THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS.—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, $1 per year in advance.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 28

Friday, August 26, 1910.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for minority representative in the Thirty-third senatorial district, and ask the support of all democrats who deem me worthy. J. S. SLOAN.

The early bird gets the worm, but on the other hand the early worm gets eaten.

It's in the air already—the Curtiss aeroplane in connection with the third annual Rock Island exposition. Everybody is talking about it.

A Kentucky girl whose husband discouraged her taste for hobble skirts by well directed kicks, is suing for divorce. Why not apply for an order to hobble the hubsand?

The New York Press confesses to "a strong conviction that Senator Bristow is a man of better political principles than Senator Aldrich." That being true, Senator Bristow's principles may or may not be good.

King Manuel of Portugal has been forced to hide in the mountains for the purpose of keeping out of the way of the Portuguese revolutionists. It seems a shame to spoil the summer of an absolutely inoffensive young king in that way.

Another Pittsburg scandal! Jeremiah F. McCarthy has been arrested for stealing $400,000 from the Crucible Steel company. This man must feel cheap when he compares his paltry pilfering with others that have recently been called to the attention of the public.

George Ade, at a tea, was reproachfully asked by a matron why, with his fortune, he did not marry. "Well, madam," Mr. Ade replied, "I have decided that in my case it is better to stay single and disappoint a few women for a time than to get married and disappoint one woman for life."

Members of congress issued 14,000,000 copies of speeches at government expense during the last session of congress. And of the hundreds of speeches editors are supposed to miss reading none of them. This is one form of mute appeal for sympathy for the editors.

The center of population under the new census will not, it is thought, be moved far from the present center, says the Indianapolis Star. This is not because the population of the United States has not greatly increased, but because the bulk of the increase is not as usual, in the west. There has been a great addition to the number of inhabitants of the southwest, especially in Texas; but on the other hand, a large percentage of the immigrants who arrived during the last few years scattered themselves over the eastern states. Rhode Island's increase for example is 16 per cent. In every direction there is still room for more.

So Long to the "Tin Soldier."

There is no longer room for the old and familiar street cry "tin soldier," heard not so very many years ago, whenever bodies of state militia marched jauntily along. It has gone with superfluous gold lace and fancy uniforms. The business of being a volunteer national guardsman has been gradually, but surely, transformed to the grave and dignified plane of the regular. Camp life is no longer a vacation. It is mostly made up of hard work, with just enough healthful diversion to make it attractive.

In one particular there has been a decided change, and this is in sanitation. The guardsman who goes into camp today is instructed in the fine art of keeping well. He is schooled in what to eat and where and what to drink and what not to drink. Rightly ordered camp life is the healthiest life on earth. Napoleon recognized the principle of keeping his army well fed and healthy, as well as well equipped. As a result he overawed all Europe.

The Illinois national guard is learning, and learning rapidly, the ways of the regulars. It is becoming more and more valuable as a reserve force which may be depended upon to give a good account of itself.

Retribution.

A St. Louis man had three wives. Two killed themselves and the third tried it. Now the husband has died by his own hand. His parents are wealthy and prominent. Lying beside his dead body was a religious work, entitled, "The Mystery of God Revealed From His Work," and on an open page it was written, "The Man of Sin is Revealed." Can one imagine the last hours of his life when, as he toyed with the revolver with which he shot himself, the recollections of the years gone by went rushing through his mind. Picture him conning over his wasted years, seeing the ghastly features of the women whom he had driven to despair.

And then imagine him plodding through the pages of "The Mystery of God Revealed From His Work," and writing his confession: "The Man of Sin is Revealed."

An O. K. for Taft.

John Hays Hammond, greatest of American mining engineers, was quoted in Sunday's press dispatches as warmly and unreservedly commending the administration of President Taft in every particular.

Mr. Hammond is several times a millionaire, and long ago quit the tripod. He is a member of the Ryan-Morgan syndicate which secured valuable concessions in the Congo from the late King Leopold, which syndicate is now engaged in exploiting the resources of the country, and the labor of its people.

Doubtless Mr. Hammond has very large interests in Alaska along with his partners—Morgan and the Guggenheims. He took so keen an interest in Mr. Taft's campaign that he personally subscribed a large part of the campaign fund.

His days are largely given over to playing golf with Taft at Beverly, and his nights to dinners with one or another man of influence.

It is an open political secret that Ballinger was substituted for Garfield in the interior department at the request of Mr. Hammond.

Naturally, therefore, and as becomes a grateful man, John Hays Hammond is enthusiastic in his praise of the Taft administration.

And if Ballinger shall go, Mr. Hammond is going to be very close to the president's ear so that he shall be able to guide him "wisely" in the selection of Ballinger's successor.

CALL FOR DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

Headquarters Democratic State Central Committee of Illinois. Chicago, Ill., Aug. 9.

A convention of the Democracy of Illinois is hereby called to meet on Friday, Sept. 23, 1910, at noon, at the auditorium of the city hall in the city of East St. Louis, for the following purposes, viz:

To nominate three candidates for trustees of the University of Illinois,

To adopt a party platform,

To transact such other business as may properly be presented.

The said convention will be composed of delegates from the several counties of the state of Illinois, to be selected under the provisions of the primary election laws in force July 1, 1910.

The basis of representation for the counties will be one delegate for every 400 votes and major fraction thereof cast for the Bryan and Kern electors of the democratic ticket of 1908.

The total number of delegates which shall compose the convention is 1,140, and the number of delegates to which each county is entitled is as follows:

Counties.	Delegates.
Adams	21
Alexander	5
Bond	4
Boone	1
Brown	4
Bureau	7
Calhoun	2
Carroll	3
Cass	6
Champaign	12
Christian	10
Clark	7
Clay	6
Clinton	8
Coles	10
Cook	399
Crawford	7
Cumberland	5
DeKalb	4
DeWitt	5
Douglas	5
DuPage	5
Edgar	9
Edwards	2
Effingham	7
Fayette	8
Ford	3
Franklin	9
Fulton	12
Gallatin	2
Greene	8
Grundy	3
Hamilton	5
Hancock	11
Hardin	2
Henderson	2
Henry	7
Iroquois	8
Jackson	6
Jasper	8
Jefferson	5
Jersey	6
Jo Daviess	6
Johnson	3
Kane	13
Kankakee	6
Kendall	1
Knox	8
Lake	6
LaSalle	13
Lawrence	6
Lee	5
Livingston	9
Logan	9
Macon	12
Macoupin	14
Madison	20
Marion	10
Marshall	4
Mason	6
Massac	1
McDonough	8
McHenry	5
McLean	15
Menard	4
Mercer	4
Monroe	4
Montgomery	10
Morgan	10
Moultrie	4
Ogle	4
Peoria	22
Perry	6
Piatt	4
Pike	10
Pope	2
Pulaski	3
Putnam	1
Randolph	8
Richland	5
Rock Island	12
Saline	6
Sangamon	23
Schuyler	5
Scott	3
Shelby	10
Stark	2
St. Clair	28
Stephenson	10
Tazewell	9
Union	7
Vermilion	13
Wabash	4
Warren	6
Washington	5
Wayne	7
White	6
Whiteside	5
Will	14
Williamson	9
Winnebago	5
Woodford	5

By order of the democratic state central committee.

CHARLES BOESCHENSTEIN, Chairman.

I. B. Craig Secretary.

Aug. 26 in American History

1859—First petroleum well began to flow at Titusville, Pa.

1871—Charles Scribner, founder of the publishing house bearing his name and of the original Scribner's Magazine, afterward the Century, died; born 1821.

1894—The Wilson tariff bill became a law without the president's approval. Celia Laighton Thaxter, American poet, died at the Isles of Shoals; born 1835.

1904—John Rogers, sculptor of "Rogers Groups," died; born 1829.

MAY LOSE THRONE

The Maharajan of Kapurthala Proves to Be Too Exjensive in His Tastes.

GRINDS SUBJECTS HARD

Usually Broke, Though Indian Monarchy Nets Him $1,000,000 in Annual Income.

New Yorkers and other Americans who were dazzled by the glory of the maharajah of Kapurthala and his glittering suit when he visited the United States a dozen years ago will be interested to know that the lavish Indian potentate's efforts to save his throne seem doomed to fail.

Though in India he is styled "king of kings," he is a vassal of the king of England, who is also emperor of India, and has good reason to fear that he is about to be dethroned.

Tastes Too Expensive.

The maharajah's tastes are too expensive for even his income of nearly a million dollars a year, and he has been playing ducks and drakes with the finances of his state. His native advisers are disgusted with him, and the Indian government has warned him that unless he ceases to be so prodigal he will have to get out.

He went to England, accompanied by his Spanish wife, early this year to try to see King Edward about it. The king would have nothing to do with him there. The importunate maharajah pursued him to Biarritz and engaged a suit of rooms just above his majesty's. He so exasperated King Edward with his attentions that a strong hint was conveyed to him by an equerry that he might as well go home, for there was no chance of getting an audience with the king.

He hopes King George will prove more tractable, but this is far from probable, and unless he leaves off extorting from his impoverished subjects money to be frittered away in Europe his deposition is thought to be certain.

Easy For Tradesmen.

The maharajah is as easy a mark for the tradesmen of the European capitals as was the late shah of Persia. When he was in Biarritz this year he bought eighteen new automobiles in a fortnight. Generally his purchases are conceived on much the same scale.

His wife, a rarely beautiful woman, was a dancing girl in her native Spanish town when he first saw her and fell in love with her. Her name was Anita Delgado. Her equally lovely sister, Victoria Delgado, captivated young Thomas Ross Winans, who married her about three years ago in spite of earnest family objections.

Quick Relief for Rheumatism.

George W. Koons, Lawton, Mich., says: "Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism has given my wife wonderful benefit for rheumatism. She could not lift hand or foot, had to be lifted for two months. She began the use of the remedy and improved rapidly. On Monday she could not move and on Wednesday she got up and dressed herself and walked out for her breakfast." Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second avenue, Rock Island; Gust Schlegel & Son, 220 West Second street, Davenport.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all druggists.

Are You Hesitating?

Don't let indecision keep you from having your falling hair stopped. Unless you do something to prevent it, you'll lose all your hair. We know how to stop falling hair. We ask you to come in and inspect our Hairdressing Parlors, all newly equipped and recently enlarged.

In charge of

MISS ICEY TEEL

Shampooing,

Hairdressing a specialty.

Manicuring,

Scalp Massage,

Chiropody

Facial Massage.

Young & McCombs Co-Operative Store Co.

Rock Island, Ill.

THE HOPES OF SPAIN AT PLAY

THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT SAN SEBASTIAN

SAN SEBASTIAN, Spain.—In happy ignorance of the political troubles that beset their father, the two children of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria are having a glorious summer at this delightful seaside resort. Every day they may be seen with their nurses at play in the sands, romping about and digging with their little shovels on the beach. They are healthy, cheerful youngsters and great favorites with the other children here.

The Argus Daily Short Story

What a Child Did—By Edward Huntington.

Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

Some say that a mother's love has more influence for good than any other kind. Others say that the love between the sexes is most effective. I think that if good alone is considered the mother's love is far the stronger. If both good and evil are included sexual love is far more powerful.

I have been moved by both of these influences, but the greatest that ever swayed me was from a child.

I was employed in a bank. One day I came across a feature in my books that I didn't understand. I called the cashier's attention to it, and he came over to my desk to look into it. As soon as he saw what I referred to he told me that he would examine the matter the next day.

The following morning, when I took up my books and turned to those parts which had puzzled me the day before, I saw evidences on certain figures of very delicate scratching. I never scratched entries myself, and these erasures surprised me. While I was examining the scratched figures with a little pocket magnifying glass one of the boys came up to me and told me that the president wished to see me.

The president was not in the habit of sending for the clerks, and I naturally felt a dread as to what he wished to see me for. At the same time the puzzle about my books flashed upon me, and I felt a sudden vague terror.

I found a man in the president's private office who seemed to be interested in my coming. He was not talking to the president as I entered, but looked me over as though sizing me up. The president said to me:

"Mr. Twining, there is a deficiency of $20,000 in our cash, and there are evidences in your books of such a loss having been covered up. It is my painful duty to hand you over to the authorities—that is, unless you are able to restore the funds, in which case we will not prosecute you."

A FLOOD OF LIGHT FELL ON THE FACE OF THE BABY.

As soon as I could get my breath I denied the charge. Of course my denial had no effect. I asked that the cashier be called, and my request was granted. He came in, showing no especial concern to one who did not suspect him as I did. I saw evidences, especially in his eye, that he was carrying a big load.

"Mr. Wilcox," I said, "did I not call your attention yesterday before closing to an irregularity I had discovered in my books?"

"You did, but I had not time to investigate it."

"Why," I said, turning to the president, "should I call attention to a deficit I was attempting to cover up?"

"I know nothing about what Mr. Twining wished to call my attention to," the cashier put in. "For a week past I have been at work on my books nights with a view to discover this deficiency. He might have wished to speak of some other matter."

It was all clear to me. Wilcox had used $20,000 of the bank's funds and had been tampering with my books to make it appear that I had been covering up such a deficiency. I saw at once that I was ruined and broke down, crying like a baby. This was considered evidence of my guilt. I was turned over to the man I have spoken of, who was a constable, taken to jail and put in a cell.

I told my attorney of my suspicions as to the guilty party; but, whether he believed I was mistaken or that I was guilty, he made no attempt to throw the burden on the cashier. Perhaps he thought it better to advocate an entirely different theory. At any rate, he made a lamentable failure of my defense. I was convicted and sent to state prison for ten years.

I never speak or write of that horrible period—I served seven years, getting off three for good behavior—because I do not wish to exorcise the demon it begot in my nature. Upon entering the prison I formed a resolution as to what I would do as soon as I got out—I would kill the man who had ruined me. My first resolve was to pick a quarrel with him, giving him an equal chance with me for his life. But upon consideration I saw no justice in this and resolved to kill him on sight. But to do this I would have to suffer death on the gallows or imprisonment for life. My final plan was to go to his house at night, kill him secretly and fly to some foreign country. From this determination I never swerved.

As soon as I was discharged I went to the nearest ocean port, learned all about the sailing of vessels and fixed the date of my revenge for a day and hour to enable me to reach a ship just as she was sailing. Then I went to the city where I had been ruined and where my enemy lived. He was still cashier of the same bank where I had been employed and lived in the same house. I surmised that he was still indebted to the bank, for he could not have made restitution without exonerating me.

To carry out my plan I must work as an ordinary criminal. But why not? This man had placed me before all the world in the position of a criminal, and my proposed act would confirm me in that position. I provided myself with an auger and a circular saw with which to gain an entrance into his house. I took no firearms, only a sharp knife.

When all was ready I was obliged to wait for several days to expire before the sailing of the vessel on which I intended to leave. During this interval I kept continually brooding on my ruined life, those terrible years in prison and the miserable future before me. The result was that I could scarcely wait for my revenge. But the hands of the world's clock never stop, and at last the night for my work came round.

Having reached Wilcox's house, I bored a hole in a rear door, sawed out a piece of the panel large enough to insert my arm and shot the bolts. I had been in the house when I was employed in the bank and had recently taken pains to learn that Wilcox slept in a room by himself and what room he occupied. Therefore, though I had a lantern with me, I did not expect to use it.

Nevertheless I found that I must take risks. Getting into a room with which I was not familiar and not hearing any one breathing hard as in sleep, I flashed my light in order to get my bearings. I turned it rapidly here and there till it fell on a child's crib, and before I realized what I was doing a flood of bright light fell on the face of a baby I should say about six months of age, and before I could turn my lantern aside two eyes were blinking at the dazzling rays.

The next thing for that child to do would be to cry, and that would send me back within walls and without any revenge. I resorted to a desperate expedient. I went to the child and began to hum a tune in a low voice. Still it fretted. Then, knowing that there was no one but the child and myself in the room, with the door to the adjoining room closed and the door by which I had entered from the hall also closed, I concluded to light the gas, though I kept it turned pretty low. Then I went back to continue my efforts to quiet the child.

The moment the little fellow saw me he smiled at me.

If you can conceive of an ugly storm suddenly giving way before balmy sunshine you can understand the murder in my heart melting before that baby's smile. I crooked my forefinger and held it up to the little fellow, and he clutched it. There's a line in poetry, "Baby fingers, waxen touches," that when I read it always reminds me of that boy's grasp. Then he caught sight of a seal ring on my little finger my mother had given me and let go my forefinger to investigate the ring.

I had come into that house to kill that boy's father. For the first time the horror of such a revenge became apparent to me. Before the child's confiding smile, his innocent eyes, under his waxen touch, the injury I was intending to do him through his father passed back into that horrible imprisonment from which it had sprung.

The door that led to the adjoining room opened and Wilcox, in night clothes, entered. He stared at me for a few moments, then, recognizing me, exclaimed:

"Twining! What are you doing here?"

"I came to kill you. Your boy has saved your life."

I shall never forget his agonized expression.

"If it were not for him and his mother I would gladly have you run a knife through me at this moment."

"And for his and his mother's sake I forgive you."

Beckoning me to follow him, he went into the hall, down on to the main floor and into the library.

"Twining," he said brokenly, "you are a noble fellow."

"I might have been had you not put murder into my heart."

"It was I, not yourself, that effected a temporary change in you. You have been recalled to what you were by my innocent boy. God grant he may never know that to save myself I ruined you."

"He never shall know it from me, and if I can help it he shall never know it from any one else. I will keep the secret for him and from him. But that deficiency—is it still a loss?"

"I have gained the money to repay it long ago. I should have done so and had the strength to exonerate you, but I could not own my meanness."

"You needn't do that now. I will confess to what I denied. If you wish to make restitution through me, do so. I will keep that secret too."

"There is a better way. I can send it anonymously."

And so it was that an innocent child saved me from murder, enabled his father to restore the funds he had taken and to exonerate me.

Latest Move of Suffragettes.

London's "bobbies" are losing much sleep these days. And no wonder. Until the present the arrest of suffragettes has been one of London's chief outdoor diversions; but, judging from the conditions being made for the future, the "bobbies" will have their hands more than full in handling the women. Mrs. Garrud, a jiu jitsu expert, has been engaged by the organization to teach that difficult art, and the suffragettes will use the Japanese method of dealing with policemen and others who interrupt their meetings. "We are going to use force in earnest in the future," says a suffragette, "and if some of those big brutes of policemen are injured it won't be our fault, for warning has now been given." From now on the war for "votes for women" will go on with renewed vigor.

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all druggists.

Struck a Rich Mine.

S. W. Bends of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of liver and kidney trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for constipation, malaria, headache, dyspepsia, debility, 25 cents at all druggists.

Better Results in the Laundry

Gets the Dirt and Spares the Clothes

You've probably always boiled your clothes. It's necessary with ordinary soaps. But not with Peosta. You'll get better results by simply soaking the clothes in Peosta suds than you will by hours of boiling with ordinary soaps.

Peosta gets the dirt more easily. And it spares the clothes. That is why it is far more economical. No need for scrub-board or boiler — both enemies of your clothes. Try the Peosta way once and save needless work and wear.

5 large bars 25c.

All grocers carry Peosta. If yours is out of it, write us.

JAMES BEACH & SONS, Dubuque, Iowa

Also manufacturers of Beach's Floating White Castile for dishes and hands.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

ONE of two things generally concerns us, but when we have to be concerned about two of one things we want to select the thing ourselves.

Do the best you can all the time and you will at least keep busy.

A man who is fussy about his neckties ought to keep his shoes well polished—but does he?

Don't try to drown your troubles. They can swim like fish. Just forget them.

People who are having theories as a business seldom lack practice of having them.

It really seems disproportionate that it takes so little to make some people mad and so much to please them.

When you sit down hard on some people you often find the seat uncomfortable.

We are often admonished to keep our poise, and the admonisher seems to forget that we must first get it.

It is easier to want the good opinion of others than it is to get it.

The man who works for $2 a day isn't apt to get arrested for disorderly conduct.

Beyond His Capacity.

"Didn't you come back rather suddenly from your vacation?"

"Well, you see, I was the only man among ten women at the resort."

"What was the matter with that?"

"Nothing, only before I knew it I was engaged to the entire ten."

"And did they make it hot for you?"

"No; they were pleasant enough about it."

"Then why didn't you stay?"

"I ducked when three more women got off the train."

Practical Test.

"What are you looking so glum about?"

"I have a raging toothache."

"Pshaw! Pain is all imaginary."

"Think so?"

"I know it. Just think you haven't got it and it will vanish."

"Would you mind letting me drop this flatiron on your toe?"

Longing.

If Cook did not discover
The very northmost spot
I'd like to be as close to it
As the explorer got.

Finished Product So Different.

"It is awfully funny."

"What is awfully funny?"

"You know Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes."

"Well, she takes in washing."

"What of it?"

"And she lets out rooms."

Some Provocation.

"He refuses to drown the kittens for his wife."

"Too tender hearted?"

"Yes."

"That's all put on. I saw him yesterday swinging his arms and shouting 'Kill the umpire!'"

Accommodating.

"Pretty swell restaurant we were in."

"Yes, and I noticed you didn't tip the waiter. Isn't that allowed?"

"Yes, but I forgot about it."

"I wish I had a memory like that."

Excellent.

"I like my dressmaker so much."

"That's a good thing."

"Isn't it?"

"She is very stylish, I suppose?"

"Not so very, but she hardly ever sends in a bill."

Took a Tumble.

"We don't see the old fashioned minstrel show any more."

"No."

"Have the end men all died?"

"No; just got ashamed of themselves."

Relentless.

Yes, swat 'em, spot 'em,
Biff and bing with sticks
Or bricks or anything—
Your mitt if it
Is strong and true.
A towel, too, will do.
Pursue the pesky varmint to its lair,
And there don't spare
Its feelings, life or child or wife
Or kith or kin. Pitch in and win.
Get on its tracks with ax
Or gun or any weapon 'neath the sun.
Try traps. Perhaps they'll land a bunch.
Put poison where they fare for lunch.
Use any method that you will,
But kill and kill!
Stay on, McDuff! Be rough.
Don't stop though they should cry,
"Enough!"
Your bloody flag must not be furled
Until we have a flyless world.

When the digestion is all right, the action of the bowels regular, there is a natural craving and relish for food. When this is lacking you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and LiverTablets. They strengthen the digestive organs, improve the appetite and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.