THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, March 7, 1910.

Let the town grow.

Stick for the Belt line.

What is so windy as a day in March?

Instead of a foundation, Mr. Rockefeller's latest should be called a refund.

Roosevelt has reached Lake No. If asked if he likes it he would probably say "yes."

It is the observation of the Sioux City Tribune that a successful liar, like any other successful individual, must be constantly working at his job, and usually his inclinations are in the line of industry.

Just imagine "Uncle Joe" in a "Highland fling," or Taft either. It must have been a spectacle to make the gods laugh to see Bill and Joe cavorting over the waxed floors of the White house the other evening!

A St. Louis woman who kissed Hobson survived 11 years and then married a rat-trap peddler. The moral of this incident, the Keokuk Gate City thinks, is that patience is certain to be rewarded. It might be added that in the end it was Hobson's choice.

A selfish newspaper writer in Texas says that Mme. Curie would have done more good if she had discovered a way of extracting a gallon of good gravy out of 30 cents worth of rump steak instead of discovering polonium. Perhaps Mme. Curie labors under the impression that such a discovery would look like 30 cents.

Notice has been received by the Central Conference of Rabbis of the United States that Claude G. Montefiore, founder of the Religious Union of London, will make his first visit to the United States in June. He is the author of many religious works, a lecturer of ability and came prominently before the public recently by his advocacy of a new form of religion.

Hints from Iowa.

Ottumwa has a great white way. At present it is but six blocks long, but it is a beginning and the illumination on special occasions is really worth seeing. The white way is a splendid advertisement for the business houses along the route, and it is more than that, the very best argument for better and ever better illumination of all the streets.

Waterloo has a new wrinkle that will commend itself to towns where the streets are well paved. It is an auto delivery company, and it proposes to take the place of the delivery service that has come into use during the past 30 or 35 years. The delivery system, as now practiced, is a very expensive one, and, of course, eventually the consumer pays the bill. But three grocery firms have signed up in Waterloo, but others will come in soon, and it is believed that the butchers and other retailers will fall into line. Some of the conservative business men have their doubts, and will not be convinced until they can be shown the big saving to be effected by the delivery company.

Eventually, no doubt, they will all fall into line.

Events of the Week.

It is believed in Washington that the wheels of the congressional mill will turn somewhat more rapidly from now on, though whether any real progress will be made in regard to the important measures comprising the Taft program during the week it is difficult to foretell with any degree of certainty. The senatorial trust investigation and the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry will continue to furnish material for the capital correspondents.

President Taft has accepted an invitation to speak at a celebration to be held in the Metropolitan A. M. E. church Tuesday night in the interest of Wilberforce university, the oldest institution devoted to higher education of the negro in the United States. Other speakers at the meeting will include Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court and Senator Bristow of Kansas.

Saturday is the day fixed for the formal acceptance of the statue of John C. Calhoun, which has been erected as one of South Carolina's contributions to Statuary hall of the national capitol.

Several events of interest to the politicians are scheduled for the week. At Albany the senate bribery investigation will enter upon its fifth week, with public interest increased by the possibility of an early verdict. In the Fourth congressional district of Virginia a special election will be held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Representative Francis R. Lassiter. Following a sensational campaign, Seattle will hold an election Tuesday for Mayor and other municipal officials. In Detroit, Senator Burrows and Congressman Townsend, who is opposing Burrows for the senatorship, together with several rival aspirants for the nomination for governor of Michigan will be heard at a banquet of the Wayne County Republican club.

An unusually large number of important court proceedings are scheduled for the week. J. C. Maybray and his alleged associates, who are charged with having cleaned up over a million dollars through swindling by means of fake races and wrestling matches, are to be placed on trial in the United States district court at Council Bluffs. The trial of F. Augustus Heinze in New York on charges of misapplying funds of the Mercantile National bank, and the hearing of the Hartje divorce case in Pittsburg are expected to furnish some "live" reading.

The interstate commerce commission will take testimony in Minneapolis Tuesday in several cases that are of prime importance as affecting shipping interests. Alleged freight overcharges are the points involved in the cases and the defendants include a number of the leading railroads in the west and northwest.

The Making of Good Boys.

Judge Lindsay of Denver delivered a lecture on the making of good boys in the city of York, Pa., recently and the Dispatch of that city says it was entertaining, instructive, effective and convincing. Judge Lindsay probably has had more experience with wayward boys than any other judge in the world, and doubtless by simple methods and plain old-fashioned honesty he has achieved more than the coarse treatment and punishment of a dozen courts. Not by threats has this conspicuous juvenile court judge gained mastery over hoodlums and street arabs, not by rewards and promises, but by instilling into their minds the fact that it was wrong to do certain acts, a wrong to the doer, to his neighbor and to society. Once this fact dawned upon the stubborn little minds the seeds of reform were sown. The rest was not hard to do.

Some of the striking epigrams uttered by Judge Lindsay in his lecture at York, Pa., are worthy of being kept in the limelight of publicity. They reveal the logic and the magic of his reforms. Here are a few of them selected from this address:

"It is not the church that deals with the child when he violates the law, but the state."

"I am here to cross-examine society in regard to the little prisoner at the bar."

"There is no need for policemen or handcuffs to catch the toughest boy in the world."

"Under the old system, the scheme used to be to hurt the boy; the scheme now is to help him."

"A mother cannot be a successful breadwinner and a homemaker too."

"Many a boy needs the doctor more than he needs the jailer."

How convincingly true is the declaration of the judge that "there is no need of policemen or handcuffs to catch the toughest boy in the world." One of the most harrowing things is the sight of a small boy being led along the streets by a policemen. In bringing himself into that disgraceful position by some overt act the lad does not realize the stigma he has placed on his name, and upon his parents, his brothers and sisters. But the policemen know it; the authorities know it; the citizens and the community know it. Then how noble and grand a thing it is to save these children who go from the infamy which generally follows the disgrace placed upon them by rough arrest and handcuffs gradually to perdition. How inspiring, how uplifting it is to take these young offenders in charge and make up by kindness and teachings the cuffings of the world and the negligence of guilty parents!

It is true that boys who go wrong who commit crime, are often the offspring of degenerate parents; but if arrested and punished without any attempt at corrective measures and kindness, they too grow up degenerates to beget more degenerates and in turn to saddle society with more trouble and higher taxes to maintain courts and support prisons. Thus society suffers for its negligence.

There is no greater opportunity to do good in the world than in this matter of training boys.

SOME REAL LIVE GOSSIP FROM CAPITAL OF THE NATION

(Continued from Page One.)

Roosevelt's first active stroke for a renomination will signalize the defeat of Taft. If Roosevelt is convinced than the standpat element of his party can not be routed, he will not show his hand as to wishing another term in the White house."

* * *

"Come home, come home, brave Teddy, come home,
I have troubles enough and to spare,
Don't leave me to blunder, forlorn, and alone—
You can hunt in the canebreaks for bear.

"Pinchot and Glavis, those watch dogs of yours,
They have Ballinger up in a tree,
Pinchot's loud barking I could not endure,
For I knew he was barking at me.

"Those fiery insurgents here from the west,
They do not like Aldrich, nor Joe,
Because I have favored the latter more than the rest,
Those insurgents are tramping my toes.

"I tried them with laughter and broadest of smiles,
I showed them the size of my fist,
Each shot I have fired, missed them a mile,
But angered the game that I wished.

"I do not believe in your lecturing in France,
While I have so much to endure,
Altho' I am a trifle too large for your pants,
I cannot keep step in your shoes."

* * *

In his annual message to congress at the opening of the present session President Taft asked that there be no congressional investigation of the $2,000,000 sugar trust underweight frauds, as it might interfere with the prosecution of the men "higher up" in the crime. Three months have passed and the government has taken no step toward prosecuting the men "higher up." Therefore Representative Fitzgerald (N. Y.) has introduced a resolution asking that the president "inform the house what facts, if any, exist which makes inexpedient a thorough examination at this time" of the sugar trust's misdeeds. If the president does not reply within a reasonable time, there will be further developments, no doubt.

* * *

The real explanation of the antagonism of the corporate interests of the United States to the corporation tax is the publicity feature of the measure. They are willing to pay a tax that will make up the deficit in the government's finances, according to a statement made to the president by Charles F. Brooker, republican national committeeman from Connecticut, but are bitterly hostile to being required to allow the government to learn their business secrets.

* * *

Minority Leader Champ Clark was asked to say something about his presidential boom. "My position is something like that of former Speaker Tom Reed," said Clark. "Reed once had a boomlet, and someone asked him for an expression on the subject. 'My position,' said Reed, 'is that they might go further and fare worse, and I think they will.'"

* * *

It costs the people $35,000 annually to keep up the White house stables. And when the president goes out for a ride, it is always in an automobile!

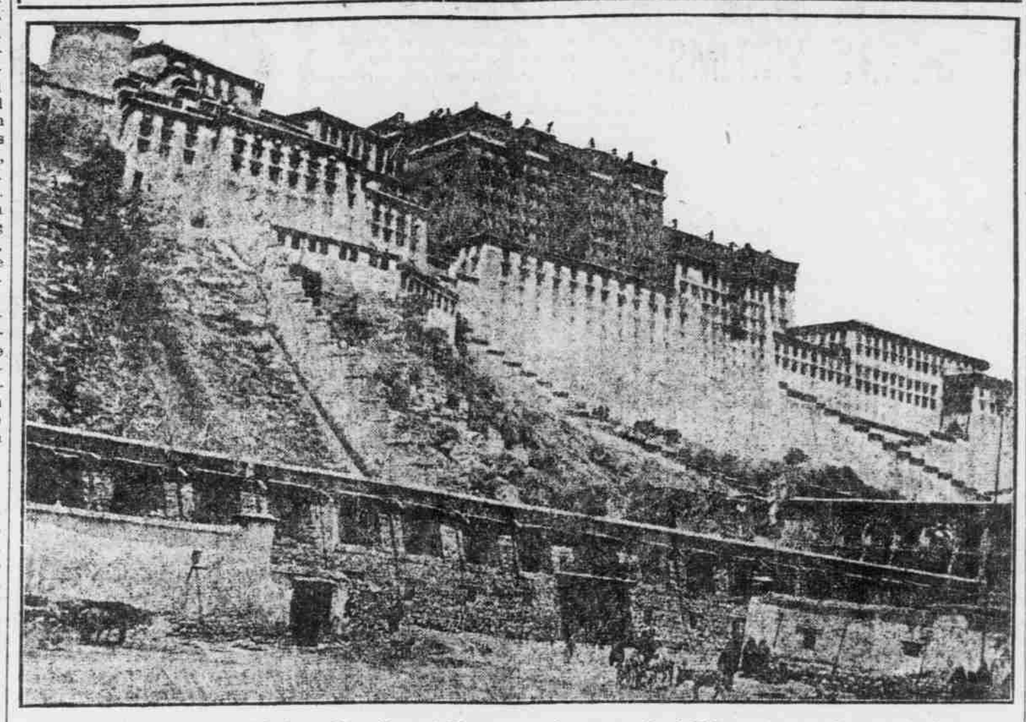
March 7 in American History

1774—British parliament closed the port of Boston. The "Boston tea party" of Dec. 16, 1773, led to retaliatory measures as soon as news of the affair reached parliament.

1874—Millard Fillmore, thirteenth president, died; born 1800.

1877—Matilda Heron, actress, noted for her Camille, died; born 1830.

PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA AT LHASA



THE dalai lama, who fled from his palace at Lhasa upon the approach of Chinese troops, is now in India on his way to Peking where he will make a personal appeal for relief from the conditions which forced him to flee from his capital. It is probable that the dalai lama will be given a favorable hearing in Peking, as it is recognized that the action against him may have serious results. The Tibetans generally resent the treatment of the dalai lama, and as they have other grudges against the Chinese, the Chinese officials at isolated posts are in great danger of being massacred.

The Argus Daily Short Story

His Secret—By John Jones.

The lot of a younger son in England is usually a hard one because the boys are brought up in affluence only to be turned out with a pittance when they come of age.

Clarence Meldron was one of these younger sons, and at the age of nineteen a position on a high stool in the Bank of England was obtained for him. There has never been the chance for a young man in England to rise as in this country, and when Meldron entered the bank to begin a life of drudgery he felt like one on whom the doors of a jail had closed. What especially filled him with melancholy was that he loved the daughter of a baronet whom her family considered sufficiently attractive to marry the firstborn of a duke. And so she was. Lady Emily Twiss was extremely pretty, extremely kind, extremely bright. Indeed, she possessed every feature to recommend her as a wife.

Young Meldron had been in the employ of the bank two years with a few pounds a year increase in his salary when he received a note from Lady Emily bidding him a sad farewell. The Marquis of Stanforth had proposed for her hand, and there was no choice for her but to accept him. On receipt of Lady Emily's note Meldron suffered that agony which only a young lover knows who sees the girl he worships pass to another man.

Before leaving the bank that afternoon Meldron was notified that he was to deliver a box of papers from the strong room of the bank the same evening to the house of one of the directors. At the appointed time the young clerk went to the bank, got the box and carried it as instructed. He was told to wait in the hall, which he did for an hour or more while several of the

MELDRON QUESTIONED HIM.

directors were discussing a matter of finance in one of the apartments. Then he was called into the room where they were convened.

"Go," said one of the gentlemen, "to the bank and in the strong room you will find a number of chests in which are also papers. Open the box marked 1872 and bring me the package marked as indicated on this paper."

He handed Meldron a slip and a key. The young man took both, went to the bank, was admitted and entered to the strong room. Having possessed himself of what he had been sent for, he looked about him.

He was in a room containing more treasure than any in the world. Great heaps of coin, bank bills and securities were deposited there. With a lantern he carried he poked about in corners and crannies. Suddenly he felt himself sliding downward. He struck a stone floor over which water was trickling, but he knew this only from the source of touch, for his lantern had gone out.

He bethought himself of a silver matchbox in his pocket, kept there for lighting his pipe. He struck a match and illuminated a sewer. He also lighted up the incline by which he had entered it and saw that he could go back the way he came. His lantern was at his feet, and, picking it up, he relighted it. Then he climbed back into the strong room.

Fortunately he had not caught much filth on his clothes, for he had not lost his balance in his descent of but a few feet. He ascended the stairs, was let out by the man in charge and went straight to the house where the directors were conferring. There he was rated soundly for having been so long on his errand. He made no excuse and was permitted to depart, his superiors saying that they would not need him longer.

A vision of a great change in his affairs loomed up in the young man's mind. He possessed a secret that involved millions. If he could leave the strong room by means of the sewer others could enter it in the same way. While the officials were watching their treasure above ground by the most carefully devised system there was no watch whatever at this opening where the sewer had broken and left a free entrance to the strong room.

No thought of using his knowledge for the purpose of appropriating the funds of the bank entered his head. What he was thinking of was how he might use the secret honestly to assist him to a career. He lay awake all night thinking, but found no plan except to make some excuse to go into the strong room again and see if he could find his way out through the sewer.

A few days later, just before closing, carrying a lantern with him, he entered the strong room, thence the sewer and began to walk slowly through it. Presently he met a man who seemed to be looking about him for what he could pick up. Meldron questioned him and learned that he was one of that strange class who gain a living by searching the sewers. He piloted the clerk to an opening where egress was easy. Meldron marked the spot so that he would know it again

One morning the bank's directors received a scrap of dirty paper on which was written in the hand of an illiterate person the following:

You think you is all safe hand you bank his safe, but I knows better. I bin hinside the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am nott a theaf so hif yer will mett mee in the great squar room, with all the moneys, at twelf 2 nite, Ile explain ort to you, let only thor 2 cum down, and say nuffin to nobody.

The directors turned the note over to the police, gave orders that the strong room should be guarded and thought no more of the matter.

Nothing unusual happened in the bank that night, and the next day the note would have been forgotten had it not been for a remarkable circumstance. A chest of paper and securities taken from the strong room was received at the bank with another note from their mysterious correspondent complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer and that he had not, therefore, kept his appointment, but he had sent the chest of papers he had taken from the strong room. The note further said that if a few of the directors should be in the strong room at midnight he would join them there.

Meanwhile Clarence Meldron sat at his desk in the bank, doing his duties with his accustomed regularity. He heard the note that he had sent the directors discussed in a low tone by two custodians and knew that a guard was posted at the strong room. The only matter that occupied him outside his duties was a letter he wrote to his sweetheart imploring her not to consent to a wedding with her fiancee until she could put it off no longer, adding that something might turn up for him. His sweetheart replied that she would do what he wished.

But on the arrival of the chest of papers and securities from the strong room Meldron saw evidence of commotion. A search of the strong room was made. Meldron had drawn a heavy chest over the crack through which he had fallen, and it was not found. After the discussion the directors decided to meet this man, spirit or devil, in the strong room in accordance with his appointment.

So that night secret police were called in to be ready to make any arrest that might be required, and armed guards of the bank were concealed behind treasure boxes in the strong room. Just before midnight three directors who were selected to meet the man in the strong room assembled at the bank and entered what was to be the meeting room. All braced themselves not to show fear. Nevertheless one of them was pale and the other two trembling.

When a deep toned bell without struck twelve a voice called from what point they could not tell:

"Put out the lights!"

After some deliberation this was done, and after the party had stood a few moments in darkness bright rays from a dark lantern at the other end of the room dazzled them. Then they heard the cry:

"Light up!"

The lights were turned on, and there before them stood their clerk, Clarence Meldron. He waited for them to speak.

"Explain this!" said one of the directors.

Meldron told them of his first visit to the strong room, of his sliding into the sewer, of his subsequent trip in the sewer and of his meeting there. Then he took them to the opening.

They looked at one another in blank amazement, thinking of the responsibility they had incurred in the fact that there was an entrance from the outside to their treasure room.

"But why have you taken this strange method of informing us of this opening?" asked a director.

"To impress upon you the fact that your treasure was exposed. I could have made myself one of the richest men in the world by secretly and slowly taking away treasure that might not have been missed in weeks, perhaps months. If I had simply called you in here and shown you this crack you would have presented me with £10 reward, and that would have been the end of the matter. I deemed it advisable that you should be made fully conscious that under your administration you were exposing the funds of millions of people intrusted to your care to be plundered by any dishonest person knowing the secret."

Not one of the directors but understood that they had an honest young man to deal with, but one who was bright enough to take advantage of the possession of his secret. Were the story to be spread about London the gravest consequences would accrue to the bank and would be their ruin. Before Clarence Meldron left them he was notified that he would be appointed to an important trust.

That was the beginning of one of the largest fortunes in England. Meldron became a great financier and a director of the bank. He married the Lady Emily Twiss.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

SOME men regard it as little short of personal insult to expect them to earn the money they receive.

Whatever else a man may do, he seldom keeps his good points in a safety deposit box.

Don't argue with a man who knows, for it is useless, nor with one who doesn't, for it is senseless.

Plenty of money ought to satisfy any man, but no man ever thought he had plenty.

Bragging attracts attention, but it requires activity of another nature to hold it.

Laugh and the world says, "How silly!"; weep and it says, "Chase yourself!" To kick is the thing.

The man who is clever enough to inherit money frequently inherits little else.

Some divorces are merely sequels to marriage and others simply preliminary.

The law of supply and demand may have something to do with the scarcity of common sense.

If halos were fashionable many women would lose theirs by fussing over them.

Graft by any other name would cost as much.

Near Spring.

Where did you get
So many moods,
Oh, Mrs. March—I wonder?
You hand us out
Most anything
From blizzards up to thunder.
We never know
What you will do.
There is no way of chaining
Your floods, for when
You start it seems
You never will stop raining.
We think at last
That we have lost
The winter, and we chuckle,
But straight away
We change our minds
When down to work you buckle.
False hopes you raise
To lead us on,
You make a splendid showing,
Then all at once
You turn around
And do a job of snowing.
Then for a day
We see the show
With all the furies flying,
When like as not
You shift the scene
To softest lullabying.
We never know
A day ahead
What favors you will scatter
Or what withhold;
But, on the whole,
Perhaps it doesn't matter.
We know that spring
Is on the way.
You cannot rule much longer,
So do your worst.
You only make
For spring our welcome stronger.

Why Not?

"Ma!"
"What is it?"
"Do our fingers come off?"
"Do our fingers come off?"
"Umphump!"
"Cer tainly not. What an idea!"
"Well, why don't they? Our teeth come out."

Quite True.

"At last there is something quite as hard as keeping a cook."
"Is there?"
"Yes."
"I'd like to know what it is."
"Getting her something to cook."

Necessary.

"Hello, Mutt! Tell me one thing."
"Sure."
"Why do you use so much slang?"
"Slang?"
"That's what."
"To talk in, of course."

Some Use.

"You can't run the mill with the water that is past."
"Who said you could?"
"You act as if you thought so."
"You can drink it, can't you?"

Keen.

"He's always asking fool questions."
"He is?"
"Yes."
"Awfully clever at sizing up the people he meets, isn't he?"

The New Version.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Going a-milking, sir," she said.
"Will you, oh, will you marry me, pretty maid?"
"Not at the present price of milk, sir," she said.