

THE ARGUS.

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Monday, May 19, 1913.

The ice in Lake Superior is breaking up and in places is 30 feet thick. But though the season of navigation on the lakes is limited, deep channels have developed there an immense commerce.

Possibly the architect of the proposed New York court house designed it in circular form on the assumption that it is impossible to erect a public building or dispense justice on the square in that city.

An English mob assaulted the suffragets at Hastings, where the Normans made a conquest of England in 1066. Englishmen, though defeated then, seem to have made a much better record at Hastings than they have made there just now.

The great spring flood of the Ohio valley, which wrought harm beyond any former parallel in this country, has finally passed out of the Mississippi into the gulf without repeating the damage inflicted by that of a year ago in the valley of the lower Mississippi. It might have been worse.

Mayor Gaynor has discovered the cause of the relentless fury of the militant suffragets of England. He says there are 1,500,000 more women in England than available men, the latter having emigrated to distant British possessions to woo fortune. Mr. Gaynor says that if any of them come over here he will try and see that they are suitably supplied.

Governor Sulzer found a way to get John Mitchell into the office of state labor commissioner after Tammany senators refused to confirm him. The legislature having adjourned and the state labor commissioner having resigned, Sulzer was free to make a recess appointment and this he did. Whether the senate confirms or not, Mitchell will continue in his job.

WELL KNOWN CITIZEN GONE.

John R. Warner, whose death occurred Saturday morning, was one of Rock Island's best known as well as old time citizens. He was a member of one of the early families in this community. His father, the late John Warner, had much to do with the building and development of the locality and was identified with some of the most important undertakings.

The son spent most of his life in Rock Island, although for an interval of some years he resided in St. Paul. For a long time, however, he had lived with his family at the Warner home-stead on Moline avenue.

He was a familiar figure about the city, and all who know John R. Warner were fond of him. He had a kind word always for and of everybody. No one ever heard him speak harshly or even in criticism of a fellow man. He was kind-hearted, cordial, always.

ARMENIA'S HOPES.

A correspondent of American newspapers states that an Armenian, Boghos Nubar Pasha whose father was a distinguished oriental statesman and prime minister of Egypt at one time, is in London to arrange for a conference of Armenians to draft a petition to the great powers asking that they compel Turkey to institute reforms in Armenia. According to this correspondent their demands are moderate; they ask only that a European Christian, nominated by the powers, be appointed by the porte governor of Armenia and that the Turkish government agree to protect Armenians from the Kurds, who, with the connivance of the Turkish government, have for years committed outrages on the Armenians.

Unless the Turks are blind, they must see that they will have to act with more justice and humanity even in Asia Minor if they hope to hold on to their possessions there. Turkey is in no position to thwart the will of the powers, and here is an opportunity for the great Christian nations to partially atone for their heartlessness in so long allowing the Turks to persecute the Christian Armenians. The plan outlined would not take away Turkey's sovereignty over Armenia nor would it reduce her revenue from that country. On the contrary, it would increase her revenue.

Under present conditions the Armenians do not and cannot produce half of what the country is capable. Harassed by the Kurds, their villages raided, crops destroyed and cattle stolen, the soil is not half tilled, trade is practically at a standstill and poverty reigns. The Armenians are capable of great strides. We have seen that among those who have come to this country, and their colonies in many European countries are flourishing. The least that the great powers can

do is to grant the request for a Christian governor of Armenia and Turkey's guarantee that the Armenians will be protected from the half civilized Kurds.

SAID OF LEADING MEN.

Call the roll of the men who have tried in a big way to serve the people and you will see that each one paid a price.

Lincoln was an "ape," a "baboon," a "demagogue," and he died a martyr's death.

Algeid was an "anarchist" and calumny shortened his life.

Impalpable slander formed the incessant setting in which Tom Johnson worked.

"Golden Rule" Jones was tagged as "irresponsible" and the attempt was made to discredit his public services by insinuations that he "wasn't all there." It is curious to recall now that one of the evidences cited against his sanity was the fact that he slept out of doors.

Brand Whitlock, whose married life is singularly charming, had to face intangible stories of wife-beating—indolent to those who know the beautiful comradeship in his home, but poisonous among the uninformed.

Ben Lindsey's battle with the beast's venom has been widely told. Slander was his daily portion.

Against Louis D. Brandeis' private life no mud has yet been thrown, but New England is full of false and malicious attacks upon his professional reputation.

Roosevelt was a "drunkard" and "cray"; LaFollette had "wheels in his head"; Bryan was a "howling demagogue" and first cousin to the wildest "anarchist"; Joe Folk a "ruthless egotist"; Hughes a "Baptist fanatic" and even Woodrow Wilson a "liar" and "ingrate."

And lastly Barratt O'Hara, head of the Illinois commission which revealed the connection between vice and under-payment, is under that most insidious type of retaliation, the form of attack most difficult to defend, a charge of misconduct with a woman.

No great service for humanity, observed the Peoria Journal, was ever performed without the door of it running this same risk. Crucifixion in some form is the world's invariable price of moral advance.

Were it not so, our civilization would rot, so it is said.

FOUR CORNELL STUDENTS DROWN WHILE CANOEING

Ithaca, N. Y., May 19.—An overturned canoe found floating yesterday off Taughannock Point, two paddles and a couple of boat cushions, revealed the story of the death in Cayuga lake of four Cornell students, two men and two young women, all members of the sophomore class. Although none of the bodies have been found, all other theories as to the absence of the quartet have been given up and their parents notified that they had been drowned. The students were: MISS MARTHA MCCORMICK, Troy, N. Y., of the College of Arts. MISS MARY CORNELIA MALLET, Middletown, N. Y., of the College of Arts.

BRAINARD BAILEY, Troy, N. Y., student in College of Law and one of the editors of the Cornell Sun. REINHART C. ZIMMER, Rochester, N. Y., College of Mechanical Engineering.

The party left a cottage about 9 o'clock and the last seen of them was the canoe moving out into the darkness in a southwesterly direction toward the pier, less than a mile away. A strong wind was blowing from the south and the lake was what the boatmen call "nasty." It is believed that the students were ignorant of the condition of the water; that they turned the canoe out in the lake, intending then to make a sharp turn for the pier, and that it was caught in the trough of the waves and upset.

CRATER LAKE'S HUGE RIM.

All That is Left of a Once Mighty Volcano in Oregon.

The highest mountain in Oregon is Mount Hood, 11,235 feet above sea level. Compared with Mount Whitney, to the south in California, and Mount Rainier, to the north in Washington, each rising well above 14,000 feet, Mount Hood does not appear as a skyscraper.

However, according to the geologists of the United States geological survey and other authorities, Oregon had at one time, probably before the dawn of life upon the earth, a great volcano which towered as far above Mount Hood as does Mount Rainier, possibly even several thousand feet higher. This was the great Mount Mazama. But thousands of years ago this mountain disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and all that is left today is the huge rim around Crater Lake.

Crater lake is the caldera of this extinct and collapsed volcano and is nearly six miles in diameter. The inside walls of the rim of the ancient mountain are in places nearly 4,000 feet high and almost perpendicular. The lake itself is in places 2,000 feet deep, and parts of the wall rise above its waters another 2,000 feet. A restoration of the mountain in fancy, using as a basis the angles of the lower slopes, which still remain, shows that the apex could not have been far from 15,000 feet in height, so that Mount Mazama was one of the most lofty and majestic peaks in the United States.

Echo Verses.

Echo verses were sometimes used effectively for epigrams and squibs. This a critic once wrote: 'Tis vain praise your poem. But, tell me, how is it? When I cry out "Exquisite!" echo cries "Quis it?"

And when in 1831 Paganini was drawing crowds to the opera house at extravagant prices the Times printed the following lines: What are they who pay three guineas To hear a tune of Paganini? Echo—Pack of ninjas!

—London Graphic.

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

A CHILD'S VALUE.

The supreme court of New Jersey has decided that in that state no jury verdict shall stand for more than \$1,000 in favor of parents whose child's life has been lost by the negligence or fault of a corporation. It is explained that "as a rule children are not objects of income but objects of expense."

And New Jersey is supposed to be a civilized community! Let's be guilty of contempt of court.

The reasoning in this decision is rotten and the sentiment worse.

The most precious possessions of all of us are not the things that bring us money but that take it away. Our friendships, our loves, our very lives themselves develop and flourish and sweeten, not from what we get out of them but from what we put into them.

The home is a matter not of income but of expense, yet it is the most cherished institution on earth. The best things may not be estimated in money, but it does not follow that they are not worth money and more.



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CAPITAL COMMENT

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, D. C., May 17.—A concrete example of the often made statement that under our present system of raising revenue to meet the expenses of the general government, the poor man with a family is actually contributing more towards the maintenance of the government than the millionaire bachelor, was given to the house of representatives by Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner of Illinois.

"The pending income tax measure," declared Tavenner, "will mean that for the first time since our government has stood, wealth will be required to bear a fair proportion of the burden of national taxation. Under the present system the national government raises the money necessary to run the government by taxing, by means of tariff and internal revenue taxes, the things that the people eat, wear and use. Wealth alone goes untaxed."

"In order to make it perfectly plain how it happens that a man with a large family working on the section of a railroad is actually paying more toward running the national government than a millionaire bachelor who is not inclined to marry and raise children, I will cite one illustration out of a multitude which could be given. The Payne-Aldrich tariff tax on sugar is approximately two cents a pound. Every time the American housewife buys a pound of sugar that is in reality worth but four cents she pays six cents for it, not knowing that the sugar is worth but four cents and that she is paying two cents as a tax to the national government.

"That the price of an article is enhanced by the amount of the tariff tax, is evidenced by the fact that in England, where there is no two-cent tax on sugar, the average wholesale price of sugar the year around is approximately two cents (the amount of the Payne-Aldrich tax) less than in the United States.

"The average tax on all articles under the Payne-Aldrich law is approximately 40 per cent. Nearly every thing one must buy at the grocery, the hardware store, and the dry goods store carries a tariff tax which means that the local merchant acts in the capacity of tax collector for Uncle Sam without being paid for it, and he is unconscious of the fact as are his customers that in making purchases they are paying taxes.

"To show, finally, that under the present fiscal system the millionaire bachelor does not contribute as much toward maintaining the national government as the average workman with a family it is necessary but to point out that the millionaire does not eat as much sugar as the entire family of the workman, and, as the tax is wholly on consumption, it is obvious that the workman with a family buys more pounds of sugar in a year, contributing his 2-cent sugar tax to the government a greater number of times than the millionaire, and thus actually paying a larger tax than the millionaire.

"This illustration need not be confined to the purchase of sugar, for it applies with equal aptness to any protected article, and there are 4,100 items in the Payne-Aldrich law. The Payne-Aldrich law, however, taxes neither wealth nor income. A man may have a million dollars in gold and he is not asked to contribute anything whatever to the national government, but if he is hungry or cold and must buy food or clothing to satisfy his needs, he must pay a tax of more than 40 per cent. "I submit that wealth and incomes should properly be the first things to be taxed. The pending income tax provision will tax them."

Where Tavenner Was "Mistook"

(Washington, D. C. Herald.) "Well, well," murmured Tavenner gratefully, "that's not only encouraging but surprising. I hardly expected to do much down here." "Oh, yes," went on the man, "it's going to be easy. That fellow Tavenner doesn't know the people, and I guess he isn't much of a fellow, anyhow." "I'm certainly interested in hearing all this," said Tavenner; "the only trouble is that I'm Tavenner."

MILITANT SUFFRAGET OFF FOR ENGLAND; BRITISH AUTHORITIES BADLY FRIGHTENED



Miss Elsie McKenzie.

British authorities have received news that Elsie McKenzie, suffraget, is on her way to England, and are badly scared. They may not permit her to land on British soil, as her militancy is of the sort that stops at nothing.

Miss McKenzie is the right-hand aid of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who is now in England. Mrs. Belmont believes peaceful methods will win the ballot in America, but that English women never will get the vote without fighting for it.

The ONLOOKER BY S. E. KISER

Needless Embarrassment



She slowly walked along the aisle. Arrayed in richest, rarest splendor; Fair maidens dressed in gorgeous style Were here to dance and attend her; Her father, breaking at her side, Longed to tread loose and run and hide.

The groom stood at the chancel rail; It seemed as if the church were turning; At first he felt his cheeks go pale And then he felt them fiercely burning; If he could then have dropped from sight He would have dropped with keen delight.

What fools men are, what ills they bear, What needless fears they often treasure; While busy borrowing despair They might be tasting sweetest pleasure; Of her old dad all unaware, Few noticed that the groom was there.

S. Holmes, Jr. "Hah!" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., as he and the doctor sat down in the dining car. "What is it, Esher?" asked the great detective's companion. "Notice the man across the aisle." "Yes." "He is paying his own way. He is not one of the many who have the privilege of turning in expense accounts when they get home."

"Wonderful. Do you know him?" "No. I never saw him before." "How have you succeeded in making this startling deduction?" "Look at the bill of fare. You will see that they are serving strawberries in this car. He is not ordering any."

Love's Labor Lost. I had a little garden that made me very glad; I boasted to my neighbors about the plants I had; O, how I watched the lettuce and nursed along the beans! But now my little garden's the dreariest of scenes. My radishes were coming in pretty little rows; My beets and peas and turnips were splendid till they froze. I had a little garden, as I have said before; But I have just decided to labor there no more.

Not Encouraging. "What's the matter, senator? You look as if you had heard bad news." "Well, it isn't exactly what one would call cheerful news. I gave out an interview yesterday in which I said that I had decided to retire at the end of my present term."

Egotism. "He has an exaggerated idea of his own importance." "How does his complaint manifest itself?" "Well, for instance, he thinks every time stocks take a tumble that it is merely because he bought about a dozen shares of something that didn't cost more than \$5 or \$6 a share."

The Taint. Every man thinks the taint departs from money as soon as he gets it in his fingers.

What She Wanted. "These are all genuine antiques, madam," said the dealer. "We positively guarantee that."

"I haven't any doubt of it," said Mrs. Noonan, "but didn't ye get looking never in them? They look like a lot o' hand-me-downs."—Harper's.

The Daily Story

THE GREEN HAT—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Joyce Whittier looked very pale and severe as Morgan helped her out of his motorcar at the entrance to the fair grounds. Her white gloved hand barely touched his, and she withdrew it from his attempted clasp with a gentle insistence.

"I know you're angry, Joyce, darling," said Morgan as they walked into the grounds, "but you ought to be a fellow after all."

"It's the fashion," said Joyce haughtily. "One needn't be a slave to the fashion, not when fashion decrees that girls shall wear purple hats and green sweaters and yellow shoes!"

"I'm not wearing that horrible combination of colors," was his sweet-heart's reply.

Morgan Hall looked down at her white serge coat, below which peeped an edge of brilliant green silk frock that exactly matched the green silk

in an instant, piling into his own car, sending the scared chauffeur out in a jiffy, and presently became but a dark blot on the white road while the astonished chauffeur swore bitterly.

The red car was out of sight by the time Morgan had reached the first turn in the road, and he did not see it until he had scorching the road for ten miles and had felt the pater of a constable's bullet on the body of his car. Then he slowed down and kept the red car in sight.

He could see Jim Waite's white felt hat side by side with Joyce's bright green one, and he could observe that the hats were in too close proximity for his own comfort.

Morgan felt a cold rage stealing over him. There was something malignant about that staring green hat of Joyce's, something that taunted him and scorned him at the same time. He would not permit it another instant, and he gave fair warning by sounding his horn defiantly and putting on all speed.

Jim Waite glanced around and then the red car leaped forward and led the chase.

The pursuer could see that Joyce, under the green hat, was frightened and that Jim Waite had one arm around her even as he managed his car with the other.

The dark car was a swift one, however, and little by little it overtook the red one until at last they were racing side by side along a lonely road. Morgan's white, strained face bent forward to peer into Waite's car.

"What do you want, Morg?" demanded Jim hoarsely. "Are you crazy?"

"I want you to stop!" shouted Morgan excitedly. "What for?" "I'll tell you later what for."

Jim Waite spoke to the girl, and she, with her face turned toward him and glancing at Morgan's pale, excited one, gave assent, and the red car stopped slowly until the two panted side by side.

"Well?" demanded Jim angrily. "Take your arm away!" commanded Morgan.

"You go to the dickens!" was Waite's reply.

"Joyce," exclaimed Morgan, "I would like to speak to you, please!"

"Joyce?" repeated Jim Waite contemptuously. "What's the matter with you, Morg? Are you drunk or crazy?"

Morgan did not answer. He was staring against the face of the girl under the green hat. It was not Joyce Whittier at all. It was her cousin, Belle Drake, and she was wearing a costume identical with that Joyce had worn—green gown, hat and all.

"I thought it was Joyce's green hat," said Morgan dully. "I am very sorry, I'm afraid I've acted like a fool."

Jim Waite thought rapidly. He whispered a word to the girl, and she tossed the green hat under the seat and smiled at Morgan with a charming pout.

"Morgan, you old goose, Joyce never had a green hat. She loathes green, and it's all my fault that she wore it today. The whole green color scheme is mine. Jimmy likes it, don't you, dear?" she asked of that happy young man.

Waite nodded blissfully. "It's a monstrosity," said Morgan contemptuously.

"Then I will spare you the humiliation of being seen in its company," flared Joyce, and away she went across the open space of ground to where she saw her sister Agatha and a group of friends entering the stock enclosure.

"If it had been any other color save green," growled Morgan as he wandered aimlessly around. Deprived of Joyce's company, even in the green hat, the day was spoiled for him. As a rule, the clothes of womankind played little part in his scheme of the importance of things, but always from a child he had hated the brilliant green that now was fashionable, and the color seemed to jar upon his senses and rendered him nervous and irritable in consequence. If he had been near Joyce now he might have heard his college chum, Jim Waite, discoursing to Miss Whittier upon that same subject.

"Funny thing about green, Miss Whittier," Waite was saying chattily; "my classmate, Morg Hall, you know him, don't you?"

Joyce nodded, and the big diamond on her left hand winked knowingly inside the white glove.

"Well, Morg's a chap that never had any nerves—so we always said—but there was one thing that could almost drive him crazy, and that was to flourish a bit of bright green in front of him. I used to wear a green necktie sometimes just to josh him, you know, but when I found it really made him irritable and cranky without his knowing exactly why I just dropped the matter."

Joyce said never a word, and from that moment she was very quiet.

Morgan Hall had become tired of wandering around alone, and he felt too irritable to seek Joyce after her desertion of him, yet he felt a vague jealousy of her. Occasionally he saw her green hat among the other blossoms of the millinery bouquet, and each time he glimpsed it his anger arose and his jealousy took actual form.

He was debating whether he should seek her out and demand an explanation of her desertion when he saw her crossing a distant space with a man. Morgan Hall followed them, noting every graceful curve of Joyce's form and the soft sweep of the white veil away from her green hat. The man was Jim Waite, and he was as handsome as a man ought to be, and he was looking down at Joyce Whittier with a manner that no other man should enjoy save Morgan Hall.

Morgan stared after them resentfully until they reached the entrance and climbed into Waite's big red automobile and shot away. He was after them

stockings showing above the low white shoes, and then up at the brilliant green felt hat that topped Joyce's golden hair. "It may be all right for some girls to wear, but I don't want you to look like a parrot, dear," he said clumsily.

"Oh, a parrot!" exclaimed Joyce, growing pinker. "Why not a cockatoo or something equally offensive?"

"You could never be offensive, Joyce," returned Morgan patiently, "but it's hardly in good taste, is it?"

"Why not?"

Joyce glanced at Morgan's attire from trim fitting gray clothes to pale lavender shirt, violet necktie and lavender silk socks. "I suppose a lavender color scheme would be in better taste," she observed dryly.

Morgan reddened slightly. "Lavender is not such a loud color, Joyce," he remonstrated. "I don't mind the other things so much, and the white coat is great, but that green hat is awful!"

"It's a dear!" retorted Joyce obstinately.

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