

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, September 14, 1912.

Win with Wilson.

Try Rock Island First.

Enforce the automobile regulations.

The straw hat is now grasping at the last straw.

Improve the avenues leading into the city as well as those within the city.

The sending up of two lieutenants with every aeroplane in the British aviation corps seems a lamentable waste of material.

It is reported that an earthquake was recently felt at Reno. But it doesn't seem possible that anything could shock Reno.

For an old, experienced jurist, Mayor Gaynor seems to have shown an astonishingly little knowledge of what is expected of witnesses.

Carnegie is reported to have bought up and closed all the "pubs" near his castle at Skibo and now a thirsty native has to go 14 miles to get a drink. Such a philanthropy.

There is only one man in the whole world who is incapable of doing wrong, thinking wrong, acting wrong, being wrong. And he is advertising it. "There is a reason."

There will be the biggest crop on record this year. Under the old proverb that the liquid product of corn makes democrats, this ought to be a great year also for Bourbons.

STERILIZE THE SCHOOL BOOKS

The Ohio state board of health does not approve of the old school book, the school book all tattered and torn, the school book with signs that it has been less read than worn. For it has evidence in its possession that amid the grimo so generally divided with the book by its owners there are bacteria that move and multiply and seize the first opportunity to found flourishing colonies in childish throats and lungs.

It has sometimes seemed as if education might be halted if there were no dirt to transfer to the first reader, the geography and the arithmetic. Schooling appeared to progress more smoothly, the routine became more firmly established after a few pages had been torn, the corners frayed and the color tone harmonized with the backs of the hands of young students.

But, undoubtedly, that was an error. It was the kind of thinking that our standpatters think, arguing that what is to be.

The state board urges that all old school books be sterilized and told how it can be done to the damage of the bacteria, but not to the books. We suppose it is right. It is better that children live healthfully than that so time-honored an institution as the combination school book and towel survive.

WAR WITH MEXICO?

The news dispatches from Washington and Beverly indicate that the national administration believes itself confronted by the possible necessity of extensive armed intervention by this country in Mexico for the purpose of restoring peace there. The public has been somewhat startled thereat. It had thought that danger past.

The turbulent condition of affairs in Mexico is a matter of common knowledge. The country is being harried by bands of revolutionists and bandits, and the Madero government has thus far been unable to suppress them. Possibly Americans who have remained in Mexico are in danger, but long ago they were warned to obtain safety by returning to the United States. In this situation the American people as a whole can see no reason for war with Mexico, with its inevitable sacrifice of lives and money—for armed intervention of sufficient extent to restore order would probably be resisted by the Mexican people and that would mean war in effect if not in name. The public realizes, moreover, that pressure is being brought to bear upon the president by financial interests whose heavy Mexican investments are imperiled. And neither in that can it see a good reason for such intervention as seems to be contemplated.

The Americans on this side of the Mexican border must be protected. Those in the interior of Mexico who are non-combatants must be assured the immunities of non-combatants.

But if this country is drawn into war with Mexico, the cause must be more compelling than any that has yet appeared, or it will be in opposition to the wishes of the people of the United States.

And they would surely find the means to make their resentment effective.

THE DEATH OF NOGI.

The suicide of General Nogi and his wife at the pier of the Japanese emperor, in the fulfillment of a strange tradition as an imaginary sacrifice to patriotism, gives to the world a thought that cannot be overlooked, or lightly considered. It is while Japan has grown to be recognized as a world power, and is now numbered among the civilized nations of the world, it is this Spartan-like determination of barbarism, that is greatly responsible for its military achievements. It is the defiance and love of death for the emperor, that has made the soldiers almost invincible and unconquerable in its recent wars.

Inspired by century learned motives as mysterious and incomprehensible as they are terrible, who knows what they may do? Nogi's self-destruction was intended, no doubt, as an inspiration to those who may follow him. It will be received by his people as a holy sacrifice of a martyr, and they will be moved by the spirit of the dead as it may come to them. The Japanese people, believing, too, in that peculiar idea of fatalism for which they are known, they will always be found a people to reckon with in contests which try the strength of nations.

STICK TO THE HOME MERCHANT.

"The Store of a Thousand Windows" is the title bestowed upon a mail order catalogue by the house issuing it. The advertisement in which this unique name appears covers a full page in a magazine and the writer claims that "in the preparation of every one of the thousand pages we spend more money than is ever spent in the decorating of a single Wanamaker window, or the erection of a Marshall Field display."

The advertisement calling attention to this book costs a lot of money. Magazine pages cost from \$750 to several thousand dollars a page for a single issue. A dozen or more magazines are used and the expense runs up to a figure that would equip several good sized stores. In addition, "every one of the thousand pages has required more money than goes into a window display of the most famous stores in the world."

Rock Island merchants can supply nearly every want of every resident in this territory. Not alone can they do this, but they do it cheaper than the man does who must get his legitimate profit and on top of it the quarter million of dollars spent in getting out its "Store of a Thousand Windows."

The mail order house runs no risk, it does business on a "cash in advance basis." If the purchase does not suit, that does not bother the mail order house. It has the money. The Rock Island merchant stands back of every purchase made. If it is not as represented, he makes good by replacing any defective article with one that is good. He sells the actual goods, not the pictures. He does more. He pays taxes which make this city prosperous, offering a market for the produce of the country adjoining it. For the city man he procures protection and in addition he never fails to do his share towards churches and home enterprises. The mail order house does nothing of the kind. It has no interest in Rock Island's progress or prosperity.

Those who are on the mailing list of a mail order house will profit by taking their wonderful "Store of a Thousand Windows" to the merchant dealing in the particular merchandise they are tempted to buy on the strength of the picture to compare the home merchant's prices with those quoted by the mail order house and 99 times out of 100 they will find that the local price is lower, while the actual article is on sale, not the picture. Above all, the legitimate profit on the purchase goes towards building up Rock Island and Rock Island county instead of paying for further editions of the wonderful "Store of a Thousand Windows."

Stick to the home merchant.

\$15,000 IS RECOVERED BY CHADWICK VICTIMS

Elyria, Ohio, Sept. 14.—Part of the money out of which the people of Oberlin were fleeced by the late Cassie Chadwick came back to them today. The United States Fidelity & Bonding company of New York paid into the court here \$22,875, which represents the \$15,000 bond, with interest, of the late cashier, A. B. Spear, of the National Bank of Oberlin, wrecked through its dealings with Mrs. Chadwick. Payment followed a long litigation. The money is to be divided among the stockholders of the bank, who were assessed \$100,000 to pay depositors' losses.

OLD COLLEGE IS CLOSED

Jubilee Buildings and Auctions to be Disposed of at Effect.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 14.—Jubilee college, founded by the old Episcopal church in 1835, financed by funds obtained from England and southern states, is no more.—Bishop Fawcett, who was guardian of the school, and the trustees have decided to discontinue the school. It went into bankruptcy six weeks ago and an auction of all the effects except the buildings and land, is set for next Tuesday. Once the school corporation owned 3,600 acres of land, but it dwindled until now there are only 300 heavily mortgaged.

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS



Edna K. Wolley

THEY HAZED HIM JUST THE SAME.

A Cleveland councilman (called alderman in some cities) and bachelor, proposes an ordinance that will stop bridegroom hazing.

While one is tempted to suspect that the bachelor councilman is contemplating immediate matrimony (which he does not admit) and so is striving to protect himself from his many friends, one at the same time agrees heartily, that the newly married should not be annoyed by the playful antics of rabid acquaintances. Goodness knows, the newly married have troubles enough coming to 'em without any assistance from the outside.

Sometimes the 'hazing' is a harmless and good-natured affair, as happened to a certain young man who quietly took a wife a few weeks ago. Being a popular young fellow, he had an idea of what might be coming to him if the day of his marriage was known. Therefore the wedding was quietly conducted at home with only the immediate relatives present, and the young people, without announcing any "at home" day, took up their residence in a suburban home where the carfare discourages frequent visits.

But the marriage soon became known (somebody always tells!) and when the young people, accompanied by the bride's mother, came into town to attend a dancing party, their friends were "laying" for them. The bride was immediately appropriated by all the good looking young men in the hall. Not once during the evening was her husband permitted to dance with her or even get near her. The bridegroom and mother-in-law were courteously but firmly conducted here and there until the groom had announced to each guest: "I am married now. This is my mother-in-law. Everybody please pray for me."

After the ceremony the groom was not permitted to dance with anybody but the mother-in-law, and required to treat her in every respect as if he was delighted, while his friends stood around with sorrowful faces and made pitying remarks. In due time the bride and her mother were respectfully escorted home, but the groom was spirited away to a far off den, where he was relieved of all his money and served with a supper of limburger cheese and trimmings. There he heard condolences and was compelled to make a speech bewailing his unhappy lot while wielding an onion-soaked handkerchief, which caused most natural-looking tears to course down his cheeks.

When the last owl car had rattled its way home, the bridegroom was told that he might be himself home-ward. It was only eight miles or so, and he was entirely cash-less, so he walked. That last was the only thing that made the bride mad. "I didn't mind the fun at the dance," she said. "And mamma didn't mind, either. She's the best kind of a 'good sport,' you know, so she just laughed at all their silly doings. I didn't care how much fun they poked at Harry, either, or what he said, because I know he didn't mean it. And they could keep his old money. But to make my poor darling walk home like that after he was all tired out—I think it was a shame, and I won't speak to one of that bunch when I see any of them, so there!"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

ONE reason why a man can't live up to his bright future is that he can't live down his murky past.

A woman would rather be out at elbows than out of fashion.

A lot more people give promises than keep them.

A man may be broad minded without spreading himself at mid.

Having money differs in more than one way with spending money.

The angel a man marries doesn't always dwell in paradise.

The trouble is that a lot of expensive experience isn't worth what it costs.

Having a grudge doesn't distinguish a man, but sometimes it extinguishes him.

When we have just returned from a long outing trip we find this a sad and weary world.

The Great Event. The county fair is now on. And all the porkers proud are showing off their best before the gaping crowd.

The cattle in the narrow stalls, the horses on the track, are showing, each and every one, how fat they can stack.

The barker at the circus tent is leaning in the air. Great jagged holes, that each and all may know that he is there.

The peanut and the popcorn man are chasing far and wide to see that every hungry child is with a lunch supplied.

Up in the building on the hill, where cabbage is displayed beside the pumpkins and the corn and goose eggs, freshly laid, the folks who raised it stand around to hear its praises told.

And each one swells and feels as gay as any two-year-old.

The father and the mother come, and all the kids are there. They listen to the big brass band and at the players stare. They take in everything in sight that gives them thrills or mirth, and you can bet most anything they get their money's worth.

Prudent Statesmen. "I hear that the senate is pretty busy."

"That so?" "Yes, housecleaning."

"Housecleaning?" "Must be. I heard John say that they were whitewashing."

Hard to Find. "I don't see why you don't like Mr. Burroughs, Belle."

"He's too full of original sin."

"Huh! The man who can commit original sin in these days is too creative to have it matter."

Had it to Learn. "Who picks out his neckties for him?"

"His wife does."

"Why does he let her?" "So it appears you are not married."

He Was Certain. "Is there money in this scheme of Bilkins'?"

"There is."

"You seem certain of it."

"I am. I have just dropped \$5,000 in it myself."

Expectancy. "You seem much elated."

"I feel so happy!" "Why?"

"I expect to go to Europe some day."

"Huh! That's nothing. I expect to go to heaven."

Elucidated. "What is an egotist anyway?"

"What to know?" "Sure."

"A fellow who really seems to think as much of himself as you think of yourself."

Biff, Bang! "A soft answer?"

"Yes, I know."

"What?" "Makes the other fellow think you're scared of him."

Lost the Point. "I heard a brand new story today."

"What was it?" "I forget."

"But where do I laugh?"

Perhaps. "Why is it that you never hear of men suing for breach of promise?"

"They haven't as much faith in the jury as women have."

All Her Father Had. "How much do you love the girl?"

"About half a million."

Fully Impressed. "I see your daughter is engaged to be married."

"At last."

"I hope she realizes that marriage is a serious thing."

"You bet she does. We thought she'd never land this boob."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Argus Daily Story

An Ingenious Woman—By Ellen R. Merton.

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Edward Dingley returned from the city to his home much distressed. Throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands and moaned.

"Why, Edward," exclaimed his wife, "what's the matter?"

"The fashions have got me in a hole. I am liable at any moment to be arrested and tried. I shall certainly be convicted, for these men who have been using me as a catspaw have arranged to throw the whole blame upon me."

"And yet they have made money through you."

"Yes. I am the only honest one in the lot, the only one who has gained nothing by the transaction, and yet I

must serve a term in prison for a crime they have committed and by which they have become rich.

"You must not go to prison. It would kill you and me too."

"What can I do?"

"How much time have you?"

"I am liable to be arrested any time after a warrant can be procured—perhaps tomorrow."

"Well, we must lay a plan and do it at once. You must disappear."

"What would that avail? I shall be tracked and taken. And until I am taken I shall live under a suspense more dreadful than prison."

"You must die."

"What do you mean?"

"You must be murdered."

"For heaven's sake! Is this a time to talk nonsense?"

"They will not follow a dead man."

Dingley looked at his wife inquiringly. She seemed to be thinking and thinking hard. Indeed, she was not heeding what he said, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts. Presently she turned to him and said:

"Leave me. I must think out a way by which you can evade these men who have ruined you. Have you any money in the house?"

"Yes. Thinking that I might go away, I brought home \$1,000 in bills."

"Good. I didn't think you could be so thoughtful. Edward, you are a great fool, the kind of fool to believe that all persons are as honest as yourself. But such fools are very lovable, and I love you. Now go, and when I am ready for you I will call you."

She kissed him and led him to the foot of the stairs. He went up to his room, and she began to walk the floor, exercising her inventive faculties to the fullest extent. Two hours later she called him and unfolded a plan she had formed by which he might escape from the toils in which he had been caught.

The first snow of winter was falling when one evening a man without baggage alighted from a train not far from the village of L. and walked to a hotel. The clerk turned the register toward him and handed him a pen, with which he wrote his name, Edward P. Dingley. Then he was shown a room. He returned to object to it. He was shown several others before he was satisfied, at last choosing one on the third floor. Before retiring, he gave the clerk a package marked to contain \$500, which he desired him to place in his safe.

"Do you see that young man sitting over there smoking a cigarette?" he asked the clerk.

"The one in the checkered suit?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of him?"

"When did he come here?"

"About an hour after you did."

Dingley eyed the man in the checkered suit suspiciously.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the clerk.

"I'll tell you," replied Dingley in a low voice. "This afternoon I drew \$1,000 from the —th Bank in G. That young fellow was in the line before the paying teller's window and presented a check just before I presented mine. Then he stood aside from the line counting the bills he had drawn, but I noticed he kept one eye on me and the money I drew. After leaving the bank I looked back and saw him not far behind me. I saw him again on the train coming here. I wonder what interest he can have in me."

"His appearing to follow you is probably the result of coincidence. He is a traveling man from a well known house—at least he told me so—and has with him a large trunk made especially for samples."

"Well, I've given you all the money I have with me. I think it is always best when stopping at a hotel to deposit valuables in the safe. Then it can't be stolen."

With that Mr. Dingley had the clerk's good night and went upstairs to bed.

The next morning about 10 o'clock the chambermaid announced at the office that, having knocked at the door of one of the rooms, No. 321, she had received no reply and, opening the door with a pass key, had entered it, found it empty and blood on the bedclothes, which were much rumpled. The clerk remembered that No. 321 had been assigned to Mr. Dingley. He went at once to the room and found the condition as stated by the maid.

Remembering his conversation with Dingley on the previous evening concerning the commercial traveler in the checkered suit, he also recollected that the man had paid his bill at 6 o'clock in the morning and taken a train leaving at 7. Referring to the register, the clerk found the drummer's name to be Burton and at once telegraphed the firm he claimed to represent inquiring concerning him. A reply was received that no such man was in their employ.

Meanwhile the clerk questioned the hotel porter, who told him that when he carried in the supposed drummer's trunk he had remarked on accepting a tip that it was very light, whereupon he had been told by the owner that it contained samples of laces. But he noticed that on carrying the trunk out in the morning its weight had been considerably increased. The clerk asked how much it had been increased, but the porter could form no idea of the additional weight.

The proprietor of the hotel, having received enough information concerning the case to warrant a grave suspicion that a murder had been committed in his house, reported the matter to the police.

An inspector came at once and was shown to No. 321. Taking away a sheet that had blood stains on it, he submitted it to a test, which indicated that it had been shed by a human being. With the other facts in the case it was plain to the police that Dingley had been observed to draw a goodly sum from the bank, had been followed and murdered, the murder having been committed possibly in self defense while the thief was trying to steal the money.

Meanwhile the murder was published a warrant was sworn out for Dingley's arrest, and an officer went to his house to serve it. He found there Mrs. Dingley, who told him that her husband had not returned to his home as usual the evening before and she did not know where he had gone. He was to have brought home considerable money, which he told her he was to use in making certain payments. She feared that he had met with foul play.

When the murder at L. was published it was supposed that in order to avoid arrest Dingley had absconded and that the murder story was a fake to cover his flight. But gradually the fact of his having drawn a sum of money from the bank, which he had left in the possession of the landlord of the hotel, and the other circumstances attending the murder came out, and the opinion gained ground that he had really been murdered and his body carried out in the supposed commercial traveler's sample trunk, and the opinion of those who held that he had taken so much trouble to "fake" his demise was pronounced ridiculous. At any rate, the police spent much time in endeavoring to find his murderer, and no effort was made to find Dingley himself. Mrs. Dingley put on mourning for her husband, which was evidence that she believed him dead.

The widow took up the charges against her husband and spent much time in unraveling the conspiracy through which he had suffered. Dingley's removal rendered this easier than it would have been had he been present. Little by little the energetic lady laid bare the rascality of the conspirators till at last they were obliged to return their ill gotten gains, and it incidentally came out that Dingley was an innocent man. Then one day he drove up to his own house in a cab, and he and his wife were soon locked in a loving embrace.

Then the method by which it was made to appear that Dingley had been murdered was explained.

Mrs. Dingley had personated the young man in the checkered suit, wearing also a false brown beard. She had never been seen at the hotel without a hat, under which she had tucked her hair. The trunk had been nearly empty when taken to her room at the hotel. She had herself carried a suit case, in which were a number of heavy articles, which had been transferred to the trunk before it was carried out. Dingley had with him a sharp knife, with which he made a gash in his arm that had produced a plentiful supply of blood and smeared the sheets. He had returned the rooms offered him till he found one from which escape would appear difficult, and from which, by the aid of a sheet now he carried in his pocket, he could swing himself on to an "L" of the building.

Sept. 14 in American History.

1742—James Wilson, signer for Pennsylvania of the Declaration of Independence, born in Scotland; died 1798.

1847—General United States army under General Winfield Scott entered the City of Mexico as conquerors.

1851—James Peckham Cooper, the novelist, died; born 1780.

1862—Federal command under General W. B. Franklin and General A. E. Burnside drove the Confederates from 3rd Mountain, Maryland.

1891—President William McKinley died in Buffalo of the wound received on the 6th at the hands of Lewis J. (Boss) McGreeley; born Aug. 8, Jan. 29, 1826.



HE GAVE THE CLERK A PACKAGE MARKED TO CONTAIN \$500



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