

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, July 15, 1912.

That's right. "Try Rock Island First."

But how did the book trust come out in the National Education association?

The corn is laughing in the fields these days and the farmer grows optimistic.

Talking about "Pharisees." Roosevelt is about the right build to be a chief among them.

There are others in the United States senate who should be made to travel the Lorimer route.

Cortelyou says it cost \$1,500,000 to elect the colonel in 1904. And he had a cinch, too, you remember.

Chauncey Dewey, Bill Flinn and Tiny Tim Woodruff are in league to purify our politics. Doesn't it make you laugh?

The profits have started their water-ent with the same old bark. One would have thought they would get something made up to date in this year of progress.

"The solemnity of the cause" is what impresses Chairman Hilles. It is a solemn thing to try to boost Mr. Taft. In fact, "the cause" has every appearance of a funeral.

As J. Hamilton Lewis temporarily presided over the Baltimore convention and the band played "Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll," it was intended as a compliment.

The nation-wide movement, advertised from Washington, to have President Taft withdraw, the New York World thinks "is likely to succeed—along about next November."

The United States athletes are winning all sorts of honors at Stockholm. They are showing the effete monarchies of Europe that in muscular development, prowess and skill the United States leads the world.

In the course of three weeks after everybody has called on Governor Wilson to congratulate him and consult him, a committee will come along and tell him that he has been nominated at Baltimore.

The railroads are going to show the farmers of Kansas how to save \$50,000,000 a year by building good roads and cultivating the soil scientifically. They have given no intimation, however, that they intend to reduce their rates.

Governor Osborn of Michigan, who, though a republican, has come out for Wilson, expresses the "hope that all good republicans will refuse to join the malcontents in a new party." That is the wish of all other republicans uninfluenced by the personal equation, or the tyranny of partisan prejudice.

Is it not amusing—both Teddy Roosevelt and William R. Hearst are going to claim the credit of Lorimer's downfall—both playing for the popular applause. As a matter of fact, however, Hearst, through his papers, accomplished a thousand times more than Roosevelt. The Roosevelt snub of Lorimer at the Hamilton club banquet was construed more of an affront to the club, which was Roosevelt's host, than of Lorimer himself, and it cut no ice in the general outcome.

There has been a good deal said about the recall of judges. We are not certain that the recall of judges is necessary or desirable, but we do believe that the impeachment of such men on the bench as J. D. Archbald is a good thing. If a few of the judges of the United States were impeached from time to time and proven guilty of wrongs and misdemeanors it would not be necessary to recall them. The recall of judges would depend largely upon prejudice, while impeachment must have evidence of guilt for a foundation.

HOW AMERICA WINS. American athletes in Stockholm are making a great reputation. On the other hand, England, which long took the lead in all athletic contests, is blushing for the inferiority of its performers. The most interesting foreign comments on our men recognize the superiority of their training. They are not athletic freaks, winning through phenomenal gifts of leg and

lung, but they are recognized as the product of exceptionally effective training.

This adds materially to the satisfaction with which Americans observe the number of events won by Americans.

ROOSEVELT HUMBUGGERY.

Colonel Roosevelt cannot be sincere when he views with alarm Governor Wilson's alleged free-trade views.

Roosevelt very well knows that however ardent a free trader Governor Wilson might be, and he is merely a modern tariff reformer and not an extremist, it would be quite impossible for him to establish free trade as the policy of this nation. And the reason is that in the absence of authority to impose taxes on individual incomes, the nation must impose taxes on imports to meet the ever mounting demand for revenues with which to run the government, and these duties incidentally must be "protective."

The Baltimore platform calls for a tariff for revenue only—that is, for duties levied not with the idea of "protecting" one industry or another, but for revenue purposes solely. Its free trade demand is limited to the necessities of life and to articles produced here and sold more cheaply abroad than at home. If this be "free trade," the colonel is invited to make the most of it.

It is well to remember, while on the subject of the colonel and the tariff, that in his entire seven years in the White house he made no move whatever looking to reduction of the exorbitant tariff duties and cheapening of the cost of living.

ENDED AT LAST.

The Lorimer case is ended at last. The senate on second hearing of the charges that the junior member from Illinois had obtained his seat by fraud and bribery, has reversed itself and declared Lorimer's election invalid. There is no doubt that public sentiment had as much to do with the final outcome of the investigation as the evidence. To the Chicago Tribune is primarily and largely due the downfall of the Chicago politician. Regardless of its motives, the Tribune's persistent and determined fight won. The fact that Lorimer received his commission through methods no different from those employed in the election of many another United States senator, rather emphasizes the actual good to come from the exposures. The people have become aroused and the purchasing power in American politics has been stamped out, let us hope for all time, in the triumph of honesty over rascality.

The selection of Lorimer's successor depends largely upon Governor Deneen. He may, if he likes, fill the vacancy by appointment; he may resign and permit Lieutenant Governor Oglesby to assume the chair gubernatorial and in return for the honor make Deneen senator, or he may pass the whole job on to the legislature next winter. It would hardly be supposed, regardless of his own yearning to become a United States senator, Governor Deneen would accept the post at this time. He certainly could not consistently do so in view of his renomination by the Illinois republican primaries. There are those who say that Senator Cullom's switch on the second hearing, after having been defeated for reelection because of his vote in favor of Lorimer at the former hearing, may mean he will resign and permit a six months' sop to be given by the governor for his own unexpired term and then seek the Lorimer seat which would continue him in office until 1915. Then all the way from New York comes a word from former Senator A. J. Hopkins that he considers himself entitled to the place by reason of the primary vote of four years ago.

There are of course plenty of men in the republican party who would be glad to take Lorimer's place, if only for the time being, but the indications are that the choice of the successor will go to the legislature and that two United States senators will be chosen next winter.

Meanwhile the people of Illinois are relieved that the Lorimer case is disposed of and are ready to forget the entire disgraceful proceeding.

NONE BUT IT.

It was said sometime ago, on the authority of a man of undoubted integrity who was in the Taft councils in the Chicago convention that the forces in control of the convention made a proposal to Colonel Roosevelt agreeing to withdraw President Taft's name from the contest. The Roosevelt snub of Lorimer at the Hamilton club banquet was construed more of an affront to the club, which was Roosevelt's host, than of Lorimer himself, and it cut no ice in the general outcome.

News of the offer made Colonel Roosevelt has reached President Taft's ears. "For the first time," says a Washington dispatch, "President Taft has learned definitely that at one period of the Chicago convention his nomination was in extreme doubt. He got this information from party leaders. "Colonel Roosevelt, according to one leader, had the opportunity within his grasp to stand aside, throw his strength to a compromise candidate and see both himself and President Taft eliminated from the contest. The president told callers that to Mr. Roosevelt he owed his nomination in 1908 and that to Mr. Roosevelt, more than to any other man he owed his renomination."

Proof of the truth of the proffered compromise was furnished by Governor Hadley himself at Cedar Rapids the other day, according to the following special dispatch from that city as hitherto published:

Governor Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri, today confirmed the statements of Colonel Roosevelt and Comptroller Frederickast of New York, that Taft leaders had offered at Chicago to seat

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS

Edna K. Woley



LIGHTING UP THE DARK SPOTS.

"My, but that Mr. Jones works hard," said the new girl in the office. "I never saw a man work as hard as he does."

"I used to think that when I first came," replied the boss' stenographer, "but he's just like some other folks that seem to work so awfully hard—his just noisy and makes a dreadful fuss about everything he does."

"Now, look at that little man over there—the one next to the boss' desk. There's the man the firm couldn't get along without, and you'd never know he was around. Half the time he doesn't seem to be doing anything because you forget that he's there. He's quiet and pleasant—I never heard him scold a soul, nor raise his voice above a conversational tone. But there isn't a thing he doesn't know. He holds every bit of this big business in his hands, and when the boss wants to know anything, or wants anything particularly well done, he calls in that little man."

"Why, I always thought that if one was busy one had to fly around and hurry and look worried," said the new girl.

"Mr. Jones looks and sounds like the busiest man. But Mr. Smith—why, he is actually sitting there now looking out of the window and not

doing a single thing. There isn't even a paper on his desk. And he looks so good natured—I always thought a really important man was kind of cross, so everybody had to be a little afraid of him. My, I believe I'd take all kinds of liberties with a man like Mr. Smith, but I'd be afraid to death of Mr. Jones."

The boss' stenographer laughed. "You sure haven't had much experience," she commented. "I thought just as you do when I was green. But let me tell you how it will work out. 'First thing you know, you'll be getting mad at Mr. Jones. He'll say something mean and sarcastic to you and you won't want to do a thing to oblige him, and you'll flunk his work wherever you can."

"About that time you'll find yourself liking to have Mr. Smith smile over at you and reach for the buzzer that tells you you're wanted. He'll talk to you as if you were a human being on the same plane with himself, not just a machine put there for his convenience. He doesn't think it smart to rattle off his dictation in a mumble so you can't tell what he says. He speaks distinctly and moderately, and somehow he makes you feel that he appreciates the very best you can do. But you've got to do your best—no shirking. There was just one girl here once, who tried to quit on Mr. Smith. He gave her a whole week to learn better, but she wouldn't. Then that girl went away from here."

"Why, everybody here just worships Mr. Smith, from the boss down!"

"It's nice to have pleasant people in an office," sighed the new girl. "The last place I had everybody thought of nothing but getting all the work they could out of you, and they thought they had a right to say any old mean thing to the girls. I don't see why people think they have a right to be mean to you just because you are working for them, do you?"

"They haven't," said the boss' stenographer.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, July 13.—The crowning disappointment to the long series of hopes came with the failure of the New York stock exchange—regarded in all financial circles as the business barometer of the country—to feel any perceptible shock when the news of Governor Wilson's nomination at Baltimore was received.



Republican orators and newspapermen, ever since the house went democratic more than a year ago, have been pinning their faith on what seemed to them the certainty of a party blunder that would cause the people to lose confidence in the democratic leaders. They watched and prayed for this blunder all during the session of congress now drawing to a close, and they watched and prayed in vain. Still they wouldn't give up, and when the democrats met in convention in Baltimore the hope was strong in republican breasts that in some way, some how, the party would nominate a man whose very name would strike terror to the business interests, big and small.

NOT AFRAID OF WILSON.

When Governor Wilson was nominated the high tariff servants in congress watched closely for the effect on the exchanges, and great was their

disappointment when these sensitive indicators of the nation's business health failed to record the slightest disturbance.

The fact is daily becoming more apparent that the business men of the nation are not frightened by the probability of Governor Wilson's triumph in November. The truth is that practically all business men, even some who are beneficiaries of the high tariff, realize that the tariff question has got beyond the dollars and cents stage. Like Governor Wilson, they see in this problem a moral issue, and they know that the business health of the country can never be sound until the surgeon's knife is applied to the cancer that is sapping the vitality of the nation.

FEW GET TARIFF BENEFIT. "It isn't altogether a question of whether high tariff is sound economically," said Senator Gore, recently, "although few intelligent and disinterested men admit that it is. The big question is whether a certain class of American citizens are enjoying a benefit under the laws that all other classes do not enjoy. This government is based on the idea of equality before the law, and it is well known nowadays that the laws are not equal when they give one set of men the right to plunder their fellow citizens through the medium of a high tariff."

"There is an inherent sense of justice in America and American business men, now that they have come to know that the tariff system discriminates in favor of one class against all other classes, are anxious that a remedy be applied. That is the main reason there was no scare when the democrats nominated a man whose one aim will be, after his election, to solve the tariff question on a basis of justice and equality."

American Rifle is Praised

(Paris Herald.)

The Americans made a start yesterday in the Olympic games with what is sure to be a long list of winning events by winning the army rifle shooting competition. There is no attempt to pandering to party prejudices when it is mentioned that the experts present ascribe the success of the American team to that splendid little 24-inch barrel weapon, and the defeat of the

British teams (the United Kingdom and South Africa), prominent as they were, to the defects inseparable from a super-powered ammunition in a comparatively weak barrel.

A South African, one of the war veterans, used to snap-shooting under the most urgent conditions, describes the American weapon as "easily the finest in the world," and another tribute to the excellent judgment and fine technical skill of the American craftsmen.

FLAGMAN, ASLEEP, KILLED

Burlington Brakeman Sent Back to Work Train Meets Death. Greenfield, Ill., July 15.—A. Shouse, brakeman on the Burlington, after flagging a fast freight at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, dropped off to sleep the next moment and was struck and run over by the train. He died in a surgeon's office at 8 o'clock this morning. He was 27 years old, resided in Beardstown, Ill., and left a widow and six small children.

Getting Rio of Him. Me—I want to get married, don't you know. She—Well, why don't you go ever and talk to my classmate? She's a widow, you know.—You're a States man.

The Sleep of Life. We talk about the "sleep of death. How much deeper, how much sadder, is the sleep of life—the unresponsive heart, the unawakened mind, the hand palsied by lack of will to do!

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WITH the best intentions in the world to be cordial a man finds it hard work when he has a working corn on his toe and a crick in the back of his neck.

Still it is small consolation to reflect that if it weren't for us workers the shirkers couldn't exist.

Instead of rejoicing in the continual sunshine the pessimist repines that the roses and strawberries have a short season.

A man is a fool who talks too much unless he is paid a good salary for it.

We never heard of any one starting a bank with the proceeds of the sale of the silver lining of the clouds of his dark career.

One reason why some people appear ungenerous about helping others is that they have no time, being engaged in expertly skinning those others.

The woman who takes in stairs to scrub is probably as proud of her husband as the woman who takes in stairs from the depth of her limousine.

Some homes are furnished in good taste and some on the installment plan.

Man is a creature of habit, but he can't help that because he has got so in the habit of it.

Some men are bashful because they are bachelors, and others are bachelors because they are bashful.

Long Distance Courage. How brave we are! How we can put so much defiance in our tone. And show that we are not afraid. When we can talk by telephone! We get a person on the line. We call him up and call him down. And let him clearly understand. We are the fiercest man in town.

Good sooth and several stronger words. We feel if he were only there. That we would punch him in the jaw. And slap his face and pull his hair. And did that treatment not suffice. To make him understand the drive. That we were trying to get at. We'd eat him once or twice alive.

And as he ventures to reply. And very likely assues back. More furious at this we grow. Until for words we almost lack. So does our anger grow in strength. As every grievance we recall. We almost pull the telephone. From its position on the wall.

But when a few hours later on. You get together on the street. It seems then to a passerby. Two ancient chums have chanced to meet.

And all is peace and pleasantness. The fighting spirit dies away. And any one might think they saw. Two little lambs out at play.



The Audacious Fellow.

"My father insists that you bring references."

"He does?"

"Yes," he says. "We can't be engaged unless you do."

"I might refer him to the father of the last girl I was engaged to."

Human Nature.

"Let me tell you something."

"Oh, come now!"

"Something for your own good."

"Please don't."

"Why not?"

"I'd much rather hear something of the other sort."

Egotist.

"He seems to think he makes a great hit with the ladies."

"Yes; that is his notion."

"He might be fooled."

"The test would be to run for office in a woman suffrage state."

Not Practicing Economy.

"He keeps his light under a bushel."

"I don't see why he is so extravagant."

"Extravagant?"

"Yes; he could just as well use a pint cup."

Might Buy Cigars.

"Do you buy your own neckties?"

"No; my wife does that."

"Won't she trust your judgment?"

"She won't trust me with the money."

Necessary.

"She supports her husband."

"Why does she do it?"

"My goodness! Somebody has to support him."

Hadden Given It Much Thought.

"We must return to the principles of Jefferson and Washington."

"How did they stand on the trust question?"

Safest Plan.

Don't strike a man in anger. Though filled with wrath you are. Because to strike a woman. You'll find is safer far.

Pun Upon Pun.

Strange, Moore and Wright, three notorious punsters, were on a certain occasion dining together when Moore observed: "There is but one knave among us, and that's Wright." "Oh, no," said Wright: "there is one Moore."

"Aye," said Wright: "that's Wright."—London Tatler.

The Argus Daily Story

Scraping an Acquaintance.—By Horace Slater.

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When Leonard Tremaine came home from a trip abroad he found that his father had given up his residence in the heart of the city, and moved out on to Mount Prospect avenue, where every house commanded a view and every yard was a garden. Leonard reached his new home in the summer, finding the verdure full blown and the surroundings delightful. On the afternoon of his arrival he saw from his window across a hedge that separated his father's place from one beside it a young girl watering some flowers. She being pretty, the flowers being pretty, the grass being green, the sky blue and the clouds white, young Mr. Tremaine, sitting straddle on his chair with his arms resting on its back, showed no disposition to turn away from the charming picture.

The girl showed no evidence of being aware that a young man was watching her. She went on watering her flowers, now and again stopping to pull up a weed or break off a dead twig. Mr. Tremaine was tempted to cough to attract her attention that he might get a better view of her face, but he knew that by doing this he would scare her away. So he kept quiet, enjoying the picture, drawing in its sweetness as the bee sucks honey from the flowers.

At dinner he asked his mother about the occupants of the house next door and was told that a Mr. Thorne lived there with his wife and daughter, Violet. The mother was an invalid, and possibly this was the reason she had not called on her new neighbors, though

Miss Thorne drove an automobile, played tennis—there was a tennis court in the rear of her residence—and was quite expert at golf. One morning Mr. Tremaine saw her go out in her automobile. It was raining, and the streets were muddy. Leonard took an umbrella and started down the street to make some purchases. Miss Thorne's auto was a white one, and, looking ahead, he saw it coming. Thinking that by making a crossing he would meet its driver, he started from the curb and stood waiting for her to pass in front of him. She did so, guiding her auto so near him as to send muddy water from her auto's wheels all over him.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "she did that on purpose! And now I know she turned the hose on me on purpose too. I'll make her pay for this!"

He finished the crossing and stood swabbing the mud off his face, his hands, his clothes, with his handkerchief till it was dirtier than the rest. Then he turned and went home to get into another suit. On the whole, his efforts to make acquaintance of his next door neighbor were not attended with success. He made up his mind that since his fair enemy could not be reduced by an attack in the open he must work from behind defenses.

Had Leonard not understood the idiosyncrasies of the opposite sex he would have abandoned his efforts either in a huff or in despair. As it was, he prepared to bombard the lady's heart as well as her person. He would not pour water or mud upon her. He had a scheme worth two of that. He hunted the town for a toy mortar to send out ammunition by means of a spring. Not finding anything large enough to suit his purpose, he had one made. After fixing it once he could pull back the spring till it was caught in a notch, drop in new ammunition and fire it again. Having seen that it was good, he brought it home and prepared for action.

From Mr. Tremaine's window he could look down on to the Thorne's rear porch, the latter fronting eastward. Miss Thorne was accustomed to come out on to the porch about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes she walked in the garden; sometimes she sat on the porch reading. Early one afternoon Mr. Tremaine gathered his ammunition in his room and, planting his mortar at his window, awaited his enemy's coming. At the usual time she appeared, strolled for awhile over the rear grounds, then, returning to the porch, sank in a cushioned wicker chair, took a book from a table beside her and began to read.

Tremaine, who had his weapon charged and sighted, let loose the spring. He had practiced after night-fall and got the range. Suddenly Miss Tremaine found herself deluged with pansies. She had not recovered from her surprise before another charge reached her, this time lilies of the valley. She glanced up at Tremaine's window just in time to see a couple of dozen fuchsias leave it and descend upon her. Then her fair face broke into a smile. The last and more effective charge consisted of roses. Then Leonard put his head out of the window and, smile for smile, addressed his enemy:

"Fuchion me, but I thought I would like to make your acquaintance."

"Very happy, I assure you. Won't you come down?"

In a few minutes Mr. Tremaine was seated beside his new friend, chatting with her as familiarly as if he had known her for years. He told her that he knew the first wetting she had given him was intentional. For awhile she denied it, but since he was disposed to take it good naturedly she finally confessed, adding that she turned the stream over the hedge at random and happened to strike him. She seemed to regret spattering mud on him, but said she was unable to resist the temptation.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance between Mr. Tremaine and Miss Thorne which continued during that summer on the tennis court, in the garden, anywhere, everywhere on the lady's premises and sometimes at the Tremaines. What the rest of this story will be or whether there will be any more of it is not yet known. Nevertheless its beginning shows conclusively that if a man and a maid live next door to each other the man is no more likely to be observing the maid than the maid is to be observing the man. And in this instance the former sex appears to be the gentler. It would never have done for the man to drench the maid with water, though it was perfectly proper for the maid to drench the man. But observe the masculine retaliation. Instead of water he fires posies.

July 15 in American History.

1656—Quakers began a settlement at Boston.

1776—"Mad Anthony" Wayne's force captured Stony Point, on the Hudson.

1862—Indecisive battle on Yazoo river between the Confederate ram Arkansas and the Federal ironclads Carondelet and Essex, ram Queen of the West and gunboat Tyler.

1883—Charles Hayward Stratton (Tom Thumb), famous dwarf, died; born 1828.

1903—Mrs. James G. Blaine, widow of the famous statesman, died; born 1827.

1910—Z. B. Knight, who is said to have saved the Republican party in 1854, died; born 1821.