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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, November 13, 1911.

Contribute to the cemetery soldiers' monument project.

It is quite natural that the news from China should be yellow.

Canton, Ohio, has gone socialist and Canton, China, has gone insurgent.

It is significant that all of the papers refer to the present condition of the McNamara trial as having "real jurors" in the box.

There are 32,000,000 telegraph and telephone poles in this country. No wonder the joy riders find it such hard work to miss them.

It is a rather interesting fact that the tablet marking the site of Libby prison was not erected by survivors of the northern armies, but by the Confederate Memorial Literary society.

Lexington, Ky., population 35,059; Lawrence and Lowell, Mass., population 85,892 and 106,294, and Salt Lake City, Utah, population 92,777, have adopted the commission form of government.

The weather bureau hit it almost exactly in its Saturday's predictions and the mercury fell 67 degrees that night in less than 12 hours' time, transporting us in atmosphere from tropical climes to the temperature of Winnipeg and Medicine Hat. And still we wonder why the doctors who care for them are buying automobiles.

Doughty of Peoria, for a generation a leading citizen of Illinois, for years superintendent of schools in Peoria, who was discovered to be a monumental embezzler and sent to Joliet, has been paroled. Probably the most remarkable feature of Doughty's career has been his loyalty to his pals. It is generally believed that he could have enjoyed much distinguished Peoria companionship at Joliet, but he never peached and took the medicine alone.

Judging from the manner in which a Moline paper has been carrying on since Colonel James Hamilton Lewis made his speech in that city before the Rock Island County Bar association the other night, it will be necessary for distinguished men who may come to that city to speak on notable occasions and on notable topics hereafter to be quite certain in advance that their views coincide exactly with those of that paper. Otherwise the people may take a chance of becoming mortified at having everyone who is the guest of the city roasted to a frazzle for expressing his convictions on public questions within the walls of the city.

The German emperor's eldest son and heir apparent is a chip off the old block. He is disposed to fail to see anything sacred about the chancellor, and to treat him as his father treated Prince Bismarck in the earlier days. Recently he joined the applause in the German congress when members of the opposition were knocking the policy of his father and the chancellor. The emperor himself did strange things when he first took the reins, and although age has sobered him, he still brews a little trouble from time to time. It should be at least gratifying to note that the young prince is capable of an opinion instead of being a mere social machine as is apt to be the rate with royalty nowadays.

Savagery in Warfare.

From Asia and Africa alike goes up the wall of the victims of savage cruelty which emphasizes the saying of General Sherman that "war is hell."

The butchery of helpless men, women and children in Tripoli by the soldiery and the wild excesses of the imperial Chinese army at Hankow, if truly reported, show that there is still a good leaven of savagery in human nature.

The world stands aghast at these outbreaks, but what is the world doing to prevent them? The United States has stood in the past and stands now for a more advanced policy in dealing with the things out of which the horrors of war spring. It does not come into court with hands entirely clean, but it is in so much better position than the rest of the nations of the world to punch peace and arbitration that it is better qualified to take the lead in any movement for the pacification of

warring nations and factions and the practice of common humanity.

The time has not yet come for active intervention in Tripoli or China, but there is no doubt that the United States of America will be in the forefront when the time comes, pleading for no part in the division of the spoils of war, but for the dispensation of equal justice between the victor and the vanquished. It is only this nation which occupies the commanding position from which it can command the attention of the civilized world to the demands of civilization and of mercy to the human race.

If these atrocities are being committed they should be stopped. "War is hell." It is time that the civilized nations of the earth were breaking away from the pit.

Crime and the Press.

There is a desire on the part of some people to attribute the "large increase in crime" in this country to the publicity given sensational news by the press.

Admitting that there is a good case against what is known as the "yellow press" on many counts, is it really true that there is a large increase in crime as compared with the time when the means of publicity were limited and the population less than one-tenth what it is now?

For several decades past the population has been concentrating in the cities and of course crimes have become more frequent and numerous. Even in the country there are still opportunities for abnormal outbreaks of crime as in the recent Guinness case and the Bender case of a generation ago, which in turn horrified the whole country. Just now the authorities are trying to find perpetrators of a crime, which, in a territory covering three or four states, claimed the lives of over a dozen persons under circumstances of the greatest mystery and the most finished cruelty. At Chicago there is another murder mystery in which it is alleged nine victims met their death through poison administered by a woman in whose house they were sheltered, but in none of these cases is it proven or even reliably suggested that the revelations of the press had anything to do with instigating the crimes.

Horrible crimes were committed before there ever was a newspaper published. History brings down to us the facts about wholesale butcheries and reprisals by the people, and in fact, if we read these chronicles which come evidently from the revelations of contemporary witnesses and then consider the state of the communities in which they happened we may come to the conclusion that crime in proportion to population was more rampant then than now and that men were just as likely to let their brutal passions sway them under the rule of the common gossip as under the rule of the press.

Not only this, in the old Roman days when thousands of citizens assembled and when women and children looked on and applauded while gladiators hacked each other to pieces and tender women and children as well as helpless old men were thrown to beasts to be devoured, was there any fault for this to be laid at the hands of any but the people themselves?

The standard of popular education in the present day has been largely raised through the agency of the enlightened church and school supported by the press. The efficiency of the church and the school has been doubled and tripled many times through the aid of the press. Justice has been unfettered, ignorance dissipated and freedom of thought and conscience been made a reality. The office of a newspaper is to give the news.

As long as crimes happen they will be recorded and the public, including the cities, would turn their backs upon the newspaper which did not print the news.

Where the Profit Goes.

A joker tells a story of a farmer who took two pigs to market and received credit for them at current prices. He asked the butcher to save him a couple of hams. When he returned a week later for the hams and called for his balance in cash, he was presented with a bill in \$2.85 in excess of the price due him for the pigs.

A northern farmer writes to a Chicago paper and wants to know what Chicago people are paying for potatoes, as the farmer is getting only 35 cents a bushel for them.

The New York grape grower gets 8 cents a basket, he furnishing the basket, for his grapes. The consumer thinks he is getting them cheap at 20 cents.

Someone with a head for figures or for exaggeration has set forth the claim that a farmer gets from \$50 to \$60 for a steer, and that the restaurateur sells this same steer for \$2,000. What sells at 32 cents a bushel of 60 pounds and the customer pays for it at the rate of \$9 per 60 pounds when he gets it as breakfast food.

After writing about these things many writers jump on the retailer with both feet and prick him with their sharp pens besides. The retailer is not to blame, at least not to the extent to which he is roasted. He could not exist if he did not charge a certain per cent more than he pays. An investigation will prove that the public has no cause for complaint on these things which the grocer buys direct from the farmer. The expensive articles are those which pass through the hands of a number of middlemen, all of whom manage to squeeze a profit out of the commodity.

There seems to be little doubt that the refiners are the sole causes for high prices of sugar which have prevailed all summer. The refiners were at the bottom, without doubt, but without the assistance of speculating mid-

Talks with our Women Readers

WHY SOME GIRLS DON'T MARRY.

She and her sister are "bachelors." That is, they are supporting themselves and living in a couple of "housekeeping rooms," where they cook their own meals, et cetera.

Both girls are young, pretty and refined. One of them has a "steady"—an honest young fellow whose moderate income probably equals the total made by the two girls.

"I suppose your sister will soon be getting married," said a friend of the other day, to the younger girl.

"M-m-m—I don't know about that," replied the girl.

"Why, I thought she was engaged to that young man," exclaimed the friend.

"She hasn't said she would marry him yet," explained the other. "You see," she went on, "both my sister and I are afraid to marry."

"We are three sisters, you know. The oldest one married about five years ago. She married a good man who makes from \$60 to \$70 a month. She has three beautiful children. But our sister's marriage has made us afraid to do the same thing."

"She has lost her health. She has the care of those three babies. She hasn't had a new dress since she was married and she is making over her own dresses for the children."

"The father is a splendid man. He doesn't drink, nor even smoke. He brings his money home, every cent of it, when he gets it. They make it go the furthest possible. Most of it is spent to nourish and dress the children. The children are healthy, but actually, neither my sister nor her husband has enough to eat, and they both go so shabby they are ashamed to visit anywhere. Church is out of the question. And it isn't because they don't do their level best with the money they have."

"I tell you, it's too much of a risk to get married now. It costs too much to raise a family. If you don't have a family, it's going against nature, and isn't that one chief reason why people marry?"

"My sister and I each would like a home with a husband and children. But we don't dare. It costs too much even to live cheap."

WHAT THEY GET OUT OF IT.

"Talk about city boys having fun," snorted the big man. "Say, they don't come anywhere near the good times we had when I was a boy on a farm."

"We were five brothers and say! There wasn't much we weren't into."

Commandments For Sons

Rev. William B. Millard, pastor of the Morgan Park Congregational church, who recently framed new exhortations for fathers and mothers, yesterday laid down 10 up to date commandments for sons. Mr. Millard emphasized the need for "chummy" companionship between father and son. Here are the commandments:

- I. Thou shalt not despise thy father's counsel, neither shalt thou bring tears to thy mother's eyes.
- II. Thou shalt keep thyself pure that thou mayest be worthy of thy God, thy mother, and thy wife which is to be.
- III. Thou shalt keep thy tongue from profane and unclean speech.
- IV. Thou shalt not consume thy strength with strong liquors, poison smoke or midnight revels.

diemen they would not have succeeded.

And the middleman is generally in a combine, which is as to the consumer of the necessities of life what the tariffed baron of the trust combine is to those who depend upon the other commodities that are essential to human comfort and happiness.

It is an age of combines, where the protected man—between or higher up—gets the rake-off.

Dr. Osler's Joke.

The Kansas City Journal notes that "Sir William Osler, who has just been appointed regius professor of medicine at Yale for 1912, now confesses that his dictum that a man is too old to work at 40 and ought to be chloroformed at 60 was a 'joke.' That memorable pleasantry was given to the world at the time that Dr. Osler was retiring from his connection with Johns Hopkins university, and at that time he was himself near the dead line at which the anesthetic should be applied. But here we find him not only deep in the most active work of his career, but actually planning a new and strenuous program which will be more exacting than most men in their prime would care to undertake."

"If Dr. Osler really intended his epigram as a joke it was rather a cruel and awkward effort. No doubt many men in this country have taken his statement seriously and grown discouraged. At the time he gave out the statement he said nothing about its being a joke, and he has been rather severely criticized for it since. The most charitable view to be taken is that he probably never thought of the consequences and did not dream his remark would be so widely published. "It is the opinion of very good authorities that life is not only growing

We went to every party within 30 miles. The way we used to rush home to get dressed for a party! The first one there got the best clothes, you know. Many's the time I've got out to a party wearing more of my brothers' clothes than my own.

"Of course we played tricks on each other. But it was all taken in good sport. For instance, more than once I've got home late and found all the slats out of my bed. But I always got 'em back, you can wager!"

"Our one regret was that we had no sisters. We didn't have any girl company at home because we had no sisters. We could go out all we wanted to, but it wasn't the same as having a bunch of pretty girls dropping in to see a fellow's sister."

"And work! How we fellows did work out there on the farm. We used every muscle we had. But it was good for us. We had something to do. We had good health and good spirits and we grew up into big, strong men, with manly ideas."

"But what do I get out of this here work in the city?"

"I work all day for some money that I've got to hand right out again. Do I get anything for it? A headache! That's all."

"I go home with my headache. I'd like to find my wife home ready to coddle me up a little and that sort of thing, you know."

"Well, I find my wife's been through the mill just the same as I have. She's been figuring how to make both ends meet and keep up appearances as good as the neighbors. She wants the house and the children to be a credit to me and that takes money. She knows that if she looks shabby the neighbors will begin to gossip that I'm not doing so well, and it might hurt my business."

"She's got to keep up with the church—which costs money. She tries to keep up with the times by belonging to a club or so—and it costs money. She's got to pay three times as much for everything as we did when we were first married, while our income hasn't kept up in proportion, to say nothing of the children growing up and needing more money."

"Well, what's the result? My wife gets a headache, too."

"So, when I get home, we both have headaches. And that seems to be all we get out of all the way most of us are living it now."

"I tell you, something isn't right somewhere. But what's an ordinary man going to do about it?"

V. Thou shalt not match pennies, shake dice, bet on ball games, or indulge in any hazard where money may be lost, or—what is far worse—acquire without rendering equivalent.

VI. Thou shalt speak truly, play fairly and work honestly.

VII. Thou shalt not be afraid of an enemy's blow or a false friend's sneer.

VIII. Thou shalt not exchange school drudgery, with high prospects, for a cheap job which leads nowhere.

IX. Thou shalt not covet the easy job nor aspire to get rich quick.

X. Thou shalt not be guilty of ingratitude, either to thy God who created thee, or to thy parents who reared thee.

longer, but that the period of human usefulness is being lengthened. Few men are worn out at 40 or 50 or even 60 years of age. As in many other relations of life, the personal equation must be taken into consideration. Some men are worn out at 30, and others never wear out. A few days ago there came word that Murdo McKenzie, a cattleman of the Panhandle, had been appointed manager of a 6,000,000-acre cattle ranch in Brazil. Now it happens that Mr. McKenzie is 70 years of age, a time of life far beyond Dr. Osler's limit of usefulness. Mr. McKenzie is not only going to embark in an entirely new undertaking at his advanced age, but he has signed a contract for five years at a salary of \$50,000 a year. Here is an inspiring example of the virility of manhood which does not sink beneath the mere weight of accumulated years.

It would not be at all difficult to quote many historic examples of men who did their very best work when they were over 60 years of age. At 40 years men and women are only reaching their prime. For a fine example of active maturity one need only point to the supreme court of the United States, where a magnificent group of old men are still in the harness in the high service of their country. Of course Dr. Osler may laugh at his 'joke,' but he has not contributed to the peace and contentment of some thousands of men and women in this and other lands who have reached their threescore and find themselves still young in heart and active in body."

Weds a Former Schoolmate. Bloomington, Nov. 12.—Daisy Noble, who arrived here from Manchester, England yesterday, was married to Frederick Sayers, a former schoolmate. Sayers came here some time ago and entered business.

Humor and Philosophy

BY DONALD M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE. Many a meek looking woman has all the bill collectors and grocers scared to death.

IF A WIFE'S ingenuity and patience are taxed exceedingly to publicly account for her husband's actions, he need expect little shrift at home.

DON'T TRUST ANY one much—unless the collateral is ample.

WITH THE present brand of girl going around expressing her opinion, the average young man isn't likely to get very conceited.

SNUBBING trouble frequently only seems to irritate it and make it more insistent on cultivating your acquaintance.

ALMOST ANY failure can turn into an active and troublesome reformer.

IT IS EASIER to criticize your friend when he is absent than when he has just loaned you a tenner.

THE MAN who knows the world is going to the dogs probably is helping it considerably.

THE FELLOW who gets what's coming to him generally hasn't the strength and heart to look and see if there's any more.

EASY ALTERNATIVES. If you cannot write a poem That will stir the souls of men, Rousing them to fire and action When election comes again And inspiring them to labor For the bosses' overthrow And for purer public business, You at least can shovel snow.

If you cannot mount the whirlwind On a modern aeroplane With a gasoline attachment, Beating up a railroad train, Going up to snatch the secret Of the lightning's sudden shock And conversing with the thunder, You can walk around the block.

If you cannot train your muscles For a bout with dusky Jack And within the roped arena Play the white man coming back; If you cannot land your punches On his bright but shifty eye And annex the champion's title, You at least can wait a ty.

Do not stand around complaining That you cannot something start, As a swell and swager hero That you cannot play the part. There is always useful labor Waiting for the truly good. You can after patient searching Get a job of sawing wood.

THEIR REASON. "The Greens are going south again this winter."

"Trying to beat the coal trust?"

"Guess again."

"State want him as a witness?"

"No."

"For Mr. Green's health?"

"Tuberculosis?"

"No. Gardening fever."

COMMERCIAL TERMS. "He is an unprincipled fellow."

"Has he no principal?"

"None whatever."

"Then as he probably has no collateral I have no interest in him, for I am always looking for at least 20 per cent."

HAD TO EAT SOMETHING. "You talk as though you had swallowed a dictionary."

"Well, you see—"

"See what?"

"Owing to the high price of living!"—But the other had fed.

SOME LONELINESS. "He seems to be getting along."

"Who told you so?"

"Well, he is a prominent citizen."

"Prominent citizen! He couldn't be mentioned for the vice presidency."

HER DISAPPOINTMENT. "I hear you are going to be married, Maude."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Soon as Frank can get a job."

"Bob said he saw Frank running from a job last week and the last thing he saw of them Frank was three laps ahead."

HE OUGHT TO. "There is a dark woman on your trail," said the fortune teller.

"Do I know her?" asked the man.

"You know her and you owe her."

HOPEFUL. "Riches have wings."

"Well, maybe the time will come when a poor devil can own a flying machine too."

THE CYNIC. "He is a fool."

"Yes, but why mention it. He belongs to the undistinguished herd."

SAME OLD THING. I breathed a joke into the air. And soon I met it everywhere. Each man who told it said that he had had it happen to him. See?

A long time after, ripe with age, I met that joke on printed page. It had been told of many men. And each time passed as fresh again.

The Argus Daily Story

Conscience Stricken—By Benjamin Hawkes.

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At the Sailors' Snug Harbor at New York, a home for aged seamen, about all the old fellows have to do to keep away the blues is to smoke their cuddy pipes and spin their past experiences into yarns. Some call upon their imaginations to help them out; some have told the wonderful happenings so often that they have come to believe them, while others, especially in stories of the ghostly order, did not from the first doubt that they were without the pale of nature's laws. Perhaps of all such yarns spun by these men this one told by old Bob Backstay, eighty-seven years old, is the hardest to swallow, and yet he believed every word of it and convinced some of his hearers of its truth.

"Mates, we've all been sailors for nigh on to a century under the tradition that a master's business is to go down with his ship. Landmen think that



LIKE A SKELETON.

pretty hard on the old man, and mebbe it is, but we sailors, bein' brought up that way, we can't get over it. The rule has grown and grown till now—always a cap'n won't be tookin' off no matter how many are around to take him and how little use there is of his stayin' on the vessel. A master I once sailed under tried to save himself after the crew when the ship was wrecked, and he never was the same man afterward.

"His act preyed on his mind night and day, he got thinner and thinner, his eye got more and more melancholic, till at last he died of conscience strickenin' and we bisted him overboard. We all thought that his mind and his body would be at rest, but they wasn't, as you'll see by the yarn I'm goin' to spin about him."

"We hadn't more'n dumped him when the wind hauled out o' the sou' into the northeast and freshened into a gale. From a gale it riz into a storm so sudden that it swept most o' the crew off the deck, stove in every thing breakable, broke away every mast and left the vessel on her beam ends."

"When the storm had cleared away there was twelve of us clingin' to different parts, but the whole vessel was awash, and we hadn't nothin' to eat or drink. Jim Harkins was holdin' on to the same ratlines with me, and he soon gave it up and let go. One after another the men give in and were washed overboard. After awhile there wasn't a man left but me. I suppose it was because I was born stronger'n the rest, and that's the reason I'm alive today at purty near ninety."

"I disremember how long I was a-clingin' to them ratlines, but one time I looked up and saw what I thort was a sea serpent comin' for me. I opened and shut my blinkers to get the salt out of 'em. Some'n reached above the serpent's head, and that some'n was a sail, square cut, bisted up on a low mast. So I reckoned the thing was a ship with a serpent for a figurehead."

"When she got near enough I see only one man on her. He was standin' on the poop deck, which was sot up high. He hadn't no hat on his head, and his hair was a-flovin' about in the breeze. The craft kept comin' closer and closer till the man standin' on the poop deck was as plain to me as a lighthouse. His nose was thin, his cheeks was holier, his eyes glittered like diamonds. There was some'n so melancholic in him, specially in them eyes o' his'n, that it give me a sort o' nightmare. I looked away from him, but somehow I had to look back, and there he was still starin' at me."

"He was the skinniest lookin' thing I ever see. Expectin' as I was that the next wave that washed over the ship would put me where my mates had gone, this melancholic feller was like a second death."

"Then all on a sudden I thort I recognized our captain that had deserted us and the ship when we thort we was goin' down. I knowed he was dead and we'd bisted him overboard, but there he was o' his ghost, I couldn't tell which, walkin' about on this queer lookin' craft, wringin' his hands and shakin' his head, while every now and then he give a faint groan that sounded like a distant bell buoy, though sometimes it swelled up more like a foghorn."

"His ship come on toward me, and when he got a cable's length from me he turned, follerin' with those melancholic eyes and kept 'em on me till I thort they'd burn into my brain. He didn't say nothin', and I was too far gone to speak to him myself. I tried to, but my tongue was so dry it war'n't no use. While he was comin' he stood

on the fo'castle. While he was passin' he walked aft, still keepin' them eyes o' his'n on me, and when he cleared us he leaned over the taffrail, lookin' back at me."

"Then, seel'n myself deserted by a ship sailin' past me that might take me on, I got voice enough to cry for help. But I wished I hadn't done it. The figure on the serpent ship, our captain or his ghost or whatever it was, began to writhe and to moan, and every writhe and every moan seemed to pierce me to my heart. Then I was sure it was the captain's ghost that couldn't rest under the water and had to keep sailin' over the water, his conscience borin' holes in his brain for havin' tried to save himself before the crew."

"He drifted on past me fuder and fuder away, the wind barely fillin' the sails of his ship, but he didn't change his place from leavin' over the taffrail and glarin' at me till he got so far I couldn't see his eyes; then he began to pace the deck again. He passed on, walkin' from port to starboard, from starboard to port till he got so far I couldn't see any space between port and starboard."

"He was gettin' hull down when the wind hauled and purty soon come straight out o' the quarter into which it had been blowin'. Then I looked for the phantom ship with our captain on her, and the marrow in my bones froze up to see that it was a-comin' back. It didn't seem as if I could stand to see that conscience stricken man go by me again. I was hangin' on for my life, but I vowed I wouldn't call on him for help, for I couldn't bear to see his writhin' and hear his moanin'."

"Waal, he came along again lookin' at me from the fo'castle as he done before, shiffin' as he went by to the stern. It seemed as if he'd growed a hundred years older. Somehow it seemed