

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, October 5, 1912.

There are two things to do. One is to set up the rule of justice and of right in such matters as the tariff, the regulation of the trusts and the prevention of monopoly, the adaptation of our banking and currency laws to the varied uses to which our people must put them, the treatment of those who do the daily labor in our factories and mines and throughout all our great industrial and commercial undertakings, and the political life of the people of the Philippines, for whom we hold governmental power in trust, for their service not our own. The other, the additional duty, is the great task of protecting our people and our resources and of keeping open to the whole people the doors of opportunity through which they must, generation by generation, pass if they are to make conquest of their fortunes in health, in freedom, in peace, and in contentment.—Woodrow Wilson.

The Philadelphia Record, in a moment of levity, says: "No wonder that between the democrats and the progressives Job Hedges."

New York may soon learn one way to reduce the high cost of living. The chauffeurs of the yellow taxicabs threaten to go on a strike.

The June brides have nothing on the October brides. The number of duplicate berry spoons and pickle forks is about the same for both.

China has decided to reject the proposed loan of \$350,000,000. But the loaning syndicate need not worry; almost any of us might be induced to accept it.

Colonel Roosevelt continues to be under the delusion that he is "fighting for the Lord." Wonder whether Perkins, Munsey, Fhina, et al, of the harvesters, steel and coal trusts are deluding themselves with the same idea.

All North America needs more hens. Every housekeeper knows how the egg market goes here and Canada is forced to import a food product which such an agricultural country might be expected to send to foreign lands. Mexico is no better off.

Colonel Roosevelt has been bagily heckled in his stumping tour through the south, where he was expecting to be enthusiastically received. The coloaal has met with disappointment everywhere this year. But let him cheer up, observes the Springfield Register; the worst is yet to come.

Professor Paul Noden of Riga, Russia, an eminent chemist, asserts that artificial eggs, just as good as hea's eggs, will be one of the chemical products of the near future. The hens are cackling over the proposed discovery. They do not fear the coming competition.

THEY KNOW BETTER NOW.

Advertising as a selling force for years met the opposition of salesmen, both resident and traveling, through the false belief that too much credit would be given for business increases to the publicity rather than to the personal effort of the man on the ground. For years salesmen felt that advertising appropriations were made up from the increased salaries that the salesmen might have received.

Time has changed this and today salesmen are the greatest boosters that advertising is blessed with, through a realization that the increased sales have greatly reduced the selling cost, and manufacturers and merchants are paying higher salaries than ever before.

ONE KIND OF NERVE.

Colonel Roosevelt decides that he did an "illegal thing" in consenting to the gobbling of the Tennessee Iron & Coal company by the steel trust during the panic of 1907. He is not sure that Governor Wilson would "have the nerve" to meet a great national crisis as he did.

If the thing Roosevelt did was not "illegal," why did it take "nerve"? If it was improper, why should it take "nerve"?

It should not take nerve for a president of the United States to do his duty in a legal way.

What Colonel Roosevelt should have said is it took "a nerve" to turn his most formidable rival over to the

steel trust. He then would have spoken the truth. The colonel correctly assumes that Governor Wilson has not "a nerve" of that kind. He would not be a party to a deal of a kind that would fasten upon the country an almost complete monopoly.

THE MIDGARD SERPENT.

Richard Le Galliene in Munsey's Magazine: According to the old Scandinavian fable of the cosmos, the whole world is encircled in the coils of a vast serpent. The ancient name for it was the Midgard serpent, and doubtless, for the old mythmaker, it had another significance. Today, however, the symbol may still hold good of a certain terrible and hideous reality.

Still, as of old, the world is encircled in the coils of a vast serpent; and the name of the serpent is Gossip. Wherever man is, there may you hear its sibilant whisper, and its foul spawn squirm and sting and poison in nests of hidden noisomeness myriad as the spores of corruption in a putrefying carcass, varying in size from some hydra-headed infamy endangering whole nations and even races with its deadly breath, to the microscopic wriggles that multiply, a million a minute, in the covered cesspools of private life.

Printed history is so infested with this vermin, in the form of secret memoirs, backstairs diarists, and boudoir eavesdroppers, that it is almost impossible to feel sure of the actual fact of any history whatsoever. The fame of great personages may be literally compared to the heroic figures in the well known group of the Lagoon, battling in vain with the strangling coils of the sea serpent of Posledore. We scarcely know what to believe of the dead; and for the living, is it not true, as Tennyson puts it, that "each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies"?

Wire Sparks

Sterling, Ill.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shafer celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. One hundred descendants were present.

Cherokee, Iowa—E. P. Hossainus, a wealthy farmer, convicted of murdering his wife, was given an eight-year sentence and fined \$500. His attorneys served notice of appeal, and bonds were fixed at \$25,000, which were furnished.

Marinette, Wis.—Sister Lucy, mother superior of St. Joseph's hospital in Menominee, has been made reverend mother of the Franciscan order of sisters in the United States. She will soon assume her duties as head of the order at the mother house in Peoria, Ill.

Freeport, Ill.—Bishop Muldoon of the Catholic diocese of Rockford has announced that a diocesan home for the aged will be established in this city.

Cleveland—This city's dancing pavilion, first municipal 3-cent dance hall in the country, closes its first season Oct. 5. It earned \$3,000 above expenses in three months.

Burlington, Iowa—While her husband was in jail, following a quarrel with her, Mrs. Laura Smith committed suicide at home. She left a note saying she "died of love for Smith."

Amherst, Mass.—Dr. Alexander Melickjohn will be inaugurated as president of Amherst college Oct. 16. The presidents of Harvard, Brown, Bowdoin and Williams will give addresses during the ceremonies.

Oshkosh, Wis.—Edward Pohl was committed to jail in default of \$5,000 bond on a charge of kidnaping preferred by Miss Odella Spanbauer, aged 24, a former sweetheart. The young woman charged that after she allowed another man to escort her home from a dance Pohl took her to his boat-house and kept her a prisoner forty and a half hours.

ROMANCES OF PORCELAIN.

The Climax to Palissy's Sixteen Years of Misery.

The maker of porcelain and pottery has decidedly the most exciting and romantic trade in the world.

The great factories of Sevres and Dresden were founded by Bernard Palissy. This man invented white enamel, but it took him sixteen years to make the invention—sixteen years of hunger, misery and persecution, which culminated in the episode, used in H. A. Jones' play of "The Middleman," wherein Palissy maintained his furnace fire by burning all the furniture in his house and finally opened the furnace door to find within the glaze which he had sought throughout the best years of his life.

Bottger invented hard porcelain. He was an alchemist, and one day, chancing to discover that his powdered wig was unusually heavy, he inquired the cause and found that the weight was due to the kaolin with which the wig was powdered. This kaolin was the substance for lack of which Bottger's investigations had for years failed.

When Elers opened a porcelain factory at Burslem, England, he employed the most stupid and litigious workmen, so that his secret processes might not become known. But Samuel Atbury resolved to learn the Elers method, and, affecting ignorance and stupidity, he got a place in the factory, wherein he duplicated in every detail the work of Elers.

Familiar Quotations.

One of the most familiar quotations from the Bible which are not to be found there upon research is

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS

Edna K. Wolgy



MAN, AND HER CLOTHES.

The women of a town in West Virginia have gone on strike against the full skirt. They have told the men to stop preaching and mind their own business; that they're going to wear the kind of clothes they want and that's all there is to it. They intimate that they are weary of dressing according to the moral preachments of their male relatives while said male relatives neglect them for women who doll up in the latest styles and who are not afraid to show their shapes—said shapes being no better than the kind at home. Therefore the women of this town are going in for shape, and if the ministers and husbands don't like it they can lump it, so there!

It reminds me of a certain bride—a pretty girl, who, in the first flush of married life, desired only to please her liege lord.

Before marriage she had been addicted to short skirts, which displayed her trim ankles—and the skirts were not exactly full, so that—well, anybody could see that Venus didn't

have anything on this certain person. Anyway, there was nothing frumpish about this particular girl. But as soon as she was safely married her husband laid down the law that hereafter she would please him best by wearing skirts of voluminous folds clear down to the ground.

So she put away the pretty skimpy gowns of her trousseau and by threats and bribes induced her dressmaker to fashion the kind of skirt that would please husband. Then, correctly gowned according to the masculine idea, she hied forth one day to keep a luncheon engagement downtown with Dear Husband.

When Dear Husband saw her coming he had an internal fit. He steered her into the side streets and tried to induce her to go to a cheap restaurant where they wouldn't meet anybody he knew. And when he put her on the street car for home he drew a breath of relief.

The bride continued to wear the skirts that husband approved of, but he didn't invite her to luncheon downtown any more, and he always has some excuse to get out of accompanying her anywhere in public.

Oh, yes—she "tumbled" by and by. The young brides of today aren't such little fools as they were a generation or so ago.

Women are discovering more and more that a man feels it his bounden duty to preach morality in clothes to his womenfolk, but that if they follow his preaching he immediately ceases to think of the preacher. He has her roped and hog-tied, for he knows no other man will regard her with covetous eyes. Therefore he feels free to roam and admire where his listeth.

Humor and Philosophy

By BURCAN N. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

MANY a pretty girl grows into an ugly woman, which may account in part for the prevalence of the divorce habit.

There are people who think that one good turn deserves two others.

Pity the poor millionaire. He never knows the joys of having the rent paid and the winter's coal in.

A woman may not be able to throw a stone or sharpen a pencil, but what does that matter if she can use powder effectively?

If it is a woman's first duty to be beautiful, there are lots of women in the world who should be prosecuted for neglect of duty.

About the only stir that some people make in the world is when their funeral procession blocks traffic.

It is hard for a woman to keep a thankful spirit when the woman across the street has just bought the hat she wanted for herself.

The fishing season is over, but some men lie right along.

A boy never thoroughly enjoys his school days until he is about forty-five.

A man is never so proud of his son as when the latter has just licked a boy two sizes larger.

The Suffragette. And this is woman, soft of voice, Of whom the poets sung, Who in the ages long ago Was forced to hold her tongue. Good sooth but she is making up And paying back the debt Piled up through all those silent years! Behold the suffragette!

Our mother sat around and smiled When men in meeting rose, And when they grandly aired their views Her tongue was in repose. But now the words so long suppressed No longer clog her throat. She fires them out with emphasis And says she wants a vote.

No longer will she sit at ease And let him have his way About affairs of church and state, For she will have her say. For when there is a talking fest You find her in the swim, And oftentimes, to his dismay, She knows as much as him.

Yes, woman, you have grown a bit And learned a lot of things You fly as high as any one Since you have spread your wings Is it for better or for worse? We can't exactly say, But, though man is a little dazed, He likes you anyway.

Probably Will. "Fred's engaged." "Is he? Going to be married soon?" "Well, he makes \$18 a week now." "Not a large amount." "No, not in view of the fact that the girl spends \$50 a season on hats alone and doesn't know a gas bill from a waffle iron. I think they will wait at least three weeks longer."

Little Clara Asks. "You should always keep on trying, dear." "Always, mamma?" "Yes." "Then why are you all the time telling me to stop that, mamma?"

Accidental. "A chance word brought him a fortune." "A chance word?" "Yes. He asked a wealthy woman to marry him."



Had an Excuse. "Her father would not let her go on the stage." "When did he reach that decision?" "After she had talked with a manager."

His Mild Reproof. The Mate Let the Captain Down Easy About His Mistake. The skipper was a man who had a good opinion of himself and his notions. He had pulled through shipwreck, mutiny and other perils of the deep, but he came a cropper once. For one of his voyages he had shipped a boatswain's mate who bore something of a reputation.

One day the skipper ordered him aloft to examine a sail on the royal yard. "Taint safe, cap'n!" protested the boatswain's mate. "The foot ropes has got to be fixed first."

"Do as I tell you!" thundered the captain. "The foot ropes are all right. I know they are." The man went up.

Five minutes later he came tumbling down through the rigging from the top of the mast, a distance of over 100 feet. With a bang he landed on the belly of the mainsail and bounded into one of the canvas covered boats.

The sailors, thinking him dead, crowded about him in a circle. To their amazement he sat up. His eyes wandered vacantly about until they rested on the leathery face of the skipper, when they lighted up with intelligence.

"Cap'n," he said slowly, "you was mistaken about them foot ropes."—London Tit-Bits.

Too Much Seasoning. "What is this thing?" asked the man at the lunch counter. "A sandwich, of course. What did you think it was?" said the girl behind the counter. "I thought it was a mustard plaster."—New York Mail.

The Argus Daily Story

The Nonsense of Love—By Edith aCrtwright. Copyrighted, 1912, by Associated Literary Bureau.

They had lived in neighboring places from childhood. She was high strung, he self composed. Notwithstanding her propensity to explode easily they got on very well till they became engaged; then she began to doubt whether she loved him well enough to marry him. Though he was not an impassioned lover, he seemed so well satisfied with the prospect of possessing her that she did not trouble herself in the slightest about his love for her. She was all the while thinking about herself. Her idea of love was that it was a condition which changed one's nature completely, just as it has been claimed a severe fever will give one a new system—whatever that means. Therefore she was continually looking for this newborn something called love.

At one time she would think she felt it, at another time doubted that she did and still another was sure that she did not.

Her lover did not trouble himself as to how he felt. She and he had been companionable for years, and he considered it very natural that they should continue their intimacy by entering into the bonds of matrimony. He had been used to giving her a free rein and as soon as they became engaged found her much more skittish than she had been before. Nevertheless her doubts, as she called them, caused him some anxiety lest she work herself up to a condition in which she would do something foolish. She might break the engagement, at least temporarily; the fact would become known, and their affairs would be discussed by others.

What he feared at last came to pass. One day she sent for him, and when he appeared she said to him:

"You know, Will, I have often told you that there was a question in my

mind as to whether I love you well enough to marry you. For a week I have been subjecting my feelings to a rigid examination."

"What kind of a process is that?" he interrupted.

"Why, I have been looking within myself with a view to determining—"

"How do you look within yourself? Do you use some kind of a glass?"

"How absurd! I have simply thought about you with a view to determining by my feelings whether—"

"I see—whether you want to marry me or not."

"Just so."

"Well, go on."

His matter of fact way of receiving the important information she intended to impart did not please her. Nevertheless she controlled an impulse to say something spiteful. His coolness only caused her to make the announcement more decidedly.

"After a great deal of thought and testing my feelings in various ways I have come to the conclusion that the interest I have in you is merely friendship. It is not genuine love."

"I don't quite understand. You will aid me to do so by telling me what you consider love to be—I mean love between the sexes."

"What I consider love to be?" she repeated thoughtfully. "Why, love is a spiritual condition whereby we are drawn forcibly to another person."

"Affects the heart?"

"Certainly! It pertains exclusively to the heart."

"Appeals to the soul?"

"Of course. It is between two souls." "Affects our sympathies?"

"It is entirely a matter of sympathy."

"How about the liver?"

She gave him one look of concentrated scorn and swept out of the room. He waited awhile for her to return, but since she did not he took up a book and began to read. When the shock of his brutality, as she considered it, had worn off it occurred to her that she had better return and finish his dismissal. Coming into the room, retaining the severe look she had worn when she left it, she said:

"If anything was needed to convince me that you and I are entirely unfitted for each other it was the discovery that you have no sentiment whatever, and I do not believe you are capable of feeling what I consider love to be. No one in love would have reduced it to an absurdity."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied, laying down the book. "I'm inclined to be matter of fact. I don't think I have any more sentiment in me than a jellyfish. At any rate I must make the best of what you have told me. The only thing that remains for us to do is to settle the manner of our announcing to the world that we have made a mistake."

"That you have made a mistake, you mean?"

"Yes. I was perfectly content to continue to be friends. It was you who began the matter of placing our relationship on another basis."

"Will you kindly explain how it could have got on to another basis except through me? I was not aware that girls offered love and marriage."

"I didn't send for you to explain things, but to make an announcement."

"Very well. Will you make another announcement to the world that you have broken our engagement?"

"I suppose it will be my part to do so."

"When?"

She thought a moment before replying to this, then answered by a question:

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Not at all, but I don't see how we are to conduct ourselves before our friends and acquaintances in the meanwhile. We can't act like an engaged couple when we're not engaged."

"When would you prefer to have me announce the break between us?"

"I think it had better be done at once. We are to dine tomorrow evening at my aunt's, she having kindly shown her approval of our engagement by the invitation. It will be not only embarrassing to partake of her bounty under the circumstances, but we'll not be treating her fairly. Even if she knows that we are disengaged we had better not dine together with her as parted lovers."

At this the lady was much disconcerted. She made no reply. She was thinking hard.

"I don't see," she said presently, "how we can be parted lovers when there has never been any love on your side."

"Well, I like that! I thought you sent for me to tell me that there is none on your side."

"You are very illogical, or, rather, you descend to sophistry. Haven't you proved that you are incapable of love by speaking of it contemptuously?"

"It seems to me we are getting off the subject. It is for us to determine what we shall do about the announcement of the break between us."

"Well?"

"Owing to my aunt's invitation, it seems to me that she at least should be told at once."

"You are in a terrible hurry."

"Not at all. I simply desire to avoid embarrassment, besides treating my aunt badly."

"Well, since you have ceased to love me—"

"Nonsense!"

"Do you mean that you feel for me that?"

"Sentimental nonsense you call love? Of course I do. Lovers are nothing but children when the fit is on them. But it doesn't last. Many a girl has lost a good husband and made an old maid of herself by exalting her feelings as you have done. Such feelings are too volatile to stand such tests, and they are after all simply preliminary. Everything is a development or decay. Love is sometimes suddenly born, but it has its babyhood, its childhood, its youth. If it lives through the diseases common to these it passes on to the main part of its life, marriage, which taken altogether is an entirely different love from that which in the beginning seems to be all of it. The love of a couple who have lived long together does not appeal to the imagination as the love of young lovers."

"For heaven's sake don't get back to what it appeals to, or you will again show that brutality which so horrified me. Indeed, when I think of it, I've a mind to—"

"Don't!"

He drew her to him and put an arm around her waist.

"After all," he said, "perhaps we'd better not say anything to my aunt or any one else about a break—we might regret it."

"There's no need to speak of it if you're sure of yourself."

"How sure of yourself?"

"That you love me well enough to marry me."

"Why I thought you were the one who doubted yourself?"

"Not at all. It was this way: I couldn't understand how so matter of fact a man could love anybody. I couldn't love you if you didn't love me, could I?"

"Why, of course you couldn't."

There was that stillness which comes between two lovers when they feel too deep for utterance, though it was broken by certain sounds produced by a contact of lips.

"Are you sure you won't have a relapse as to your feelings?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you sure you won't have more of them?"

"I haven't had one yet."

"Neither have I—I only thought I had."

"Tell me you love me."

"I have told you so a thousand times."

"Well, tell me ten thousand times."

Oct. 5 in American History.

1512—General W. H. Harrison defeated British troops and Indians under Colonel Proctor and Chief Tecumseh, at the battle of the Thames, Canada. Tecumseh was killed. 1858—Burning of the "Crystal Palace" exhibition in New York; loss on building and contents \$1,000,000. He who despairs wants love, wants faith, for faith, hope and love are three torches which blend their light together, nor does the one shine without the other.—Metastasio.