

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Thursday, October 20, 1910.

Clyde H. Tavenner has been a faithful representative of the people as a newspaper correspondent at Washington. He will be a faithful representative of the people as a member of congress at Washington.

Saving up your change for tag day?

If the Payne-Aldrich bill, which received the vote of Congressman James McKinney, was alright, why did Dooliver, Cummins, La Follette and other eminent republicans vote against it?

The capital location idea in Oklahoma now seems to be to build a capital at a point near enough to all competitors to enable them to move to it, as El Reno moved to the Rock Island road when the Rock Island wouldn't move to El Reno.

The speech Mr. Roosevelt made in St. Louis the night after he went up in an airship proved that he didn't go up high enough to rise above the republican party. That is a hard thing to do, remarked the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Entirely correct. The G. O. P. is some aviator itself these days.

The tremendous profits of the middlemen are shown in the fact that for mint enough to make a quarter million mint juleps raised in Missouri last year, the growers were paid but \$1,900. The tremendous gap in prices between the producers and the consumers of mint juleps is another explanation of the cost of high living.

A Rock Island citizen asks what is the use of going to considerable expense and trouble to disinfect school buildings and to provide artesian water so long as the children are permitted to use a common drinking cup. Science, backed by common sense, teaches that the drinking cup is the most dangerous carrier of disease germs.

Republicans of the Payne-Aldrich-Cannon type are trying to explain that the high tariff is not responsible for high prices. It is a very unpleasant occupation, but it demands their time and attention nevertheless. The more they work on the problem the less do they accomplish. If they were on the level, they would admit that the tariff does affect prices, that high prices may be attributed to robber tariffs, and that the supporters of the present bill ought to be beaten to a frazzle.

Tavenner is conducting his campaign for Congress along exactly the same lines on which he wrote his articles from Washington. He advocated in his letters long before he knew he would receive the Congressional nomination that each candidate should be required to state, before election, exactly how he stood on questions affecting the rights of the people. Tavenner states in one-syllable language, so that all may understand his views on big vital issues. Every voter should read this platform whether he intends to vote for Tavenner or not. By the way, where is Mr. McKinney's platform?

Will Mr. Guggenheim Explain?

The New York World took occasion the other day to telegraph to Hamburg to know at what price American white lead was selling. The reason for this curiosity was that an American concern was advertising in German papers that it was "able to compete in the open market." The inquiry elicited the information that while American white lead was selling in Hamburg at 6 cents, it was selling in New York at 3 1/2 cents. Insurance and freight paid. The National Lead Company is a subsidiary of the American Smelting Company which has a representative in the senate. Last year Senator Guggenheim insisted that a duty of 2 1/2 cents was the least that the industry could survive under. Lead dug by the pauper labor of Spain, he explained, would get into this country if the duty were less.

The Situation in Portugal.

The question is often asked whether Portugal as a republic will endure. There is little doubt that the monarchy went down under the weight of corruption and extravagance, and the republic is established amid many influences which are a peril in free government. The permanence of a republic is supposed to depend upon the intelligence of a large proportion of the population. The Portuguese, the mass of the people, are illiterate and do not come up to the requirements of a real republic. If therefore the republic is, in a short time, followed by the restoration of monarchical government nobody will be surprised. We all know the experience of France before a republican government there was established on a firm basis. A government may be republican in name, and yet be little less than a dictatorship, as is true of many of the South American governments, and the mere name and form of a republic by no means insures, government of, by and for the people.

New Policy on Prison Labor.

The Illinois State Federation of Labor has raised a question of importance in proposing that the labor of the penitentiaries be devoted to the support of the families of the men who are the wards of the state. There is an inherent reason why the labor of the men in prison should not be ordinarily productive. The state is not imprisoning them for pecuniary reasons. Many of the men would make their labor more efficient if they reaped the reward themselves in the turning over of their earnings to their families at home. In case they have no families the suggestion is that the earnings be made available for the men themselves, to give them a start when their terms are out.

This is not the first time this proposition has been raised, but it has never before been urged by any authority as likely to command attention as that of the state labor body of Illinois. The grounds for the policy are obvious. The system would do away with the threat of prison labor against free, and do not a little to modify the moral influence of prison life. The plan certainly merits full consideration at the hands of the public and the state authorities. It is now practically before the public. It might add to the burdens of the state, but if the earnings of the convicts rightfully belong to the families of the men the state would be the last to claim the benefit as against those on whom the burden of the prison penalty falls most heavily.

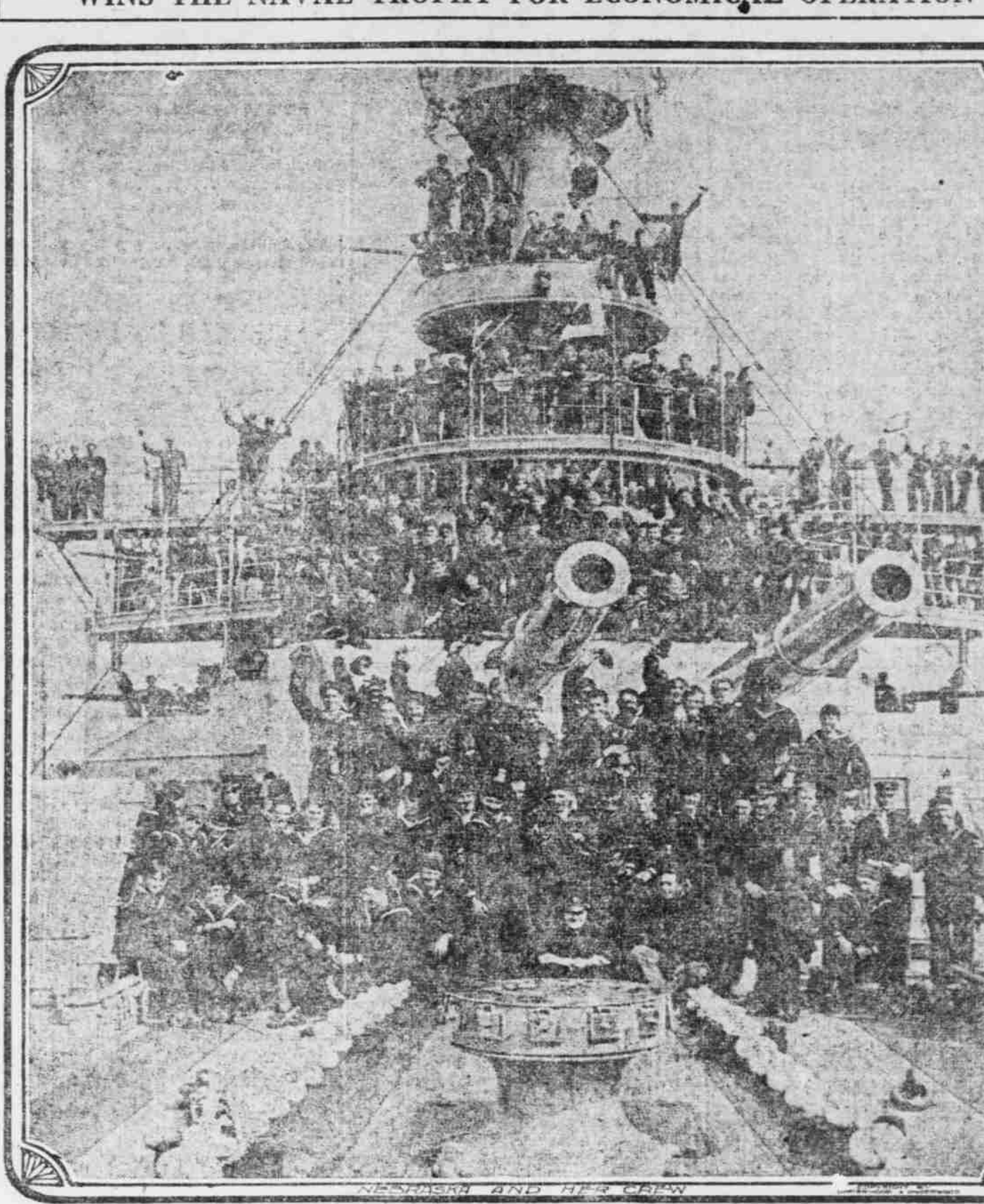
Matter of Business.

One doesn't have to look far to find conclusive proof of the justice, wisdom and efficacy of the commission plan of municipal government. Among the cities to recently adopt this plan of government is Keokuk, Iowa. Kansas City sent a delegation to Keokuk to find out how it worked, and, according to the Peoria Star, they reported back that when the commission plan took effect the commissioners found a depleted treasury and a floating indebtedness of 20 per cent of the entire annual revenue of the city. After six months of administration under a business system the city is now operating on a cash basis and the bonded indebtedness has been decreased by \$39,000. More than double the amount of street improvement made in the corresponding six months of last year has been made this year. The treasurer's books showed that for less than one-half the results accomplished in the street department this year the city paid last year \$14,000 as against \$11,500 this year. The city owns 20 acres of ground along the river front which it rents to business firms. In a number of cases the rent was not paid. Some of it had not been paid for five years. Now the rents have all been paid to date. The municipal court in the first six months of last year collected in fines \$171.58. For the first six months of the new rule the collections were \$572.55. It has been the custom of former councils to borrow from \$25,000 to \$30,000 to "carry the city over" from the beginning of the council year to taxpaying time in August. On that amount the city would pay 5 per cent interest. This year the commissioners did not borrow. Instead of paying interest, they managed to keep a cash balance in the city depository to the amount of \$217.79. And so it has been found the commission plan has operated wherever put into effect. There are a lot of professional gangsters who oppose the commission plan, of course. It eliminates the game of petty partisanship from city government. It is business, that's all, and not mere political intrigue.

And here's the acid test:

Of the one hundred or more cities which have adopted and put into effect the commission plan, not one has sought to return to the old bungleome aldermanic form of government. They all like it, and if it wasn't business-like, wasn't just, equitable and good in its operation, the people wouldn't be so anxious to retain it as they are in Des Moines, Galveston, Dallas, and in many other important municipalities.

WINS THE NAVAL TROPHY FOR ECONOMICAL OPERATION



WASHINGTON.—The officers and crew of the battleship Nebraska are receiving congratulations on their success in winning the naval trophy for economical operation during the fiscal year 1909-10. The result just announced showed the Nebraska obtained the best results at the least proportionate cost. Twenty-five battleships and armored cruisers competed for the trophy. The Montana was a close second to the Nebraska, and the California and Mississippi were not far behind. The engineering force of the Nebraska is to receive a pecuniary reward in addition to the trophy.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS

- FOR CONGRESS, (Fourteenth District.) Clyde H. Tavenner, Rock Island county. FOR THE LEGISLATURE, (Thirty-third District.) State Senator—Peter Rungdahl, Mercer county. Representative—Henry L. Wheelan, Rock Island county. COUNTY. For County Judge—Albert Haber, Rock Island. For County Clerk—W. D. Hall, Port Byron. For Probate Judge—Dudley Marshall, Rock Island. For Probate Clerk—Thomas E. Cole, Andalusia. For County Treasurer—Edward Cozry, Moline. For Sheriff—Cornelius Donovan, South Rock Island. For County Superintendent of Schools—Melba Hays, Andalusia.

WE'RE ALL GOING TO BUY TAGS SATURDAY. THE MONEY GOES TO SUPPORT BETHANY HOME, AN INSTITUTION WHERE HOMELESS CHILDREN ARE CARED FOR AND SCHOOLED.

Sweet, Restful Sleep

is Humanity's best friend! Without sleep you cannot live! Loss of sleep—insomnia—quickly undermines the whole system—saps the strength—wrecks the nerves—weakens the vital organs. Persons suffering with insomnia become afflicted with chronic headaches—nervous—irritable—unfit for work. The sufferer grows pale—dyspeptic—loses flesh—cannot eat—then follows complete breakdown—possibly insanity!

The usual reason for this condition is improper nourishment of the nervous system—the blood is lacking in red and white corpuscles—can't feed the starving nerves. Good blood—rich in food for the body—promotes a generally healthy condition—all vital organs are well-fed—insomnia is banished—and sleep—sweet sleep—returns once more.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea

Nature's best blood-food—seeks out the cause—goes to the root of the trouble—eliminates poisons from the body—soothes—nourishes—builds up—renews—puts new life in you. Once the blood is right, the health is good; it can't help but be so. This good old time-tried remedy is purely vegetable—Nature's medicine for the sick and afflicted—roots, herbs, leaves and seeds—scientifically blended and prepared, and most agreeable to take—used as a Tea to drive out the poisons which cause distress—sickness—death! One package of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes 105 cups of health-building beverage—costs 35¢—3 doses for ONE CENT. The Nuggets-Tablet form—containing the concentrated essence of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea—for

The Argus Daily Short Story

Her Company—By Mack Clare. Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

The great square house sat desolately back in the midst of the neglected grounds and spoke eloquently of the decay that had fallen upon the Wayne fortunes.

Within the house Miss Althea moved silently, a lonely figure, the last of the Waynes. Her meager income sufficed to pay the taxes on the house and to furnish her with modest clothing and plain food. Gossip said the cellars of the Wayne house were still stocked with toothsome pickles and preserves that were a legacy from the better days of the family. The wine bins in the coolest corner showed racks of dusty, cobwebbed bottles, any one of which would have brought its price for rarity and age had Althea desired to dispose of her heritage.

The visitors who occasionally came to the Wayne house and left their cards in the silver dish on the hall table saw fancy and a morbid one, but it was Althea's secret.

When the Wayne fortunes had fallen with a crash Althea's declared lover had quietly given her back her freedom and disappeared. She was glad of this—to know that as she really was—and yet the shock of disillusion had left her with a sense of antagonism toward all men. From her experience all men were knaves.

One glorious September morning Althea was busy filling all the old blue bowls in the house with gorgeous asters from the garden. A shadow passed the dining room window, and there came a sharp knock at the side door. Althea paused in her task, listening for a repetition of the summons, her quiet mind revolving the possibility of its being the grocer or the milkman, but as these purveyors to her solitude came and went from the kitchen entrance Althea decided upon a book agent as the most likely visitor and moved toward the door just as the knock was repeated, sharply staccato.

Behind the wire screened door stood a man of middle age, garbed in light gray clothes that matched his thick hair. Althea noted the thin, intellectual face with its eager, boyish glance of brown eyes, the straight nose, the pleasant mouth, firmly molded chin and fine, well kept hand that held his soft gray hat.

"Miss Wayne?" he asked, with curious abruptness. "Yes," admitted Althea. "Instead of the customary 'Permit me, madam, to show you the greatest book bargain of the century,' etc., the stranger snapped out another question. 'You have some antique mirrors for sale?' "No," Althea's voice was as sharp as his own. "His face lengthened. 'Surely—Mr. Deems, the rector, suggested that I call upon you regarding antiques. I'm a collector.' "So am I," said Miss Wayne dryly. "Mr. Deems assured me," began the man, with a puzzled glance over Miss Althea's shoulder into the room beyond where the mahogany sideboard glistened richly in the sunshine. Then his face underwent a slight change. "If it's a matter of price I am paying almost any amount for what I want," he said, rather apologetically. "I am sorry, sir, but my furniture is not for sale. I cannot understand why Mr. Deems has assured me," said Althea stiffly. "I'm afraid I rather nagged at him to put me on the track of hidden treasures until he mentioned your name in sheer desperation," said the stranger, with a rueful smile as he turned away. "Pardon me for troubling you, Miss Wayne, but I'm quite batty about antiques, and I'm filling my house down at Squaw Point with everything I can get hold of, provided it's genuine." Miss Althea did not know the meaning of "batty," but she did recognize genuine regret in his tone, and a faint



Will Jones

"YOU MUST FEEL THE NEED OF REFRESHMENT."

interest stirred her like a breeze from her—not distant youth. She glanced down at the card he had given her and read the name thereon. "Perhaps you would like to look at some of my furniture, Mr. Laking, but it is not for sale," she said, blushing. "Indeed I would," he cried heartily. "The next thing to seeing the circus is looking over the fence, you know."

Althea didn't know, for she had never been to a circus performance, but she held the door wide open, and that his coming broke the outer film of reserve which had folded the sweet woman for many years. The man turned and looked wonderingly at the mirror lined walls. When he saw the multiplied reflections of his own form beside that of his hostess he smiled with perfect understanding of their purpose. "It doesn't seem quite so lonely, you know," Althea found herself explaining, with a slight nod toward the thronging reflections.

Then followed several delightful hours, during which Mr. Laking paraded over Hepplewhite and Sheraton and pure colonial highboys and lowboys, folding card tables and work stands, sofas, four posters, mirrors, pewter and, lastly, a goodly hoard of china. He withdrew his gaze reluctantly from a precious bit of copper luster to find Althea hovering near with a tray containing bottle and glass and a plate of fruit cake. "You must feel the need of refreshment," she said timidly. He smiled gratefully and thanked her, hiding his surprise at the label on the bottle. He poured a glass for her and filled his own, and then, standing in the dining room with the mirror lined drawing room stretching beyond with its throng of women and gray clothed men gathered as if waiting for his action, he lifted his glass and bowed toward Miss Althea. "To all of us!" he said with grave courtesy, and as Miss Althea drank the toast there came into her breast a strange little thrill—a quivering expectancy that she had not known in years.

When John Laking had gone, leaving her quite alone, Althea sank into one of the great high brocade chairs in the drawing room and thought over the events of the morning. Hours passed as she sat and dreamed until the lengthening shadows warned her that she had not lunched nor had she prepared to dine. Vexed at this departure from her usual routine of decorum, Althea shook off the glamour of the unusual day much as she might have discarded a gay opera cloak that chance had flung about her workaday shoulders and prepared her evening meal.

From that day Althea's life underwent a change. Things happened with astonishing frequency, and it was surprising how quickly Althea Wayne adapted herself to new conditions. The day following John Laking's visit he sent Althea a huge box of candy, a gay, foolish box tied with pale blue ribbons and filled to the brim with delicious confections such as she had never seen. Another day there came flowers—all the blossoms that she loved, and yet she had never told him of her favorites. Then there was a book on old furniture that he brought himself, and another one on old china, and they spent hours reading them and tracing the genealogy of Althea's treasures.

Once there came a brilliant motor-car, peeping breathlessly at the gate till Althea ventured forth for her first ride in its luxurious depths. The rector and his wife went along, too, and they rode down to Squaw Point, where Laking's beautiful colonial house fronted the sea. Into this bachelor abode Althea went with a delightful sense of expectancy. It was all like the owner—clean cut and polished and comfortable and homelike and appealing.

Back in the Wayne house Althea felt the desolateness of her former life and turned the old place inside out to obtain new effects. She found herself puzzling over the intricacies of modern fashions, and she marveled at the growing beauty and elegance of the creatures that filled her rooms. They were no longer pale and lifeless automata. They bloomed as Althea did, as the roses did, in the sun of awakening love.

At last Laking wrote his first love letter to Althea, telling her that he could not live without her and that he would come to her that night for his answer.

In the soft light of the candles she stood alone. Her color was blue, and the pale folds of her gown swept to the rich Turkey carpet. She was all alone at last. Laking paused in the doorway and looked at the bare walls where the mirrors had hung. "Where are the pale ladies?" he asked with an attempt at lightness in his tone. "Gone," said Althea, a little regretfully. "They were ghosts, and I was the leading spirit of them all." "And—you—Althea?" he asked, coming toward her with outstretched hands. "Why, I—I'm alive now," faltered Althea, bending toward him.

The pleasant purgative effect experienced by all who use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the healthy condition of the body and mind which they create, makes one feel joyful. Sold by all druggists.

Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN M. SMITH PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IT seems incongruous to have to pay a physician a big fee for presenting you with a death warrant.

Many a woman who knows nothing of the art of canning and preserving keeps her family in pickle all the time.

Some persons work so hard learning to live that it kills them.

One way to get along with a husband is to cook him good dinners.

The verdant moss adheres not to the active pebble.

One way to determine if a man is lying is to note whether he acts as we do when we prevaricate.

Some men mix up with trouble as naturally as a boy does with jelly cake.

As well talk about dry rain, said the cynic, as pure politics.

Going backward seems to be some people's idea of progress.

It is pleasant to believe that people will miss us when we are gone, but wisest not to put them to the test.

Back Action. "To succeed in life you must be always on the firing line."

Brute! "I wish I knew when I am going to be married."

Reward. "Yes, kissing goes by favor From inland towns to coast, But still the biggest stealer He gets the most."

Hard Work. "Wilson is working awful hard this season."

Dangerous. "You always leave that closet door open."

Hard to Attain. "I like optimistic people."

Nothing Doing. "I am dining out tonight."

The Thing to Do. "When in doubt what?"

Waste Energy. "The rag of discontent, Sticking About the price of rent, Viewing Your last lone copper cent Doing Its best to fly the tent— That is a prospect cheerful."

It will never purchase shoes, Cut Any ice that you can use, From your eyes any painful views, What Can you gain that you will not lose Doing the drama tearful?

The wheels will never start Clicking Away like an apple cart Picking Its way to the busy mart. Striking Around is the coward's part, Waiting for something to turn up.

Up and notice your puerile case, Gift Up and give You will ruin the race. Hit Up a most tremendous pace. It Will be yours for the foremost place, Spurring the track you burn up.

Hoarseness in a child subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given at once or even after the croupy cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. Contains no poison. Sold by all druggists.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Includes text 'IT'S DIFFERENT', 'NO DUST SHINE STAYS', 'BLACK SICK', 'GOTOVAPOLISH', 'GET A CAN TODAY'.