

THE ARGUS.

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

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$3 per year by mail in advance.

Complaints of delivery service should be made to the circulation department, which should also be notified in every instance where it is desired to have paper discontinued, as carriers have no authority in the premises.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.

Tuesday, July 7, 1914.

Heard the latest republican chirp? They're going to carry Louisiana. What they gwine with it?

Rock Island, and Moline as well, has found that while admonishing the small boy in regard to celebrating the Fourth in good, pitching in and helping him do it is better.

The largest crowds ever assembled in the towns where he speaks show what the people think of the criticisms of Secretary Bryan for delivering lectures during his vacation periods.

In Panama City, in the interests of sanitation, they propose to establish a "segregated district" for the livey stables. Not a bad idea for some cities farther from the equator to adopt.

By announcing that they propose to fight their campaigns for renomination by staying right in Washington until the trust bills are passed, the Missouri delegation in the house played uncommon good politics.

"Do it now" is good advice to Huerfano with reference to that salute. If he postpones it too long he must not be surprised if Uncle Sam happens to be looking the other way when his enemies finally get him into a corner.

Missouri, as well as Ireland, has a home rule problem. St. Louis demands home rule, and the matter is to be voted upon at the state election in the fall. Here is a chance for Missouri to show Illinois how to handle Chicago.

A CHANCE FOR THE INVENTIVE. Recent ocean tragedies have drawn public attention anew to the urgent need of ampler provision for the preservation of life at sea.

THE TRADE COMMISSION BILL. Admittedly the most far reaching development in the formulation of anti-trust legislation is the president's approval of the incorporation in the federal trade commission bill of provisions declaring "unfair competition" to be "unlawful," and prescribing that "the commission is hereby empowered and directed to prevent corporations from using unfair methods of competition in commerce."

Senator Newlands, chairman of the interstate commerce committee, has reported the bill to the senate, thus amended. The legislation, now assured by this agreement between the executive and the legislative leaders of the majority party, will be an admission by congress of the evils which are the cause of the country-wide support of the Stevens bill.

MORE COAL MINED IN IOWA. The production of coal in Iowa in 1913 was 7,490,641, short tons, valued at \$13,431,061, according to figures compiled by E. W. Parker, of the United States Geological survey, in co-operation with the Iowa geological survey.

George South, Jr., a Philadelphia professor of English, is dead at 36 from excessive study causing brain congestion.

Capital Comment

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

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, D. C., July 5.—Sometimes there is a real inspiration to be found in the drowsy old Congressional Record.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

George Konig, who didn't want to be "one of the bunch," Konig, who was a congressman from the city of Baltimore, is dead, and his colleagues on Sunday were delivering his eulogy.

Down on the eastern shore of Maryland Konig was born. This part of the country, formerly the home of the brains and bravery of the young republic, has stood still while the rest of the nation advanced.

Have you ever listened to workmen talking the hull of a wooden ship? If so, you will never forget the pleasant sound of it.

George Konig drifted to Baltimore, doing roustabout work on the docks. Then he learned the trade of calker.

And one warm day many calkers were at work on the hull of a vessel in a Baltimore drydock, at a distance sounding like a frog pond.

Dr. Bell Predicts Flight Over Ocean. The possibility of a trans-Atlantic ocean flight in a heavier than air machine in 13 hours is pointed out in a communication to the National Geographic society at Washington, D. C., from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.

"The distance from Newfoundland to Ireland is less than 2,000 miles," says Dr. Bell. "This means that if you go at 100 miles an hour you will cross the Atlantic in 20 hours—less than a day.

Without dust "every blade of grass and every branch of tree would drip with moisture deposited by the passing air; our clothing would become wet and dripping, and umbrellas useless; but our miseries would not end there.

HEALTH TALKS. William Brady, M.D. Dust in the Air. Without dust "every blade of grass and every branch of tree would drip with moisture deposited by the passing air; our clothing would become wet and dripping, and umbrellas useless; but our miseries would not end there.

THE TRADE COMMISSION BILL. Admittedly the most far reaching development in the formulation of anti-trust legislation is the president's approval of the incorporation in the federal trade commission bill of provisions declaring "unfair competition" to be "unlawful," and prescribing that "the commission is hereby empowered and directed to prevent corporations from using unfair methods of competition in commerce."

Senator Newlands, chairman of the interstate commerce committee, has reported the bill to the senate, thus amended. The legislation, now assured by this agreement between the executive and the legislative leaders of the majority party, will be an admission by congress of the evils which are the cause of the country-wide support of the Stevens bill.

MORE COAL MINED IN IOWA. The production of coal in Iowa in 1913 was 7,490,641, short tons, valued at \$13,431,061, according to figures compiled by E. W. Parker, of the United States Geological survey, in co-operation with the Iowa geological survey.

George South, Jr., a Philadelphia professor of English, is dead at 36 from excessive study causing brain congestion.

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND

FOOLISH WILLIE



Willie had so many marbles that he couldn't count them all. Yet he yearned for others daily, winter, summer, spring and fall; they were stored away in closets; they were scattered on the floor; He had marbles by the gallon, but he kept on wanting more.

What a fool was little Willie thus to be possessed of greed. What a fool is anybody craving things he does not need!

The Ridiculous Part of It. "Do you know," he said, "I had a most ridiculous dream last night? It was about you."

"What right have you to dream about me?" she demanded with mock indignation.

"I know it was terribly bold of me, and I would not have the courage to mention it now—only it was so ridiculous. You and I, it seemed, were on the deck of a great steamship, crossing the ocean.

BEYOND HIS TRAINING POWERS. "You know Timmson, the man who has the trained flea, don't you?"

Should Have Concealed the Fact. "And now," asked the big, strong young man who had just been engaged to appear in the latest musical comedy, "would you like to have me try my voice?"

If All the Bluffs Were Called. The pathways leading downward from many splendid places would be much overcovered.

Lawless. "Is the lid on in this town?" asked the tenderfoot.

He Remembered It. "And you visited Chicago, I suppose?" said the friend of the Englishman who had returned to London for the purpose of writing his book on America.

How He Got It. "How did he get his title of colonel? He never lived in Kentucky or was on any governor's staff, was he?"

As a matter of accident prevention policy, as reported in the Electric Railway Journal, a company in a small Pennsylvania town has its men report bad lighting and bad roadways or pavements along its lines.

The Daily Story

The Live Wire—By Edward Boltwood. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Carl P. Stryver jumped from the moving trolley car and hurried up a suburban cross street. His energetic gait was almost a run, but it was dignified by the important expression of his face.

An appreciative passenger on the rear seat of the car spoke to the conductor. "That lad's a live wire, hey?"

"You bet!" agreed the official. "The city of Leeton never had no such a booster as Carl P., nor any other city of our size here in Ohio, I guess!"

The 12 o'clock whistles shrieked hoarsely as Stryver burst into his house like a tropical storm. Hunched up at the secretary's desk in a corner of one of the rooms, beside him sat the landlord of the Majestic hotel.

"We will have the claret served with the entree," said Stryver, scowling at a portentous dinner card.

"You bet!" you rather have wine than claret?" hinted the landlord.

"That's right," put in Meyer, the committee's chairman. "We've got to blow Mr. Niles clean off his feet. He must be a great spender. Remember the day we called on him, Carl, and the way he ordered people round? I guess we can size up a man O. K. What jolies a millionaire like him is hugs and plenty of 'em. Make it wine!"

"I had planned the champagne with the seventh course, the traffic conquetes," explained Stryver, "but will have it earlier, if you prefer." He glanced at his watch.

"After 5 o'clock already?" he announced nervously.

"Maybe the train's late," suggested the chairman.

"Maybe he won't come by train," Stryver rejoined. "His letter didn't say. By George, is that our telephone ringing?"

He secluded himself in a telephone booth. No sooner had he done so than the hall door of the room opened slowly. Mr. Meyer started and caught his breath. The committee stood at attention, as if being photographed. But the arrival was merely Judge Broderick, a tall, angular old fellow in a crumpled suit of tweeds.

Carl had not observed Judge Broderick. Carl's face was white and set, and he rested both clenched fists on the table, with the air of a United States president, whose entire reputation is at stake, confronting a national crisis in the cabinet.

"Gentlemen," he said firmly, "there has been a change in our arrangements. Amos Niles is at my house. I shall expect you there within an hour or so. Now, leave this to me. Don't ask me to waste time by explaining."

He could not have lucidly explained had he wished to. Rosamond over the wire had given him a jumbled report, femininely unbusinesslike and almost incoherent. It was clear from it only that Amos Niles declined to leave Stryver's house. Stryver plunged down the stairs and into a cab.

"Ryan's grocery!" he shouted to the hackman.

The drive gave him an opportunity to think. He checked items meticulously on his tremulous fingers. He must stop at a florist's, a wine merchant's, a butcher's—

Abruptly the gas stove occurred to him. He rapped frantically on the front window of the carriage.

"To Deeley's!" screamed Stryver. "Deeley, the plumber, remember the cracked glass of his street door. The parlor carpet too! What opinion would Mr. Niles have about that? Stryver leaned back in the cab and groaned penitently. Why hadn't he taken care of his home! His fingers strayed to the badge in his lapel, and he wondered if the Pittsburgh millionaire had noticed that the porch needed a painting.

The carriage rattled up the street to his house, and Stryver dismounted with his bundles, resembling an overworked Santa Claus. Rose serenely met him on the steps.

"Carl, what in the world are you celebrating?"

"Fush!" he whispered. "Smuggle this gasfitter in plumber's kitchen, can you? Where's Mr. Niles?"

"Up in our bedroom with his wife. The sweetest old people! But, Carl, the stove needn't be fixed this instant. We're had supper."

"Had din—had supper?"

"Yes," smiled Rose. "Mr. Niles said it was the best he ever ate. I managed pretty well, considering."

"Considering my neglect of things, you mean," supplied Stryver sadly. "I guess, Rose, that boasting, like charity, begins at— Oh, my heavens, here he comes downstairs!"

A couple of hours later the five members of the board of trade committee left Stryver's residence, dinnerless, in shirt sleeves and slippers. Carl assured them that he was thoroughly satisfied with Leeton and that one of his factories would be erected there. In the returning trolley car Mr. Meyer was moved to enthusiastic comment.

"And the old plutocrat did Mr. Meyer insist, for a fact," said Mr. Meyer. "How he chuckled over that doughnut, didn't he? Stryver claimed that it was all because of a motor accident, but I believe Carl P. had the whole thing framed up, somehow. That lad's a live wire, hey?"

"You bet!" ejaculated the committee in fervent chorus.

scribed, "My Heart and Soul For Leeton." The badge had been happily devised by Carl Stryver in honor of the first accomplishment of the board of trade, which was the importation to the city of a shoe factory, now extinct.

Stryver sat at the secretary's desk in a corner of one of the rooms. Beside him sat the landlord of the Majestic hotel.

"We will have the claret served with the entree," said Stryver, scowling at a portentous dinner card.

"You bet!" you rather have wine than claret?" hinted the landlord.

"That's right," put in Meyer, the committee's chairman. "We've got to blow Mr. Niles clean off his feet. He must be a great spender. Remember the day we called on him, Carl, and the way he ordered people round? I guess we can size up a man O. K. What jolies a millionaire like him is hugs and plenty of 'em. Make it wine!"

"I had planned the champagne with the seventh course, the traffic conquetes," explained Stryver, "but will have it earlier, if you prefer." He glanced at his watch.

"After 5 o'clock already?" he announced nervously.

"Maybe the train's late," suggested the chairman.

"Maybe he won't come by train," Stryver rejoined. "His letter didn't say. By George, is that our telephone ringing?"

He secluded himself in a telephone booth. No sooner had he done so than the hall door of the room opened slowly. Mr. Meyer started and caught his breath. The committee stood at attention, as if being photographed. But the arrival was merely Judge Broderick, a tall, angular old fellow in a crumpled suit of tweeds.

Carl had not observed Judge Broderick. Carl's face was white and set, and he rested both clenched fists on the table, with the air of a United States president, whose entire reputation is at stake, confronting a national crisis in the cabinet.

"Gentlemen," he said firmly, "there has been a change in our arrangements. Amos Niles is at my house. I shall expect you there within an hour or so. Now, leave this to me. Don't ask me to waste time by explaining."

He could not have lucidly explained had he wished to. Rosamond over the wire had given him a jumbled report, femininely unbusinesslike and almost incoherent. It was clear from it only that Amos Niles declined to leave Stryver's house. Stryver plunged down the stairs and into a cab.

"Ryan's grocery!" he shouted to the hackman.

The drive gave him an opportunity to think. He checked items meticulously on his tremulous fingers. He must stop at a florist's, a wine merchant's, a butcher's—

Abruptly the gas stove occurred to him. He rapped frantically on the front window of the carriage.

"To Deeley's!" screamed Stryver. "Deeley, the plumber, remember the cracked glass of his street door. The parlor carpet too! What opinion would Mr. Niles have about that? Stryver leaned back in the cab and groaned penitently. Why hadn't he taken care of his home! His fingers strayed to the badge in his lapel, and he wondered if the Pittsburgh millionaire had noticed that the porch needed a painting.

The carriage rattled up the street to his house, and Stryver dismounted with his bundles, resembling an overworked Santa Claus. Rose serenely met him on the steps.

"Carl, what in the world are you celebrating?"

"Fush!" he whispered. "Smuggle this gasfitter in plumber's kitchen, can you? Where's Mr. Niles?"

"Up in our bedroom with his wife. The sweetest old people! But, Carl, the stove needn't be fixed this instant. We're had supper."

"Had din—had supper?"

"Yes," smiled Rose. "Mr. Niles said it was the best he ever ate. I managed pretty well, considering."

"Considering my neglect of things, you mean," supplied Stryver sadly. "I guess, Rose, that boasting, like charity, begins at— Oh, my heavens, here he comes downstairs!"

A couple of hours later the five members of the board of trade committee left Stryver's residence, dinnerless, in shirt sleeves and slippers. Carl assured them that he was thoroughly satisfied with Leeton and that one of his factories would be erected there. In the returning trolley car Mr. Meyer was moved to enthusiastic comment.

"And the old plutocrat did Mr. Meyer insist, for a fact," said Mr. Meyer. "How he chuckled over that doughnut, didn't he? Stryver claimed that it was all because of a motor accident, but I believe Carl P. had the whole thing framed up, somehow. That lad's a live wire, hey?"

"You bet!" ejaculated the committee in fervent chorus.

July 7 in American History. McCausland's Confederate cavalry, of Jubal Early's command, levied a war contribution at Boonsboro, Md.

1910—Dr. William James Rolfe, educator and Shakespearean scholar, died; born 1827.

1911—The United States, Great Britain, Japan and Russia signed a treaty for the preservation of the fur seal.

Between 30,000 and 40,000 Sicilians emigrate from Palermo to the United States each year, and in the course of time almost all of them go back permanently or for a visit.