

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, April 25, 1914.

It takes a woman to conceal the things she doesn't know, but a man's ignorance is always cropping out.

The weakling who sues the Rock Island newspapers may also be obliged to salute the flag before what he has started has been finished.

Henry Budd of Philadelphia wants to go to the senate. Being a democrat in a republican state, however—but why finish it? You've already got it.

The consul general of Persia, who is in New York, has given some facts as to the cost of living in his country which would seem to be calculated to promote immigration thitherward. One can buy a turkey over there for 5 cents, a chicken for 2 cents and eggs at 2 cents a dozen, while a cow brings about \$3. However, conditions are relatively not so much better there elsewhere since labor is paid from 5 to 10 cents a day.

"Dr." Julian Thomas, of New York, person, automobilist and medical faker, has been held in \$5000 bond by the United States commissioner for using the mails to defraud. He has been advertising that he was able to effect cures without medicines or drugs, by taking a dietetic course in which "raw wheat biscuits" figure conspicuously. If the "Doctor" is sent to the pen the government authorities might add to his punishment by putting him on a diet of his own "biscuits."

The city of Moline is fitting up four baseball diamonds for the boys this summer. Use of the premises has been donated by property owners who wish to see the youngsters have an opportunity for healthful out of door sport. This is an example which might be followed with profit in Rock Island. This city ought to have a dozen diamonds open to the use of all boys. It's great for the lads and it would help add to the visible supply of ball players in later years. Besides, it has one in Island City park that could under proper regulations be used for games at a profit.

TAVENNER SCORES AGAIN.

Congressman Tavenner is to be congratulated upon the success of his fight to eliminate the joker in the army ammunition bill in conference committee. The five words which were inserted after the measure had left his hands would have practically nullified the fight he had so valiantly waged to deprive the manufacturing ring of its fat profits. Had he not exercised extreme vigilance the combine would have carried its point.

Passage of the bill in its present form is expected to mean much for Rock Island Arsenal and for the three cities, as well as to effect a saving of millions of dollars for the government.

WHERE ARE THE MEXICAN WAR VETERANS?

"Where are the surviving veterans of the Mexican war of 1846-52?" This is the call from Chicago, where only two men remain.

In 1910 the Western association of Mexican War Veterans was disbanded. A year later only two Chicago men, bent and gray with years, held their last official camp fire and reunion.

September 7, 1910, the last national meeting of the Mexican war veterans was held in Indianapolis, when the national association was disbanded. There were 28 members of the association then. In a hushed and tearful silence the 28 grizzled heroes listened to the words of the secretary: "It now becomes my sacred duty to adjourn the National Association of Mexican War Veterans was disbanded, on that beautiful shore. I ask you to arise and declare the national association adjourned forever."

One by one they parted, perhaps never to meet again on earth.

The youngest then was 79 years old. Since then the ranks have thinned rapidly.

CHILD'S PLAY.

The Argus has no cause to be alarmed over any act of the Moline Mail involving the financial resources of the two newspapers, nor is it disposed to invite or even consider a debate with the publication that alleges a grievance. Neither does The Argus anticipate that the suit the Mail has filed, coming as it does in the midst of the excitement in Mexico, will attract world wide attention. Though it isn't likely to cut much figure either as an advertising dodge or a revenue

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER
Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)
Washington, April 23.—Washington just now is witnessing an example of expert lobbying that surpasses in cleverness anything in recent years.

The lobby is opposing the president in his policy of repealing the exemption granted to U. S. coastwise vessels in the matter of Panama tolls.

The chief instrument in the lobby is the newspaper known as the Washington Post. The Post is owned by John R. McLean, who also owns the Cincinnati Enquirer. The Enquirer is one of the greatest newspapers in the United States. It maintains its own corps of correspondents scattered throughout the United States.

In newsgathering ability the Cincinnati Enquirer ranks with the Associated Press. The press associations could cut business and the Cincinnati Enquirer would continue to print the important news of the United States, however remotely from Cincinnati it may have occurred.

For some reason or other John R. McLean took up the propaganda against the repeal of the tolls provision of the Panama law. The decision on his part was arrived at suddenly, for his broadsides of publicity were turned loose on congress in a single day, and have continued their firing up to the present.

Each day the Washington Post prints at least one full page of "news" articles against tolls repeal. The paper's editorials are almost completely given up to the propaganda. The news articles come from towns and cities in all sections of the country. For the most part they are interviews with alleged leaders of thought in these several communities, denouncing the "sup-

render" to England and the other "arguments" of the anti-repeal advocates. The average congressman is a countryman. He is unversed in the ways of newspaper crusades. Each morning he opens his copy of the Washington Post and sees little in it but broadsides of denunciation for the president. There are dispatches telling how hard it is going to be for any democrat who is supporting the president to be re-elected because of the storm of public indignation against the administration's tolls policy.

The congressman may be unable to analyze the motive behind these articles. He is likely to come to the conclusion that the Washington Post is merely reflecting in the capital what is going on in every city of the country. He is likely to think that all city newspapers are carrying the same columns of "news" of the tremendous uprising against President Wilson. It was left to an Indiana editor, W. C. Harrison of the Elkhart Progressive Democrat, aided by Senator John W. Kern, to expose this latest lobby and to show that this alleged popular uprising is being manufactured out of thin air by John R. McLean and his newspapers. Mr. Harrison sent to Senator Kern a copy of a telegram which he received from the Cincinnati Enquirer. It read:

"Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10, 1914.
"Some Reliable Newspaper Man, Elkhart, Ind.: Please file early Friday evening 300 words showing unfavorable sentiment your section toward President Wilson's stand on Panama canal tolls. Interview big business men and get them to say something hot."
ENQUIRER."

In other words, the Enquirer's own great corps of correspondents is not big enough to get the "unfavorable" sentiment that John R. McLean wants and is willing to pay for. So blanket telegrams are being sent to "any reliable newspaper men" who may be willing to aid in an insidious plot against the president and in favor of the shipping trust for the few dollars they can get from the Enquirer for their services.

NEW TEST FOR ILLUMINATING GAS

For many years all laws and regulations relating to manufactured gas were based on candlepower requirements. I. e., the gas burned in a definite burner at the rate of 5 cubic feet per hour was required to give a specified illumination of so many candlepower. This specification furnished a perfectly satisfactory control of the quality of gas delivered so long as the gas was chiefly used for illuminating purposes with the old style of open-flame gas burner. At the present time, however, this inefficient type of burner has been very largely displaced by burners of the Welshbach mantle type. Furthermore, a large amount of the gas sold today is used for cooking purposes and to some extent for operating small gas engines for power purposes. In these applications of gas it is the heating value that is of first importance and not the candlepower.

It has been estimated that less than 20 per cent of the gas manufactured and sold today is used in many of our cities and towns less than 10 per cent, is used in the old type of open-flame gas burners. Notwithstanding this fact we still find in most of our cities and towns ordinances on the statute books requiring that the gas meet a definite candlepower test, while no attention has been given to the question of heating value, which is the important factor for over 80 per cent of the gas sold. Many of the candlepower requirements fixed by law are quite high, often requiring the manufacture of an expensive oil-enriched gas, which

may not be the most economical gas to the public. The importance of the heating value of the gas is now being quite generally recognized, and where new legislation has been adopted recently and where public-service commissions have considered the question of gas regulation and have gotten to the point of issuing regulations, the heating value standard is being generally adopted, supplemented in some cases by a moderate candlepower standard, the latter with a view to affording the necessary protection to those who still use the open-flame burner.

In view of the growing importance of the question of heating values of gases from the manufacturing, the legislative, the inspecting, and the economic sides, the bureau of standards, of the department of commerce, started several years ago an exhaustive investigation of the instruments widely used in this country and abroad to measure the heating values of gases, with a view to determining the sources of error to which the instruments are liable, the important precautions to be observed in their use, and the accuracy attainable with them. This investigation has now been completed, and the results will be published in a forthcoming technical paper, reprints of which may be obtained by those interested in the subject by addressing a written request to that bureau at Washington, D. C. It is expected that the paper will come from the press about June 1.



Cloud Pictures

ONCE upon a time, some fairies lived on the snow white clouds. Across the sky they traveled, back and forth, seeing all the wonderful sights of land and sea.

"I'm so sorry for the poor people on earth," said a cloud fairy one bright afternoon.

"Why are you sorry?" asked the next fairy. "It seems to me earth people have a pretty good time—they have flowers around them, and trees and birds—why should you pity them?"

"Oh, I know all that," said the first fairy scornfully, "but they can't see lakes and hills and so many lovely scenes all at once as we do."

"I can't see why you bother about it though," replied the second fairy, "you can't change the world." And with that he flew over to the other side of the cloud to see what was going on there.

"No-o-o," mused the first fairy thoughtfully, "I can't change all that, but maybe I might do something to help. I must think about it some more."

So all through the long afternoon he thought and thought, and as the sun began to go to sleep a bright idea occurred to him!

"I know, I know," he exclaimed, "why didn't we ever think before! We can make pictures of lakes and mountains and valleys here in the clouds, and all the earth people can see them!"

He jumped on the nearest sunbeam, who carried him round from cloud to cloud, delivering the message.

"You mustn't just play any more," was what he said, "you must get to work and paint pictures on the clouds for the busy earth people to look at."

"What shall we paint?" they asked, "how shall we do it?"

"I don't know how you can do it," said the fairy, "you can try and try, till you find out how; but I want you to paint the lakes and hills that you love the best!"



The fairies pointed the piled-up clouds, in the sunset's glow and painted the piled-up clouds. Lakes and hillsides, mountains and castles appeared as the sun slipped to rest.

And the people on earth looked up and saw the pictures on the clouds. They saw and were happier for the fairies' scenes, but they didn't know that the fairies were painting the clouds just for them!

But we know, don't we?

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

WHEN JUNE IS JUST AHEAD



How fair a world this world may be
When June is just ahead,
When blossoms grace the apple tree
And summer's rugs are spread
Across the meadow soft and green
And on the graceful slopes,
And on men's faces there is seen
The glow of splendid hopes.

How good it is to be alive
When June is drawing near;
How good to hope, to dare, to strive,
To fling a taunt at fear:
The world is never quite so fair,
And victory ne'er thrills
As when, with roses in her hair,
June trips across the hills.

The year's fair bride, with robes of gauze,
Her pathway blossom strewn
The world grows fairer than it was,
With each return of June;
And, though in mansions in the sky
Their banquets may be spread,
I mourn for those who have to die
When June is just ahead.

Man's Pet Aversions.

The average man does not care to be—
An onlooker at a wedding.
The wearer of the first straw hat in the spring.
Compelled to wait an hour for a train.

Present when his wife tells their friends how eager he was while he courted her.
A listener when his best story is being told by somebody else.
Met by a pretty girl while he is wheeling a baby carriage.
Wet nurse to a rubber plant.

Too Ready to Quit.

"It is very kind of you to ask me to be your wife, but I must refuse. I hope you will not hurry away and do anything rash."
"Don't worry about that. I merely wanted to be sure that we understood each other."
"You are so sensible that I am going to take back what I said and accept you."

Alas, Alack!

"There will be no marriage nor giving in marriage in heaven," said Mrs. Henpeck.
Mr. Henpeck drew a long, deep, sad sigh.
"Why do you look so sad about it, Henry?" she asked.
"We haven't any such assurance about conditions in the other place."

Brute.

"Mary," he pleaded, "will you please quit talking for a few minutes? I'm trying to think."
"I can talk and think," she peevishly replied. "I can't understand why you are not able to listen to me and think."
"I can. Only the things I think while I'm listening to you don't get me anything."

OF COURSE HE WOULD.

"I am telling you the truth when I say that I was much happier when I was poor than I am now."
"Then why don't you let your millions go and be poor again?"
"Why, I should be miserable, thinking of the people who got the money."

His Own Fault.

Taking her hands in his the young man from Cincinnati said:
"I am going to without any further beating around the bush ask you to be my wife."
"Good night," replied the girl from Boston.
"The man who wins me for his own has got to do it without splitting an infinitive."

A Look Into the Future.

"Things will be greatly changed in 50 years from now."
"I haven't any doubt of that. Fifty years from now there will perhaps be people who will find it necessary to admit that their grandmothers were professional lady drivers."

Indisputable.

"Don't you believe the level of human intelligence is gradually rising?"
"No, on the contrary. Never before were there as many writers of popular songs as there are today."

They Keep Her Busy Enough.

"Do you enjoy going to weddings, Mrs. Spozley?"
"No, they bore me. I never go to any but my own."

Slow.

"Have you had your child christened?"
"No. We haven't even had him operated on for anything yet."

Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the loveliest maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."
"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."
Philadelphia Press.

The Daily Story

The Mistake of Her Life—By May C. Etheridge.
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I am fond of motoring and am considered about as good a driver as any woman in the town in which I live. In summer I make long tours, sometimes extending over several weeks.

One night while touring I stopped at a neat farmhouse, the owner and sole occupant of which was a young woman about twenty-seven and comely, but there was a dissatisfied expression on her face as though she had met with some serious disappointment.

She told me her name was Elizabeth Wyman; her father and mother were dead and had left her the property on which she lived—a dairy farm. She had nothing to complain of except loneliness. I suggested that an attractive young woman with a nice farm should have no trouble in getting a good husband, the best panacea for loneliness. This brought about a confidence which resulted in her giving me the cause of her disappointed look.

"The trouble about men," she said, "is that they don't understand us women."

"And perhaps," I interrupted, "we women don't understand men."
"When I was a girl I lived here with my parents. A man named Warren bought a farm down where the road crosses the creek. He had a son named Abner. I first met Abner Warren at a cornhusking, and he picked me out among all the girls present, dancing with me often than with any of the rest of them. He seemed then to be a fine, manly fellow who could look any one straight in the eye. He didn't treat me right afterward, but however he acted he had that same honest pride in his look."

"Two or three of the girls made a dead set for him, and Agnes Walker got him. I thought at the time she must have managed it very adroitly, and I couldn't understand his engag-

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"I insisted that he should make a clean breast of it, and he refused. Then I took off the engagement ring he had given me and handed it to him. He looked at me for a few moments with a sorrowful expression, then told me that I was making the mistake of my life, and would prove the truth of what he said. He wouldn't treat any woman badly unless she treated him or some one whom he loved badly, and then not for revenge, but for indication of a just punishment. He loved me and has never been to see me since."

My hostess paused in her story, and I saw that what her lover had said to her was true. She, not he, had made the mistake of a life. Doubtless there was something between him and the girl he had broken with that he could not speak of without casting blame upon her. If both were at fault there was all the more reason that whatever it was it should be kept secret. There are many affairs of little or much importance that cannot be unraveled without a regular trial, and even then it is often impossible to extract the truth.

But I said nothing of this to the story teller—at least, not then. I was curious to know what her lover meant by saying that he would prove that she was making a mistake in endeavoring to force him to make a clean breast of his relations with his first fiancée. So I asked her if there was no more to tell.

"Yes," she continued, "there is one very important matter to tell. Soon after Abner's parting with me I heard that he had become attentive to Bettie Underwood. I inquired if Bettie accepted his attentions and was informed that she was very much pleased with them. Can it be, I thought, that she will engage herself to the man against whom she had covertly warned me? I had not long to wait for an answer to my question. It was generally understood that Abner and Bettie were engaged. One day I met Bettie in the street and asked her if the report was true. She said it was and frowned away from me, evidently desiring to avoid a discussion of what she knew I had on my mind."

Again the narrator paused, and I asked her if she had finished her story. "There is little more to tell," she said. "The engagement between Abner and Bettie lasted just one month when it was broken off. Since Abner never came to see me after I returned my engagement ring I could not ask him what it all meant. I suppose he engaged himself to Bettie to show how silly I had been to permit her to make a breach between him and me, and that she did it because she wanted him herself. I doubt if she was a girl of much feeling, for she married some one else within a year after she broke with Abner."

I asked Miss Wyman if Abner Warren had married, and she said he had not. He had since inherited the farm on which he lived and kept house alone. Before leaving I asked to be informed of its location, thinking that I would like to meet him. It happened that my route passed his house, and I made up my mind I would find an excuse to have a word with him.

I did my hostess a sympathetic good-by, promising to make her a visit on another occasion, then started again on my travels. When I reached the house of Abner Warren I left my car at the gate, and, seeing a man at work, asked him some questions as to the roads I was to traverse. In the course of the conversation I gave him an opportunity to tell me his name and learned that he was the man I sought. Then I asked him for a glass of buttermilk and sat on the porch of his house while he got it for me.

While drinking the buttermilk I told him that I had been entertained by a Miss Elizabeth Wyman, who lived a few miles down the road, and I spoke of her in very high terms. I told him that I wondered that so lovely and attractive a woman had not been appropriately and hinted that I surmised she had experienced a disappointment.

I could not help being amused at the interest he took in the subject, and when I added that Miss Wyman was one of those true women who when they gave their hearts away would never withdraw them I hoped he would give me his confidence, but he did not, proving himself to be the kind of man I supposed him to be from the story I had heard. However, I thought it quite probable from the effect my words produced on him that something would come of my effort. I left him without having given him any reason to suspect that I knew his secret.

What I said to him bore quick fruit, for, returning that way, I stopped at Miss Wyman's and found a great change in her.

"What do you think has happened since you were here?" she asked, her face lighted by a radiant smile.

"What?" I asked.

"Abner Warren has been to see me." "You don't mean it? And all is made up?"

"Yes, and we are engaged again." "The Lord be praised!"

April 25 in American History.

1781—Battle of Hobbkirk's Hill, S. C. General Nathaniel Greene's colonial forces defeated the British under Lord Rawdon.
1864—Admiral D. D. Porter ran past Confederate batteries on Red river, above Alexandria, in the light-armored gunboat Cricket. By his order the heavy ironclad Eastport was blown up to prevent capture.
1900—Charles Warren Stoddard, author and educator, died in Monterey, Cal.; born 1844.

All the news all the time—The Argus.