THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 25 ROCK ISLAND

Tuesday, June 2, 1914.

If conditions in Mexico are as bad as Medill McCormick claims to be finding them there ought to be a fair chance to get a third party on its feet down there.

"Cemeteries present beautiful appearance," says a newspaper headline. Even so there are not many of us who are ready to take up our permanent residence there.

Instead of using liar and grafter, the suffragists and their sisters opposing the cause are applying to each other such endearing terms as "polecat," etc. Please pass the smelling salts.

"It is remarkable," wails an Iowa paper, "how many of our modern republican statesmen are inclined to support some other party rather than their own." This raises the question: What is a modern republican statesman and how long does he remain such after he has begun supporting some other party?

Acting on the advice of his allies who declared that political capital could be made by it, the colonel made haste to "criticise Wilson," but he saw to it that he was well on his way to Europe before his statement was printed. Evidently he figures that he who fights and runs away may live to run again.

"Spartacus," a gorgeous production, with operatic orchestral accompaniment, failed in one of Chicago's finest theatres because of lack of patronage. A few blocks away, at another theatre, people who berate theatrical managers for not serving the better things are nightly thronging the doors to see a woman who made a reputation on her shape diving off the rocks into the sea.

Three commissions are conducting inquiries to determine the cause of the collision that sent the Empress of Ireland to the bottom of the St. Lawrence with 1,000 souls. The old story again of locking the stable after the horse has gone. The verdict will not bring back the dead; neither will it give comfort to those who have lost their loved ones. There are laws governing navigation of the seas that would make impossible such disasters as befell the Empress of Ireland and the Titanic if they were enforced.

The issue of faithfulness to party appears to have been the leading one in the contest which was settled at the primaries yesterday between Congressman Maurice Connolly of Dubuque and E. T. Meredith of Des Moines for the democratic nomination for senator from the state of Iowa. There were many years when there could have been no occasion for such a campaign in the Hawkeye state, but now it means something to be able to truthfully say, in the words of the late David B. Hill, "I am a democrat."

The Illinois board of health has uncovered a peculiar case of merged identity at Peoria, where one F. C. Nichols has been arrested for practicing medicine without a license. Nichols claims that he and his cousin, Forest C. Nichols, whom he resembles strongly, passed through Rush Medical college on one tuition, attending in alternate 30-day periods. Both graduated in 1894 but here their trouble began. They could get only one license. This was issued to Forest C. Nichols and has been serving both practitioners till this time. Now the question is which of the two, if either, is entitled to practice.

THE MOVIES.

It is a wonderful story of a vast new industry, this — an industry springing up over night as it were. Little wonder that it has begun to resemble a Klondike rush, and that new companies are popping up on all sides like mushrooms.

The total business of the whole industry last year was more than $300,000,000—which is said to make it the fourth largest in the United States; and at least thirty brand new millionaires have been added to the roster by it.

There were 5,000,000,000 paid admissions in 1913 to our more than 20,000 moving picture theatres — which show 96,000,000 feet of film each night, and literally speckle the whole country. A single motion picture may reach 15 million spectators—more than a company could play to in a "legitimate" production if it toured steadily for twenty years, writes Henry Lanier in The World's Work.

American film makers will export this year probably 25,000 miles of pictures; and the royalty paid to Mr. Edison is said to amount to about $10,000 a week.

Besides such really incomprehensible figures, Nome and Ballarat and Kimberley seem like incidents. And the figures for 1912 were less than half those above, so the future has somewhat the bewildering aspect of the astronomer's staggering picture of the solar system.

THE WOMAN FARMER.

The New York State college of agriculture made a study of all the farms owned by women in four towns in Tompkins county to analyze the conditions. It is impossible to make accurate reports on all phases of the industry because of the fact that many of the women farmers interviewed rent their farms and do not operate them.

The women owned 9,077 acres, an average of 194 acres each. The total property amounted to $396,152, the largest farm owned by one woman being 409 acres. The average investment of those women who operate their own farms was $4,922; those who rent, and therefore own less stock and machinery, averaged $4,225; the largest individual investment was $16,075.

Thirty-two of these women gave complete records of a year's business, says The Mother's Magazine. The average farm income was $428. This amount with garden and other food products, house, and most of the fuel, is at least a comfortable living income in the country.

The 409-acre farm, valued complete at $16,075, is produced a net income of $1,774. Another of 136 acres gave an income of $1,108 after paying all expenses. One of 240 acres netted the neat income of $2,155. A dairy farm of 50 acres paid its owner $603. And so it goes. Among women, just as among men, skill and good judgment make big returns.

The woman farmer is here, and she is here to stay. Her calling is ancient and honorable. It offers independence, health and happiness. Does anyone doubt that she will make the utmost of such splendid opportunities?

CONSERVING THE FISH.

The manner with which Americans have wasted exhaustible natural resources with which this continent was endowed is exemplified in a report of the bureau of fisheries on a bill introduced by Congressman Linthicum of Maryland for the conservation of the fish supply.

The wild pigeon has been exterminated by the greedy hunters. The buffalo was killed out within a comparatively short space of time. Several valuable species of fur-bearing animals are almost extinct. The rapid destruction of the great numbers of wild ducks, geese and other game birds finally resulted in the passage of the McLean law, the first statute which aims at federal control of the game supply.

And now Congressman Linthicum proposes federal regulation of the catching of fish, on the ground that they, too, are migratory, and hence and not within the exclusive jurisdiction of any one state. The report of the bureau of fisheries demonstrates that some of the commonest varieties of edible fish are going the same way of the wild pigeon and the beaver under the present reckless custom of permitting catches to be unlimited, and the failure to provide safety zones where the fish can breed without molestation.

The sturgeon was once an important American food fish. Now it has almost completely disappeared. American caviar will soon become an unknown dish, and the price of this delicacy is now so high as to exclude it from the tables of all but the rich.

Yet not so many years ago sturgeon were so plentiful as to be almost a nuisance. For many years they were not known to be edible, and the preparation of their roe, as caviar, was an unknown culinary process in this country. The big powerful sturgeon made trouble for the fishermen, tangling and tearing their nets. Consequently, whenever they were captured they were promptly killed and thrown back into the water.

Then the edibility of the sturgeon and its roe was discovered. Fishermen began taking them in great numbers for the market. There was no reckoning for the future, no closing season, no protection for the fish at all. Soon the supply began diminishing. Then it was discovered that the sturgeon was a variety of fish easily killed off. The scientists began studying its habits of life, and to this day they have failed to find out how to increase the sturgeon supply by artificial propagation. The roe of other fish can be hatched in tanks, and the small fish can be distributed in the waters of the country, but artificial propagation of sturgeon has not yet been learned.

But that made no difference to the fishermen. The price of sturgeon and caviar mounted, stimulating the catchers to more diligence. Fifteen years ago the catch of sturgeon on the Atlantic coast was 7,000,000 pounds. Last year, with even greater efforts on the part of fishermen, it was less than 1,000,000. In 18 years the sturgeon catch in the Great Lakes declined 90 per cent. The fish is becoming extinct.

Even the more prolific varieties of fish are suffering the same fate. Shad is becoming a luxury. A few years ago more shad were taken in a day's fishing than are now caught in an entire season. The important menhadden, a non-edible fish, but one which furnishes a food supply for the great food fisheries of the Atlantic coast, formerly swarmed by the trillions. It was not infrequent that several tons of them were caught in a single sweep of a net. They are used in making fertilizer, and the supply has now visibly decreased.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, May 30.—Two government departments—the department of labor and the postoffice—are to cooperate this year in furnishing harvest hands for the wheat and corn fields of the middle west, and incidentally provide work for unemployed men in the cities.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Responding to the appeal of the state labor commissioner of Oklahoma, Secretary Wilson of the department of labor has devised an employment method which, with the cooperation of Postmaster General Burleson, is to be put in force at once.

Accordingly, it has been arranged to post notices in 10,000 city, town and village postoffices of the United States to the effect that harvest hands are needed in Oklahoma. The state needs from 12,000 to 15,000 harvest hands. Employment will last from four to six months, and the pay will be $2 and $2.50 per day and upwards. Those willing to take this work must, however, pay their own railroad expenses to Oklahoma. The work of distributing laborers within the state is being organized, and full instructions of how to get one of the jobs are printed on the notices in the postoffices.

So certain are the cabinet heads that the plan will be successful that Secretary Wilson is asking labor commissioners of other states to send him an estimate of their needs in farm labor this year. Thus the department of labor will undertake to be a huge employment agency for farm labor.

A similar purpose is carried in Representative Victor Murdock's bill to establish a bureau of employment in the department of labor. The plan is to set up a permanent bureau which is to be given power to operate free labor exchanges at important commercial and industrial centers. This bureau will keep general tab on labor conditions throughout the United States, their bulletins showing where labor is scarce and where the labor market is overfull. The bureau will operate with state, municipal and private employment agencies.

The house committe on labor has begun consideration of the Murdock bill.

Labor Pleased With Trust Bill.

Organized labor has announced that it is satisfied with the manner in which the trust bills have been amended in the house. President Samuel Gompers has evidently won his fight for exemption of labor unions from prosecutions as trusts. Specific amendments have been added to the effect that nothing in the bills shall be construed as preventing the organization and operation of labor unions on the ground that they exist in violation of the Sherman law. The battle will now be transferred to the senate.

GRASS STIMULANT FOR LAWNS IN LATE SPRING

(From U. S. Department of Agriculture, Lawn Series.)

In the late spring, about a month after active grass growth has commenced on the lawn, it is desirable to apply a grass stimulant to keep the lawn in first class condition. Nitrate of soda is a good fertilizer, and will make the grass grow thickly with a rich dark green color that will show itself promptly after the application. The landscape gardener of the United States department of agriculture advises that those who use nitrate of soda should apply it at the rate of 50 pounds per acre once a month throughout the summer beginning about the middle of May in the latitude of Washington, D. C.

The nitrate of soda should be applied just before a rain or a sprinkling with the hose. Under ordinary conditions it will keep the lawn a vivid green during the period when the vitality of the plant is low. The application of this fertilizer combined with careful watering (described in a previous article) will prevent the parched appearance of the lawn during the dry hot summer season.

When nitrate is applied during any dry period it should be used carefully. It can, however, be applied at any time if the nitrate of soda is powdered up fine before using, but it is safest to dissolve it in water. Because of a generally prevailing fear that this fertilizer may ruin a lawn if used carelessly, the department has been experimenting to see just how much nitrate of soda would have to be used in order to kill grass. These experiments seem to show that nitrate of soda can be used fairly extensively without causing injury, for attempts to kill grass with it were unsuccessful except when such large quantities as 400 pounds to an acre were used.

Although fertilization is a splendid thing for the up-keep of a lawn, it will never entirely make up for a lawn soil that was poorly prepared in the beginning. It is only when a lawn soil is properly prepared in the first place and enriched with stable manure, lime, and bone phosphate, that a lawn may be maintained in the best condition.

Unrotted stable manure should be kept away from a lawn at all times, the opinion of many to the contrary notwithstanding. Stable manure contains weed seeds and particularly after the early growth of grass these weed seeds will be encouraged to sprout, for at this time the grass is weakened by its spring growth and the weeds have additional impetus to spread. A weed has been defined as a "plant out of place." Weeds are certainly out of place on a well-kept lawn. Fertilizing materials have a great advantage over stable manure as they contain no weed seeds.

There are other fertilizers beside nitrate of soda that are most valuable for the lawn, but their use is more especially adapted to the fall. Later the department will issue advice regarding the application of such materials as ground bone, phosphate rock, potash, dried blood, fish scrap, and sterilized sheep manure. The phosphate rock in particular should not be used in the spring.

The cigaret habit is growing to an alarming extent among the women of the better class at Ottawa, Canada.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

A Blackbird Fight

ONE pleasant spring day a blackbird flew down from a tree to grub for worms around a rose bush.

It wasn't a big, cross looking blackbird, as many of them are—no indeed. This was a nice, slim, ladylike blackbird, who didn't look one bit quarrelsome or fussy.

"I don't feel really hungry," she assured herself, "yet an extra worm or two wouldn't taste amiss; I think I'll scratch a little here."

So she pecked and she scratched and she flecked away the dirt with her glossy black bill.

Not very far away a big, squawky, bossy blackbird stood watching proceedings.

"If that little blackbird down there digs up any good worms," he said to himself, "I'll be ready. I'll dart down and gobble them up in a hurry."

So he watched very carefully.

Now of course the ladylike blackbird didn't know about being watched—or if she did, she pretended she didn't, which is nearly the same thing.

So she went on digging and digging, and didn't find a single worm.

"This is very stupid," she said to herself, "I wonder if I better look elsewhere."

She cocked her head and thought a minute.

"No, I believe I'll stay right here, maybe there are good worms further down; I'll just try a bit deeper."

So she went on digging and digging, and didn't find a single worm.

Now, the blackbird up in the tree saw her diligently digging, saw her stop and look into the ground a minute and then resume her digging.

"What can it be she has found?" he said to himself. "She would never dig as long as that unless she knew something very fine was to be found."

He cocked his head on one side and watched her shrewdly.

"I wonder if she has found a worm and eaten it up right under my nose?"

The more he thought about it the angrier he grew and the more certain he felt that the little lady blackbird had eaten up the finest worm of the season.

And still the ladylike blackbird went on digging and digging, and didn't find a single worm.

At last the big blackbird could stand it no longer.

He swooped down from the tree. He ruffled his feathers and blew out his chest till he looked twice his usual size.

Then he stormed at the industrious bird.

"Get out of here, will you!" he squawked at her.

"Get out of here, will you!" he squawked at her. "Don't you eat up all those fine worms! I mean to feast on those myself."

The ladylike blackbird turned around and looked at him, then she shrugged her shoulders as plain as a bird can, and said, "Oh, very well, if that's the way you feel about it," and flew away.

The big, bossy blackbird started digging, digging and digging, and didn't find a single worm.

Tomorrow—A Moonlight Party.

The Onlooker

By HENRY HOWLAND

PRINTER'S INK

Why does the maiden day by day
So eagerly keep practising?
From all things else she turns away
And tries her best to learn to sing.
Is it because she hopes some time
To cause her hearers to rejoice?
Will she regard it as sublime
To merely gladden with her voice?
Nay, there is one thought in her mind
What time she warbles without stint:
It is that she may some day find
Her name in print.

Why does the young man daily daub
And live upon a crust of bread?
Is it because he loves his job,
And has he taken Art to wed?
Does he believe, down in his heart,
That commerce and that trade are vile?
Has he convinced himself that art
And art alone is worth his while?
Nay, though he labors eagerly
In laying on each shade and tint,
It is that he may some day see
His name in print.

Why does the man who sells or buys
While lines are forming on his face
Crowd back the weaker one who tries
To be a winner in the race?
Is it because he thinks the rich
Alone may sit among the high?
Or is he made for pleasures which
The money that he seeks will buy?
Nay, wet and dry and warm and cold
He keeps on with a heart of flint
So that some day he may behold
His name in print.

Why He Hesitated.

"Why don't you jump in and try to save him?" asked one of the people who had hurried to the spot where efforts were being made to resuscitate the drowned man. "They say you were standing here on the shore at the time and saw him struggling."

"Yes, I was here."

"Well, did you suppose he was merely fooling in the water?"

"No, I could see from the first that he was in danger."

"Why in the world, then, did you do nothing to save him? Can't you swim?"

"Oh, yes, I'm a good swimmer; but—"

"Then it must have been cowardice that kept you from going to his rescue."

"No, sir! I resent any such insinuation. I didn't go to his assistance because I could not get satisfactory answers from him when I asked whether he subscribed to the articles of my religious faith or belonged to the political party whose ticket I have always voted straight."

WHAT HE SAID.

"Did I understand you to say that you considered a common school education sufficient for your son?"

"No, I didn't say that exactly. I said I wanted him to learn to spell and write, even if he had to stay in the grammar grades until he was grown up."

Wise Father.

Father has to wear his whiskers just as mother tells him to;
Father's can't buy clothes while mother thinks his last year's suit will do;
Not till ma consents can father have a necktie that is new.

Mother never thinks of asking father how to wear her hair;
She gets dresses when she wants them and decides what kind to wear;
Dad is wise and knows it wouldn't do him any good to care.

What He Would Do.

"What would you do," asked the lieutenant who was instructing the class in aviation, "if you were up a thousand feet in the air and the steering gear should go wrong or the engine should fail?"

"I'd hit the earth in about twinty seconds, I'm thinkin'," replied Sergeant McManus.

Generous of Father.

"Has your father said anything about the wedding present he intends to give us?"

"Yes. I heard him telling mother yesterday that he thought it would be nice to give us the piano he bought for me a couple of months ago on the instaliment plan, and let you make the future payments."

Reasonable Suspicion.

"I don't know what to think of my husband."

"Why?"

"He seems almost too good lately to be true. When I got him to help me rearrange some of the furniture yesterday he skinned his knuckles and didn't blame it on me."

Wise Precaution.

"Have you ever found that New York was impolite?"

"No; I've always made it a rule to get out of the town before all of my money was gone."

"Smythe & Co. are going to erect a five story building."

"Will it pay?"

"That's another story."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He that blows upon dust fills his eyes with it.—Danish Proverb.

The Daily Story

His One Useful Act—By Esther Vandeveer.

One day Edward Carr, who was always on the lookout for odd articles, attended an auction of furniture in the house of a man who had recently died. An antique desk, said to be 150 years old, was put up, and Carr resolved to buy it if he could secure it at a reasonable price. Among the bidders was a young lady of attractive appearance who seemed to be very desirous of buying the desk, but when the price was run up over $50 she dropped out and with evident disappointment. The desk was finally knocked down to Carr for $100.

One of the pigeonholes he used for pencils, erasers, penholders and other small articles. At times when he brought some little instrument from his workshop that he didn't care to

OUT CAME THE DRAWER WITH THE PAPERS.

carry back at once he would toss it into this pigeonhole. One day he put a pocket compass in there. In taking it out he noticed that the needle was deflected. There was not a bit of metal near enough to affect it sensibly, and Carr was at a loss to understand the deflection.

The young man moved the compass to the right and to the left, the needle holding the same position—toward the pigeonhole. Putting his hand into the latter, he discovered that it did not extend the full depth of the desk. But on examining the other pigeonholes in line with it he found that none of them extended farther back. He tried the magnet on them all, but without any noticeable effect except on the one in question.

Now, what Edward Carr did not know about old desks was not worth knowing. He was aware that many of them contained secret drawers. He was also aware that some of these drawers instead of being made of wood were made of metal. He believed that the needle of his compass was attracted by a metal drawer. At any rate, there was some metal substance there that influenced it. Taking up a penholder, he began to poke about on the back of the pigeonhole. After doing this for some time he struck the upper right hand corner, and the whole surface comprising the end of the compartment pressed forward against his penholder. When it had come as far as it could he took it out and found it to be a drawer made of steel. It was filled with papers yellow with age.

Carr fell to examining the contents. The first paper he opened contained a flower that had evidently been there for many years. Carr wondered what the story was connected with it and passed on to the next. It was a letter from a son to his father promising, if forgiven for past sins, to mend his ways.

On striking the next document Carr assumed that he had come upon something of importance. It was the will of one Peter Carson, executed fifty years before, making a few small bequests and leaving the rest of his estate to Emily Marston.

Here was a will that had been locked up for half a century. Doubtless the testator had died long ago and the estate had gone to the heirs at law, the real heir getting nothing. Possibly there was a later will. If so this one was of no value. Quite likely the property involved had passed into certain hands, and would it not be better that the will should be destroyed? Might it not be better that the possessors should not be disturbed?

Then suddenly the remembrance of the young woman who had bid on the desk and seemed greatly disappointed at not getting it popped up before Carr's mind's eye. Might she not be Emily Marston? He smiled as it occurred to him that Emily Marston could not be less than fifty years old. But the girl and the desk and the will all got tangled up in Carr's brain and he could not separate them.

Carr was not long in deciding on the right way to treat this case. He went to a lawyer and asked him to look up the estate of Peter Carson. It was found that Peter Carson had died forty years before without a will. The heir at law was a son, Nicholas Carson, who had gone to the bad. An effort had been made to find him at the time of his father's death, but it had been unavailing.

There being no proof of Nicholas Carson's death, the estate had remained in chancery for ten years, when the next and only heir at law, Mary Cowdry, spinster daughter of Peter Carson's sister, succeeded in obtaining from the courts a document declaring Nicholas Carson legally dead, and the property was turned over to her. The report made no mention of Emily Marston, but upon inquiry Carr learned that she was a young woman who had taken care of Carson, who was old and feeble. At the time of his death surprise was manifested that he had made no provision for her.

Of all these persons the last named was the one in which Edward Carr was most interested, though it appeared that at Peter Carson's death she was given no special importance. He learned that ten years after his decease she had married. She, too, had died, leaving one child, a daughter, who would now be about twenty years of age.

On learning this Carr was at once struck with the idea that the girl who had tried to buy the desk might be this daughter of Emily Marston and the real heir to Peter Carson's estate, which had been considerable at his death and in the forty-six years that had elapsed since had doubled. It was now in possession of Mary Cowdry, an old woman and still unmarried.

To look for the girl who had bid on the desk would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, but it was not difficult to get the name of Emily Marston's daughter, and it was found to be Emily Peck. Her address was obtained from a directory.

One afternoon Miss Peck, who was a schoolteacher, had just returned from school when a maid brought her the card of Edward G. Carr. Never having heard of Mr. Carr, she thought there must be some mistake, but went down into the parlor.

Carr saw before him the girl who had tried to buy the desk. She did not recognize him, though he recognized her at once.

"I think I have seen you before," he said.

"Indeed! Where?"

"At an auction where I bought a desk."

"Oh, you bought that desk, did you?"

"Yes. May I ask you why you wished it?"

"The desk belonged to an old gentleman, Peter Carson. My mother, as a young girl, took care of him. He told her that he had provided for her in his will, but no will was found. She expected to find it in his desk, but it was not there. The desk was bought by the person whose effects were sold at the auction I attended. I recognized it from my mother's description of it and thought I would like to buy it, since my mother told me she believed there was a secret drawer in it and that secret drawer might contain a will."

"I should be happy to assist you in examining the desk," said Carr, who had a scheme of his own for imparting the information he had for her. "I am living with my mother, and if you will come to our home we will make an investigation."

The young lady brightened up and assented joyfully. Carr kept her talking about the situation till her dinner was announced, when he left her. The next day she called at the Carrs', was received by Mrs. Carr and taken to Edward's room, where stood the desk. Carr began to tap here and there for a secret spring, but, gaining no result, took up his pocket compass. Then he showed his visitor that the needle was deflected and told her that there was metal near it. Following this up with the poking as he had done when he made the discovery, out came the drawer with the papers in it just as he had found them. Handing the drawer to the excited girl, she ran over the papers till she found the will and opened it and saw that she was the possessor of a splendid estate.

Then she fell back in a state of collapse.

Mary Cowdry was not especially sorry that an heir had been found. The estate was of no especial use to her, and she had no one to whom to leave it. She agreed, in consideration of Miss Peck's settling an annuity upon her sufficient for her support, to turn the property over without any process of law. This arrangement was carried out, and Emily Marston's daughter stepped from the position of schoolteacher to millionairess.

When the beneficiary came to ask Edward Carr what she could do for him to show her appreciation of what he had done for her he said that she had done a great deal—all she could do—already. He had been told and had believed that he would be nothing but a putterer and would never be of use to himself or any one else. He had the satisfaction of having brought a rightful heir to her estate, and that was quite enough for a man of whom nothing whatever had been expected.

Whether or not the heiress was caught by this frank modesty, whether she considered that there was but one way to pay the debt she owed, she finally discharged it by giving herself to the man who had made her rich. She takes great pleasure in humoring her husband's taste for old things, and, as for the desk in which the will was found, she has had it inlaid with gold

June 2 in American History.

1776—General John Sullivan assumed command of all the American Revolutionary forces operating on the Canadian border.

1816—John Godfrey Saxe, humorous poet, born; died 1887.

1890—Matt Morgan, noted cartoonist, died; born 1844.

Near a Decline.

"I'm rather afraid Clara Vere de Vere is going into a decline."

"Why do you think so?"

"I'm going to propose to her this evening if I get a chance."—Judge.