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.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITIES

Tuesday, November 3, 1908.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS

[SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE?]

NATIONAL.

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Nebraska.

For Vice President,

JOHN WORTH KERN
Of Indiana.

STATE.

For United States Senator—Lawrence B. Stringer.
For Governor—Adlai E. Stevenson.
For Lieutenant Governor—Elmer A. Perry.
For Secretary of State—Xelpho F. Beidler.
For Auditor—Ralph Jeffries.
For State Treasurer—John B. Mount.
For Attorney General—Ross C. Hall.
For Clerk of Supreme Court—John L. Pickering.
University Trustees—Edward Tilden, A. L. White, Isaac S. Raymond (long term); A. L. Bliss (short term).

CONGRESS.

For Representative in Congress—M. J. McEniry.
For Member of State Board of Equalization—Eli Dixson.

LEGISLATURE.

For State Representative—Henry L. Wheelan.

COUNTY.

For State's Attorney—Robert R. Reynolds.
For Coroner—Dr. M. J. O'Hern.
For Surveyor—George H. Hicks.

Will the people rule?

This is a certainty. One big Bill is billed for the White house.

Regardless of how it goes, we'll all be happy, when summer comes again.

"A boy," says the New York Press, knows more at 20 than he can unlearn between then and 60."

The Topeka Capital's idea of a handy man around the house is one that can dress the baby.

Tolstoi, the Russian author and moralist, hopes to see Bryan elected. Bryan's greatness is recognized in all parts of the world.

End of The Campaign.

The campaign for the presidency is ended. At the outset the people were apathetic and this apathy continued until the Standard Oil letters were thrown into the campaign. Thereafter there was more noise and some signs of enthusiasm and the canvass closed with the people aroused and anxious as to the outcome.

The president has worked industriously for his friend and if Taft is elected he will owe it to the aid furnished him by the occupant of the White house, both in the nomination and the election.

Mr. Bryan has conducted the fight almost unaided and alone, as far as great consolidated influences are concerned, but has had a united party and a well managed campaign at his back. A trained campaigner he never appeared so well on the stump as in the present campaign. He has made many speeches, discussed all live questions fearlessly and has made no mistakes. He shines brilliantly in comparison with his big opponent, for his speeches are inspiring to his hearers as well as to readers. Taft's speeches, on the contrary, read well but do not attract the listener.

Bryan has practically no newspaper support in New York or Chicago. He has no office-holders behind him. The corporation interests, the banks and wealth of the country opposed him, from Rockefeller and Carnegie down. If he wins the people will rule.

If the people who really favor Bryan today go to the polls and vote for him he will be elected. Fear and intimidations have been ding-donged into them, however, and this fear with money may defeat the man who is unquestionably the first choice of a great majority of the electorate, but it is hardly likely that such tactics will work this year.

Of the candidates, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft, personally, it may be said that they are representative Americans. Both are able, honest, and patriotic, and either would make a good and safe president.

Making the Offense Worse.

A Massachusetts court has just imposed a sentence of six months' imprisonment on an automobilist charged with dashing recklessly through crowded streets—with 30 days' extra confinement because he was intoxicated at the time. The defendant is said to have pleaded that the liquor he had taken did not know what he was about. The court apparently regarded this as an aggravation of his offense.

The principle is a sound one to follow wherever it is proved that a motor car operator has taken his machine on the public highways when he was too drunk to see clearly, steer straight, or observe the rules of ordinary prudence. There is reason to think that no slight proportion of the accidents which occur are due to fuddled brains behind the hands that hold the guiding wheel.

It is distinctly in the interest of the sane and decent men who form the vast majority of automobilists that the law should sharply punish every individual who imperils the lives and limbs of others by undertaking to drive a car when his judgment is unbalanced and his nerves unstrung by drunkenness.

Urging the Commission Plan.

Springfield is another city that has found the system of governing by a council a complete failure. It is probably the worst governed municipality in the state, having gone steadily from bad to worse. Naturally the people are looking for something better. The Springfield News urges an investigation of the commission plan, saying:

"Here in Springfield various city councils have been making futile efforts to run the city for a good many years. They have run the town hopelessly into debt and have made it one of the most notorious hotbeds of disregard for the laws of God and man in the state of Illinois—a town where white slavery flourishes, where gambling and pick-pocket concessions are granted with immunity, where wine rooms and hell holes pursue their nefarious business unmolested; a boss-ridden, graft-infested town, without government and without the power to enforce obedience to its ordinances.

"Long experience with the present system has demonstrated that it is a flat failure. Whether the commission plan is what is needed here, we are not prepared at this time to say; but it is certainly worth investigation. We would suggest that a committee of public spirited citizens pay a visit to Des Moines to find out how the system is working out there."

OVATION AT THE FINISH

(Continued from Page One.)

to scan my every speech and act. While republican leaders have disappeared as the result of investigation, I have invited the scrutiny of my opponents and have outlived their criticisms and their misrepresentations. I know not what the future has for me. I know not whether it is the people's wish that I shall be their spokesman in the White house or continue to perform the work which I have tried to perform as a private citizen; but I have not lived in vain. I have given an impulse to honest politics; I have helped to create a sentiment in favor of reform, and as a candidate I have but one thing to rely upon—the confidence of the masses in my fidelity to their interests.

"My opponent has behind him all those forces which are considered potent in politics, but I would rather have the love of the people, the affection of the multitude in whose behalf I have fought, than to hold any office. If I enter the White house I shall enter it free to keep the pledges I have made, free to serve with singleness of purpose. If I am elected I shall for four years devote whatever energy I have and whatever ability I possess to the one object of making this government again a government in which the people rule and under which every citizen shall draw from society a reward proportionate to the service which he renders to his fellow men."

Bryan Issues Statement.

Mr. Bryan last night issued the following signed statement:

"Our fight is won and we await the verdict with confidence. The people will not be deceived by the padded straw votes published by the partisan newspapers, by the sham bets of Wall street gamblers or the boastings of the panic-stricken republican leaders.

"The republican candidate has behind him an array of office holders, trust magnates, most of the leading newspapers and an enormous campaign fund so tainted that he dares not let the people know where it comes from until after they have voted, and that part of it that is contributed to the republican congressional committee will not be known even then.

"I have behind me the awakened conscience of the country and the sentiment in favor of popular government which demands the election of United States senators by direct vote.

"I have behind me the victims of the trusts who are pleading for relief, the laboring men whose petitions have been rejected by the republican party, the depositors whose savings are jeopardized by the carelessness of bank officials, and the consumers who have been exploited by the beneficiaries of the high tariff.

"All of these people see in a democratic victory their only hope of relief, and they know that with the election of a democratic president and a democratic congress, backed by a popular verdict in behalf of democratic policies, the way is open for remedial legislation.

Says People Are Betrayed.

"The republican leaders have been weighed in the balance and have been found wanting; they have betrayed the rank and file of their own party and have left the democratic party to voice the honest sentiment of the honest citizenship of the country, republican and democratic.

"And I may add, we expect in this campaign the votes of all reformers, for the democratic party is the only party that can bring at once the reforms which the people need; and I am sure that the reformers cannot be deceived by the leaders who, pretending to represent labor, are now trying to assist the republican party, which is the open foe of labor, and, having posed as enemies of the trusts, now join hands with Rockefeller, Harriman and Carnegie in supporting the republican party, which is today the champion and bulwark of all the trusts.

"What a spectacle the republican campaign presents at its close—the republican candidate trying to repudiate the support of the trust magnates, who are coming out from under cover and announcing their loyalty to him, and at the same time trying to claim the support of labor leaders like Mitchell and Duncan and Morris, who are openly repudiating them. Surely the hour has come for a return of the government to the hands of the people. Let the people rule.

"WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN."

Effect of an "H."

A cockney whose name was Ogton, which he, following the usage of his class, pronounced Hogtown, settled at the beginning of the last century in the city of New York, where he did business as a trader. His prefixing of the "h" was the occasion of a postoffice story which Dunlap, the author of the "History of the Arts of Design," tells.

Before the clerks of the postoffice knew Ogton he called day after day to inquire if there were "any letters for John Hogtown."

"None, sir," was the invariable answer.

"Very strange," said he, feeling uneasy about the goods he had ordered from England and the bills of exchange he had remitted.

One day after the usual question, "Any letters for John Hogtown?" his eye, following the clerk, noticed that he was looking among the letters beginning with H.

"'Ollo!" cried he. "What are you looking there for? I said John Hogtown."

"I know it, sir, and I am looking for John Hogtown, and there's nothing for you."

"Nay, nay!" shouted John. "Don't look among the haitches. Look among the hoes." And among the O's were found a pile of letters addressed to John Ogton, which had been accumulating for many a week.

He Obeyed Orders.

Years ago when Clemenceau was the mayor of Martre and at the same time a deputy he opened a dispensary in the quarter, where advice was given free, for Clemenceau is a specialist in skin diseases. One day he noticed that he had just one hour in which to get his luncheon and go down to the chamber, where he had to interpellate the government. He called his assistant and said, "How many more patients are there waiting?"

"Six," replied the man.

Four of these six had their cases diagnosed, and Clemenceau, after another glance at his watch, said, "Tell the other two to undress at once, as I have only two more minutes to wait." One entered, and Clemenceau wrote out a prescription in the twinkling of an eye.

The last man came in as naked as the day when he was born. Clemenceau eyed him for a minute and then said: "You are suffering from no skin disease. What have you come here to worry me for?"

The man looked at him aghast for a minute and replied: "Skin disease? I never said I had a skin disease. Your man came in and told me to undress, M. le Depute, and I did so. All I wanted to ask you was to use your influence to get my sister a place in the postoffices in Algeria."

Clemenceau smiled, took his name and did use his influence.

How Is Your Digestion.

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 Eighth avenue, San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market today." This great tonic and alterative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood, and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50 cents, at all druggists'.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"THE DOG-HIS DAY"—BY TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Young Conway jabbed the oars into the water viciously.

"If I can't have what I want," he said sullenly, "I'll take what I can get. I'll ask her tonight."

Little Miss Pennell held on to the boat with both hands and gurgled delightedly.

"What a humble, doglike disposition is yours, Robert," she said admiringly. "I'm sure she will take you. She has been throwing herself at your head for six weeks."

"Thank heaven, women can never throw straight," he growled sullenly.

"Seems to me she has done very well," said Miss Pennell flippantly. "If you ask her tonight she surely will have achieved her aim. But I can't say that you look a willing victim.

HE WAVED HER DOUBTS ASIDE WITH AN AIRY GESTURE.

That growl of yours was perhaps in accordance with your newly acquired doglike humility, but one couldn't exactly call it a yap of joy. Couldn't you force one little ecstatic bark, Bobbie, my child?" she suggested coaxingly.

"I wonder why on earth I like you. I've never been able to understand." He pulled the boat up to the sand bank and held it while she stepped ashore.

"Am sorry I'm so unaccountably fascinating."

She shook the wrinkles from her ruffled skirts airily and started to investigate the one deserted hut that graced the tiny island of sand and rushes.

"Upon my soul, it's a mystery." He took their lunch basket from the boat and followed moodily.

Miss Pennell turned aggrievedly.

"You have spoiled your lovely metaphor. Dogs have no souls."

"Neither—so some philosopher has argued—have women," he retorted.

"That philosopher had probably just been turned down emphatically by the lady he wrote about. But e'en though soulless I have an appetite. Would you mind if we unpacked the basket and ate right here and now?"

Conway set the basket on the sand and took out his pipe, while she spread the napkins. "I don't want anything—have no appetite." He puffed his briarwood vigorously.

"But, Robert, you must brace the inner man. Don't you remember you have an ordeal before you tonight? I should think it would take some nerve to propose to Miss Stubbs. She's so—er—almost fat," apologetically, "that one would have to work his imagination overtime to say to her the things that the heroine of a romance is supposed to relish."

"I never did like skinny women," scathingly.

She hastily swallowed her bit of sandwich.

"If you want to call me little or petite or anything decently polite"—her eyes were flashing—"I don't object to you expressing your opinion, but I won't listen to anything so rude as 'skinny.'" She shook the crumbs from her lap and walked toward the water's edge.

"Oh, Robert, the boat's untied!" she walled.

"Thunder!" said Conway, springing to his feet.

They watched it helplessly as it drifted. The girl at last sat down dejectedly.

"I'll not get back in time to dress for the dance."

"You'll be lucky if any one comes by in time to take us back tonight at all," he said forebodingly.

"In all my twenty-two years I've never met with such vexation." She dug the sand into holes with the heel of her small tan shoe.

"You at least have some cause for gratitude. It's not everybody that achieves such a ripe old age by calmly peaceful paths."

Little Miss Pennell eyed him miserably. "But it will soon be getting dark, Robert, and I am afraid out here all alone."

"Seems that I should count for something in the way of company," with slightly more amiability.

"Oh, you!" she returned gloomily. "But you will be so bad tempered because of Miss Stubbs. You were going to have a tete-a-tete with her tonight, you know."

"That's all over now," he sighed.

"Over? Can't you ask her tomorrow?"

He threw a pebble far out in the water and waited to see it splash. "I'm going to ask you again," he said slowly, "and you will have to consider it this time—to keep those old cats at the hotel from saying things."

She drew a quick breath, and her eyes were mutinous.

"Let them talk. They have to talk about something. I certainly shall not let their silly clatter force me into matrimony."

"But, Betty, I hate to have them say things. And I'm not such a bad chap"—

"I know you're not," said Miss Pennell, fast becoming more excited and angry, "but they can talk—and talk! I intended marrying you all along, but I won't be forced into it."

"What!" shouted Conway so loudly that a lone bird perched on a nearby grass stalk flapped its wings hurriedly.

She saw her false step and tried to retrieve. "I meant—perhaps."

"No; you don't renig," he said happily.

The shadows grew longer. He looked at his watch in the fading light.

"Too bad, but I must take you back in time for you to dress for the dance."

"How?" incredulously.

He waved her doubts aside with an airy gesture. "The hero of this romance knows how to relieve the heroine in distress, my lovely lady. See that hut?" dramatically. "Well, there are four canoes sheltered in it."

Little Miss Pennell dimpled appreciatively. "You dear!" she said.

THANKSGIVING DAY CHANGE.

A Plea To Have It Celebrated on a Monday.

The first presidential Thanksgiving day proclamation was issued by Washington in 1789. The day designated by him was Thursday, Nov. 26. Six years later, when he again invited the people to return thanks for blessings received, the day selected was Thursday, Feb. 19. When in 1863 President Lincoln announced a national day of Thanksgiving he chose the one first selected by Washington—the last Thursday in November. That has been the practice during the last forty-five years.

Now some innovators who have no respect for precedent and are ready to challenge any custom, no matter how venerable, are asking why there should not be a change, says the Chicago Tribune. They do not take exception to the month, but they do to the day of the week. They say that if the annual thanks were to be given on Monday instead of Thursday nobody would be put out in any particular, while there would be a distinct gain for many. A Thursday holiday cuts the week in two. A Monday holiday would only clip off a day at the beginning of it. The schoolteachers and the children would be delighted with three consecutive days of freedom. Business men and their employees, it is alleged, would be better satisfied if Monday were selected. People who wished to celebrate away from home would have to sacrifice one business day less to do it.

This reasoning has force. It may have convinced the Canadian government, which recently announced that the Dominion Thanksgiving day was to be on Monday hereafter. Everybody is pleased when Christmas or the Fourth of July comes on a Monday, for it means two consecutive days of no work. Labor day comes on Monday and is none the less welcome. People can give thanks and eat turkey on Monday as well as on Thursday.

The president can in theory designate any day of any month he pleases, but he is fettered by custom. He would not like to break its chains unless reasonably certain that there would be no popular cry that he was robbing the people of their venerable Thanksgiving day. If the champions of Monday wish to carry their point they must agitate more energetically. They must open the eyes of the community to the superiority of Monday. After they shall have done that whoever may be president at the time will do the rest.

Why We Wear Glasses.

Man's eyes at rest are far focused—will make no effort when seeing the moon or earthly horizons. Birds' and fishes' eyes at rest are near focused—will make no effort when looking at nearby worms and minnows. Man's elastic lenses are under constant flattening compression. Imagine a rubber ball of flattened convex lenslike shape laid in between two disks of canvas and the uniting edges of these cloths stretched to a ring. They would flatten the rubber, and if relaxed it would thicken by its own elasticity. The thicker the lens the shorter its focus. For reading or threading a needle we relax the tension on the lens by contracting a ring of muscle surrounding each lens and then wait for the lenses to thicken through their elasticity. In fish the lens is set against the cornea (approximately), short focus, and when it wants to see whether the shadowy object some feet away is a shark or a log it pulls the entire round lens toward the retina and gets as clear a vision as possible. Now we see why so many human beings need "spectacles" as they grow old—the elasticity of the lenses is gradually lost, just as it is in rubber. —Harper's.

A Busy Ten Dollar Bill.

Mr. Brown keeps a boarding house. Around the table sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took $10 out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that there was $10 toward the $20 he promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews in turn passed it to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays $10 on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to his wife, remarking that he had now paid her the $20 he had promised her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour account. Mr. Hadley again passed it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board, whereupon Mr. Brown put it back into his pocket, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.—Osceola (Ia.) Sentinel.

How to Treat a Sprain.

Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment reduces inflammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

Mind Your Business.

If you don't, nobody will. It is your business to keep out of all the trouble you can, and you can and will keep out of liver and bowel trouble if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system. 25 cents, at all druggists.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Why, oh, why does the hired girl so inconveniently desire to change the initial letter of her appellative and become a tired girl and proceed to retire from the scene?

The bill collector always fails to respond to your polite "pray don't mention it."

About this time of the year sees a renewal of the old story that is ever new as to whose duty it is to get up and see how the furnace fire is behaving.

If you are in any danger of being called upon to eat your own words it certainly is up to you to look out beforehand that they are palatable.

Undoubtedly your neighbor has many faults, for which same give thanks, for who would care to live next door to an angel?

A great deal of mental tribulation is saved in this world by always remembering to be consistently selfish.

The more desirable it is to lose a person the harder it seems to become to detach him.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but clever made-overs are extremely numerous.

It is necessary for every good man to be well managed. That is why he either marries or goes into politics.

Cheap Postage Benefits.

The past is all forgotten;
It's hands across the sea,
And England is our neighbor.
It's bosom friends are we.
We send King Edward greeting
Across the waters damp
And ask him for a favor
All for a two cent stamp.

Of course we licked the British
In that old family row,
But why should we hold grudges
Against them for it now?
Perhaps we can forgive them
And set the matter straight
By writing them a letter
On that new postage rate.

That they deserved a licking
They couldn't well deny,
And also that they got it—
That scrap was not a tie—
But we should not endeavor
Those battles to revamp
And tell them all about it
Just for a two cent stamp.

Then hale the penny postage!
A penny over there
Is two cents of our money,
As I have read somewhere.
So write King Ed a letter
And tell him that your boy
Had measles, but is better.
That ought to give him joy.

Better Still.

"I don't know what we would do without an attic."

"I do."

"What?"

"Send all the old pictures to the junk pile."

Fierce.

"Well, I should say that there are some people in this world that I don't like."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"Er-er-er"—

"Whom did you say?"

"Doggoned if I haven't forgotten their names."

Mildly Complimentary.

"I notice you are on for the last speaker of the evening."

"No; I am about the middle."

"Yes, on the programme, I know, but after you have spoken I was wondering if there would be any one left to listen to the others."

Could Find Them.

Lady—I want a divorce, but I am afraid I have no good grounds.

Lawyer—How much is your husband worth?

Lady—About $4,000,000.

Lawyer—That ought to be grounds enough.

Ashamed of Themselves.

"Can he paint?"

"Well, you would think some of his figures were about to step out from the canvas."

"Because they are so lifelike?"

"No; to attack the artist."