, to whom he had become engaged, saying that he would decline the conference. His fiancée convinced him that it was his duty to meet his debtor.

He went to the city, and Miss Richards followed him on the next train. On entering his attorney's private office whom should he see but Miss Sanderson's maid.

"What are you here for?" he asked, astonished.

"I'm your debtor."

"My debtor?" "Yes, I'm Edith Sanderson, the mortgagor."

The young man looked at his fiancée in a dazed manner, while she continued:

"Perhaps you'd better not foreclose these mortgages, seeing that the matter will soon lie in the family."

"Well, I reckon not," replied Mr. Eastburn, dnmfounded.

July 5 in American History

1758—George Augustus Viscount Howe of the British colonial army killed near Fort Mifflin, N. Y.

1801—David Glasgow Farragut, naval hero, born; died 1870.

1810—Phineas Taylor Barnum, showman, born at Bethel, Conn.; died 1869.

1830—Bishop John P. Newman, noted Methodist divine and the friend of General Grant, died; born 1823.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

APPRECIATION.

I WISH that I might know the man I who first discovered ice would keep I'd twice for him a big bouquet. One that would fill a moving dray. For his success I'd daily pray And almost praise him in my sleep.

As he passed by I'd loudly cry, "There goes the hero of renowns Who first cut ice and put it down!" And every one who heard would pause, And loud would echo the applause, "For him make way."

As well earned homage they would pay. The gentleman who first cut ice Would cut a lot of it with me. I'd run to him and grab his hand, Have the musician tune the band. He'd have my warm affection and Could with my purse make free.

I'd sing his praise In chivalry lays Or fix him up some little treat To show that I appreciate A person who is truly great. His picture—yes, I rather guess I would unto my bosom press.

I do not care so much about The gentlemen who cut it now. They charge so much One scarce may touch A chunk to cool his fevered brow. The prices they insist we pay Are awful ones, and worse than that. They make our pocketbooks look flat And leave us not a cent to treat Ourselves to what we want to eat. I'll bet the man would throw a fit And take some means to make them quit And cut their price Who first cut ice Did he know what we pay for it.

Color Schemes. "Brown was turned down by Miss Black."

"What was the matter?" "Said she didn't treat him white."

"Naturally he felt blue."

"Maybe, but he looked green."

"He will forget it by the time he is gray."

"There is some color of truth to that."

"Still, he thought her the pink of perfection."

"Maybe closer inspection would have disclosed a yellow streak."

"Please pass the rainbow."

At the Farm. "Are there any mosquitos here?"

"Not any. I am sure you will like staying with us. All my boarders like it."

"I can't live where there are mosquitos."

"None here. Slap, slap, slap, from the porch 'What's that?' 'Just the merry boarders playing the moonrise.'"

She Would Be Safe. "How would you like to wear a musle if you were a dog?" asked the woman with the sour visage who had undertaken to reform the world without pay.

"Madam," replied the man who was strapping on the musle, "if I were a dog and you were the only possible person to bite I wouldn't need a musle."

Poetic Justice. The early bird he gets the worm. But little does he reck That it's as hard on birds as worms; Each gets it in the neck.

Sometimes. "What happens when a hardworking man makes a huge fortune?"

"Probably many things, and I can name one."

"What is it?" "A raft of young reprobates in the second generation."

Undoubtedly. "A fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, and I have observed that the separation is always both painful and permanent."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Gossip always has to have a good promoter or it dies of its own foolishness.

Some people seem to think that unless they step on your toes you never notice that they are about.

A good painter isn't required to give the town a coat of carmine.

Don't boast. Give the others a chance to say something good about you.

Be kind. For kindness is easy on the constitution.

People won't think much of you if you are all the time thinking about yourself.

Don't criticise. The lowest baggar will resent it and fight back.

Look on the bright side, but don't stand cutting off the light from other people while you are doing it.

Help a man when he is down, but look out that he doesn't swat you when he gets to his feet.

Lame shoulder is almost invariably caused by rheumatism of the muscles and yields quickly to the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is not only prompt and effectual, but in no way disagreeable to use. Sold by all druggists.