

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, November 26, 1912.

It looks like Turkey is adopting some "bluff poker" methods in dealing with the Balkan allies.

Commissioner Rudgren behaves very much like a spoiled child with the colic. Shame, Martin!

Railroads, at least some of them, are now urging physical valuation. La Follette has not lived in vain.

Natives of the Balkan kingdoms who went home from the United States to fight the Turks may arrive too late to fire a shot, but they will deserve none the less credit on that account. They couldn't know the enemy would be beaten so soon.

President Taft seems to take his defeat philosophically and cheerfully. Well, this is better than exhibiting his sores. At any rate, he really feels far more cheerful than he would have done had the erratic colonel been elected.

Common sense has prevailed in the municipal commission in the matter of the proper supervision of the waterworks plant, and once more the 50,000 club has demonstrated its usefulness. By its prompt and timely action the commission was brought to a different view of the existing contingency, so far as it involves its own province to act, and the people will not be burdened with the responsibility that by right of law and reason belongs absolutely to the officials whom the people have chosen to represent them and act for them.

THE ARGUS ANNIVERSARY

ACHIEVEMENT EDITION.

The Argus will have a birthday celebration tomorrow. It will be a somewhat belated celebration, but it will be commemorative of the 60th anniversary of the paper's existence. The Argus is over 60 years old. It is over 61 years old. It is well along in its 62nd year. But it is going to celebrate just the same. Plans for the proper observance, in a newspaper way, of the important occasion have been under way for some time, but unavoidable circumstances have caused the delay. At last a big undertaking has been completed.

With the same thoroughness that characterized its semi-centennial edition of 10 years ago, it has prepared its 60th anniversary number. Neither pains nor expense has been spared to make the special edition appropriate and creditable.

In the matter of achievement, it deals modestly with its own career. That was reviewed in full 10 years ago. Today it prefers rather, in celebration of its own anniversary, to devote itself to the achievements of the city and community, of which it is a part, during the past 10 years—he must be remarkable 10 years in the city's history.

The Argus 60th Anniversary Achievement edition will be enclosed in an appropriate illustrated cover, the design of The Argus and the execution of a Rock Island institution, the Photo Art Engraving company.

The edition is handsomely illustrated throughout, and in lieu of dealing mainly with the historical side of the life of the city, which was so extensively covered 10 years ago, and is not neglected now, it is devoted primarily to latter day accomplishments. The number will speak for itself in all particulars.

THE CLEANSING OF THE ATMOSPHERE AS WELL AS THE WATER

The suggestion appearing in last night's Argus that, following the disposition of the matter of scientific management of the waterworks plant in a manner that will insure to the people properly filtered and clarified water supply, some steps should be taken in the line of street and alley cleaning, has met with a responsive chord on the part of the people. Many expressions of approbation have been made. The subject is one of the utmost importance and concern, not only as it involves public convenience, but that which is more vital than all else, public health.

There should be, at a very early date, a conference between the commissioners and representatives of the Fifty Thousand club, the Rock Island club and the Business Men's association, with a view to formulating some plan for systematic street and alley cleaning. The fault of present conditions does not lie entirely with the commission, notwithstanding that it is blameable for permitting the Tri-City Railway company to cease sprinkling operations while the weather remained so fair, and for not having made some provision for night flushing of the new streets, and all the business

streets, for that matter. But business men are themselves, in a great measure, to blame for permitting streets and alleys to be littered with old boxes and loose paper and other trash, all of which contributes to the unsightly and generally unhealthy condition of affairs.

Back of all is the one undying question of public health. The carrying by the wind of the filth of the streets into the stores and into the faces of people on the streets, presents a subject that demands immediate attention. Something must be done in the matter of street and alley cleaning, not periodically or spasmodically, but uniformly, day by day.

Under the direction of Commissioner Reynolds, the new pavement is being swept and cleaned regularly, but this does not suffice. While the commissioner of streets may be doing all that is in his power, there should be some general method laid down for systematic washing as well as sweeping and shoveling. The streets should be flushed every night and constantly swept during the day. This ought to pertain to the side streets as well as the main streets in the business section, and then the alleys should be kept clean under the penalty of heavy fines for those who permit them to become littered for long periods of time.

This done, and Rock Island will have a purer atmosphere as well as pure water.

And everybody will be happier.

RUSSIANIZING THE POSTOFFICE.

The resolution passed by the Illinois Daily Newspaper association at its recent meeting in Chicago again calls public attention to the efforts of the present federal administration to create a censorship of newspapers and other regular legitimate publications similar to that exercised by the most despotic governments. The resolution is as follows:

"Resolved, That this association views with disapproval the growing tendency of the United States government towards paternalism in matters pertaining to the press, and condemns the recent law requiring publicity in matters in no wise concerning the general public."

The information the newspapers are required to furnish the postoffice department by the new law under oath includes the circulation, the names of stockholders and editors and managers, and of holders of bonds, mortgages or other securities against the newspaper.

So far as the public is concerned, The Argus has printed this information voluntarily, but we believe that the law itself, and other arbitrary rules promulgated as postoffice "regulations," involve a mischievous, dangerous and unconstitutional exercise of federal power that will not stand the test of the courts and could not be enforced if compliance were refused. To say that a newspaper may use the mails only on consideration that it make public certain facts concerning its management and financial status is like saying that a farmer may use telegraph posts only on condition that he tells the government what crops he raises and how much money he owes at the bank. The publisher in general objects most strongly to the postoffice department being made an agency of inquisition rather than an agency to collect and distribute the mails.

If the federal government had demanded the information from newspapers under the interstate commerce law, claiming they were interstate institutions, that would not necessarily be considered an unjust interference. An infringement of that law would come before a court and jury for decision as to the penalty for violation. But when the postoffice department is turned into a vast inquisitorial body with arbitrary power to inflict penalty without trial, it is time for every citizen to protest. If the federal government through its power to establish postoffices and postroads, can pry into the affairs of newspapers, can pry into the affairs of every man and every woman who sends a letter or receives a letter.

That is Russian government, not American government, power. No department of the government should be invested with power to arbitrarily convict and punish. The power to investigate and inflict punishment for alleged violations of law should be left to courts and judges, where the constitution places it.

The postoffice department must not be Russianized.

The Field of Literature

The Christmas Lippincott's.—A strong Yuletide spirit pervades the pages of the December Lippincott's, and good cheer predominates. There is a complete novel, of course—"The Glimmer Glass," by Augustus Kortrecht, whose recently published book, "A Dixie Rose in Bloom," has made something of a stir. "The Glimmer Glass" is a breezy love story, remarkable not only for the newness of its plot, but for its admirable local color, for its repression, and for its fidelity to life. The scenes are laid in Tranquil Harbor, a quaint village on the New Jersey coast, which gives the author a rare opportunity to display her skill in character-delineation, of which she takes full advantage.

Short stories that breathe of the holiday season are "A Christmas Blessing" by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "The Woman at the Door," by John Nicholas Beffel; "Two Tails," by Owen Oliver, and "Mercy's Goodness," by Ellis O. Jones. Luck Copinger contributes "Guris is Pierce," a funny story of primary school children, while Temple Bailey is responsible for a clever and touching little tale entitled "Ma." Then there is another "Russian series": "A ND, ILL.,

Domestic Science DEPARTMENT



CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk

we soon grasp the meaning of essentials and non-essentials. The best living or economy does not represent spending a small amount, but necessarily spending money in such a way that it may bring in the largest returns.

All things in the house planned and arranged according to a system will fall into line and serve us, if our wills are strong enough, and our purpose is sufficiently steady. This looks very well as I write it, but in an instant a home with its possible interruptions is seen. The butcher, the baker, the telephone or door bell, and usually both at once, callers, sickness, and we could go on indefinitely, loom up before us. We all know the story, but have we as housekeepers, deliberately planned our homes and housework for convenience, order and system, so as to accomplish what we had to do with the least possible effort and the shortest space of time?

Yes, I believe many homes have and are doing just this very thing today. But it does not represent the majority. Use your brains while you use your feet and hands, plan what you have for the week in advance, whether it be cooking, sewing, preparation or buying.

Much of our housekeeping can be made much more efficient, more economic, and more systematic by using new methods, materials and appliances in cooking and general housework.

A business man said to me recently, "I have every known labor-saving device for the woman in the home, in my office, and yet my wife insists upon going on using the utensils and methods her mother and grandmother used."

Revolutionize your kitchen equipment, use gas, denatured alcohol, steam and freless cookers, and electricity, when practical. And especially with the freless cooker, if interruptions come, your food is where it is cooking without burning and no anxiety to you.

We do so much useless housework. Get rid of it. The wise domestic administration is planned so that everything is done with the least labor and in the shortest time. Housekeeping is recognized as a definite science, and schools and colleges are adding courses in domestic science and home economics.

When a great many people want the same thing they get it. Manufacturers are making wonderful time and labor-saving devices, but they cannot systematize your work for you. Do this, and the homes will be more comfortable, less friction, no nerves, and more attractive to young and old.

It is utterly impossible to make out a schedule for your work in your home as it would be to make menus for you.

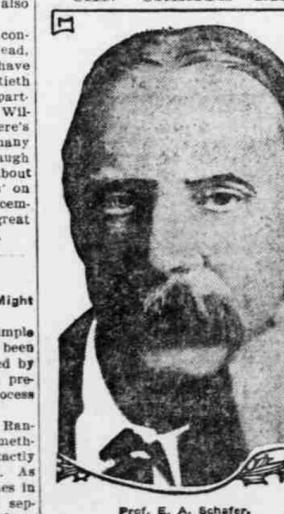
In my housekeeping I could not see that Monday was a good day for washing. But that might be the very best day for you. Take a pencil and paper and make out your own schedule and trim, fit, systematize until it is best adapted to your family and your standards of living.

cook, who dropped the eggs into the water. After the requisite number of seconds the holder of the timepiece signified that the cooking was done. "Out!" went forth the command in like manner, and the eggs were quickly removed.

The system required six or seven servants to cook one egg, but Randolph was accustomed to declare that this was the only way that he could get it cooked to suit him.—Youth's Companion.

Janesville, Wis.—Harry Berger, 17 years old, and Edward Meyer, only two years his senior, have been sentenced to 18 years at hard labor in the state penitentiary for killing Matilda Bergstrom Sept. 30.

SCIENTIST SAYS HE CAN CREATE LIFE



Prof. E. A. Schafer.

In an address before the British association for the advancement of science, of which he is the newly elected president, Professor Schafer startled his audience by the immensity of his claim that he can create human life. His statement, which is derided by the clergy, would if true, compel the world to remodel all its ideas of life and death.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

IN THE MAZE.

WHAT a crises maze is life, Take it any way you choose, In the never ending strife As you gaily and as you lose! Luck is with you now and then As you hurry for your goal, Twisting through the maze again, You are pitched into a hole.

Out of it you scramble up, Hoping to do mighty deeds, Still of sorrow you must sup Ere your budding hope succeeds, How you struggle, how you groan, As you buckle to your task Just to make success your own, Just in fortune's smile to bask!

But it isn't all a frost, There are seasons to be gay, Hope is never wholly lost, Joys are blooming on your way, There's a path to your success, You will find it after while If you seek with cheerfulness And you don't forget to smile.

Entertain Themselves. "What entertainment have you provided when the thimble club meets at your house next week?" "Oh, Mrs. Gray has taken her baby and gone home to her mother, Kitty Clark has eloped with the Greek who keeps the fruit store and Tom Slade has defaulted and skipped for Brazil."

"Yes?"

"I haven't invited any of the relatives of these people, so I think the club will quite easily entertain itself."

Not Sufficient Preparation.

"My daughter is to be married soon."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And I am so glad that we gave her a course in domestic science, for I feel that she is now prepared for the duties of homemaking."

"To whom is she to be married?"

"To the young Mr. Spender."

"Ah! Don't you think you ought also have prepared her for the duties of money making too?"

Couldn't Stand It.

"Did you hear why Mrs. Mason recalled the invitations to her party?"

"Because her husband's second cousin died."

"That's the reason she gave, but don't you believe it."

"Elucidate."

"Because the last Indian Swami that Mrs. Wilson secured for her party made Mrs. Mason's poor little Japanese juggler look like the half of 30 cents."

Clever.

"Is he a successful physician?"

"Successful?"

"Yes."

"I should say so. Why, he can take any ordinary case of overeating and get more advertising for curing a dangerous case of peritonitis than any doctor you ever saw."

Cautious.

"Mamie has a friend from out of town visiting her."

"I know. Shall you give a luncheon in her honor?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Why not?"

"I shall wait until I see her clothes."

In Danger.

By, oh, baby hunting! Daddy's gone a-hunting. Out of season hunting quail, Daddy may bring up in jail.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Did you ever know a man who was stubborn as a mule to be credited with horse sense?

The old-fashioned woman will have none of the vacuum cleaners that obviate the necessity of house cleaning. What would life mean to her if her semiannual denouement of housecleaning were denied her?

It's only the defeated candidates that don't recognize you now. The successful ones will keep an eye on their fences.

There's only one thing worse than having to shovel coal, and that is not having any to shovel when the mercury hits the zero mark.

Why did none of the candidates think of working the endless chain system to get votes?

The man who can always tell you what is going to happen can also tell you afterward why it didn't.

Perhaps one reason why the fool killer is out of a job is because he soldiers on it.

He who has not done that which he ought not to have done has missed a lot of fun.

Many a good dinner has been spoiled by a poor digestion.

Now is the merry season when the family has to retrench because the head thereof picked the lesser twice.

Poor Mamie.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back? Mrs. Bloom—Bless you, dear, I was out away anywhere. What made you think so? The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at loggerheads with your husband for over a week.

The Argus Daily Story

Joanna Ott's Deceit—By Clarissa Mackie.

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On Christmas eve the wind whistled cheerily down the avenue sending the lightly fallen snow in glittering showers in the faces of passersby.

Every pedestrian carried one or more paper parcels, and many were laden with holly wreaths or pots of Christmas blooming plants.

Mrs. Vinton sat alone in her drawing room looking at the busy street scene. Her big chair was drawn close to the rich lace curtains, and she parted the draperies with a thin white hand on which sparkled many diamonds. Her beautiful old face was very sad.

There had been no Christmas in Mary Vinton's heart or home since Rosamond, her only daughter, had eloped with a penniless lieutenant in the French army. Mrs. Vinton had not forgiven, and Rosamond's speedy repentance and plea for forgiveness had brought nothing but the cold silence of a deeply injured mother. Mrs. Vinton had been dead for many years, and his widow was very rich.

Every Christmas Mrs. Vinton chose gifts for her large circle of friends and they were duly sent, and when she had received gifts in return she had looked at them listlessly and bade Joanna Ott, her confidential maid and another friend, so many years had Joanna served her, to put the gifts away until the new year should dawn. At that time the stinging tenderness of Christmas memories would be dulled and she could write graceful little notes of thanks.

Beyond the giving and receiving of gifts there were no signs of Christmas in the Vinton home. On this Christmas eve, five years after the marriage of Rosamond, Mrs. Vinton had evinced some interest in

"She seems to have forgotten poor Miss Rosamond," thought Joanna, rather resentfully, and yet there was a scared look in her face as the car sped up the avenue and turned into one of the side streets.

When they reached the address of Mrs. White, Joanna was surprised and disconcerted to find that Mrs. Vinton wished to accompany her to the home of the young widow. "Patrick can remain with the car. I can carry half of those parcels, Joanna," said Mrs. Vinton firmly, and so Joanna gave in and followed her mistress up the ill lighted stairs, looking badly frightened.

At last they knocked at the appointed door, and it was opened slowly by a little girl of three or four years. Against the candle lighted background of the room the child's hair was a tuft of gold.

"Muzzer's gone to get some coal," she announced, letting the visitors inside the humble room.

Mrs. Vinton and Joanna each stooped and kissed the child and then looked around at the bare floor, with few chairs. There were an iron bedstead and a plain deal table, with a few dishes laid for a simple meal—a simple meal indeed—a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk! There was a rusty little stove in one corner, and in this a fire of sticks was crackling.

"Santa Claus sent us some coal, Muzzer's gone to the cellar after some," chattered the child, coming forward and pinning a tiny hand on Mrs. Vinton's fur muff. "When I heard you knock I thought it was Santa Claus, and it was only her and you."

Mrs. Vinton bent down and kissed the child tenderly, and while Joanna Ott trembled she turned the charming little face toward the light and studied it closely. "What is your name, darling?" she asked in a voice Joanna had never heard before.

"Mary Vinton," said the child sweetly after grandmuzzer.

"Joanna Ott," said Mrs. Vinton, not taking her eyes from the child's face. "Will you please go and help Miss Rosamond bring up the coal? You know her hands are not accustomed to such"—But Joanna Ott had disappeared.

When she was alone with little Mary Le Blanc, Mrs. Vinton held the child closely against her breast. "It is too good a thing to happen to me, O Lord," she whispered brokenly, "I was so hard hearted and proud. And yet tonight, when Joanna told me of these people, I thought of Rosamond, I did not know about this little one, and I chose the things that I would have bought for Rosamond and her child if she had one, and, O Lord, they are both my own!"

When Rosamond Le Blanc followed Joanna into the poor room it was to be clasped in her mother's arms. Mary Vinton looked over Rosamond's fair, repentant head, and the golden curls of little Mary and her eyes met the faithful ones of Joanna Ott.

"Joanna, how can we ever thank you?" she asked solemnly.

"By all coming home and having a Christmas tree," said Joanna practically, nodding her head at the child.

"Is there not a husband?" asked Mrs. Vinton as her mind rapidly reviewed the necessities she could take to the woman Joanna had mentioned.

"He is dead," said Joanna hastily. "I am afraid he wasn't good for much, and he about broke his wife's heart. He drank something awful, ma'am, and he had a weak heart, and the drink killed him, and no loss, I say!" Her voice broke spitefully.

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. White," replied Joanna Ott. And she told where the woman lived over in the teaming east side.

"Let us get some things together,

Joanna, and go immediately after dinner," said her mistress, with animation. "We must have some warm clothing for the mother and the child and some toys for the little one too. I wonder if they have any fuel."

"Very likely not," said Joanna, winking fars away from her honest eyes. "You can order a ton of coal and some wood to be sent to Mrs. White. Telephone now and tell them it must be delivered tonight. I will pay extra for that." Mrs. Vinton arose and went to the door. "Please tell Patrick to have the car at the door at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joanna, looking after her mistress' departing form with a queer expression in her eyes. When she was alone she covered her homely face with her hands and prayed softly.

From shop to shop Mrs. Vinton drove with her maid, and Joanna was surprised at the gifts selected by her usually practical mistress, but she did not utter a word of protest.

"The little one will like this, Joanna," said Mrs. Vinton as she picked up a beautiful doll that was richly dressed and bore an extravagant price tag. "Yes, ma'am," said Joanna, and she glanced suspiciously at Mrs. Vinton, but that lady appeared to be engrossed in the selection of a doll's trunk and some other expensive toys.

There was clothing, too, for the little one and its mother—handsome garments, soft and warm furs, chosen with rare taste. Joanna thought that Mrs. Vinton might have been buying gifts for her own daughter instead of the poor Mrs. White of the tenements.

It was not until after dinner that they set forth to deliver the gifts. Mrs. Vinton's eyes were sparkling as Joanna had not seen them in years, and her cheeks were quite pink. She looked very beautiful and so much like lovely, foolish Rosamond, whom Joanna had adored from childhood, that the good woman was agitated almost to betrayal of her thoughts.

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Nov. 26 in American History.

1725—Oliver Wolcott, one of the "signers" for Connecticut of the Declaration of Independence, born; died 1797.

1861—News of the seizure on the 8th of the Confederate foreign commissioners, Mason and Slidell, while under protection of the British flag, by United States officers' created intense excitement in Europe. War between the United States and Great Britain seemed unavoidable.

1905—The 250th anniversary of the settlement of the Jews in America observed throughout the country.