

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, October 26, 1912.

Workmen are marshalled in great numbers for the performance of a multitude of particular tasks under a common discipline. They generally use dangerous and powerful machinery, over whose use and control they have no control. New rules must be devised with regard to their obligations and their rights, their obligations to their employers and their responsibilities to one another.

We call these questions of employee liability, questions of workmen's compensation, but those terms do not suggest quite the whole matter. There is something very new and very big and very complex about these new relations of capital and labor. A new economic society has sprung up, and we must effect a new set of adjustments. We must not pit power against weakness. The employer is generally in our days, as I have said, not an individual, but a powerful group of individuals, and yet the workman is still, under our existing law, an individual when dealing with his employer, in case of accident, for example, or of loss of life or of illness, as well as in every contractual relationship. We must have a workman's compensation act, which will not put upon him the burden of fighting powerful composite employers to obtain his rights, but which will give him his rights without suit, directly, and without contest, by automatic operation of law, as if of a law of insurance.

Woodrow Wilson's message to the New Jersey legislature, 1911.

In other words, Rock Island is all torn up, about paving.

The only fun left in this campaign is to figure the size of Wilson's majority.

Taft returns to Washington earlier than expected. He will also leave earlier than he wants to.

Do not forget that there will be a separate ballot for the judicial election. And do not overlook it. Vote for Charles B. Marshall.

There will also be several tragedies on this side of the water if very many Americans insist on pronouncing the names in this Turkish way.

Floyd E. Thompson will make a many, straightforward state's attorney, who will do his duty and his full duty. And that is what the people want.

For every pound of abuse and misrepresentation that is heaped upon Clyde H. Tavener by his opponents, because he happens to be poor and to have worked all his life, he will gain a ton of friends.

Clyde H. Tavener is winning votes daily all over the 14th congressional district, because he is earnest and honest in his convictions and is not attempting to straddle his principles for the sake of catching votes.

Apart from the fact that the people of Rock Island county are not inclined to tax themselves between \$5,000 and \$8,000 for the purpose of elevating County Judge R. W. Olmsted to the circuit bench, they can get a fully competent man for the office by electing Charles B. Marshall—and that seems to be the impression throughout the judicial circuit.

Rock Island is getting to be some city. Last night there were five distinct events in the city attracting attention—the Fifty Thousand club at the Rock Island club, the Wilson club meeting at the Rock Island house, the progressive meeting at the rink, the Bethany home benefit performance at the Illinois theatre, and an entertainment at the Broadway Presbyterian church and all were well attended.

WHY COURT DISASTER? The election of November next is viewed with no apprehension anywhere except in Taft and Roosevelt headquarters. The whole country is satisfied that Wilson will be elected and that his election will in no wise disturb the prosperity of the country. This is the first election campaign in a great many years of which this may truly be said.

I want to remind you of this—Governor Wilson said in a speech at Scranton the other day—"about half the voters in the United States are Democrats, and you don't suppose that as much as Democrats are engaged

In every kind of enterprise they are going to cut their own throats. "One of the papers in Philadelphia said wittily the other day that if the democrats committed economic murder on the industries of the country they would also commit suicide." In eight, for the first time in 16 years, of the promised land, democrats are not going to commit suicide. They think General Nogi's act sublime, but foolish.

MAY NEVER PAY DEBT. The debt of the United States government on which interest has ceased, and the greater part of which probably never will be collected from Uncle Sam, aggregates \$1,709,450, covering loans all the way from 1799 to 1907. This fact was made public recently by J. C. Napier, register of the treasury, in his annual report of 1912.

There are a number of holders of these bonds who refuse to present them for redemption, although they know that the government long ago ceased to pay interest on them. Treasury officials are unable to explain their attitude except on the ground that they know their principal is safe in the federal treasury.

It is estimated that nearly \$1,000,000 of this debt has been lost or destroyed. This includes the outstanding issues from 1799 down through the civil war loans.

In the early days of the republic loans were called "stock" in the government. There is now outstanding \$7,870 of the "six per cent stock of 1799," \$13,935 of the "deferred six per cent stock of 1799" and \$13,953 of the "three per cent stock of 1799." Several hundred thousand dollars of the civil war loans are outstanding. The largest amount outstanding is \$800,350 of the so-called loan of 1907.

THE HERO IN PEACE. It has been said that peace hath its heroes, no less than war. It has also been said that greater love hath no man than he who giveth his life for a friend. "Billy" Hugh, the crippled newsboy of Gary, Ind., whose remains were buried in the adjoining county of Henry, this week, did not give his life for a friend. He did more than that; he gave it for humanity for a fellow human being whom he did not even know, and in so doing he proved the highest type of a hero in time of peace. He nobly sacrificed his crippled limb and his life that the life of a girl he had never seen might be saved.

Life was as precious to "Billy" Hugh as it is to most people, perhaps, but he felt his physical insufficiency to meet his aspirations for service to humanity. The opportunity came, and he felt he might save a human life and, without thought of the consequences to himself, he laid upon the altar of humanity his gift of service. With a willing, cheerful heart and a noble, heroic purpose he offered to give all that he had as a token of his loving kindness. He did not do this to win earthly applause, for he was only a humble crippled newsboy. He did it because his was a righteous soul.

It is such souls as that of "Billy" Hugh to whom the King will say: "Come ye blessed of my Father." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The funeral of heroic "Billy" Hugh took place last Sunday at Gary. The ceremony was such as a king might envy. The people, rich and poor, humble citizens and high officials, paid their tearful homage to heroism; hands donated their services, and played requiems in honor of his self-sacrifice; words of eulogy were spoken in his memory.

Peace to the ashes of this hero and all honor to his memory!

WHY WASTE YOUR VOTE? "Every vote for Woodrow Wilson is a vote for progressive government," says the New York World. "Every progressive vote against Woodrow Wilson is a vote thrown away, or worse than thrown away."

"Why waste your vote? "Mr. Roosevelt cannot be elected. As between him and Mr. Taft the contest is merely a question of which will run third. This may be interesting but it is not important to the welfare of the American people. Even if Mr. Roosevelt could by any possible chance be elected, his victory would result only in a deadlocked government. He would have a hostile congress to deal with, which did not recognize his leadership and which would not work with him. His election would mean merely four years of turmoil without profit to the country."

"Governor Wilson can be elected, and he will be elected. But this is not enough. He should be elected by a majority so great that there can be no mistake as to the meaning of the people's mandate. He will go into office with a democratic house, and if his majority is large enough he will have a democratic senate as well. This will make President Wilson the leader of a united party in full control of both branches of congress and in a position to carry out all the progressive policies to which it is pledged."

"The country will have immediate revision of the tariff to reduce the cost of living, with as little disturbance to legitimate business as possible. It will have an honest enforcement of the law against predatory trusts and monopolies."

"It will have a free government emancipated from boss rule and from corporation rule. It will have a sane, progressive administration of public affairs from the day of Woodrow Wilson's inauguration."

"That is what the great mass of the American people want, whether they call themselves democrats or republicans or progressives. That is what they will get if they act intelligently,

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS Edna K. Woley



ARE YOU TOO LAZY TO BE HEALTHY?

When one remembers that in his youth Theodore Roosevelt was a sickly boy, and that today he is possessed of a physique so hardy and blood so pure that even a serious bullet wound cannot incapacitate him entirely, it is well to stop and think how this splendid condition of body was secured.

It was common sense in the first place, and then it was will power. The common sense showed the sickly young fellow that he could not hope to achieve much either in work or happiness without health. After that, it was simply adding will to common sense. The combination made the healthy, clean and powerful body that can withstand many of these physical perils which would mean disaster to the man or woman who has never coupled common sense and will power in the discipline of the early temple which has been given to house our souls.

Women are notoriously neglectful of their physical well-being. This is due partly to hereditary habits—habits engendered in some measure by what was expected of them from masculine life.

Wrong ideals of womanly beauty and conduct have been instilled into

all humanity, and though woman is now struggling for new and more wholesome ideals, she is still obsessed by old-time notions of what comprises feminine beauty and what is "fitting and proper."

Men have been neglectful, criminally careless, of their God-given bodies. As boys they exerted themselves in strenuous play, proud of their hard muscles and agility. But as men they sat themselves at desks, in dark, ill-ventilated offices or stores, depend upon nostrums to keep a bad stomach in order, cultivate an artificial appetite and neglect every discipline toward a healthy physique. They are prepared for nothing in the way of sickness or accident, succumbing to the first happening outside of the regular routine. Barring unusual sickness or accident, those who consider the body of too little importance to both-er about are generally forced to think of little else as they grow older and begin to reap the results of their neglect.

Many a man and many a woman who believe themselves strong-willed, haven't the strength of will to make themselves into strong and healthy human beings.

That's why much of the world's work is carried on in such a twiddling way.

Without health, without good bodies respectfully cared for, we can't achieve the really big things. Either we play out before our work is accomplished, or we are laid low by disease, or we struggle along with handicapped energy, or we just drift lazily.

Anyone who has ever known real health and strength and clearness, will never forfeit these things for an enervating comfort—a comfort which doesn't last and which, at its best, never equals that fine, free feeling which comes of a well-disciplined body, or that blessed restfulness which ensues after healthful physical exertion.

Remember, a whole lot of bad health comes from sheer laziness.

Humor and Philosophy BY DUNCAN M. SMITH

L ERYDAY ART.

Art may paint a picture, Art may carve a stone, Art may write a poem, That is long on tone, Art may put on canvas Earth and sky and sea, Art that cooks a chicken Is the art for me.

In the world artistic, Where the artists fare, There are many castles, Mostly in the air. But for building houses You would rather pick On the one artistic Who can lay a brick.

Art that's for the artists Who are sad of eye And have flowing neckties Is in big supply. But of art more homely That can mend a chair For its fat old uncle There is none to spare.

Schools of art are turning Out the graduates In alarming number. Light and heavy weights, But for daily plugging We would rather meet With a line of artists Who can mend a street.

A Tip.

"Brown, next door, tells me his daughter is going to study music with a view to becoming an opera singer." "Ever live next door to a budding prima donna?" "Never before." "Well, the first time you are dead sure that Brown is beating his wife and you start to call the police just reflect that it is probably his daughter practicing her vocal exercises."

The Difference.

"I always take things as they come." "Do you?" "Just as they come, just as they come." "I see. Different with me." "How do you do?" "I make them come and grab them as they fit, as they fit."

Had to Be Careful.



WILL LAWLER "Why didn't Tucker get his promotion?" "He did, but he is keeping it from his wife." "Afraild she'll insist on an increased allowance, eh?" "No; afraild she'll buy him some new clothes."

Nothing to it. "Did you go bathing much this summer?" "No."

"Why not?" "I have reached the age where the bathroom at home is more comfortable and less spectacular."

Net That Sort. "What is the price of that suit?" "Thirty dollars."

"Couldn't you shade that a little?" "This is a daylight store, and we don't have any shade."

Pert. "I am going to call tomorrow." "Why call tomorrow? It never comes if you do call it."

Solved. "Who'll mind the baby when out to vote The weary mother strolls? Why, bless your heart, the ma will tote The baby to the polls!"

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some people find it hard to tell the truth, and others find it difficult not to tell it.

You can tell what a woman thinks about her personal appearance by the frequency with which she has her photograph made.

We don't care much what others think of us provided they think something nice.

About the only perfect thing in this world is a perfect nuisance.

It is always hard for the neighbors to understand why a woman needs the rest cure.

Faint heart never won fair lady, but it may have escaped a suit for divorce.

A breach of promise suit is always a misfit.

No man can have gone very far wrong while he still has a fondness for pumpkin pie.

The average boy thinks there's no fun stealing watermelons unless the owner finds it out.

The boy may be father to the man, but that's no sign he wants to kick himself.

Part of the Show. "Ow's your little boy gettin' on, Mrs. Slack?" "Very well indeed. 'E's entered the theatrical profession now."

"Oh! Wot part's he takin'?" "Well, 'e ain't exactly takin' a part, but 'e fetches the scene shifters beer."

London Answers.

The Argus Daily Story

A Battered Nose—By Ruth Graham. Copyrighted, 1912, by Associated Literary Bureau.

"I have sent for you, Bob," said Miss Josephine Grigsby to Robert Merryweather, who stood before her with a patch on his left eye and his right arm in a sling. "To say that I have considered the matter of tying myself for life with a man who is sure to break his neck within a few years at most and leave me a widow care-fully and—"

"Prayerfully?" put in Bob when she hesitated. "Yes, prayerfully. I will admit that I have considered it tearfully."

"But not cheerfully, I suppose." "You are incorrigible. How absurd for a girl to think of uniting herself with a man who has not a single serious idea in his head! And you have always been what you are now. Do you remember, when we were children, the day you were brought in after climbing to the top of a tree and had fallen from branch to branch, finally to the ground, breaking your leg? I was but ten years old, when such matters make a deep impression on one, and was filled with horror. I can see you now lying pale!"

"Oh, that was bad luck. I stepped on a rotten branch." "What business had you to be climbing the tree anyway?" "A boy's business—a bird's nest."

"Then the day you tried to swim from Deer's island to the mainland." "Another piece of bad luck—I was seized with a cramp."

"But you wouldn't have had a cramp on dry land, and getting one in the water, you would have been drowned had it not been for a man passing in a boat. Even as it was they had to work over you an hour to save your life. I was there, and I endured a frightful agony."

"The first thing I was conscious of was that kiss you gave me. We weren't engaged then, either." "I didn't know what I was doing. But I know now, since I have grown older, that life with you would be a succession of horrors. The greater my love for you the more I would have to endure."

"Joe," said Robert sadly, "I'm serious for once in my life. I've got some-

"If you loved him very much, wouldn't you?"

This was said so decisively that it took all the starch out of Mr. Merryweather, who, fearing she might alter her mind about giving him another chance, beat a precipitate retreat. He at once set about putting himself in a position in which he could not run any special risk. It was the hunting season, and, though he adored his gun and his dogs, he made a vow not to visit his shooting lodge during his month of probation. "I'd be sure to shoot myself," he said.

When he told her how he proposed to show his love for her she said it was very nice of him, but explained to him that it was not the giving up of sports in which there was more or less risk, but in exercising an ordinary care. Mr. Merryweather was fond of horseback riding, but declared that it would be just his luck for his horse to slip on a banana peel or something and carry his rider down under him, so he resolved not to ride for a month.

Being a member of the Excelsior Athletic club and both strong and quick, he had been scheduled for right tackle in the annual football game between the Excelsior and the Calumet teams. He immediately wrote the captain of his team that he would not play the game that year.

His note was received with consternation. Wallace, captain of the team, on receiving it hastened to see Mr. Merryweather and asked him for his reason for withdrawing. Bob, who declared that he hadn't the slightest objection to lying if he could, but he couldn't, confessed the whole matter. Wallace laughed and asked him to give him permission to go to Miss Grigsby and try to get her consent to count out football from the conditions attending his probation. Bob said he had no objection, and Wallace went to the lady with the request. She granted it at once, agreeing that if Bob were injured during his participation in the game she would not consider it a change for his dismissal. But this did not satisfy Bob, and Wallace was obliged to return to Miss Grigsby to secure a promise that if her fiancé were maimed in the struggle she would nevertheless marry him. Joe laughed at the comical situation and asked Wallace if Bob meant the condition seriously.

"Certainly he does," was the reply. "He may never have been serious before, but he is now, and I am satisfied that if you don't consent he will not play in the game, and without him we are sure to be beaten."

"Very well," replied Joe. "Tell him I'll risk it this once."

The agreement being made through Wallace, who was a perfectly credible witness, there was no need for a written contract, and Bob began practice at once.

The game took place on the last Saturday in November, and Captain Wallace realized that his best man, Bob Merryweather, would play better in the presence of the girl he loved, begged Joe to attend the game. The request was superfluous, for she had no idea of absenting herself. There was more than the usual excitement on the field, for the match was to decide an important championship. It was noticed at once that Merryweather, who made up in activity what he lacked in bulk, was putting in better work than he had ever done before. Twice in the early part of the game he interfered with an opponent who was about to carry the ball over the goal. Later, Bob made two remarkable runs, lifting the Excelsior score to be equal with that of the club's opponents. At last, when the ball was within a few yards of the winning goal for the Excelsiors and there was but a minute left to carry it over and get the game, Bob Merryweather made the effort of his life and, breaking through all interference, fell with it beyond the line, most of the Calumets on top of him.

He was carried by his fellows to the grand stand, standing blood from his nostrils, and when he removed the cloth his nose was a spectacle to behold. It was knocked to smithereens, Joe Grigsby saw it and threw up her hands in horror.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed. "And I have promised to marry him notwithstanding any injury incurred during the game!"

Bob Merryweather was covered with glory and blood, and his battered face wore a smile that was positively gruesome. Miss Grigsby left the field without relaxing the grave expression on her own countenance. Bob consulted a number of surgeons with a view to repairs. One of them tried to screw the ruined nose into shape, but failed. Another attempted to carve a new nose out of Bob's arm. All of these endeavors only made the nose more hideous.

Bob offered to release his fiancée, but she surprised him and every one else by refusing to accept a release. She said that she had no business to reprieve Bob for taking risks and then take on herself. They were married and thus far have made a happy couple.



WOMAN'S MURDER CONSEQUENCE OF THREAT TO REVEAL WHITE SLAVE SECRET

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 26.—Because she had determined to leave Chicago's underworld, and was in possession of evidence damaging to the vice ring of Chicago, Rose Buna, or Ruth White as she was also known, was slain in a lonely road near this city. Three men—Joseph Bunano, Joseph Mottio and Frank Puzicheni—are being held for the crime.

Bunano has confessed. In the small knit handkerchief of the 23-year-old girl, whose comely face was pierced by five bullets of her murderer, was found a card with the name "Rev. Alice Phillips Aldrich." There was also a statement of the Chicago Law and Order league and a small notebook in which were written "Francis Lucas," "James Reynolds" and "401 East Sixteenth street."

William H. Hall of this city, driver of the car which carried the girl to her death, is the sole witness besides the assassins themselves. He says the girl was reluctant to join the party of Italians, but was forced to do so.

Hall was ordered to drive toward Peck's Mill, a suburb of Bridgeport, near Stratford. Before they reached the mill, Hall was ordered to stop. The five men and the girl got out. One of the men, who had previously said he was from Chicago, began to threaten the girl. She appealed to the other four, and they laughed at her.

"Drive on," said one of the party to Hall. "You'll get hurt if you don't."

Hall looked over his shoulder as the car moved off, he says, and saw the man from Chicago grab the woman by her throat. He shot her twice in the face. She fell. He leaned over her body and fired three more shots.

Hall raced to Stratford and organized a posse. Two men were later captured in Bilberry swamp and placed under arrest. A third was found on the Bridgeport highway with a revolver with five empty chambers, in his pocket. All three were arrested and are now awaiting trial.

The way to get it is to give Governor Wilson a majority so overwhelming that it will be indeed the voice of the people.

"Why waste your vote?"

A QUEEN'S GIFT.

Ristori's Request When Told "Anything You Ask Me Is Granted." Mme. Ristori, the celebrated Italian actress of her day, was born of a noble family, but her illustrious career added to the glory of her ancestors.

I frequently went to her receptions, and many were the pleasant chats we had over a cup of tea. It was on one of these occasions that she told me the interesting story of how when she was once acting in Madrid her success was so colossal that the Queen Isabella, who was then on the Spanish throne, sent for her, desiring to speak to her in the royal box. The queen expressed her pleasure in the enthusiasm and then said to Mme. Ristori:

"Anything you ask me is granted."

Without an instant's hesitation Mme. Ristori replied to the queen:

"Madame, if you really wish to give me whatever I ask I will beg you to remove the poor man who, as I read this morning, has been sentenced to death and is to be garroted tomorrow."

The queen hesitated a few seconds before she granted this wish. But the reprieve was signed, and the condemned man was, to his great astonishment, released on the eve of his execution. Little dreaming that he owed his life to the talented actress. It was typical

of Mme. Ristori's noble, generous nature to ask the queen to grant her this request rather than to ask for some jewel or other tangible souvenir to hand down to her descendants—Fredrick Townsend Martin in Ainslie's Magazine.

Acquiesced.

Charlie—The doctor says I have a tobacco heart. Midge—I knew it all along, dear. You always cared more for your old pipe than you did for me.—Judge.

Oct. 26 in American History. 1900—The strike of the anthracite coal miners ended in a victory for the strikers. 1902—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, noted woman suffragist, died; born 1815. 1909—General Oliver Otis Howard, U. S. A., retired, distinguished veteran of the civil and Indian wars, known as "the Christian soldier," died at Burlington, Vt.; born 1830. 1910—Allen Daniel Chandler, Confederate colonel and governor of Georgia from 1808 until 1802, died; born 1834.