

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, November 11, 1912.

Once again Virginia is the mother of presidents.

All parties are agreed that this is a bully weather.

From a schoolmaster, Governor Wilson is to become a cabinetmaker.

No one can say that Chairman Hilles did not do his best, but as a forecaster he does not shine.

Though the chance to subscribe to the campaign is passed, you can soon buy Red Cross stamps.

St. Louis has elected Billy Igoe to congress. When his opponent goes out Billy can say Igoe in.

Armour & Co. have been indicted again. Between indictments, how do they get a chance to sleep?

The final rally is over. Now the people will settle back and attend to business, just as if nothing had happened.

Governor Wilson is the only candidate that carried his own state. What is more to the point is that he carried the states of his opponents.

And now Mr. Funk thinks he sees a chance to be United States senator. Get a man's aspirations started high in politics and there is no telling where his ambitions will end.

The Eighteenth street organ just simply cannot get over its soreheadedness. It is even vexed because the democrats in all good humor smiled upon it as they marched by Saturday night, and the said organ forthwith has become real nasty. The most lamentable feature of any election is the spectacle of the poor loser.

A LONG TIME BETWEEN. For the first time in 60 years Maine was carried by the democratic candidate for president.

Never since the organization of their party have the republicans lost the state. The last democrat to carry it was Franklin Pierce, in 1852, the year of a democratic landslide, when Pierce received 254 electoral votes and General Scott only 42.

The only states not carried by Pierce that year were Massachusetts, Vermont, Tennessee and Kentucky.

MARTIN J. DILLON CANDIDATE FOR SPEAKER. Martin J. Dillon of Galena, who has been chosen for the third time to represent his district in the lower house, will be a candidate for the speakership. He is well fitted for the place in that he is well versed in parliamentary law, is familiar with the rules and has decided executive ability. He served in the past two legislatures with distinction and made a record for honesty and uprightiness.

Mr. Dillon's platform as a candidate for the speakership is an attractive one. He maintains that the democrats, if they control the house, should adopt the plan adopted by the democrats in congress, and that is that the house committee be made up in a caucus, subject to final approval by Governor Dunne. He also favors a rule that all measures referred to the committee be reported therefrom, either favorably or adversely, within a reasonable time.

This program, if adopted, will prevent the smothering of bills and the delaying of measures until the final hours. Instead of a few shaping legislation, it will be shaped by the entire house.

Mr. Dillon's program is progressive and constructive and in line with the best thought of the hour.

THE TRUE SOLUTION. "Could Europe be brought to accept the accomplished fact of the conquest of European Turkey by the Balkan allies, and to acknowledge a united Balkan confederation, it would spare itself much trouble, present and future," the Minneapolis Journal says.

"For the real solution of the Balkan problem cannot be found in any division between two or more powers of the area of the Balkan peninsula."

"Italy, until united, caused war after war in Europe, and was not an asset, but a costly liability to those powers that ruled Italian states. Lombardy and Venetia were glittering jewels in the Austrian crown; but their price was lives, money, shame, and finally humiliation. Similarly, should Austria today succeed in acquiring Macedonia, and Italy Albania, the two would thus

secure for themselves a future burden of war and expense.

"Diplomacy, if guided by the highest wisdom, will perceive that what is right in this instance, is also expedient. The Balkans for the Balkan people is the correct policy. If Austria and Russia acquire territory at the expense of the Balkan people, they will only be annexing trouble—trouble that will never cease until the annexation is annulled. If those two powers unite now to deprive the victors of the fruits of their victory, they will succeed only in keeping open a virulent sore that might be healed. And they are certain, sooner or later, to come to blows over the spoils. Such a war, likely to involve the rest of Europe, could not be of benefit even to the victor.

"Consider what the unions of Italy and of Germany have meant to the peace of Europe! Those unions have removed from the arena of contention a multitude of the most irritating questions. The union of the Balkans would put out a fire that for nearly a century has threatened a general European conflagration."

A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM AND EQUALITY.

Under the leadership of Governor Wilson the democratic party has won the greatest victory since 1852.

Sixty years ago the democrats, with Franklin Pierce as their candidate, overthrew the old whig party which had nominated General Winfield S. Scott as its leader. The defeat of General Scott was so overwhelming that the whig party was annihilated. It figured in no subsequent presidential election. History seems to be repeating itself. The republican party which followed the whig party as a national political organization, and inherited some of its economic views, is defeated as badly as the whig party was in 1852. The "Grand Old Party," as it loved to call itself, may be the "Gone Old Party."

But the democratic party, the great old party of Jefferson and Jackson and their compeers of the early days of the republic, and of Wilson and Bryan and their compeers of these latter days, is still in evidence as it has been since its birth—ready for service for the people when called upon. It has again been called by the people into their service. It is again triumphant.

The democratic party can never die. It is founded upon the political principle of "equal rights for all and special privileges for none." Its foundation is as solid and lasting as the eternal hills. It will continue to exist through the centuries to come. It represents a government of the people, for the people and by the people. As an organization it has made mistakes and may make them again. No organization is perfect, but its principles will continue to exist and inspire the hearts of the country's citizenship so long as the republic endures; and the party name will be retained as its real meaning is "the rule of the people."

The democrats of Illinois who have done their share in the great triumph at the polls, should not make the securing of petty appointments take precedence over the maintenance of the patriotic permanent principles of the party, but should devote themselves to encouraging the efforts of President Wilson and Governor Dunne to give the people and reforms they crave, and bring the administration of government back to the fundamental basis of "equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

The republican defeat and the triumph of the democracy are but steps to bring about the rule of the people.

by his democratic opponent, Frank T. O'Hair, of Paris.

Analysis of the causes lead to his defeat indicates that it was chiefly due to the same ones that led to a split in the republican party. To this corollary may be added a growing discontent among the younger generation of politicians who began to despair of his ever reaching the quitting point, and dissatisfaction with the unchanging conditions among office holders of the district.

MANY DESERT CANNON. Many who had stood loyally in the Cannon ranks for years, on this account deserted him this year, took their "stand at Armageddon and battled for the Lord"—and office. Among the rural voters the feeling became prevalent that "Uncle Joe" had grown away from them, both in sympathy and official acts, that he was no longer a man of the people and no amount of garden seeds, congressional records and official reports could disabuse them of this belief.

The old "Uncle Joe" who formerly circulated at their old settlers' meetings, county fairs and other gatherings, with his pocket full of black cigars, slapped them on the back and made each think he was vitally interested in their children, live stock and their crops had been transferred into a representative of interests and conditions foreign to their wishes and needs.

O'HAIR PERSONALITY STRONG. Next to the insurgent upheaval, the strong personality of his chief opponent, Mr. O'Hair, was perhaps chiefly responsible for the ex-speaker's downfall, and perhaps last political downfall. In 1892 when Samuel T. Busey of Urbana broke through his line of battle, the landslide was accomplished by the means of the use of unlimited money. In later years the Cannon managers generally saw that a candidate to their own liking, if not a mere man of straw, was placed in the field early in each campaign as a democratic candidate.

These tactics generally discouraged strong democrats from entering the fight, and for the past several elections the democratic candidate always failed to poll the full strength of his party. Indeed most of the votes cast for him represented the disgruntled element of the republican party.

PECK STRONG CANDIDATE. Encouraged by the results of the congressional election of two years ago and the bull moose disturbance in the republican party, last spring leading democrats of the district determined to forestall the Cannon program by nominating a candidate strong enough to attract the support of the whole party and attract those republicans who wanted Cannon defeated.

Frank T. O'Hair of Edgar county was the man who they thought obviously was fitted for engaging in a death grapple with the Danville veteran, with a good chance of downing him. Popular among the three southern counties of the district, and free of entanglement in the factional differences that prevailed in the three northern counties, it was believed he would command unanimous support in

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS

Edna K. Woley



LET'S GET BACK.

"Make the living room and conservatory into one," is the newest cry. In fact, it's the latest fashion, and is hailed as something quite novel.

But is it? Don't you remember, when you were a youngster, that on one side of the sunny living room was a deep, wide, square bay window filled with all kinds of flowers and plants?

Remember the old iron stand on which the flower pots stood? It was built like steps. You thought it was a marvelously clever arrangement. I know I did.

There were all sorts of geraniums and fuchsias and begonias, and—remember the calla lilies, and how you watched the unfolding of its furled whiteness?

There was an immense ivy of which the whole family was proud. It was draped over the square of the bay window and hung like a portiere. There, were some plants from the fields and the woods that you'd helped mother gather and in which you felt a proprietary interest.

Mother's wasn't the only living-room conservatory in those days. It was a careless housewife indeed who didn't have her stand of winter plants which she petted most carefully and over which she took as much

pride as she did in any of her household appointments.

A home without its window garden in the living room wasn't a home. No lonely rubber plant or single half-starved Boston fern, and certainly no artificial palm, was considered sufficient. Women exchanged plant experiences as they exchanged cooking experiences, and a slip from a cherished plant was valued as much as the recipe of a treasured dish.

Even the poorest had a bit of a window garden—perhaps the one bright spot in dull existence.

And whoever could afford it had a canary—a bird so full of song that when two or three people got together for a talk one had to throw a little shawl over the cage to keep the songster quiet.

The modern woman is not as lovable as her mother and grandmother were. She is more selfish, gives less for what she gets and somehow doesn't radiate the blessedness that seemed to surround the woman who made her home and her husband and children the great points in her life.

The modern woman has lost much of her loveliness, of beautiful influence upon the lives of those about her, largely because she has learned to do the homely things—the things which she considers "common" and makers of drudgery.

Some of us are trying to get back. It's not easy, for now we have flats, hotels, city houses in narrow city streets; less room to live; actually less light and air for each of us.

Recreation has been commercialized until we have grown up with the belief that the one place in the world where one cannot have a good time is home. We must spend money to have a good time.

We have forgotten that the cleanest, finest joy is earned by thought and toil. The toys we made ourselves, when we were little, gave us far more pleasure than the expensive ones bought for the spoiled children of today.

HURST FOR A CABINET PLACE

(Springfield Record.)

Illinois, in all likelihood, will receive one of the cabinet positions. In this connection the name of Elmer W. Hurst of Rock Island naturally suggests itself.

Mr. Hurst served as chairman of the democratic national business men's

committee and was one of the hardest of workers in behalf of Wilson. He is a big man and thoroughly capable.

The Record ventures the prediction that he will be seriously considered in regard to the secretaryship of the treasury, or some other position of much importance.

by his democratic opponent, Frank T. O'Hair, of Paris.

O'HAIR GAINS COURAGE. This belief was well founded. First stating that he was too busy to fool with a losing fight, he was finally prevailed upon to accept the nomination out of pure loyalty to his party, but with no expectation of winning. Then came the two Chicago conventions with ex-Speaker Cannon aligned with the Taft forces and obstinately refusing to heed the insurgency signs, and O'Hair began to gain courage.

Announcing himself as a progressive democrat with no strings tied to him, he went forth on a "get-acquainted" tour of the district and amazed old campaigners with the instant success that he met everywhere. Attired in an old suit or clothes and a rusty satchel hat, with good cigars bulging from every pocket, he visited every village, town and crossroads community in the district. This meeting of the voters at their homes, coupled with his unassuming and friendly manner and a ready command of the homely stories that appeal to the rural people, told by a past master of the story-telling art, was something new.

WISY VOTERS' HEARTS. While Cannon was hurling broadsides and salvos of statistics and dry statements of what he and the republican administration had accomplished at his audiences, O'Hair was winning his way to the hearts and votes of the masses. While Uncle Joe was stumping the district on a special train accompanied by a lot of other candidates, O'Hair was helping the farmers stack and thrash their grain, or was admiring their stock while pleading for their support. During the last days of the campaign O'Hair mounted the platform in the principal cities and towns of the district and completed his conquest with his eloquence, humor and logic in handling the issues of the day.

BORN IN LOG CABIN. Mr. O'Hair was born 42 years ago in a log cabin in a remote section of Edgar county, of humble Irish parentage, and spent his boyhood days on a farm. After graduating from the common schools he entered Purdue university, where he took the law course. Returning to Paris, he hung out his shingle and by sheer force of character and ability has won a place among the best lawyers of eastern Illinois and western Indiana.

A Protection. "Any man looks stupid when he wears a monocle," said the critical girl. "That's why so many of us fellows wear 'em," replied the candid youth. "If we happen to look stupid we blame the monocle."—Washington Star.

No Wedding Day Bargain. The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.—Variety Life.

The Cynic. "Married yet, old man?" "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE man who sees his neighbor's telephone and reads the daily paper in the barber shop never does much boasting of his home town.

There are no blind pigs in a wet country.

Tears are salty because they'd spoil otherwise.

Riches may be a curse, but they are more amusing than the blessings of poverty.

One example of futility is trying to sell a bald headed man a bottle of hair dye.

A woman is a curious creature, especially when her husband is detained down town until two o'clock in the morning.

It takes a good liar to compliment some women.

It was a genius that got his start in life by selling lemonade from the lemons fate had handed him.

We bear the ill fortune of our enemies with much pleasure.

It is never too cold for a girl to go sleigh riding, though she may freeze going to the corner grocery for a cake of yeast.

On the Move. Some are going farther south For a climate new; Some seek cooler northern lands To their strength renew; Some are hiking for the west After health and fame; Western men are going east With the selfsame aim.

Some from Mexico are bound For Alaska's shore; From the north some journey down Where the gulf waves roar; On the warm Pacific slope Some are there from Maine; Others from the far, far west Take the eastern train.

In the town where they were born Very few remain. Others come and take their place In the hope of gain. And their paths are often crossed, Touching here and there. As they zigzag back and forth Going everywhere.

What a restless age it is For the man perplexed. Stopping first in this man's town, Striking for the next! Don't you wish that you could have Planted seed and sound Half the money that it costs For this running round?

A Common Way.

"Do you ever bet?" "Only on sure things."

"Keep it up. That is the way I lost my money."

Of All the Signals "I have had the most unlucky day."

"What happened?" "I broke that horrid little mirror that Beth gave me for Christmas, spilled ink on my last year's party dress, and now I have to have a new one. Harry gave me a pair of scissors, and my uncle sent me an opal bracelet."

Where He Got His. "When it looks like rain take an umbrella along."

"That is just the time not to take one."

"But you might get wet."

"Oh, no; there are plenty others to take theirs."

Some Celebration. "Are you going to have a Christmas celebration?"

"No."

"Not really?" "No. My husband celebrated the election, and that's enough for one family."

Inevitable Change. "He meant to marry an heiress."

"And didn't he?" "No. He married a poor girl."

"What made her poor?" "Marrying him."

Too Bad. "I detect my wife's pretties. She always drags me to the front so."

"I don't mind that, but I do hate to live for a week upon the scraps."

Ultra. "What is your idea of foolishness?" "Calumniating a perfectly good complexion."

A Question. Oh, when a milkman's Up a stump What would he do Without the pump? I think he would Get through all right If there were but A creek in sight.

To Meet an Emergency. "Madam, have you any old clothes to give away?" "I have a suit belonging to my husband, but I fear it is too big for you."

"Oh, that will be all right. You just set me out a square meal and watch me eat enough so that I can fill it."—Washington Times.

The Argus Daily Story

A Plan for a Break—By Julia D. Edmonds.

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The autumn season when the tourist begonia is southerly was opening, and the resorts of the border states were well stocked with guests. The rocking chair brigade—as those ladies who daily occupy the porch of the Vieux-leau hotel, each and all plying some kind of needle as an accompaniment to their melodious gossiping voices—was in session. Two ladies sitting somewhat apart from the rest were engaged in earnest conversation in a low tone.

"I sympathize with you, Mrs. Harper," said the one, "but I don't see how I can help you. My son is actively engaged in business and can't be away from it at this season more than a few days at a time. Could he be here with us, say, for a fortnight I would be glad to lend him to you for the purpose of drawing your daughter's attention from this young Ruggles, who you fear will win her. There is another course I will suggest. A young man has just arrived who has entered his name on the hotel register as Edward Caton. Being the only young fellow of prepossessing appearance (Ruggles excepted) in the hotel, he will soon be besieged by the girls. If you like I will make his acquaintance, introduce him to your daughter (telling him she is the belle of the place), and she will naturally be interested in taking him away from the others. This will serve to divert her mind from Ruggles and make a breach between them. But why do you object to Ruggles? He is said to have an income of \$5,000."

"My dear Mrs. Crawford, what would \$5,000 a year be for Gwendolyn?"

"What you wish I presume is simply to break off her affair with Ruggles, that she may be free to marry a fortune."

"Precisely. If you can accomplish this break by introducing any one—no matter who he is—I will consider myself under a lasting obligation to you."

The same evening the introduction was accomplished. Gwendolyn Harper and Edward Caton were introduced, and before the guests left the dancing hall in the evening Mrs. Crawford said to Mrs. Harper:

"Did you ever see such a remarkable case of love at first sight?"

All the parties to this scheme were pleased except Sam Ruggles, who went off to the far end of the veranda and scowled and smoked and smoked and scowled, keeping by himself where he could not see his rival's success lest he should make a scene.

But on the third day after the break had been made effective, when Mr. Ruggles was reading a northern newspaper, he saw something that thrilled him. It was an advertisement of Mrs. Edward L. Caton for information concerning her husband, who had deserted her and their three children. Ruggles immediately cut the ad. out of the newspaper that he alone of those at the hotel might possess this information and that he might consider a plan by which he could get the greatest satisfaction out of it.

The same evening an anonymous letter went to the advertiser that a gentleman had appeared at the Vieux-leau hotel at — answering to the name mentioned in the advertisement. Ruggles, who mailed the letter, could not refrain from adding that "the fellow was evidently bent on committing bigamy."

From the time the discarded lover saw the evidence that his rival was sailing under false colors he changed his bearing toward Miss Harper. Where before he had made his jealousy evident he now assumed an air of superiority mingled with pity. Mr. Caton had become aware that his attentions to Miss Harper had made Mr. Ruggles his enemy and had noticed the antagonism of the latter's bearing toward him whenever they met. One evening while Mr. Caton was dancing with Miss Harper he unintentionally ran against Ruggles, who was also dancing. The look Ruggles gave him was ominous. Later, when both went out on the veranda for a whiff at a cigarette, Caton stepped up to Ruggles and apologized for running against him in the dance.

"One who is sailing under false colors is beneath my notice for any insult," was the reply.

"How did you get onto that?" asked Caton with surprising imperturbability.

"I saw it in the newspapers."

"I wish the newspapers would let me alone," was the only rejoinder, and Caton went back into the dancing hall, where Ruggles soon saw him whirling with Miss Harper.

Now, the only real attachment in this triangular affair was between Sam Ruggles and Gwendolyn Harper, and from the time Ruggles began to assume that air of superiority Gwendolyn began to be troubled. She was too proud to call him back, but she looked as if she would be willing to take him back if he would apply for reinstatement. One day when they met in the garden of the hotel she remarked that it was a pleasant day.

"I think it will storm tomorrow or next day," was the reply.

"Why, I see no indications of it."

"Perhaps if you watch the incoming trains you'll see a thunder cloud coming."

"You speak in riddles."

"He could not longer keep his secret. It came out in spite of him—that is, a part of it."

"When the storm breaks it will strike this man whom you have honored with your favorable consideration."

"How? When? Where?"

"You shall see."

"Won't you tell me?"

"Nothing is to be gained by my telling you. I prefer that you should see for yourself."

And Mr. Ruggles with cold politeness lifted his hat and passed on.

Miss Harper went straight to her mother with the information, or, rather, the insinuation. Mrs. Harper had been a bit worried lest she had lifted her

daughter out of the frying pan to drop her into the fire. Her object now was to take advantage of what Ruggles had said to discredit both the rivals.

"My dear," she said, "in the first place, it is very mean of Sam to cast a slur upon this Mr. Caton. It shows a very contemptible disposition on Sam's part. But we must remember that we know nothing about Caton. He may be a gentleman and he may not be. Likely he is some young man who has got hold of a little money and is spending it in the only outing of his life."

"That can't be, mamma. He has the manner of one accustomed to the very best society. As for Sam, if he knows anything about Mr. Caton it would be very wicked of him not to warn me."

"Then why doesn't he tell you the whole story and have done with it?"

Mrs. Harper was not considering the inexperience of youth or the deflection of judgment occasioned by jealousy. It was enough for her to get her daughter out of the toils of a man worth only \$5,000 a year and make sure that Gwendolyn should not become too far interested in one who for all that was known about him was not worth a cent.

It was a few days after this conversation between mother and daughter, at which Gwendolyn promised to drop Mr. Caton at once, that the storm Ruggles had predicted broke. A woman with angular features was driven from the railroad station to the hotel, who, instead of placing her name on the register, held a private conference with the landlord and was excused from doing so. She arrived in the morning about an hour after a party of gentlemen, including Caton, had gone out on the water for a day's fishing. It was not long after the lady arrived before there began to be whispers about her among the hotel guests. Then it leaked out that she had come after a fugitive husband, and lastly Mrs. Harper was filled with consternation by a report that Edward Caton had been contemplating bigamy with her daughter.

When the fishing party returned the guests of the hotel were drawn up on the veranda to see the fun between Mr. and Mrs. Caton. The gentleman came up with the others entirely unconscious of what was in store for him. The woman was ready to pounce on him. But the storm didn't break. Caton went up to his room to make his toilet for dinner, and the woman who had come after him said that her husband was not among the men who entered. She was very wrath with her anonymous informant and vowed that if she could discover him she would give him a piece of her mind.

The clouds of the storm that had passed without striking were still whirling about when a young man drove up to the hotel from the station and, seeing Caton on the porch, cried out:

"Hello, Bob! Where did you come from?"

"Bob" exclaimed several guests sitting about in a breath. "I thought his name was Ned."

"Who's your friend?" asked one of these persons, following the newly arrived man into the house.

"That? Why, that's Bob Carrington."

When Mrs. Harper was informed that the supposed Edward Caton was none other than Robert Carrington, the multimillionaire, and her daughter not two days ago had given him the cold shoulder she was not only dumfounded, but chagrined. She had lost the opportunity of a lifetime. With some \$10,000,000 a year at her command Gwendolyn might have gone to London and taken a position in society there. But the luck had been against her and she was inconsolable.

Since his identity had been given away Mr. Robert Carrington did not attempt to pass further under a name case temporary immunity from a notoriety brought upon him by his immense wealth. However, he rejoiced at having enjoyed a week of freedom from curiosity and especially from society reporters who telegraphed his presence wherever he went.

After the sensation was over Sam Ruggles and Gwendolyn Harper met in the drawing room of the hotel.

"Well," said Sam, "you just missed snaring a multimillionaire. I'm sorry for you."

"And you missed seeing the multimillionaire captured by a deserted wife."

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Their eyes met, and they smiled."

"Mother's frantic," Gwendolyn remarked.

"I suppose so. Well, what are you going to do?"

"Why, I'm not going to do anything."

She held a rose in her hand and, going up to him, fixed it in his button-hole. He cast a quick glance about him. There was no one besides themselves in the room. He kissed her.