

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Tuesday, November 8, 1904.

The Democratic Ticket.

Here is the ticket that every democrat in Rock Island county should vote Nov. 8, and vote straight:

For President—Alton B. Parker, of New York.

For Vice President—Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia.

For Governor—Lawrence B. Stringer, of Lincoln.

For Lieutenant Governor—Thomas F. Ferns, of Jersey county.

For Secretary of State—Frank E. Dooling, of Springfield.

For Auditor—R. E. Spangler, of Chicago.

For Attorney General—Albert Watson, of Jefferson county.

For State Treasurer—Judge Charles B. Thomas, of McLeansboro.

For Trustees of the University of Illinois—Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon, of Chicago; Fred B. Merrill, of St. Clair county, and Theodore C. Loehr, of Carlinville.

For Congressman—David W. Matthews, Rock Island county.

For Member State Board of Equalization—F. M. Guthrie, Mercer county.

For Representative—George A. Cooke, Mercer county.

For State's Attorney—William C. Allen, Moline.

For Circuit Clerk—Thomas J. Naylon, Rock Island.

For Coroner—Dr. George F. Johnson, East Moline.

For Surveyor—Charles A. Kyte, Black Hawk.

It will be but a few hours until each one as before will pursue his favorite phantom.

The most surprising thing about the cruise of the Baltic fleet is that it has not yet been sighted off Boston.

Gold has again been discovered in Ohio, this time through a farmer's dream. Too bad he will have to wake up.

All that can be expected of anyone at an election time, is to follow the dictates of his conscience and do his best.

The experiences of the campaign just closed may mean the permanent exit of the spellbinder from the stage of politics.

The Tobacco Heart.

George K. Nash, former governor of Ohio, who died recently, was an extravagant smoker, using from six to a dozen strong black cigars daily. He was a man of rare ability, great popularity and his future was full of bright promise. But he could not conquer the tobacco habit, and this brought about his sudden demise in the prime of life. "Heart failure" was the verdict of the family physician, "brought on by excessive smoking."

Injurious as cigars are when used to excess, they pale into insignificance when compared to the damages wrought by cigarettes. The sheriff of Cleveland county, Okla., for the last year has been keeping a complete record of his prisoners, in which he recorded all their likes, dislikes and personal habits. During that time he has had in his jail over 300 prisoners, and he says that 70 per cent of the prisoners are addicted to the cigaret habit.

An illustration of the effect of cigaret smoking may be found nearer home. There are a thousand boys in the state reformatory at Pontiac, and of this number fully 80 per cent smoke cigars.

There is something about the cigaret that deadens the moral senses. The habit demoralizes and degenerates. Either the tobacco is drugged or the paper wrapper is poisonous. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the cigaret is destructive of the finest impulses.

Parents who value the well being of their sons cannot too forcibly impress upon them the degradation that is sure to follow the cigaret habit. It has become a plague whose spread threatens the morals of the American youth.

The Growth of Socialism.

Eugene V. Debs, the presidential candidate of the social party, says he will poll 1,000,000 votes today. This looks like a bluff, but it is well to bear in mind that socialism as a political creed has been growing with great rapidity throughout the United States in recent years. Debs had a vote of \$8,000 in 1900, and Mallory, the candidate of the social labor party, had a poll of 40,000. If these elements of the socialists had been united in that

canvass their total vote would have gone up to a very respectable figure. In 1904, these parties, as in 1900, have separate organizations and tickets. Candidate Debs has made this year as active a canvass as he made four years ago, with the advantage that his seat has undoubtedly grown in the interval.

In the Rocky mountain region the socialists made a particularly energetic canvass in 1904. The labor troubles in Colorado, Idaho and other states in that section in the past few years are expected to help Debs' party. C. H. Corrihan, the candidate of the socialist labor party, has also been on the stump in the mountain states and on the Pacific slope. He, too, looks for a big poll this year. The Western Federation of Miners, which conducted the strike of 1903-04, which ended disastrously in Cripple Creek and other parts of Colorado, is active in propagating socialist sentiment. It is reported that ex-Gov. Adams, the democratic candidate for governor in Colorado, has surrendered to the socialists this year, although in his first canvass for governor he condemned socialism even more emphatically than did his republican rival. The socialist vote in the election returns promises to be worth glancing at in 1904.

The Knocker.

"Instead of knocking the town would it not be better to help build it up?" This bit of advice comes all the way from Tennessee and appears in the columns of the Memphis Commercial Appeal. It is a chunk of wisdom that might well find its way in the columns of every American newspaper.

Every city, town, village and hamlet has its growlers and fault finders. In the parlance of today they are known as knockers. The knocker is a "no good." He does nothing but to help deride every effort to upbuild and is only content when he can destroy the work of others. He is an iconoclast, a destructionist and an obstructionist.

The knocker is found everywhere. He would rather kick than shove; rather pull back than push. Enterprise gives him that "tired feeling" and progress makes him weary.

Rock Island has grown and thrived and will continue to thrive and grow despite the knocker. But why can not these kickers stop their Jeremiah-like lamentations and climb into the ever missing band wagon? This vehicle, though always full has room for more. Jump in, shout for everything that helps your city and your neighbor, push along every improvement, shove along every enterprise and aid every public project. This is a sure cure for dyspepsia.

It kills the blues and makes life well worth living.

RIVER RIPLETS.

The C. W. Cowles, Zalus Davis, Mac and Winona were down and the B. Hershey, Phil Scheckel, Mac and Winona were north.

The water was stationary at 7.40.

RIVER FORECAST.

Slowly decreasing stages in the Mississippi will continue between Dubuque and Muscatine.

RIVER BULLETIN.

Dmg'r Hgt. Change Line, 8 a.m. 24 hrs. Feet. Feet. Feet.

St. Paul	14	5.3	-0.1
Red Wing	14	5.0	-0.2
Reeds Landing	12	4.8	-0.2
La Crosse	12	6.7	-0.3
P. du Chien	18	8.2	-0.3
Dubuque	18	8.8	-0.2
Le Claire	10	5.4	-0.1
Davenport	15	7.4	-0.1
Des Moines Rapids	15	3.9	-0.1
Keokuk	15	6.6	0.0
St. Louis	30	8.9	-0.1
Kansas City	21	6.3	0.0

Advertised List No. 45.

Following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Rock Island postoffice for the week ending Nov. 5, 1904:

Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barlow, Mrs. And. Burbank, Chas. Crane, James Dabier, William Downey, John A. Evans (Dep. Coll.), M. Fater, J. H. Foster, Miss Rose Griffiths, Edward C. Glazer, Frank Gregg, Walter Gregg, Wm. Hathaway, Miss Julia A. Johnston, P. Kraft, R. F. Laing, Miss Mamie McBurnie, Gus Miller, Chas. Meyers, Rudley Meyers, Charles Nader, C. E. Nelson, Miss Eleanor Russell, Clinton Rhodes, Miss Lena Snider, Miss Lena Smith, Fred Thomas, John Wilkerson, Wendell & Passmore, M. L. Weinbey.

Floods in China.

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 8.—Advices by steamship from Tremont give the details of a disastrous flood at Chang Chow, north of Amoy, China. The enormous watershed and heavy fall of rain make the flood the highest water known in three centuries at Chang Chow. Three thousands houses were destroyed and many hundreds of people carried away in the flood.

American Killed in Cuba.

Havana, Nov. 8.—A dispatch from Pinar del Rio states that J. T. Cleveland, an American, has been killed here by a policeman. No details have been received.

Burglars Interrupted at Work.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 8.—Two men wearing yellow sweaters, attempted to blow up the safe of the savings bank at Walford, Ia., near Iowa City. They were driven off by citizens, and made their escape in a buggy, leaving behind them a complete set of burglars' tools.

DAILY SHORT STORY

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

(Original.)

A light far away in the valley shone blood red in a background of darkest green. Used, as I had been for weeks, to the uninhabited forest where I had been hunting, I wondered what could cause fire where there were no human beings to kindle it. Then I thought it a burning building. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was the red October sun shining on window glass.

I had not slept in a house since setting out on my hunting trip, nor had I exchanged a word with man or woman. I was tired and feverish. My bones ached, my skin was dry, and my pulse beat high. I would go to the house, where some kind woodsman would give me a bed.

Half an hour later I came to the house I sought. It was a neat cottage, surrounded by a fence inclosing half an acre of ground. The twilight was near gone, but enough was left to show that nothing grew in the garden, nor was there animal or fowl on the place. No lamp was lighted within. Indeed, the closing of most of the shutters denoted that there were no occupants. Moving the slats of the blinds so that I could look into the living room, I made out in the dim light that it was furnished. What tempted me most was a heap of logs resting on andirons in the fireplace, beside which a comfortable lounge stood ready to receive my worn body.

It was not difficult to effect an entrance. All I had to do was to break a pane of glass, put in my hand, unlock the catch and throw up the sash. I did so, and crawling in, inspected every room in the house. Though it was completely furnished, the closets and bureaus were empty. There were some supplies in the larder, but they had evidently been there a long while.

Lighting the fire in the living room, I drew the lounge directly before it and lay down. The crackling of the wood, the genial warmth—indeed, all the surroundings—doubly appreciated by one who had slept so long sheltered only by heaven's dome, caused me in a measure to forget my pain, and I sank to sleep.

"Tom?" The word sounded like a woman's call. Starting up, I looked about for the speaker; but, seeing no one, I lay down, thinking I had dreamed. But sleep did not come again. I turned my face to the fire, now a heap of glowing embers, emitting a flickering flame, and gave myself up to deliberating whether the voice I had heard was real. Happening to turn my eyes toward a window, I saw between the slats of the blind a pair of eyes.

My first impulse was to seize my rifle, leaning against the mantel, but I felt sure that a woman was without. I sat up, my eyes fixed on those peering through the slats.

"It can't be you, is it, Tom?" There was a world of sadness in the words.

"No, I am not Tom." The only reply was a sob.

In a few minutes I had gone out and brought in a woman and, throwing a few sticks on the fire, by the renewed light looked to see what manner of creature she might be. Her age was about forty. She had evidently been born and bred in the country, and there were traces of a faded beauty. I drew a comfortable chair to the fire and when she had seated herself asked for an explanation.

"I was a fool," she said. "I wrecked my life and Tom's. I was like a young colt, wild in doin' what I reckoned on doin', just like the colt 'll run agin a barbed wire. Twenty year ago to-night Tom Griggs and I was to occupy this house after our wedding. The day we was to have been married we had a spat, and I hitched up my father's mare and drove to my aunt's over in the next county. There I got shot of 'my freak, but thought I'd wait for Tom to come and bring me back. He never came. I was too proud to come back till he did, so I stayed on and on. Mother she tried to bring me back, but it wasn't no use. I was set in my ways. Then I heered that Tom had shot up the house he'd built and furnished for us and gone no one knew where.

"Since then every anniversary of what was to have been the wedding night I've come, thinkin' Tom might come to visit it too. When I saw you lyin' on the lounge tonight I thought for sure it was him. I've been here twenty times, and he hasn't come. He'll never come."

I spoke some words of comfort, but I saw that they had no effect. The woman had given up hope. Thinking that perhaps her lover might have visited the place and left some clue, I hunted the house over, but found nothing. Before leaving I took his name and on reaching the city commenced a systematic search through an agency and at the end of six months was rewarded in finding my man in the far west.

When I went on my next hunting trip the following autumn before entering the forest I stopped at the deserted house. I found it the abode of a reunited couple who had lost the best years of their lives through a freak. However, they were making up for lost time. I have never met a more devoted pair. — PAUL E. SMITH.

J. B. ZIMMER & CO., TAILORS.



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Price so Blank in Quality. Ten Cigs. for 10c. Not so Good.

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STRAIGHT 5c STRAIGHT 10c

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Men's Suits from \$7.50 to \$35.00

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