NATION UNREST IN HUGHES ELECTION

Congressman Edward Keating of Colorado Warns of Possibilities in Event of Wilson Defeat.

BACK TO OLD ORDER OF THINGS

Republican Candidate Is Borne's War-Like Attitude of Roosevelt, His Chief Spokesman.

(By Congressman Edward Keating of Colorado.)

Washington, Oct. 14.—Colonel Roosevelt, acting as chief spokesman for Justice Hughes, is putting a clean-cut issue before the voters of the country.

There is no dodging, no evasion, so far as the colonel is concerned.

He declares that the United States should have gone to war with Germany.

The president was a coward and a poltroon when he adjusted this affair by negotiation rather than by force of arms, is the position taken by the colonel.

And Justice Hughes says he endorses everything Mr. Roosevelt says.

I wonder how many of the mothers and fathers of the nation believe that their boys should have been sent into the trenches of Europe because of the Lusitania incident?

President Wilson induced Kaiser Wilhelm to abandon his undersea warfare without firing a shot. What more could Colonel Roosevelt have accomplished by sending a million American young men into the armies of England and France?

That's a plain question. Every voter should be able to supply the answer.

The fact is that 90 per cent of the people of this country heartily approve President Wilson's course in keeping this country out of war. The sentiment is just as strong among republicans and progressives as among democrats.

The more Hughes and Roosevelt denounce the president's foreign policy the more certain it becomes (and Wilson's victory in November will be a landslide.

The democrats have no disposition to avoid the issue. Rather they welcome it. We unreservedly indorse what Wilson did, and we promise the people that if we are given a renewed lease of power the country will continue to enjoy peace and prosperity.

Eight-Hour Issue.

Our republican friends are not satisfied with heralding Wilson for keeping us at peace with other countries but they denounce him for preserving peace here at home.

If Justice Hughes' speeches mean anything, then he intends to ask congress to repeal the Adamson eight-hour day for railroad employes and thus plunge the nation into an industrial conflict of unknown proportions.

Wilson and a democratic congress prevented a nationwide railroad strike and thus saved the farmers and business men of this country countless millions of dollars, besides securing for the men who operate the freight trains such a work day as is sanctioned by civilized society.

We did this by doing the only thing which would have produced the desired result. Of course, we could have refused to interfere. Then the men would have struck. Business paralysis would have followed. There would have been the usual clashes between the strikers and the men who were employed to take their places. The militia probably would have been called out in some states. Bloodshed might have resulted. In any event, the wheels of industry would have stopped, hard times would have been substituted for the present unparalleled prosperity, and America's condition would have been little better than Europe.

A Question of Common Sense.

That's the miserable condition to which Justice Hughes assures us he would have reduced this country had he been in Woodrow Wilson's place.

In the name of common sense are the American people going to seriously consider such a man as a presidential possibility when they have a chance to select Woodrow Wilson?

Oh, but Justice Hughes says, that in passing the eight-hour bill we sacrificed a great principle. What principle? Arbitration?

Why the president and the congress of the United States acted as arbitrators in this case, and they decided to grant a part of the workers' demands. The men wanted the eight-hour day and time and one-half for overtime. We gave them the eight-hour day and refused the overtime.

But, Justice Hughes intimates, we did not make an investigation to determine whether the railroads could stand the increased expense.

What arrant nonsense! Every member of congress knew that for the year just closed the railroads' net earnings showed an increase of $378,000,000? The president had at his disposal all the information gathered by the interstate commerce commission through the years.

What further information could the president or congress desire or secure?

Surely with such a fabulous increase in their net earnings the railroads can afford to give their engineers, conductors, firemen, telegraphers, etc., an eight-hour day.

That was the verdict of President Wilson and a democratic congress and we still insist that we acted in the best interests of all the people of this country.

Give Your Starter a Chance

USE GENUINE

White Lily

Gasoline

Sauerman Motor Co.

1706-1708-1710 4th Ave. Rock Island.

WILSON AS SEEN BY ONE OF FAMILY CIRCLE

Prof. Stockton Axson, Brother of the First Wife of the President, Writes an Intimate Sketch of Mr. Wilson as He Is at Home

BY STOCKTON AXSON.

(In New York Times Magazine)

The New York Times has secured for publication the following intimate personal sketch of Woodrow Wilson, the man, written by Professor Stockton Axson, whose sister, Ellen Louise Axson, was the president's first wife. Professor Axson not only had close personal relations with the president for 49 years, but he served under him when Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton university. He was assistant professor of English literature at Princeton from 1889 to 1894 and professor from 1894 to 1913, when he joined the faculty of Rice institute, Houston, Texas, as professor of English.

There are many who can analyze and assess Wilson for statesman, known to all the world, but the names are talented among those who have known the man intimately since his young manhood. Woodrow Wilson belongs to the world; is it then in bad taste for one who has had the great privilege of seeing him at close range for 35 years to talk about his familiarly to the world?

My keenest embarrassment arises from my wonder about what Mr. Wilson himself will say if he should ever read this article for it has never pleased him to have his personal affairs immediately talked about, and yet the only reason why I should write at all is that I am in position to talk about him personally and that the country has a right to know what manner of man is president.

I do not suppose that I gazed home when I first heard Woodrow Wilson's name mentioned; probably in my earliest childhood, for between his family and mine there has always been an intimacy. His mother's sister, Mrs. James Hoyt, and the Hoyteses were our next-door neighbors in Rome, Ga. Jessie and Marion Hoyt were our intimate companions, Helen being much younger, and the pupils of Woodrow Wilson's sister and mother, Uncle Joe and Aunt Jessie, were no healthier to me as the pupils of my own aunt and mother.

But I very distinctly remember the first time that anybody talked to me in detail about Woodrow Wilson. It was my father, in a quiet sermon to me when I was about 8 or 9. Like Dr. Joseph Wilson, my father was a Presbyterian minister and, like him in Wilson, he practiced very, very, he preached. I think my father went on the theory that his campaign would succeed far better by exhibiting high ideals than words preach, and so the first humility he ever endeavored to instill in me was in the form of a long letter written just after Woodrow Wilson had ended a visit to his relatives in Rome. My father made this young man, 10 years older than himself, his text, described him, and held him up to me as a pattern of young manhood. I recall one phrase, strangely fascinating: "I can think of nothing that would make me so happy as to have a son like that."

That letter was written thirty-four years ago, but I remember it vividly, both because it was practically the only private sermon my father ever preached to me, and because the wish expressed was fulfilled, not in the way he was hoping, by my transformation, but by Woodrow Wilson himself becoming my father's son by marriage. My father lived to know of the engagement, though not of the marriage.

It was in 1883 that Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson became engaged. She was visiting friends in the North Carolina mountains when my father fell seriously ill. He had no summons for home by telegram—my mother had died two years before, and my sister was the responsible member of the family. She went to Asheville to catch a train, but as she had to wait several hours for it she went to a hotel and whiled away the time reading by a window. As fate would have it, Woodrow Wilson, who was driving in the mountains, passed the hotel, chanced to look up, and saw her profile at the window. The two had been together in Rome the previous summer, and it needed just the unexpected encounter in the North Carolina mountains to show them what life meant for each and for both of them.

Unforgettable for me is the conversation which my sister and I had on the night of her arrival home. In the earlier part of the evening she had been anxious about my father, but when he had at last been made comfortable and had fallen asleep, she joined me in the little sitting room, her dear face flushed, her eyes bright. "Can you keep a secret?" she asked, and upon my intimation that I could she told me that she was engaged to be married, the manner of the meeting, and her joy. "He is the greatest man in the world," she said, "and the best." In that faith she never faltered in all the years that followed.

Of the many mental pictures which I have of my sister three at this moment stand out with peculiar vividness: the way she looked that night when she told me of her engagement, the way she looked when she held their first-born in her arms, waiting for him to come from a distant place for the first sight of his child, and the way she looked in the little cottage in Princeton the night that he was elected president of the United States. It was two years before they were married (he was studying at Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore) in the manse of the Independent Presbyterian church in Savannah, Ga., his father and her grandfather officiating. I remember how he and I chatted about the books in my grandfather's bookcases while we waited for the bride to come downstairs. I also remember a less idyllic circumstance, how hires was jarred and the scent of orange blossoms temporarily annulled when two small boys, the bridegroom's nephew, Wilson Howe, and the bride's brother, Edward Axson, "mixed it up" in a gorgeous fight over some difference in boyish opinions. The bride was much shocked; but I caught a twinkle in the bridegroom's eye, which seemed to say, "Let's separate them; but don't let's be in too desperate haste about it."

Their first home was at Bryn Mawr, Penn., where he was a member of the newly founded college for women; their second was in Middletown, Conn., where he was professor in Wesleyan university, their third home was in Princeton, N. J., where he was professor for 12 years and president for eight; then came the wider life as governor of New Jersey and president of the United States.

As soon as they had a home in Bryn Mawr they sent for our little orphan brother Edward, and he was a member of their household until he married. Probably the sharpest blow my sister ever suffered was when Edward, his young wife, and their baby were all drowned together. Her naturally strong constitution broke temporarily, for he was as her son rather than her brother. I myself became a member of their family for a year in Middletown, and ever since have been practically a member of it, for during the long years in Princeton, though I had my own apartments, I used their house as if it were my own home. And our young sister, Margaret (now Mrs. Elliott), had the same privileges. All of which would indicate that when Woodrow Wilson married he married a family as well as a wife, and that is not very far from the truth. If he ever knew of any difference between her relatives and his own he never indicated it. And his blood became as her blood. I have never known a case where each adopted the other's family so completely. He even used to refer to her dead father and mother by the childhood names he which she always called them. I think he would probably say now that one of his favorite uncles was her Uncle Tom—Dr. Thomas Hoyt of Philadelphia. Once when Uncle Tom was visiting us in Middletown, Mr. Wilson broke into a soft chuckle while he and I were sitting alone.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

He replied: "To think how I think of Uncle Tom's boots this morning. Passing his bedroom door, I saw that he had put his boots outside, naturally assuming that all self-respecting people keep a valet. I knew Bridget wouldn't black them, and Aunie couldn't, so there was nothing to do but tackle the job myself."

It occurs to me, as I write down this true episode, that he might very well have seen me made it, seeing that I was only a college student, while he was a professor, and, besides, it was my Uncle Tom, anyway. But Woodrow Wilson could not do that simply because he was too considerate—the most considerate man I ever knew—as well as the most generous and the loftiest. So there is a presidential picture to go along with Lincoln spitting calls and Garfield on a recalcitrant, and Grant driving a drey—Wilson blacking Uncle Tom's boots—Uncle Tom by marriage.

It is hard for me to speak in moderate terms of the beauty of the Wilson's married life that married life which I saw as intimately for more than twenty-five years. They say "the bravest are the tenderest," and the strongest man in all the world today has always been so gentle in his home life that he has appeared to some too domestic. In the days of the unfortunate collegiate quarrels in Princeton, one charge that used to be made against him was that he was so tied up in his home life that he did not know men and the ways of men.

Of course, a man of Woodrow Wilson's genius for rapid perception learns more about men in the flash of an eye than slower men learn of each other in whole long afternoons of gossip over their highballs. But in the charge there is little much truth. But Mr. Wilson's own fireside has always been dearer to him than the thronged marts of casual contacts. If I were asked to name the leading and governing characteristic of this man, I should reply: "That is not easy, for he is a man of commanding genius, and genius is necessarily complex; but certainly one of his leading traits is deep affection. Sometimes in his public dealings he is forced to harden his heart deliberately in order that he may do justice, but so soon as he can follow his own instinct there emerges above all his intellectuality and all his iron firmness of will, his affection."

In the family circle he can give this affection free reign, and hence he probably never feels so completely himself as when he gathers with wife and daughters and a few chosen friends around the fireside, and allows his spirit to move him whither it listeth. He simply cannot live without affection, for this, our American great man, is no superman, but human to the core of him.

In the long years of his and my sister's life together, they were more completely one than any two people with whom I have been thrown into intimate contact. They took color from each other, as water and sky reflect each other's moods. Their tastes in books, pictures, statues, and architecture coalesced. He taught her to love his prose favorites, Burke and Bagehot and Birrell (the first Birrell book I ever saw was an inscribed gift book from him to her); she taught him to love her poetic favorites, especially Wordsworth and Browning; he had a deep and true instinct for architecture, which he imparted to her, and she in turn quickened his discrimination for color in landscape painting and in nature—for she had a skill in color that would have made her a distinguished artist had she not made her painting secondary to her greater career as wife and mother.

It interests me to observe how the three girls have shared their parents' tastes and talents. Margaret has her father's passion for music; Eleanor, Mrs. McAdoo, her mother's gift for painting; in young childhood, Jessie, Mrs. Sayre, had something of her father's taste for literary expression, and of her mother's taste for art; but as she developed these were overshadowed by that which both her parents had in common, a strong humanitarian instinct, which sought satisfaction in settlement work until she was married.

We often hear it said of married pair—so often that it has become a sort of "bromide"—"A cross word never passed between that couple" I have been honestly trying to think if I ever heard anything approaching an altercation between Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and I cannot recall even a shadow of such. And yet these were no weaklings; but two spirited people, each with a power of conviction possible only to very strong characters. They would sometimes differ in their opinions, but their relationship was so rooted in mutual love and loyalty that their differences were casual and superficial, never fundamental.

I have seen Mr. Wilson humorously assume the role of a browbeaten and henpecked person, unallowed to hold an opinion, when his wife would say in her imperious way, "Woodrow, you know you don't think that!" and he would smile and say, "Madam, I was venturing to think that I thought that until I was corrected." At one time, when the girls were growing up, he used to laugh and quote Chief Justice Fuller, who remarked that his "jurisdiction extended over all the United States except the Fuller family." I have sometimes wondered how a family composed of varying and very positive elements ever contrived to live in such absolute and undisturbed harmony as did the Wilson family, and I have come to the conclusion that such a result can be attained only in one way, not by any prescription, or plan or domestic "scheme" of action, but only by enthroning love supreme—that where love is always master, every day and every hour, there must be harmony. In the Wilson house hold love is always law.

It has always been love mingled with delightful humor and good humor. Of all the demons that popular fallacy would weave around a conspicuous man, surely those who know Mr. Wilson must find it the strangest—that he is supposed by some to be a cold and merchless man. A dozen years ago I think any intimate acquaintance of Mr. Wilson could have said that one of his most serious qualities was an incorrigible playfulness. Graver people thought he sets too much this way, for he sought jokes to the detriment of the most serious discussions and controversies. His fund of anecdote (in one way he is the most provoking of men, for it is next to impossible to tell him a new story—he has heard them all and invented some, his chief delight in nonsense rapture, his attractions in pomposity, an impertinence from his lips, from whom he has forbidden so many and more commendable traits, all these things are pronounced by Woodrow Wilson, together with that finest of all human characters humor, the much of most portrayal of points in his extraordinary setting. If you want to know how your heart forgetting you, get Woodrow Wilson to tell you the story of how a certain "old man" startled President Harrison with a sudden eruption of oratory 20 years ago. Yet the least delightful part of it is that, while he is relating it, he apparently forgets that the whole business fell flat and he himself is now in the exalted and occupied by President Harrison, which that ex-Grandfather bit of comedy enrolled.

These humorous characteristics are still in President Wilson, but it is hardly strange if they are less habitually on the surface than they used to be before the burdens of a whole world in turmoil were laid upon his shoulders. Even before the weight pressed upon him, his inherent speech sternness had begun to desert itself. He read through some reach papers once at Princeton, and I have heard this say, both in public and private, that he felt a stiffening of the fibre within him, urging it less easy to relax at will into playfulness. It merely means that, as years and responsibilities increased, he became more purposeful.

There is a fact which he himself is probably unaware of, but which I am sure is thoroughly correct. A change came over him at just about the time that great and sweeping changes were taking place in our conceptions of nationality in these important years that lie between 1896 and 1900. Absurd as it may appear, previous to that I used to feel that he and I were mentally somewhat alike. There was ten years difference in our ages, and another difference of some moment, the difference between genius and lack of it. But, was all that, there was some mental resemblance in the workings of our minds—even my perception clear used to see it. He and I would talk together for hours on end, conversations largely speculative.

But gradually I felt that a change was taking place. For one thing, he had been through an illness, from which he emerged more vigorous than before. He had always been a purposeful man, but now he was a man of fixed and resolute purpose. He was as affectionate and companionable as ever, but he did not have time now for such prolonged and "drifting" conversations. The task was calling him. And I must believe that besides the merely personal change his own nature was unconsciously reflecting the big and basic changes which were taking place in the nation and in national conceptions, changes that were leading America out of isolation into world-relationships. Perhaps he was, all unconsciously, enduring his visits, preparatory to the great conflict that lay ahead of him in the dim mists of futurity. He grew more and more impatient of merely theoretical discussions; he must handle facts in all their difficult reality. I often heard him exclaim, "I am so tired of a merely talking professor! I want to do something!" This was before he became president of Princeton.

In short, he was growing into what he has now become, a man with the sureness and the firmest hold on the facts of things. That is why he seems inconsistent to some shallow people. They think in terms of an abstract theory, are logical—and futile. He deals with facts, and, in crowded times like these, facts change chemically even while you are looking at them; because he deals with realities, not theories, he sometimes seems self-contradictory—and is always effective.

There is another and kindred thing about him which perplexes some people; though the tenderest of men, he is the least sentimental. Once, since he has been president of the United States, I was much exercised over the case of a man who had come under the national laws in a way that seemed to me merely technical; he was technically guilty, but virtually innocent; and so I did what I have seldom consented to do; I wrote a letter to Mr. Tumulty, to be laid before the president at his convenience. A friend of mine, personally more concerned with the case than I, read me a long letter which he had framed, in which, among other things, he appealed to the president to relieve the pitiful anxiety of the accused man's wife and parents. I advised him to cut that out, and said: "The president cannot and will not act on those grounds. He must do what seems to him justice, however much his sympathies may excite him to mercy. Show him the essential justice of what we are asking for, and stop there."

The case was examined by the department of justice, which decided that the man's technical guilt was too manifest to warrant the department's interference with the due course of law. Then the president stepped in and pardoned the man outright, not because he had a family whose hearts would break, but because, in the higher of justice the man was innocent.

This is the "austerity" of Woodrow Wilson, the austerity of a man whose conscience will not permit him to govern his public acts by private sentiments, who cannot use public offices to advance the fortunes of those for whom he feels a personal affection, who must keep his judgment cool, even when his heart is yearning, the austerity of a man whose heart can break, but can never be permitted to get beyond his own control.

Only a few of us know what Woodrow Wilson was really undergoing in the summer and autumn of 1914, when the world was catching fire from war, and the foundations of his own life were crumbling under him. Just as the war opened my sister died. "I cannot help thinking," he said, "that perhaps she was taken so that she might be spared the spectacle of some awful calamity."

I was at the White house a great deal that autumn and I know that it is no exaggerated use of words to say that he was the loneliest man in all the world. I remember in particular a few bitter days when there were only three of us in the family circle. With characteristic solicitude for others and spartan fortitude he had deliberately and peremptorily dismissed the household for the welfare of others. He had compelled Margaret and Jessie and Frank Sayre to go to the summer home in New Hampshire for a change of air. He had forced even Dr. Grayson to take a few days of rest, for he saw that the doctor himself was in danger of illness after the strain of Mrs. Wilson's illness and death. Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo remained in Washington, and were much at the White house; but they also had their own home and obligations.

I can see the lonely figure of the president now, walking down the long hallway, the hair so much whitened in the few months. His intimate friends often expressed to me the wish that the president could marry again, as he was strictly decent.

We who love him feel that God himself must have directed the circumstances which brought Mrs. Gall into the White house circle. But for her we can only surmise what might have happened, for not even the strongest man in the world could bear up indefinitely under that dumb grief. Sunlight and grace radiate from Mrs. Gall. Her nature is big and generous and health-giving, and in her presence the president found new life, found that love without which he cannot live. Their love for each other is perfect, and we all love her, both for what she has done for him, and for herself, for to know her is to love her.

She has entered this great career as simply, as unaffectedly, as unselfishly as Ellen Axson entered into the obscure career of the young lawyer who was abandoning law for a new and untried life of scholarship and teaching. To neither woman has condition, high or low, meant anything; to both Woodrow Wilson has meant all.

I have lifted the veil from some pretty sacred things, and I wonder if I should have done so. My sustaining thought is that some day these things would have to be set forth, for men like Woodrow Wilson belong to the world at large, and ultimately the secrets of their lives must be made known to the world. The future biographer will relate in detail what I have summarized, when death shall have made Woodrow Wilson impersonal. But to greatly conspicuous office there is already something of the impersonality of death, and so I have, though not without misgiving, set down some things which it would be sacrilege to publish if Woodrow Wilson were still safe in the obscurity of a college professorship. Because he is what he is in public, it is perhaps true that the public has some right to know what he is in private, and so I have written these things, every word of which is literal truth.

MANY GOOD JOBS WAITING FOR MEN

Applications for 650 Workers for Places Paying Up to $4.50 a Day on File in Labor Office.

There is probably no better evidence of the present prosperity than is taken from the records of the Rock Island labor bureau, under the supervision of Cornelius Donovan. While there was a time when there were more men than jobs, this condition has not been true for a long time, and at the present writing there are applications on file for 650 men for positions the minimum wage of which is 25 cents an hour, and ranging up to as high as $4.50 a day.

Not only is there a demand for common laborers, but all kinds of skilled mechanics. It cannot be said that the European war has produced these conditions.

GOSPELS THEMES OF PASTORS' SERMONS

Next Sunday morning Rev. David Johnson of Central Presbyterian church will inaugurate a new policy to be followed in his preaching for some time to come. He has recently taken an inventory of his preaching and has discovered to his amazement that since coming to Rock Island he has preached 68 sermons based upon old testament texts, while he has preached 32 sermons based upon texts taken from the four gospels. It has occurred to him that he has been living too much in "the old dispensation" while Christ came to inaugurate a "new dispensation." He has also discovered that he has preached his sermons based upon texts taken from the epistles, emphasizing certain doctrinal aspects of the Christian religion. It has therefore occurred to him that it might be more profitable and inspiring to go back to the original sources of the Christian religion, namely the life and teachings of Jesus.

As a result of these observations, Rev. Mr. Johnson intends to confine himself exclusively, or as nearly so as possible, to the gospels, in his Sunday morning preaching for some time to come. In doing this he will continue his policy of preaching the truth without fear or favor. No class of men or condition of society will be shielded from the searching light of the gospel. Those who have ceased attending church because they say that preachers these days are afraid to preach the truth are invited to come and see.

Next Sunday morning Rev. Johnson will devote his sermon to an analysis of the character and the message of the forerunner of Jesus, John the Baptist.

REGISTER TUESDAY

Next Tuesday is first registration day. It is important that all voters, especially the women, who expect to vote Nov. 7, list their names in the poll books. The women will find it greatly to their advantage to visit the precinct places between 9 and 4, as the officials have little to do during these hours. Final registration day is Oct. 31.

Russ Use Scare on Germans.

Tarnaschewitsch, Russia.—The entrance of Rumania into the war was the signal for the Russians all along the line to send over placards calling upon the Germans and the Austrians to surrender and give up the war as hopeless. The placards in each case were carried over to points near the German trenches by prowling sentries during the night, and were for the most part written in mis-spelled and ungramatical German.

The first placard discovered by the Germans was at a point almost due east of Damaschewitsch, and read:

Notice! Today, the 28-15 August, Rumania declared war on Austria, Germany, Turkey and Bulgaria. We are not shooting in order that you may be able to surrender. The Russian Commander.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From The Argus Files of 1891

Oct. 8.—Miss Anna Bostock, daughter of Henry Bostock of South Rock Island, and Thomas Downing of this city, were united in marriage at 10:30 this morning at the Trinity church, Rev. R. F. Sweet performing the ceremony.

President William Jackson of the Rock Island Citizens' Improvement association today appointed Congressman Ben T. Cable, George Lamont and John Crubaugh delegates to the waterway convention at Evanston, Oct. 31.

Contract was let today to John Volk for the building of the new Rock Island Buggy company's plant at Sixteenth street and First avenue. The organization of the company was completed yesterday when Phil Mitchell, Frank Mixter, John Crubaugh, George White, A. C. Dart and I. S. White were named as the first board of directors.

F. G. Young is in Chicago on a business trip.

Walter Halpin, a fireman in the employe of the Tri-City Railway company, was painfully injured yesterday when he fell from a pole.

A blaze on the roof of the home of P. J. Cary, 2524 Sixth avenue, caused a small loss yesterday.

Oct. 9.—S. J. Collins went to Peoria yesterday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lloyd returned from their wedding trip last evening.

Motorman Charles Brown of the Red line is the father of a new son.

Jack Cordon, Rock Island's crack sprinter, defeated H. W. Hammerly, Ottawa, who claims the state title, yesterday in a match race for a $100 side bet.

Oct. 10.—It has been practically decided that the plant of the Dubuque Brass and Foundry company of Dubuque, Iowa, will be moved to this city. Local capitalists have become interested.

The 7-year-old daughter of Detlef Steffen of Davenport was killed yesterday when a horse stepped on her.

Oct. 12.—A delegation from the Y. M. C. A. consisting of E. B. McKown, Herman Hanson and C. E. Adams, visited Andalusia yesterday in interest of association work.

V. O. Peterson, professor of chemistry and physics at Augustana college, and Miss Jennie A. Lindberg of Chicago were united in marriage Saturday evening at the college chapel, President O. Olsson performing the ceremony.

James M. Hastings, aged 72, died suddenly today at his home, 314 Thirteenth street, of heart trouble.

Oct. 13.—Mrs. A. C. Dart and daughter Sarah went to Chicago this morning on a short visit.

Oct. 14.—T. G. Haire and Miss Agnes Kennedy of Rock Island were married at St. Louis yesterday.

FORMER CRITIC IS NOW SUPPORTER

Rev. W. Heinke, Lutheran Minister, Causes Sensation by His Change on the Presidency.

WILL GIVE VOTE TO WILSON

Declares That German-Americans Are Being Used as a Catspaw by the Republicans.

Dubuque, Ia., Oct. 14.—A profound sensation has been created here, the home of a large German-American population, by the publication of a statement by a prominent citizen of German birth in which he points out with great clearness and force how the republican party, in its attempt to defeat the reelection of President Wilson, is boldly using the German-Americans as a catspaw.

The author of the statement is Rev. W. Heinke, who for years was pastor of St. John's Lutheran church in this city and who now is in business in New York City. Rev. Mr. Heinke, while a resident of Dubuque, was chairman of the German press committee of the German embargo conference as well as of the German Red Cross of Dubuque. He was recognized here as a leader of German thought and for a long time was severely critical of President Wilson. "Now," he says, "I for one am not ashamed to confess that I have misjudged the president."

"We misjudged President Wilson's position in this world conflict," says Mr. Heinke in beginning his statement, "assuming it to be pro-English and un-American. Naturally we identified his actions with those of the pro-British press, very numerous in a block appeared to the German-American element to reflect the mind of our government.

"Republican party interests have not been slow to make capital out of this state of affairs and to work the German-American vote for all it is worth, assisted by the German language press. In the heat of the controversy we overlooked entirely that the republican party, if it had been in power, any containing the most pronounced anti-German element of America, of the type of Henry Cabot Lodge, Elihu Root and Robert Bacon, probably would have had our country driven into an alliance with England and into war with Germany. What a howl that staunch supporter of republican candidates Hughes, Mr. Roosevelt, and upon President Wilson for his failure to take action against Germany on account of 'Invasion of Belgium' especially for not prompt declaring war after the Lusitania incident.

Would Now Be at War.

"If ever anyone made it a point to show his contempt for German-Americans and to wilfully misinterpret their stand, for imported neutrality, it certainly was 'Theodore Roosevelt.' And he takes the stamp for Mr. Hughes, and after he has made that and Maine speech denouncing everything German in Roosevelttian fashion, he is made the recipient of a congratulatory message from the republican candidate.

"If, after these disclosures of the real sentiment in the republican ranks toward the German-Americans, they still cannot see a chance to get off, they never will. In the circle of these men, the United States today would not be peacefully pursuing her undisturbed course, but would be engulfed in the vortex that has swallowed almost all of the world powers. With these men in the government of the United States the hard-pressed German nation could not have arrived at a peaceful solution of the difficulties arising between Germany and the United States out of English aggression.

"I harbor no resentment against the president now. I feel that for many things said and written against him the German-American owes him an apology. Our criticism of his actions and motives has at times been all bounds of discretion. No allowances were made for the difficulty of the international problems he had to wrestle with, no attempt was made to understand his motives. He was set down as a man whose sympathies were all British, not American.

"Now, in the light of more recent developments, in view of republican platitudes and official utterances, I ask myself, who is American first and last—Wilson, who has steered our ship of state through unparalleled dangers and kept us out of war, or Elihu Root, who are the leaders of the republican party, and who have bowed at the immense pressure of his central and inflamed public opinion to have upon that lone man at the head of the nation, counselling war in alliance with England and, while abusing our German-Americans in terms Wilson never used, playing out the German vote against the man who has stood like a rock in the way of all conditions of truly American interests?

Playing Clever Game.

"I, for one, am not ashamed to confess that I have misjudged the president and I see clearly that he has done his and is doing as he has done throughout the country and by petition upon congress the pressure he could bring to bear, force it to yield per cent in his way of handling the submarine issue, which we all now must grant was the right way.

"None of the pro-ally republican press doubts for a moment that Hughes is just as pro-ally as his spokesman, Roosevelt. I wonder that the German language press fails to take notice of these facts which tell all German-Americans in plain language as plain as can be, that the republican party intends to use the German vote against us as a catspaw in this campaign. The blind 'anything-to-beat Wilson' sentiment of theirs is a valuable ally in the fight of the enemies of peace against Wilson, and the republican campaign leaders play a very clever game in playing the German vote against the president. If we fail to see that now, we shall have to see our grievous mistake after the election, when the mask will fall off the faces of false friends (if, unfortunately, the president should be beaten.

"I fear when the game is up German voters will regret to see that they have been 'sold.' In the hands of Hughes and the republican party the issues the German-American stood for will be handled in rough-rider fashion, and, what is more, America's hitherto wise and peaceful course will be put in the gravest danger."