

THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1634 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS.—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, \$1 per year in advance.

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Telephones in all departments: Central Union, West 145 and 1145; Union Electric 8145.



Saturday, February 17, 1912.

It would not be a half bad idea to give the business streets a scouring before another freeze sets in.

Americans are beginning to wonder if, after all, Diaz didn't give Mexico as good government as Mexico deserved.

The Manchus have abdicated the throne of China after 300 years, but "Tama Jim" Wilson still is secretary of agriculture.

The blow that was dealt the Standard Oil company by the supreme court does not appear to have sent it through the ropes.

The duty on real Irish potatoes recently received into this country amounts to \$700,000. There is another thing which is new in our time.

Over three and a half billion young fish and fish eggs were distributed last year by the fishery commission of the United States, and yet the price of fish is high.

The colonel's position, according to the Quincy Herald, may be summed up in the query: "Does a man want a drink because he's thirsty, or is he thirsty because he wants a drink?"

Out in Kansas the snows have laid the foundation for a wheat crop. In the mountain canons the snows have stored up the water for irrigation purposes. Nature goes right on creating real prosperity, regardless of what the politicians predict.

Speaker Charles Adkins started out a while ago as a candidate for governor. He literally tore up the whole earth and opposed practically every faction in his party. The consequence was that when he got through, as his party was composed entirely of factions, he had no following and now he is out of the race altogether. It is a great question in politics whether to antagonize all the factions or whether to harmonize all the factions. The fellow who starts out as Adkins did to fight the whole bunch, will find himself before long, fighting alone, and that is where Adkins found himself before the campaign was fully in motion.

GOOD WORDS FROM A GOOD SOURCE.

The Peoria Herald-Transcript, republican in politics, has the following exceedingly complimentary editorial reference to Supreme Court Judge George A. Cooke:

"Justice George A. Cooke of Aledo, who was elected to the supreme court of Illinois in 1909 to fill a vacancy, is a candidate for reelection. Judge Cooke is a democrat, but the Herald-Transcript, believing that the selection of supreme court judges should be above partisanship, has no hesitation in endorsing him for reelection. Judge Cooke has made a record during his service on the bench which proves him capable, fair and honorable. He has served with credit to himself and his high office, and his opinions have not only been good law but good sense. There is a well established precedent in Illinois—a precedent thus far happily undisturbed by partisanship—to continue on the bench those members of the high court who have given satisfactory service.

EXPRESS OVERCHARGES.

It is of common knowledge that the express companies have been imposing extortionate rates upon their patrons and in those rates practicing unfair discrimination. On top of this has come proof of the fact that they have even been charging above the rates they have fixed for their services. This state of affairs has been brought to light by the investigation of the express companies which is being made by the interstate commerce commission. An agent of the commission discovered that in one month there were 3,000 cases of overcharging by a single company, the excess over the card rates being \$67,000. In answer to this testimony the attorney of the company explained that the overcharges were due to mistakes on the part of employees and that all but 20 per cent of them had been refunded. This means that the overcharged patrons who did not complain of the extortion and demand restitution were

cheated out of more than \$13,000. And it is a poor defense for corporations that return such enormous profits to their stockholders as the express companies have paid to admit that they have incompetent employes. The more light that is thrown on the inner workings of the express companies the greater appears the necessity of placing them under government regulation and providing healthy competition.

FOR JUSTICE SAKE.

While the average human being shrinks at the thought of four young men being executed at the hands of the law, yet none will doubt that the quartet that went to the gallows in Cook county yesterday paid a just penalty due to the law, due to society and due to humanity. Regardless of how people may differ as to the purely sentimental theory as to the right or expediency of the death penalty, here was a case where nothing short of the severest lesson man is capable of inflicting would suffice. Chicago has been suffering from a reign of murder and terror. The gang of six young men of which the four whose lives were claimed yesterday were members, was composed of as cold-blooded devils as were ever born. They went out deliberately to rob and kill. Their victim, a truck gardener whom they waylaid in the dead of night, begged for his life for the sake of his wife and children, after they had robbed him. Yet they slew him for the mere satisfaction of killing him. The law did well to apprehend the scoundrels and put them out of the way. The negro who died on the same gallows a few hours later, was a paroled convict, who killed a man whose house he had entered and whose daughter he had attacked. He, too, deserved the fate that overtook him. At least all five got what was coming to them—the law's extreme penalty, not in the spirit of revenge or vindictiveness, but as a warning. And this is what Chicago needs right now—a lesson, a terrible example.

In two years there have been approximately 800 homicides in Chicago and its environs, an average of about 28 a month. During the period until yesterday not a single one of this appalling list of slayers had been brought to the gallows. The facts speak for themselves.

HELPING IMMIGRANTS AND CITIZENS.

There were 30,657 admitted aliens, naturalized citizens, and native Americans who asked for and were given information regarding opportunities for employment and places for home building in this country in the fiscal year 1911, as compared with 18,339 in 1910, the increase being 12,418, or 68 per cent, according to a statement submitted by T. V. Powderly, chief of the division of information, to Secretary Nagel of the department of commerce and labor, through the commissioner general of immigration. This work has been undertaken for the purpose of more equitably distributing the immigrant population and as a means of relieving the congestion of aliens in the eastern part of the country. It enables them to obtain employment at interior industrial points, especially on farms, and tends to prevent a further increase in the overcrowded slums of the great American cities. Particular care is taken to direct no one to a place where he would replace labor already employed. In accordance with the uniform practice of the division no applicant for information has registered more than once, no matter how often he applied. Furthermore many of those who applied represented others, so that it is believed fully 100,000 persons were either directly or indirectly benefited from information furnished by the division.

With reference to the occupation of the applicants, it is stated that the farm laborers in 1911 numbered 7,134, which was an increase of 1,932, or 31 per cent, over the total for 1910, and the day laborers, 8,028, or 63 per cent, or 45 per cent more than in the preceding year. Those two occupations account for nearly 50 per cent of the whole number in 1911.

AUTO BANDITS SNATCH \$10,000 IN DIAMONDS.

New York, Feb. 17.—The automobile bandits, who on Thursday held up two bank messengers and stole \$25,000, jumped from the Wall street district to the hotel and shopping district of Fifth avenue and Broadway yesterday. Three men in the taxicab type of car trailed George H. Horth, a diamond dealer, from Broadway and Thirty-fourth street to Fifth avenue, through Fifth avenue to Thirty-fifth street and west on Thirty-fifth street to a point 200 feet from Sixth avenue. There two of them jumped from the cab, stunned the jeweler with blows from a blackjack, ripped a wallet containing \$10,000 worth of unset diamonds from his coat pocket, and made their escape. The robbery occurred shortly before 7 o'clock in the evening, when the streets of the vicinity were thronged with pedestrians and vehicles and with a policeman standing only 200 feet away. When the news of the holdup reached police headquarters, Deputy Commissioner Dougherty and Inspector Hughes were declaring to the newspaper men that they had made progress toward capturing the highwaymen who stole \$25,000 the previous day. They had made two arrests in the case of Beckerman, the boy who was held up last Saturday on the Bowery and relieved of \$965 by thugs, who escaped in an automobile, as did

Heart and Home Problems by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON. Includes an illustration of a woman's profile.

"The true optimist does not love the world because he is an optimist; he is an optimist because he loves the world." Dear Mrs. Thompson—Please tell me how to polish furniture so it will not show finger marks. MRS. H. Writing a cloth out of hot water and wipe the furniture off before putting on the furniture cream. The result will be a very high polish that will not finger mark. Dear Mrs. Thompson—Is there any way to prevent the frame of an umbrella from rusting? G. N. H. Before using a new umbrella, inject a small quantity of vaseline into the hinge portion of the frame. Vaseline will not spread like other oils and spoil the covering, and is a sure preventive against rust. Wet umbrellas should be stood on their handles to dry. This allows the water to run out of them instead of into the part where the silk and ribs meet, which causes the metal to rust and the silk to rot. Dear Mrs. Thompson—Is it true that the grandmother of Queen Anne of England was a barmaid? ANON. It is, we believe, quite true that two queens of England had a barmaid for a grandmother. The story runs thus: A Westminster barmaid married her master, a publican. After his death she found a second husband in Mr. Hyde, a lawyer, who in later years became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon. A daughter of this union married the Duke of York, and was the mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England. Dear Mrs. Thompson—Does biting off thread do any harm? MARY. Biting off thread is not only injurious to the teeth but there is danger of poisoning by taking into the system each time a thread is bitten off a little of the sugar of lead which is used in the dye.

CURRENT COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER. (Special Correspondence of The Argus.) President Taft has made announcement of his purpose to veto any tariff bill for which his tariff board has not furnished data. The theory upon which this government is built—a theory Mr. Taft himself commended in his denunciation of the recall—is that the legislative, executive and judicial branches shall each exercise certain well defined duties. The president's threat, therefore, amounts to coercion of the legislative branch of the government. What is involved may perhaps be better understood by supposing that the president should publicly announce, while a case was pending before the supreme court, that unless a certain decision were made he would at once start impeachment proceedings. In that event there would be exactly the same encroachment upon the judicial as he now makes upon the legislative branch. "ELEVATING" THE WORKINGMAN. President McKinley, in one of his speeches, said: "It must be conceded that the protective system has dignified and elevated labor. We observe its triumphs on every hand. The industries most benefited by the high protective policy are steel, wool and cotton manufacturing, and we observe the way in which these trusts have "elevated" labor. We see one result of this "elevating" process in Lawrence, Mass., where men, women and children are met with bayonets when they protest against a cut of 22 cents a week in their wages of \$6, \$7 and \$8 a week. The "elevating" process is to be seen, in the flower of its triumph, in the steel trust's mills, where men are forced to labor 72 hours a week for wages paid laborers in free trade England for 56 hours work. "Elevating and dignified," truly! A BIG DIFFERENCE. "Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute." The American woolen trust spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in magazine advertising, the purpose of which was to "educate" the people into seeing the justice of Schedule "K," and the way it is making sheep raisers rich by paying big prices for wool, and the way it is selling cloth for less than such a patriotic concern ought to charge for it. And then, when the workers in the mills objected to a cut of a few cents a week in their wages, the trust employed an army of guards to protect its mills. When the state shortened the hours of labor, wages, of course, had to come down, for of course that patriotic company could not pay 22 cents per week to its operatives in order that they might have shorter hours and still get the same old \$6 a week.

Humor and Philosophy by DUNCAN H. SMITH. DISTRESSINGLY HEALTHY.

A LUCKY one is he indeed Who doesn't know and doesn't care To know that he's a stomach has; If he suspects one, knows not where. A happy man is such a one. And twice, thrice happy is his cook, Who doesn't know about such things Except as mentioned in a book. He doesn't have to think about What he can eat and what he can't. Most anything that comes along He can without compunction plant. He stays away all sorts of food. Wise heads look on and sadly shake. Were he to meet it on the street He wouldn't know the stomach ache. He laughs at those who pick their food. Mike dainty pecks at this and that. He doesn't understand their ways. For he could eat an old black hat. One food is just as good to him As any of any other brand. Just so when he sits down to eat There is enough of it at hand. But there will come a time some day When he will learn, to his distress, That he is much like other men— Composed of stomach, more or less. So let him now enjoy himself And eat a horse if he should choose. He'll see the day when he will sit With mashes, patent foods and blues.



Busy Times. "I just love this old fashioned winter. Don't you?" "Why not?" "Well, after you have cleaned the ice off the front steps and shoveled the snow off the walk and carried in the coal and out the ashes there is no time left in which to cultivate the artistic temperament." One Thing Needed. "Mrs. Millions is giving her first dinner tonight." "I suppose it will be very swell." "Yes. Her gown is from the foremost modiste, her flowers from the most expensive florist, and she has the best caterer and the best singer in town." "So there is just one thing lacking?" "Lacking? What can that be?" "A cultivated and capable woman to act as hostess for her." Dad's Hope. "I wonder why Sims sends that boy of his to college." "Isn't he all right?" "Why, the chap hasn't brains enough to tackle one problem in arithmetic." "Maybe Sims hopes he will develop muscle enough to tackle eleven on the gridiron." On Faith. "I don't like to eat in that restaurant." "Why not?" "I found a hair in my butter." "Take off your glasses before you try that place again." More Satisfaction. "How did he make his money?" "By shady deals." "And now, I suppose, he is trying to live down his past." "No; he is trying to live it up." As He Saw It. "A good man is a tower of strength." "Oh, I don't know. Some of the best men I've known couldn't whip Jim Jeffries." Not Remunerative. "He always draws attention." "Huh, that's nothing! If he would draw a salary it would be better." Quite a Flier. You think perhaps the price of eggs Has legs, so tireless is the race up. Still legs would be but feeble things, For wings alone could keep that pace up. PERT PARAGRAPHS. It is a good thing to have an ear for music. It helps a lot when you have to face it. Many have to acquire mind before they can make it up; hence the delay. Some men are so handsome that they attract all their own attention to the detriment of their business. Luck is a handy thing to have around the house if for no other purpose than to take the blame. No use criticising the other fellow unless you are prepared to take hold and do better. Self confidence is a good thing to use to baffle the confidence man. Contentment may be comfortable, but it never gets anywhere. The fellows who go off on a tangent are due to come back on a stretcher. The man who yells the loudest for something to happen is often the first to dodge the issue. An attack of the grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with good success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies had failed. Sold by all drug stores.

The Argus Daily Story My Brother's Substitute—By F. A. Mitchel. Copyrighted, 1911, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Jim and I are twins. We don't look as much alike as we did when we were young, because Jim's hair has grown much grayer than mine and I've a scar on my left cheek. But up to thirty the members of our own family sometimes had trouble telling us apart. There was a breakdown in the family when Jim and I were eighteen years old. Father died without leaving anything, and Jim and I had to go to work. I found a situation in one concern and Jim in another. Later I was sent away to establish a branch of the business in another city, while Jim remained where he was. I hadn't seen him for two years when I heard that he was ill and in a hospital. The news was too much for my ability to remain away from him longer, so I fixed things up in my business for an absence, took a train and on arrival went from the station direct to the hospital. Jim had a private room, and I was shown to it by an attendant. I found him in bed, but instead of showing effects of an illness I couldn't see but that he looked as well as ever. He was mighty glad to see me, as I was to see him. I asked him to tell me about himself and how it was that he appeared so well and yet confined to his bed. He gave me one of those frightened looks intended to impose silence. Then, pulling me down toward him, he whispered in my ear: "I want to get out of this. Your coming is a godsend. Get off your clothes in a hurry and tumble into bed. I'm going to put them on and make my way out. Nobody will know the difference between you and me." He looked so anxious and eager that I immediately began to hustle off my clothes, and as fast as I got out of them Jim got into them. As soon as I was in bed and Jim was dressed I said, "Now tell me about it." But Jim gave me another frightened look, as much as to say that he couldn't think of doing so, and was about to go when I clutched his coat and said: "For heaven's sake, don't leave me this way! Tell me how long I'm to stay here anyway." "I don't dare take the time. If my nurse should find us both here it would prevent my getting out in your place. She's liable to come in any minute." "Well, one thing you must do—at least to my business for me—that is, if I'm to be kept here any length of time." "All right; I'll do it," he said. And before I could get another word out of him he was gone. He needn't have been in such a hurry, as it turned out, for his nurse didn't come in for half an hour. At the end of that time the door opened, and a very pretty specimen of femininity entered. She was dressed in a nurse's uniform of spotless white. This was very becoming to her complexion, which had a lot of red in it. Then, too, her eyes and hair were dark, and the contrast with her dress and cap was charming. She came up to my bed, looked down upon me sympathetically—lovingly, it seemed to me—placed her hand on my forehead—a warm, soft one—and said: "I really must report that you are ready to be discharged. The house surgeon will find this out pretty soon, and I'll get myself into trouble." Here was a pretty go. Jim had departed without giving me the slightest hint what part to play. The only thing I could do was to be noncommittal and learn as much of the situation as I could. It looked as though Jim had been making love to his nurse, had recovered and, in order to remain in the light of her presence, had lingered in the hospital longer than was necessary. But how to reconcile this with his desire to escape without her knowing he had gone I hadn't even an inkling. The safest thing I could think of to say was: "Do you really think so?" "I certainly do. Indeed, I see no reason for continuing this deception any longer, though it has been a delightful experience. You know that I love you and I have perfect confidence in the love you have both shown and have expressed for me. We can meet as often as my duties will permit until we can be married." This was the principal part of it, and if it hadn't been for Jim's desire to substitute me for himself would have been all I cared to know. Though I was puzzled, my role was much easier to play than before. I concluded to angle for time. I based my first definite remark on the probability that my inferences were correct—namely, that Jim had had an affair of the heart with his nurse and prolonged his stay beyond his recovery. Besides this, the situation was pleasing to me, and I didn't mind acting on the same idea. "The period I have passed here in your care," I said, "has been the happiest in my life. I simply can't bear to end it." "It must end some time." "Give me another day. Tomorrow I will try to make up my mind to leave you." A pained expression at the prospective parting passed over her face. She bent down and, placing her pink lips on mine, gave me a delicious kiss. It seemed that all the joys of the world were concentrated in those few moments. Then, saying that she would go and bring my noon meal, she left me. Never in my life have I been placed in such a quandary. My own dear twin brother had left me to personate himself with a woman he loved and who loved him. I didn't know whether I was acting both dishonorably and unbrotherly to him or not. He had not confided the truth to me. He had expected that the girl would mistake me for him, but had the position in which this mistake would place her and me occurred to him? Probably not. He was in such a hurry that it was likely he hadn't thought of this. I was scandalized at receiving caresses that were intended for him. It was as dishonorable to the girl as to Jim. What was I to do? The thing I did—the next thing—was to eat the dinner she brought me, all the while the love-light in her eyes beaming down upon me. After I had finished and she had removed the tray she told me that she had reported me to be so much better that she had more time to devote to other patients, but she would come in to see me between her attentions to them. During one of her absences I thought the matter over and came to the following conclusion: I must go on playing Jim's part, whatever it was, for I could not do otherwise without giving him away, and how serious this would be to him I did not know. I had been placed in a position for which I was in no way responsible. My conscience was clear, and I didn't see how it could be clouded. I would act the part of a responsible lover. I managed to put off my departure as a discharged patient for two weeks. How I succeeded in doing it I don't know, unless it was by the connivance of the girl who doted on part with me as much as I doted to part with her. At the end of these two weeks I am ashamed to confess that I was ready to fight to the death my own flesh and blood, my own twin brother, for the love of the girl in whose affections I had taken his place. I excused myself by encouraging a suspicion in my mind that he had treated her shamefully and that I was justified in securing her for myself. At any rate, I would never give her up to him or any one else. But what next? When this query popped into my head I was seized with a sudden desire to get out of the hospital, and Jim and I went to the explanation. Then, whatever it was, I would tell him that, having placed me in a position to make love to his girl, he should not complain that I had won her from him. Had I won her from him? Did she love him or me, or both of us? Feeling that if I lay thinking upon this brain and heart racking problem I should go mad, I threw off the covers and jumped out of bed. I was in Jim's clothes in a twinkling and when my nurse entered again I was ready for my departure. She stood looking at me, surprised. I folded her in my arms, showered kisses on her face—particularly her lips—then dashed away without a word of explanation as to my sudden departure. In an hour I was with Jim. "Why did you put me in this position and why have I heard nothing from you since?" I asked impatiently. "Does she love me still—I mean you?" "She loves me—me, I say—not you at all." "Thank God." "What do you mean?" "Subside, Bob, and I'll tell you all about it. I dared not write you—I mean myself—for fear of giving away the whole situation. I went to the hospital engaged to be married. I hadn't had time to inform you of my engagement before I was taken ill. Immediately after our betrothal my fiancée sailed on a European trip. The hospital girl took a fancy to me at once and showered such attentions on me that I couldn't help reciprocating. I very weakly suffered myself to be drawn into an affair of the heart. I assure you I didn't realize how deeply involved I had become before I committed betrothal bigamy. "In your appearance I saw a loophole. I took advantage of it, and from what you tell me all has turned out fortunately." "Jim, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—to win a girl's affections and then run away from her." "To have my own brother to dishonorably take her away from me. It seems to me that's the pot calling the kettle black." "Call it squared," I said, seizing Jim's hand. I was happy in knowing that I could claim our girl, but I was puzzled to know whether I should do so as Jim or myself. He and I talked the matter over and decided that after becoming formally engaged I should introduce Jim to my fiancée as my twin brother whom she had never met. This plan worked admirably. After the introduction I twitted my betrothed, saying: "I presume, sweetheart, that since Jim and I are twins you would as lief marry one of us as the other." "That's the reply I deserve," I said. "I would know you apart in the dark." I dare say this is the only case where in two brothers who had occasion to quarrel over the same girl leashed each other instead. But the secret is between Jim and me. Neither of our wives has an inkling of it. Should Jim tell his wife how nearly he came being carried away by profligacy during a period of physical weakness there would be trouble at home. If I were to tell my wife of the trick by which one lover was substituted for another she would be furious.

The Mother by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Includes an illustration of a woman holding a child.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."—Isaiah LXVI, 13. A book unheeded in her lap, she sits with dreaming eyes And looks from out the window at the distant hills that rise— Yet soon she crosses all the hills and finds a pathway straight To where the children clamber on the fence beside the gate: To where the children hail her with their shouts of wondrous glee, Yet still the book, unheeded, lies half-open on her knee. And far from out the window bends the sky in hazy blue, And she fares forth upon a road that leads the meadows through, That hurries down the city streets until she finds a door Which opens to her gentle knock; and then, as oft of yore, She hears the laughter of her boy, she sorrows when he grieves. Yet still the book is lying with her hand between the leaves. And now she goes another way, where mountains touch the sky; She threads the forest fastnesses until she draws anigh The little cottage where her girl has helped to make a home, Where, in the distance on the sea, are gleams of upfing foam; And for a while they speak of all the joys that used to be— Yet still the book, unheeded, lies half-open on her knee. And so she fares till sunset, she goes far and far away, But always finds her haven at the ending of the day; And takes her book and idly at the opened pages peers With eyes that have the softness that is caused by unshed tears, And sometimes she will murmur low, and sometimes she will smile, For out and over all the land her heart has been the while those of Thursday, but the prisoners were just suspects. When the news of the Thirty-fifth street robbery came in Commissioner Dougherty had to admit frankly: "It's an epidemic. I confess I have no idea whether these 'stickups' are the work of one big band or of three or more little bands. We don't know who the men are or how to find them."

Feb. 17 in American History

1801—Thomas Jefferson's election as president of the United States decided in the house of representatives on the thirty-sixth ballot. 1800—Geronimo, the once notorious raiding chief of the Apaches, died, a United States prisoner of war, at Fort Sill, Okla. Brunswick, Germany—The government of Brunswick is about to give to Harvard university a bronze cast of the lion monument erected in the castle square by Henry the Lion in 1168.