

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, January 21, 1914.

If you've got a senatorial bee, now is the time to live it.

The Berlin jury that acquitted a man arrested for violent sneezing was up to snuff.

What a merry crowd of senatorial candidates is to grace the primary ticket this year!

Up in Wisconsin they are having the eugenic marriages performed by a sexton instead of a minister.

An Englishman has paid \$5,000 for a rare flea, which the ordinary run of humanity will regard as a piece of doggone extravagance.

That poor word "harmony" is being worked to death by republican newspapers in endeavoring to reunite the G. O. P. and bull moose factions.

Secretary Bryan's answer to Representative Bartholdt's declaration that there is more alcohol in grape juice than in beer, was complete. If there was, he said, Mr. Bartholdt would drink grape juice.

It is estimated it will cost Uncle Sam \$45,000 a month to feed the 4,200 Mexican prisoners he has in tow. It is about \$10 a month a head; and this will be sufficient to get those folks a good deal better than they had in their own country.

If General Mercado goes back to Mexico the federals will court martial him; and the rebels will shoot him with even less formality. There should be little difficulty in detaining him in this country.

Kaiser Wilhelm is chopping wood three hours a day in the palace yard to reduce his weight. If the Kaiser shall keep his appetite within restraint after his exercise, the prescription will work. Chopping wood even a half hour a day three times a week will take weight off a fat man and put it on a thin one.

Theatrical managers in New York are saying that dancing has hurt the theatre business so that they cannot make money. What with the moving picture, the automobile, the high price of eggs and the tango, the theatres are up against it. It remains for some enterprising manager to advertise dancing between the acts in the lobby or foyer to draw the crowd.

The last of the toll roads in New England has been abolished at Providence. R. L. A local paper says that this last remnant of an archaic system was six miles long, situated in two towns in Bennington county, Vermont. Its importance and the magnitude of the nuisance it created were due to the fact that it was the only pass through the mountains in that neighborhood on a main highway between New York and New England. There remains some toll gates in New England, but they are associated with privately-owned bridges. The automobile is credited with abolishing the last of the "pay as you enter" highways.

ANOTHER MASTERLY MESSAGE.

President Wilson's anti-trust message, the third that he has personally delivered before the joint sessions of congress since assuming office less than a year ago, is like those on the tariff and the financial questions—the utterances of a man who has weighed well his subject and is master of it. The presidential attitude, a further redemption of platform pledges, follows naturally the course pursued, recommended in tariff and currency legislation.

In justification of the course suggested by the government and in calm assurance as to what the government should do and how it is proposed to do it, the message is characteristic. There is nothing panicky or radical in its tone. It recites an occasion for action, in response of the obligations of duty to the people, which may be discharged only as the people's cause without injury to those who pursue the legitimate pursuit of business.

There must be a dissolution of the monopolies that restrain trade and oppress the people. It is a determination to put into effect law that will break down the barriers that have stood against the many for the benefit of the few, the government is to assert itself in the fulfillment of a duty to which it is a duty bound, while the party of which the president is the leader is

no less in duty bound to the people who have reposed in it their faith and confidence.

This is the sum and substance of President Wilson's trust attitude. He has laid before congress further pledges that must be redeemed, and in his wisdom he has presented the methods by which those pledges may be intelligently and forcibly carried into effect. Congress will stand by the president, as it did in the tariff and currency bills.

JUSTICE TO THOMPSON.

In the appointment by Judge Olmsted of a special prosecutor in response to a petition from the grand jury in the circuit court yesterday afternoon, the people's prosecutor, chosen by the people, was superseded in powers reposed in him by the people, by a special prosecutor of the court's choosing. The court acted upon the strength of sweeping declarations prepared in behalf of and approved in signature by the majority of the present grand jurors, which in a word set forth that certain crimes of a grave nature had been committed in the county—in which the state's attorney was interested.

In the absence of specific allegations the state's attorney was helpless to defend himself, although he made a stout and manly defense of his office and prerogatives. The state's attorney held that the action of the court is without a precedent in the practice of law in Illinois.

Expounding of law being out of the line of a newspaper, The Argus is, of course, in no position to discuss the somewhat extraordinary procedure, but it does not hesitate to say that it has the utmost confidence in State's Attorney Thompson, and believes he has endeavored to discharge his duty fearlessly and faithfully to the people. Bequeathed with an exceptional burden of hardship when he entered the office, he was met at the outset with obstacles of a political nature, which have involved a fight on his part for his office from the very start. Many and unpleasant have been the tasks that have confronted him; tasks not of his own choosing, but nevertheless tasks that were unavoidable, and when all the complications that have arisen are cleared away, The Argus believes it will be shown that he has been very wrongfully accused, both directly and indirectly. And that he has done his duty to the full extent that he has been permitted to see the light.

As far as the special investigation is concerned, the demand of the people is that all rumors of whatever so nature be cleared and all that is under the surface be brought out. The people are weary of gossip and wild assertions.

As The Argus said once before in discussing this matter, the people want to know. They want to know all, and if there has been wrong doing they want to know all who have been guilty of it and they want it stopped once and for all.

BACK TO OLD FAITH.

Throughout the breadth of the land—north, south, east and west—there seems to be a tendency toward increased church attendance, which is leading encouragement to the staunch churchmen and women who have been working for years to establish Christianity in a thoroughly helpful and practical form in the hearts of the American people.

It is indeed but natural that there should be again the forward swing of the pendulum, from the backward stroke which denoted falling interest in the churches. An institution founded as firmly as the Christian religion can weather many vicissitudes, such as the dearth of church interest in the past 50 years and emerge more vigorous, stronger, more efficient than ever.

It takes a period of declining interest to bring to the front the real resources of the church. It was a natural thing, a perfectly legitimate period of transition for the church. It was the time of storm and stress, when doctrinal traditions, which people hesitated to assume, were left by the wayside, and a greater allegiance than ever to the fundamental truths of the faith substituted.

With practical, broad minded preachers in the pulpit, with a new spirit animating the churches, it is not to be greatly wondered that again the churches are being better occupied without resort to undignified methods. It is true that churches are learning that the daily press may become an invaluable aid to them in presenting to the people the opportunities and activities which they may enjoy within the church. But this is thoroughly in accord with the practical character of the church nowadays. It is not letting down the bars to undignified action, as it might once have been thought.

So it is that the churches are assuming the place that they must always hold. So it is that people are being impelled to attend church and are growing into that faithful loyalty which has characterized good and true church workers from the beginning of time.

PERILOUS HUGGING.

The Embrace of a Kangaroo Does Not Leave Pleasant Memories.

Notwithstanding the kangaroo's popular reputation for speed, he is easily overtaken in the bush by a good horse (they say) within half a mile. A capable kangaroo dog—a lean, swift beast, a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff, bred to course and kill—soon runs him to bay. Without dogs it is the custom to kill with a cudgel. This is often accomplished by the sportsman from the back of his horse. Dismounted, however, with the kangaroo waiting alertly for attack, it is sometimes a perilous venture to come to close quarters. A slip, and the sportsman finds himself at once in a desperate situation.

One of the lumberjacks with whom

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER, Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Jan. 19.—That the copper mine owners of the Calumet region who are now engaged in fighting a strike by their employees have no legal title to the copper lands, is the startling averment being brought up by congressmen who are agitating an official investigation of the labor troubles.

It is asserted that the lands were originally granted by the government to a company which constructed the Lake Superior ship canal, which runs from Houghton, Mich., through the narrow neck of the peninsula on which the copper mines are located. But, it is declared, the search of the original records shows that the grant specifically stated that the canal company was not to be given lands containing minerals.

If this is the case a situation arises in northern Michigan comparable to the status of the Southern Pacific railroad's oil lands in southern California. Suits aggregating many millions of dollars have been brought against the railroad company by prospectors, under the law that the railroad was not entitled to take mineral lands from the government.

It is claimed that the report of Land Commissioner W. A. J. Sparks in 1886

furnishes complete proof that the title to the copper lands never legally left the United States. In this report, Sparks said:

"Notwithstanding the express exemption in the granting act, upward of 65,000 acres which had been designated by the United States as mineral lands, including some of the most valuable lands in the copper range of the upper peninsula of Michigan, were certified and approved by this department for the benefit of the Ship Canal company."

On the basis of this report, Secretary of the Interior Lamar recommended the institution of suits to recover the copper lands. But these suits were never begun. Secretary of Labor Wilson had this early history in mind when he recently made the statement that the copper company has taken \$200,000,000 in profits from an investment of \$1,250,000.

But despite the fact that the financial wizards of that day were able to take an empire of mineral wealth in return for a comparatively small investment in the way of constructing a ship canal, they were even unwilling to make a good job of the latter. All the evidence seems to show that the canal work was slighted. It was originally intended to give the company two years in which to complete the canal, but this period was extended from time to time until it was eight years. Prof. Gustavus Meyers in his history of The Great American Fortunes, says that "the Portage Lake Canal was only a worthless ditch and a complete fraud."

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, in 1886, introduced a bill to take the copper lands away from the Canal company, but this bill perished in a pigeonhole.

The Income Tax Recognizes Forestry

Washington, Jan. 21.—Foresters and lumbermen see in a decision of the treasury department in regard to the administration of the income tax a strong argument for forestry. As they interpret the opinion of the treasury officials they understand that no timberlands shall be subject to the tax until the timber is cut and marketed and that then the profit only will be subject to an income tax assessment. In other words, all costs will be deducted before the tax is levied, and those will cover the cost of growing the timber, including the cost of planting where necessary and of protecting the growing crop from fire and other depredation.

This decision was based upon a request for information made by P. S. Riddsdale, secretary of the American Forestry association. He asked if there would be a tax on the value of the timberland. In reply, the treasury department said that "the gain from the cutting and disposal of stumpage is realized in the year during which the timber is cut and disposed of, and that the amount received in excess of the cost of such timber is profit, and should be so accounted for as income for that year."

Announcements of changes of pastors: Rev. Jesse Hyde of St. Louis becomes pastor of the First Baptist church at Flora.

Rev. Charles W. Brown resigns at Loda to enter school in Chicago.

Rev. Clarence Hodge of Marshall, Mo., accepts a call to return to the pastorate at McLeansboro, Ill., and is granted an extended vacation to take a trip to Palestine.

Rev. W. P. Bevey becomes pastor at Urbana.

Rev. Charles B. Althoff of Louisville, Ky., accepts a call to the pastorate of Lorimer Memorial church in Chicago.

Rev. J. Harv J. Gunn resigns the pastorate of Chatsworth church to enter the University of Chicago.

Rev. George E. Gibbs closes pastorate at Cordova after three years.

Rev. T. M. Porter resigns work at Farmersville and Zenobia to engage in undenominational work in Chicago. The Bulletin is the official organ of the Illinois Baptist convention.

Changes By Baptist Pastors. Duquoin, Ill., Jan. 21.—The Illinois Baptist Bulletin contains the following

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We asked the young lady across the way if she were satisfied with her father's message and she said she liked the electric limousine better in cold weather.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

WOMAN the INFERIOR



Woman is nearer the savage state than man. Her only function is to bear children—Professor Sargent of Harvard. She is nothing but a woman with a voice that's soft and sweet. Making sacred all she touches, even the dust beneath her feet. With a laugh that's sweeter music and a sigh that's sweeter yet. With a look that makes you wonder and remember and forget— Just a woman who is pure. With a faith serene and sure— Who has made you somewhat better since the moment when you met.

She is nothing but a woman, of a lower type than man. Her development restricted, fashioned on a poorer plan: Learning little as the ages and the aeons roll away. Made to serve a single purpose and remain unthinking clay: Just a woman in whose eyes All that's true and tender lies. Just a woman claiming graces as angels' only may.

She is nothing but a woman who when days of trouble come— When the friends of fairer moments turn their faces and are dumb— Hover near with tender glances and with words that soothe and cheer? Just a woman, hoping bravely when you weakly yield to fear; Just a woman clinging fast To the love that, at the last, Shall become your sweet salvation, as the farther shores appear.

Found Out. "I see," he said, "that young John D. Rockefeller's Sunday school class has decided that a man ought not to marry on less than \$1,100 a year."

"What is your own opinion?" she asked. "Well, I'm inclined to think two people ought to be able to get along on \$1,000 a year."

"So you get \$20 a week, do you?"

Not a Forcible Illustration. "Do you know," asked the abstemious, "that the money which the American people spend for drink in a single year would be sufficient to build a stone tower 40 feet in diameter and a mile high?"

"Would it?" asked the man with the spongy nose, "but who wants a silly old stone tower like that?"

LOOKING AT IT PHILOSOPHICALLY.

"Say, Bink," said Jimmy the safe-cracker, "I'm gettin' sick of dis kind of a life. I wish I could git into something else."

"Aw, wot's do matter wit you?" his partner replied. "Come on, now, and cut out dat kind of talk."

Ain't you ever found out dat nobody's satisfied wit de business dey're in?"

Discarded. She gave him her youth and her beauty. She gave him her innocent heart; She deemed it her glorious duty To be his inferior part; In sickness she ministered to him. Their children she clasped to her breast; As only God knows men she knew him, She was worthy of him at his best.

His name became hers, and she bore it As something too sacred to shame; He gave her his ring and she wore it With a faithfulness proof against blame; But, aged by her labors and faded, And robbed of her faith and her pride, She is paid to permit a degraded, Roused stren to thrust her aside.

Wasted Talent. "Mrs. Wuppsey's friends think she would have made a great actress if she had adopted the stage as a profession."

"Well, they may be right. She seems to be very clever as a mimic."

"Yes, and she hasn't a solitary mole between the nape of her neck and the small of her back."

Chinese Politics. "Do you think the Chinese will be able to govern themselves?" asked the reformer.

"No," replied the professional politician, "they haven't any chance in the world. Their fathers and grandfathers never voted, so how are they going to find out which parties they belong to?"

Took a Job Lot. "Just one kiss," murmured the book-keeper. The pretty stenographer pointed to a placard.

"No Goods at Retail," it stated. So he took a job lot—Washington Herald.

The Daily Story

ABEL'S REBELLION—BY CLARISSA MACKIE. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Abel Durham had lived for years at Miss Pollock's boarding house and had patiently eaten the dishes that were set before him till one Sunday morning he revolted at the usual corned beef hash or bacon and eggs. He declined to eat her breakfast and sought Miss Pollock and gave notice that he would leave. He gave, among other reasons for his doing so, that he was about to be married.

Anastasia Pollock's head went up proudly. Fire came to her blue eyes. "Biddy," she said smoothly, "ask Mrs. Jasper if she will have some more corned beef hash!"

Abel Durham pattered down the brownstone steps of his boarding place and wandered aimlessly to the corner, where he waited for a car. His eye glanced slyly back at Miss Pollock's comfortable abode, and he stifled a sigh as he thought of its many good qualities, its homelike atmosphere and its home cooked food, and to one who had been a dweller in boarding houses during twenty years of city life, Miss Pollock's house was a pleasant refuge. But the monotony of the daily meals jarred upon him.

Each day in the week brought its allotted bill of fare, and there was no wavering from this rule. As her mother had ordered so Miss Anastasia carried on the house when the mantle fell upon her delicate shoulders.

This rebellion of Abel Durham was the outcome of several years of hopeful waiting for a change. Now he had not only given up his pleasant front room with the open fireplace, but he had told Miss Pollock he was to be married. How to make good this last reckless statement was puzzling the usually tranquil mind of the bachelor. Abel Durham had not courted a girl for twenty years, not since he had left Telfeet village to enter business life in the great city.

"I will do it. I've got to make good," said Abel, with a sickly smile, as he boarded his car and rode to the railroad station. He bought a ticket for Telfeet and took his place in the stuffy, cinderly coach that the railroad company considered good enough for the little single track Telfeet branch.

"Whoooo-eeee-e-e-e-e!" shrieked the engine as it wound away among the hills toward Telfeet.

Abel Durham looked out of the window and noted the familiar landmarks as the train rumbled through villages, over bridges or skirted the river bank in its progress. Suddenly a large mountain overshadowed them.

"Telfeet mountain," murmured Abel without joy in his tones.

Since he had left the home of his boyhood all his family had moved to the far west, so that Abel was not going home to any near relatives. Perhaps there were distant cousins, but it might be they were dead or had forgotten him.

Abel Durham was bound on a singular errand. He was going back to Telfeet to try to resurrect one of his old romances. He had told Miss Pollock he was to be married, and married he must be. His busy life had left no room for sentiment, and so he perforce must fall back upon the half finished romance of his young manhood. There was pretty Amy Cox. She had given him a pink rose when he left Telfeet and told him she would wait for him— a hundred years if necessary!

Somehow Abel had forgotten all about Amy in the rush of business. They had corresponded for awhile, and now he couldn't remember who had been the first to stop writing.

"Telfeet!" called the brakeman. The station stage backed down, and the driver yelled to him: "Stage! All—yup!"

Abel climbed into the long, swaying vehicle and rattled around in its emptiness as the big white horses bore them through the village streets at a heiter skelter pace.

"Where you want to go?" called the driver from a corner of his mouth. "Philander Cox's place," replied Abel, turning red.

"Up mountain way," muttered the man as if for his own information.

The stage whirled perilously around the corner by the postoffice and rattled along the road that ran by the river bank. At last they began to climb the mountain toward a white house perched among the oaks.

"Whoa—yup!" called the driver, and Abel paid his fare and dismounted. The stage rattled down the mountain, and Abel went into the yard of the familiar place.

The same boxwood bordered the paths, and the same roses bloomed, and the same bees tumbled in and out of the blossoms. He felt a boy once more as he settled his necktie and started toward the house.

A pretty girl sitting on the steps of the house arose as he approached. Abel Durham stood with his hat in his hand, his eyes staring at this reincarnation of Amy Cox's youth. How had Amy contrived to remain so youthful? He was suddenly conscious of the bald spot on his head and of the crow's feet about his fine eyes. At Miss Pollock's table and among his business associates he never thought of his age. In the face of Amy's perpetual youth he felt like Rip Van Winkle.

"Amy, I don't believe you remember me." He smiled tentatively at her. The girl smiled vaguely and edged toward the front door. "Ma!" she called.

"Well!" cried an impatient voice from within. "Here's—here's an old gentleman to see somebody," she ended crudely and then fled in the direction of the gate, where a young man in a red necktie was suddenly waiting to take her to drive in a shining new buggy.

"Old gentleman!" Abel Durham turned crimson at the opprobrious term. The front door opened and a faded little woman came out drying her hands on her gingham apron. She had obviously just concluded washing the Sunday dinner dishes, and she sank into the nearest rocking chair with weary sigh, removing her apron and tossing it aside all in one swift gesture.

"Howdy do?" she queried without interest as she surveyed Abel's immaculate figure. "Won't you sit down a spell? Pa's over to Westwood today. I guess you're the new preacher from North Telfeet, ain't you?"

Abel Durham stared at her. This faded little gray haired woman was the mother of the girl he had taken for Amy. So this must be Amy. Amy must be married! A chill feeling of loss possession of his well ordered home, and he suddenly thought of his room at Miss Pollock's, and a great fear assailed him that Miss Anastasia might rent the room to some one else before he returned.

"I'm not the new preacher," he said, with a sickly smile. "I'm Abel Durham. Don't you remember me?"

The woman sat up and peered down at him from Amy Cox's beautiful blue eyes. "Abel Durham!" she gasped at last. "I think of your catching me like this! I'd never have known you— you've grown so fat!"

"Fat?" echoed Abel helplessly. She laughed with amusement. "Don't you know it? My, don't you remember how thin you used to be? The boys used to call you 'Skinny' Durham. I remember once Jake Fenlow called you that and you struck out at him and you had an awful fight. You liked him, too, although you was such a skinny little fellow! You couldn't lick him now; you're too fat!" laughed Amy. "I couldn't, eh? What has become of Jake Fenlow?" demanded Abel fiercely.

"I married him," said Amy calmly. "There was a long silence. "I've got to be going," said Abel suddenly. "I was just looking around the mountain, and I thought I'd drop in and see you."

"Glad to see you. Come in whenever you're passing by," invited Mrs. Fenlow ambiguously. "Jangle, what are you up to in there?" She darted inside the house, and Abel Durham took advantage of her absence to depart.

Jan. 21 in American History.

1734—John Pritch, steamboat inventor, competitor of Robert Fulton, born at Windsor, Conn.; died 1788. 1823—John G. E. Heckwelder, missionary to Indians, died; born 1748. 1910—The national guard of the several states became a permanent adjunct of the regular army establishment by the operation of the Dick law.

Higher Praise. "Mabel, you are simply perfect." "That isn't much of a compliment, Henry. George tells me I'm perfect."—Kansas City Journal.