

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.



Friday, August 21, 1908.

For President of the United States,
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Nebraska.

For Vice President,
JOHN WORTH KERN
Of Indiana.



There's no such thing as too much Johnson in Minn.ota.

Some day Senator Hopkins may become convinced that the citizens of Aurora are a mighty intelligent class of people.

You may be sure the independent party is not expecting to cut much ice, or Mr. Hearst would have had himself nominated for president.

Hughes announces he will run for governor of New York again, and the republican party leaders say he will be defeated, although the president is for him.

Another way that Governor Deneen may keep in the limelight after his present term of office expires is to join the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Standard Oil trust shares have appreciated \$270,000,000 since the panic, so it will be no great strain on Brother Rockefeller to contribute a million or so to the republican campaign fund.

If Governor Deneen is still figuring on continuing in political life he might work it around in some manner that he could go after the scalp of one Albert J. Hopkins. The Aurora Beacon will probably be able to cast a few reflections on Mr. Hopkins so that he can slip past the present incumbent in the dark.

The Farmer's Contribution.

The estimate of Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture that the total value of this year's products of the American farm will be in excess of \$8,000,000,000, or an increase of about \$600,000,000 over the very prosperous year of 1907, has started the statisticians to computing the figures of growth of the agricultural interests of the nation, with results that are simply astonishing. The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore shows the results of the farmers' wealth producing operations by the following striking comparisons:

	1880.	1907.
Total value	\$1,250,000,000	\$28,077,000,000
farm prod.	\$2,212,000,000	\$7,412,000,000
How each member of the farming community has shared in this good fortune is shown by another group of statistics:		
1880.	1907.	
Farm property, per capita.	\$1,579	\$2,341
Farm products, per capita.	286	618

This remarkable development is shown more emphatically by the statement that the increase in the value of farm property alone for the years between 1900 and 1907 is \$8,000,000,000, or about nine times as great as the aggregate national banking capitalization of the nation, and more than half as large as the entire capitalization, stocks and bonds included, of the railroads of the United States. In other words, if the farmers of the nation had simply taken the increase in the value of their farms for seven years, they could have used it to buy all the national banks of the country and to have eight times the capital stocks of the banks left over for other investments.

In 1890, the 8,565,000 persons engaged in farming produced a total of \$2,466,000,000, or a per capita average of \$287. In 1907, the 11,991,000 engaged in agriculture produced a total of \$7,412,000,000, or a per capita average of \$618. In that period the number of agricultural workers increased 40 per

total value of farm property increased by nearly 90 per cent.

In this connection it must be remembered that from 1870 until 1880 there was a decline in the value of farm products, and that from 1880 until 1890 the increase was nominal, so that the remarkable record of advance has been made since 1890 and most of it since 1900. Since 1900 the gain has continued uninterrupted. Quoting from the Manufacturers' Record:

The effect of this really amazing change in the agricultural conditions finds an illustration in the advance in the average value of farm property to the number of people engaged in agriculture. In 1880 the average per capita was \$1,579. By 1900 this had increased to \$1,958, or in 20 years an advance of \$379 per capita to those engaged in agricultural pursuits. Between 1900 and 1907 this increase continued at such a rapid rate as to bring the average up to \$2,341 in 1907, or a gain in seven years of \$382 per capita, which was a larger increase for that period than the gain in the 20 years from 1880 to 1900. The actual gain in the value of farm property since 1880 has been equal to an average of \$762 for every man, woman and child engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Bryan on the Stump.

William J. Bryan has arranged to leave Lincoln today on the first speechmaking tour he has made since his nomination by the Denver convention. He will be absent one week, during which time he will be heard in four or five states.

The first stopping place will be Des Moines. In that city this afternoon he is scheduled to speak at the Iowa state fair on the subject of the tariff. Leaving the Iowa capital tonight, Mr. Bryan will proceed direct to Chicago. He has been invited to speak in that city, but the chief purpose of his visit will be to confer with Chairman Mack and other leaders of his party in regard to the plans for the western campaign.

From Chicago the presidential candidate will go to Indianapolis to be present next Tuesday at the notification of his running mate, John W. Kern. On that occasion he is to deliver his speech on trusts.

On his return to Lincoln from Indianapolis Mr. Bryan will deliver a speech in Topeka.

No More Buttons.

Manufacturers of the familiar little campaign buttons, of which the great bulk of the world's supply are turned out in factories in New York and New Jersey, are not overjoyed by the outlook for their business this year. The vogue for the little celluloid lapel adornments bearing likenesses of the presidential candidates appears to have had its day. Manufacturers who have stocked up with millions of the buttons are likely to have a large part of the goods left on their hands. The slump in the demand appears to apply equally to both of the two great parties.

The only reasonable explanation appears to be that the public has grown tired of the button and has taken up the campaign watch fob, the scarf pin, and other emblems that are more novel and attractive than the button.

NEW TYPE OF TORPEDO.

Successful Test of Davis Projectile That Pierces Nets.

Torpedo nets, such as are extensively used by Great Britain and which recently at Newport were demonstrated as protection to battleships from torpedo attack, were proved vulnerable the other day by a new type of torpedo, an invention of Lieutenant Commander Cleveland Davis. The trial test at Sheep Island, at the entrance of Quiney bay, was attended by Truman H. Newberry, acting secretary of the navy, and by Brigadier General Arthur Murray, chief of artillery, representing the army.

The successful demonstration showed the practicability of firing a projectile from a torpedo which serves as a gun after it makes a hole in the enemy's ship. This double action of the Davis torpedo characterizes it as an entirely new departure. Lieutenant Commander Davis, as soon as he was assured that his invention practically met his expectations, said to a New York Herald reporter at Quiney, Mass.: "This will enhance the value of submarine attack as conducted by torpedo boats, destroyers and submarine boats. It will require a radical change in the construction of battleships, making it necessary to armor their bottoms."

Former types of torpedoes when they strike the enemy's ship detonate on the exterior of the hull and by the escape of gases lose much of their effectiveness. The Davis torpedo is contrived to penetrate the ship's bottom, carrying into the ship's vitals a projectile which detonates by a time fuse. Such an interior explosion directed in the engine room, the magazine or in the steering apparatus quickly places the ship out of action.

In exterior appearance the new torpedo resembles a short torpedo of the known type. It has its own motive power, operated by compressed air, capable of traveling 5,000 feet. Exact measurements of the torpedo have not been officially given out, but it is about sixteen feet long and eighteen inches at its greatest diameter. It has a second torpedo inside, which is fired through a tube when the initial explosion tears a hole in the ship's bottom. The first explosion starts a time fuse for the second detonation.

Commander Davis has made experi-

ment which has only recently become obtainable in commercial quantities. It was necessary to keep the torpedo gun light enough to float to its objective and at the same time of sufficient tensile strength to preserve the inner tube against the initial detonation. This new element is vanadium, which he uses in combination with chromium and nickel. This reduces the weight of the tube from half a ton to eighty pounds. The only available deposits of this new element are in Peru and are under American control. The steel for the torpedo and the shell were constructed by American companies.

Sheep Island, where Commander Davis has worked out his trials, is a deserted, low lying waste at the entrance of the bay, sharply eroded on the open ocean side, so that this natural breastwork afforded spectators protection and also complete view of the experiment. The torpedo was moored at a lighter and the target floated 120 feet to the south. The sun was bright over the bay, which was scarcely ruffled, making every detail plainly visible.

The target tank was said by its constructors to be stronger than a section of a battleship. It was of three-quarter inch iron, with three interior bulkheads. The metal was formerly a Standard Oil company tank at Chelsea and was a relic of the conflagration last April. This tank was fifteen feet high and ten feet in diameter. In the top a manhole was left open to relieve air pressure. Ballasted with forty tons of scrap iron, the target was submerged eleven and one-half feet.

When all was ready the assembled officers sought the protection of the sea worn bank, carrying a long rope with which to set the machine going. Secretary Newberry and Commander Davis, in tenders from the dispatch boat Dolphin, watched the experiment from the water.

"All ready, fire!" came the order. At the jerk of the rope there was violent bubbling at the lighter's side. On a straight line for the red tank the torpedo bore its way, revealing its course by a wake of bubbles. This path of busy bubbles looked mysterious as it neared the red tank, which swayed on the tide. Suddenly the tank was enveloped in a great splash, and the manhole cover bounced from the clattering iron. Then slowly the big tank sank down into the foamy water. Secretary Newberry and the inventor quickly assured themselves of the successful outcome. They saw for the first time that a projectile could be exploded within an armored ship. The investigation was not completed until the fall of a nine foot tide showed a four foot hole bored through the steel walls and through all the bulkheads.

The Village Airmen.

Over the spreading chestnut tree
The village airmen float.
He patches for a pinhead fee
Disabled aero boats.

Long years ago his grandad nailed
The shoes on horse feet.
But when the engine foot game failed
The son fixed auto feet.

And when the auto craze gave way
And airships ruled the roost
The grandson, foxy in his day,
Just gave the shop a boost.

He floated it far o'er the town
Where grandad went to church,
And now the income he draws down
Leaves grandad's in the lurch.

So high above the chestnut tree
The busy fogs now flare,
The smith—ah, who so gay as he
Or who with fewer cares?

These airship cogs and shafts and such
Cost muckle, muckle gold.
For each find the flier's touch
More shameless than of old.

—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

Why James Lee Got Well.

Everybody in Zanesville, Ohio, knows Mrs. Mary Lee of rural route 8. She writes: "My husband, James Lee, firmly believes he owes his life to the use of Dr. King's New Discovery. His lungs were so severely affected that consumption seemed inevitable, when a friend recommended New Discovery. We tried it, and its use has restored him to perfect health." Dr. King's New Discovery is the king of throat and lung remedies. For coughs and colds it has no equal. The first dose gives relief. Try it. Sold under guarantee at all druggists'. 50 cents and \$1. Trial bottle free.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

FOR RENT
IN THE
SAFETY BUILDING.
FIRE PROOF.
BURGLAR PROOF.
ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

At a trifling expense you can enjoy the convenience and security of the best equipped safety deposit vault in the tri-city. Deposit boxes are accessible from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

The safety deposit vault is a marvelous thing in itself, with its fire proof walls, burglar proof lining, hundreds of boxes, and its massive time-lock door. Come and see, whether you want a box or not.

SAFETY BUILDING

GRAHAM'S DANCING SCHOOL.

Third and Gaines street, Davenport. Old phone north 57, also 1876-M. You can set the hour to suit your convenience, day or evening. Land now or be

The Argus Daily Short Story

Olive's Outlaw—By Taylor White.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The outlaw had been making things pretty lively for the guests of the Spouting Springs hotel ever since the spring season had got fully under way.

As a business getter the outlaw was a huge success. No shore resort with an authentic sea serpent ever enjoyed such popularity, and the stages that met the trains from the east lumbered back over the twenty mile trail loaded to capacity with women who openly avowed their timidity and men who tried more or less successfully to conceal theirs.

Almost every afternoon the porch was crowded to witness the departure of the sheriff and his posse, and almost as regularly some of the guests came hurrying back to the hotel to tell how they had been held up and stripped of their valuables with an expedition that excelled the speed of the man back of the marble counter in the rotunda. The latter kept the books and each day set down opposite each account a sum that would have obtained board and lodgings for a week at a hotel not cursed—or blessed—by a bandit.

Appreciating the fact that much of his booty was keepsakes and heirlooms, the bandit was always ready to trade back his plunder for the more convenient specie, and as the landlady insisted upon making good all losses there were no complaints. Indeed, the guests rather enjoyed being held up. It gave them something to talk about when their visit was over. Many of the visitors by oft repeated telling so embroidered the accounts of their individual holdups that the tales would have offered good material for magazines. But it was not until Olive Marchand came that the real sensation was sprung.

Until then the outlaw's taciturnity had been his most pronounced characteristic, but when the slip of a girl came rushing down the path from the springs to tell how Black Pete had not only held her up, but had detained her in conversation for more than an hour, every woman in the hotel turned envious. The following afternoon the banks of the stream fed by the springs were dotted with women waiting to be captured and talked to that they might share Miss Marchand's prestige.

Possibly it was for this reason that Miss Marchand, walking down the valley instead of toward the springs, was confronted by a little figure above whose square cut chin appeared a mask of black velvet that lent a deeper brilliance to a glittering gray eye.

"I'm glad to see you this afternoon," was the greeting. "I rather thought I should find you here. The woods are too crowded above, and so I came down this way. I trust that you suffered no ill effects from the shock of our meeting yesterday."

"I rather enjoyed it," admitted Olive frankly. "I really think that the other women are envious."

Pete smiled at recollection of the goodly company he had passed on his way down the trail. There was no question about it. He motioned her to a seat on the fallen trunk of a tree and sat down beside her.

The girl was an eager questioner, and presently he was reciting old stories of adventure with a dash that brought the glow of excitement to Miss Marchand's eyes. To make it still more thrilling, there was a crashing sound among the trees, and without a word the outlaw swung himself up into a tall pine just as the sheriff and his posse came tearing along.

They paused long enough to warn the girl that Black Pete was supposed to be somewhere in her vicinity and that it would be well for her to return to the hotel by the trail instead of through the woods; then they hurried on, and Pete swung himself down from his perch.

"This is the easiest experience I ever had," he declared laughingly. "The sheriff trusts to numbers and hard riding, with the result that I have plenty of time to disappear when I hear him coming."

"It must be terrible to feel that you are a hunted thing," mused Olive, with a little shudder.

"That's the joyous part," declared the outlaw. "I am not hunted when the pursuit is in the hands of the sheriff. But let's forget the sheriff."

He added, "I've told you all about myself. Now, turn about is fair play."

"It would seem so tame after what you have told me," she demurred, but she was soon deep in her subject, and it was not until the afternoon shadows lengthened that at last she recalled herself and hurried up the trail toward the hotel, where half a hundred disappointed women were already gathered upon the porch.

There was not exactly an arrangement to meet the following afternoon, but Black Pete had said that he would be over on "the branch," and she found him there in the late afternoon. This time he had removed his mask, disclosing a face in which there was no hint of the depravity with which he was credited. It was an honest, manly face, with frank, gray eyes and a tangle of crisp yellow curls above a smooth white brow. With the mask off, only two 45's swung on his hips suggested the bad man, and while they talked Olive forgot that she was in company of a man who was outlawed by society and upon whose head there was an increasingly heavy price "dead or alive," as the bills of reward

by a short cut, and not until she came upon the hotel piazza and heard them discussing the holdup of that morning did she realize again that this was the man with whom she had been spending the afternoon.

Then followed weeks of indecision. Sometimes Olive would declare to herself that she would never see Black Pete again. At such times she hated herself for having given her love to a breaker of the law, but love had been given, and love is powerful above the law. Her periods of revulsion were sure to be followed by penitential moods, when she was glad to pass through the leafy aisles of the forest to their tryst.

The guests of the hotel profited by the absorption of the bandit, for days passed when no holdup was recorded, and the attendance began to fall off.

Olive was glad that the depredations were less plentiful, for these were largely responsible for her moments of self accusation. Finally, after one of his most brilliant feats, she at last decided to go where she might try to forget that she had ever loved him.

With eyes heavy with unshed tears she made her way to the little cave where they frequently met. Here they would say goodby. Pete had taught her to move so lightly that her footfalls scarcely were audible, and so it happened that she came upon two men talking in the shadows of a clump of pines without betraying her presence.

Her heart almost ceased to beat for a moment as she realized that the two men were Pete and Portman, the proprietor of the hotel.

"You will have to do better than this," Portman was saying. "You have only pulled off two holdups this week. It is getting too tame for the guests."

"I know it," admitted Pete, "but I have been busy."

"I pay you for your time," was Portman's angry retort. "You were to give me at least one holdup a day. My guests are disappointed if it doesn't happen, and you've got to earn your salary."

"I'm tired of the game," said Pete shortly. "Go get some one else to be your outlaw. I'm done."

"Now, don't get hot and throw up the job like that," urged Portman. "You know I can't break in a new man right in the middle of a season. It would take him a month to learn the paths, and the sheriff would catch him the first thing and spoil it all. I didn't mean to be so short. I'll give you \$10 more a month."

"Do you think that if money was an object I'd be an outlaw for \$30 a month?" demanded Pete. "No. You go get some one else on the job."

Portman's face was the picture of despair. His hired outlaw had been

the making of the hotel. It would not be possible at short notice to find any one who could be trusted to rob the guests and who had sufficient woodcraft to escape capture.

He was still seeking a new argument to advance when a call from the underbrush caused both men to start. Pete went bounding into the thicket to confront Olive.

"So you've found out what a farce I am?" he cried.

"And I am so glad," declared the girl. "I knew in my heart that you were worthy. Pete, can't we have a honeymoon here in the woods? You can do the holdups in the morning, and I'll help. It will be such fun."

Pete's eyes twinkled. "I'll make Portman give me a week off," he cried, "and then we'll resume operations at the old stand."

"There will be an awful time with father," mused the girl, and Pete laughed again.

"No trouble there," he assured. "You see, I'm really Robert Parkman. We have some business deals on together, so he knows me. I'm only playing bandit because it promised more fun than a mere camping out trip."

Olive gasped. She had heard of the eccentric millionaire. As Parkman took her in his arm the sheriff went galloping past on his way to join the posse in its afternoon jaunt after the outlaw.

"You beat the sheriff," he declared, with a tender laugh. "You have captured the outlaw for life."

"It looks as though it were the other way about," corrected Olive demurely as she glanced at the imprisoning arms. "My outlaw has captured me."

Early French Theaters.

The French theater owes its origin to the religious exhibitions given by the pilgrims on their return from Palestine. At these exhibitions the pilgrims gave an account of the Holy Land and recited their own adventures. They were afterward imitated by those who had never been to the Holy Land. To these succeeded dramatic representations of subjects taken from the new text, and, being forbidden by the provost of Paris, the priests of France invited the king to be present at an exhibition to prove that they were calculated to excite religious feelings.

The building in which those plays were produced was divided into three scaffolds. The highest represented paradise, the second the world, and the lowest, which was in the form of a dragon's head, represented hell. The only entrance to the two upper scaffolds was through the dragon's head.

The actors never left the stage, even to change their dress, and the plays were so long as to require several days for their completion. At the close of each evening the audience was invited to return until the whole were finished, sometimes forty nights.

He who purposely cheats his friend would cheat his God—Lavater.

ERRORS in addition are the cause of more work, worry, lost time, delayed statements—more expense than all other forms of miscalculation combined. If the

Universal Adding Machine

did nothing but eliminate these errors it would be worth many times its cost to any business. But it does more. It cuts the time of listing in half, increases the efficiency of your bookkeepers, insures prompt statements and trial balances, etc.

The Universal will handle figures faster, easier, more accurately, neater and keep on doing so longer and more economically than old style machines, which do not possess its many advantages, i. e.: A carriage that permits the printing of regular or irregular columns any distance apart on the same sheet; totals and subtotals in red; paper roll, carriage, counter and register in plain view of operator, and many others.

We solicit the opportunity of demonstrating to you on your work, in your office, at our expense, the proof of our claims.

Forest H. Montgomery, District Sales Agent, Suite 1834-1836, Commercial National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

Universal Adding Machine company, St. Louis. Branch offices in all principal cities.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

ALIKE FOR ALL.

The world might be better if you had the say. As to the improvements, no doubt. Some minor suggestion you have in your mind. Might do for a change to try out. But do not expect very much on that score. Although your amendments are few. Just take it for better or worse and be sure. It won't be made over for you.

In looking it over you cannot but note. Some places in need of repairs. Some customs and manners pertaining to men.

As well as to monkeys and bears. That in the beginning, had you been on hand. And freely consulted, no doubt. You would have amended, remodeled and patched. If they annoyed you, left out.

It's easy to point out offhand the flaws. To criticize, carp and object. Or say that the world on the whole isn't what

One sure has a right to expect. But if you are certain yourself you could improve on its manners and tone. And make it a model for all to admire. Just try building one of your own.

You might as well take it the way that it stands. Without any kick or complaint. The world will wag on in its dingy old way. You can't rig it out with new paint. Pretend that you like it, though fully aware.

Its faults may be more than a few. Because it's a chink—be resigned to your fate—It won't be made over for you.

Moving Spectacle.



"I figure the world owes me a living." "Why don't you collect it?" "Blamed thing won't stand still long enough."

Chance For Them.

"You know the fortunes of many of our best families were founded by pirates."

"That is tough on future generations, as there are no pirates these days."

"You are mistaken," spoke up the great author with the threadbare coat, who was pushing a copyright suit. "We still have literary pirates."

One Thing Left.

"Positively can't you sing or play for us?" "Positively. I haven't a single accomplishment."

"You have to do something, you know, to hold up your end, and if you can't do anything else I will have to ask you to throw a fit for the ladies."

Will Learn Better.

"Funny notion they have in Turkey."

"What's that?"

"That a congress will cure all of their ills."

Plenty of Time.

"So Mabel is going to get married at last."

"Why say 'at last'? Leap year is not much more than half over."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Vice is the pride of fools.

The true strength of a nation lies in the strong arms of its working population—and the strong boxes of its trusts.

What is so game as a man in June—with a straw hat when the mercury drops.

A girl who looks attractive in a rainstorm is entitled to a rebate.

Every fat man is willing to do anything on earth to be thin except to quit eating.

Happiness may be preferred to money, but not apparently among our best people.

A self confessed saint is more open to suspicion than a self confessed sinner.

The peculiarity of the intelligence of some people is its imperceptibility.

Funny that while nobody really wants to buy a gold brick it always finds ready sale.

Luck is a good thing to have, whatever it is, but there is no question at all about luck.

It takes a lot to live and to live properly; it takes a house and lot and then some.

It always seems as if the ring of the bell collector comes under the head of

