

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Wednesday, September 30, 1908.



DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS (SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE)

NATIONAL. For President of the United States, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN of Nebraska. For Vice President, JOHN WORTH KERN of Indiana.

STATE. For United States Senator—Lawrence E. Stringer. For Governor—Adlai E. Stevenson. For Lieutenant Governor—Elmer A. Perry. For Secretary of State—Xelpho F. Beidler.

CONGRESS. For Representative in Congress—M. J. McEniry. LEGISLATURE. For State Representative—Henry L. Wheelan.

COUNTY. For State's Attorney—Robert R. Reynolds. For Coroner—Dr. M. J. O'Hern. For Surveyor—George H. Hicks.

Boost for the Exposition and boost for Rock Island.

Go to the Exposition every afternoon and evening.

The definition of Theodore Roosevelt is a very loud noise.

La Follette may be for Taft, but his followers are for what La Follette stands for.

After he has made a few more protesting gestures the waves of oblivion will roll over Foraker.

"My panic" and "the empty dinner pail" are at least two tin cans that may be tied to the tail of the republican kite.

The Japanese world's exposition has been postponed from 1912 to 1917. This will make it impossible for a lot of us to attend.

Go to the Exposition and contribute to the booster spirit even if you have only time enough to buy a ticket and walk through the turnstile and out again.

Chaffin and Debs cannot help wondering why Watson and Hisgen, who otherwise appear to be bright enough, should be wasting their time running for president.

The committee announced that republican headquarters were at Chicago, but the developments of the past week seem to indicate that they are at the White house.

When a candidate for president of the United States travels from Mitchell, S. D., to Rock Island on a single trip of 142 miles with special train service at each end in order to be on time for an extraordinary occasion it indicates that the booster spirit in Rock Island is attracting attention. That was what Bryan's journey to Rock Island yesterday proved.

Freak Revision. The standpat platform having said that the tariff must provide for difference in cost of production here and abroad, the administration has with a great flourish instructed our consuls to ascertain the cost of producing foreign goods. News now comes that the American consul in Birmingham, England, has sent a circular to English manufacturers asking the cost of their products and propounding numerous other questions concerning their business. If the consul expects to get British trade secrets in this way he is likely to be disappointed. But he probably knows that cost of production would cut little figure in a republican revision of the tariff, and he might as well get a string of figures in the easiest way possible. It is notorious that schedules have been written by the men who profit by them, not by officials honestly representing the people who are taxed by them. So why should any consul go on a still hunt for facts that will never be used? Would it not be well to advertise for information as to the size of a "reasonable profit" which the protected manufacturers are to have guaranteed them? Our consuls might get light on this, too.

A Comparison. Senator Foraker has been turned out, kicked out with obloquy, from the association with Candidate Taft to which he recently consented only after earnest solicitation by Taft's managers, says the Boston Globe.

The cause of this ungrateful and vociferous expulsion was the revelation of the fact, which Foraker admits, that he once took \$50,000 from the Standard Oil company to buy a newspaper and returned the money promptly when he found the newspaper was not for sale.

Such a delicate sense of honor is surprising. When Mr. Cortelyou was running Mr. Roosevelt's campaign he found there was need of money to buy the vote of the state of New York in two days before election. He got the money—"swads" of it—from Harriman and from Perkins and others of the New York Life Insurance people. When Judge Parker exposed this corruption President Roosevelt denied it in an indignant proclamation from the White house. It subsequently appeared that the money was given as alleged and for the purposes alleged.

What is the difference between this situation and that which is exploited today?

Simply this; Cortelyou, who did not return the money, was made secretary of the treasury by the president in whose interest the money was spent. And Foraker, who did return the money when he found he could not use it in the way intended, is driven into the wilderness, a scapegoat.

be the next president of their country. More than ever they will believe—they will not only believe, they will know—that if Mr. Bryan is elected he will fill the proud office of president with such dignity combined with such strength, with such courtesy combined with such gentleness, with such courage combined with such devotion, as will do honor to the office, to the party that placed him there, and to the whole people whom he will wholly serve.

If it were Theodore Roosevelt himself contending for the presidency with Bryan and not merely an underling and charge of Roosevelt—if it were Roosevelt himself, we repeat, the democracy of this nation might proudly, and with confidence, submit the claims and the merits of their candidate, against those of the opposing candidate for the thoughtful consideration and candid judgment of the American people.

What John Mitchell Says. John Mitchell, ex-president United Mine Workers of America, makes this emphatic statement to the public and miners through the New York World:

"In accordance with your invitation I wish to state that, in my judgment, the election of Bryan would be for the best interests of the whole nation."

"He stands on much the better platform and will be guided by it in the event of his election. Mr. Taft is handicapped by the zealous advocacy of his cause by the predatory rich. Honest wealth and business have nothing to fear in Bryan's election."

Always a Welcome for Bryan. Yesterday is not the first time Mr. Bryan has visited Rock Island, nor was the welcome he received unusual for him here. Whether he has come on a political mission, as a lecturer, or simply as a traveler, he has always met with the same hearty greeting.

His address last evening, while it presented the democratic viewpoint, was entertaining and instructive, in a non-partisan sense, and the people are the better for his having been here.

Wasted Royal Effort. The king of Wurtemberg while out motoring in the country with the Grand Duke Adolphus of Mecklenburg saw coming toward him a cart drawn by a white horse in which were seated a sturdy old peasant and his wife. As the motor car approached the white horse became very restive, pranced, reared and finally fell down on the roadway. The king and the grand duke immediately ordered the chauffeur to stop and, getting down from the car, went to the assistance of the fallen animal. Meanwhile the two old peasants sat stolidly in the cart and made not the slightest effort to raise the horse. The grand duke seized the creature's head, and the king proceeded to loosen the traces. After a good deal of trouble the horse was got upon its legs again and re-harnessed, and then the grand duke addressed the old man in the cart.

"There," he said, handing him a coin, "it's all right now, my good man. You can go and tell your friends that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg picked up your horse and that the king of Wurtemberg helped him." The peasant bit the coin to see if it was good and then replied: "Ye might have saved yourselves all this trouble, for my old horse always lays down when he hears one of those horrid motor cars coming. But so soon as it's past he gets up again of his own accord."

Sick Headache. This disease is caused by a derangement of the stomach. Take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to correct this disorder and the sick headache will disappear. For sale by all druggists.

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Davenport, Iowa.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP



By Courtesy of the Chicago Journal.

The Argus Daily Short Story

The Maze—By Harriet Lummis Smith. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The maze was located a few rods from the hotel, its compact walls of evergreen rising ten feet high. The little opening which revealed a narrow curving path possessed the undulating charm of mystery. But Lettice, recalling tales she had heard of tourists wandering for hours in those intricate windings unable to find their way out, was inclined to be skeptical.

"It's so little," she criticised. "I imagined that a maze would cover acres."

Inwardly she felt convinced of her ability to walk triumphantly to the center and out again. She looked at the clock. It was three-quarters of an hour before the coaching party was to start. Bigger things than the conquest of a maze had been accomplished in that time.

Lettice stepped through the opening into the narrow path with its high, green walls, promising herself that she would turn back before there was any likelihood of losing her way. And almost on the moment she forgot that possibility. The path was very narrow, so narrow that the most amicable pair could not have walked abreast. The dense foliage of the evergreen was for all practical purposes impenetrable as granite. Overhead was the blue California sky, and the breeze was weighted with the odors of uncounted millions of blossoms.

"What a delicious place!" thought Lettice. The big outside world was no longer in evidence. She seemed to herself a solitary pilgrim, following life's winding paths, not knowing where they led, satisfied with a glimpse of the sky overhead and the odors of unseen flowers.

In this peaceful, almost philosophical frame of mind Lettice turned a corner and came face to face with a young man. And the encounter was sufficient to work an immediate change in the current of her thoughts. She swayed against the wall of evergreen as if about to fall.

"Jack!" she murmured faintly. "Lettice!" cried the young man, and his tones were rapturous. As he advanced with outstretched hands Lettice drew herself up. A sudden amazing dignity radiated from her slight figure. An expression of extreme hauteur replaced her previous look of agitation.

"I beg your pardon," said Lettice, gazing at some indefinite object over the young man's head. "I am afraid you misunderstand me."

The young man might have replied that the break in her voice and her sudden pallor were sufficient excuses for the indiscretion into which he had been betrayed. He did nothing of the kind, however. He only stood and looked at her as if even at her haughtiest the sight of her rejoiced his eyes.

"If you will kindly let me pass," continued Lettice, and the young man

obliquely flattened himself against the wall of foliage. But owing to the narrowness of the path her arm brushed his sleeve as she swept by, and something in the contact weakened her resolution. She felt the tears rushing to her eyes, and her knees were unsteady.

Suddenly she decided that she hated mazes and all that pertained to them. She would hurry back to the hotel and lie down for a few moments before the coaching party. She was absurdly nervous and unstrung. Still she excused her weakness on the ground that there is something disconcerting in the sudden apparition of a person whom you have every reason to believe thousands of miles away. If by any chance you have ever been engaged to the person in question that, of course, adds to the complications.

Lettice quickened her pace. She walked with a rapidity that brought the color to her cheeks and rendered her breathless. She was reflecting that she did not realize she had followed the winding path so far when she again found herself face to face with the young man whom she had met ten minutes before. On this occasion, however, she did not cry "Jack!" or give similar indications of weakness. She drew back and looked him over with an air divided between surprise and contempt.

"If you will allow me to say so," Lettice began, "I should hardly expect you to take advantage of the situation to dog my footsteps in this way."

"And if you will allow me to say so," returned Jack, with more spirit than he

had evidenced on the previous occasion, "it is like your customary injustice to accuse me of such a thing. So far from dogging you, I am only interested in getting out of this wretched place."

"Perhaps you will allow me to pass, then," said Lettice, with great dignity. "Certainly," Jack replied. Again he flattened himself against the evergreen, and again Lettice swept past him.

"Your customary injustice!" What a disagreeable phrase it was, and yet perhaps not undeserved! She had condemned him unheard. To do so if she had given him a chance to explain the past two years would not have been so difficult and sad. To smile when your heart is heavy, to laugh when sighs are crowding to your lips, to hide a bitter regret under the pretense of gaiety, is not an easy programme to carry out. Lettice gave way suddenly to the luxury of self pity, and the blinding tears ran down her cheeks.

Half an hour later a young man, flushed and frowning, came face to face with a young woman who held her handkerchief to her eyes. Both stood still. The only break in the silence was a little muffled sob, and at the sound the young man's face contracted as if he were in pain.

"Lettice!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Lettice! Why are you crying?"

It was a moment before a stifled voice replied, "Because I can't find my way out."

"Is that all?" This time the silence was longer than before. "Is that all?" Jack hesitated. "Tell me, dear."

"No-o." The uncertain syllable was so faint that Jack bent his head to be sure. Then he put his hand gently over the girl's trembling fingers.

"Dearest, you wouldn't give me a chance to set myself right with you. My letters came back unopened. I went to see you, and you had left for Europe the day before. You wouldn't listen!"

Lettice looked up at him. Through her tears something bright and beautiful looked out, like the sunshine sifting through the raindrops.

"I'll listen now," she said. It was some time before the desirability of leaving the maze occurred to either, and then they could not agree as to the direction in which the exit lay. Lettice, however, was sweetly submissive.

"I've had my own way long enough," she said. "Now I'll follow you wherever you choose to take me."

And Jack, who had found her bewitching even in her willfulness, could only dolefully adore her in her enchanting new role.

A few minutes later they walked into a circular space, where a bench stood back against the hedge. The two looked at each other.

"We've got to the center," Lettice cried happily. "And now we're farther from getting out than ever." She regarded the bench with approving eyes.

"It looks so comfortable," she said. "They were still discovering new charms in their circular paradise when an elderly man with stooping shoulders came into view."

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing the pair on the bench. "But will you tell me how to get out of this confounded trap?"

The lovers looked at him and then at each other.

"We haven't the least idea," Lettice acknowledged.

"The fact is," Jack confessed shamelessly, "we're not in any hurry to get out."

"I see, and I beg your pardon," said the elderly man. And he obligingly vanished. Again they were alone with their happiness, and the mystery of the maze kept guard.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Money is supposed to be a vulgar thing, but those who are removed from common things were so removed by the power of the coin.

The farther away from your own immediate atmosphere sin is the blacker it looks.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE! A person of firm character and decided opinions need not find life noxious, for there are always plenty waiting to give battle and make things interesting.

Of all ready made things perhaps the thinnest and the shoddiest are ready made friendships.

Like charity, a reputation for honesty covers a multitude of sins and of short accounts.

There are people who have a perfect genius for getting in the way and staying right there.

The general idea seems to be that the man that has made repeated failures is good authority on how to make a success—how not to do it, as it were.

It is rare that we notice greed in another unless we are afflicted with a desire to possess what he chanced to pre-empt.

The Dead Game Sport. Have you ever in your travels Met a Dead Game Sport? Made no difference to him whether He was flush or he was short? Open hearted and impatient Every one he met to treat. Though his poor, neglected family Didn't have enough to eat.

One of whom you could be certain If you had him for a friend And should meet him in the city He would hold aloft his end. Though he might the needful money Borrow as a last resort. You could count him at the finish As a Dead Game Sport.

Though his children might have hardly Any decent shoes to wear. Though the tailor and the grocer For their money might despair. Though his wife should take in washing For their poor and mean support, He still radiated glory As a Dead Game Sport.

Accommodating. "This cow gives sweet milk, I suppose," said the amateur farmer. "Oh, certainly," replied the man who was trying to make the sale. "But how about it when we want buttermilk? Do we have to have a different cow for that?" "Oh, no, no. You see those two brass knobs on the end of her horns?" "Yes; what have they got to do with it?" "Oh, everything. You press the one on the right when you want sweet milk and the one on the left for buttermilk."

Liked a Contrast. "He is rich, they say." "Yes, but he is so slow." "That's why I like him." "What's the answer?" "She naturally admires one who can go the smart pace."

Appreciation. Wifey—The Browns called on last week for dinner, you know. Hubby—Yes. Wifey—Don't you think it is about time we should retaliate?

The New Office Boy. "Do you tell the truth?" "Well, I can make it sound that way." "You'll do."

A Mistake. How oft we see him blinking With assurances so sublime. The man who thinks he's thinking When he's only killing time!

Safe Venture. "I am going back to the old town for the first time in twenty years." "All your creditors dead?"

Prospects. "Come over and look at my new gown tonight, Clara." "I'd like to very much, but it will be impossible." "Have you an engagement?" "Well, not exactly, but I hope to have one before the evening is over. Charley has the measure of my finger."

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"I SEE, AND I BEG YOUR PARDON," SAID THE ELDERLY MAN.

den amazing dignity radiated from her slight figure. An expression of extreme hauteur replaced her previous look of agitation. "I beg your pardon," said Lettice, gazing at some indefinite object over the young man's head. "I am afraid you misunderstand me."