

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, August 30, 1913.

The Projects to Be Voted For

Following are the propositions to be voted for at the special election Sept. 11, which separately and collectively promise for Rock Island's improvement, development and expansion, and every one of which is entitled to the approval of the voters:

Purchase of Island City baseball park, 11 acres, \$20,000; eight-year bonds.

Construction of elevated tank at reservoir station, \$22,000; 10-year bonds.

Flooring of Rock river bridge with concrete, \$5,000; five-year bonds.

Installation of police alarm system, \$10,000; 10-year bonds.

Extension of water mains along Eighteenth avenue from Twenty-fourth to Fifteenth street, and in newly annexed territory, \$17,000; eight-year bonds.

Erection of new fire station in newly annexed territory and extension of fire alarm system in that district, \$16,000.

Annexation of a further strip of territory in South Rock Island, running from the city limits to Brasher street, south, and from Twelfth street west to the Mississippi river, exclusive of the tract already made a part of the city.

Get ready to shake that straw hat.

Thaw's attorneys seem to be getting some valuable points on law from the versatile Harry.

A press dispatch says "Henry Lane Wilson wishes to talk." The supposition is that he had already parroted too much.

If there is to be a billion state Texas is a likely candidate. Its production of natural gas last year was 7,470,373,000 cubic feet.

Unfortunately for Evelyn Thaw, it is not supposed that Harry can escape every time she begins a New York engagement.

In spite of the demand that popular heroes be commemorated by suitable memorials, no movement has yet been made to place a statue of Walter Johnson on the streets of Washington.

No one can say that August has not done its best during the latter days to make up for the abominable work of May, June and July and the early weeks of this month in the weather line. But we still have our fingers crossed.

There is lots of money in this country. The only thing needed to make business hum in every city and hamlet is to have the money properly distributed. That is the purpose of the proposed democratic currency reform legislation.

Monday will be Labor day, an occasion worthy the observance of every thoughtful citizen. The custom is an honored one and one in which labor sees in some degree that the part it plays in the world of industry and achievement is appreciated.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts who has been two or three times elected governor of his state as a democrat, is on his way back to the late republican party. He doesn't like the democratic tariff; it pinches his nose. It may be said by way of comment that the democratic party can stand the loss of Foss, if he can stand the loss of the democratic party.

Next Thursday, September 4, will be the last day of registration prior to the special election, September 11, when the women of Rock Island will have their first opportunity to exercise their right of franchise. It is important that all who have not already been registered comply with this requirement in the precinct in which they reside. For the convenience of all interested The Argus will publish Monday the location of every precinct in the city and the boundaries of the same.

Attorney General Patrick J. Lacey of Illinois and Fred LeRoy of Streator, were signally honored during their visit to Washington the day President Wilson delivered his Mexican speech to congress. They were taken in charge by the Illinois delegation of democratic congressmen, now numbering 18, and were literally extended the keys of the city. After the president

had concluded his message, the two Illinoisians were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Congressman-at-Large W. E. Williams of Pittsfield. Every member of the delegation save Congressman Frank T. O'Hair, who happened to be out of the city, was present.

OLD SETTLERS' MEETING. More interest generally should be manifested by citizens, young and aged, in the annual gatherings of the Rock Island County Old Settlers' association, an organization which, aside from its social character, is contributing to small part in the work of gathering and preserving the historical data pertaining to this locality.

Many of the active members of the society have witnessed the transformation of the county from a wilderness to one of the thriving, prosperous and thickly populated divisions of the great state of Illinois.

Primarily the association was formed for the purpose of bringing the old settlers together in annual reunion. But, as stated, it has another and more important mission—the keeping alive of the historical interest and sentiment of the county.

"The younger generations should acquaint themselves with early day conditions in their home community, and they can gain much knowledge from attendance at the meetings of the old settlers.

The forthcoming meeting at the Watch Tower Sept. 4 will be one of the most interesting in the life of the association, and it is hoped that there will be a large turnout. All citizens, whether members or not, are invited to be present.

UPHOLDING THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

Many of the automobile owners of Rock Island have made it a point to compliment The Argus on its attitude for the enforcement of the regulations governing the use of the streets. "I have driven an automobile for years," said one, "and perhaps have grown reckless at times, because running an automobile is like anything else, one becomes careless, thoughtless and unintentionally. But for the common safety, all should be required to observe certain regulations. "You are on the right track, keep it up," said another. "They will all come to your way of thinking after a while and realize that it is for their best interests."

There are many violations that are more flagrant than others. It is those requirements that speak for public safety that should necessarily be more rigidly enforced. The speed maniac should under no circumstances be tolerated anywhere in the city. Next to him comes the automobile or motorcycle driver who runs into people getting on or off street cars. Almost on a par with him is the fiend who, violating the muffler cut-out law, dashes shrieking and puffing through the streets at night to the utter misery and annoyance of all citizens who are seeking rest. He is a public nuisance who should be abated as such. The neglect of the curb requirement as applied to all forms of vehicles is not so conspicuous as it has been, but there are still many notable instances of negligence in this respect as The Argus has frequently pointed out and which the police should put a stop to.

As to the rear light requirements a word is due in behalf of the automobile drivers. It sometimes happens that unknown to the driver this light becomes extinguished, and while it is necessary that there be constant vigilance in this respect, there are occasionally circumstances that should be taken into consideration. No instance should be permitted to go unnoticed, but it is possible that the same drastic measures that apply to other more dangerous violations may not be at all times necessary, notwithstanding that no machine of any description should be permitted on the streets without all lights burning, and the time will come when this will apply locally, as it does in the larger cities, to every manner of vehicle.

In the end it will be found just as easy to evince regard for the law and the rights of others as it is to ignore ordinary requirements that every fair minded citizen should be glad to respect.

Boys in a fresh air school in Buffalo, N. Y., prune the orchard trees on the school grounds, grow catalpa trees for future transplanting, study bird whistles and notes as they hear them in the orchard, and incidentally acquire a valuable insight into the main principles of forestry.

Of the 6,572,000 school children in Prussia, 3,815,000 are in Protestant schools, 2,883,000 in Roman Catholic schools and the comparatively small number of 868,555 in the nonsectarian schools, where the pupils take most of

the subjects in common but receive religious instruction separately in the faith to which they belong.

The school garden movement has shown us one way of solving the child-labor problem," says Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education. "It has proved that children can make things grow, and grow abundantly. A tiny plot four by eight feet, such as a child has in the city farm, grows vegetables enough to supply a family of five with a different vegetable every day for five days in the week."

MINE FIRM SUES UNION; RESULT OF LONG STRIKE

Belleville, Ill., Aug. 30.—An effort to compel the United Mine Workers of Illinois to pay for damages alleged to have accrued to a coal company by reason of a strike is sought in an injunction proceeding filed in the Belleville circuit court by the Boyd Coal and Coke company of Sparta, Ill.

The case will be watched with interest by the coal industry in the state because new points are raised. In June, 1912, an engineer quit work because of a shutdown of the mine caused by a flood. When the mine resumed operations the engineer asked to be reinstated. His request was refused. The matter was laid before a joint meeting of representatives of the operators and miners. No agreement could be reached.

The petition alleges that the miners refused to submit the case to arbitration. As a result a strike was called in February, 1913, and since that time no work has been done at the mine. The strikers have been drawing strike benefits since that time.

The injunction asks the court to order the controversy submitted to arbitration, name the arbitrators, ascertain the amount of damages to the mine by reason of being shut down, and order the union to pay the damages out of the union fund. The suit is directed against Joseph Pope, president, and all other state officers of the United Mine Workers of America.

Washington—Honduras became the fifth country to accept Secretary Bryan's peace plan.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., Aug. 28.—Dignified, calm and strong, the message of President Wilson on the Mexican situation, struck a refreshingly new note in American diplomatic history.

The key to the whole message was its inherent morality. Too often in the past expediency has been the guide of our foreign policy. The president put on the shining armor of righteousness and took congress and the American people into his confidence. He has adopted a difficult policy, one liable to subject his administration to criticism from the interests, because it is right and because from the moral standpoint it is the best policy to adopt.

There was an easy way for President Wilson to settle the trouble in Mexico, a way in which a weaker president, following the line of least resistance, might have gone. That way was to follow the advice of Huerta himself. All of the capitalistic pressure in this country is in that direction. Recognize Huerta. Let the oppressive but timorous gold of the world flow into his newly established credit. Crush with financed and equipped armies the brave paupers who dare dispute the right of a branded assassin to dictatorship. Restore the old order of the Diaz regime—peonage, slavery, the exploitation of a defenseless and subdued people. And future generations of ignorant, wretched Mexican serfs, not knowing where to place the true responsibility, would curse God and die.

President Wilson has not followed the easiest way. Until the Mexican people themselves have a fair chance of expression at the polls there will be no recognition of any Mexican government. Mexico is walled in. The sympathetic corporations which have been shipping arms to Huerta are estopped. Europe will hardly dare to give comfort to Huerta after the president's stand. Meanwhile the Huerta treasury is dwindling. He has no credit. He must come to his senses before long and accept our terms of settlement or fall into the maelstrom which he himself has created.

The partial failure of the post office department and the department of agriculture acting jointly to use the \$500,000 which the last congress voted for good roads illustrates an interesting point. Because of those arbitrary and imaginary things known as state lines, there is no legal machinery whereby states and the federal government can co-operate in raising and expending joint funds no matter how laudable the purpose.

The money was voted on the proviso that the states contribute \$2 for one from the treasury. Only three states of the 48 were able to accept such a condition. The federal authorities had to modify the conditions on their own responsibility. Feeling with counties instead of states. And even then only a few communities were able to receive any of the benefit of this appropriation.

The two departments agreed that good roads cannot be constructed by joint action. Either the federal government or the states must act alone. The states are already doing much in this direction, building many miles of good roads, and spending \$1,000,000 per day for improvements and maintenance. With a committee on roads the government will soon begin single-handed road building, based on its right to provide highways for the transportation of mail.

The joint departments recommend an additional appropriation of \$1,000,000 on the same terms, not because road building under such conditions is practicable, but because the object lesson to the country, and the value to the post office department in studying costs of rural delivery over model roads, make such an experiment worth the money and trouble.

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EDUCATIONAL NOTES

Practical work in sewing, cooking and other household arts is required in all English schools for girls above the infant grade.

In nearly 500 schools in Ireland instruction is carried on in both Irish and English, as part of the program to revive interest in Gaelic language and literature.

In Minnesota the need for trained teachers of agriculture and domestic science is so great that the School of Agricultural Technology at the State university has taken for its main work the preparation of teachers for these subjects.

Ohio State university has introduced an apprentice course in animal husbandry that includes two years' study at the university and two years of practical work on a stock farm. The student in this course spends the first year at the university; the second on a stock farm; the third year at the university again; and the fourth year on another stock farm. The students are paid for their work while on the farm. The plan has interested a number of the leading stock men of Ohio and other states, and they are co-operating with the university in carrying it out.

A woman never can understand why a man buys a new derby hat that, as far as she can see, is just like his old one.

The woman who worries over leaving her children to the care of a nurse doesn't get very far into society nowadays.

A man who can sit and fish for six hours at a stretch without a bite would get all out of patience if he had to mind the baby ten minutes.

Method in his madness.

"Why do you keep on living in this old-fashioned town?"

"It's all my husband's fault. I can't get him to move into a city that's up to date. You see he wants to be where there are lamp posts to hang to while resting on his way home in the mornings."

Anti-Snobbery.

"It makes me sick the way some people who pretend to be American snoop over whenever anybody with a title happens to notice them. Why should we take any more interest in a duke or a prince or a duchess than what's that crowd running for?"

"To see the duchess of Binglewash, I guess. I heard she was to ride past that corner at about this time. Hey, where are you going?"

"To see the duchess. Come on."

When a Baby Comes in Handy.

The drills with which mosquitoes bore, But seldom trouble me; I go to sleep at night to snore As calmly as a cat.

Let others worry if they must, And to destroy them strive— Our little baby's plump and just The sweetest thing alive.

Diogenes' Luck.

"After all, Diogenes was lucky." "Why?" "If he were living today how could he hope with that old tub of his to keep out of the way of the automobiles?"

As Usual.

"They say he has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it." "Yes. And he isn't doing it."

Her Bribes.

Unattractive Maiden Aunt—Goodby, Jottie. Come soon again. I hope you'll forgive me not kissing you. I hope you'll have an awful cold. Jottie (aged six)—Never mind. Do kiss me, auntie. Mother said she'd give me 5 cents if I'd let you.—Exchange.

The highest rewards, we thoughtfully observed to the young lady across the way, are found in service and she said she guessed that was about right and they were paying their cook \$7 a week now.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

The LOST HONEYMOON



A year ago I used to see Her walk beside him to the train; Her fingers were entwined and she was very beautiful—ah me! I wished to be a groom again. The lovelight danced within her eyes. They parted with heartfelt good-byes. And, turning back her lonely way To wait and wonder through the day, Her tender bosom shook with sighs.

At length he went alone—"twas over! Their blissful days forever past; She fondly clung to him no more—What joy would lovers have in store! I saw him go day after day. And missed the glad looks and the gay, Sweet laughter and regretfully Recalled the artless graces she Had shown along the happy way.

This morning I beheld him close A door behind him and descend The steps that gleamed in marble rows. And then he turned—Ah, Cupid knows The honeymoon is not the end! She stood inside the window there And held with sweet and tender care A baby up, that he might see—How glad a world this world can be. How good its ways are and how fair.

MERE OPINION.

Some men are more anxious to be heard than to be respected.

Few people under the age of forty are satisfied with the names their parents gave them.

Every man has a gift of some kind, but the trouble with most gifts is that they have no market value.

Nine men out of ten would rather find \$400 worth of gold in an old pot than to have written "Paradise Lost."

A woman never can understand why a man buys a new derby hat that, as far as she can see, is just like his old one.

The woman who worries over leaving her children to the care of a nurse doesn't get very far into society nowadays.

A man who can sit and fish for six hours at a stretch without a bite would get all out of patience if he had to mind the baby ten minutes.

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The Daily Story

NOAH'S ARK—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The houseboat was moored under the willows by the river bank. It was a blunt nosed, bargelike craft, its upper deck gay with red striped awnings and boxes of scarlet geraniums. A hatless young man garbed in white with his shirt sleeves rolled above brown arms was peeling potatoes in the doorway of the galley.

Every now and then the man lifted a pair of fine brown eyes and scanned the red bridge that crossed the river a hundred yards above the houseboat. Occasionally a farm wagon creaked across or a touring motorcar flashed by.

The river was uneasy these days. Successive spring rains had swelled it until it was now rising beyond its highest water mark. Almost imperceptibly the brown waters crept to the level of the banks, and the old bridge was alarmingly close to the surface of the stream.

But the country folk were slow going and not given to borrowing trouble. The Willow never had overflowed its banks, and it never would. Often it had reached the floor of the bridge, only to subside when its tributary springs and streams had spilled out their surplus share of the spring rains.

It had rained for weeks during this June, and when the houseboat crept up the stream and cast anchor under the willows the weatherwise predicted a wet vacation for the luckless traveler. They had watched the young man spread his easel on the shady deck and paint the slanting rain on the wheatfields or the sun peeping through the dripping willows or the boggy coolness of the farther shore.

Noah Parker was enjoying this vacation as he had never enjoyed one before. But there was a feeling of uneasiness in the gradual rising of the river, together with the newspaper accounts of the devastating floods in the adjacent states.

"Hey, there," called a voice from the bank. And Noah set down his potatoes and went to the rail. He pulled gently at first and then with all his strength until the house swirled heavily around and crashed to a momentary anchorage on the shore of the almost inundated island.

"I'll take you off in my boat. Hold on there for a moment!" cried Noah, and in five exciting minutes he had transferred the four voyagers to the safe deck of the Ark, where they all gazed breathlessly at each other before bursting into exclamations of surprise and joy at their rescue.

Noah looked curiously at them. There was Simon Bead, sunburned and dripping wet; there was undoubtedly Lem Peters, whose gravel contour indicated that fractions and he would never come to a definite understanding; there was Susie Anderson, fat and then haired and good naturedly stupid looking, and last because she was not the least was a blue gowned girl with raven hair and starry blue eyes and cheeks quite pink with excitement.

"Well, Simon, suppose you introduce me to your teacher and your schoolmates," he said at last.

Miss Decker looked encouragingly at Simon, who twisted his fingers in his hair and shot an agonized glance at his rescuer.

"That's her," he stammered, pointing a finger at his teacher. "That's Miss Molly. I mean; and that's Susie, and she never floated once, mister, when the river floated; and that's Lem; he bolted some, and so did I; and say, mister, we had that ice cream last night!" he ended, with shining eyes.

"I'm very glad," said Noah kindly, as he shook hands with Molly Decker and her two helpful charges. "Now that you're safely on the Ark—yes, this is really Noah's Ark, my name is Noah Parker—suppose we find something to eat. Perhaps Miss Decker will take you below and rummage in the kitchen while I go out and watch for more castaways."

While Noah walked around at the end of the island, Molly and the children found materials and prepared an appetizing meal for the weary Noah when he should return to the Ark.

As they gathered around the table in the pretty dining room, Molly Decker poured the tea with charming grace. Perhaps that was what roused Susie Anderson to enthusiasm.

"Oh, Mr. Noah," she cried excitedly. "Let's play this is the real Ark, and you are Mr. Noah and Miss Molly shall be Mrs. Noah, and I will be the dove! The boys can be animals if they want to," she added generously.

"We won't play it today, dears," said Miss Molly gently, but for some unaccountable reason her cheeks flushed deeper.

"The Ark will return some other day," added Noah gayly, "and take all of you for a sail down the river—the whole school."

"And Miss Molly, too?" asked Simon jealously.

"And Miss Molly if she will come," asserted Noah softly, and in his heart he added that he would try to persuade her to remain forever, for at last the only girl had come to him, and he told himself that every Ark needed a Mrs. Noah.

"If you can spare time," returned the young man. "If the bridge should break away—"

"It won't break away; the water's falling already," interrupted Ezra, examining the two inches of river that had overflowed the meadow where they stood.

By noon the Ark was moving downstream with the current. The red bridge was straining at the chains, and wagons were going around by the new cement bridge at the upper falls.

Noah made fast to a bending willow and cooked his dinner. Just as he had concluded the meal there came a grinding crash from upstream, mingled with the roar of coming waters. A little island protected the Ark from the main current, and Noah watched keenly from his safe harbor for anything that might come with the flood.

First came the red bridge end on like some queer, crazy raft teetering up and down in the strong current. Behind it bobbed one of the willows pulled from the bank by the trecked bridge. When bridge and tree had disappeared Noah got into his skiff and rowed around the island to wait for further floating objects. Here and there along the river banks were bathhouses or occasional springhouses where the farmers obtained their drinking water. In any one of these riverside houses, which must come down with the flood, might be a human being caught unawares.

At last there was a sound of voices, and there came riding down the current a small bathhouse with its gabled roof pointing downstream, and sitting around the open doorway with feet swinging inside the little building were four people.

Noah did not attempt to catalogue them by name or identity. He simply reached out his hand, pulled them up and pulled gently at first and then with all his strength until the house swirled heavily around and crashed to a momentary anchorage on the shore of the almost inundated island.

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