

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.



Tuesday, January 3, 1911.

However the election goes today on the proposition to adopt the commission plan of municipal government, Rock Island will continue to live on and grow.

Governor Haskell of Oklahoma will now proceed to show the public that he can make just as much noise in Oklahoma City as the chief executive of the state as he made in Guthrie.

Mayor Buse of Chicago has very properly refused permission to an athletic association to hold a boxing match for the benefit of the fund for the families of dead firemen. A scheme of hippodromes to use a noble cause for the purpose of getting going again was about the size of it.

The so-called "tip trust" in the metropolitan cities has suffered exposure and hereafter it may be possible for a traveler stopping at a metropolitan hostelry to have enough money left after running the gauntlet of the extractors between the door of the hotel and the counter where he expects to record his name in the register to pay for "an outside room with bath."

A Really Great Sovereign. The present emperor of Japan virtually forced constitutional government upon his people, says Adachi Kinnosuke in an article on the emperor, of Japan in Success magazine. It was original on a monarch's part; absolutely without precedent. Elsewhere even in the homes of Christian enlightenment, blood has ever been the price that a people paid for their charter of liberty—witness the struggle with King John, the American war of independence, the French revolution. When an emperor wished to limit his own absolute powers and give us constitutional liberty, the people did not want it; they did not understand it; they were entirely indifferent about it; they accepted it out of respect to his majesty's wishes. On Feb. 11, 1889, the constitution of the empire was promulgated. It passed into history as the first and the only bloodless Magna Charta known.

A Tale of Two States. About 30 years ago Maine elected a democratic governor.

The same year Tennessee selected a republican for chief executive. Neither state repeated such a performance until this year, says the Chicago Journal.

Again, Maine has a democratic governor-elect and the "governor's mansion" in Nashville is to be occupied by a republican.

The Maine executive is opposed to the old-time prohibition policy of his state, but will enforce "all the laws." Tennessee's new governor is pledged to the cause of prohibition, but will not be able to enforce the laws on the subject in the larger cities of the state.

Now the rest of the country will watch with interest the experiences of these strangely placed political heads of the Pine Tree state and the Volunteer commonwealth.

Lloyd-George.

The present contention in England has brought into the limelight one man, Lloyd-George. He is a little man with a massive brain, with dynamic personality, with Abraham Lincoln's love for humanity, a plain, homely, grizzled Welchman, from a blacksmith's shop, but he has broken into the house of commons, has dominated his way into the cabinet, has stood up before the public of England and cried aloud against the grinding misery under which they have been living. He has set forth in terms that every Englishman knows are true some of the burdens under which the people groan.

Twelve million people, nearly one-third of the population of England, are hungry today.

Half of the land of England is owned by 2,000 people, in which class is included the members of the house of lords.

More than half of the land of the British Isles is owned by 5,000 people. Four million acres of agricultural land in England has been converted into game preserves by the aristocracy within the last six years.

Ninety-nine and two-tenths per cent of the farmers of England rent the land they till from the aristocracy.

Seventy-seven per cent of the people of England live in cities.

Sixty years ago the number of people in England was 26,800,000, and the country produced food for 24,000,000 of them. Today the number of people in England is 42,000,000, and the country produces food for only 4,500,000 of them.

The liquor traffic of England is practically unrestricted, and the average annual consumption of wines, spirits and beer is 31.6 gallons against 14.2 for the United States.

Until the Lloyd-George budget was

adopted last spring there was no tax on land in England.

Three million adult male citizens of England are prohibited from voting by the property qualifications of the election laws.

Property owners vote in every political division where they own property and elections are spread over a period long enough to give the land owners time to go from place to place to cast their ballots.

The conservative party of England which controls the house of lords, almost unanimously and which has nearly half the house of commons through the unionists, represents three principal property interests—the land owners, the government church and the liquor interests. This triumvirate stands solidly against the control of government by the masses, against remedial legislation so essential to English humanity. It fought the liberals as a unite in the election of the Lloyd-George budget and has been fighting them as a unit on the veto bill.

Fundamentally, the struggle in England today is a struggle between hunger and entrenched privilege. And the returns from the elections just closed indicate that hunger scored a signal victory.

Today's Election.

As The Argus stated a few days ago, the people should express themselves on all propositions that pertain to their welfare. It is to be hoped they will do so today on the commission form of municipal government, although at the present writing it does not look as if the vote would be heavy. Weather conditions should not interfere with the obligations of citizenship, and one of the most important of these is the right of suffrage. Whatever the outcome of the election, it would be far better for all concerned if it were representative and decisive. The movement for the adoption of the commission form of municipal government originated in Rock Island, as it did in many other of the larger cities of the state, with the business men. In Rock Island the law was upheld by the Rock Island Business Men's association and its membership almost to a man, worked for the success of the enactment. The Business Men's association thereby became the father of the proposition in Rock Island. It was through that organization that the petitions were circulated asking for the special election. The business men asked and received the support and endorsement of the press in their efforts for the new order of things. Having sustained them in their early undertakings and in the securing of the signatures to the petitions, The Argus, for its own part, felt the obligation of "sticking to the finish." While it would have preferred a more energetic campaign, a campaign of education, so to speak, it was willing to be guided by those who had made the vote upon the proposition possible.

As has been said before, it is believed the majority of the people of Rock Island are favorable to the proposition, but whether the result will so indicate would seem to depend upon the volume of the vote.

LORIMER'S MESSAGES TO BROWNE PAID FOR BY THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page One.)

able telegraphing to the Chicago beef barons—at the expense of the people. The nature of the business is not revealed.

CARTER A GOOD SPENDER.

The report intimates that when Senator Tom Carter of Montana escorted the members of the irrigation committee on a trip to the west to investigate irrigation projects, the party traveled like kings, using private diners, drawing rooms, and tipping the porters and attendants everywhere with a lavish hand—using the people's money.

For automobile side trips Senator Carter paid handsomely. For a two days' side trip in three automobiles from Casper, Wyo., to Pathfinder dam on Sept. 7, 1910, the Montana senator spent \$150 for transportation alone. Leaving their luxuriously appointed cars on a siding at Seattle on Aug. 29, Senators Carter, Warren, and Paynter, with their "employees" (number not stated) made themselves comfortable in the big hotels. Although no one knows of any irrigation projects at Seattle, the party managed to spend \$125.50 for board lodging alone in two days. Senator Carter must have been a good spender. "Fees and portage" and "incidentals," for which no vouchers were obtained, ran into a thousand dollars.

THINGS THE PEOPLE PAY FOR.

The report of the secretary of the senate covers 736 closely printed pages. It shows that during the year some of the things the people paid for were: Eight dozen lady scissors, one dozen manure scissors, two dozen corkscrews, and bath brushes. Under another head come 25 boxes of lemons, two barrels granulated sugar, and 32 cases White Rock water splits. Then come 1,000 two-grain quinine pills, soda mint tablets, olive oil, castor oil, glycerine, Colgate extract rose, nail brushes, 2,000 more quinine pills, Seiditz powders, vaseline, Isterine, and 1,000 calomel tablets.

TAWNEY TO OPPOSE CLAPP

Congressman Who Was Retired by Voters Has Eye on Senatorship. St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 3.—Both branches of the Minnesota Legislature meet at noon today. Reapportionment and the election of a senator are the most important questions the legislature will be called upon to deal with. Senator Clapp's friends seem confident he will be re-elected. It is rumored Congressman Tawney is likely to be a candidate against Clapp.

WOULD LIFT BARS

Committee That Visited Soldiers' Homes Urges Admitting Wives.

TO AVOID SEPARATIONS

Also Recommends That Saloons Be Removed Two-Thirds of Mile from Institution.

Members of John Buford post, G. A. R., of this city have received from the Illinois department commander printed copies of reports made by committees that recently visited and inspected the soldiers' institutions of the state.

Of special interest here is the report on the old soldiers' home at Quincy. Repeating recommendations made by the committee of 1909 the committee just reporting advises that additional room be provided for soldiers and their wives, so that no couple need be separated on admission to the home. The desire is that the present state statute be changed to permit widows of soldiers dying in the home to remain in the institution and to permit the accommodation of other widows whenever the widows' home at Wilmington is overcrowded.

WOULD KEEP SALOONS AWAY

The saloon evil is given a blow in the following paragraph: "We believe that the interests of the members of the home in Quincy will be promoted by the removal of the temptation that comes through, and because of nearby saloons, and this committee urges that the legislature enact a law to prohibit saloons within a radius of two-thirds of a mile from the outer limits of the home grounds."

For two and one-half years there have been no deaths in the Illinois soldiers' orphans home at Normal. The membership of the home is made up as follows:

Children of civil war veterans 209  
Children of Spanish war veterans 42  
Dependent children under 8 years of age when admitted 41

Total membership 295  
Number of girls, 108; number of boys, 187; average age 12 1/2 years; number in hospital, none.

In mailing out the printed reports Department Commander James A. Connolly has written to the Grand Army posts in Illinois:

ROOM FOR MORE.

"There is room in the home at Normal for more children, and if the comrades know of those who are needing the splendid care sure to be given, whether the sons and daughters of civil war veterans, or soldiers of the Spanish-American war, they will be doing a great kindness by securing an application and sending it to the Soldiers' Orphans' home, Normal, Ill."

FORM NEW FREIGHT POOL

Burlington Road Divides the Crews Handling Traffic on North Line.

With the first of the year the Galesburg-Quincy freight pool has been split in two and 13 of the 24 crews assigned to that pool made into what will be known as the Savannah pool, to take care of the runs north from Galesburg to Rock Island, Clinton and Savanna. Heretofore the Quincy pool has embraced both north and south runs, requiring trainmen to be familiar with quite a stretch of the road. Under the new arrangement the men will either run north or south exclusively.

The plan has been in vogue among the engineers for some time past, and it is made as an experiment with the train crews. For some time past the representatives of the trainmen's brotherhood have agitated the change. One of the disadvantages with the old arrangement was the fact that there is very little overtime on the Quincy branch, with almost a third of the road double track, while on the north runs there has been overtime nearly every trip.

Notice to Contractors.

Bids will be received at the mayor's office, 9 a. m., Jan. 10, 1911, for the paving of Thirty-eight street, Seventh avenue to Eighteenth avenue.

Plans and specifications on file at the office of the city engineer.

Contractor will be paid in bonds bearing 5 per cent interest.

All bids must be accompanied by cash or a certified check, payable to the president of the board of local improvements, in the amount of 10 per cent of the bid.

G. W. McCASKRIN,

President Board of Local Improvements.  
Wallace Treichler, City Engineer.

DR. PRICE'S Delicious DESSERT NUTRITIOUS-WHOLESOME

A dessert quickly made to serve in place of Pies, Puddings and Creams, palatable and wholesome. 10 Cents a Package—All Grocers.



The Autumn of Life By Gilbert D. Nesbit

"For length of days, and long life, and peace." —The Book of Proverbs, iii, 2.

Some lives are like the autumn leaves That flutter softly to and fro In every breeze that faintly grieves— The leaves gleam richest as they go. In one swift burst of regal hues They blaze with crimson and with gold And none of their perfection lose When, withering, they drop their hold.

The leaves, at last, when all is done, Show us anew the days of June— The golden glory of the sun And softened luster of the moon, The red that riots in the dawn Is mingled with the restful brown That tints the leaves ere they have gone, While they are slowly swaying down.

Some lives are like the autumn leaves, The rose hued memory of youth In all their acts a pattern weaves With the most precious gold of truth, And they grow fair, and fairer still— Like autumn leaves their beauty glows With newer charm and grace, until These lives are perfect at the close.



(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Argus Daily Short Story

Dorinda—B. F. A. Mitchel.

Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

Dorinda Childs and I were born the same day. My father and my uncle, Dorinda's father, made an agreement that we two children should marry on our twenty-first birthday—that is, if such a result could be brought about. When we came of age my father had been dead ten years. A few months before I came to my majority I received a letter from my uncle informing me of the agreement made twenty years before. We lived a thousand miles apart, and I had never seen either him or his daughter. I am of rather a romantic disposition, and the idea of this marriage was fascinating to me. I wrote my uncle that I would be pleased to make the acquaintance of the young lady to whom I had been pledged and would

young man's cynical notions about women, especially considering them deceitful. This girl, judging from her photograph and her letter, was evidently the very impersonation of truth. I could not conceive of her stooping to the slightest deception. Other letters followed, and we soon fell to discussing on paper the matter of paramount interest to both of us. My cousin wrote that she thought we should carry out the contract which had been made for us by our fathers unless we proved to be positively repulsive to each other. To this I demurred emphatically. We were not bound by any contract in which we had not had a part. To this she replied that her dear father had set his heart on seeing before his death the completion of an agreement made with the brother he loved so well. Therefore she confessed that even without a romantic affection for me she would be disposed to yield to his wishes.



WILL JONES "YOU HAVE BEEN ONLY A DUMMY."

as soon as convenient go to pay them a visit. Meanwhile I would like a photograph of Dorinda. My Uncle replied that he had told her to send after his letter, inclosed with a very few words which did not refer to the contract, but the writer asked for my photograph, which I sent her. I was delighted with Dorinda's picture. She looked out of a pair of tender eyes at me, either blue or gray, while in the expression there was indication of character. I found myself looking at the picture a dozen times during the day I received it, went to sleep with it under my pillow and dreamed of the original all night. I spent several days framing a letter of thanks. I received a reply that delighted me. It, too, was noncommittal, but contained very excited sentiments. It seemed to me that the girl who could write such a letter must be one of the most straightforward creatures in the world. I was tickled with a very

morning on reading my paper I saw that a trust company that had had the care of what property I was to inherit on coming of age had failed. I soon learned that my fortune, some \$50,000, had been lost with the wreck. I at once wrote Dorinda to inform her of the change in my affairs and told her that any matrimonial intentions I might have must be put off indefinitely. I also wrote to my uncle to the same effect. I received no reply from him, Dorinda writing for him to say that he preferred not to influence us in the matter and left us free to act for ourselves. For her part my misfortune had drawn me nearer to her. She had nothing in her own right and would inherit but a small sum from her father, but if I wished a helpmeet she would willingly bear such a lot as I should carve out for myself. She believed, judging from my letters, that I possessed honesty and integrity. If I also possessed energy there would be nothing to fear. Smarting as I was under my loss, this was just what I wished to hear from a girl with whom I was contemplating marriage. But so long as her action was influenced by her father's wish, that she should fulfill a contract made for her by him, I took no real satisfaction in these manifestations of a noble nature. The sensible thing for me to do, had I not sent my photograph, thus making me known to my cousin, would be to go to her and win her, leaving her to find out my identity after she had given me her heart. I have admitted that I have a lot of romance in me and such a plan appealed to me; but, since the sending of my likeness rendered it impossible, the next best thing to do would be to go and spend some time with her. We might thus confer together and come to a conclusion more advantageously than by standing off with nothing but cold letters between us.

So I wrote Dorinda that if it would be convenient I would make her and her father a visit. In reply I was surprised to receive a letter from my uncle, who cordially invited me to come and make as long a stay as I could. He added that Dorinda would write, but was somewhat under the weather. It occurred to me that my cousin's maidenly modesty had at the prospect of our meeting got the better of her and that this was the real reason for her silence. My uncle lived in the country, and I was obliged to drive several miles to his house. On turning an angle of the road I saw coming a young man and a young girl. They were hurrying, and when they reached me the young man asked: "Did you come in on an up train?" "Yes," I replied, drawing rein. He turned to the girl with a disappointed look. "There's not another train for two hours. What shall we do?" She drew him away from me for a whispered conference, casting singular glances at me as if I had something to do with their affairs. The young man came to me and said: "All the world loves a lover." "Yes," I assented, thinking he referred to me. "We are a runaway couple. We have missed our train. There is a down train in seven minutes (looking at his watch). If you will lend me your rig we can make it. If not our game is spoiled." "Get right in here and I'll drive you to the station." They climbed up, and we all crowded together on one seat. I galloped the horse to the station, but we had plenty of time, since the train was late. The girl went into the station and on the back of a letter her lover gave her wrote a few lines, putting an address on also. Folding it, she handed it to me. "Will you deliver that?" she asked. "I will." "Before you go anywhere else?" "I promise." "Give it to the person for whom it is intended yourself." The train came rattling up to the platform, the young man loaded me with thanks, the girl looked at me with that singular expression her face wore whenever her eyes were upon me, we all shook hands, and they climbed into the train and were gone. Then I got back into my buggy. Looking at the address on the paper I was entrusted with, I saw the name "Edith Boynton." I asked the station master where Miss Boynton lived, and he described the place. After a twenty minute drive I reached a handsome house and grounds that fitted the description. I drove in under a porte-cochere. A groom held my horse. I went in and sent up the note with my card. When Miss Boynton came in I was paralyzed with astonishment. She was the original of the photograph of my cousin. She was both blushing and smiling. "Dorinda," I exclaimed. "No, Dorinda wrote this note," she said, glancing at the paper I handed her. "What does it all mean?" I gasped. "Be seated," she replied, "and I will tell you, or, rather, I will confess." I sank into a seat, and she, throwing herself on a sofa, made her confession.

prised to receive a letter from my uncle, who cordially invited me to come and make as long a stay as I could. He added that Dorinda would write, but was somewhat under the weather. It occurred to me that my cousin's maidenly modesty had at the prospect of our meeting got the better of her and that this was the real reason for her silence. My uncle lived in the country, and I was obliged to drive several miles to his house. On turning an angle of the road I saw coming a young man and a young girl. They were hurrying, and when they reached me the young man asked: "Did you come in on an up train?" "Yes," I replied, drawing rein. He turned to the girl with a disappointed look. "There's not another train for two hours. What shall we do?" She drew him away from me for a whispered conference, casting singular glances at me as if I had something to do with their affairs. The young man came to me and said: "All the world loves a lover." "Yes," I assented, thinking he referred to me. "We are a runaway couple. We have missed our train. There is a down train in seven minutes (looking at his watch). If you will lend me your rig we can make it. If not our game is spoiled." "Get right in here and I'll drive you to the station." They climbed up, and we all crowded together on one seat. I galloped the horse to the station, but we had plenty of time, since the train was late. The girl went into the station and on the back of a letter her lover gave her wrote a few lines, putting an address on also. Folding it, she handed it to me. "Will you deliver that?" she asked. "I will." "Before you go anywhere else?" "I promise." "Give it to the person for whom it is intended yourself." The train came rattling up to the platform, the young man loaded me with thanks, the girl looked at me with that singular expression her face wore whenever her eyes were upon me, we all shook hands, and they climbed into the train and were gone. Then I got back into my buggy. Looking at the address on the paper I was entrusted with, I saw the name "Edith Boynton." I asked the station master where Miss Boynton lived, and he described the place. After a twenty minute drive I reached a handsome house and grounds that fitted the description. I drove in under a porte-cochere. A groom held my horse. I went in and sent up the note with my card. When Miss Boynton came in I was paralyzed with astonishment. She was the original of the photograph of my cousin. She was both blushing and smiling. "Dorinda," I exclaimed. "No, Dorinda wrote this note," she said, glancing at the paper I handed her. "What does it all mean?" I gasped. "Be seated," she replied, "and I will tell you, or, rather, I will confess." I sank into a seat, and she, throwing herself on a sofa, made her confession.

"Dorinda and I are bosom friends. For a year past she has been in love with the man with whom you met her. Her father has been trying to persuade her to fulfill the contract made for her and you when you were born. She concealed her love affair from him and called me in to help her out. It was my picture you received, and it was I who corresponded with you." I was dumfounded. I sat staring at the girl till she put her handkerchief to her face for a screen. "Is it possible," I said at last, "that all this deception has been practiced by the girl who wrote those letters laden with such noble sentiments?" "I was helping my friend," she pleaded. "But I—Neither of you seems to have considered me." "There was no reply to this. "May I ask what my cousin said in that note?" "She wrote it merely to send you to me for an explanation before going to

(Continued on Page Nine.)

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN a woman has to get out and hustle six days in the week to keep a roof over her head it doesn't cheer her weary soul to be told that a woman's place is in the home.

Man's inhumanity to man often makes him able and willing to be a large subscriber to charity funds.

We hope for the best, but that is as much as we are willing to do for it.

A man's idea of being care free is having somebody to run the furnace for him.

A woman's idea of being care free is not having to get up and get breakfast in the morning.

The rising bird man cops the altitude record.

Few men are wise enough to let a woman have the last word without trying to beat her to it.

A pretty girl has no need of brains until she marries, and then she doesn't know how to use them.

A man doesn't like to be called a fool. For that reason it is best that some men should be nameless.

When a man praises the dinner highly his wife wonders what he is trying to square himself for.

The New Deal. The law of supply and demand. We fear is about to be canned. The law of combine is more like a mine. And has on our business. The Indian sign.

The rule of the era we must acknowledge is here in the trust. They gather us in. Our goods and our tin. And where we get off. Is the place they begin.

We looked at them once with astonish. But now we can see at a glance. A far better way. Such forces display. We might as well like them; They're with us to stay.

The age of the man all alone is gone with the era of stone. The corporate hour is here in its power. No use to deny it. Or go looking sour.

Pray what could a single man do. A continent cutting in two. Or running a line. From seaboard to mine. And shining up mountains. And down the decline?

A fact in our lives and our purses. We take it for better or worse. But always a flaw. That gives them a loophole. Is all that we draw.

And who is so wise as to know. What out of this business will grow? There may be the prize. World stunning surprise. Wrapped up in the thing. When people get wise.

Needs Readjustment. "My son knows a lot more than I do."

"Is that so?" "That is a fact."

"Then there is some hope of him, isn't there?" "I am sure I don't know, and then think how bad it is for me."

The Real Reason. "Why are there so many poor people?" "Because poverty isn't expensive, dear."

The Worry Cure. "He is very lazy." "I know what will cure it." "Goodness! Tell me." "Just get him to worry and he will get over his laziness."

Slightly Mixed. "How are you getting along with your languages?" "The Greek is all Dutch to me." "And the German?" "It's all Greek."

Reflected His Birth. "He is weak in the upper story." "That is easily accounted for." "How do you do it?" "He was born in a fifth flat."

But Not on a Cash Basis. "It is easy to fool people." "Well, you just invest a few thousand with that end in view and see how you can come out."

Defined. "What is a myth?" "Any baloney dream that you can get rich this side of paradise."

She Can't Help It. "She smiles a good deal." "Yes; her teeth are good." "And so is her digestion."

Same as of Old. Congress gathers, and we know. That our hopes will not be wrecked. As they take their hats to go— It's so little we expect.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by all druggists.

Life Lines BY BASILEUS. SMILES

Copyright, 1910.

The smiles on your face and the kind words you have spoken will stay on the earth when you have gone up to heaven. The blackened eye in the fall doesn't count if your fight was right and you know it; to be knocked down is not a disgrace when man gets up with a smiling face. A smile wrapped with every package is the merchant's best premium. Sighs and moans soon sorrows become, and are not good for the best of us; smiles and trials make saints, saints, and therefore may be good for the worst of us. Your boss is never cross until he meets a loss. You pull for him some profits in, and see him smile awhile. Your smile teaches ten thousand others to think thoughts of love, who will smile back at you; your good cheer today brings to you good will tomorrow.

Jan. 3 in American History

1740—Benedict Arnold, brilliant Revolutionary leader, who deserted to the British, born; died 1801. 1777—Washington defeated the British at Princeton, N. J. 1910—Charles W. Morse, convicted New York banker, began a fifteen year sentence in the United States penitentiary at Atlanta.