THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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

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

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY 20

Wednesday, July 17, 1907.

GREATER ROCK ISLAND

The man who puts a burglar alarm on the chicken coop only adds perplexity to the race problem.

It's astonishing what effusions can come from a creature with a grunt and a grudge and a grouch.

The lid ought to be put on that popular beverage, carbolic acid. The cup of sorrows needs no chaser, anyway.

It will not be long now until Rock Island hears the first substantial returns from its Greater Rock Island fund.

A Brooklyn woman who has attained the age of 107 years is reported to be passionately fond of automobiling. Another proof of the oft-asserted fact love of life disappears with the coming of old age.

Dolliver and Tillman have a press agent who is entitled to a blue ribbon. The story of the challenge to a duel was well timed with the Chautauqua season for both of the principals coming on.

This latest report of the interstate commerce commission is something in the nature of an advertising booklet. The commissioners have become excellent press agents for E. H. Harriman and his consolidated lines.

The Creston (Iowa) American endorses Governor Johnson of Minnesota as a good man and a sound democrat, but declares that the man who is backed for the presidency by Roger Sullivan and his crowd has no show in the 1908 race.

St. Louis Republic: Officials of the United States and Canada are now going over the boundary line between the two countries and replacing the old monuments with a series of new ones. Too bad they can't pull down the old Dingley tariff wall as they go along.

The Costly Tariff.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if every man could have a tariff of his own, or an Aladdin's lamp, or something of that sort, to skin the consumers with? But it is only trust magnates who can afford to have a tariff. It is a costly thing. In the McKinley campaign of 1896 it cost its possessors a large part of the $16,500,000 republican campaign fund and has been costly in the same direction ever since.

An Apocryphal Statement.

Governor Vardaman declared in a joint debate on July 4 with Hon. John Sharp Williams that Mr. Bryan said in a Wall street journal in reply to Senator Money and others that he did not want to make government ownership of railroads an issue. The governor, however, was unable to produce a copy of such statement or name the paper in which it appeared or the date of its publication. Governor Vardaman will find that in debating with Mr. Williams he will have to confine himself to facts or be called to account. Government ownership is unpopular in the southern states and Governor Vardaman himself repudiated it as an issue.

Women's Right to Work.

The New York court of appeals, passing on the validity of the state law prohibiting the employment of women in the night time later than 9 o'clock holds that the law is unconstitutional for the reason that it seeks to abridge the right of contract of women. The court reaches its conclusion by assuming the general acceptance of the premise that women and men stand equal before the law and that the measure in question would produce an inequality.

While assuming that the decision of the court undoubtedly may be correct as a matter of law, critics of the decision assert that the broad ground of the welfare of society as a whole is entirely ignored, and it is because employment of women at night is likely to injure their health, on which not alone their own happiness but that of future generations was seeking to accomplish a reform for the general good. The declaration of the court that the law in question is unconstitutional opens a most interesting subject for debate on which there is a formidable array of arguments for both sides.

Unless a higher court sustains the law it is clear that the reform sought in New York state will have to be worked out through the force of public opinion.

Not a Matter of Ambition.

The current issue of William J. Bryan's paper, The Commoner, contains the following leading article under the heading "Not a Matter of Ambition." It is not only timely, but sensible and true. Every democrat in the land ought to indorse it and act in accordance with its declarations. Read it carefully:

"Those who urge the nomination of a 'conservative' candidate by the democratic convention studiously insist that Mr. Bryan's friends say he does not want the nomination. But is this the real issue? The presidential nomination ought not to be regarded as a compliment to be handed to some one because he would be pleased to have it. A candidate should be selected because the rank and file of the party WANT HIM NOMINATED—not merely because he wants the nomination. First, what will the party stand for? Second, who can best represent these principles in the campaign? These questions ought to control the selection. Men's ambitions ought not to count for much in a presidential contest."

SALVATION ARMY COLONY.

Free Farming Lands For Deserving Families From Large Cities.

The coming fall will witness the inauguration of a new colonization plan by the Salvation Army, says the Philadelphia Record. Deserving families from the large cities will be directed to carefully selected districts in the northern part of the south, where landowners are willing to provide not only land and houses, but also implements, horses and even seed, and where advances for necessary groceries can be obtained on the security of the tenant's share of the crops. A thousand families are now ready to go from the cities into the south as fast as the army can arrange for them.

In locating families in the south two plans will be followed. In every instance where possible the arrangement will be such that at the end of a certain number of years the tenant shall have the option of purchasing the land upon which he is located. Where this is not possible the newcomer will locate on the strictly tenant plan, without option of future purchase. Even in this case he has the advantage of beginning as a farmer, and with what he can gather together as a tenant he will be able to buy some land on his own account.

The part of the south in which the new colonization work is to be carried on will be largely in the Carolinas and Virginia. Those sections are comparatively near to the congested east, and good farm land is cheaper in the south than in any other part of the country.

The arrangement which can be made with landowners, who also furnish houses, implements, horses and seed, is usually that the tenant shall keep one-half of all he produces. An officer of the Salvation Army will meet all families upon their arrival in the different districts and for a time at least will visit them each week to give advice and help them to get started.

The slogan of the Salvation Army in all its great colonial work is "The landless man for the manless land."

BEAUTY BEST BRAIN FOOD.

Why Missouri Superintendent Reaches Out For Pretty Schoolteachers.

Seeking ostensibly to lead the youth of the St. Louis educational institutions to love their studies more, but in reality, it may be, to make himself popular among the community's gray beards, Professor J. Willz Andrae, superintendent of public schools of St. Louis county, recently revealed a plan to bring to St. Louis a round hundred pretty schoolteachers from other cities, says a St. Louis correspondent of the Kansas City Star. He divulged that he had five score applications from young women in Missouri and from Illinois, Iowa and Indiana, each of whom believed herself comely enough to meet the requirements of the public school pupils.

Superintendent Andrae recently asserted that the average of attractiveness among teachers in his jurisdiction was not high enough. He believes, he said, children would learn more rapidly from pretty teachers than from women with "wry faces and bad tempers." Applications would be received gladly, he added, and newspapers in several neighboring states gave publicity to his announcement.

The even 100 applications flowed into his Clayton office in a steady stream. Half the applicants sent photographs. Many of the others told the superintendent they cheerfully would travel hither for personal inspection. All the portraits, said Andrae, were those of women handsome enough to have good chances in a beauty contest. When he showed the pictures to the venerable school trustees each of the officials betrayed new interest in his duties.

CALLING IN PARIS.

The Concierge Is a Peculiar Institution In Several Ways.

You leave your card at the door of the person to whom you desire to present yourself, and there it is taken in charge by that peculiarly French functionary, the concierge, says Professor Barrett Wendell in Scribner's. At least in Paris, the greater part of French people live in large houses containing a number of apartments with a common entrance and staircase. Close to the entrance door, on the level of the street, are some stuffy little rooms inhabited by the concierge, or porter, with his family. Their duty, among other things, is to keep strict watch on whoever goes in or out, and at least one of them, often the porter's wife or half grown daughter, is always at hand.

The chief peculiarity of their temperament seems to be insatiable appetite. At whatever hour of day or evening you call on a concierge you are sure to find somebody eating or just risen from table, and the atmosphere inhabited by this bustling personage seems immortally laden with the fumes of something recently boiled.

No matter whether you call on a friend who lives in some unpretentious out of the way place or on one who inhabits something like a palace, the concierge is always about the same. You can detect little difference between those in charge of important doors and of insignificant. They are as like as house flies. Of course there are private houses in Paris, with regular domestic servants such as you would find anywhere, but these, grand or simple, are so unusual that you remember the concierge as everywhere standing between you and further human intercourse.

In response to your card, which the concierge duly sees delivered, comes a card, often with a note, in return. If, as is generally the case, this acknowledgment of your existence contains an intimation of when your French acquaintance may be found at home, either habitual or for your special benefit, you make your second visit at this appointed time and thus enter into real personal relations.

Otherwise, your intercourse has limited itself to a polite exchange of cards. Generally speaking, you never expect or attempt to see French people socially except when they have asked you to one of their regular days of reception or have made a definite appointment. To call on a person at any other time—to do more than leave your card with the concierge—would be an intrusive pretense to intimacy.

CHURCH RUNS ROOF GARDEN.

Novel Method of Raising Funds to Pay Off a Mortgage.

In order to pay off a mortgage of $4,500 on the Central Christian church at Columbus, Ind., held by Willis L. Barnes of Charleston, Ind., the congregation of the church, headed by the Rev. S. S. Offutt, pastor, will open a theater in the roof garden of the church, says a Columbus dispatch.

This church is the only one in the world built with a roof garden. Arrangements are being made to install a moving picture machine there, and moving pictures and illustrated songs will be given, while patrons of the garden eat ice cream or drink soft drinks.

Nervy Boy Aeronaut.

Cromwell Dixon, fourteen years old, said to be the youngest aeronaut in the world, made a flight early the other night at Columbus, O., in his new "sky cycle" and became stalled when 2,000 feet above the earth, says a Columbus dispatch. He left his saddle, climbed along the light framework, opened the gas bag and let out enough gas to give the machine perfect ballast and, crawling back into his seat, began to pedal and descend slowly. He landed safely a short distance from where he had started amid the cheering from thousands of throats. The spectators all agreed that the boy's escape from death was remarkable. His nerve alone enabled him to adjust the "sky cycle" and land in safety.

'You know the old proverb, 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'"

"Yes, but this lady is a brunette."—Pick-Me-Up.

DAILY STORY

HOW SHE SNARED HIM.

[Original.]

We were sitting in the arbor under the grapes, which were quite ripe. We plucked and ate a number of huge bunches; then she asked what we should do next. "Oh, I know," and she ran into the house and brought out a book. On the left page were a number of printed questions; on the right, blank spaces in which to write the answers. It was impossible to determine which were the more stupid, the questions or the answers that had been written in it. The book was about half filled, the writers having been both masculine and feminine.

I ran my eye down the column of questions, such as "What is your favorite color? Your favorite proverb? Your age?" When I came to the last I paused and asked if the women answered that question. She said only one had, but she didn't count; she was a practical creature and earned her own living. I went on down the list. "Is life worth living?" Think of that to be answered by people from sixteen to twenty-six, as most of those who had filled in the answers were. "What is your present thought?" I paused again and began to write, "That the man who"— She stopped me.

"Don't write anything disagreeable. I won't have my book spoiled."

I had intended to write, "The man who got up this book did so for idiots and to fill his pocket at their expense." Instead I wrote, "The man who is asked to write in this book should feel highly complimented."

"That's very nice," she said. "I know how cynical you are, and I feared you were going to put in something horrid."

My second thought was that I had narrowly escaped making an ass of myself.

I went on down the list and paused at "What is your ambition?" These questions were goading me to ruin, and again I came near making a slip. I started in to write "To drink all the champagne there is in the world," but caught myself when I had written "To drink" and finished "dew from your sweet lips." I had no sooner written this, which I had considered a high flown compliment, when I realized that it was tantamount to a declaration. She was looking over my shoulder, and to get a glimpse of her face I turned my head. My beard came in contact with the almost invisible down on her cheek.

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"Excuse me," I said.

The glimpse I got satisfied me that I had stepped off the river bottom and must swim. I was startled at the discovery, had never been before beyond my depth and an indifferent swimmer at that. Still I confess I had been paddling around the girl who was about to—well, to drown me. She says I'm cynical, and I suppose I am, though I am somewhat excusable in this instance, for the word "drown" carries out my simile. I struck out wildly.

"That won't do," I said, "in a book to be seen by any and every body. They might think—I mean—while it's true it's—shall I scratch it out?"

"Oh!"

This was no reply to my question, but it expressed a lot. Others may not understand what it meant, but I did. I was rattled. I made a dash for the next question and read aloud, "Do you consider marriage a failure?"

I wanted to write as I felt. "I wish I knew which it will be for me if I settle this matter now," but of course I couldn't write that, so I temporized and a man who temporizes with the girl he courts is lost—that is, if marriage is a failure. I wrote, "It depends upon whether one gets a good wife."

It's a wonder she didn't laugh when she saw what I had written, but she didn't. This was a serious business.

"Don't you think that a one sided view to take of it?" she said in a soft voice.

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed. I was getting more and more rattled every moment. "I'll fix it," and I wrote on—"but in this case"— I stopped again.

"What case?" she asked in the same soft tone.

"Why, the case we were talking—weren't we talking about a case? So we weren't. How stupid!"

"Oh!"

What a convenient word and how a girl can use it! I've since tried it myself, but without the slightest effect. Think of a man using it and without the softness of voice, the surprise in the eyes, the injured look about the mouth. One might as well expect a woman to produce an effect by the use of a swear word. And yet this girl was snaring me with it.

"You seem to think"— I began and paused. Yes, she thought, and she had a right to think, but what I was about to say wouldn't help matters. She didn't say "Oh!" I wished she would, or anything to start me afresh. I turned to the book for a way out. "What is your favorite method of proposal?"

The question must have been put in for the women, and women who were flirts at that. A man might have a favorite beverage, but never a favorite method of proposal. But with me all had depended on the nature of this next question, and it had gone against me. I surrendered at discretion. I wrote deliberately:

"A man should simply say: I love you. Will you be my wife?" Then I turned and looked her square in the face.

She's got her question book yet, but keeps it under lock and key.

EDGAR T. EVANS.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You can waste a good deal of time telling how reliable you are.

You never say a man won't listen to reason if he agrees with you.

A boy is liberally abused if he isn't polite, but how many say "Thank you" to a boy?

No one seems to have as hard a time earning money as the woman who marries for it.

The average man's idea of religious liberty is the privilege of staying home from church.

Having good judgment and being "a fool for luck" are frequently the story of a single financial success told by different parties.

"How poor are they who have no patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?" Who is the author of the above? It is not important whether you can remember the author if you can soberly accept the lesson taught.—Atchison Globe.

A Happy Man

Is Amos F. King, of Port Byron, N. Y., (85 years of age); since a sore on his leg, which had troubled him the greater part of his life, has been entirely healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve; the world's great healer of Sores, Burns, Cuts, Wounds and Piles. Guaranteed by W. T. Hartz, druggist, 301 Twentieth street. Price 25c.

A cleansing, clean cooling, soothing, healing household remedy is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by all druggists.

All the news all the time—THE ARGUS.