

THE ARGUS.

Published Daily at 1634 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week, by carrier, in Rock Island.

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Telephone in all departments: Central Union, West 145, 1146 and 2145; Union Electric, 6148.



Monday, November 25, 1912.

The Ananias club has not gained a member in a month.

From now until spring the American hen is non-supporting.

Making a green orange a golden yellow by chemicals is off color.

Show your Thanksgiving spirit this week by being thankful that you have a chance to shop early and get the choice of the holiday goods.

Meanwhile, thinking about Thanksgiving, please remember that The Argus Annual Good Fellow and Santa Claus Fund movement is coming along.

In the claim of the International Harvester combine that it exists by divine right and that providence backs monopoly, may come at last the explanation of one Theodore Roosevelt's stand at Armageddon—battling for the Lord.

We are told that turkey prices this year are higher than at any time since the war. First thing we know only those who count their fortunes in seven figures will be able to celebrate Thanksgiving according to the customs of the pilgrim fathers.

Bill Finn, the Pennsylvania boss, who it will be remembered, was one of Roosevelt's angels in the battle for the Lord, is going back into the republican party. Now Bill is in danger of being transferred forthwith from the Onward Christian Soldier column to the Ananias club.

An Oakland, Cal., man ordered his chauffeur to dump his \$4,000 motor car off the ferry boat into San Francisco bay. The order was obeyed and then the irate and-motorist offered to pay expenses if the ferry company would ram the car deeper in the mud with a pile driver. It is possible that this man was not as foolish as are some who mortgage their homes to keep up a car.

Kansas manages to remain in the limelight. Droughts and grasshoppers are out of date, so are whiskers, and that prosperity talk of automobilizing, bond owning farmers has gotten to be a chestnut. Something new had to be unearthed, and here it is: Kansas has more office-holding women than any other state in the union and is therefore entitled to particular consideration at the hands of headline writers.

THE VOTE IN THE COLLEGE.

A correspondent desires to know how the electoral college stands on the presidency. Omitting California, 12 of whose 13 votes will probably be cast for Wilson, the college will vote as follows:

TRAINING FILIPINOS.

The Philippine government, through its bureau of education, has taken an important step in the industrial development of the people of the islands. By establishing the school of household industries at Manila, the government hopes to introduce into the homes several industries which will add materially to the income of thousands of families.

A GROWING GREAT MAN.

William J. Bryan, in speaking recently of the president-elect, said: "Governor Wilson has grown constantly, and more than justifies the expectation of his friends."

This is a truth well and simply stated. Four years ago Governor Wilson was known by but comparatively few outside of educational circles. Two years ago he became governor of New Jersey, and the record of his achievements in this office made him a national character to whom many eyes were turning.

during the convention at Baltimore, throughout the campaign for election and since his election to the presidency, shows a constant growth that justifies the confidence of the people that he will make one of the best and most beneficial chief magistrates this country has ever had.

Woodrow Wilson is not a demonstrative man. He does not pose, nor in any way exhibit egotism. He is not an egotist, but a student trying to learn all that he should know, and determined to do all that he can to make this country better as well as greater.

BOQUET FOR TAVENNER.

LaFollette's Magazine, edited by United States Senator Robert M. La Follette, republican, pays a fine tribute to Clyde H. Tavenner, congressman-elect from this district.

The setting of the table usually falls to the daughter of the house, if there is one; if not, the mother does it herself or directs how it should be done if there is a helper in the home. There is no place in the entire home which can show the individual artistic touch of mother or daughter as the table, and there are some absolutely fixed rules for the placing of most of the service.

AMERICA LEADS IN COAL.

Since 1899, when the United States supplanted Great Britain, this country has held first place among the coal producing countries of the world. In 1911 the total world's production of coal amounted to approximately 1,300,000,000 short tons, of which the United States contributed 496,221,168 tons, or 38.1 per cent. In the 12 years from 1899, when the country first surpassed Great Britain, to 1911 the production of the United States has increased nearly 100 per cent, while Great Britain has increased its output about 25 per cent.

THE GOVERNING FORCES AND THE CLEANSING EFFECT.

If Rock Island is to have the full benefit of the cleansing effect, it must have the advantage of the governing force. It has been demonstrated recently that Rock Island is in need of governing on the part of those entrusted by the people with the responsibility of governing. Shiftlessness and indifference and a disposition to shirk where matters of exceptional importance command action lead in but one direction, and that is to ruin.

MANY WILSONS IN HALL OF FAME.

While there have been red headed Wilsons, black haired Wilsons, brown haired Wilson and Wilsons with very little hair on their heads in the United States ever since the Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen began to supplant the copper colored savages, and they have filled all kinds of offices, to the president-elect has been reserved the distinction of having been the first of the clan to become a candidate for the presidency.

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Domestic Science DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk

Everyone may not learn to set a table artistically, but there are few who cannot learn to set it much better than they do. It is called art by some and as such should be recognized by everyone.

It is not so much what is put on the table in the form of dishes, linen and service, as how it is done. Unusual, faddish setting of the table should be avoided for the everyday or holiday meal unless it would be for such days as Halloween.

means committee when the measure was framed, he gained a place in the history of the country. It will be remembered that the Wilson bill was rebuilt to suit the protected interests by the republican senators, assisted by several democratic senators, one of whom, James Smith, Jr., recently had a disastrous encounter with Governor Wilson, who was thus instrumental in averting his clansman. President Cleveland made William L. Wilson his postmaster general during the latter days of his administration.

Another Scottish-American Wilson who has gained celebrity is General James Grant Wilson of New York. At the age of 80 he is an occasional contributor to magazines. General Wilson founded a literary journal in Chicago in 1855. He rose to the rank of brigadier general in the union army during the civil war and has written many biographical works.

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spotless and white and as fine as your style of living will warrant, the simpler ones for everyday use and the finer ones for special occasions.

They may be all this, but if not perfectly washed, the corners of cloth folded perfectly even, the very foundation of the table setting will be a failure.

Table decorations should not be too elaborate and always in keeping with the character of the day celebrated or the desired color scheme used. Thanksgiving day colors are usually yellow to correspond with the pumpkins and chrysanthemum, which is the usual flower of the day.

The soup plate is on a service plate, which is an eight or 10-inch plate. The soup spoon is placed to the right of the knife, and teaspoon and the soup ladle to the right of the soup spoon. Using left hand for removing cover of tureen, you are ready to take the ladle in right hand and serve soup, which may be passed to other members of the family at table.

The water glass or goblet should always be placed at end of knife blade. The bread and butter plate is on the left end of fork. The silver is always used from the outside toward the plate, either from right or left. Napkins should always be placed on left side of fork.

Twenty-four inches is the usual space allowed for each cover or person.

There is indeed need of the governing force and the cleansing effect in Rock Island's street and alleys. There is need of it before it is too late, if serious damage has not already been done, for it is destructive, health destroying and death-dealing. The commission need not ask for the people's consent to dispose of a subject of such vital importance. It does not require a referendum vote to purchase a modern flusher or to adopt a system of constant sweeping and compel constant sprinkling, especially in the business section. The commission has the power to provide for all emergencies, and this is a dire emergency.

And after the governing force and the cleansing effect is applied to purified water and purified air, then what? Then let it be applied to the moral situation. There, too is occasion, and serious occasion, for the governing force and cleansing effect. The wiping out of the black belt and the red light districts in Rock Island will produce a wholesome condition which with pure water and pure air will make Rock Island a city worth living in.

There is need of the governing force and the cleansing effect in all of these particulars, before the people will be inclined to place the stamp of their O. K. on the commission form of municipal government as applied to Rock Island.

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For The Argus' own part, it is

Humor and Philosophy
By BURMAN R. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE length of time a cook stays in a family sometimes depends upon how interesting the family conversations are.

A man can always run a household better than a woman can. Still, he doesn't.

We miss a lot of fun by being afraid of appearing ridiculous.

Do the best you can and don't worry for fear it will be too good.

The worst thing about doing as you please is that you are so apt not to like it when it is done.

There are women who can keep busy worrying over what they didn't do yesterday and fretting over what they want to do tomorrow.

Funny that a boy will tell his sister all about his love affairs, while a girl always tells another girl.

Divorces ought to come along with the titles that American men of money buy for their ambitious daughters.

Anybody can tell the truth, but it takes a person of imagination to be a good liar.

Possibilities.
If you cannot win a fortune
That will feather well your nest
You at least can earn a living
If you work your level best
If you cannot make a million
Where the highest stakes are played
You can knock out several dollars
Working daily at your trade.

What's the use of having money
That you never hope to spend?
It will only bring you trouble,
It is not your truest friend.
If you settle with the grocer
And can pay the butcher's score,
With a little left for pleasure,
What can any one do more?

For the man who has a million
Only has one pair of eyes
To behold the wondrous picture
As he strolls along the highway
He can only eat one breakfast,
Only occupy one bed,
Only wear one pair of slippers,
Have but one hat on his head.

If you cannot own an auto
That will travel double quick
You can stroll along the highway
Where the autumn leaves are thick
And, whatever is your station,
In whatever niche you fit,
You can have a lot of pleasure
If you make the best of it.

So Enthusiastic.
"I am just crazy about baseball,"
said the bright young girl to the athletic appearing young fellow.
"How interesting!"
"Oh, I do not. I wish I could see a game this afternoon."
"But the season is over."
"Oh, is it?"
"Perhaps you mean football."
"Maybe. It is one or the other, I forget which."

Economical.
"Wonder why the Blacks moved into a house this winter."
"To save gym fees."
"How is that?"
"They figure Tommy can develop his muscle just as well carrying out ashes and shoveling snow as he can in a gymnasium."

Explained.
"He is a popular young man."
"High?"
"No."
"How do you account for his popularity?"
"He's a splendid liar with a good memory."

Spectacular.
"I think that Professor Heywey is such an amusing speaker."
"Amusing?"
"Yes."
"I thought he lectured upon serious subjects only."
"Yes, I know, but I do love to see his features waltz all over his face."

Shocking Extravagance.
"Too bad about Clare."
"What is?"
"There'll soon be nothing left of her."
"Is she ill?"
"No, but she's always giving herself away."

Too Bad.
"Doesn't she have stunning things?"
"Who?"
"That Mrs. Dowdy."
"Yes, and what a pity it is that she doesn't hire a right kind of woman to wear them for her."

In Retrospect.
We kick about the modern days
And put them on the rack,
But these will be the good old times
When we are looking back.

Her Beautiful Hair.
"Maybelle, your girl friend has beautiful hair."
"It will pass, Tom."
"Why do you girls hate to admit that another girl has fine points?"
"In that case it wouldn't do to appear too enthusiastic. I lend her that hair."—Kansas City Journal.

The Argus Daily Story

The Best Present—By Clarissa Mackie.
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When Silas Hegg told his pretty daughter Frances that she could not marry the young minister because ministers were proverbially as poor as church mice and always remained so, Frances merely nodded her sunny head and said, "Yes, father," in the obedient manner she had been taught. If she grew silent and sorrowful looking after that and was the first one to slip out of church and prayer meeting when the services were concluded, it was universally acknowledged to be just the right thing for Frances to do under the circumstances.

Of course everybody in Little River knew about the minister's unsuccessful wooing of Frances Hegg. His attentions had been marked enough before Silas Hegg put down his No. 9 boot and declared a veto on the matrimonial question. After that it was an open secret that the reason Frank Bradberry looked so grave and seemed so silent and preoccupied was because Silas had said "No." Perhaps it was iniquitous Mrs. Hegg who confided the secret to her nearest friend. Certainly it was neither Frances nor her unfortunate lover.

As long as Frank remained in Little River there was hope that Silas Hegg might relent and perhaps that was why Frances did not succumb to her heart's desire. But when six months had passed there was one dark Sunday morning when he arose and read his resignation to the disappointed congregation. Several disconcerted turned and looked open disapproval at Silas Hegg as the author of this change, but when they saw how white Frances' face was and how startled she was by the announcement they turned face about again, not neglecting to deliver a last blighting glance at Silas Hegg.

Much Silas cared about their glances, friendly or otherwise. He was sufficient unto himself. The mere fact that he did a thing made it right in his own eyes. So Frank Bradberry went away to a distant state and tried to forget Frances Hegg. It is needless to relate that he succeeded no better than does any one else under such circumstances. Forgetfulness does not come at command or by choice.

As for Frances, she continued to be a pale, quiet girl thereafter, quite unlike the flushed and sparkling maiden who had won the love of Frank Bradberry. A number of things may have happened within the space of four years. Among other events in Little River Silas Hegg lost his wife, and, strange to say, the man who was sufficient unto himself found that his main prop in life was gone. He immediately became a broken old man, depending upon his only daughter for sympathy in their double sorrow.

Another thing that happened was the return of Frank Bradberry to the church in Little River. The persistent call of his former parishioners was at last answered by his return.

There was much rejoicing in Little River, and many social events were planned in his honor. His return was shortly before Christmas, and a Christmas party, each attendant to bring a gift, was planned, to take place at the parsonage, where Ann Dibble, an ancient spinster, was awaiting his arrival. Ann was to be his housekeeper until— Little River folks stopped when they got that far and laughed suggestively. It was expected that the Rev. Mr. Bradberry would not be long in choosing a wife to preside over the pretty new parsonage which had been built during his absence in the west.

No one seemed to think about Frances Hegg. She had developed into such a pale nonentity, and there were other and younger girls from whom he might choose, some of them blooming and beautiful. The minister was to arrive on the morning before Christmas, and the gift party was planned for that evening in the nature of a complete surprise. Of course Ann Dibble must know about it in order to keep the minister within doors and have a good, hot fire ready.

"You can count on him not going out tonight," assured Ann Dibble to anxious members of the committee. "He'll stay put in this house if I have to nail his coat tails to his chair!" Fortunately such drastic measures were not necessary, for the very act of returning to Little River had brought up so many unpleasant memories that Frank Bradberry was thankful for a few uninterrupted hours in his little study. He was dreading the meeting with Frances Hegg; he was distressed because he had not overcome his love for her when he had prayed unconsciously to be delivered of its torments.

At the supper table Ann Dibble chattered incessantly of events that had transpired in Little River during his absence. Thus Frank learned of Mrs. Hegg's death along with other items of news. He wondered if the loss of his wife had softened the hard heart of Silas Hegg.

He was to learn that fact this very night. From the standpoint of a complete surprise the Christmas gift party was a success—all the parishioners came laden with estates of every description and some brought substantial sums of money as a contribution to their favorite minister. Even people from other churches in the village came and brought a gift, for Frank Bradberry was well liked all over.

It was very pleasant to be so well remembered, to be so heartily greeted, to realize that he was really beloved by these people. And yet, as he stood there among the familiar faces, there was an aching tug at the minister's heart. He was longing for a sight of Frances' fair, sweet face, and yet he knew she would not be there. If his instinct had warned him thus, a conversation he had overheard only emphasized that knowledge. "Have the Hegg come?" Ann Dibble had asked Mrs. Deacon Fremont in a stage whisper. "Laws, no, Ann! I don't expect they will, either," returned Mrs. Fremont. "Why not?" Silas always brought something at donation parties. He sent five bushels of potatoes to the last one we had."

"He won't now, Ann!" said Mrs. Fremont, lowering her voice, "because pa called there and Silas said he wouldn't send a potato."

"Maybe he'll send something else. Potatoes ain't been very good this year anyway," retorted the optimistic Ann.

"Maybe he won't. I should think you'd remember another reason than that," Mrs. Fremont spoke mysteriously. "Oh, I see! Well, I would be surprised if they did come, but I should have thought Silas would have sent something."

"He's getting queer since Martha died."

"Getting queer?" sniffed Ann Dibble. "He's always been as queer as Dick's hand!" They say he's acted more human since she died."

"He wasn't never real cruel, Ann. He was only severe. I expect he only thought he was doing the best by Frances when—"

"Good land!" Ann Dibble jumped nervously as the minister's tall form brushed past them with a hurried apology. "Was that him standing there back of us?"

"It must have been," acknowledged the chagrined Mrs. Fremont. "Somehow I got the notion it was foolish Peter Wood."

"I hope he won't take no offense at what we said," worried Ann Dibble. "Twan't anything bad," she added hopefully. "Folks have got to talk about Silas Hegg once in awhile."

"And Frances, too," reminded Mrs. Fremont in self extenuation of her mention of the girl's name.

Contrary to everybody's expectations, Silas Hegg did appear at the Christmas party. He came all alone, and he did not go at once to the minister and offer his greetings. Instead he lingered as long as possible, chatting here and there in a subdued sort of way, quite different from his former aggressive attitude. The young minister saw him in the distance, and his heart contracted with pain. He wondered if Frances had come, too, and he found himself peering over the heads of the people for a glimpse of the girl's fair face.

It was not to be seen. Then jealousy smote him. He wondered if Frances Hegg had grown tired of waiting for him. He wondered if somebody else had succeeded him in her affections and then he scolded himself severely for doubting her at all.

At last Silas Hegg met him face to face and could no longer avoid speaking to him. Frank Bradberry's face was grave and pale as he shook hands with the big farmer, and he felt a pang of sympathy at the man's great grief over the loss of his wife, Martha. "Somehow since Martha died I've learned lots of things, Mr. Bradberry," said Silas meekly. "I used to think that money was everything, but I've found it ain't. I've found I'm a pretty unhappy man without my wife, even if I've got a comfortable balance in the bank."

The minister did not find it difficult to speak words of comfort to Frances' stricken father. When they parted a new understanding had sprung up between them.

"I ain't brought a gift with me, Mr. Bradberry," said Silas as he turned away to permit some of the company to take their farewells of the minister, for the hour was late, "but I'm going to stay awhile, and maybe you'll walk over to my house and get it."

"Certainly," said the clergyman, thinking of a basket of choice apples or grapes, of which fruits Silas had been very liberal before the courtship of Frances really began.

There were many backward glances and covert whispers after the prayer was over and the company went home. "Silas Hegg's the last one there?" "I wonder what's up?"

That was the burden of the remarks. The minister and Silas walked silently across the fields, taking the short cut to the Hegg farm. A light was burning in the sitting room as they mounted the steps of the porch and the minister found himself shaking as with a chill.

Silas opened the door and entered. Frances, pale and sweet as ever, had seen her in his dreams, arose from a low chair. Startled and wide eyed at sight of her lover. She swayed a little and her father stepped forward and supported her in his strong arms.

"Mr. Bradberry," he said brokenly, "here's my Christmas gift to you. Take my daughter," and as he gave Frances into the minister's willing arms Silas Hegg's eyes were full of tears.

Nov. 25 in American History.

1783—Evacuation of New York city by the British, the last position held by them in the colonies.

1861—Conspirators from Canada attempted to burn the principal hotels in New York city. Battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn., resulted in the defeat of the Confederate siege of Chattanooga, a decisive event in the war.

1885—Thomas A. Hendricks, vice president of the United States under Cleveland, died; born 1819.
1902—Colonel Thomas P. Ochtler, noted Texan wit, died; born 1840.