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Monday, November 3, 1913.

A presidential campaign is a tame affair beside New York's mayoralty scraps.

And what has become of all that excitement over the invasion of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst?

Every now and then some hardened reactionary, disdaining bichloride of mercury, takes the carbolic acid route.

Ex-Governor Sulzer now affords another example of the inadvisability of naming children after conspicuous public men.

Probably the port officials at New York are much obliged to aigrettes for being easier to tell on sight than moral turpitude.

Among the other things not to be decided until after the election may now be numbered the Thaw extradition proceedings.

The woman out west who "clucks in her sleep like a hen" seems to have laid herself open to the suspicion that she is no spring chicken.

Even Huerta may live to see the day when his fortunes change and he will be compelled to leave Mexico via the Madero or Diaz route.

Mr. Wilson may be boss in congress, but it is a china dinner set to a plated nut pick that Mrs. Wilson and the girls will boss that White house wedding.

A chorus of ex-chorus girls has been engaged to do evangelistic singing in a Chicago rescue mission. But if these girls have reformed, why don't they stop singing?

Just for England's attitude on the Mexican question we shall refuse to be sorry the next time a flying wedge of suffragists connects with a member of the British ministry.

A fair test of the opinion of business men regarding the currency bill was the referendum vote taken among subsidiary organizations of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on October 14, and the result of which was announced recently. It favored the measure by 393 to 17. Business knows on which side of its bread the butter is.

A divorce statistican in Los Angeles declares that the regularity with which the brunette type of woman appears as co-respondent in divorce actions is "startling." His figures cover 4,000 cases. In two-thirds of the cases where women were co-respondents they were brunettes and in the cases where men were named, fully three-fourths of them were dark of skin.

RUINING THE STREETS.

The Danville Press-Democrat calls attention to an abuse that flourishes in many cities and of which much complaint has been made in Rock Island. The authorities decide to pave a street with brick. The contractor generally does a good job. The property owners pay the bill, sometimes with many a groan and grimace, but they feel proud of the fact that their pavements are as smooth as a floor and it is a perpetual delight to travel over them. Then a private corporation or a telephone company secures a franchise and proceeds to tear up these streets. They relay them in a shiftless, haphazard and reckless manner. In a short time the road is full of humps, hollows and it is almost impassible.

This condition exists and strangely enough taxpayers do not protest against this wanton waste of their money. There is only one way to prevent it. When a corporation desires to tear up a section of a pavement it should be done by the city as also should the relaying, and the corporation should be required to meet the expense.

It is time this shiftless and utterly unbusinesslike practice ceased. It is wicked wastefulness.

CONTROL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

President Wilson will not see much to recommend in the plan for an international council to control the Philippines, which has been submitted to him by A. S. Lanier, an assistant solicitor in the United States department of agriculture who served for several years in the Philippines as assistant secretary for the bureau of justice.

Mr. Lanier suggests that the council be composed of members selected by the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Japan, which would be the upper legislative house of the islands and would select a chief executive. The lower house would be composed entirely of natives. Any questions upon which the council could not agree would be submitted to The Hague tribunal. When the Filipinos became able to govern their country the council could be abolished.

Mr. Lanier thinks this would be a solution of a problem that is likely to embroil the United States with other countries, particularly with Japan, and that it would do away with the necessity of keeping troops in the Philippines other than the native forces.

The Filipinos would not be likely to look with favor on this plan. They would in all probability prefer to remain under American rule with the definite promise of ultimate independence than to become international wards, a rather humiliating position. But leaving aside the wishes of the Filipinos, it seems that there would be a grave danger in a proposition which would give the countries referred to a certain standing in the Philippines. It is easy to say that when the natives have become able to govern themselves the international council could be abolished, but when did anyone ever hear of any of the countries mentioned taking their fingers out of a pie unless they were compelled to?

VEGETABLE TRANSPORTATION.

In a vague way it is a matter of common knowledge that there is tremendous waste in the handling of foodstuffs. The long-haul shipments, the reshipments, the transfers and retransfers, the movement of produce from the farm to the distant market, in many instances to undergo a change of form and be shipped back to the district in which it originated, with charges at every point, are among the most important contributing causes of the high cost of living. Students of economics can come within approximate distance of computing the waste that is consequent to imperfect distribution of farm products, but it is doubtful if even these, up to the present time, have given adequate attention to the immense saving to consumers that would result from squeezing the water out of vegetable products in advance of their shipment.

The matter has been investigated by specialists of the United States department of agriculture, who find that, if the German method of handling potatoes were adopted in the United States, freight charges on long hauls of this vegetable would be greatly reduced. In Germany, potatoes used for stock feed and in the arts are reduced in bulk by the elimination of 70 per cent of water and removal of the culls.

Coming nearer to an American condition, however, it is found that the American people are annually paying freight upon 436,682 tons of water in shipping their corn from the producing center to the market. This is an equivalent of more than 14,556 freight carloads, allowing 60,000 pound to each, and, we are told, it accounts for the enormous losses resulting from deterioration in shelled corn before it is consumed. The statisticians take a car length to be 40 feet, and on this basis compute that each year a train 582,240 feet long, or over 110 miles, not counting the locomotives, is engaged in nothing more profitable than hauling water. Corn is an important item in this inquiry, but it is only one of many. Perhaps it would not be practicable to dry all vegetable food products, but it should be possible to dry a large percentage of those designed for long-distance shipments. If this were done, and if better management were introduced into the food-shipping and food-distribution business generally, it is easy to see that there would be vastly less hauling on the railroads and a great reduction in the cost of getting food to the consumer.

KICKED ON THE TIPS.

The Waiter Thought the Rule Should Not Work Both Ways.

"My bill at the cabaret restaurant on Broadway was $25, and when I gave the waiter a tip of a dollar he frowned."

The speaker was a banker from Duluth. He continued warmly:

"'What are you frowning about?' I asked the waiter. 'Isn't that a generous tip for a few minutes work on your part?'

"'In New York,' the man answered, 'the rule is always to give a tip of 10 per cent. Your bill, sir, called for a $2.50 tip. So, naturally, I feel a little aggrieved. But it is easy to see, sir, that you are not a New Yorker, and so it can't be expected that you'd know the rules.'

"Well, I pocketed the waiter's insult, and the next time I was in that neighborhood I dropped in on him again. This time I was alone, and, not being hungry, I only ate a $1.45 meal. When it was over I handed the waiter a tip of 11 cents. You ought to have seen his face. It was worse than before.

"'It's all right,' I assured him. 'It's according to the 10 per cent rule that you taught me. If a man's bill is exorbitant that makes no difference, according to the rule. Well, then, when a man's bill is small, it should make no difference, either.'

"The waiter glowered at me. He shook the 11 cents in his palm sarcastically. I said, as I rose to go:

"'And, by jove, it won't make any difference either. If you waiters insist on your 10 per cent for large amounts then you've got to take it for small amounts, too. At least, by jingo, you've got to take it from me. I'm from Duluth, but I know my way about.'"

The Duluth banker sighed heavily.

"But the fact remains," he said, "that ever since that waiter called me down I give 10 per cent on big amounts like a fool and like a fool I give 20 to 30 per cent on small amounts."—Minneapolis Journal.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Nov. 1.—Finding the cause of the social unrest in the United States—that is the true purpose and mission of the new commission on industrial relations which has completed its organization, opened its offices in Washington, employed a staff of helpers, and is now settling down to work.

Its authority is "to inquire into the general conditions of labor in the principal industries of the United States," and seek "to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation and report its conclusions thereon." This is the official language. It has mapped out its work in four divisions: An inquiry into the various governmental agencies which have to do with labor; an investigation of trades disputes as conducted by organized labor; an inquiry into the condition and needs of unorganized labor; and a study of how industrial relations are affected by legislatures and courts.

But boiled down, the task of the commission is to find out what is causing the social unrest today, causing the growth of the socialist and other revolutionary parties, and turning the people to the "strange gods" that Uncle Joe Cannon complains about.

Now this commission may follow the example of other commissions and be perfectly harmless, collecting great masses of useless statistics the members drawing their salaries meanwhile. Or it can adopt a different course, discover the obvious faults in the industrial system today (things which most observers already know), set them down for the first time in an official report to congress, and, without bothering too much about the statistics in the case, have the courage to draw conclusions; and point out the special privileges upheld by law or court decisions which are responsible for the pressure upon the working classes.

It is hoped that the latter system will be followed, and there is reason to believe that it will. In the course of its investigations, the commission will call before it the representatives of those who have theories about what is wrong in the present scheme of things—the socialists, the social reformers of the democratic and republican parties. The commission is made up of a number of high-minded Americans appointed by President Woodrow Wilson. Their work will be followed with interest.

SHIP OWNERS ACTIVE.

"The ship owners of Europe will try to defeat the seamen's bill in the house," said Andrew Furuseth, the sailor's father of liberty, just before he left for London to attend the maritime conference which is to consider the bill just passed by the United States senate with the idea of adopting its humanitarian provisions, ending involuntary servitude at sea, in the treaties between nations. Furuseth has fought for this bill for 20 years. He dictated nearly all of its provisions.

"If this bill should pass," he said, "the foreign ship owner will have to pay substantially the same wage as the American ship owner, and the great advantage which the foreigner had in the wage cost of operation—one of the main factors in destroying the American merchant marine—will cease.

"The fugitive-slave law for sailors—arrest for desertion—has brought about the low foreign wage cost. In American ports foreign owners are unable to keep wages at their present level because the U. S. government has acted as their slave catcher. Two sailors are now confined in prison in Mobile, Ala., one from a Norwegian and one from a British vessel. Their crime was that they deserted from their vessels."

PRESIDENT'S MOBILE SPEECH

(Springfield Republican.)

The president's Mobile speech may be construed as more of a reply than his speeches at Philadelphia and Swarthmore to recent European interpretations of European policy toward Mexico. There have been such undisguised avowals abroad of motives in recognizing the Huerta government based on purely material considerations that the president's criticism of a foreign policy expressed "in terms of material interests" as "perilous" and "indeed degrading," may be regarded as an indirect rebuke to European diplomacy's most recent manifestations. As against material interests the president emphasizes "the development of constitutional liberty and world human rights and the maintenance of national integrity." These principles, together with his timely declaration that the United States will not seek to secure more territory, the president would have the world regard as the key to his administration's policy in dealing with Latin-American problems.

"Idealistic" is the criticism of the speech that will be heard. The European view seems to be that such principles cannot be applied in practice. But we have yet to see that, in practice, the ideal which underlies the president's policy necessarily involves the unattainable. Translated into action the principles avowed may be supremely practical. In Mexico, civil war was certain from the moment that Madero was assassinated and from that moment there has been no assurance whatever that General Huerta was the man capable of restoring stability and order to the distracted country. Tearing away all disguises, Europe's policy of recognition was meant as a help to Huerta against the constitutionalists already in the field. "Material interests" dictated the foreign governments go to his assistance. As between the contending parties in Mexico, our government alone maintained neutrality by the policy of non-recognition, and it is difficult to denounce such a policy as impractical or idealistic, in view of the resources of the constitutionalists, their strategic position in the north and the political ideals for which they claim to fight.

It was surely "impractical" for European governments to adopt a policy that inevitably would come into conflict with that of the United States—even so from the most materialistic point of view. The so-called elections in Mexico have no result that can command respect, for they are a nullity. The status quo will evidently continue, no one can say how long. While the president has ideals and principles to guide his policy, uncontrolled by purely material considerations, he is also a practical statesman and future conditions will no doubt shape his acts.

A Thackeray Slip.

Thackeray asked Lowell to point out candidly any error of Queen Anne English in the novel "Henry Esmond." Lowell asked if people used at that time the phrase "different to."

"Hang it all!" cried Thackeray. "No, of course they didn't."

"The Young Lady Across the Way"

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that a whole regiment of the regular army had been inoculated with preventive bacilli and it did seem to her as if a great nation like this might be a little careful about the health of its soldiers.

The Onlooker

By HENRY HOWLAND

A Little Lesson

(Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)

There, little boy, don't cry;
They have broken your leg, I know,
And your suit of blue
Is all ruined, too;
You'll be laid up a year or so,
But the chauffeur was out to break records or die.
There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry;
They knocked out your teeth, I know;
You were dragged forty feet
Through the dust of the street,
And you hadn't the ghost of a show;
But it might have been worse—you lost only one eye;
There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry;
You'll be crippled for life, I know;
And they rushed on their way
With hearts that were gay;
We must not be too critical, though,
For they had to pass everything going or die—
There, little boy, don't cry.

Just May.

"My name isn't Mary," said the little girl, "it's just May."

"I am sure you must be mistaken," replied the teacher. "May is usually a mere contraction of Mary. I wish you would ask your mother, this evening, if your name is not really Mary."

"No, she has explained it to me often. You see, my papa's name is Mr. Winter, and my mamma's name before she married was Summers."

Of Course Not.

"I thought you didn't believe in war."

"I don't."

"Then why are you sending your son to a military academy?"

"He has such a splendid shape for a uniform, and, of course, we don't want him to have to be a conductor or a janitor for the purpose of showing it off to the best advantage."

NOT ALWAYS.

"Do you think genius and insanity always go together?"

"Oh, no. I am convinced that my husband is half crazy most of the time, but I've never seen him give the faintest gleam of genius."

Just Wondering.

"I see that New York has a hotel where women are permitted to smoke."

"What about it?"

"I was just wondering whether they have ribbons on the cuspidors."

Give It an Outlet.

The man who has genius and makes no use of it is like a stagnant pool. The water in the unsightly hole would be good if it were given a proper outlet.

Success.

A man is generally supposed to have succeeded when he has a rosewood desk at which he may sign checks and an anteroom in which to make people wait while he trims his nails.

Useful.

"What book have you found most useful?"

"A book of Browning's poems. We have a table with one short leg and the Browning book just fits under it."

Chess.

A correspondent wishes to know whether we consider chess a form of sport. Our candid opinion is that it is a disease.

Very Depressing.

Nothing is more depressing to a girl who has declined to sing or play than to be excused without any teasing.

A Friendly Tip.

"My husband always is the severest critic of the gowns I wear."

"Well, judging from what I have heard, he has to go some, if he is."

Wrestling With a Razor.

Little Minnie—Oh, mamma, what's that dreadful noise? Mamma—Hush, darling, papa's trying to save the price of a shave.—Puck.

Saying well causes a laugh. Doing well causes silence.—French Proverb.

The Daily Story

The Agent of Owl Creek Junction—By F. A. Mitchel.

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"There's no use, Jim," said Laura Bingham; "we can't get married and live decently on $40 a month, and that's all you get from the railroad and all you're likely to get even if you are promoted. You know yourself that conductors on your road get only $80. We'll have to give it up."

Jim Perkins saw the force of his fiancee's argument. He resolved to apply for a position that would take him away from her.

The terminal of the road was on the Missouri river, and at that time a number of railroads were pushing out into the great American desert. Jim wrote an application for the position of station agent on the frontier. He had no expectation of any notice being taken of his application and intended to leave the service of the road anyway and go west. What was his surprise to receive by return mail an

JIM HAD SNATCHED HIS OWN WEAPON.

appointment as station agent at Owl Creek junction, a point out on the plains not far from the Rocky mountains. Jim had another surprise. The salary as station agent at Owl Creek junction was laid down as $50 a month, which was a good deal more than he had been getting.

With a sad heart he started for his new field of labor. On the way he asked about Owl Creek junction and learned that it was looked upon as one of the most promising points on the road. True, at the time the population in the vicinity were a lawless lot, such as usually precede the better class who begin the real development of new countries. But the branching of a great thoroughfare was sure in time to make Owl Creek junction a city.

This welcome encouragement caused hope to arise in the breast of James Perkins. He had $50 that he had saved when he expected to marry Laura Bingham, and he resolved to invest it as soon as he arrived in a town lot. He did not expect to get a lot for so small an amount in the center of the place, but would be satisfied with one on the outskirts.

Hopeful youth—that leads one on through dreams to realities, ending either in success or failure! After all, are not such visions better than pessimism, which undertakes nothing, accomplishes nothing?

The nearer Jim got to Owl Creek junction the more he learned about it. One bucket of cold water after another was dashed over him till he received the bucket itself, which struck him with such force as to stun him. The conductor in charge of the last section of the road gave him a true picture of Owl Creek junction and made it plain to him why he had been appointed agent there.

The nearest house to the junction was a mile. The country round about was infested with jayhawkers and horse thieves. No agent at the railway station had thus far been able to collect money for tickets from 60 per cent of the persons who traveled on the road. They either demanded tickets without pay at the point of the revolver or used the same implement to pass the conductor without paying a fare. But the usual method was to call for a ticket at the station, get their hands on it and walk away, forgetting to leave the cash for it. There had been five agents within six months. Now the last one appointed was eagerly waiting for his successor.

Jim received this terrible backset shortly before the train drew up at Owl Creek junction, and his heart sank down into his boots. When the train stopped at his new home he looked upon as desolate a sight as he had ever seen in his life. There were a station, a water tank, a fuel house and nothing else except an open stretch of country inhabited principally by the prairie dog, the sole vegetable product being the cactus.

As Jim stepped off the train a man came out of the station expectantly. A bandage covered his forehead and his left eye. His arm was in a sling.

"The new agent?" he asked of Jim.

"Yes," replied Jim faintly.

"Well, come in here and I'll turn over the property. This train goes back in half an hour, and I propose to go on her."

"Been hurt?" inquired the new agent.

"Slightly. I was fool enough to try to collect the price of a ticket from a rustler. I advise you not to try it, but if you're bent on doing so you'll find a couple of 42 caliber revolvers in the drawer under the ticket window. The company sent them out for the use of agents who were bent on making collections."

Jim received the contents of the ticket office and receipted for them in time to see his predecessor step on the train happily and pulled away to civilization. The pulling of the locomotive gradually died away in the distance, to be replaced by an absolute silence. Jim would have liked to hear the hoot of even an owl, but there were no trees for an owl to roost in, and he wondered how the creek got its name. He looked for a place in it deep enough to drown himself in, but it did not afford even that.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the day after Jim Perkins arrived at Owl Creek junction. Jim was sitting at a desk with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He was at the lowest, or, rather, the highest point of desperation. A train was due in ten minutes from one of the branches of the railroad, going eastward. A man with a red face, a stubble beard and one eye stepped up to the ticket window and said:

"Young feller, gimme a ticket to Antelope, and be quick about it."

Jim arose from his chair and stepped to the window. He had laid a cocked revolver beside it where it could not be seen. He took down a ticket from a rack, stamped it and, holding it in his hand, said:

"Three dollars and forty cents, please."

A glare came in the ticket purchaser's eye, and he put his hand to his hip. There was a report, but not from his revolver. Jim had snatched his own weapon, brought it to bear on the purchaser and fired.

When the train reached the station the conductor stepped down on to the platform and went into the station. A man's body was lying on its face below the ticket window.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I've been sent out here," replied Jim, "to sell tickets for money. That man wanted to go to Antelope without paying his fare. He can go free as baggage, I reckon. You'd better help him on to the train."

The conductor looked wonderingly at Jim for a few moments, then said:

"By cracky! You're a cool one. Do you think you can keep this up?"

"I'll keep it up till I get killed, and I'd rather get killed than remain a railroad employee, especially at Owl Creek junction."

The conductor succeeded in getting a brief account of the affair from the only living participant, then, not wishing to get behind time, called the man in charge of the baggage car and with his assistance carried the body on board the train. Then there was a whistle and the big snake crawled away over the plain.

Jim Perkins did not have to kill any more men at Owl Creek junction station. The news that the railroad company had sent out an agent who meant business circulated, and after that would be passengers paid their fare. Jim since he had begun the work would not give it up till he had proved that he was master of the situation, then wrote to the president of the road that the population under the influence of the railroad was beginning to change and he thought that any agent could collect for tickets there. He would like a station in a more settled locality.

A reply came notifying Jim that another man would relieve him and he was to report at the general offices of the company. When he reached the terminal and showed his order to a man at a desk he was sent up to the office of the president.

"H'm!" said that officer. "I believe you are the man who collected fares at Owl Creek junction."

"I am, sir," replied Jim.

"I'm sorry I haven't another place especially fitted for your peculiar abilities. What kind of a position would you like?"

"Any you happen to have vacant. I've been railroading all my life. I don't know anything else."

The president tapped a bell. An office boy entered and was directed to call the superintendent. When that gentleman entered the president said to him:

"Mr. Bowers, this is James Perkins, recently station agent at Owl Creek junction. Make him a train dispatcher and as soon as he learns the duties of that position give him the next job in the scale. A man who could make Owl Creek junction a paying station must be good for almost anything. At any rate, try him."

Before entering upon the duties of his new office Jim went to see his sweetheart and told her of the change that had come over his fortunes. Jim's salary was quite sufficient to warrant their marriage, and their engagement was renewed. Jim passed through a number of grades and finally became president of the road, besides making a fortune. Throughout all of his administration he was known as one devoted to the welfare of the thousands of employees of the road under his management.

Nov. 3 in American History.

1751—George Washington, aged nineteen, arrived at Barbados. This was his only venture beyond the limits of the original colonies.

1791—Disastrous defeat of General Arthur St. Clair's army by Indians near the Miami villages, Ohio.

1813—General John Coffee with 900 soldiers attacked the Creek Indians at Tallasahatchee, Ala. About 200 warriors were killed and eighty-four captured, with a loss to the whites of forty-six in all.

1908—William H. Taft elected twenty-seventh president of the United States.