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 28 THE CITY

Thursday, August 11, 1910.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for minority representative in the Thirty-third senatorial district, and ask the support of all democrats who deem me worthy. J. S. SLOAN.

Chicago, the New York Tribune declares, is actually urging its claims to the National Brewers' congress on the ground that its torn up streets will "promote the hop industry."

One result of the tennis cabinet meeting at Oyster Bay yesterday will, it is believed, be the launching of Loeb's boom for governor of the Empire state. And Teddy is out of politics.

Senator Aldrich, it is said, plans to stump the west in a campaign of defense of the tariff measure in which he collaborated with Cannon and Payne. Speed the Rhode Islander on his journey.

There is no conspicuous personal leadership in Illinois in the cause of political reform as there is in Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin and some other states. Illinois is sadly lacking in great men in these "piping times" of demand for them.

A man milliner just returned from Europe announces that women's hats are going to be smaller. This leads The Providence Journal to remark that it hopes the mattress stuffing which women put under the hats will soon become a drug in the market.

Answering the Quincy Whig's inquiry why a legislature including in its membership over 60 lawyers, passes so many unconstitutional laws, the New York Tribune suggests that the lawyers couldn't make a living if it were not for unconstitutional laws. The Tribune evidently doesn't think much of lawyers as legislators.

The announcement by a German authority that more than 1,100,000 tons of new shipping are building in Great Britain, against only 35,000 tons in Germany, appears to add confirmation to the opinion which was expressed by an often quoted writer many years ago to the effect that Britannia rules the waves.

Preaching vs. Editing.

Conneaut News-Herald: Editing a newspaper in some respects is a good deal like preaching the gospel—truth must be presented in the form of generalities or some fellow will get hit and howl. Few persons like truth, even in homeopathic doses, if it hits them. But, while preachers and editors are criticised for what they do say, no one thinks of giving them credit for what they do not say. Yet what they keep for themselves constitutes the major portion of what they know about people.

Very many people harbor the belief that newspapers are eager to publish derogatory things. It's a mistake. There isn't a newspaper that could not spring a sensation in the community at any time by merely telling what it knows. There is not a newspaper that does not keep under the lock of secrecy scores of derogatory things which never meet the public eye or reach the public ear. Deciding what not to print is the most troublesome part of newspaper work.

How many good stories are suppressed of innocent relatives and for the public good nobody outside a newspaper office has any idea of.

In some instances he who flies into a passion because a newspaper prints something about him which he considered uncomplimentary has every reason to feel profoundly grateful to the newspaper for publishing so little of what he knows about him. And oftimes the loudest bluffer is the most vunerable to attack. A big noise is often a device employed to cover trepidation.

Newspapers put up with more bluffing than any other agency would endure. It is not because they lack courage; it is because they are unwilling to use their power to destroy or ruin unless the interests of society imparatively demand it.

It might be well for some people to reflect upon these truths and in silent gratitude accept mild admonition, lest worse befall them.

Death of a Veteran Journalist.

Col. Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Portland Oregonian, and a member of the board of directors of the Associated Press, died after an operation Sunday night in the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore. Col. Scott was 72 years old.

He was one of the best known newspaper men in the country, and certainly one of the ablest. The editorials in the Portland Oregonian were generally marked by unusual fullness of information and directness and clearness of style, on the subject treated by Mr. Scott. The editorials attracted attention and were widely quoted throughout the United States. Mr. Scott was in continuous editorial work many years and he was a man whose services to his party were surpassed by no other man on the Pacific coast.

He was born in Tazewell county, Illinois. He went to the Pacific coast when he was only a boy and there joined a military company and fought Indians along Puget Sound. He saved his earnings, attended school, and after a while went to work on the Oregonian, which was then a small paper in a comparatively small town. Later he became the principal owner of that newspaper, which was enlarged, improved and made one of the most able newspapers in the country and the most influential of any in the northwest.

Mr. Scott was always a republican. He commanded the respect not only of his own party, but of men of all parties, notwithstanding he was a good deal of a partisan and sometimes showed the partisan spirit in a manner that was rather provoking to his political opponents. But he was honest and honorable, and such a man is sure to win confidence, even though he sometimes allows his zeal to get the better of his judgment.

As Mr. Watterson Sees It.

The republican insurgents who "make the tariff the center-piece around which they rally and call the braves to battle, remind an old stager" —Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal—"of the man who first discovered that water runs down hill. As little as the boy learning his multiplication table conceives the complications of the higher mathematics do they conceive the mystifications of the tariff. They are today where the pathfinders of tariff reform were forty years ago."

Mr. Watterson can find nothing in politics "more anomolous than the attitude of the farmer vote in the northwest toward the protective system since the end of the sectional war. The high duties of 1861 were war duties, to be repealed when the exigencies of war had passed. The war over live republican leaders set out to reform the tariff. "They had freed the nigger and they were going to free the trade." The influence of the Cobden club was felt so strongly here that Allison and Garfield became members of it.

But the problem from that to 1880 was reconstruction, and privilege worked under cover, while national attention was on the south, to screw up the tariff schedules. And the farmers of the northwest intent upon securing the fruits of victory, "voted as they shot," the while strengthening the hands and feathering the nests of the greedy and fattening Plunderlund.

So it went from year to year, until millionaires were made and their money pouring into the campaign fund silenced the conscience of the party and the free trade south keeping the northwest convinced that it was right in opposing what the south favored. Then came the Wilson tariff, undoing the work of thirty years of education, and frittering away the fruits of victory.

"Now," to quote Mr. Watterson—"comes the queer situation in Iowa and Kansas. For the first time through their own leaders, that is through Dolliver and Cummins, Bristow and Murdock and Poindexter, the farmers of the great northwest, and the far-away Pacific are beginning to realize something of what has been done to them. But those leaders touch the real question so gingerly that they do not much threaten the protective system. If the protectionists were wise, they would adjust themselves to the new conditions and accept the proposed reform, under republican auspices. Thieves, however, are never wise. The rubber barons, swollen with pelf and pride, intrenched in their privileges legally to levy tribute, sure of their footing at Washington, support Aldrich and Cannon and repudiate Dolliver and Cummins, Bristow, Poindexter and Murdock. Like the old slave aristocrats of the south, they yield nothinig. They know their advantages and propose to stand pat upon it.

"That advantage is the vastness of the protective system, the mystification of the schedules and classifications, the impossible complications of the tariff.

"This tariff is a feudal castle, girt by massive walls and moats wide and deep outside, constructed within upon a system of corridors and crossways, defended by rifle-pits and masked batteries, so that in case the outer works be carried the besieging force will find itself when it has passed the external barriers entombed in a labyrinth and at the mercy of the besieged.

"It was thus that the Cleveland administration, induced to cross the drawbridge and to come inside the walls —in other words to recognize the schedules and classifications, to tackle the masked batteries and rifle-pits, to assist the mystifications and complications of the robber castle, instead of blowing it up with dynamite—was cruelly slaughtered, just as the new school of reformers will be slaughtered unless they pursue a different method of warfare. All the revenue we need to get through the custom-houses may be derived from a simple scale of revenue duties not to exceed twenty-five of thirty items, mainly of foreign production, for import. Under such a system every voter will distinctly know on what he pays taxes and precisely how he is taxed. The robber barons could not hide behind their schedules and classifications to pick consumers off as from rifle-pits and masked batteries, the poor devils ignorant where the shots come from and by whom they are fired. In other words, such a measure would force the robbers out into the open. * * *

"Current events in Iowa and Kansas are somewhat opening the eyes of the republicans. Slowly, but surely, they will come to see their danger. The party is militant and its leaders are crafty. They will adopt new schemes of deception and evasion, hoping yet awhile longer to hold to the protective system, their most valuable asset, the farmer of the northwest, like the darned fool he is, paying for the dance. Even Dolliver and Cummins and the rest profess still to be in favor of protection."

The Theatre

Stars in "Jim the Penman."—William A Brady's revival of what has always been the best of all detective vs. thief plays, "Jim the Penman," will be the opening attraction of the new season in the Grand opera house, Chicago, beginning on Sunday night, Aug. 14. Mr. Brady, acting for the $1,000,000 corporation of William A. Brady, limited, effected this revival on May 9 last in the Shuberts' Lyric theater, New York city, where the fine old play ran for four weeks, right into the summer, to audiences that tested the capacity of what is one of the largest theaters in that city. It is said that the gross receipts for the four weeks were $89,768.

Many years have passed since "Jim the Penman" was last acted in Chicago in first-class style; but in the Grand it will be played by the all-star cast that gave it in New York under the Brady-Shubert management in the spring. At the head of the array of actors will be Wilton Lackaye, John Mason, Theodore Roberts, Arthur Forrest Amelia Gardner, Maude Granger, Louise Beaudet and Charlotte Ives; while the minor roles will be filled by players of high reputation and great popularity.

"Jim the Penman" was written by the late Sir Charles L. Young, an English baronet of literary bent, and was originally acted in London in 1886. It was first acted in New York city the following year, and was such a hit that not fewer than four companies were sent on tour in the play. While the duplication of companies to play successes all over the country is a common managerial practice nowadays, it was a sensational understanding twenty-four years ago; but the play was an immense hit wherever seen. Never, however, was it acted by a cast so good as will give it in the Grand.

The Grand opera house has been redecorated in the summer, although the matchless color-scheme of green and gold that was applied in 1907 remains, growing more beautiful with the passing years, and making of the Grand the most artistic and beautiful playhouse in all the United States.

Popular Wednesday matinees will be given during the run of "Jim the Penman, which will be the only real dramatic attraction in Chicago for some time to come, as the city's theaters are mainly occupied with musical plays, chief of which is the mammoth "Midnight Sons," in the Lyric, while there is a capital farce on view in "Baby Mine," in the Princess. So "Jim the Penman" will be alone in its field.

Aug. 11 in American History

1807—Robert Fulton's boat, the Clermont, steamed up to Albany. Fulton first became known in the maritime world as the inventor of military torpedoes and submarine war craft. The Clermont, which was to establish steam navigation, was built in New York, but her engine was of English construction. The success of the Clermont was followed by a multiplication of steamboats, and numerous claimants for the honors awarded Fulton as the father of steam navigation were heard from.

1868—Thaddeus Stevens, statesman, died in Washington; born 1792.

1898—American attack on San Juan, Porto Rico, repulsed.

1908—Ira D. Sankey, singing evangelist, died; born 1840.

EMINENT PRELATE AT BOSTON

BOSTON, Mass.—Among the many prelates and laymen here in attendance on the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, the chief figure is Archbishop Diomed Falconio, the papal legate. He is vigorous, energetic, eloquent and deeply interested in the progress and welfare of the union.

The Argus Daily Short Story

On the Edge of a Precipice.—By Margaret Barr.

No one could understand why it was that Helen Ayer, the wife of an excellent man and the mother of a lovely boy six years old, fell under the influence of Schuyler Quigley, with nothing except swagger and cheek to recommend him. When Quigley first began to pay attention to Mrs. Ayer her husband did not appear to notice it. The truth is he saw that his wife was drifting away from him and he dared not oppose her, fearing that by his very opposition he might bring about a catastrophe. If he permitted the matter to work itself out perhaps the wife and mother would in time tire of her new fancy and realize the danger to herself, her husband and her son.

But Quigley was so aggressive, so persistent, that Helen never got away from a certain dominating force there was about him long enough to recover herself. Finally Ayer decided to take action. Since they all belonged to the same set he had frequent opportunity to meet the man who was undermining his home. Their first meeting was at the house of a mutual friend, where a number of men were accustomed to play poker. Ayer's object was to begin a series of attempts to force a quarrel upon Quigley, concealing the true cause. The better to cover his motive at the poker party he met Quigley cordially. But during the game he suddenly arose from the table, declaring that he would not play with a cheat, making it plain that Quigley was the man referred to.

Quigley, who was perfectly innocent of the charge, retorted. High words followed, and Ayer struck him. Quigley was prevented from returning the blow by the others, who protested against the men fighting under the host's roof about a matter of cheating at cards, thereby bringing a scandal upon the house and the party.

This left Quigley not only under a disgraceful charge, but as having received a blow from Ayer that he had not returned. Under the regime of half a century or more ago, he would have been obliged to challenge Ayer or be cut by his friends. Living in the twentieth century, he was not obliged to do anything. He let the matter drop. He did not call at Ayer's house any more, but he met Mrs. Ayer when she went out on the street and at the houses of mutual friends. All he said to her about his trouble with her husband was that Ayer had accused him of cheating at cards and that every member of the party present had exonorated him of the charge.

And so it was that Russell Ayer by trying to get rid of the man who was really his wife's worst enemy, and at the same time protect her good name, only made himself appear to her a very unjust and ignoble person. She thought that she was taking care of her reputation by never being with Quigley, except when others were present. But she found it difficult to live with one man as his wife and have a love affair—though devoid of criminality with another.

Ayer followed up his first attack on Quigley by telling a number of Quigley's friends that he (Ayer) had struck him and Quigley had not had the manliness to resent the blow.

The situation was not pleasing to any one of the three persons involved. Quigley represented to Mrs. Ayers that he was refraining from resenting her husband's insults on her account and begged her to vindicate him by securing a divorce and marrying him. She was distressed, feeling that this was due Quigley, but dreading to take a step that would seperate her from her husband and her child.

One day Ayer met Quigley on the street. Each was walking with a friend. As they passed Ayer said loud enough for Quigley and his companion to hear:

"There goes a coward I am trying to make fight."

This was too much for Quigley, who turned and said, "Well, we'll have it out now."

"Very well," replied Ayer. "draw."

Taking a revolver from his pocket he raised it, cocking it at the same time. But since Quigley was unarmed there was no fight.

"You can't escape me with a bloody nose," said Ayer. "It's life or death between us."

And he walked on.

Quigley began to feel that he could no longer brook these insults. Some of his friends were telling him that Ayer was determined in the matter and it might better be settled sooner than later. They advised him to challenge Ayer and have it over with. All supposed that the origin of the matter was at the card table. Indeed, few if any knew that Ayer was trying to force his enemy to withdraw his influence from Mrs. Ayer. Quigley blustered for awhile, but took no action. But finally noticing a difference in the cordiality with which his friends greeted him he gave in and sent Ayer a challenge.

Ayer accepted, naming revolvers at ten paces, every chamber to be emptied before the firing ceased.

This staggered Quigley, for it meant death probably to both of the parties. He sent a message to Ayer asking what he could do to avert the issue. Ayer replied in a sealed note telling him that he must neither speak nor write to Mrs. Ayer again. Quigley replied that Mrs. Ayer had applied for a divorce and had consented to marry him as soon as it was obtained. To this Ayer replied that on his part the affair would be dropped. But he did not do this till he had looked into the court records and found that his wife had the day before applied for a separation.

When Ayer went home that evening he found his wife gone. His little boy asked him what was the matter with mamma. She had cried and kissed him all the morning, then had gone out and hadn't come back. Wouldn't papa go and bring her back?

But day after day, week after week, month after month, passed and mamma did not return. She was residing in a city where divorce is made easy. The child was obliged to content himself with his nurse during the day, but whenever his father was not at his office he supplied so far as possible the place of the mother. Quigley still lived in the city, but there was not as much swagger in him as formerly. Somehow no one seemed to think he had come out of his affair with Ayer with credit, and friends were dropping off.

While it was known to the Ayers' intimate friends that Helen was suing for a divorce, it was not known that she was doing so in order to marry Quigley. Divorces usually make it appear that great wrongs are committed by one or both parties. We are horrified at tales of cruelty, desertion, all kinds of inhumanities. While reading of them we would suppose that after such suffering neither party will ever again consent to wear the chains of wedlock. But once the bond is broken up pops a man or a woman hitherto unknown in the proceedings, and the decree is scarcely granted before the wedding bells are ringing.

Helen Ayer had secured her divorce, had returned, and it was supposed by her friends, except an intimate few, that she would remain—after the charges against Ayer her lawyer had drawn up for her—an unmarried woman. While this was the supposition, a marriage license was being taken out permitting Helen Ayer and Schuyler Quigley to wed. They were to be privately married at 5 o'clock in the evening and take a 7 o'clock train for their wedding trip.

During the afternoon the bride to be was seized with an irresistible desire to see her boy once more before taking the irretrievable step. She knew that her husband was usually at his office at the time and she would not meet him. Throwing caution to the winds, she called a carriage, alighted near her former home, entered and ran upstairs to find her son.

She came upon a melancholy sight. Her boy was lying on a bed, pale and wan, while his father was bending over him.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you send for me?" she wailed. And without waiting for a reply she bent down, passionately encircled the child with her arms and hugged him to her breast. Then, flinging her hat and coat aside, she knelt beside the bed.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the child. "How glad I am that you have come back!" Then, raising his arms, he placed them about her shoulders. "And you're never, never going away again, are you?"

And the woman for whom a groom was waiting said:

"Never, so help me heaven!"

Russell Ayer was walking away when his wife seized his hand and held him. She attempted to speak to him, but not finding words turned again to the boy. Then Russell knelt beside her and, resting his hand on her waist, the two turned the ebbing life back into their child by their united presence.

An hour later Schuyler Quigley, as he was about to enter a carriage to take him to a church where he was to meet his bride, was startled by a message. Tearing off the cover with misgivings and impatience, he read:

I cannot go. I will never see you again.

One of those singular and unaccountable infatuations under which a woman will leave home, husband and children, wrecking them, and most of all herself, had come to a sudden end, as it were, on the brink of the precipice over which she was about to plunge. Her husband could manage the man who was enticing her, but he could not manage her. What neither of these men could do was accomplished by a sick child.

After the boy came out of danger Russell Ayer told his wife of his attempts to save her. He gave the reason for his accusing Quigley of cheating at cards, the blow, the subsequent insults, the forcing his enemy into an unwilling challenge. Then when he had finished by telling her that he had dropped the matter on learning of her intended separation she shuddered.

"My God! How could I have done it?"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

GOSSIP is the circulating medium with which the talkative portion of the community gets paid for its hard work.

Often a mischief maker is merely a born boss in a subordinate position.

Remaining young seems to be about the only thing that youth is incapable of doing if he works at it long enough.

There are women who can shed tears as easily and as pathetically as counsel for the defense.

Ever notice that you never meet anybody on the road to ruin?

When the labels that they paste on themselves peel off it is hard to tell what some people are.

When comfort speaks to them most men can understand her no matter what language she uses.

Women are often foolish, but at that they don't hold any edge over the men.

Moral courage is a good thing, but don't mistake a tough pachyderm for it.

A Happy Loss.

Lose your grouch; you'll never miss it,
Though at first it may seem queer
To be just a trifle decent
To the people who are near,
But with very little practice,
Sawing wood from day to day,
You can make yourself attractive
With a grin nailed on to stay.

There is little satisfaction,
Nor is life the more complete,
If you bite the heads from people
Whom in daily rounds you meet,
And the mussup isn't pleasant
When that little trick you try.
They can never sue for damage
If you smile and pass them by.

You may think it lends distinction
If you jog along the way
With a grouch on exhibition
Every moment of the day,
But when friends who see you coming
Make excuse to turn away
You will find the load is hardly
Worth the freight you have to pay.

Be the little ray of sunshine
To the people that you meet.
Let them feel when you are coming
That it brightens up the street.
It's the only way to travel;
Every smile will be a boost,
And you'll find it worth the trouble
When the chicks come home to roost.

Not Saucy.

"He seems to care more for his dog than he does for his children."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"I wonder why?"

"Maybe it is because the dog never sasses back."

Naturally.

"He seems a breezy sort."

"Yes, he can't help it."

"Can't?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he is always putting on airs."

Generally.

"What is a diamond ring the sign of?"

"Sign of?"

"Yes."

"Sign that some silly saphead is living on prunes and potatoes."

The Summer Girl.

"Let us be engaged, Genevieve."

"All right, Percy."

"You darling. Now, I don't believe in long engagements."

"Neither do I, so we will let ours last fifteen minutes."

Query.

"The hen is sitting on the porch."

"I wonder if she will hatch out a back stoop."

Realized His Limitations.

"There are lots of things man can't explain."

"You bet I found that out."

"When did it dawn on you?"

"When I tried to pass a civil service examination."

Close Miss.

"He was reared in the lap of luxury."

"And now he hasn't a cent."

"No, or a trade or profession."

"Evidently lost by a lap."

Went the Length.

"He makes an occasional slip in his grammar."

"Slip, did you say?"

"Yes."

"He shoots the chutes."

A Substitute.

"Is he pretty bright?"

"He don't know enough to come in out of the rain."

"I notice he knows enough to steal an umbrella."

Awakening.

The burglar thought he might be wrong
But couldn't see it quite.
They turned a searchlight in his face,
And then he saw the light.

A Mass of Evidence Pouring in. See Papers Aug. 16