THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PAINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 20

Thursday, November 17, 1910.

Don't get down-hearted. Indian summer will return again.

Evidently Mr. Gompers and socialism don't get along together.

The tumble in prices came just as Santa Claus is preparing to come back.

Some people are all ready doing their Christmas shopping. Wise people these.

New York has answered the question: "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?"

Count Tolstoi has been a brilliant old man, but he is acting like a blamed old fool. It is pitiful.

The Cook county state's attorney no longer conceals the fact that he wants to be governor. That would surely be a high Wayman.

The Muscatine Journal is about to celebrate its 70th anniversary. The Journal is not only one of the pioneers of this section but of Iowa newspaperdom.

There is one man of fame in the world of sport who has never been obliged to attempt to come back, because he always stays ahead. That man is Michael H. Sexton of Rock Island.

For the first time since the organization of the republican party Bureau county is to be represented in congress by a man nominated and elected as a democrat. In 1870 a man named Stevens had been nominated by some insurgent republicans and the democrats recommended him to their party and he defeated E. C. Ingersoll. Now, however, the county is in the district to be represented by Mr. Stone, the newly elected successor to Congressman Graff.

Andrew J. Graham, whose candidacy for the democratic nomination for mayor is said to have been advanced as a result of the meeting of the party's local leaders at French Lick, Ind., is commonly believed to be Roger G. Sullivan's candidate for the place. He is a banker and has been known as a prominent democrat for many years, though never an office holder except as a trustee of the West Park system several years ago. Mr. Graham was born in Chicago in 1861. He began his business career as a boy in a furniture store.

San Francisco voters have taken a step in line with the general principles incorporated in the commission form of government that Rock Island will have a chance to adopt by removing the name of parties from the ballots in city elections. If any candidate receives a majority of the votes cast at the primary election he is seated forthwith. Otherwise the two highest candidates are put on the ballot for the regular election, insuring a majority of all votes cast for one or the other. This effectively knocks out the city political machine, which is responsible for most of the existing corruption.

Significant.

The official election returns are not all in, but semi-official figures relative to the socialist vote cast at the recent election are significant. The socialist vote showed large gains all over the country, except in the lower middle west. Here is the vote as reported:

	1910.	1908.
California	60,000	28,144
Connecticut	12,000	5,133
Illinois	32,000	34,711
Indiana	20,000	13,476
Kansas	20,000	11,529
Kentucky	4,500	4,037
Michigan	10,000	11,586
Minnesota	15,000	10,000
Nevada	2,000	1,900
New York	65,000	33,994
Ohio	50,000	33,759
Oklahoma	30,000	21,089
South Dakota	2,500	2,846
Tennessee	2,200	1,878
Utah	7,000	4,327
Washington	4,000	4,706
Wisconsin	60,000	28,141
Total	396,200	251,257

In two years the socialists in those states named gained 144,943, or about 60 per cent in the whole country. At that rate of increase the socialist vote will soon loom up in such form that greater cognizance must be taken of it.

The spread of socialism is due primarily to the drifting of government away from the people and its falling into the hands of monopoly and privilege. Under such conditions the subtle theories of socialism find ready response among those who bear the brunt of government by greed. Socialism we consider the opposite extreme to monopoly, and the safest and surest way to meet the issue is to apply to government the principles of democracy, to curb avarice and greed and give equal consideration to the consumer that is given the producer. There must be more consideration of public rights and less yielding to private monopoly.

Democrats rejoice in their recent victory because it means victory for principle. The organization of a democratic national house will be the first step toward a square deal for the consumer and producer alike.

Then should follow the election of a democratic president in 1912 and victory for the principle of equal rights for all and special privileges for none.

Knows He Is in Luck.

Chauncey M. Depew expresses himself as well pleased with the situation—of course in so far only as it affects him personally. He is properly imbued with sorrow for the trouble his party has fallen into, but as for himself he is happy almost to the point of elation.

He can well congratulate himself. As he says, he is 77 years old and has been in active political life for 54 years, and most of that time he has held office or been the power behind the throne. Now he is allowed to retire with his face saved, for the record will show that he goes out of power only because his party lost in his state. The children and the grandchildren can tell that Chauncey held on well at the front as long as there was anything to hold.

Two years ago he was booked to make a much more disastrous ending. It was then in the cards for Chauncey's party to win in New York and to pass him by, thereby retiring him to private life and calling on some other man to take his place. That doubtless made Chauncey feel bad, for there was much snub about that style of program.

Lately they patched up a new program among the patriotic in New York, and in this Chauncey was to be saved. For some reason best understood by the manager of the universe, the colonel, Chauncey was picked to be United States senator for another term, or so much of it as he might be able to survive. Chauncey was in great luck to fare that well in arrangements made at a late day, for it was more than was coming to him.

Now it is taken away from his party in New York to make him or anybody else senator just at this time; but Chauncey can have the satisfaction of feeling and telling the family that he made good with the patriotic powers that be clear to the end of the piece. This is much more than two years ago he expected to be able to claim.

No wonder he feels happy.

Proposed Conference of Christians.

The response to the Episcopalian proposition for a conference of Christian bodies on matters of faith and order is likely, observes the Congregationalist, to be an appreciative one. Secular papers hail it as a decided step in advance, and the denominational papers which have thus far commented on the proposal indicate a friendliness on the part of the bodies which they represent. There will be, we think, a general disposition to meet the Episcopalians at least halfway to assume that they are both sincere and earnest in their desire for a more united Christendom and to expect that they will proceed vigorously with the realization of a plan for the conference. But if it is to be a success the commission appointed at Cincinati, continues the Boston paper, will do well to heed the suggestion of the Churchman, which declares in favor of committing the initiation of the conference to a body representative of all the elements that would participate in it. In that case we shall have the participation in a free forum by its invited guests, but a properly constituted, representative gathering similar to the Edinburgh conference, in which each denomination shall feel an equal responsibility for the outcome. Here are the Churchman's exact words on the subject which we heartily endose:

"It goes without saying that if there is to be a world-wide conference in which the churches of Christendom or any large proportion of them are to take part, they shall all have that part from the beginning to the end. It is for them all to contribute the means, whether of mind or of money, for the conference itself. There can be no equality in the conclusion which is not contained in the premises, and unless provision is made at the very beginning for an absolute basis of equality in conference, there will, in the first place be no such thing as a universal acceptance of the invitation to confer; and in the second, there can be no rational hope of successful execution of the work for which the conference is called."

Nov. 17 in American History

1813—Philip William Otterbein, founder of the Otterbein Methodists, died in Baltimore; born 1726.

1894—Robert Charles Winthrop, statesman and a colleague of Webster, died; born 1809.

REBELLION IN URUGUAY IS SERIOUS

LEGISLATIVE PALACE MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay.—Troops are being sent into the interior almost daily by the government in the effort to quell the rebellion that threatens to lead to serious civil war. The insurgents already have captured Nico Perez, a town 125 miles north of Montevideo. The trouble originated in a contest between two factions for the presidency. The government's candidate is Jose Battle y Ordonez, and a large number of the inhabitants are opposed to him and support the pretensions of Dr. Bacchini, who recently resigned the post of foreign minister at the request of President Williman. The four year term of President Williman comes to an end March 1, 1911.

ALL STEEL TRAINS

Milwaukee Road Planning to Inaugurate Complete Change First of the Year.

ON FAST PASSENGER RUNS

Southwest Limited, Operating Between Chicago and Kansas City, to Be Equipped.

Beginning Jan. 1, 1911, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company will inaugurate a complete change in its fast passenger train equipment. The Southwest Limited, running from Chicago to Kansas City; the Pioneer Limited, operated between Chicago and St. Paul, and the Overland Limited, between Chicago and San Francisco, will be made up entirely of steel cars. The Milwaukee will be the first road in the west to take this progressive step in railroading.

When the Southwest Limited is placed in service residents of the three cities will be given their first opportunity of seeing a solid steel train from baggage coach to sleeping cars. Steel coaches will not be an innovation here, as they are in use in the fast Rock Island trains, but a complete train of steel coaches will be something new. All three trains on the Milwaukee will be equipped simultaneously. Seven coaches are now used to make up the Southwest Limited. Other roads which have adopted all steel coaches in their fast passenger service are the Harriman and Pennsylvania lines.

Complete in Appointments.

The new steel coaches will be complete in all their appointments. They will be lighted by electricity, a generator in the baggage coach furnishing the electric current. This generator will be operated by steam from the engine. While in operation the generator charges storage batteries in each coach for use in emergency, as when a change of engines is made.

The Milwaukee controls its sleeping and dining cars and the steel ones will be of the latest pattern. The sleeping cars will be constructed with the idea of providing the best of comfort for passengers. Berths will be longer, wider and higher than those in standard Pullman cars.

Decision to change the passenger train equipment has made it necessary to purchase a new type of engine to draw the heavy steel coaches. Several moguls of the latest Pacific type have already been bought. These engines are larger than the 1600s now in use on the Rock Island. They are capable of hauling the heavy trains over the country at a speed of 65 miles an hour.

Oglesby Is Acting Governor.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 17.—Lieutenant Governor John G. Oglesby is acting governor of Illinois in the absence of Governor Deneen, who is visiting his farms in Montana.

The Argus Daily Short Story

A Football Giant—By Arnold Tracy.

"I have called," said Captain Ben Tucker of the Parkinton football team to Miss Ethel Storm, "on a matter of a very delicate nature."

"Indeed," said Miss Storm, opening a pair of big brown eyes enfiladed by long black lashes.

"Yes, extremely delicate. Indeed, I scarcely know how to begin."

There was a pause, during which Captain Tucker was pumping up his courage, or, rather, hunting for a way to state his case that would be least offensive. Finally, with a last ahem, he went on:

"You are aware, I suppose, that in a few days our team meets the Stanwig team in a final try for the season's championship."

"I am."

"You may be also aware that there is one man on whom depends our success or failure."

"Who is this Ajax?"

"Perhaps you have heard of Miles Stanford."

"I am acquainted with him."

"I am pleased that you admit the acquaintance. It is a step forward. Now we shall get on. Mr. Stanford is suffering from a mental malady which renders him unfit for putting forth his best efforts on the gridiron. Though the game is near at hand, I can't get him to practice with any spirit. He gets the signals mixed, doesn't remember anything he is told, and often when he might seize the ball and carry it untackled to goal he stands on the field in a day dream. When I shout to him he starts as if suddenly awakened."

"And may I ask," said the girl, opening wide her beautiful eyes, "what all this has to do with me?"

Captain Tucker, having led up to the subject in question, being now face to face with it, was abashed. The girl would not aid him.

"He's dead in love with you, and you are standing him off. Why the dickens can't you give him a sop till after the game? Then I don't care what you do with him."

Miss Storm controlled a desire to laugh. The affair between the petite Miss Storm and the gigantic Mr. Stanford was being watched by the numerous friends of both with interest and amusement. And just before the big game was to come off, as bad luck would have it, Stanford had taken it into his head to propose to her and she had cast him into a slough of despondency by refusing him.

GAVE HIM HER HAND.

"Mr. Tucker," she said gravely, "are you aware of the breach you are making of"—

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't play *me*. I'm not in that game at all. Just now I'm absorbed in winning this match between our team and the Stanwigs. If you don't help us or stop standing in our way, whichever you choose to call it, the jig's up. We can't beat them with Stanford in his present condition, and if you'll only go soft on him for three days the championship will be ours."

The girl stood looking at him with an expression that neither he nor any one else could read. The expression on his own face was one of infinite vexation.

"Mr. Tucker," she said at last, "you overrate my influence with Mr. Stanford. I should be happy to aid you if it were in my power, but unfortunately Mr. Stanford is his own master."

This was said with such icy severity that Tucker did not feel warranted in pursuing the subject further. "I regret," he said, "to have felt it necessary to trespass upon your private affairs and trust you will consider my interest in the coming match, as well as the good of the whole team, an excuse and forgive me."

"You are forgiven," said Miss Storm, putting out her hand.

Tucker grasped it thankfully and in his gratitude for being forgiven squeezed it so hard in his brawny fist that he called forth a cry and was obliged to ask to be forgiven again. Then he went away feeling that he had failed in his mission and the championship was as good as lost.

During the next few days the captain nourished a faint hope that after all Miss Storm would relent and he would notice in the practice games a change for the better in Stanford. But the great hulk of a man lumbered over the field like a ship in the rollers without a breeze.

There was nothing to do but play the game and take the consequences. The captain and all the team expected that their enemies would have a walkover. But what could they do? Stanford would not only fail to be the tower of strength to them he should be, but was liable to be a positive injury. Every man of the team went on the gridiron with despair written in his face. The Stanwigs, on the contrary, had got wind of the fact that something was wrong with their opponents and were buoyed with hope.

The consequence was that during the first half the Parkintons did themselves great injustice, while the Stanwigs played better than they had ever played before. Tucker just before the game opened had sworn like a trooper at Stanford, using terms of sovereign contempt, hoping to touch his pride. It had simply concentrated his attention on the game sufficiently to prevent his making any blunders.

The second half was about to begin, with 6 to 0 in favor of the Stanwigs, when Captain Tucker heard a voice behind him say:

"A lady at the grand stand wants to see you, Stanford."

Turning, Tucker saw Stanford walk away.

"Come back here!" shouted the captain of the Stanwigs. "Time's called."

"Go on!" thundered Tucker.

Stanford proceeded, watched by his captain. Tucker saw him go to the grand stand, and on drawing near it he was beckoned to by Miss Storm.

"Great heavens!" muttered Tucker. "Can it be that she's going to set him up?"

He saw Miss Storm smile on Stanford, whisper something to him, give him her hand and send him away. The big man came running with the lightness of a gazelle on to the field. Tucker passed the word among his team that something had happened, and they lined up with a supreme confidence, every man in condition to do his best.

Strange it is how under certain circumstances what is not known becomes known. It was probably not five minutes between the reception of Stanford's summons and the beginning of the second half, yet it was known everywhere on the oval that a change had come over the conditions pertaining to the game. In the first place, a large number of Miss Storm's friends sitting about her saw Stanford approach her, listen to her whispered words and receive the pressure of her little hand. They saw, too, a sudden gust of joy sweep over his face. Then they followed him with their eyes as he bounded toward the center of the gridiron. The news was disseminated by a hundred voices, which in turn told it to a hundred more, and so on till it was common property that a great advantage had come to the Parkintons. What that advantage was only the inner circle knew. Parkinton rooters yelled themselves hoarse; Stanwig rooters' voices seemed to have been smothered.

"What is it, Stanford?" Tucker asked just before the ball was put in play.

"If this game is won," replied the Hercules, "I'm in paradise; if it is lost I'm in the other place."

"Then it's won, by thunder!"

From the reopening of the game Stanford, who had during the first half attracted attention because of the uselessness of a man who might be infinitely useful, converged the eyes of all present. Scarcely had the game recommenced when he got possession of the ball, and, warding off a tackle on his right with his free arm and launching his ponderous body on another tackle, he got beyond the enemy's line and, like a mountain suddenly equipped with wings, flew to goal.

Again, when two wedges were ramming each other, Stanford by what seemed the effort of a Titan forced his way through the mass before him and with a few contortions ridding himself of the clingers made a side run and another touchdown.

The yell that went up from the rooters of both sides was like a dozen thunderstorms.

And so the game went on. In half an hour the score, which had been 6 to 0 for the Stanwigs, stood 12 to 6 for the Parkintons. Stanford, who considered the game won, permitted his mind to drift upon the blessedness in store for him. One of the enemy, taking advantage of his inertness, passed the ball to another, who passed it to a third, and this man took it to goal.

"Wake up!" yelled the Parkinton rooters.

Stanford did wake up and, since there were but eight minutes left, made the best use of them. As if to atone for her negligence, he swung himself about, his enemies going down before him like pygmies. Finally, when time was called the game stood 14 to 10 in favor of the Parkintons.

Hercules, instead of bearing the world on his shoulders, was borne on the shoulders of the world. Stanford was carried off the field by his comrades amid the confusion of a breaking in on the gridiron by a multitude of spectators.

Captain Tucker considered what could with propriety be done to show Miss Storm the appreciation of himself and his team for having saved the game. He had met with an icy reception on trespassing on her private affairs and had no mind to trespass again. He called a meeting of the team and asked for suggestions. The result of the deliberations was that the same evening Miss Storm received a box inlaid with mother-of-pearl containing ten pounds of candy. Nothing to mark the donor accompanied it, but Miss Storm knew very well that it was the gift of the winning team.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

DON'T laugh at a man because he is ignorant of the simplest details of your business. Maybe he knows his own.

Foresighted ones take their appetites on long daily walks to get it in training for the holidays.

One reason why the world laughs with you is that it was going to laugh anyway whether you did or not.

Keep your trouble to yourself and let your joys out on long time loans if you would be popular.

Some men may never have dared be as funny as they could, but others never were as funny as they thought they were.

It is usually easy to believe the most disagreeable things about one whom we dislike.

When the people marry for a joke they don't have any difficulty in deciding which the joke is on.

Riches are a curse, we are told, but were they suddenly thrust upon us we would try to be reconciled to our doom.

They Have Their Way.

"I am going to shift bosses the first of the month."

"Getting a new stenographer?"

Need of Haste.

"Haven't you changed the labels on these egg baskets by mistake?" asked the inquisitive clerk of the intelligent grocer. "The ones marked 'strictly fresh' have been in longer than the others."

"Don't worry," said the grocer; "the others will keep."

Smart Thing.

"Ethel."

"Yes."

"What do you do when you meet a fresh young man?"

"A real fresh young man?"

"Yes."

"I put him in a pickle right away."

Getting It by Proxy.

"He must be a great traveler."

"He has never been ten miles from home."

"But he seems to know the whole world."

"He never misses a moving picture show."

Without the Attachments.

"I have just been in the football game."

"Any one killed?"

"No."

"Must have been fully as exciting as a game of checkers."

Some Harmony.

"I had a load of wood stolen from my lot last night."

"Musical thieves, evidently."

"How do you make that out?"

"Isn't it the lost cord?"

Good Reason.

"You say mamma spanked you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why did she spank you?"

"'Cause she didn't know what else to do with me."

Folly as It Flies.

The little saloon on the corner
Has many attractions no doubt.
The music is mellow, and you're a good fellow
As long as your money holds out.
The laughter is loud and obtrusive
As foolish ones settle their score,
But when you are busted don't hope to get trusted.
It's you on the jump for the door.

You meet with a bunch of companions
Who're out on a bit of a tear
And spend money maybe you need for the baby
And more than you know you can spare
And when in the midst of carousal
You pause to take stock for a bit
The jesting is grating and not elevating
A second class showing in wit.

It pays in the end to be sober
And keep the stuff out of your brain.
You find that the boozer is always a loser
Examples are plenty and plain.
Confine your libations to water,
Just take a big swig at the pump,
And nothing is clearer than that you are nearer
Success than some half pickled chump

There's nothing so punk in the morning
Or quite so pathetic I know
As when you awaken to find it has taken
Your wages, with nothing to show.
Keep out of the toils of the monster;
Have some small regard for your name
It's easier hitting the bullseye than quitting
When once you get caught in the game