

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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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.



Monday, March 2, 1908.

If March did come in as a lamb it will probably go out as a sheep—never mind what the old adage says.

Taft's boomers say that they have 496 votes in sight for Taft in the national convention. But claims are perfectly harmless.

A Chinaman in New York kissed a white woman in public. Then he took his cue and departed before the mob could get him.

While the cost of living may go down the weary householder is afraid it will take a distressingly long time to pass a given point.

An Arizona man claims to have sheared 39 sheep in nine hours. And the Keokuk Gate City says that is almost as rapidly as they shear lambs in Wall street.

The four democrats in the Kentucky legislature who betrayed their party by deserting Beckham for Bradley proved unworthy of the positions they enjoy, as well as undeserving of honor at the hands of the public.

A teacher of the blind says that stenography is good employment for the sightless, and that the number of blind stenographers is increasing. Perhaps this accounts for some of the spelling in the letters that you get.

Speaker Edward D. Shurtleff of the Illinois house has ceased to be a candidate for the republican gubernatorial nomination in favor of former Governor Richard Yates. Did Mr. Shurtleff ever imagine that he was a candidate?

With reference to E. H. Harriman's candidacy for delegate to the republican national convention, the Topeka Capital suggests that New York send H. H. Rogers, John D. Rockefeller and Chancellor Day as the rest of its "Big Four."

Governor Cummins of Iowa has defeated the Allison-Shaw combine, and will control the delegates to the national convention. Congressmen Comins and Birdsall, both standpatters, have fallen by the wayside, and now announce they will not be candidates for renomination. The "Iowa idea" that the tariff fosters trusts is evidently coming to the front again.

How to the Line.

The following from the Commoner prints the entire approbation of the Bryan democrats, and is commended to the democrats of Illinois for earnest consideration.

1. "Be on guard lest the party be crippled by an organization out of harmony with the party's purpose."
2. "Let every aspirant or a position in the party organization be scrutinized. If his present position or his past record is open to objection let him stand aside. The party has more important work than apologizing for its representatives, and no representative ought to desire to make himself an issue."

3. "The corporations will attempt to control the organization, and they will have candidates for every vacancy from precinct committeemen to the top of the organization. The people must have their candidates, and it is well to begin at once to look out for the right man for each place and have him ready."

4. "What the party now needs is to prove to the people that it can be trusted to carry out the desired reforms, and this confidence can only be established by rooting out of the democratic organization every member whose business connections are such as to bias him in favor of the corporations which have been securing privileges and favors against the people."

5. "Each community has a right to instruct its delegates, for the delegate is the representative not of himself alone, but of those who elect him. The voters have a right to instruct and the representative is in duty bound to obey. And while it is generally safe to trust a man to obey instructions, even when he does not agree with them, it is better to select delegates who are in sympathy with instructions. It is best to instruct, and it is safest to put the instructions in the hands of those who agree with the voters as to what is best to do."

6. "With a platform that is really democratic, with candidates who really represent the platform, and with an organization that is really in sympathy with the platform and the candidates,

the democratic party can enter upon a vigorous campaign with splendid prospects of success. Will the rank and file undertake the work and thus pave the way for victory?"

A Lesson for Advertisers.

As an instance of the value of newspaper advertising to increase or force trade, the following facts are remarkable. During December the orders received by the Douglas Boot and Shoe company of Brockton, Mass., fell off in consequence of the business depression following the panic. The advertising manager of that large concern mentioned the matter to Governor Douglas, and asked his advice, whether under the circumstances they should place the usual amount of advertising during January and February, which are usually the slowest months in the year in the shoe business. Governor Douglas at once ordered an increase of 30 per cent in the amount appropriated for advertising, declaring that such an increase would help to overcome the unfavorable business outlook. There was considerable skepticism about the result among the principal employees of the Douglas company. But the result showed almost an immediate improvement in business, which is now averaging more than last year during these unusually dull months.

Thus the business sagacity of Governor Douglas has overcome the hard times, and his optimism has proven an antidote to the republican panic.

The advertising manager of Governor Douglas explains the phenomenon of increased sales, when by all the rules of business there should have been a decrease, as entirely produced by the increased advertising. Other advertisers of choice were drawing in their horns and many of their former customers were induced to patronize the Douglas shoe because it was more than ever brought to their notice.

It seems that persistent advertising pays, for last year nearly 8,000 newspapers carried the Douglas advertisement, and the profits of the business were larger than ever. The business managers of newspapers should point out these facts to those who decrease or decline to advertise to all when business is drooping and show them that persistent advertising pays and that increased advertising pays better, and

that the newspaper is the best advertising medium.

Shakespeare's Wild Animals.

Shakespeare makes use of no fewer than twenty species of British wild animals. Of these the badger, the otter and the water rat are once each employed by name merely as terms of abuse. The polecat and hedgehog are also terms of abuse, but are so far "described" as to be called respectively "stinking" and "thorny." The dormouse and ferret are each used once as adjectives for "sleepy" and "fierce." The shrew gives its name to a play, but is never mentioned as an animal. The mole is mentioned twice as being "blind," the coney as "struggling in the net" and "dwelling where she is killed" and the squirrel as "the fairest" conchmaker, and as having already hoarded that year's nuts on May day.

The rat and the mouse, being only the M. domestica, required no "observation" by the poet, so that the above represents the total of Shakespeare's natural history with regard to all but six of his British quadrupeds. The poet's only "original" references to the weasel are blunders. The bat is mentioned three times as an actual animal—once wrongly, as a migrant, like the swallow, pursuing summer; once fancifully, as the "ferocious" out of whose "leathern" wings Titania's elves made their coats, and once, finely, "ere the bat hath flown his cloistered flight" as fixing the hour of Duncan's murder.

The fox of course affords endless opportunities for metaphor and simile, and Shakespeare's description of it as the fox of fable and tradition could not be surpassed.—London Saturday Review.

Kites and Kites.

Mr. Plunkett, a famous Irish barrister, had great wit. Before Lord Chancellor of Ireland Redesdale Plunkett had occasion to use the word "kites" very frequently as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes.

"I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunkett," said the lord chancellor. "In England kites are paper playthings used by boys. In Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction."

"There is another difference, my lord," Mr. Plunkett replied. "In England the wind raises the kites; in Ireland the kites raise the wind."

THE LOCAL PROHIBITION QUESTION.

Alcoholism in the French Army.

[BY THE PRESS COMMITTEE OF THE LOCAL OPTION COMMITTEE.]

Advocates of the saloon are fond of calling attention to the alleged fact that in the old world the drinking of intoxicants is universal and that no evil effects ensue. Glowing pictures are painted of the contentment and happiness of the people who get their outlook on life through the bottom of a beer glass and float down the stream of time "thinking of nothing at all." It is well known, however, that the "pubs" are the bane of Great Britain, and the cause of much of the pauperism and crime for which that tight little island is noted. Emperor William of Germany has taken steps recently to check the ravages of drink in that country, greatly, no doubt, to the disgust of the Anti-Prohibition league of Rock Island. An article entitled "Alcoholism in the French Army" appearing in the Review of Reviews for March 1908 just published, shows that the same evil is being recognized and combated in France. The article in substance is as follows:

"Alcoholism is one of the most terrible scourges of France. It is a danger of incalculably appalling force, a danger which menaces the individual, the family, and society, says an editorial in a recent number of the Petit Journal (Paris). The danger to the individual is both moral and physical."

"Alcohol gradually demoralizes and decays the stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs. A disease easily curable in a man who does not drink is fatal to the drinking man. The drunkard's face shows the ravages of his vice. According to his temperament he bloats, yellows or becomes livid; his breath exhales the poison that has steeped his organism; his health, like his intellect, decays; he loses all sense of manly dignity. Morally he fails to a point where self denial is impossible; to the point where he is conscious of nothing but animal appetite."

"But he is pitiable; he is helpless; his disease makes its own conditions. The pain that he inflicts, the terror, the anguish, are the results of his weakness; he is not responsible for his acts. An honest man may commit the worst of crimes when under the influence of drink."

"Knowing this fact (a fact well known and recognized by medical experts) the officers of the army of France have opened a course of lectures intended to school the troops against the fatal consequences of drink. In an address delivered recently, Captain Romain, of the artillery, said to the men of his battery:

"You have seen drunkards often enough to know what a man is like at such a time. A drunkard civilian is bad enough; a drunkard soldier is doubly guilty. The military code does not consider a man's lack of moral consciousness an excuse for reprehensible action; in the eyes of the law his mental condition is an aggravation of his guilt; and a soldier who

commits a crime when he is drunk is punished twice as severely as he would be should he commit the same crime when he is sober; because the fact of his drunkenness constitutes a crime in itself."

"Alcoholism is the curse of families in France as elsewhere. 'Alcoholism is the peril that menaces the state, the seed-sower of national degeneracy. The alcoholism of France diminishes the number of births; first by augmenting mortality and by aggravating depopulation; next by destroying the energy and the intellect of the individual and by spreading the two great scourges, tuberculosis and insanity. Alcoholism propagates tuberculosis, an evil more to be dreaded than black death."

"It destroys the bodily organs; its victim is a living corpse, a walking corpse, contaminating the air that he breathes. Insanity is the inevitable doom of the drunkard who lives to die a natural death. Of all countries, France ought to be the first able to give her opinion of alcoholism, because her increase in crime is directly due to it."

LOCAL OPTION PRESS COMMITTEE.

Do Not Crowd the Season.

The first warm days of spring bring with them a desire to get out and enjoy the sunshine. Children that have been housed up all winter are brought out and you wonder where they all came from. The heavy winter clothing is thrown aside and many shed their fannels. Then a cold wave comes and people say that grip is epidemic. Colds at this season are even more dangerous than in mid-winter, as there is much more danger of pneumonia. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, however, and you will have nothing to fear. It always cures, and we have never known a cold to result in pneumonia when it is used. It is pleasant and safe to take. Children like it. For sale by all druggists.

Your Hot Pipes

WHEN the heater man put hot pipes through the house in place of stoves he thought it was something new. But nature put hot pipes all through our bodies to keep us warm long, long ago.

Scott's Emulsion

sends heat and rich nourishment through the blood all over the body. It does its work through the blood. It gives vigor to the tissues and is a powerful flesh-producer.

All Druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"Fair Means or Foul."—By Jane Lee.

(Copyrighted, 1908, M. M. Cunningham.)

There may have been a time when the rain came down in greater quantities, but certainly not within the memory of the shoppers on Broadway one day early in February.

Some few without the saving grace of faith had almost persuaded themselves that a second flood was imminent, while others plodded through the slushy rivers in gutters too wide to be jumped with no feeling save dumb misery.

The wind blew with such velocity that it was impossible to hold an umbrella, and broken ones had been thrown into the gutters, giving the appearance of a fleet of black ships as they whirled and finally stopped at the corner sewer. Women who were forced by circumstances to be out held their skirts with one hand and took a firm grip on their hats with the other.

Among the few stragglers the policeman noticed the figure of a young girl who had passed him several times now peering over the curb as if fascinated by the ebb and flow of the stream.

Her clothes were of a good cut and material. Her curly locks were much bedraggled, and a tiny green stream was running down one cheek, thanks to the combination of rain and green ribbon upon her hat. The man in uniform and brass buttons stepped to her side as she hesitated at a rather perilous crossing.

"Bad day, miss," said he as he offered to help her across the street.

"Bad? I should say it was! And in more ways than one! You see, I have lost my purse, and I am visiting in Bayville. I have not even money enough to get back to the house," explained the girl as she looked up helplessly at the policeman.

He eyed her suspiciously. To his ears such stories were not uncommon.

"That's a good story, all right! Sure it's true, are you?" he said. Just then the tall figure of a man, with his hat pulled down well over his eyes, passed them. The girl brightened as she saw him.

"Oh, call that man, please do," she cried as the tall figure strode on. "He's from Bayville too."

The policeman ran over and touched the man on the shoulder.

"Lady over there wants you, sir." The man glanced back, and then, with one agile leap across the gutter, he was at her side.

"Miss Merrill, can it be you? What on earth are you doing out in this pouring rain?" The questions fell thick and fast without pause for answer. "Let us step into this drug store, and do tell me what I can do for you."

They entered the store, and a friendly clerk offered them chairs and then politely retired to the rear of the store.

Helen Merrill tried to adjust a stray lock and turned her blue eyes to meet her companion's interested gaze. "It was awfully good of you to say you knew me. That policeman was horrid, and I thought you'd remember having seen me in Uncle's trap."

"How could I fail to see you?" mused the man, and the girl blushed as she resumed her story.

"I came in town to do some shopping, and I've lost my purse. It was only snowing this morning, and I could not foresee this awful wind and rain storm. I dropped my purse as I was crossing the street, and though I've looked and looked the whole length of that dirty gutter, I cannot find it," she explained to him. He offered no response. He was apparently lost in studying the depths of the blue eyes before him.

"Oh, won't you send me back home, Mr. Marshall? I know Uncle John will consider it a neighborly courtesy." Clayton Marshall smiled and glanced at his watch.

"I am awfully sorry to hear about your plight, Miss Merrill, and of course I will take you home at once. We have just time to catch the 2:30 train—that is, unless you would rather have a bite to eat first."

"Eat?" she cried. "I feel like a drowned rat and must look like one. No restaurant would admit me. Hungry as I am, I fear that home is the place for me," Helen replied. "But," she continued, "if you will put me on the train it will be quite sufficient. Surely your office is not closed so early."

Marshall protested and finally won the day. He called a hansom, and together they took the train for Bayville. They telephoned in advance, and the family carriage was at the depot to meet Helen.

"Uncle John can thank you better than I," she said as they parted.

"Think so?" asked Marshall. And then they both laughed. The leading papers the next morning contained a large and conspicuous advertisement: "Lost, a gold mesh purse, containing bills, gold pencil and family commutation ticket between Bayville and New York. Liberal reward if returned to Miss Helen Merrill, Bayville, N. Y."

Helen Merrill was visiting in one of those richly appointed suburban homes now frequently seen on the outskirts of a large city.

Her Uncle John, a retired stock broker and bachelor, hated town life and lived in Bayville the year round. He loved to have his pretty niece visit him, while she was eager to leave her simple southern home and be his guest for weeks at a time, though her uncle was a vigorous chaperon.

The doorman rang several times during the day, but the finger of the purse did not appear until late that evening, though Helen listened eagerly for the coveted summons.

About 8 o'clock a maid announced to Miss Merrill that a young man had called, saying he had found a purse and would like to have her identify it. Helen ran down the stairs, delighted at the thought of finding her lost treasure. In front of the open fire stood Clayton Marshall, warming his hands.

"Mr. Marshall," exclaimed Helen, with the pretty blush that was one of her girlish charms. "The maid said there was a man here who had found my purse, but I guess he must be outside."

"Not at all, Miss Merrill. I am the man who has the purse," and he drew forth from the depths of his pocket the missing trinket. Helen's cry of delight did not seem to be contagious, for Marshall assumed rather a depressed air.

"Mr. Marshall, you are surely a fairy prince! Yesterday you seemed like a second Noah escorting me in your modern ark up to my home," said Helen gayly. "Today you come like a Santa Claus, giving me back my purse. How can I ever thank you enough?" she added.

"I want to tell you something, if I may," said Marshall as they seated themselves in comfortable chairs. "I saw you talking to that policeman yesterday long before you saw me," he continued. "Again and again I have asked your precious old uncle to introduce me to you, but he always put me off, saying, 'What a while, young man; wait a while.'"

"I got so I hated the sight of him more and more, and I determined to meet you in some other way, but no opportunity seemed to come until yesterday. As I was about to cross Broadway I saw this mass of shining gold whirling past me, and as I stopped to pick it up I heard you talking to the policeman. I went on, slipping the purse in my pocket, feeling quite sure that you would call me back. You did, and, well—you know the rest!"

"Such a deceitful man!" mused Helen. "And all the time that I was catching pneumonia you had that purse in your pocket. Oh, how could you?" "That is just what's bothering me," said Marshall. "How could I? But his eyes twinkled. 'But if you were very, very much in love with a man and wanted to know him would you hesitate to steal a purse in order to accomplish that end? Now, honest,' he pleaded as he drew his chair to a more confidential angle.

Helen Merrill's eyes began to dance. "Men are such stupid, simple-minded creatures!" she began. "Imagine asking a woman for an honest answer! Why, the thing is almost absurd. Yet I'm going to be honest; but, mind you, only just this once," she said as she leaned forward, almost whispering.

"Just this once," said Marshall, and the space between them was shortened by several inches. "I could have got home yesterday without your help," she confided. "All I had to do was to go across the street to the First National bank and write my check. But I saw you coming, and—well, whenever I asked Uncle John why he didn't have you to dinner like some of the other men he'd say, 'Wait a while, young lady; wait a while.' And—and I thought I had waited long enough—and you know the rest."

"Now that we have both been so terribly honest with each other," said Marshall as he rose and stood beside the chair which held the second culprit, "suppose we go together to Uncle John and make a clean breast of it to him?"

"Not at all. You know, I only promised to be honest 'just once,' and that would make twice," argued Helen. "There's luck in odd numbers," said Marshall. "You were honest to me just now. That's once. Let's go and be honest with Uncle John, and that's twice. And then once more I want you to be honest and answer a question. That's three, the odd number."

They were in the hall by this time on the way to the library and Uncle John. Marshall leaned very close to her as he asked her the third. No one ever heard it save Helen, but after that it really did not matter what Uncle John said.

No Use to Die.

"I have found out that there is no use to die of lung trouble as long as you can get Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. J. P. White of Rushboro, Pa. "I would not be alive today only for that wonderful medicine. It loosens up a cough quicker than anything else, and cures lung disease even after the case is pronounced hopeless." This most reliable remedy for coughs and colds, lagrip, asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness, is sold under guarantee at all druggists. 50 cents and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is Both Agreeable and Effective.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no superior for coughs, colds and croup, and the fact that it is pleasant to take and contains nothing in any way injurious has made it a favorite with mothers. W. S. Pelham, a merchant of Kirksville, Iowa, says: "For more than 20 years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been my leading remedy for all throat troubles. It is especially successful in cases of croup. Children take it and my customers who have used it will not take any other." For sale by all druggists.

Kodol is today the best known remedy for all disorders of the stomach, such as dyspepsia, heart burn, sour stomach and belching of gas. Sold here by all druggists.

Out of Date Plumbing is Unhealthy

Plumbing fixtures and systems as made and installed some years ago were very efficient at that time, but so many improvements have been made recently in sanitation that an old plumbing system is not only unsanitary, but is a menace to the health of the occupants of the house in which it is still in use.

Is Your Plumbing Out of Date?



If so, the members of your household are constantly risking their health. Defective plumbing generates germ-bearing sewer gases which pollute the atmosphere and cannot help but be breathed by the occupants. Sewer gas is dangerous and the strongest constitution cannot long withstand its ill effects.

Let us examine the condition of your plumbing, in order to correct defective piping and install the best and most sanitary fixtures made, namely "Standard" Baths and One-piece Lavatories. "Standard" Ware is guaranteed. If this is done, your home will be healthy and more comfortable. Ask for booklet "Modern Home Plumbing."

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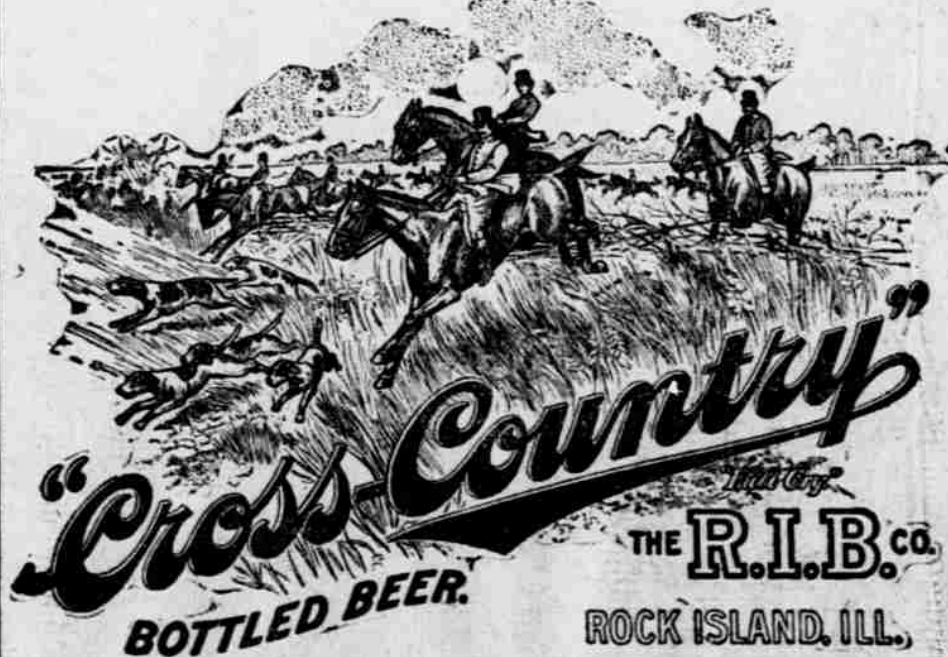
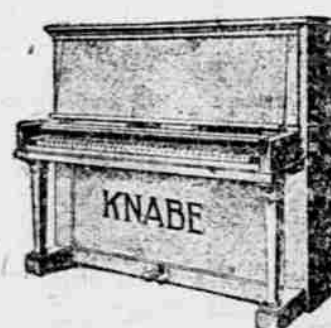
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