

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Thursday, November 14, 1912.

Looks as if the returns were about all in.

It is announced that Hawaii has gone republican. This will make Utah and Vermont feel less lonesome.

The wholesale prices of apples, oranges, potatoes, cabbages, onions and most other fruits and vegetables are unusually low, but this fact has not yet been discovered by many consumers. Why is this thusly?

And so the ambitious Theodore is already laying his wires for the republican presidential nomination in 1916. Which means that for four years the moose leader will be a carping critic of the administration in power regardless of its achievements.

As the Roosevelt people are fond of emergency hymns on all political occasions the New York World suggests that they might celebrate the defeat of their leader by joining in that fine old reformation: "For all the Saints who Rest From Their Labors Rest."

Munsey's New York Press says that Woodrow Wilson dare not make Oscar Underwood secretary of the treasury for fear of offending Mr. Bryan. From what we have observed of Woodrow we feel safe in asserting that he is not going to be dared by decoys of moose editors.

It is announced that Russia is to take no part in the differences between Austria and Serbia in the Balkan war. Russia's early habit of walking all over small nations got an awful jar in the collision with Japan and the bear appears to have gained wisdom from experience.

THE SENATORS.

The discovery by Governor Deneen that an extra session of the old crowd to elect a senator and re-apportion the state would be illegal has somewhat simplified matters. The democrats are certain of one if not two senators, as they are the only party on speaking terms with both the others.

Congressman Sabath of Chicago, goes so far as to assert that revised returns from Chicago are going to give the democrats a working majority in the legislature, but he is probably over sanguine. However, the situation is rosy from a democratic point of view.

It looks like either two democrats or a democrat and a moose.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It will be remembered the election of Governor Wilson was to paralyze business, in the confident opinion of the New York Tribune. The stock exchange report in that paper says of Wednesday afternoon following the election: "The unexpected happened and stocks shot up like rockets, and there was a general advance in the market ranging from 1 to 5 points. \* \* \* It was truly an energetic bull movement which drove the shorts to cover, and the gains were so uniformly large that the movement could not be attributed to a buying of specials. The volume of trading was large, exceeding one million shares, and the street turned to the theory that business was destined to improve regardless of political parties."

It is also observed that on the day following the election the Duncannon Iron & Steel company in Pennsylvania announced an increase in wages from \$4.50 to \$4.75 per ton.

CHRISTIANITY'S SHAME.

The butchery of Christians by the defeated Turks has begun, according to reports. It is well within the realms of safe prediction to say that the more desperate the cause of the Turks becomes, the more slaughter of Christians there will be. That will be the final revengeful protest of the Moslem fanatics against the triumph of civilization and Christianity.

The responsibility for the bloody and atrocious tragedies about to be enacted in Turkey rests not alone upon the Turks, but also upon those European Christian nations which for years have permitted the continued existence of the "sick man," and also have actually promoted the efforts of this relic of political and social barbarism to project itself into the 20th century.

Shame on Christian nations that have allowed their petty jealousies to bolster up a government that has been a stench in the nostrils of the civilized people of the world. For the sake of decency and Christian progress the

Turkish power must be expelled from Europe.

CLEAR ROAD FOR LEWIS.

Colonel James Hamilton Lewis is a candidate for the United States senate and for nothing else, rumors that he would consent to being switched to a diplomatic mission, to the contrary notwithstanding. Reports to his headquarters from outlying precincts yesterday brought word that democrats in some downstate districts have been elected, instead of having lost out by plumping for progressive candidates, and that the official tabulation, when made at Springfield, will show an airtight majority for the democrats on joint ballot; in the new general assembly.

This brought an optimistic statement from Colonel Lewis' headquarters staff which indicates Colonel Lewis anticipates the solid democratic strength in the coming general assembly will stand by him and there will be no democratic bolting.

Colonel Lewis said he is a candidate for the senate and nothing else, that he is not seeking a diplomatic post as a bait, and that he is in the fight in Illinois to a finish and naturally expects to win.

KEEP THE FAITH.

The New York World says that some so-called conservative influences are already at work to split the democratic party and balk the work of tariff revision. The World states that "pressure has been brought to bear upon President-elect Woodrow Wilson not to call the congress together in special session to revise the Payne-Aldrich schedules, and pressure has also been brought to bear upon the democratic national committee to oppose a special session."

This is a counsel of infamy similar to that which persuaded President Cleveland not to call a special session to revise the McKinley protective tariff downward to 1893. Notwithstanding the efforts of such democratic statesmen and patriots as Senator John M. Palmer and Congressman William M. Springer, and other prominent democratic members of congress and citizens, President Cleveland made the mistake of his political life and would not listen to the pleadings of Palmer, Springer and others. This was the beginning of the fatal mistakes that derided the democratic party and which have kept it out of power in the federal government for 16 years.

Now, as the democrats have been restored to power on the issue of tariff revision downward, in order to reach a revenue basis and which will relieve the consumers of the country of an immense burden, paid as tribute to the special interests, Mr. Wilson should not and will not listen to the seductive pleadings of the robber tariff beneficiaries.

No democratic member of congress and no democratic national committee should try to influence President-elect Wilson to do other than to keep the pledges made to the people on the tariff issue as speedily as possible.

A special session of congress should be called at as early a date as possible. Revision of the tariff should begin at once.

If the democrats postpone tariff revision the party is doomed. Delay will be interpreted as a proof of timidity and bad faith. The sentiment of the country will turn at once and subsequent efforts of President Wilson and faithful democrats will be nipped at an extent that it will be difficult for the democratic party to regain public confidence.

This is no time for a second exhibition of democratic "perfidy and dishonor."

Keep the faith!

Wire Sparks

Springfield, Ill.—Former Governor Yates submitted to a fourth lancing of the wound in which blood poisoning developed following a pin scratch in the right thumb. It will be several days before he can leave his bed. The

WARLIKE MEMBER OF FIGHTING FAMILY



Prince Boris of Bulgaria.

The latest photograph of Prince Boris, son of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, has just reached this country. Like his father and other members of the Bulgarian royal family, Prince Boris is of a warlike nature. It is expected that his father will proclaim himself emperor of the Balkans.

Domestic Science DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk



"We never eat breakfast," said a friend of mine one day to me. "Just a clear cup of coffee which Mr. A. drinks while shaving, and as I dress I have mine." "I have a very simple breakfast," I replied. "Grape fruit or a shredded wheat biscuit with fruit juice or cream and sometimes a teaspoonful of chopped nuts over it, and occasionally a cup of coffee." But we hear many say "I eat no breakfast whatever," and others, "I must have a hearty breakfast." So there we are, with a variety of tastes for sure, particularly if we were all part of the same family. There is no meal more difficult in catering to the tastes and whims of a family than breakfast. We have all known in some time of our life the man or woman to whom we were afraid to speak until they had their breakfast. What nonsense! If we had lived, eaten and worked right the day before, and had a reasonable amount of sleep, we should get up as a normal baby who wakens in the morning, perfectly happy and good natured. It is absolutely absurd to spoil the most beautiful part of the day being grouchy. Besides, it may help to make things go wrong the rest of the entire day.

The desire for food is individual and is largely governed by the occupation one is engaged in. On rising in the morning take at least 10 good, deep breaths near an open window. Inhale and exhale. Take a quick, tepid bath (about three minutes) or a dry rub with a coarse bath towel. Now you will begin to feel alive. While dressing drink at least half a pint of water, hot or cold; sip at first, do not gulp all down at once. Now you are ready for breakfast.

If engaged in physical or outdoor work a more hearty breakfast is desirable, such as oatmeal, buckwheat cakes, potatoes occasionally, bacon, sausage, eggs, cornmeal mush or coffee. If no other work which requires you to be indoors, such as the office man, stenographer or teacher, a light breakfast of fruit or rolls and coffee and occasionally some of the more hearty foods.

Children run and play so much they can usually take care of whatever their appetite craves, providing it is well-planned food, necessary for body and brain building.

The French custom is always rolls and coffee served either in their own room or dining room. The English, all the food necessary for breakfast, is on the table. A hotplate keeps the one or two dishes hot, and each one comes in when he is ready and helps himself. The American custom is usually to have the breakfast table set and the family gather at once to eat. I know a family here who never set the table for breakfast. Cheap, light trays and paper doilies are in readiness for each member of the family. When ready for breakfast he or she gets the tray and silver and puts on whatever he or she chooses to eat—breakfast food, hot rolls, coffee, etc., all in readiness in the kitchen. The tray is then carried to the dining room table. When finished they pile up the dishes and put them away in their respective places.

This is in a family of four, with children old enough to help themselves, and they all like it. Most business men prefer a quiet breakfast with their paper and can more easily plan every detail for the day's work. All this, however, must be worked out by the housekeeper as she sees it best, for the greatest good and to the greatest number in her family.

CORN MEAL MUSH.

Yellow corn meal, one cup; water, two cups; salt, one teaspoonful; milk, two cups; flour, two tablespoons; all measurement level. Utensils—Fireless cooker or double boiler, measuring cup, measuring spoon, granite pail, wooden spoon.

Put the given amount of water and milk into the granite pail and boiling water into the fireless cooker utensil. Set both over the fire. When the milk and water are boiling, add the salt and slowly add the corn meal, stirring constantly, and at the last add the flour; stir this in thoroughly, cover while boiling and set once in the boiling water in the cooker vessel. Cover this and boil for 15 minutes and transfer quickly to the cooker, to leave six or eight hours over night. Remove from the cooker and turn out into a plate, where it can be sliced, dipped in flour, or egg and bread crumbs and fried in hot fat. Serve with bacon. Where there is no fireless cooker in the house use a double boiler or a vessel set in hot water.

THE PROFESSOR IN POLITICS

(Chicago Record Herald.) By the cheaper and meaner partisanship it was considered "smart" to refer to Woodrow Wilson, in campaign oratory and writing, as "Professor" or "Doctor" Wilson. The title, it was supposed and even said, could not fail to deprive the candidate of votes, since the average man prefers practical and experienced officers and distrusts the academic and theoretical mind.

The election has pretty effectually disposed of the fallacy that to call a candidate "professor" or "doctor" is to damn him with faint praise. There are professors and "professors," just as there are practical men and "practical" men. Mr. Wilson's political career has

been very short, but it is not true that prior to his election as governor he led a purely "academic" life. He was for many years the president of a great university, a position which has many sides that are decidedly "practical." His efforts to democratize university life were practical and brought him much trouble and painful experience. His efforts to popularize study and hard work were practical. His language—his talk about "side shows" and the "main tent" of colleges—struck all educators as intensely practical and apt.

We cannot have too many scholars and "intellectuals" in politics, provided they are hard-headed, able and fit for political life.

HARD TIMES IN KANSAS

(Kansas City Journal.) It makes me weary to hear people these days complain of hard times," remarked Judge J. T. Keagy of Wabunsee county. "Why, it is like paradise now compared to the early days in Kansas. I shall always remember a story which my neighbor, Herman Meseke, who settled in Kansas in 1860 with his bride, told me.

The Mesekes settled on a homestead that year, but the drought was so severe that they raised nothing. Aside from a few farm implements they had a yoke of oxen and two hens. In the late autumn Meseke found that he had enough money to provide flour for himself and bride through the winter and enough rye to parch for coffee. The two hens occasionally laid eggs, but Mrs. Meseke felt that they should keep the eggs until their needs became greater.

By the time the winter was fairly on Mrs. Meseke ran out of saleratus the old-fashioned name for soda. She had to have it in order to make biscuits. Meseke decided to go to the nearest trading post to get some soda. That was Council Grove, 18 miles away. He and his wife counted up and found they had just 11 eggs. They looked all over the place trying to find one more in order to have an even dozen, but failed. Meseke hitched up his oxen and started to town with the 11 eggs. He met a neighbor who gave him an extra egg to make an even dozen. When he reached town he traded his eggs for saleratus. It took him two days and one night to make the trip for no other purpose than to get some soda so that his wife could bake biscuits.

Infection, it is believed, has been eradicated.

Ludington, Mich.—While fishing, Richard Eberhardt, representative of a local manufacturing company, and J. W. Barry of Cleveland were drowned.

Evansville, Ind.—Physicians of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio are attending the 14th annual convention of the Ohio Valley Medical association.

Baltimore—Annual congress of the American Prison association was addressed by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, who told of the work being done by women in prison reform.

Cleveland—Bitten in the arm by a pup Mrs. Florence Dietz, a bride of three months, died of hydrophobia in a hospital. The pup was a wedding present from her husband.

Atlanta, Ill.—Oliver A. Harker, dean of the college of law of the Univer-

sity of Illinois, will defend Arthur H. Ogilvie, at a contempt case hearing Saturday. Ogilvie is editor of the Daily Illinois.

Mason City, Iowa—Sheriff Millet and Deputy Alexander Haesler are in pursuit of N. Skinner, a tenant, who shot his landlord, William Ulman, on a farm near Dumont. Skinner has a horse and the officers have an automobile. Ulman will live.

Muskegon, Mich.—Trial of a damage suit brought by Joseph Stipmann, a township clerk, against S. H. Clink, a lawyer, was begun in the circuit court. Stipmann says Clink's automobile ran into and demolished his vehicle and injured him.

Peru, Ill.—Hundreds of persons gathered from all points of Illinois to attend the annual meeting in memory of the Cherry mine disaster. President John Walker and Duncan McDonald, secretary-treasurer of the mine workers, were among the speak-

Humor and Philosophy

By BURCAN R. SMITH

TEMPTATION.

I ALWAYS want to read a book When I have work on hand. A most alluring volume then Is lying on the stand. If I have nothing on my mind And work is rather slack The selfsame book a week can lie Unopened on the rack.

How tempting when I ought to be So busy making hay Is any book that happens to Be lying in my way! I want to cast my pen aside And take a furtive look For just about a half an hour In that alluring book.

It doesn't matter to me what The volume is about. It may be poetry or prose, A treatise on the goat, A little book on fancy work, On how to till the land, Just as it serves to turn me from The work I have in hand.

But that is not the worst of it— Oh, no, that isn't all— For when temptation thus appears The truth is that I fall. Nor do I read for half an hour And then the covers bang— I keep it up for half a day And let the work go bang!

The Right Kind.



"What kind of cigars are you smoking?" "Gift cigars."

"Trying to break yourself of the habit?"

Just Like Him.

"Did your husband win his election?"

"Yes."

"Then you should make him give you the money. That's the way I always do."

"But my husband's were all freak bets."

Good Losing.

"Why did Bangs lose his position?"

"Thought he knew more than his boss."

"But he was sorry."

"Not much. He started a rival establishment and is putting his ex-boss out of business."

Fine.

"How do you like your new washer-woman?"

"Splendidly."

"Good, is she?"

"She is. She knows more about the people in this neighborhood than any woman I ever had."

Might Be.

"I lost a knife just like the one you have there."

"Did you really?"

"Yes, I think that must be mine."

"Possibly. It was dropped by the man who took my umbrella."

Cautious Also.

"I hear he is superstitious."

"He is that."

"I suppose he wouldn't start anything on Friday."

"Not with a man who was larger than himself."

The Difference.

When Jack is tall and twenty The girls who come to woo Must be the sweetest creatures A fellow ever knew.

When Jack is fat and forty Most any one will do.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

All's fair in love, even if the girl is a brunette.

There is this in favor of the phonograph—the daughter of the house can't practice upon it seven hours a day.

Some persons can offer an apology to a manner that makes you want to punch them.

Nothing is too mean to believe of the fellow you don't like.

Some people are so generous that they will even always let you have their way.

It is a funny thing that giving a man a square deal often rounds things off smoothly.

A bookworm never changes into a butterfly of fashion.

A man is always sure that this season's fashions are uglier than last.

When the girl crochets instead of making fudge the young man might as well stop calling.

Haste makes waste, but bustle makes money.

Few men ever succeed in living down their nicknames.

Poverty as a blessing belongs in the appointed and neglected class.

The Indispensable Boy. Calling—How is your new office boy getting along these days? Lawyer—Oh, fine! He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him.—Buck.

Think all you speak, but by no means speak all you think.

The Argus Daily Story

How He Won Her—By Arthur Burleigh.

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General Le Verrier told this story at dinner in his own house to his friend, M. Chauveteau:

"I entered the army at the opening of the war of 1870, enlisting in an infantry regiment. My father was a plain farmer not far from Fontainebleau, and I was among a people who were very much excited over the war and intent upon the soldiers who were being recruited in their midst. I was very much in love with a girl of seventeen who smiled sweetly upon me, especially after I had enlisted to fight the Prussians. I joined the Forty-third, whose uniform was the simple baggy red trousers and blue coat of the common infantry soldier, and soon had occasion to regret that I had not joined a more showy corps, for when a recruiting officer for the Twelfth cuirassiers came along a rival of mine for my girl's favors, Francois Duval, enlisted in that corps and when uniformed was respected in white riding breeches, high boots, a shining metal cuirassier and helmet. My sweetheart—Clochette was her name—when next she passed me had just seen Francois riding along the road decked out in all his finery. I saw an expression of disappointment on her face the moment she looked at her compeer myself.

"Nor was this all. The very next day I saw her walking beside my rival, seemingly dazzled by his splendor. As soon as I could obtain leave I went to see her and received a very cool reception.

"I at once put in an application to be transferred to the lancers, whose uniform is quite as beautiful as the cuirassiers'. But of course no attention was paid to such a request, and I was doomed to continually appear before the girl I loved in the cheap uniform of an infantryman. I wished we would be marched at once to the war, that I might betake myself and my red breeches where Clochette would see neither. But the regiments

I would not count for as much as Duval in his splendid uniform of cuirassiers. Something must be done. I thought out a plan on which I acted, and you are the first man to learn of it. "The evening before we were to pass through Fontainebleau I rode over to the headquarters of General Berrien of the Eighteenth corps and told him that I wished to march through the village with his command, in which I was not known. I told him my secret and my experience, at which he laughed heartily. Then I asked him to permit me to march past my neighbors at the head of one of the bands of his command as drum major. When I explained my reason he embraced me, remarked that 'all the world loves a lover,' said my plan was admirable and assured me that in the showy uniform of a drum major I would certainly win my sweetheart.

"The leader of the band of the Fifty-third," he said, "wears the most showy uniform of any drum major, and you shall take his place."

"He sent an orderly for this man, who reported at once, and I was pleased to see that, though he was tall, I was nearly his height. He was ordered to send his uniform to my headquarters and to turn over the leadership of his band the next day to me.

"Much had happened since we had marched away that our friends at home knew little or nothing about. No one knew of my advancement. When we marched through the town girls joined their fathers, their brothers and their lovers, marching hand in hand with them. I had placed myself at the head of the Fifty-third band and looked magnificently in my splendid uniform. While marching through the town, twirling my baton high above my head, I espied Clochette among the throng beside the road. She was looking at me admiringly. I smiled at her. She knew me and in another moment was marching beside me.

"I had won. And how? By yielding to a womanly fancy for display. A more intelligent girl would have preferred me as general but Clochette was an embodiment of feminine simplicity. As we marched along side by side, I throwing my staff high in the air, she was more proud of me and herself as my girl than she would have been reflecting the glory of a marshal of France."

The speaker having come to the end of his yarn looked at his wife, sitting at the other end of the table, and said: "My dear, have I told the story correctly?" "Perfectly so far as your own folly is concerned."

"Did you not march beside me when I was masquerading as a drum major, and that after giving my rival a preference?"

"I did. That was my folly. It may be permissible for you to give M. Chauveteau your feelings, but only I can express mine."

"Well, then, let us have them."

"I married you because you loved me so well as to make a fool of yourself on my account."

With a burst of laughter the men rose from the table.

averted. Other corps kept coming to that part of the field, and we were strong as adamant. After the fight my general sent for me and said: "You are advanced to the rank of major and will assume command of your regiment at once. Go and get off the uniform of a private and put on that of a field officer."

"Do you know what I was thinking about when he said that? I was wishing my reward had brought me into the ranks of the lancers that I might don a showy uniform with which to win back Clochette. However, I could only feel pleased that I should at least equal my rival by being mounted, and, though my uniform would be much the same as before, it would be of finer texture and more highly decorated.

"As you know, we met with one disaster after another, and at last those of us who were not killed or captured were driven back across our country, the Prussians following us. I had been advanced to the rank of general of brigade. I was very young for such a position—about twenty-one—but, as I have said, I was a born fighter and nothing else. I couldn't understand why so many of my comrades remained in the ranks while I had been so speedily advanced. I didn't value my promotion, because with all the gewgaws worn by a general of brigade I did not consider him a bird of such fine plumage as a private of cuirassiers, nor would Clochette.

"As luck would have it, we approached Paris through the region from which we had marched to the war, and the worst of it was that the Twelfth cuirassiers were returning by the same route. I still loved Clochette. You know, the struggle was very brief and there had been no change in me as the man—only as the soldier. I knew as we marched through my native village the country people would line the way looking at us and Clochette would be among them. Though I would ride at the head of my brigade, with Clochette I would not count for as much as Duval in his splendid uniform of cuirassiers. Something must be done. I thought out a plan on which I acted, and you are the first man to learn of it.

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Nov. 14 in American History.

- 1808—Stephen Decatur, naval officer, father of the eminent Commodore Stephen Decatur, died; born 1751. 1827—Thomas Addis Emmet, Irish patriot and brother of the martyred Robert Emmet, died in New York city after a distinguished career at the American bar; born 1764. 1908—Victory for the Cuban Liberals placed General Jose Miguel Gomez at the head of the republic. 1910—John L. Farge, mural painter and stained glass artist, died; born 1825.

All the news all the time.—The Argus.