

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$1 per year by mail in advance.

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Monday, June 15, 1914.

Mrs. Brady has not failed in her ambition to start something.

The thread trust has just been busted by a court order of dissolution.

Lorimer's finances as well as his politics seem to have caused him grief.

One of President Wilson's pieces of good fortune is to be denounced by Vandam of Mississippi.

T. Roosevelt, Esq., says business is bad. Mebbe so, Teddy, mebbe so, but half bad as bad as in 1907, when you were president.

The interstate commerce commission cannot properly be charged with precipitancy in coming to conclusions over those freight rates.

The republicans and progressives are agreed that they should amalgamate, but they cannot agree on who shall be the amalgamator and who shall be the amalgamatee.

Suez canal stockholders are kicking because they are only getting a 23 per cent dividend. Inasmuch as their property consists largely of water, they ought to be satisfied.

According to the report from the United States agricultural department, enough wheat will be raised this year in this country to give every man, woman and child ten bushels.

Suspicion has arisen that hirelings are already on the ground, or soon will be, whose mission will be to discredit Congressman Tammert in the eyes of the general man on his stand for government manufacture and his fight on the Taylor system. If this is so, the expense of the undertaking may just as well be saved.

FAIR TO ALL.

The tolls exemption repeal bill has passed the senate and is as good as a law. This result has been accomplished without regard to party lines, as some of the ablest republican leaders have favored repeal, while prominent democrats have opposed. The country will no doubt approve the action of congress. The charge that it is a concession to England is hardly worthy of notice, since the canal will be open to the use of all nations on terms of equality. Equally unfounded has been the charge that the railroads were opposed to tolls exemption with the idea of their own profit. The truth seems to be that repeal is in the interest of a square deal for all and especially that the canal should be self-sustaining and therefore that all who use it should pay for the privilege.

The cutting of the continent in twain will serve to bring the nations of the world closer together with the United States still pre-eminent.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

Adlai E. Stevenson, former vice president of the United States who is dead, was one of the grand old men of the democratic party. He belonged to the sturdy old school of statesmen who are rapidly passing. Always a faithful, willing and conscientious worker for his state and nation, his opportunity for fame came comparatively late in life. It was as first assistant postmaster general in Cleveland's first administration that he was brought prominently into notice, his work earning for him the nomination and subsequent election as vice president during Cleveland's second term.

When the request was made of him by party leaders that he make the race for vice president with Bryan in 1896, he was an old man and one to whom success at the polls would have brought no added honors. Yet he heeded the call and again entered the lists. Again his party asked him in 1906 to accept the nomination for governor, and though the fight seemed hopeless and victory would have been barren, had it been possible, he once more went before the people because he felt it a duty he owed his party.

His staunchness as a democrat was characteristic of Mr. Stevenson in all the relations of life. Such men as he, when they pass, leave places which are hard to fill.

ARGENTINE CORN.

Commenting on the importation of Argentine corn over which the republican press has raised such a hubbub the Saturday Evening Post, which can

scarcely be accused of being unduly partisan, says: "To ship a bushel of corn from the interior of Argentina to New York costs about the same as to ship it from Buffalo across the Empire state. If you go some hundreds of miles farther up the Plate river the rate thence to New York is about the same as from Chicago to New York. To Galveston, of late, the rate on corn from upper ports in Argentina has been considerably lower than from Kansas City.

"Taking the average of the last five years Argentine Producers about six per cent as much corn as we do—less than one bushel to our fifteen. While we use all of our own corn, and this year some more, the southern republic exports considerably more than half her relatively small output.

"Argentina also slaughters something over two million cattle a year—so many, in fact, that her herds have not increased at all during the last five years and have probably decreased.

Beef from that country constitutes about four-fifths of the imported supply of England, or about one-third of the total consumption of the kingdom. A little of it has come this way for some years. And since the new tariff act went into effect the Argentine supply has amounted to something over one per cent of our total consumption; but every pound of Argentine beef sent here tends to increase the London price and to attract South American shipments back to that market.

"Argentine is bound to be an almost negligible factor in our food supply; but in a time of relative domestic scarcity the pantry may be replenished a little from that source."

LARGE CITIES AS HEALTH RESORTS.

"Were I a physician, I could prescribe nothing but—Recipe: coccyz drach. Londin, per annum" (365 doses of London a year). Thus wrote a noted Londoner, Horace Walpole. "If a few days in London does your neuroathetic patient no good, his case may well be hopeless and hopeless." These, the words of Dr. Clippingdale addressing the baineologic and climatologic section of the Royal Society of Medicine a few weeks ago on London as a health resort and as a sanitary city. Those who are accustomed to go to the mountains, the fashionable spa, the seashore or the "health resort" may ask whether this is merely subtle humor or ill-concealed sarcasm at the expense of what has been called "the healthiest, and with the exception of Madrid, the ugliest city in the world." Or are physicians unduly oblivious of the suitability of a large city for certain maladies, chiefly of the psychopathic or neuropathic nature, asks the Journal of the American Medical Association?

There are not a few persons who have a dread of open spaces, for example, the country. It is to such that a very large city, on account of its size and the almost infinite number of diversions it permits, appeals most remarkably. The London life is to such persons the material on which they live. There are persons who prefer lookin on men and artificial things. The loneliness of the woods and green fields appalls them. Many a patient sent to the monotony of a real joy and comfort in the return to the motley throng of some great city. In this spirit Charles Lamb once wrote: "I am naturally inclined to hypochondria. But in London it vanishes, as do other ills. The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can feel dull in Fleet street."

Despite the numerous epithets of antipathy which have been recorded against the great English metropolis, despite the alleged lack of esthetic attributes Clippingdale stoutly defends its suitability for persons suffering from certain nervous disorders; cases of simple digression from the normal; cases of hypochondria, melancholia, insomnia and neuralgia of non-organic origin, the drug and alcoholic habits and morbid introspection; cases, in fact, requiring the very opposite of a "rest-cure." He insists that many means for rational psychotherapy are provided by the diversions of a great city. "Its historic, artistic and literary associations," writes Clippingdale, "its many picture galleries and museums, its numerous places of amusement, the business activity, the Attic regions of Belgravia and the Alsatian retreats of the East End all combine to produce a state of exhilaration not met with elsewhere. In fact, it has been jocosely remarked that if Londoners themselves fell into a state of lethargy nothing would arouse them from it unless it were two parliamentary elections in one year, together with an earthquake in the Strand." There is, of course, an underlying germ of truth in all of this. Not every man can be rescued from depression by the soothing environment of a sanatorium or the joys of the outdoor life. The heart of the city is like balm to a persistent minority.

As for London itself, the annual exodus therefrom is a "comparatively modern invention." Speaking from statistical comparison of the general mortality it is a healthy city. Its natural advantages are enhanced by the large number of open spaces in its midst. If the climate is nothing to boast of, it must be remembered that "fog is not an atmosphere of poisonous microbes." After all, the question of livableness in any environment is, as a rule, one of the temperament and adaptability of the individual. Americans have braved the dreaded tropics with comparative comfort and remained in perfect health. Manila and Panama have loosed the terrors of climate, while the north has become the field of pleasure-seekers. The healthfulness of an environment, urban or suburban, inland or coastwise, has become almost entirely a question of personal hygiene and mental satisfaction coupled with the indispensable accompaniments of public sanitation.

Commission Government Cost Low

There are 69 cities out of 195 in the United States having an estimated population of over \$30,000 inhabitants each, which have already adopted a commission form of government, having discarded the former plan of being governed by a mayor and council. This information is made public in the annual report on financial statistics of cities having an estimated population of over 30,000, which will be issued soon by Director William J. Harris, of the bureau of the census department of commerce. This report covers the transactions of the calendar year 1912, or the fiscal year closing on dates prior to February 1, 1913. The bulletin was prepared under the supervision of Le Grand Powers, chief statistician for finance and municipal statistics.

The cost per capita for the general expenses of all the municipal departments, and also the per capita net debt at the close of the year 1912, of these 69 cities which have adopted the commission form of government, respectively, are shown in the statement following. The term "net debt" as employed in the report is the funded and floating debt less sinking fund assets; and the term "general expenses" of the municipal departments includes all costs of city government, except interest on debts and outlays for permanent improvements.

The first figure following the name of the city in the statement shows the per capita cost of municipal government for 1912 and the second figure the per capita net debt at the close of the year 1912.

- Alabama—Birmingham, \$8.64-\$38.55; Mobile, \$8.52-\$54.54; Montgomery, \$9.68-\$46.35. California—Berkeley, \$13.32-\$19.06; Oakland, \$14.82-\$36.68; Sacramento, \$18.04-\$26.07; San Diego, \$20.07-\$48.40; Pasadena, \$19.07-\$45.14. Colorado—Colorado Springs, \$16.94-\$73.48; Pueblo, \$10.94-\$57.27; Denver, \$20.13-\$3.82. District of Columbia—Washington, \$25.43-\$24.00.

TALKS ON THRIFT

Three billion dollars is the estimated amount spent annually for the upkeep of the ten million or more homes in the United States. Most of the money is expended by women or girls.

Does this not show the great importance of training young women in the value and use of money?

Some time ago a prominent household magazine asked 500 bachelors why they did not marry and settle down. Most of these men replied that the average marriageable young woman nowadays is too expensive a luxury. Many asserted that young women of today are money squanderers rather than the material out of which thrifty helpmeets are made.

"Why can't we have bills? Then we could put all the people off," urged a bride of a few months with her young husband, a professional man, striving to make his way on an income of \$1,500 a year. She was the product of a first-rate boarding school, and the child of a family high in social position. But she was utterly uneducated in the morals of handling money.

The word morals is used advisedly because a true view of economic life requires that every expenditure be regarded as an act that involves a moral question for an unnecessary and unwise expenditure is a misuse of the power of money.

The girl of today participates very little in household work and she does

practically nothing to reduce expenditures.

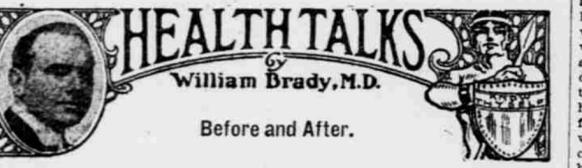
Whose fault is it? Very little of the blame can be put upon the girl herself. Her parents must shoulder it, and they in turn will say that the times are responsible.

But there are signs that people are becoming more sensible. At any rate the organization of the Parents' league among rich people in New York is significant.

"We hope to make it fashionable to be sensible and un-fashional to be foolish," Mrs. John Hays Hammond said in outlining the plans of the organization which has been formed for the purpose of uniting parents and teachers in establishing wholesome, common sense standards for the education, amusement and home life of children.

Parents of working girls also cannot escape responsibility. Suppose your daughter is employed in an office or factory at fair wages. She will be proud to be able to pay her share of the cost of living at home. If you will supervise her spending you will find that she can dress as well as the neighbor girls of the right type out of what is left after paying her share at home. If fathers would all do their duty every bright working girl whose parents have met with no pecuniary misfortune may have \$500 in the bank by the time she reaches her 21st birthday.

That will be a splendid thing for her, whether she marries then or continues her employment.



Before and After.

Dyspeptic pessimists and well fed cynics delight in coining witticisms about the doctor's mistakes. Real humor is truth. The modern procedure called by surgeons "an exploratory operation" has been dubbed by the humorous parographers "an antemortem autopsy." The word autopsy means literally seeing with one's own eyes. It formerly referred to the examination of a body by postmortem dissection to determine the cause of death. But that use of the term is becoming obsolete. A more accurate term is now employed, namely, necropsy, signifying examination of the dead.

Conceding a point to the funny parographers, we must admit that doctors in the pre-antiseptic era were necessarily constrained to await the post-mortem investigation in order to make the diagnosis in many cases. And we are not prepared to deny that the modern medical man makes many an antemortem autopsy in the reasonable hope of discovering precisely what extent the disease process may have reached, and if possible, rendering surgical aid while there is still hope. Antemortem dissection at least gives the subject a better chance than did the old time postmortem diagnosis.

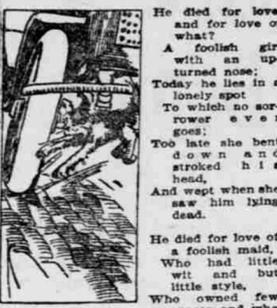
Even though the patient may be "opened by mistake" the effect of the exploration is almost without serious results under modern aseptic technique and shockless surgery. Surely one would rather be "looked into at the cost of a week in the hospital, than die a 'baffling case.'" We would

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

ONE THAT DIED FOR LOVE



He died for love, and for love of what? A foolish girl with an up-turned nose. Today he lies in a lonely spot. To which no sorrower ever goes. Too late she bent down and stroked his head, and wept when she saw him lying dead.

He died for love of a foolish maid, who had little wit and few little graces and who betrayed for only a little while. On her his affection was all bestowed. Though she had a lip and was pigeon-toed.

He died for love of a foolish girl, whom he tried to follow across the street. An automobile, with a whizz and a whirl, sent him tumbling more than seventy feet. He was only a little bit of a cur, but he died because of his love for her.

His Shattered Belief. "Why, Joshua, what are you sayin'?" "I don't believe in the Bible, and there's no use of me pretendin' that I do. Them's my sentiments. I hate to give up the old belief, because it was mighty comfortin' but I can't keep on clingin' to it no longer."

His Good Luck. "Did you hire that man to paint the floor by the job, or by the hour?" "By the hour." "Gee! I'm glad I'll have to start out next week on a three months' trip. I hate the smell of paint."

His Method of Writing. Do you know W. B. Trites? You don't? No matter. He is an author, and his publishers have interviewed him on his method of writing. "I write," he admits, "as Euripides wrote, as Bion wrote, as Tolstoy wrote, as Defoe wrote—with perfect freedom." Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo, Dickens and Scott must have been unable to write with perfect freedom. At all events, Trites, who writes, doesn't admit them to his class; but we should like to know why he drags in Bion.

Beyond Her Ken. "Ah," said the good old man whose taxes had just been raised, "this life is full of trials." "Yes," replied the lady who had just secured her third divorce, "but I don't see why these church people should be so fussy about it, as long as they don't have to pay the costs."

The Bright Side. "Both my husband and I had to go to a hospital on the day we were married and submit to operations for appendicitis."

For the Sake of the Boys. We've canned the cannon firecracker. We've put toy pistols 'neath the ban. So our darling little Johnny May have a chance to be a man.

Qualified Enthusiasm. "Don't you think he is too cute for anything?" asked the proud young mother, referring to her baby. "Oh, I don't know," replied her seventeen-year-old brother. "He's cute enough, I guess, but I never did think much of people who hadn't any teeth."

Good Reason. Mand—You seem to like Jack's attentions. Why don't you marry him? Marie—Because I like his attentions.—Boston Transcript.

He knows nothing of joy who has not felt the joy of sacrifice.

The Daily Story

A Dutch Girl's Choice—By F. A. Mitchel.

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Anne de Heere was a lassie of New Amsterdam, now the great city of New York, and lived on Wall street. Anne, whose father was an oysterman and owned the lot on which he lived, never dreamed that if she could return to life after a couple of centuries she would see the straggling shanties about her home replaced by tall buildings and the street full of people, rushing hither and thither in such a hurry as was never seen in the old Dutch town.

At the time Anne lived in Wall street even the wall or palisade from which it was named had not yet been built. But there was a cattle guard just north of her humble abode composed of the branches of trees for the purpose of keeping the cows and the pigs and other animals within bounds. It was no great walk for her to go down to the river on the east or the river on the west.

Anne was drawn in both directions, having a lover, a young man owning a small farm at the foot of Kings-street, the revolution of the colonies called Liberty-street, while near the foot of Wall street dwelt another wooer, a sailmaker, Nicholas Oothout, the farmer, was a Dutchman, while Samuel Monk, the sailmaker, was an Englishman. Each man possessed certain advantages over the other. Monk owned a plot of ground near the foot of Wall street, or, to speak more correctly, what was afterward called Wall street, and the town was growing in that direction. But his sweetheart spoke or understood very little English, and Oothout, being a Dutchman, could pour love into her ear, while his rival must be content to look what he felt. Both men were young, of good habits and equally attractive or unattractive, according to taste.

In those days stood a windmill to the westward of where Anne lived, near the present corner of Broadway and Wall street, and on summer evenings Anne used to meet her Dutch lover there and, sitting under its great wings, listen to his tale of love. North-eastward of her home was the Collect, a pond, and on other evenings she and the Englishman would sit on the bank holding hands, while Monk looked at her wistfully. The windmill and the pond have both long since disappeared (as have the three persons to whom this story relates), but old prints of them remain among the New York Historical society's records.

Anne's father favored Monk's suit because the plot of ground he owned was increasing in value, while Oothout's little farm on the North river seemed destined to remain forever a farm. There was then no use for an avenue extending northward, and Broadway did not reach as far as Wall street. The bank of the Hudson contained no buildings, while the street on the East river was being built upon, and the slips or docks containing the shipping were located there. Had these people lived centuries instead of scores of years Oothout's farm would have won old De Heere's approbation to the owner's suit for the hand of his daughter, for today the east side in New York is of little value compared with that farther west. They not only lived lives too short to take in these changes, but Anne was of a marriageable age and would not remain so.

While it was known that De Heere favored Monk's suit, no one knew which of her two lovers Anne preferred, for one evening she would be seen sitting under the wings of the windmill with Oothout, the next on the bank of the pond with Monk. One day she would be out in a boat on the North river with the farmer on a trip to Communipaw, on the Jersey shore, the next skimming the East river in the direction of Hell Gate. Even her father did not know which one of the two men she would accept. True, those were days when parents did not ask their children whom they preferred to marry, choosing for them themselves, but De Heere knew that his daughter could not be forced to marry against her will. He only feared that she was so in love with both that she could not decide upon either and that she would remain a maid.

Indeed, this was Anne's weak point. She loved to listen to—the to any one except a Hollander—jaw breaking passages in which Oothout expressed his tender feelings for her, and to see Monk's fine blue British eyes turned upon her for a like purpose. It was not that she did not in her heart prefer one of the two that she put off deciding between them, but that she did not relish giving up the lovmaking of either.

But what was fun for her was harrowing to the rivals. In those days the Dutch and English peoples were in no good humor with each other, and it was not to be expected that a Dutchman and an Englishman could long be rivals for the hand of a girl without a scrap. They met one day near the fort and began to pummel each other. There was a cry for the watch, and by the time both the combatants had become exhausted a fat man came running down Broadway with a number of dogs and children at his heels and arrested them on a charge of breach of the peace. They were let off with a small fine, but soon met again, with the result of another fight, this time being both put in the stocks.

They had not long been liberated when they were at it again, but this time old De Heere took the matter up and promised the magistrate that there should be no more breaches of that peace. He would answer for it that she decided between her suitors, promising not to come east of the Freshwater church on Wall street, between what is now Nassau street and Broadway, while Monk agreed to keep east of what was later Hanover street. This, however, was a temporary restraint to

last till the little Dutch girl should stop the war permanently by choosing one or the other of the contestants for her hand.

When Anne was told by her father that before noon on the morrow she must come to a decision she vowed she would do no such thing. But her father told her that he had given his word and the town authorities would stand the quarrels of her lovers no longer. They were not blamed, for it was well known that it was her action that had brought on the trouble and kept it alive. Indeed, she was given to understand that if Oothout and Monk fought again on her account she would be put in the pillory.

This threat brought the stubborn girl around. She promised her father that she would make up her mind by the next morning which suitor she would accept. That night she sank out of sight into her feather bed much troubled. She was really committed to both her suitors, and this was the cause of the bad blood between them, for each, having her promise to marry him, regarded the other as an intruder upon his domain.

Anne found her feather bed conducive to thought, and she thought to a purpose. The next morning she told her father to summon both her lovers to the house and she would decide between them. When they came she glanced darted between them by telling them, first in Dutch and then in a combination of Dutch and English, that she would light two candles at the same moment, the one representing Oothout the other Monk. Whichever candle burned the longer she would marry the man it represented.

Each man having considered himself accepted for a time, there was a prospect that the matter must be fought out to the death of one or the other. But Anne calmed them by giving each a glance, causing him to think whichever won was her preference. The candles were brought in, Anne put them together to show that they were of equal length, then set one on a sideboard for Oothout and the other on the mantel for Monk, having lighted them as nearly as possible together.

"The candles will burn about two hours," she said. "It is not best that you two men should remain here all that time, for one or both might be tempted to do something to make the other's candle burn more quickly. Go away in the direction of your respective homes, and when the clock strikes the hour of noon return. The candles will then be nearly burned out."

So Oothout went to his farm and Monk to his sail loft, but neither did any work, both listening for the summons to return and learn his fate. At 12 o'clock the two men were seen approaching, the one from the west the other from the east. Oothout passed into the house first and, darting an anxious glance to the candles, turned his eyes upward, saying, "St. Nicholas is praised!" for his candle was half an inch long and was burning brightly, while the other was darning within the socket. Monk came in a moment later and, seeing that he had lost, gave Anne a despairing look, turned and left the house.

Then a reaction came over the Dutchman. "I have won!" he cried. "But what have I won? Only half a heart at most and perhaps no heart at all. It may be you prefer my rival, who has lost. It may be you love neither of us. This must be, or you would not have left your choice to chance."

Anne took him by the hand and led him to the candle that was still giving a steady flame. There she pointed on the candlestick to a few white grains. "Wet your finger," she said, "take up some of these grains and put them on your tongue."

Nicholas did so and pronounced them salt. "Do you not know," added Anne, "that salt on the wick of a candle causes it to burn more slowly?"

Her lover understood and clasped her in his arms. On the site where stood the De Heere shanty a century later lived a historic character. When Wall street became the fashionable residence street of New York Alexander Hamilton's house was No. 83. From there after he was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr his body was carried to Trinity churchyard, not a quarter of a mile distant, where it still lies under the unpretentious monument that marks its location.

Not long after that the brick dwellings that lined Wall street were given up to business, but from the middle of the last century they have been gradually torn down to make room for the tall office buildings that make the street look like a narrow gorge. And now the unpaved roadway that was the scene of this simple romance is a seething mass of men, either rich or striving to get rich. By night it is as silent as a graveyard.

June 15 in American History.

- 1775—General George Washington accepted the command of the Continental army.
- 1864—The Eighteenth corps, led by General W. F. Smith, captured a mile and a half of Confederate earthworks at Petersburg.
- 1872—The board of arbitrators on the "Alabama claims" dispute between the United States and Great Britain met at Geneva, Switzerland.
- 1911—Professor Hiram Cowson, author and lecturer, died, born 1828.

All the news all the time.—The Argus.