

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, July 17, 1912.

A third ticket will at least add to the gaiety of the campaign.

In accepting the renomination President Taft took a golfer's hazard.

What is wanted in Rock Island these days is good feeling, not ill-feeling.

You were mistaken. There is the treasury department's word for it that we have never before had so much money in circulation.

Governor Deneen thinks the ousting of Lorimer "a vindication of law." What? Lorimer held a certificate of election from Governor Deneen.

The "new party" is going after the scalps of Congressmen Cannon, McKinley, Prince and Rodenberg. There will be interesting fights in their districts.

The truth of the matter is that Theodore's Chicago convention will be a sort of moving picture show with the colonel in constant evidence on the stage.

In some places in this country, counties are called "hundreds." After a while, when we annex Canada and Mexico, we'll be calling our states that way.

If reports are true, President Taft is exercising a discretion that is better than valor in his decision not to make a speaking campaign. His meetings would be slow affairs.

Cortelyou "remembers distinctly" that the tobacco trust did not contribute to the Roosevelt campaign fund in 1904; which implies distinct memories of other trusts that did.

A Kansas City man sent this to the Star of that city: "Don't you think the United States should have sent some cowboys to participate in the Olympic games? They could have shown the Europeans how to bring the Stockholm."

Chairman Hillier's initial bulletin is characteristic. To say that "the republican party approaches the presidential campaign with confidence in the solemnity of its cause" is somewhat too funeral for a summons to battle.

Now the insurgents are getting weak-kneed in their resolution to keep pass the democratic tariff bills through the senate. Their opposition should not and will not restrain the democrats from carrying out their program. If we can't have reduced tariffs we can put on record every republican senator—insurgent or stand-pat.

ADVERTISING THAT PAYS.

That newspapers are better mediums than magazines for advertising automobiles is the conclusion of the Henderson Motor Car company of Indianapolis. It has turned to the use of newspapers exclusively as a result of an experiment made with newspaper advertising on a large scale, the results of which are stated by the general manager in this paragraph: "The returns from the beginning of our campaign were simply wonderful. We were forced to add and keep adding to our stenographic and clerical force until we were working almost twice as many stenographers as any automobile concern in Indiana. And still we were behind. It has simply been impossible to take immediate care of the flood of telegrams and letters of application for the Henderson agency which we have been receiving."

AT LAST THE SECRET HAS LEAKED OUT

It was not the Chicago Tribune that ousted Lorimer from the United States senate. It was not the corruption-fighting newspapers of the nation. It was not the public sentiment which welled up from every state in the union. It was not due to the confessions of bribery. It was not due to the convincing evidence of wholesale corruption. It was not the votes of 55 members of the federal senate.

Not at all! What childish assumptions! What absurd hypotheses! From Oyster Bay the voice of an oracle is heard revealing the mystic secret. Theodore Roosevelt confides to the 90,000,000 people of his kingdom that: "It was my fight and it is my victory!" How perfectly rude of the 89,999,

999 others of us to assume that we had any part either in the fight or in the victory.

T. Roosevelt did it all because he refused to eat a free lunch with the blonde boss in Chicago. Had he eaten that free lunch the Lorimer case would have died of indigestion.

What stupidity is signified in the universal failure to solve this simple national secret sooner.

CLARK'S VISIT TO WILSON

Speaker Champ Clark has made his pilgrimage to Seagriff. He did not go there with reluctant step. He did not rush with ingratiating haste. He chose the right way and the right time for doing the right thing. His action has cleared the atmosphere of any lingering suspicion that the possible bitterness of a hard convention fight might be an element in the campaign.

The convention's verdict had already been accepted becomingly by Mr. Clark. Now he has validated that acceptance. If the democratic party had needed an example of high party fidelity Mr. Clark has furnished it.

"He was just fine," was Governor Wilson's comment on Mr. Clark's visit. The next president's words are as clear and simple as the speaker's action. Democracy may look forward to an illuminating campaign.

The people as a whole may look forward to a great administration. A president and a speaker of the house actuated by a sincere purpose to serve the general welfare, equipped by instinct and experience so to serve this is the promise of the November election.

THE RECALL IN ROCK ISLAND

The Argus is not opposed to the recall in principle. On the contrary it regards such a provision in connection with the commission form of government as a safeguard placed in the hands of the people, if correctly applied. Its abuse, however, would be as damaging to good government as the act on the part of any public official that would justify its use.

The Argus is opposed to using any instrument of the law for the purposes of revenge. The recall movement now under way in Rock Island was prompted purely by revenge. While doubtless many good citizens have signed the petitions, partly because they are not altogether satisfied with the conduct of municipal affairs or are disappointed in public officials, and partly through misapprehension—as a number of them who are signing withdrawals have stated—the whole proceeding originated in a purpose to "get" the officials aimed at because the law had been enforced as to respectable saloons. The saloon keeper who defied the attempt of the city to force obedience to the law, who continued to operate after forbidden to do so until the power of the circuit court was evoked to compel obedience to the law, is the father of the recall campaign and is its chief promoter. It is significant to say that the Rock Island County Liquor Dealers' association upheld the hands of the municipal authorities in enforcing the law against the dives that bring disgrace upon the liquor traffic and stood shoulder to shoulder with the municipal officers in carrying the case into the court and compelling respect for the law. The question that naturally arises, therefore, is if the recall is to be brought into play every time a persistent law-breaker is hit by the law, how long will we have law and decency?

A suggestion, too, is warranted as to the publication of the names of the signers of the recall petitions, by reason of a communication received by The Argus from a citizen who evidently signed a petition under a misunderstanding. "Why is it," he says, "that the signature to a recall is not just as sacred and secret as a ballot, as long as it serves the same purpose? Why divulge how a man stands on the recall any more than how he stands in an election?"

Of course the writer of this inquiry will have to fight it out with the law so far as his inquiries are concerned. The law was framed perhaps on the idea that a man must be responsible for his deeds, and in order to establish the validity of the recall petitions so far as the bona fide nature of the signers is concerned, they should be public to all. The Argus proposes to publish the names of the signers to the petitions, as it has already stated, in furtherance of its mission and province as a purveyor of public information and with no other object in view. It made the announcement in advance because it had learned that signatures to some of the petitions had been obtained under the representation that they would not be published. Under these circumstances The Argus considered it a duty to announce in advance its own position. Had it published the names without prior announcement of its intent, it might have been blamed.

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY.

In Clothes a Number of Poor People in England Annually.

Gifts of clothing are made annually in many market towns and villages of Surrey to the poor from a bequest left for the purpose by Henry Smith, or "Dog" Smith, as he was more generally called, having earned the sobriquet from the fact that he was never seen without a dog at his heels.

This remarkable character lived about two and a half centuries ago and was one of the best known figures in Surrey. He was originally a silversmith in the city of London and, prospering in business, acquired estates in different parts of England.

Developing eccentricities as he grew old, he adopted the life of a beggar. His wanderings were confined almost entirely to Surrey, and he is said to have begged his way through every town and village in the county. At his death in 1681 he left all his wealth to the market towns and parishes of Surrey, and the endowment enabled each

town to spend \$250 and each village about \$30 on the purchase of clothing for its poor.

Mitcham, however, was excluded from his benefactions. Smith's explanation being that on one occasion the inhabitants of Mitcham whipped him through the village as a common vagrant—London Chronicle.

Placing Himself. A man who was much in need of sleep rolled out of bed during the night. The jar did not awake him thoroughly, and his hand wandered in exploration.

It encountered the mesh of some protruding springs and a sturdy iron corner post. "In jail at last," he murmured as he went off into another deep sleep.

The Baseball Courtship. "How do I stand with you, little girl?" inquired the ardent fan. "You have a percentage of about 756 just now," answered the lady fan, "and lead the league."

"I'm glad to hear that. I was afraid I was in the second division."—Kansas City Journal.

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS Edna K. Wiley



POCKET-PICKING WIVES.

A New York club woman declares that it is an evidence of financial genius when a woman picks her husband's pockets. The wife wishes to save the money, says this New York soloness. Besides, she adds, a man usually has very little money in his pockets anyway.

This club woman's remarks sound as if she had had experience. Possibly she is defending her own action.

Two or three judges, however, are ahead of her in the defense of women who abstract coin from the pockets of their liege lords when said lords are unconscious of the act. If a man does not give a wife sufficient funds to run the household, it has been judicially decided, the wife has a perfect right to take the wherewithal away from the husband wherever and however she can, since it is money really belonging to herself as equal partner in the family firm.

It seems a sneaking way of doing, yet it is undoubtedly true that a good many wives can get necessary money in no other way. Some husbands are such tightwads when it comes to home

expenses that they drive their wives into a semblance of thieving—for one must agree with the judges that it isn't real thieving, for the woman but takes what is her own.

Still, she has the feeling of a thief. And if thieving children are born to her, should a father wonder where they got the taint?

And yet I once heard of a man who thought it was such a good joke to make his wife sneak her expense money that he never voluntarily handed her a cent, but kept loose change in his trousers pockets just for the enjoyable purpose of watching her take it when she thought he was asleep!

Another man held his wife so irresponsible in money matters that he would not even permit her a few dollars in cash to spend for her children's Christmas presents. She was too high-minded to pick his pockets. But she taught her little daughter to wheedle dimes and quarters from father, which she turned over religiously to mother until the needed sum was gathered. And this was one of the successful business men of a large city. He was hardly a successful home man, however.

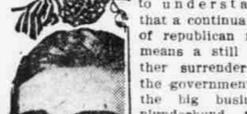
Do you know why so many women fitch little things from the shops? It isn't because they want to steal, but because they never have any money with which to buy their needs. If they are unmarried women, it's in the blood from pocket-picking mothers.

We should not be surprised when the sons of these women grow up with the idea that any means of acquiring wealth is legitimate so long as they're not caught. Possibly that is where the New York club woman scents the financiering genius. If the truth was told, many a trust head's genius might be traced to an ancestress who had to resort to shady methods to get a little necessary spending money.

COMMENT FROM THE CAPITAL

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, July 15.—Now that the people have come to see the sham of a high tariff, and to understand that a continuation of republican rule means a still further surrender of the government to the big business plunderer, the G. O. P. orators and newspapers are trying to raise the spectre of hard times, and to make it seem that business will falter in the event of democratic success.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Such imbecilities as this never weary the republican mind. Without regard to the truth and unimpressed by evidence to the contrary, these men go on shouting the same old heresies. The "hard times" heresy is a twin-brother of the long-explored doctrine that a protective tariff protects American workmen, when every school boy knows that it does no such thing.

WHAT HISTORY SHOWS. A brief history of recent American business depressions provides a full and sufficient answer to these foolish arguments. The last panic in this country, it will be remembered, occurred less than five years ago, when the republicans were in full control of the machinery of government. Theodore Roosevelt, who has a cure for all

known political evils, was in the White house when this panic, which was the least excusable panic the nation ever had, came about.

The republican party was in full possession of the government when the panic of 1873 came about. Likewise, it was this party that was in power when a panic came in the early part of 1884, and the country recovered from that panic during a campaign that resulted in the election of a democratic president. The republican party was in control of all branches of the government for four years previous to the panic of 1893, which was a currency panic clearly due to the republican silver purchase law of 1890. This law had depleted the gold reserve so rapidly that before the Harrison administration could get out of office a few millions in gold were borrowed in New York in order to keep the reserve at more than \$100,000,000 until this administration could get out of office, and thus throw the responsibility on the incoming democratic administration.

FACTS FROM BUREAU STATISTICS.

The New York bureau of statistics publishes figures showing that month by month more persons were employed in identical industries from the election of Cleveland until the following June than for the same period the year before.

The silver panic of 1893, which was due entirely to republican legislation, is the only one for more than half a century that did not occur while the republicans were in full possession of the government. Yet republican orators, true to their habit of obscuring issues and raising false cries, go right on trying to make it appear that democratic success means hard times.

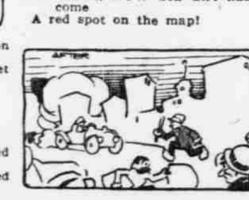
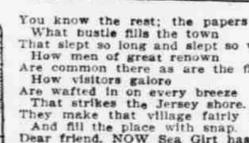
THE AWAKENING BY HAMMITT

Fair Sea Girt was a drowsy town Beside the sounding sea. And peacefully it slumbered on In dark obscurity. Too sleepy 'twas to make the race That leads to civic fame; The census man overlooked the place— He thought 'twas but a name. Of all the towns in Jersey state It is a likely guess. None lacked so much of being great And none was mentioned less.



You know the rest; the papers tell That bustle fills the town That slept so long and slept so well; How men of great renown Are common there as are the seas; How visitors galore Are wanted in on every breeze That strikes the Jersey shore. They make that village fairly hum And fill the place with snap. Dear friend, NOW Sea Girt has become A red spot on the map!

But pitying Fate looked down upon Fair Sea Girt one June day And said: "Alas! that this sweet town Should sleep its life away. Altho the place is nearly dead, There's one can bring it fame If honors fall upon his head— Wood Wilson is his name!" And so that day kind Fate decreed That Sea Girt's whilom son Should mount the Democratic steed That yearns for Washington.



town to spend \$250 and each village about \$30 on the purchase of clothing for its poor. Mitcham, however, was excluded from his benefactions. Smith's explanation being that on one occasion the inhabitants of Mitcham whipped him through the village as a common vagrant—London Chronicle.

Humor and Philosophy BY DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

SOMETIMES the love letters that men write have more show of publication than others of their literary efforts.

Some men couldn't get along without a wife. She's so handy to convey property to.

For double distilled, guaranteed misinformation apply to the loquacious man.

Pleety is often of very genteel appearance because it is used only on Sunday.

The more extravagant taste a woman has the more she leans to an elegant, refined, simple life.

Some bores are worse than others, but the man who never made a mistake heads the list.

The man who can tell how it happened before it did is the ideal editor of the special edition.

There may be some things better than gold, but you don't see any energetic gentlemen organizing expeditions to go in search of them.

Be careful of making suggestions. When once you put mischief in another's head it sometimes takes a court decision to get it out.

Many a man who has married a rich girl has discovered that it is a hard way to earn his living.

Sorry For Him. My neighbor has an auto; I have to walk around. While I am crawling half a block My neighbor spurs the ground. But when he has a puncture And he must work away For half an hour to fix it up I simply smile and say:

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, walking's very fine! Oh, Mr. Johnson, it will do for mine! You may not make a showing— You hardly know you're going— But, oh, believe me, neighbor mine, When you are jaunting down the line, Although you travel steady and slow, It gets you where you want to go."

And so I do not envy My neighbor with his car. Although when I am walking He always travels far. I know there will be something Ere very long to pay. But, oh, believe me, neighbor mine, I simply smile and say:

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, maybe I am slow. But perhaps you notice that my plant will go. Take it all together. Ain't it lovely weather? Walking is so nice and clean. Not a smell of gasoline. When I get there I will say. You will be along some day."

Willing to Be Neighborly.

"How do you like your new neighbors?" "They seem very friendly." "That's nice." "Very. They are not at all stiff and immediately established themselves on a borrowing basis with us."

Saw the Details. "Did you ever see the canals on Mars?" "Sure! And I saw people sitting on the banks fishing." "Through a powerful telescope?" "Not exactly. When I fell and bumped my head on the floor of the skating rink."

Catering to the Men. "What are you going to call your paper?" "The Evening Smoke." "What a name!" "The men will all want it after supper."

No Proof to Show. "Are you a real, for sure suffragette?" "I certainly am." "But I never heard of your being arrested."

Such Hard Luck. "What is your husband's business?" "He is a member of the legislature." "Did he ever accept a bribe?" "No one ever offered him one."

Double Play. "What is the matter with you?" "I've got the grip." "Is that all?" "The grip has got me."

Of Course. "Going to vote for president?" "Depends upon whether the man I vote for is lectured or not."

Only Place. You may not find contentment, As I have some where read, Until your life is over. And you are safe and dead, But in a lady young and cute You'll find a pleasant substitute.

The Quarrel Discreet. "Why do you employ such elaborate circumlocution when you tell a man that you doubt his veracity?" "I find it better to use the longest words possible. If I can compel a man to consult the dictionary to ascertain just what I mean both our tempers get a chance to cool."—Washington Star.

The Argus Daily Story

Timothy Barton's Almanac—By Clarissa Mackie.

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Lucy Barton glanced timidly at her husband. Timothy was scanning the well thumbed pages of an almanac. "Tuesday will be your birthday," Lucy said Timothy, looking over his spectacles at his meek little wife.

"Oh, do you think so, Timothy?" murmured Lucy doubtfully. Timothy's quick temper was aflame at once. "Think so? I know it's so, Lucy! You was born on the 10th of January, and here it says 'Tuesday' as plain as can be!" He leaned across the table and placed a forefinger on the date in question.

Lucy looked at the date, and her eyes traveled to the figures at the head of the page—"1911" it said as plain as could be, while this year was "1912." Everybody knew that.

"It came on Tuesday last year, Timothy," she ventured, "but it's one day later this year, you know."

"What does it say here?" roared Timothy, snipping the open page of the



DESTROYED ALL ALMANACS THAT BORE THE FIGURES 1912

almanac with his hand. "Woman, what does it say here, huh?" "It says 'Tuesday, Jan. 10,'" admitted Lucy.

"Of course it does! Then what's the matter with you, huh?" "You've got the wrong almanac, Timothy," Lucy declared in a frightened whisper.

Timothy stared at his wife, then glared at the almanac in his hand and saw that it was true. He held last year's almanac. But Timothy was a Barton. He would not give in that he had made a mistake—oh, no—now that Lucy had called his attention to the fact. If she had said nothing, but quietly permitted him to celebrate her natal anniversary on any date he chose out of the calendar and he had found out the mistake afterward, all would have been well.

But Lucy had spoken. "The fat was in the fire," to quote Little River folks.

Timothy Barton obstinately contended in the face of the almanac makers of the world that he was right. He swore up and down that the 1911 calendar was the proper one for this year.

"Ain't you going to church, Timothy?" asked Lucy on the following Sunday morning, for after breakfast he had taken down his overcoat and cap and wound his everyday muffler around his neck.

Timothy stared aggressively at her. "I didn't know there was church on Saturday," he grunted as he pulled on his mittens. "Seen anything of my bush scythe? I left it in the entry last night."

Lucy stared at him with frightened eyes. "Timothy Barton, what are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Going to clear out the underbrush in the south woods," he said defiantly. "On Sunday?"

"Tain't Sunday," retorted Timothy obstinately. "You know better than that, Timothy," she wailed. "When are you going to church if you don't go today?"

"I'm going tomorrow—on Sunday!" he retorted, pointing to the last year's calendar hanging on the wall.

"There won't be any church tomorrow, and you know it." "It's not my fault. I'll go, and if it ain't open it's the fault of them whose business it is to look after such things!" Timothy rattled the doorknob impatiently. "Seen that bush scythe, Lucy?" he repeated.

Lucy arose and looked her husband in the eyes. "Yes, Timothy Barton, I saw your bush scythe. I saw you clean it off and hang it up in the tool shed last night, the same way you do every Saturday night!"

Timothy winced and colored, but his lips set firmly. "Are you going to church this morning?" demanded Lucy sternly.

"I don't go to church on Saturday," said Timothy, quite contemptuously, and so left the house.

He was actually going to cut brushwood on the sabbath!

Two red spots flickered in Lucy's cheeks as she disposed of the Sunday morning tasks. Her hands trembled as she put on her hat and slipped into the fur coat which had been her husband's wedding gift four years ago, for Lucy had always been a submissive wife and had never before had occasion to cross the famous Barton temper.

She went to church alone. She was glad that her husband had the forbearance to do his Sabbath breaking in the solitude of the woods and not in the face of all Little River.

How was she to explain his absence from church? He might contradict whatever excuse she might make up. She was in a quandary what to do. At least she could go and come so hastily that none might intercept her.

And she did. But the people spoke of it afterward—how Lucy Barton had been late at church and had run away from it before anybody had a chance to say how do you do. They wondered where Timothy was, but they ceased to wonder when some one reported that brush had been observed cutting trim while the church bells were ringing.

On Monday Timothy dressed himself in his Sabbath clothes and walked sedately to church, creating no little excitement as he passed along the village street.

"Somebody must be dead—there's Timothy Barton all dressed in his best black!" cried one.

"Tain't Lucy, for I saw her hanging out her wash," observed another.

"He's gone into the churchyard, and I declare to man if he ain't going into church or trying to!" Curious faces peered over clothe-lines and from window corners as Timothy Barton creaked up the steps of the church, tried the door and then turned away and went back home.

"I shan't rest a mite till I find out!" declared Mrs. Clarence Sayles, twisting the last clothespin into its place on the line and wrapping her red hands in her gingham apron. "I told Clarence that something was up when Timothy didn't go to church yesterday."

"I'll bet the Barton temper is at the bottom of it!" said her sister-in-law, Bessie Sayles.

But somehow they never really arrived at the true solution of the trouble, although Timothy's actions were eccentric for another seven days.

Meantime Lucy had had a consultation with her pastor and came away with renewed courage. The Rev. Mr. Pudderson employed up to the minute methods in settling the difficulties of his parish. He did not offer to pray with Timothy. He knew that that would only add fuel to the man's obstinacy.

"It's the only way you can break through it, Mrs. Barton," he said as he shook hands with her at the door.

Lucy was very busy in her room that evening. At breakfast the next morning Timothy, eating his pancakes in sullen silence, did not notice that his wife's hair was dressed with unusual care, and he could not guess that under the clean print wrapper she wore was hidden her best dress.

Timothy was cutting cordwood now, and when he had finally disappeared in the woods his wife had finished her last household task, slipped off the wrapper and made ready to go out. She did not wear her fur cloak—the one Timothy had given her as a wedding present—but she did wear a warm cloak that had been hers before they were married.

She had a note all written, and she left it in the kitchen table where he could read it when he returned at dinner time. By the time she was ready the station stage had backed up to the door, and Lucy entered it, carrying a small traveling bag. Mrs. Clarence Sayles and her sister-in-law, Bessie, had another topic to wonder over.

At noon Timothy tramped up to the kitchen door, propped his ax against the house and went in. At sight of the clean, dinnerless kitchen a look of wonder came into his face. A vague fear clutched at his heart. Something must have happened to Lucy! She was sick. He had defied God and man and the almanac, and punishment would be his!

A quick tour of the little house failed to divulge the whereabouts of his wife. When he returned to the kitchen he found the note. He grew very pale and leaned against the wall while he read it. The handwriting was very trembly, as if Lucy had been agitated when she wrote the note.

"Dear Timothy," it read, "according to my marriage certificate we were married on Feb. 29, 1908. If, as you say, your almanac is correct there wasn't any Feb. 29 in 1908, and so we weren't ever married at all. Such being the case, I am going away to stay with my cousin, Lydia Heems, in Centerville. Goodby. Your friend, Lucy Reems."

"P. S.—Of course if your calendar was last year's, everything would be all right—same as before."

All that long afternoon Timothy Barton sat and stared at the calendars on the kitchen wall. They all bore the figures "1911," and yet this was the year 1912.

It was over small matters like these that the Bartons had worn themselves out—had broken hearts and warped lives.

Timothy struggled bravely with his inherent obstinacy.

At sunset he tore the out of date calendars and almanacs from the wall and stuffed them in the fire. He went out and harnessed Brownie to the top buggy, and he put in plenty of fur robes for warmth, for it was a long ride to Centerville.

He was going to bring his wife home. He was going to give in.

The Barton obstinacy had succumbed to love for a woman.

July 17 in American History.

- 1744—Elbridge Gerry, statesman and "signer," born; died 1814.
1752—John Jacob Astor, pioneer capitalist, born in Germany; died 1848.
1802—General Morgan's Confederate raiders captured Cynthiana, Ky., after defeating local home guard.
1886—Lewis Cass, statesman, died at Detroit; born 1789.
1898—End of the war in Cuba; Spanish surrendered Santiago to General W. R. Shafter.
1903—James Abbott McNeill Wh