

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, October 30, 1912.

As the national campaign draws to a close it is evident from reports and all sources of information, that Woodrow Wilson will sweep the country and be triumphantly elected president.

The feeling of certainty of the election of Governor Wilson may have a tendency to cause some voters to neglect to go to the polls, in the belief that Wilson is sure of election and that their individual ballots may not be needed.

Over-confidence is the only thing which can endanger democratic success this year.

Let every democrat stand up and be counted, and share in the great victory.

Whatever you do, do vote, democrats.

Let it be said that you helped elect Wilson. You will never regret it.

Wilson is a winner. Do you not like to be with the winner? Then vote.

A vote for Thompson is a vote for an unnecessary square deal in the office of state's attorney.

J. M. Barrie has bought a Scotch castle named Ambulnouth. Probably he lets his bagpiper pronounce it for him.

At the rate Vera Cruz is coming on, Juarez will be compelled to have itself captured a few times more or take a back seat.

Look into Clyde Tavenner's record in Washington, and then conclude as to whether or not he is a pretty good man to tie to.

The holdings of Andrew Carnegie in New York are assessed at \$10,000,000. Andrew will have to hurry if he really intends to die poor.

Hang the banner on the outer wall—"Wilson and Victory." It's coming and it's coming to you. Swell the glad tidings by your vote.

Tavenner exposed and killed the Taylor system as a private citizen. What could he do for the workmen as a member of congress?

A seer is out with the announcement that the war in Europe is a sign of the world's end. But the coal dealers are still doing business just the same.

The shake-up at the court house ought to help some in these closing days of the campaign when the democrats have model candidates for all the county offices.

A taxicab in Athens, according to an exchange, is called a polipolyantocinetaromoxax. That's what a taxi chauffeur is called in this country when he presents his bill.

Wake up, ye sons of men, there is an election coming and it is going to be a triumphal day for all of democracy's hosts. Join the happy band and none can deprive you of your portion of the glory.

THOMPSON THE IDEAL MAN FOR STATE'S ATTORNEY.

Not before in the history of Rock Island county has either party presented a man better qualified for the office of state's attorney than is Floyd E. Thompson, the democratic candidate.

Earnest and honest and clean and capable, he has grown as the campaign has progressed and the people of the county have had the opportunity to meet him and become acquainted with him. He has boldly and fearlessly taken a position for the enforcement of the law, without discrimination and against all violators, whether high or low. He is absolutely free and unhampered by any influence of any character and is in a position to make one of the best state's attorneys Rock Island county has had since the days of E. E. Parmenter, who likewise entered upon the duties in his young manhood and made the record of never having an indictment that he drew quashed in all his long career in the office.

Mr. Thompson is a finished student of the law, and its application, which is backed by a strong force of character and an ambition to succeed along legitimate lines in his chosen profession, thus insuring to the people of

Rock Island county a public prosecutor and representative who will serve them ably and well.

GIVING THE COLD SHOULDER TO FUDGE.

The American girl is getting more athletic every day. She is getting stronger and bigger at the same time. She doesn't put on more flesh, but her measurements are growing in every direction. It's good bone and muscle which are extending them.

Even the casual observer has seen her growth in height and from privileged observers comes testimony of things hidden. Only the other day, one of the biggest manufacturers of stockings in the country said that the legs of girls and women had grown so much in girth that he had added two inches in circumference of the average sized stocking.

Men who sell shoes bear, like testimony to growth. They used to be put in their trumps to fit a No. 4 foot with the 2 1/2 size shoe demanded. The white lies they told, the tricks of marking they had, should not be counted up against them, but laid at the door of the vain women who forced these expedients. Now a girl comes in and asks for the size of shoe her feet require, and, in many cases, wants still bigger shoes for comfort in her "gym" work.

And a perusal of the fashion pages, a reading of the ads in the newspapers, and that shy, furtive, half-ashamed glimpse at the dry goods store windows which is all a modest man dares take, will show that the feminine corset has loosened its strings amazingly and that it has become more of a mere girder than the former high instrument of torture.

All these physical changes merely symbolize the change and growth of ideas. The old-time, anemic creature who used to pose simpering in the illustrated annuals that were the high-water mark of bookmaking in her day, has given way to a bigger and better type of girl. Where the Victorian maid would faint to attract attention, her robust sister of today does amazing gymnastic stunts.

And her love for athletics isn't a pose on her part. She is sincere and is willing to show her sincerity in the most self-sacrificing ways. At Wellesley the girl athletes who are to figure in the annual fall meet on Nov. 20, have given practical proof of their genuineness. They cut out fudge from their daily food the minute they went into training.

What more can be said?

THE FRANKING OF POLITICAL MATTER.

Notwithstanding that the franking bugaboo as applied to Clyde H. Tavenner by the supporters of his opponent for congress in a strained effort to manufacture something to the detriment of the man who has made good in every effort for the cause of the people, has been effectually exploded, it may be interesting to call attention to the tonnage of congressional material that has gone out for political purposes this year under the franking privilege, according to the sworn statement of the postmaster general.

According to the postmaster general's figures the progressive party has had the advantage of the frank to the extent of three tons, the republicans two tons and the democratic party four tons. The reason the republican parties did not use to the same extent the Congressional Record that the other two parties did, is that there is less in the Record on which to base for an argument. The democrats did things during the present congress and have much with which to point with pride and to desire to have the people know.

Clyde Tavenner, having also done things, to the extent that congressmen have referred to his writings in their speeches before congress has thus been quoted in the Congressional Record, and it was but natural that as a candidate he should desire to have the voters of his district know the official way in which he has been recognized. The fact that the speaker and other congressmen have given him the benefit of their franks and sent out into this district copies of the Congressional Record, without cost to the government, is a pretty good evidence of how Tavenner stands with Speaker Clark and others of the members of congress.

It is merely another evidence that the members of congress recognize the value of that Tavenner has been in the development of issues and principles and the execution of laws based upon those issues and principles which speak for the people. It shows that apart from the influence Mr. Tavenner has exerted in the work for this particular district in which in addition to cooperation with Congressman Pepper and Congressman McKinney, he exposed the Taylor system of shop employment and helped give it its death knell, his influence for the people's cause has been as wide as the nation.

It is gratifying to note in this same connection, speaking of Congressman McKinney, that Tavenner has had no warmer or more appreciative friend in Washington than the retiring member from this district. Mr. McKinney recognized the earnestness and perseverance of the newspaper correspondent and notwithstanding that he and Mr. Tavenner were opponents in the race for congressman two years ago, their friendship was not in the least marred by the conflict. Mr. Tavenner took his hat off to the congressman when the election was over, and not during the campaign or since, has an unkind word passed between them. On the other hand the most cordial relations exist between them.

Congressman McKinney has not hesitated to praise Mr. Tavenner for his work as a newspaper correspondent and an influential man in Washington, and Mr. Tavenner has on all occasions and in all his papers spoken in appreciation of Mr. McKinney's work as a congressman. Though opposed to each other politically, both Congressman McKinney and Mr. Tavenner have been big enough to see the good in the other.

They both know that it is a pretty small calibre of a man who can see no good in another man, simply because he disagrees with him politically.

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS Edna K. Woley



WHY BE SLAVES.

"I know some folks who don't seem to know why they're alive and hustling," remarked a young paterna-

"They have the most abnormal ideas," he went on, "about what constitutes a good time. Think they have to spend a lot of money, you know, or make a lot of noise or use up a lot of vitality, somehow, instead of storing up some for future use and enjoying life at the same time."

"It makes me tired to run around with a strenuous bunch like that. I use up enough energy in an ordinary business day, without spending the 'What's my kind of a good time?'"

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TRENTINI BACHELOR GIRL FOR ALL TIME



Emma Trentini.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 30.—Four feet and six inches of temperament stretched up to twice that height and determination plus gleamed from a pair of eyes far too large for the corporate body of the owner, while from the lips fell two words:

"Naugh, naugh!"

Then a pause and more sparks from the brown eyes.

"Naugh, naugh. Eet ees feeneesh-ed!"

The tiny personality, the temperament, the eyes and the decided statement all belonged to Emma Trentini, the prima donna who is appearing in "The Firefly" this season and happens to be in Cleveland just now. The query which brought it all out was as to whether she had become engaged since her love affair with Enrico Caruso.

"But you will become engaged some time?"

"Naugh, naugh, nevaire. Eet ees feeneesh-ed. No more."

"But why?" was asked.

"Ah! I think I am better off as I am. I think, too, I am more attractive as I am, 'don't you?' with a smile.

"Then, too-o-o," and the big eyes opened wide and an expression of apprehension came over the little mistress of facial expression, "he might scold me all-a-time," and the little head wagged apprehensively.

"Naugh," very short. "Eet ees feeneesh-ed."

Wire Sparks

Memphis—The city of Memphis has granted a franchise for the new Rock Island railway bridge across the Mississippi river.

Topoka, Kan.—A course of study in public health will be required of all students who graduate from a medical school of the University of Kansas.

New York—L. C. Stump, a retired mining millionaire, is dead here as the result of injuries received in a fall down an elevator shaft. He was 60 years old.

Well—take last night for instance. I got home pretty tired. My wife had a good dinner, as per usual. A good dinner will refresh any man, soul and body, especially if it's eaten with your feet under your own table and your own folks around the table. But I know some fellows that can't seem to enjoy a meal unless they go to a downtown cafe and tip the waiter.

"After dinner I brought up some big hunks of wood for the living room fireplace. When we planned the house the first thing we decided was that there should be a big fireplace. We weren't so particular about the rest of the house, but a fireplace there must be. If we had to build the fireplace first and the rest of the house around it.

"So I piled the wood on the fire and soon there was a fine blaze. It lighted up the living room so we didn't need the electric lights and I turned them out.

"And then I sat down in the deep leather chair, just where the warmth could reach me. My wife was at the piano, playing something soft and pretty, and on the floor, in the light of the jumping flames, were my two little kiddies playing together.

"Was I happy? Was I contented? I was the original happy man."

"Sam, old man," said I to myself, "this is why you're alive. This is what you're slaving for. And, by George, it's worth it!"

Departed. The summer slips away from us without a single sigh. We hardly know that it is here before it says "Goodbye!"

We had a summer every year—Ah, would that there were two!—And some would have it all the time if wishes would come true. They yearn for blue and cloudless skies on which they can depend and for a run of rainy days that never has an end.

It's only as the summer skips and autumn fills the gap that we appreciate in full the charms it had on tap. When it was present we were prone to pick a lot of flaws and to withhold from much of it approval and applause.

But now that summer we can see departing down the track we wish it was a good old scud and wish that it were back. Sometimes it seems to hand around too large a share of heat. But take it up and down the line it's mighty hard to beat.

Too Wise.

"I was invited by the Newlyweds to dinner last Sunday."

"Did you go?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I knew that Mrs. Newlywed gave up her office position a week before her wedding day in order that her mother might teach her how to cook."

And She Couldn't Resist.

"Who is that pretty woman in the stylish gown across the street?"

"That's the suffragette that is to speak here tonight."

"But I thought suffragettes were homely women with ugly clothes."

"Dear boy, you are behind the times. Suffrage has become stylish."

Quite Right.

"What is this philosopher?"

"The man whose only troubles are the troubles of his friends."

The Inevitable.

"You mean to tell me you know what you had for breakfast a year ago today?" asked the bullying lawyer.

"Sure I do."

"What did you have?"

"Scraps. It was the day after Thanksgiving."

Her Notion.

"Ma, what are election returns?"

"Some sick friend of your father's, I guess."

"What is the matter with them?"

"I don't know, but your pa has to sit up with them once a year."

Either is Fair Game.

"Are you fond of game, Miss Julia?"

"Game?"

"Yes."

"Canvassacks or mossbacks?"

Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

ONE of the worst things about going back to the farm to visit is that you feel compelled to pretend that you still have your youthful appetite for gingerbread and tomato preserves.

Some folks will sit down and smile in the face of defeat. Others will get right up and knock him out.

Political arguments are useless as vote makers, but they often offer a good excuse for not working.

Why is it that your neighbor's rooster is so much noisier on Sunday morning than at any other time?

He is a wise young man who is able to recognize opportunity when she is disguised as a hard job.

Some people don't kick a man who is down because they are so busy knocking the man higher up.

It is easier sometimes to repent of a sin than to keep from committing it.

Look out that you don't make an enemy of the man who can look pleasant when he has toothache.

Even a white lie will get to be of the black variety if used too many times.

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The Argus Daily Story A Fortune Hunter—By Evelyn Blocke.

Lord Barnickel had come to America for a rich wife. Most of the scions of nobility make no pretense of love for the woman they marry, though it goes without saying that they are enamored of her fortune. It is understood that a duke or an earl who marries an American heiress matches his title and the social advantages that go with it against her estate, and the marriage is a purely business transaction.

The wife is expected to put up with the attentions of her husband to other women and his neglect of her. In the highest circles, where the husband introduces his wife to royalty, divorce is not admitted without a loss of standing, but the husband may be known for a libertine and still maintain his and his wife's prestige with the sovereign.

Barnickel, being simply a younger son of a duke and with no fortune, was not entitled to the privileges accruing to the duke, his eldest brother. He therefore considered it incumbent upon him to win and woo the woman he should marry. He was good looking, a captain in the Coldstream guards and a favorite in British aristocratic society.

His elder brother, who had recently come into the family title, had been honored by an acceptance of an invitation to Brandonham castle by the king. This was all very well so far as it went, but it was not a dukedom or even an earldom. Barnickel was intent upon marrying a woman with a fortune in her own right, and most wealthy American girls are rich in prospect only, and their fathers, having made their fortunes by hard knocks, have a repugnance to settlements.

After looking the field over Barnickel reduced the girls he would try to win to two. The parent of one was worth anywhere from twenty to fifty million dollars; but, being a hard headed American business man, he would not be likely to make a liberal settlement.

The other was an orphan, worth in her own right some seven or eight hundred thousand dollars. His lordship wished money to spend at once, so he laid siege to the last named lady, Miss Marjorie Sanderson.

When a man is an adept at personating a lover it must be difficult for the girl he courts to discover whether he is really in love or shamming. Barnickel, who would have made his fortune on the stage acting lovers' parts, concentrated all his powers on Miss Sanderson. He told her with tears in his eyes that were she a beggar his life would be a blank without her and that to work for her would be for him the acme of happiness.

One day Miss Sanderson sent for Mr. Clarence Whittemore, a young attorney who had the care of her property, and said to him:

"Clarence, you are aware that the fortune left me by my mother, had her elder brother lived, would have been much smaller. All but a life interest in \$100,000 would have gone to him and would now have been in the possession of my cousin, Mabel Stuart. Indeed, I consider Mabel entitled to the property the same as if her father had lived to inherit it. My conscience has been troubling me ever since I came into possession of it. I have been fighting the devil and have conquered him. I wish you to draw up papers for my signature turning over to her all this property except a life interest in \$100,000."

Clarence Whittemore looked at his client in astonishment. He had heard of the attentions of Lord Barnickel, and when Miss Sanderson appeared in his office had surmised that she visited him to instruct him to draw up a marriage settlement. They had been friends from childhood, and Whittemore would have gladly welcomed a change from friendship to love had he not considered that her fortune stood between them. Having the care of her estate, he knew its value and believed that should he make love to her his motives would be impugned.

"Marjorie," he said, "are you crazy?"

"No; I am simply obedient to conscience. But I don't wish to discuss this matter with you, Clarence, or with any one else. I wish you to consider yourself simply my attorney and do as I say. When will you have the papers ready for me to sign?"

"Will tomorrow do?"

"Yes."

"Well, make it tomorrow. Better call here. We have everything here we need."

A few days later, when Lord Barnickel called for a final answer to his proposition of marriage that had been promised him, Miss Sanderson said to him:

"Before accepting your proposal Lord Barnickel, I desire to communicate to you a matter of importance." And she told him what she had done and that she had done it as a matter of justice.

Now, the wily Englishman was not to be deceived by so palpable an attempt to test whether his offer came from her or from love of her fortune. He swore that he was delighted that he had an opportunity to prove to her that he loved her for herself alone.

"Very well," she said, "if in a year, when you have had an opportunity to learn that I have told you the truth, you choose to renew your proposal it will be accepted. You have met my cousin, I believe, I shall consider it perfectly proper for you to learn from her or my attorney, Clarence Whittemore, or any one else, that this is not an attempt to deceive you. Au revoir. Come to see me, if you like, a month from today."

"I will come, as sure as I am alive and that the sun shines in the heavens."

Lord Barnickel departed, feeling sure that he had won the prize. But there was too much at stake to warrant his not assuring himself of the truth. Miss Sanderson's property was invested in a business building in the heart of the city, which paid an enormous and sure rental. It was a very simple matter for Barnickel to go to the court of records and see there a deed recorded transferring to Mabel Stuart, "for and in consideration of one dollar, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged," the business block that constituted nineteen-twentieths of Miss Sanderson's property. He was thunderstruck. Still he would not believe the transfer had really been made until he heard the story repeated time and again and saw that Miss Stuart had materially altered her mode of living.

Miss Stuart was a very different kind of woman from Miss Sanderson. She said that the property having gone to her cousin was an outrage and its being turned over to her a mere act of common honesty. Lord Barnickel, who would not have scrupled to desert the woman who had resigned the property for the one who had accepted it, did not dream of making the former a proposition, supposing that under the circumstances she would consider it an insult. But Miss Stuart, who considered that the alliance with a dual house went with the property, on meeting his lordship indicated by an extreme graciousness that she wouldn't mind going back to England with him in her cousin's place.

The British aristocracy—or other persons of high degree, for that matter—don't mind such transfers at all, and among them they are not considered out of place. Barnickel as soon as he discovered that the property had really been given Miss Stuart wrote a note to Miss Sanderson informing her that he had heard his brother, the duke, was very ill and he expected before the expiration of the month allotted him before receiving his reply to return to England. He intended this as a polite way of withdrawing his proposition and straightway entered into a negotiation with Miss Stuart proposing marriage and a settlement of half her property upon himself. The lady, who was as anxious for social preferment as his lordship was for the wherewithal to keep up his position, assented at once and employed an attorney to draw the settlement papers.

One morning Miss Sanderson received a note from Clarence Whittemore informing her that her cousin's attorney had called upon him for information as to the title to the business block she had recently transferred, the lawyer having been employed to draw marriage settlement documents between Miss Stuart and Lord Barnickel. Miss Sanderson lost no time in seeing Mr. Whittemore in his office.

"What is this matter you have written me about, Clarence?" she asked, with indignation.

Whittemore handed her a note which gave the facts in the case. It stated that there was a clerical error in the deed recently given Miss Stuart by Miss Sanderson. In the deed the property was described as situated on a part of a grant of land made in 1789, the boundary line running west from a certain point, while in the abstract of title to the property the line was laid down as running east. Would Mr. Whittemore kindly furnish a new deed correcting the error?

"What does the error signify?" asked Miss Sanderson.

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