THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 20

Tuesday, October 25, 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.

The trade reports show that business in all classes of goods is slow except in dry goods. Evidently whether times are bad or good the ladies will have finery, and will pay the high tariff tax on it without a whimper.

"Deneen pledges reform" is the heading of a newspaper account of a speech delivered by the governor at Peoria. Seems to us that expression sounds familiar from the Deneen standpoint, but the goods have not been delivered.

Minority Leader Champ Clark and United States Senator Thomas P. Gore, the leading democrats of the country, are strong for Clyde H. Tavenner, the progressive candidate in the Fourteenth Illinois district on the democratic ticket. What better evidence of standing could be desired.

When men like Champ Clark and United States Senator Gore give Tavenner such unqualified endorsements, the people of the Fourteenth district are surely taking no chances in sending him to congress to take the place of James McKinney, who voted for Cannon and the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

The republicans waited twelve years before they would attempt to revise the tariff, and then the revision was such a palpable aid to many of the trusts that now they are forced to promise further revision. The fact that the average price of necessities has increased during those past twelve years over 60 per cent may not all be chargeable to the tariff, but most of it is.

R. K. Maclea, chairman of the Wholesale Drygoods committee of New York, has just submitted a report showing that the Payne-Aldrich tariff is higher on cotton goods than was the duty under the Dingley law. For instance, the Dingley duty on white Madras was 35 per cent while it amounts to 44.61 per cent under the present law. The duty on Madras waistings was increased from 35 per cent to 57.56 per cent; shirting Madras from 40 per cent to 49.62 per cent, and so on.

Senator Gore, the blind statesman of Oklahoma, rushed Tavenner a telegram as soon as he heard of his nomination, congratulating him upon having been chosen to oppose Congressman James McKinney, who voted for Cannon and the Payne-Aldrich bill, and who voted against the attempt of the insurgents to improve the house rules. Senator Gore declared he was hopeful of hearing of Tavenner's election, because Tavenner had demonstrated his friendship for the people while a newspaper man in Washington.

T. R. and Cost of Living.

In answer to the remarks which Roosevelt had dropped relative to the tariff and the cost of living, the New York World also drops one. The World calls attention to the fact that the total value of all the gold produced by all the mines of the United States from 1792 to 1908 inclusive was $3,063,787,000.

The appropriation bills signed by Theodore Roosevelt during his second term as president aggregated $3,522,982,816,87.

All the gold that the United States produced in 117 years fell short by $459,000,000 of paying the cost of four years of Rooseveltism.

Does Mr. Roosevelt think this unparalleled extravagance has no relation to the increased cost of living asks the World.

The American people think so.

The Electricians Are Here.

Ever since Benjamin Franklin snatched the lightning from the clouds, man has marveled at the wonders of electricity. And yet the uses to which the genius of the human being has applied the forces of nature are so manifold that it has come to pass that one does not hesitate to believe that anything is possible under heaven. Electricity has become the one great agency that moves the world. In means of communication in illumination and in power it is that upon which we most rely. Next to that way which none has traveled, it is mankind's greatest mystery.

It has brought all the corners of the earth into almost instantaneous touch. It has made light almost as fierce as the rays of the sun. It has moved the universe. Its power is incalculable. What it has done may be but an index to achievements yet to come.

It is with a full knowledge of all these wonders that Rock Island extends greeting and welcome to the delegates of the Illinois Electric convention. They are bidden to make themselves at home because they are the men upon whom dependence is placed in every avenue of life; because they are representative, intelligent men—and because they know a whole lot that the average man does not know.

The Empire State.

According to the latest official figures the total value of taxable property in New York state is $9,821,620,555. Of this quite respectable sum New York City has $7,042,339,104, leaving for the rest of the state only $2,779,281,451. New York county, containing the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, has real and personal property of the value of $5,262,388,703. The increase in the value of taxable property in New York City has been enormous since 1870, when the total was a little below the billion mark. The annexation of territory in creating what is Greater New York accounts to some extent for the phenominal increase in values, but the natural growth in itself was tremendous. In 1880 the total value was $2,637,869,238; in 1890, $3,683,653,162; in 1900, $5,461,302,752; in 1909, $9,666,118,618.

It is only natural that in a state of the enormous population and the fabulous wealth of which New York can boast, all statistical figures are upon a large scale. An example is furnished by the figures concerning the number of insane persons in the state of New York and the cost to the state of providing for their care and maintenance. The latest statistics show that there are 30,490 insane persons in the various state hospitals of New York, not including those in private hospitals and the 1,127 inmates of the two hospitals for the criminal insane. The twenty-three private hospitals have in all only 1,049 patients. The total amounts to a little more than 31,500, enough to populate a good sized city of the third class. The figures, although official, are by no means complete, however, as there are many thousands of lunatics in New York City and in other parts of the state, who are not confined in any public or private hospital. Only a year ago a certain authority on diseases of the mind made the statement that in New York City alone there were at least 100,000 persons of unsound mind, who should be placed under medical care. Cynics are inclined to consider this estimate as altogether too conservative.

Faithful Public Servants.

Wherever democratic reformers have been elected to high office they have been confronted with opposition by those whom they succeeded in power. Judge Gaynor in New York has to fight for all the reforms he has inaugurated. Governor Harmon of Ohio has met with similar hostility, and is still discovering more rascalities—the remains of the republican ring that controlled the state.

Another democratic reformer who is having trouble when he opposes questionable interests that have long been entrenched is Governor Austin L. Crothers of Maryland, whose antagonists are politicians within his own party. He takes his job seriously and looks at the conduct of official matters from a business as well as a political standpoint. He gives his whole time to the public business, and since his inauguration he has regularly worked more than labor union hours.

"After he got the state appointments out of the way," says the Baltimore Sun, "he started out to be governor. He had ideas and plans and he had a policy. He 'consulted' about places, but he did not 'consult' or 'submit' about anything else, and credit will be given him for being his own man as governor.

"At the legislature of 1908—his first session—three measures of great importance to the state became laws through his influence. One of these was the corrupt practices act. This was in the democratic platform, but it had been in previous platforms and failed of passage. It was Governor Crothers, aided by Attorney-General Straus, who put this bill through and prevented its emasculation."

He fathered and put through his plan for good roads; he recommended and saw enacted a bill doubling the collateral inheritance tax; he vetoed items aggregating nearly half a million dollars in the omnibus appropriation bill, but did not cripple a single institution by so doing; he forced through a direct primary law for state officials in spite of the strenuous opposition of many of the democratic leaders in the legislature.

When he tried to prevent the padding of the legislative pay-rolls with a large number of unnecessary employes, the legislature defeated his program for economy; but Governor Crothers has appointed a commission of investigation and will not be satisfied until he stops this useless drain on the pockets of the tax payers.

The legislative ring has been attacking the work of the state road commission, and are back of the defiance of the Baltimore police commission to resign pending protection of criminals by the police. This matter is now in the courts.

This brief story of a reform democratic governor fighting for honest and efficient government against the politicians of his own party is an example of civic righteousness that is unique.

CONDEMNS THE SPOILS SYSTEM

President Capen of Civil Service Reform League Speaks at Galesburg.

CAUSE OF ASSASSINATION

Says Exposures in Illinois Politics Touched Only Surfaces of Rottenness.

Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 25.—A strong address on civil service was delivered last evening before the Illinois conference of charities and corrections by Charles L. Capen of Bloomington, president of the Illinois Civil Service Reform association. Mr. Capen blamed the spoils system for the assassination of every public official since Lincoln's time, and declared that the shameful conditions revealed by the recent exposures of graft in the Illinois legislature formed only the surface of a state of thorough political rottenness that runs all through the state service wherever civil service does not exist.

"The spoils system," he declared, "is a corrupt and corrupting influence. Illinois has become infested with bosses, struggling for selfish purposes only; bossism is impossible without patronage.

Dry Rot of Politics.

"Since Lincoln's, every assassination of public men has been occasioned by the spoils system, the dry rot of our politics. It offers bribes more subtle and dangerous than those of money. Its workings are in secret, and everything having any relation to elections except the ballot itself should be in full daylight.

"It destroys loyalty to the state and to its instrumentalities, and substitutes for it servility to the party leader upon whose breath the employe depends for a livelihood; it is wholly bad from every point of view.

Asks Public to Aid.

"This conference is considering important problems for the betterment of these institutions, but I tell you that before any of your plans can be consummated we must get away from this spoils system. If by resolution you can strengthen the hands of the civil service commission you will do a great work.

"These reports about the deeds under the spoils system in the state institutions come often to the ears of the commission, but are not authoritative, those giving the information not desiring to be brought into notice. I think that it would be desirable to permit the commission to make a public investigation when such charges are made, to have stenographic accounts made of the evidence and then give it to the public. If the reports are false the investigation will show it, and if true the way will be clear to correct the evils."

White Plague Discussed.

Considerable interest centered in the dinner by Secretary Frank E. Wing to all interested in the treatment of tuberculosis. At this there was earnestly discussed the question of having the convention declare for the establishment of a state sanitarium for consumptives.

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 Huber, 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 Coryn, Moline.

For Sheriff—Cornelius Donovan, South Rock Island.

For County Superintendent of Schools—Meigs Hays, Andalusia.

Oct. 25 in American History

1806—General Henry Knox, Washington's secretary of war, died at Thomaston, Me.; born 1750.

1812—The United States frigate United States, under Commander Stephen Decatur, defeated and captured the British frigate Macedonia in a desperate battle off the Canary Islands.

1894—Commander William E. Hopkins, U. S. N., retired, died in San Francisco; born 1822.

FRANCE RESTORES KEYS OF MEXICO

MEXICO CITY.—One of the most interesting of the minor features of the centennial celebrations now going on in Mexico was the return of the ancient keys to the City of Mexico. They had been held for nearly half a century by France, and the representatives of that country at the celebrations brought them back from exile and gave them to President Diaz. The head of the republic then restored the keys to the municipal authorities.

The Argus Daily Short Story

Mr. Webster—By F. A. Mitchel.

The revolution of 1848 had collapsed. At one time it had looked as if all Europe would become republican, but the democratic cause was not destined at least then to succeed. Those who had been prominent in the endeavor to shake off royal authority were flying from the scene of their operations with a view to saving their lives or themselves from an infinitely long term of imprisonment.

One evening at that hour when the day is not quite done and the night not yet begun a woman, unattended, entered a cafe on the Boulevard de Capucin in Paris and took a seat at one of the tables. That was at a time when a lady could not with propriety walk alone on the streets of the French capital, much less enter a cafe in the evening unattended.

At a table near by the one at which the lady sat a man of a distinctly German type was dining. He, too, gave evidence of being of the higher class—one who was used to giving orders rather than receiving them. In his buttonhole he wore the rosette of an order of the kingdom of Prussia to which none who could not at least write "von" before his name might be admitted. He had finished his repast, rinsed his fingers in a glass bowl, carefully wiped them and his lips with a napkin and lighted a cigar. Then he leaned back in his chair and began to look about him.

"GIVE ME YOUR ORDER FOR HIS RELEASE."

There was something in the unattended lady that was familiar to him. For some moments he scrutinized her features. "I have seen her somewhere," he said to himself, "but where or when for my life I cannot tell."

While the gentleman was thus trying to place the lady and musing upon her social position, his eyes constantly fixed upon her, she was nerving herself for a coup of which he was the especial object. Suddenly she arose and with flashing eyes and raised voice said in French, but with a foreign accent:

"Is there no one here who will protect a woman from insult? I have always heard of the chivalry of the French. And yet here am I, stared at by that man (pointing) as a common outcast, and no man present comes to my defense."

A gentleman sitting at the next table to the lady arose.

"Parbleu, madame! But where is your escort?"

"Monsieur, I am an American. In America a woman may go anywhere safe from insult."

"In that case, madame, permit me to offer you my services."

"Thank you, monsieur. I accept them, but only as a matter of form. Will you kindly arrange a meeting with the man who has insulted me and my husband to take place tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock in the Bois de Boulogne."

Meanwhile the object of this attack had half risen from his table and at this moment began to stammer an apology.

"Pardon, madame," he said in German. "I had no intention"—

"Your intentions are your own affair," interrupted the lady. "Your insult is my husband's to avenge." Then, turning to her partisan, "Will you exchange cards with the gentleman and with me?"

The man last addressed drew two cards from his case, handing one to the lady, the other to the German, who reluctantly produced one of his own. The Frenchman's bore the name of Gaston de Curier, the German that of Count Herman von Hollub.

"I may be found," said the lady to her champion, "at the Hotel Maurice, in the Rue de Rivali. Call for Mrs. Webster. I bid you good evening."

"May I not act as your escort?" asked De Curier.

"I will thank you to call a carriage," replied the lady, "and if you will ride with me to my hotel you may meet the man whose challenge you have consented to bear."

Having secured Von Hollub's address, De Curier rode with Mrs. Webster to her hotel. Leaving him in a waiting room, she told him she would go upstairs to find her husband. Presently she returned and said:

"Mr. Webster is away. He has left a note saying that he will be detained on a matter of importance till near morning. But I will engage that he shall be on hand. I shall not go to bed, but await your coming after you have seen the other party to this affair."

De Curier went away in a bad humor. "This is a very strange affair," he said to himself, "in which I have become entangled. I am the bearer of a challenge from a man I have never seen to a man he has never seen and who has never seen him, the whole matter being started by a woman I have never seen before tonight and because she enters a public dining room alone and is stared at for doing so. I wonder if she really has a husband or if she is going to get me killed in her behalf. Pouf! I don't like this condition at all."

Nevertheless he visited Von Hollub and arranged the meeting, as the lady had desired the weapons to be foils. Then he returned and reported the matter to the lady.

"And now, madame," he added, "having arranged matters for you, I presume I may be excused from further participation in this affair."

"If you so desire it, but my husband and myself are strangers in Paris, and when he goes on to the field he must go unattended."

"In that case, madame, I shall serve him. I will call at 5:30 o'clock."

De Curier left her more than ever dissatisfied with his position. Everything indicated that Mrs. Webster was what she pretended to be—she was stopping at a first class hotel, a favorite hostelry for Americans, and this partly explained her presence unattended in the restaurant, but not satisfactorily. Though American women had great privileges in their own country, they did not usually avail themselves of them in foreign lands. Well, the morning would bring developments. He would go home and snatch a few hours' sleep before going on to the ground.

At half past 5 in the morning he called at the Hotel Maurice and gave the sleepy concierge his card for Mr. and Mrs. Webster. The man brought him a note signed by the lady saying that Mr. Webster had gone to the rendezvous and that she was so overcome by the painful episode that she was unable to leave her bed.

De Curier was astonished. "Ma foi!" he exclaimed. "What a marvelous condition! This man, my principal, whom I have never seen and whom his opponent has never seen, is so eager to avenge the insult to his wife that he has no patience to wait for his second. Mon Dieu! I must see the end of this affair or I shall die of curiosity."

Jumping into his carriage, he told the driver to take him as quickly as possible to the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the place of meeting, he saw Von Hollub standing with a foil in his hand, while a figure, also armed, wearing a long, flowing cloak, was approaching him. De Curier sprang from his carriage and advanced toward them. As he reached them the cloaked figure threw off the outer garment and appeared in a costume usual to women who practice fencing. Astonished as De Curier was, he was still more so when he recognized Mrs. Webster.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, glancing at the newcomer, "you are late. My husband not returning in time, I am obliged to take his place."

Without waiting for preliminaries, she attacked Von Hollub.

Now, Count Herman von Hollub, who was a trusted servant of the king of Prussia, had spent his life in diplomatic work, ignoring those martial practices that have always pertained to the nobility of that kingdom. He knew very little about the art of self defense in any form. Astonished and chagrined at seeing the woman who had the grievance against him come to fight him instead of her husband, he lost his head. All he could do, all he tried to do, was to avoid the thrusts of his opponent.

In a few seconds his weapon had been wrenched from his grasp and, flying in an arc above his head, landed a dozen yards away from him. The woman then put the point of her foil against his breast.

"Count," she said, "you do not know me. I am the wife of Carl D., one of the leaders of the late revolution in Prussia. He married me in New York shortly before the revolution, and I have lived in your country. You have come here to secure the consent of the French government to take my husband back to Prussia to be tried for treason. You have him in prison and were to start today with him for Berlin. Give me your order for his release and your written word that you will not proceed further against him or I will kill you."

The count looked into the woman's eyes and saw a determination to act upon her words.

"Will he return to Prussia?" he asked.

"No. He will find a home in America."

"Then I consent."

The contract having been signed, De Curier rode with Frau D. to the prison where her husband was confined, and the revolutionist stepped forth a free man.

"Having borne a challenge on your behalf," said De Curier, "never having seen you, to a man I had never seen, I am happy to make your acquaintance."

Herr D. went with his wife to America. He became a German American citizen and a dozen years later took part in the great American struggle for government by the people.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IF some captains of industry were to preach what they practice they might be in danger of losing their jobs as Sunday school superintendents.

A man likes to have his wife always dressed ready to go out with him whenever he asks her, but he expects three square meals a day just the same.

Giving advice is an excellent thing. It affords the giver much satisfaction and frequently amuses the recipient.

Nothing makes a man more righteously indignant than to be accused of doing a thing that he hasn't yet found time to perpetrate.

The man who declares that holdups would cease if people had more sand to resist the marauders finds it convenient to snore loudly if he hears a strange noise downstairs after midnight.

Many a man has started in life with 15 cents and has died with as much as $14 to his credit.

A Woman's Reason.

"Are you fond of boating, Miss Ethel?"

"I should say I am."

"What do you like best about it?"

"My perfectly stunning yachting costume."

Needed a Good One.

"Oh, dad!"

"What is it, my son?"

"You have given me a dollar watch?"

"Certainly!"

"What good will it do me?"

"It keeps excellent time."

"What do I care about the time? I can't raise a cent on it when I am broke."

Tragic.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get an orange ice.
When they came down
Jill wore a frown—
Jack didn't have the price.

Needed It.

"That man is a walking university."

"He is?"

"Yes."

"Well, I declare!"

"Surprised?"

"Yes. If he knows so much I'd think he would not walk, but use a motorcar and get his hair cut."

Didn't Look It.

"See that lady?"

"Yes."

"She knows all about raising children."

"Does she?"

"You bet she does!"

"Doesn't look like a spinster aunt either, does she?"

Had a Choice.

"Dogs make up with me right away."

"That is a sign of one of two things."

"What are they?"

"Either that you are a good man"—

"Yes."

—"or else that you look like a sausage."

Quite Young.

"He is very young."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"How young is he?"

"Well, he knows absolutely everything."

Ideal Clime.

"We have 365 days of sunshine," said the land boomer.

"And doesn't it ever rain?"

"Sure—at night."

Miraculous.

"What has become of the boy who used to spit between his teeth?"

"He grew up."

Attained at Last.

Above the crowds the aeroplanes
Like eagles go a-flying.
Man toward the sun his airship trains,
And almost without trying,
Into the modern scheme of things
As an attachment fitting
As on the air he spreads his wings
And leisurely goes flitting.

Reward of years of patient toil
And scheming and endeavor.
Man seemed bound tightly to the soil
Forever and forever,
For many a poor Darius Green,
With labor, pain and trouble,
Appeared a moment on the scene,
Then went up as a bubble.

And many a young inventive mind
With old umbrella cover
Toyed with what trappings he could find
The secret to discover,
And many a limb was out of joint
And many a heart was broken
Before they reached that happy point
Where words of praise were spoken.

How much they owed to those old chaps
Who early faults uncovered
And showed how not to fly perhaps
Will never be discovered.
These moderns who have really flown
Up, up, where men may view them
Take all the glory as their own.
Perhaps it's coming to them.