

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, November 28, 1908.

The Kaiser is not nearly as smart as Roosevelt or he would have simply started an ananias club.

The survivors of the football season may now put their medals away in moth balls for another year. They have no more kicks coming.

The difference between notoriety and popularity is that the one may be bought with other people's money while the other comes through natural personal worth.

An alleged joker down in Missouri sent an Omaha woman a message announcing the death of her son. Later it was learned the message was intended as a joke. The fellow who would perpetrate such an alleged joke should be given a long sentence of solitary confinement.

## Our Biggest Tax.

The fire losses of the American people do not show any signs of being reduced. They amount to a greater tax than is imposed in any other form. In some measure it is a voluntary tax, inasmuch as a large part of the fires are preventable. Faulty construction, indifference, ignorance and the moral hazard are among the elements which count in this appalling sacrifice of material things. More than one month in the present year has experienced total losses in the United States and Canada approaching \$30,000,000. The prohibitive cost of lumber may do something to remedy this state of things, by forcing the use of construction that is not subject to fire. In fact a good deal of such building has already been done. That seems to be the only thing that offers a way of relief.

## Dyspepsia Defeated?

Washington Post: The long and bitter fight between the advocates and opponents of vegetarianism is being fought out to a scientific showdown in the laboratories of Yale university, and preliminary reports indicate a remarkable and possibly a revolutionary advance in the science of dietetics. As a result of somewhat startling experiments, Professor Chittenden announces that there is "no limit to our power of producing organic substances by purely chemical synthesis." He has discovered the secret of separating the tissue-building proteins of both flesh and vegetables, and by artificial chemical means reproducing the various processes of the stomach and assimilative organs.

With such a perfect tool of investigation, the mysteries of dietetics should soon be numbered with the problems solved. Not only will the conflicting pretensions of the vegetarians and the flesh eaters be weighed in this new scientific balance, but a host of dietetic fads and fancies, from the gospel of buttermilk to the evangel of raw beef and cereals, will, by this new method, be put to the test of exactness, and it is a safe bet that a vast quantity of advertising matter will have to be rewritten. The forecast indicates dark and gloomy days ahead for dyspepsia.

## On Growing Old.

Much has been written on the subject of growing old. Most people accept the declining years philosophically. Nature makes the change from middle age to old so gradual that a man usually is well on the descending path before he discovers that his is no longer ascending.

Gray hairs and the shortened breath are the signal lights which nature displays to guard against the bursts of effort in which youth rejoices, and sometimes there come those other warnings sadder than the physical changes such as came to the father of that Yale son at college, who having been his son's companion and play-fellow for twenty years, suddenly awoke to the fact that it was the meeting of young men that caused the son's eye to kindle and that the father's seniority had placed an impossible barrier between them. Few men probably but that would not prefer to have the span of life strengthened if the lengthening could be without "labor and sorrow." When a man has a good work to accomplish he rebels against the gathering years as he once rebelled against the coming darkness when some day's task remained to be completed. James J. Hill hates to grow old. He seldom meets a young man that he does not inquire his age and express his wish that he might have his life to live over again. Dreams of empire continue to fit through the brain of the great railroad builder; many things remain to be accomplished.

ed; in another quarter of a century he might teach the Chinese to use flour, but all must soon be put aside. The time is short.

Addressing the reporters the other day Mr. Rockefeller said: "I would like to be in your shoes. I would like to be young again. I see you boys are all busy. I hope you will continue to have plenty of work and that you do not squander the fruits of your labor." Sage advice, and much the same as that given by the wise old counselor Kohleth, centuries since. "Rejoice, Oh young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

## Graveyard Philosophy.

An exchange says that in strolling about you pass the modest monument of the hired girl, who started the fire with kerosene, and grass carpeted knoll that covers what is left of the boy who put a corn cob under the mule's tail.

The tall staff of the man who blew out the gas casts a shadow across the little mound that presses heavily on the bosom of the boy who jumped on the moving train.

Side by side lies the eternal creature who kept her corset laced up to the last hole and the intellectual idiot who rode a bicycle 9 miles in 10 minutes.

Way over by the side gate repose the remains of the boy who went swimming on Sunday and the old woman who kept her baking powder side by side with strychnine in the cupboard.

Down there in the potter's field with his toes partly above the ground lies the misguided wretch who tried to lick the editor, while the broken bones of a man who refused to pay his subscription are piled up in the corner of the fence.

The foolkiller gathered them one by one, still he is somewhat behind with his orders.

## BEAUTIFYING FARMS.

Progressive Jerseyman Pushes "Park Idea" in Rural Sections.

Adoption of the park idea in beautification of farm landscapes is being advocated and worked out by Henry H. Albertson, proprietor of the famous Green Hill dairy farm, near Burlington, N. J. The farm is situated on the Oxmead road, one of the most popular drives about Burlington, and a scheme for having other landowners follow his example is being agitated by the proprietor, who is prominent in grange circles.

Four different roads cut through the immense acreage of the Albertson farm, and along these all fences have been removed. Only fields used for pasturage are fenced. The farm is further bounded by rows of silver and sugar maples, and wherever there is an opportunity for improvement of the landscape this has been done without interfering in any way with cultivation of the land. The first impression of a visitor is that the farm is an immense park.

Farm beautification ideas are spreading through this section, and it has only needed the initiative of an energetic leader like Mr. Albertson to bring the matter to a head. Many neighboring farmers are pledging themselves to carry out somewhat similar plans to those adopted at Green Hill. Many, where it has been impossible to do away with roadside fences altogether, have replaced unsightly structures with arbor vitae and privet hedges.

## PLANTING ROADSIDE TREES.

Simp's and Inexpensive Method of Improving Cities and Towns.

There are some things they do better in France and in all Europe, for that matter, than we. One of the things that they do better is to plant their roadsides with trees. It has never occurred to us in America to adopt this simple and inexpensive practice, possibly because when a new road is laid out it generally has a good deal of woodland beside it. But in time this woodland is cleared off, and our roads are left stark and bare, broiling in the summer sun and bleak in the winter winds.

Aside from the beauty and comfort given by roadside trees they serve valuable purposes as windbreaks and dust shields to growing crops. The cost of such planting is practically nothing, unless elaborate landscape gardening be attempted or we exercise our usual haste and insist that half grown trees be set out.

In extreme practicality we have been utterly careless of the question of beauty in both city and country and our work has been the work of defacement, says the Indianapolis Star. Of later years, however, there has been a strong movement in the cities and towns toward "the city beautiful" with substantial results in the way of parks, boulevards, bridges and a much higher order of architecture in both public and private buildings. In time we may expect this movement to spread through the rural communities, which are already taking up the question of good roads with considerable vigor. As a starter in this direction nothing would be quite so simple and inexpensive as planting trees along the roadsides.

## CIVIC TRANSFORMATION.

Wonderful Change Wrought by an Improvement Society's Crusade.

A civic improvement worker in a small eastern town writes very interestingly of the wonderful transformation in that place by the crusade of a newly formed, but very effective im-

provement association, says the Los Angeles Times.

"There are in our town none of those dump-like spots behind every house on which the ash barrel lies at rest besides the garbage pail, while a bunch of old newspapers and old rags play tag over the lot, stumbling occasionally over old rusty tin cans or a broken bottle. Oh, no. The spot on which the bucket thrived and reared its troublesome crop of 'stickers' is now adorned with swaying dahlias, flowering hollyhocks, fragrant roses and other flowers. The planter farm has been sown to grass and rolled and mowed. "The homely old back yard fence has been adorned with a grapevine, and the honeysuckle and woodbine twine about the back yard porch. Shrubbery breaks the angular lines and hides homely corners. The garbage pail, the ash barrel, the old tin cans and the broken bottle have taken fright and fled from sight of the dawning beauty as evil spirits of night fly before the rising sun, and the newspapers and the old rags have found their way to the junk man."

## FLOATING TELESCOPE.

Harvard Instrument That May Reveal Stars of Eighteenth Magnitude.

A telescope that floats in a tank of water instead of being mounted on a solid pier was recently installed at the Harvard observatory. The instrument is of the reflecting type and is the largest of its kind in the world, the object mirror being five feet across.

The instrument proper is mounted on a water tight cylindrical steel float, which is buoyed up by water in a concrete tank only slightly larger than the cylinder and shaped to fit it. The cylinder is inclined and serves as the polar axis of the telescope.

It does not float freely in the tank, but has a delicate pivot at each end to hold and guide it. The water, however, bears all the weight, so that none of it rests on the pivots. All movements of the telescope are regulated by electric motors. The great glass mirror is so arranged that it can easily be removed and replaced whenever it grows dim, although its weight is about two tons.

The whole instrument is mounted in the open air, but the image is reflected to an eyepiece in an adjoining building, where the observer sits. The telescope is expected to reveal stars of the seventeenth or eighteenth magnitude, possibly even fainter ones, and work may thus be done with it that would be impossible with any other instrument.

## Flowers and Smiles.

The distribution during the summer of thousands of bunches of flowers to little children is an unusual and pleasant work that is done by the Pittsburgh Playgrounds association through the playgrounds. The association is dependent for the flowers in large part upon the generosity of its friends, the flowers coming from the private gardens of the city and its suburbs. To remind its friends, the association included this year in its appeal the words, "The flowers you send may fall into the hands of just a dirty little fellow in a dirty part of town."

Where the window panes are sooty and the roofs are tumbledown, where the snow falls black in winter and the wilting sputter heat comes like pestilence in summer through the narrow dirty street. But amid the want and squalor of the crowded, sorry place you can find the little fellow by his happy, smiling face.

## How to Stop Littering of Streets.

Mayor E. W. Crancer of Leavenworth, Kan., is looking for information as to what method to pursue to prevent paper being scattered about the streets. He has given the police orders to arrest any one whom they see throwing paper on the streets or sidewalks, but the greatest difficulty to be overcome in enforcing the ordinance against littering the streets is to catch the offenders in the act.

## The Open Window.

The best part of a modern house is its windows. To keep these open day and night and to make the air inside approach as nearly as possible the air outside should be the first business of the housekeeper.—Good Health.

## Found at Last!

A Relief for Blue Monday.

LAFRANCE LAUNDRY TABLETS.

Fill the long felt want. Have you tried them, if not, why not? Reasons why you should try them: They are different from others; they work while you sleep; they preserve your fine clothes; they save your strength; absolutely harmless; cuts time in half.

Be sure to ask your grocer to get them. No matter what you tried before, try these. If you are from Missouri they will show you. Follow directions carefully.

FOR SALE BY J. T. Shields, 2530 5th Ave. Lange & Heilmann, 2706 7th Ave. Chas. Holmgren, 2951 5th Ave. Apple Bros., 723 3d Ave. Larson & Larson, 1444 7th Ave. Clement & Diedrich, 326 20th St. Siemon & Davis, South Rock Island. A. N. Carlson, 4519 5th Ave.

BAKER & YOUNG, DISTRIBUTORS, 2602 Fifth Avenue.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

## ALONE.

What's the difference if I win Or am distanced in the race, As a leader counts in, Or can hardly show for place? Nothing to the world at large, To admit I am free, If I merit a discharge, But it means a heap to me.

Others may dissect my case In calm, cold blooded tone, Be it honor or disgrace, They praise or cast a stone, Or their shoulders they may shrug And dismiss it with a sneer Or a smile serene and smug If I happen to be near.

If I suffer and am sad, If I get the double cross, If my schemes are to the bad, Every deal a total loss, Still the old world wags along Quite contented on its way, Seeing nothing very wrong, Finding life serene and gay.

Clearly I must do my own Weeping if it's done at all, In my secret chambers groan, Useless 'tis to hire a hall, And perhaps 'tis better thus, If the world should pause to show Sorrow at each private fuss, When would it find time to go?

## The Marble Heart.



"Is he matrimonially inclined?" "Well, not so much as he was, I believe."

"How is that?" "He has been matrimonially declined too often."

Remembered the Taste. "They didn't have perfumed soap when I was young." "There must have been some." "Well, if there was my mother didn't use it to wash out my mouth when she heard me swearing."

In Demand. "Making my own living now." "That so? How?" "Inventing white lies for society people."

The Paying Kind. "I hear you are dabbling in light literature." "Yes, modestly." "What is the nature?" "Just advertisements for the gas company."

## DID YOU EVER WONDER WHY—

Your dearest enemy is blessed by a flash of illumination that enables her to call on the day that you are up to your eyes in work and both you and your house present the most unattractive appearance possible?

When you have your house spick and span and lots of good things for dinner you never, never, never are blessed with unexpected company?

Your hair will never curl or even stay in place when you are to do a stunt at the club or sing a solo in church or otherwise be the center of observation?

Your shoe comes untied and some gallant gentleman of your acquaintance dumps down on his immaculate knees to tie the shabby thing topped by faded hosiery?

Your children present a half starved appearance when you have formal company to dinner and the same children eat with both hands and their mouth on such occasions as if never before did they see so much food?

Your husband will stop in the midst of serving at table and carefully scrutinize some article of table furniture and ask "Where did we get that?" if there is company present?

The furnace absolutely refuses to work on cold days, as if all furnaces were out on strike, but on a mild and sultry day will fall to work with a will and fairly make the house sizzle with its efforts?

The grocer never delivers your order on those days when it is absolutely necessary to have them in the morning until 4 in the afternoon and then cheerfully assures you that they started immediately upon your order?

Your next door neighbor who is continually borrowing of you is always out of stock when you find it convenient to borrow of her?

We ought to charge more than we do— But we don't.

And Millions of people Daily eat of the Good Things made from

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHEBURN-CROSBY Co.

FOR SALE BY YOUR GROCER

THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY



## The Argus Daily Short Story

IN FASHION CAVALIER—BY BARRY PRESTON.

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The knight of the golden helmet rode briskly down the lane. His sword made a pleasant clanking in the rusty scabbard which it was never intended to fit; his eyes sparkled; his plumes waved bravely in the breeze.

Anon from sheer exuberance of spirits the knight of the golden helmet set out a wild and joyous whoop which startled the grazing cattle and set the mild eyed sheep huddling together in trembling wonder.

The general setup of the gentleman of the aureate headpiece was a trifle startling. Upon his head was a basket, the handle beneath his chin and its bottom (or, rather, top in its present position) decorated with the tail feathers of an incandescent rooster. About his waist was a red sash full of wooden dirks. From the left side of this sash half dangled, half dragged, the naval sword in the old cavalry scabbard.

A rake handle answered the purpose of a lance and bore as its pennon a fluttering three cornered piece of red flannel. Upon the knight's feet, chubby legs were fastened pieces of zinc, evidently intended for greaves. The steed he bedrode was a crooked piece of apple limb, with a bit of twine about one end of it for reins.

It is quite needless to state perhaps that the knight of the gold helmet had recently been filling his small head with certain romantic literature relating to the days of chivalry.

It is probably quite as needless to cite that, now the literature had been absorbed, he thirsted for deeds of valor.

Hence the ride down the lane, and hence the whoops. But very unfortunately the knight of the golden helmet was not a knight at all.

"I am the knight of the golden helmet," he declared loudly. "What?" said the man in the flannel.

"Back you go, craven!" he declared. "Huh? What?" said the man in the flannel.

"Back you go! I ride to the succor of ladies in distress."

"Butly for you, old chap," the other replied. "I think you'd better go alone, though."

"Never!" bawled the knight. "Turn around."

After several futile efforts he managed to yank the sword from the scabbard. He waved it threateningly above his head.

"See here," the young man began irritably as he took a step forward, but at that moment they both heard quick steps down the lane.

Around the bend came the lady, un-

nately it seemed to be an off day for opportunities.

The cattle gazed upon him in melancholy doubt. The sheep bunched together and sent up discordant bleats. Aside from these, the landscape gave no evidences of life.

It was a sorry world. Wherever it was you wanted you never saw it, the knightly gentleman reflected sadly. One couldn't perform deeds of valor with nothing at hand but sheep and cattle. People were necessary to his plans—live, red blooded, much troubled people—longing ladies preferred.

The world was full of 'em. There must be some about somewhere. The only way to get 'em was to find 'em. With another full throated bellow the knight of the golden helmet spurred his good apple limb steed to a yet more furious pace and sped down the shaded lane in quest of adventure.

He had just splashed through the muddy pool where the cattle drank each evening and was cantering blithely past the birches beyond when he saw a young man approaching—a young man in flannels, very tall and straight, pleasant faced, too, although just now the forehead was wrinkled in a frown and the firm jaw was set in determination. The young man was puffing vigorously at the brier pipe between his teeth, sending out great blue clouds of smoke in his wake. The knight of the golden helmet

der discussion. She started violently at the sight of them. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were suspiciously red.

"I've got him!" shouted the knight joyously. "He's in my power! He was deserting you, but I held him up! I'll see he begs your pardon if you say so!"

The young woman drew herself up. Her face was scarlet now.

"Billy, what are you doing? What is the meaning of this foolishness?" she demanded.

"Come on, you! Apologize!" said the youth sulkily, prodding the immaculate white trousers with the point of his sword.

Neither the words nor the prod seemed to attract the man's attention. He stood staring at the girl—particularly at her red eyes. Then suddenly he sprang to her side and caught her hand in his.

"Margaret," he cried, "he's right! I should apologize, that's a fact. I'm a piteous duffer. The quarrel is my fault—all mine."

Then came a few low words, a little happy laugh from the girl, and then two of them strolled down the lane together, utterly oblivious of the ridiculous figure which stood silently watching them until they disappeared around the bend.

The knight of the golden helmet remained thus for some moments lost in thought. Then he turned about and went slowly up the lane.

"Geef!" he muttered. "Wouldn't that cook yer? This ain't the way they done it in the book."

He was still lost in his own musings as, whoopless, he passed again the grazing cattle and the huddled sheep.

## Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry of Panama, Mo. The world has had 38 years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, la grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at all druggists'. 50 cents and \$1. Trial bottle free.

## Colds and Croup in Children.

"My little girl is subject to colds," says Mrs. William H. Serig, No. 41 Fifth street, Wheeling, W. Va. "Last winter she had a severe spell and a terrible cough, but I cured her with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy without the aid of a doctor, and my little boy has been prevented many times from having the croup by the timely use of this syrup. This remedy is for sale by all druggists."

## BREAD and CAKE

Raised with

## Royal Baking Powder

—delicate hot-biscuit, hot rolls, doughnuts, puddings and crusts—are not only anti-dyspeptic in themselves, but aid the digestion of other foods with which they assimilate in the stomach—the joint, the game, the entree—important parts of every meal.

Royal Baking Powder makes the food finer flavored, more tasty, more healthful.

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