THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 26

Friday, February 6, 1914.

There is a pronounced strain of bulldog in Huerta.

The Peruvian revolution has had a poor press agent.

The war munition business should pick up a little, anyhow.

It is improbable that 300 were killed in a single Haitien battle.

George Ade may not be welcome in the senate, which insists that all slang be cut out.

Those who think the government officials are trying to skin them on the tax are calling them income taxidermists.

A Chicago newspaper says it is pleased rather than surprised to learn that "Home Run" John Baker is the father of twins.

Those competitors in the air race across the world can be assured of dropping in a good soft spot when they cross the Atlantic ocean.

One thing, there's no longer such thing as starting a revolution in any South American republic. Emphasize the word "starting" and you'll get it.

Three New York politicians were sentenced to the penitentiary for criminal activity in securing the election of certain candidates. The men higher up who furnished the money are still free.

The Chicago politician who beat a woman election clerk just because he was peeved at the fair sex securing the ballot will no doubt find that he has adopted the wrong method of showing his displeasure.

THE LITERACY TEST.

The Burnett immigration bill, including the much-discussed literacy test provision, has passed the national house. Bills containing similar provisions were vetoed by President Taft and President Cleveland, and it is said President Wilson does not look with favor upon this section. That there is great need of stringent immigration restrictions is admitted, but whether an alien's ability to read and write is the best test of future good citizenship is a mooted question. Moral tests and physical tests are all right, but because a man from some benighted country across the sea has been deprived of educational advantages through no fault of his own, should bar him from becoming a resident of this country, that is a question.

Thousands of immigrants in the days gone by, who came to these shores seeking an asylum from persecution and oppression, could neither read nor write. They made splendid citizens, and the United States never had any cause to regret taking them in.

Ignorant, diseased and criminal aliens have no place in this country, but ambitious seekers for liberty and independence, who lack education and who are qualified in every other way, may well be considered.

EDITORIAL POLICY AND ADVERTISING.

What appears in the advertising columns of a newspaper does not convey editorial opinion. It does not voice the policy or convictions of the editor in any instance. It is the aim of every decent newspaper to carry in its advertising space only such matter as is legitimate and proper. Commercial or mercantile advertising needs no explanation, much less apology. Almost uniformly the advertisment reflects the spirit of enterprising business men who realize that through the newspaper is afforded the only reliable and fair means of directing public attention, and the experienced advertiser who patronizes the newspaper thus becomes known. And he earns the full measure of public confidence and support that comes to him in this way.

When questions involving politics or public policy arise, and issues are developed and joined it is pertinent that newspaper readers should know that a contract for space does not invariably or necessarily carry the endorsement of the newspaper carrying it. The opinion of a newspaper worthy of public confidence is not purchasable.

At least this is true of The Argus. And it is true in all instances where this paper is concerned.

In view of the coming campaign involving the liquor question in Rock Island it is proper to emphasize this fact. Both sides will have access to the advertising columns of The Argus, and to the end that both sides may have abundant opportunity to set forth their case, The Argus will place certain of its news space each day at the disposal of each side, as has been the custom in the past, for which it will assume no responsibility. The only requirement imposed will be that statements so appearing shall within reasonable limitations be applicable equally to both sides and must be absolutely free from personalities or prejudices.

The policy of The Argus will be defined in its own way.

LIFTING THE ARMS EMBARGO.

Until very recently there was no positive assurance that the Mexican rebels would be able to overthrow the Huerta government. Now nobody doubts this eventual outcome. The fall of Torreon, the siege of which has begun by troops under command of General Villa, will put the gateway to Mexico south in the rebels' hands and open the way for the triumphant march to the capital. Except for the garrison city of Torreon, all of the south of Mexico now is under rebel control.

Nothing succeeds like success, and the rebels are piling up a great war fund. They have received about $2,500,000 in cash, much personal property in the form of stores and cattle, and they have confiscated the great Creel and Terrazas estates. Desertions from the federal army have swollen their numbers, nd now the lifting of the arms and ammunition embargo assures them supply of these most essential and most needed instruments to the waging of successful warfare.

The shutting off of Huerta's credit abroad, forcing him to incur the ill will of his own people by levying heavy tax tribute upon them, and to leave his soldiers unpaid, is the screw whose pressure will ultimately crush him. Without money, he will find himself with a mutinous and deserting army, and in the position of Richelieu when, his favor at court gone, he complained that "the rats desert the sinking ship."

Until the condition of affairs now patent to everyone developed, it was dubious wisdom to raise the United States' embargo on the export of arms and ammunition to the rebels, because there was absent assurance that these, in case we were forced to intervene, would not be turned against ourselves.

The national administration, informed, no doubt, of the purpose of Villa and Carranza regarding Mexico and the course toward this country to follow the triumph of their arms, feels that there is no danger of being whipsawed by the removal of the embargo. However, should the administration prove to be mistaken in its faith and should necessity force intervention, this country should be able to shut off the Mexicans' supply of ammunition, rendering their arms useless by maintaining a blockade of all Mexican seaports and by control of the situation on the border.

In the circumstances there is no room for censure of the administration's action in lifting the arms embargo. It has done the one thing needed to be done to assure collapse of the Huerta regime.

THE LATEST NEWSPAPER CENSUS.

The 46th annual census of the publications of the United States and Canada, published in the American Newspaper Annual and Directory, shows that an average of five new publications were started every working day during 1913. The suspensions and consolidations make the net gain only three a week.

The total number of publications is 24,527. There are 2,640 dailies—the evening editions out-numbering the morning by about three to one. There are 572 Sunday papers. It requires 40 different languages to carry the news to the people of this country. Large lists are devoted to the special publications, agricultural, religious etc., but every class, every cult, every trade, every profession, every fad, every "ism" has its printed spokesman in the 210 different lists into which they are subdivided.

Only four industries now exceed in capital invested and value of products the business of publishing and printing. In ten years the output increased 86 per cent, and it is estimated that at present the earnings of newspapers and periodicals average nearly a million and a half dollars per calendar day. Two-thirds of this amount perhaps represents the income from advertising. In the nature of the case no one individual can be familiar with a large part of the publishing industry, which is carried on in more than 11,000 different towns; each of these is located and described, together with all of the publications, in the big book which presents the latest report of our publishing world.

SKOBELEV, THE MADCAP.

Millet Thought Him Almost a Reincarnation of Napoleon.

A few days before he sailed for Europe on the trip which ended with his death on the Titanic, Frank D. Millet said to a friend in his studio:

"Skobelev! How well I remember him! We used to call him the Madcap. That was when he swam the Danube against orders, dashed into Plevna without re-enforcements and committed other little indiscretions of that sort which only a madman or a genius would attempt.

"Later I came to recognize him as almost a reincarnation of Napoleon. His ambition was literally about the same as Napoleon's. He wanted Russia to conquer the world. I stood with him once on the heights above Constantinople—it was in March, 1878, just before the treaty of San Stefano—when he outlined to me his schemes, which began with the absorption of the Ottoman empire, then extended to a conquest of India and concluded with piratical designs on England in Europe.

"It was unbelievably naive, and I should have dismissed the talk as the veriest moonshine had I not been a witness during the preceding months to the man's rise from an inferior position, where he was under a cloud, to a lieutenant generalship, with which he had become the hero of the war. He was then the practical hand which Russia held on Turkey's throat. He died only a few years later, miserable, wasted, futile. A strange man, a great man; I think the most remarkable man I have ever known."—Richard Barry in Century.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

"Mothercraft" is becoming a prominent subject in the elementary schools of England.

School janitors in Salt Lake county, Utah, meet together in "institutes" every year to discuss the technical side of their work.

Dinner is served to the girls who come to the evening classes in the Washington Irving high school, New York City. Instead of going to public restaurants, the girls come directly from work to the school and spend the intervening time in the "gym" or reading rooms.

In Denmark, the school teacher is almost always furnished with a house, barn and a few acres of land, according to W. H. Smith, a recent observer from the United States bureau of education. "The tenure of office of the teacher is for life or good behavior and 75 per cent of the rural teachers are men who settle down in their respective communities, cultivate the small farm, act as choristers in the country church and easily and naturally become leaders in affairs."

Community music is the latest in cooperation. The pastor of a church in Locust Valley, N. Y., found that the church, the school and the young people's organizations were spending a total of about $1,300 per year for music without getting the best results. At his suggestion they pooled their funds and secured for $100 a month the services of a competent music director who spends two days a week in Locust Valley, organizing and directing the music for the church and school, training a children's choir, giving monthly musical entertainments and developing a choral society.

Pupils in the Dickerson high school at Jersey City, went to school from 4:30 in the afternoon to 10 o'clock at night on one occasion lately, in order that the adult members of their families might see the school plant in operation. Over 15,000 citizens took advantage of the opportunity offered by Superintendent Snyder to see what the high school was actually doing. The school progrtm was carried out in the regular order, including the serving of the school luncheon about the middle of the session.

Each class in the Fairmont, W. Va., high school is named for some prominent citizen of the city. The citizen thus designated is known as the class sponsor, the class bearing his name instead of the usual class numerals. The sponser takes a personal interest in the class. He entertains them once or twice during their junior and senior years and assists them in different ways in their various class enterprises. In some instances sponsors have been successful in keeping boys and girls in school who would otherwise have dropped out.

WHEN MARSHALL WAS STRUGGLING LAWYER

Thomas R. Marshall 25 years ago.

Here is a hitherto unpublished photograph of Thomas R. Marshall, vice president of the United States. It was taken 25 years ago in Columbia City, Ind., in which town Mr. Marshall was then a struggling young lawyer. The picture was only recently unearthed in a photographer's gallery in the little Indiana town.

Doubles of Famous Men.

Tennyson, who resembled Dickens, had, despite disparity of years, an almost perfect "double" in Sir Leslie Stephen. Perhaps it is similarity of occupation or interests that breeds resemblance, for Professor Schrader was so like Huxley that even their intimate friend Grant Duff mistook one for the other, and Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema was scarcely distinguishable from his brother artist, Du Maurier. The theory, however, hardly accounts for the ludicrous resemblance of Edmund Yates and the late shah of Persia.—London Chronicle.

Real Pleasant.

Widowed Father (to his ten-year-old daughter)—Do you know, Minnie, that your governess is going to get married? Minnie—I'm so glad to get rid of the hateful thing. I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry? Widowed Father—Me.—London Telegraph.

Just Accident.

"I don't see what claim you have for this accident insurance," said the agent. "You were thrown out of a wagon, I admit, but, on your own statement, you were not hurt."

"Well, wasn't it by the merest accident I escaped injury?" suggested the claimant.—Puck.

A Wider Field.

"I think I'll be a trained nurse. I see many nurses marry millionaires."

"I would earnestly advise you to try the stage. Of course some millionaires go to hospitals, but more of them go to the musical comedies."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Humors of Aviation.

Fair Damsel—Aren't you afraid when you go up in the air? Aviator—Well, I must admit I sometimes feel a sort of groundless apprehension.—Pearson's Weekly.

Washington—Four thousand dollars' worth of unfinished $10 gold notes disappeared from the government's money factory.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"

The young lady across the way having informed us that her father was interested in chickens, we asked her if he had incubators and she said she believed they were White Wyandottes.

The ONLOOKER

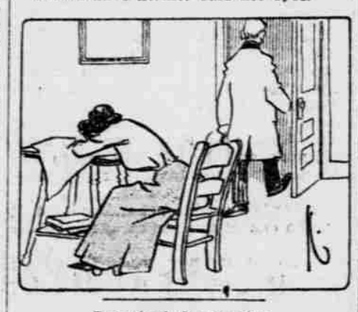
by HENRY HOWLAND

HUNTING TROUBLE

When you start out to inquire
Whether Brown called you a liar,
You may in your indignation
Think you're doing something bravely
To preserve your reputation.
But give heed a moment gravely;
When you start on such a mission
Wildly threatening to send
Your defender to perdition
You are not a hero, friend—
You are merely hunting trouble.

When you start out, gentle lady,
To discover naughty, shady
Things your husband has been doing,
Or of which he is suspected.
You may think you are pursuing
Sins that ought to be detected.
But the truth you seek may hurt you
And in setting forth to get
Sweet revenge for outraged virtue
You may find to your regret
That you've merely hunted trouble.

Those who search for sorrow find it;
Every door has hid behind it
Trouble in some shape or guise;
It may be imaginary,
Thin, inconsequential, airy,
But he finds it there who tries.
What a world of useless sorrow
Might be headed off tomorrow
If by prayer or through petition
'Twere arranged so that Suspicion
Should have neither ears nor eyes.



Practical Suggestion.

"Whatever are we going to do with nine chafing dishes?" exclaimed the bride when she and the groom had at last been permitted to look at the presents.

"We might exchange two or three of them for a couple of skillets and perhaps trade the rest in on a sack of flour and a peck of potatoes."

He May.

"A man who deliberately avoids marriage so that he may not be called on to support a family is the personification of selfishness."

"He may be that, but he may also be sparing both the public and himself a lot of unprofitable trouble."

A Penalty.

"Beautiful married women," says one of the philosophettes, "are not happy."

This is one of the penalties of a social code that makes it ungentlemanly to tell a married woman that she is beautiful.

He Should Remember It.

Scientists have found that a grasshopper can jump 200 times its own length. This fact should be remembered by the collegian who thinks he is going to be needed in the world because he has broken the jumping record.

A Kind Retort.

"If I ever have a son I hope he will inherit his father's brains, but I should want my daughter to have my beauty."

"Why should you wish your son to have such an advantage?"

No Chance.

"Brooks says he and his wife hardly ever engage in conversation."

"What is the matter?"

"The lady is generally so busy doing a monologue that conversation is out of the question."

A Sign of Progress.

"Do you think people are really making any progress? That we actually gain in knowledge and worthiness?"

"Certainly. Why, hardly any woman bleaches her hair now."

How Could She Help It?

"Do you ever think that your marriage was a mistake?"

"Yes, often. One of the men whom I refused is getting as large a salary as my husband is drawing."

It Seems Strange.

One sometimes wonders why it is that the first words of some people's babies do not happen to be: "Get the coin."

There's a Reason.

"He seems to be able to dress mighty well."

"Yes. He travels and has an expense account."

The Duchess' Philosophy.

The old Duchess of Cleveland invited a relative to her husband's funeral and told him to bring his gun with him when he came, adding, "We are old, we must die, but the pheasants must be shot."—Sir Algernon West's Reminiscences.

The Daily Story

VERA NICHOLAEVNA—BY DONALD CHAMBERLIN.

When I was a young man I was sent to St. Petersburg by my employers to establish a depot for the sale of the chemical goods they manufactured. I had letters to the American ambassador and, desiring to see something of Russian society, accepted such invitations as he secured for me. Society in Europe is different from ours in America in this—that the sovereign is its recognized head as well as the head of the government. In order to see society in St. Petersburg I must see the Count Circlis. The ambassador was very good to me and put me on his list for an invitation whenever there was a function of importance coming off.

One evening at a ball at the Winter palace I was in the refreshment room partaking of the delicate viands there when I saw a girl whom I had noticed for her beauty of form and face, her vivacity and general attractiveness. I had asked for an introduction to her and had been promised one later in the evening.

We were all standing in the supper room, some eating, some drinking, and since it was crowded I was pushed very near the object of my admiration. She stood with her back to me pledging an elderly man whose many decorations marked him for an important personage. Each held a glass containing wine. Feeling something touch me, I looked down and saw the girl's left hand. In her right she held her glass, while her left hung beside her. In the crush it had been pressed against me. The man emptied his glass and turned to a table near him to replenish it. While he was doing so the girl turned her head, gave me an appealing glance and lowered her eyes to her hand. Partly catching her meaning, I looked down and saw something between her thumb and finger. I dropped my hand against hers, and she placed a tiny phial within my fingers. This had scarcely been accomplished when the gentleman turned toward her with a bottle of champagne in his hand, filled her glass, then filled his own.

SHE MADE A SPRING FOR THE WINDOW.

I have narrated bare fact; my astonishment I have not attempted to depict. The girl sipped her wine, the man tossed his off, then set down both glasses, offered her his arm, and, she resting her fingers lightly upon it, they went to another apartment.

Instinctively I slipped the phial into my pocket, concealing so far as possible what I did, for I knew that the girl must have passed it to me to get rid of it, and I surmised that she might be watched. With a view to getting an explanation from her I went to the person who had promised me an introduction and asked him to introduce me at once. He went off to look for her and returned saying that she was in company with a minister of state and he would not think of intruding upon her at such a time. Unfortunately very soon after this she left the palace.

Before leaving myself I inquired who she was and learned that she was the daughter of a colonel in the Russian army, one of the nobles who in Russia stand between the imperial family and the common people, a class that have no voice in public affairs and that are as much opposed to the autocracy of the czar as those who are beneath them. Her name was Vera Nicholaevna.

I went to my lodgings, and as soon as I had entered and locked the door of my bedroom I took out the phial I had received to have a look at it. It contained a colorless liquid. I was tempted to touch my tongue to the contents, but dare not. Being a chemist, I resolved to analyze the liquid and the next day did so. It was lucky that I had refrained from touching my tongue to it, for it was a deadly poison.

I was for some time a prey to conflicting emotions. Had it not been for the personality of the girl and its effect upon me I would not for a moment have been tempted to meet her with the likely result of being drawn into a dangerous position. Visions of dungeons, of Siberia, of the scaffold haunted me. On the other hand, I could not banish her from my mind. I was horror stricken that one so young, so beautiful, should be implicated and longed to prevent her going a step further and becoming an assassin. I thought of her working in the mines at Kara or dragged to the scaffold, and while doing so I considered making her acquaintance and using the secret I possessed to compel her to desist from political crime.

Nevertheless I did nothing at the time and would have done nothing had not fate thrown a second and a much greater temptation in my way. Months passed, and, having finished my work in St. Petersburg, I applied for my passport and started for America. At the railway station I climbed into a compartment of a car, taking a seat by the window on the opposite side from which I had entered. There was but one other person in the compartment, and the light was insufficient for me to see him or her distinctly, for I could not make out whether I was looking at a man or a woman. A long ulster reaching from the chin to the ankles concealed the figure, but I thought I saw a slight adornment to the felt hat indicating that the wearer was a woman.

The passenger was looking out of the window, apparently watching for some one. Presently the guard shut the door, but my fellow traveler did not cease to watch. The train was moving out of the station when I heard a gasp more like that of a woman than a man, and, looking out, I saw a man running to catch the train. The train gathered speed, but from my position I could not see the man chasing it. The passenger put her head out the window, but soon withdrew it and fell back on the cushion.

"Did he catch it?" I asked.

There was no reply for a few moments; then suddenly the other person, starting up, threw open the ulster and revealed the figure of a woman.

Great heavens! She was the girl who had handed me the phial at the Winter palace.

"He is on the footboard. When the train stops he will come to arrest me. That means for me the mines. Death is far preferable. I am going to die."

She made a spring for the window, but I caught her.

Sacrifice—very great sacrifice—rarely comes when we are in our sober senses. It takes us by impulse. Looking backward, I wonder how I could have done what I did then, and I shudder. I defied the czar of all the Russias. I persuaded the girl to give me her ulster and her hat, while I transferred to her my fur overcoat, my traveling cap and a steamer rug for a lap robe. With these articles, the cap drawn down over her eyes, she was well covered and, sitting in a far corner, could not be told from a man. I put on her ulster and her hat and when the train stopped was sitting by the door, while Vera Nicholaevna sat where I had been, pretending to sleep. When the train stopped I knew a search was being made, and presently the door of our compartment opened, and an officer of police looked in.

"I am lost!" I cried in a falsetto voice.

The officer wanted no better evidence that I was his quarry. I was ordered to get out of the car, the door was closed, and my captor told the guard that the train could go on.

My object was to deceive the officer as to my identity as long as possible, and this was not an easy matter, since I was a man and he was looking for a woman. I wrapped my ulster about me and kept my hat well down over my face. It was night, and this helped me. Luckily I wore no beard. I was taken to the jail of the town in which I was captured and locked up. As soon as the key was turned on me I muttered:

"Thank heaven, she may be saved!"

The next morning the mistake was discovered. I was sent to St. Petersburg charged with assisting a political prisoner to escape. I wrote to the American ambassador to help me, but had little expectation that my letter would be given him. It was not, and I languished in a dungeon.

I wrote again to the ambassador, but my letter was not permitted to reach him. Some unknown person informed him of my condition, whereupon he worked hard for me. He would have failed had he not made personal application to the czar. The emperor was at the time asking for a concession on the part of the United States in a matter pending between the two governments, and a bargain was finally struck by which the concession was made on the one side, while I was granted a pardon on the other. After several months spent in captivity I was released, given my passport and told to leave Russia by the first train.

From my parting with Vera Nicholaevna, when I was arrested, till the present I have never seen her nor heard of her except indirectly. One day long after I reached America a Russian came to see me and told me that for the sacrifice I had made to the cause of freedom in Russia, if I had any favor to ask of him, it would be granted so far as possible. I told him that I desired no recompense except to know where Vera Nicholaevna was. To this he replied that it was the only impossible favor I could ask, for Vera Nicholaevna was lost to the world; her identity had been buried.

Feb. 6 in American History.

1778—Beginning of the French alliance with the Revolutionists. France formally recognized the independence of the American colonies, the government of which was revolutionary. There was no executive head, and congress was supreme.

1832—General John Brown Gordon, noted Confederate soldier, United States senator from Georgia and ex-governor, born; died 1904.

1912—General J. B. Weaver, congressman and presidential candidate in 1880 and in 1892, died; born 1833.