

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at 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; \$1 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.



Wednesday, August 12, 1914.

To the Voters of the Fourteenth District

As your congressman, I have been on the job every minute, answering practically every roll call.

I have endeavored to conscientiously serve my district and my party, so that the voters who elected me would not have to apologize for having done so.

I am now a candidate for renomination, subject to the will of the democratic voters to be expressed at the primaries on Sept. 9th, and will deeply appreciate it if you will take care of my interests while I remain here at my post of duty and take care of yours, which it is my duty to do, especially in view of present existing conditions throughout the world, which may at any moment require emergency legislation for the welfare of our own country.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER, U. S. Capitol, Washington, D. C.

But the army worm was first to mobilize.

The true optimist is the person who finds consolation in the statement that this, in all probability, will be the world's last great war.

With things all twisted to pieces as they are in Europe, the real wonder is that the war news comes through even as accurately as it does.

Judging from the present inflated prices of life's necessities, somebody is holding out. It would be a good idea to ascertain who is hoarding the stuff.

The Washington Post is wondering what will be the present European war's name. General Sherman of respected memory has already supplied the name.

T. P. O'Connor has earned the gratitude of the American newspapers and the reading public by his arraignment of the British government for its rigid censorship of news from the European battlefields. O'Connor wants a trained newspaper man for censor instead of a military officer. Then, he says, give the world the uncolored truth, for sooner or later it must know.

American tourists who are abroad are now, for the most part, using every endeavor to return home. The majority will probably have no extreme difficulty in remaining outside of the sphere of action of the war, but the sightseeing trips will be greatly curtailed. However, for those who soon arrive in the home country the disappointment of having their trip broken up will be compensated by relief at arriving once more in the good old United States of America.

FAKE WAR PICTURES.

The motion picture faker is getting busy and movie patrons should beware. Doubtless we will within a short time from now hear of pictures right from the battle fields in Europe being offered in American theatres. In the first place the camera man is barred from the lines by the various nations engaged in the war, so that means that there will be nothing but "cooked" pictures. In the second place, in view of the divided sympathies of the people, the wisdom of presenting battle scenes in this country even if they could be presented, is to be doubted.

When the faked pictures are announced they should be immediately suppressed by the police authorities.

GOODBY, BRISTOW.

The defeat of Joseph L. Bristow for the republican nomination for United States senator adds another to Kansas' already long list of short senatorial tenures.

Mr. Bristow was lifted to the United States senate six years ago on the progressive republican wave. He was a Salina newspaper man, who had won the favor of Mr. Roosevelt and had been taken by him into the public service, first in the postoffice department and then as special commissioner of the Panama railroad. The path to the senate was easily opened for Mr. Bristow, when he defeated Chester L. Long, the incumbent, for the republican nomination. In 1912 Senator Bristow, with practically the whole progressive faction of the re-

publican party, supported Roosevelt for president. To the general surprise, Mr. Bristow did not follow Governor Stubbs, William Allen White, Representative Murdock and most of the other prominent progressive republicans into the third party. Instead he elected to seek renomination in the old party. With a large part of his old republican following transferred to the progressive party, it is not surprising now to find Mr. Bristow mustering only a minority of his support. He has been beaten for renomination by former Senator Charles Curtis, regular republican, who was defeated for renomination in 1912 by Governor Stubbs, who later was beaten by William H. Thompson, democrat.

The Kansas senatorial race in November will be three cornered. Mr. Curtis will be opposed by Representative Murdock, progressive, who was given the progressive nomination without opposition, and a democratic candidate. Representative Neely seems to have won a close race in the democratic senatorial primary. With the former republican strength divided, the outlook for the democrats should be bright. Senator Bristow's record in the senate has been brilliant, but on the whole erratic. Since the democrats have come into power he has made a good deal of a nuisance of himself by nagging the majority, apparently with political effect as his animating motive.

GREAT APPLE CROP.

The latest revised estimate of the 1914 apple crop, based upon official investigation of conditions and prospects in the apple producing regions of the United States give a total of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 barrels, if the growing crop does not receive a setback before the apple harvest, which is not likely. Last year the crop was 26,000,000 and 35,000,000 in 1912.

Last year eating apples sold on the fruit stands of the city at 5 cents each and good cooking apples were scarce at \$1.60 a bushel, while choice fruit was priced from \$2.50 a bushel up. In the early winter of last year apples by the barrel were quoted at from \$4 up.

Will the prices of apples this year correspond with the size of the crop, or in proportion to the prices and size of the crop last year? If they do, good apples should sell at \$2 a barrel and cooking apples at from 50 to 75 cents a bushel, according to grade.

The writer of an article in the Illinois State Register remembers distinctly when apples in Sangamon county, of the belleflower, pippin, greening, baldwin and other varieties equally as good, sold for 25 cents a bushel, delivered in the consumer's cellar. Of course orchards are not as plentiful and productive in Sangamon county as they were 35 years ago and farmers are not as willing to haul the fruit to town and deliver it as they once were.

Many of them will let their crops go to waste or feed them to cattle and hogs rather than to haul them in and sell them at a low price. So we may not expect to buy apples at as low prices as 20 or 25 years ago.

Another thing that may affect the prices of apples to increase them is the cold storage process of preserving fruit. This enables speculators to manipulate the markets. This process is used nowadays to increase the prices of nearly every perishable commodity to the consumer. It will probably be used on the bumper apple crop of this year. The producers will have to sell to the speculator at a low price and the speculator will sell to the retailer and the retailer to the consumer at as high a price as the market will bear.

But, with all that, says the Register, if the bumper crop now in prospect materializes, the price by the barrel to the consumer should not exceed \$2.50 to \$2.75. With plenty of apples at reasonable prices, the housekeeper can make up the scarcity of summer fruits by supplying her table with apple sauce and apple pie enough to keep the family from grumbling.

FICKLE BEDFELLOWS.

In the history of Europe during the past century nothing is more curious than the easy way in which national alliances have been made, broken, made again, and changed as dynamic, economic and racial reasons have demanded. Here are a few of these political transformations:

In 1815 Russia, Prussia, England and Austria combined against France and crushed the power of Napoleon forever.

In 1849, when revolution in Hungary threatened the house of Hapsburg in Austria, Russia intervened, and by force of arms placed the present emperor, Francis Joseph, firmly upon his throne.

In 1855-6 England, France, Austria and Italy allied themselves with the Turks against Russia in the Crimean war.

In 1859 France defeated Austria in Italy and gave a great impetus to the unification of Italy.

In 1866 Prussia gave its present ally, Austria, a fearful beating at Sadowa, and forced it out of first place in the Germanic confederation.

In 1870 Prussia inflicted upon France the defeat, with accompanying loss of territory, that has been the cause of Europe's unrest ever since.

In 1877 Russia defeated the Turks decisively, but was cheated out of the rightful fruits of her victory by a combination of the other powers in the treaty of Berlin.

Old enemies and friendships are now forgotten, and Italy, which detests both Austria and Germany, is united with them in the triple alliance, while those old-time enemies, England and Russia, are allied with France in the triple entente.

What will be the next switch? Events of the next few days may bring it about quicker than one could have supposed.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10.—The necessity for congress to pass an emergency bill permitting American registry for foreign built ships in order to carry American commerce now that war in Europe has demoralized the shipping of the world, has absolutely clinched the long contention of Andrew Furuseth, legislative agent of the International Seamen's Union that wages and nothing else is the real secret of the United States' lack of a merchant marine.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

American owned vessels must pay American wages to their sailors. Therefore American capitalists investing in ships, register them under foreign flags in order to pay the European and Asiatic scales of wages.

The contention of Furuseth is proven by the very fact that America finds herself in the present difficulty in the matter of providing ships for our commerce. The Underwood-Simmons tariff provides for the free entry under certain conditions of foreign-built vessels bought by Americans for American registry. The old contention had been that the heavy cost of ship construction in this country prevented an American merchant marine. Yet in

POTATO HILL PHILOSOPHY

The education of many people, in spite of our boasted free educational system, amounts to no more than ability to read and mispronounce many of the words.

A "good talking to" never does a man any good. Good advice a man looks upon as "butting in" or criticism.

Extravagance in thought is as bad as extravagance in living expenses.

No man can diet if his women folks love him; they are continually saying this or that will not hurt him; and the result is that he eats more than ever.

Business shrewdness is so often business meanness.

Age comes on as imperceptibly as a cake of soap disappears; but finally the cake of soap disappears.

How objectionable and disagreeable many good people are!

Let a gentleman bulldog and a

spite of the free-listing of vessels, at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe the United States found herself without merchant vessels. No one had taken advantage of the free list provision.

Wages is the real bar to a merchant marine, says Furuseth. The way to remedy it, it is declared, is to pass the seamen's bill, which abolishes arrest for desertion of sailors. This, he says, would raise the world's sailors' wages to the American standard, and there would no longer be any reason why American vessel owners should register their ships under foreign flags.

As the result of the war a new branch of healing—the cure of cancer with radium—finds itself seriously hampered. Germany is the largest refiner of radium from ores of any country, and the American hospitals and doctors have been relying upon Germany to supply this new precious and wonderful healing agency. The war has absolutely stopped the export of radium from Germany, and there is sure to be a radium shortage throughout the earth. At the moment hope is held out to cancer victims it is snatched away by the war god.

The result is an agitation in Washington for a government-owned radium plant. America is the largest producer of radium-producing ores, and there is no reason why the government should not undertake the extraction of the wonderful commodity. It will be impossible to ship any more radium ore to Germany for possibly many months. Representative Foster of Illinois has a bill providing for government manufacture of radium, and house members are urging that it be passed as an emergency measure.

lady rabbit associate closely, and in a few months the rabbit will be bossing the bulldog, if the bulldog happens to be at all amiable.

When a man has no sense and no luck he's bad off.

When a man is henpecked one of his first duties is to tell everybody that he isn't.

We all overshoot the enemy because the officers are constantly shouting: "Aim high!" There hasn't been a man shot in the legs in years except by accident.

Every man with small feet is excessively proud of them; the proudest man I ever knew could wear his wife's shoes.

Anarchy and revolution means the success of the biggest bullies; law and order mean justice for the weak.

Most lives are so uneventful that breakfast a quarter of an hour earlier or later is talked about.—Ed Howe's Monthly.

HEALTH TALKS William Brady, M.D. Experimenting on the Baby.

Nowadays we hear loud protests against the inhumanity of medical fakers who cut up guinea-pigs and white rats in laboratories for the purpose of experimental research, to produce new cures for old and heretofore incurable diseases. But do we hear any passionate voices raised against the widespread practice of baby baiting? No, not a peep. And why not? Because, dear friends, there's millions in it.

Who performs these experiments on babies? Parents, relatives, friends, neighbors, manufacturers of sweet and pretty dope, and discoverers of unique methods of non-medical treatment delights in trying their ideas out on the baby. Rarely indeed does a baby offer insuperable objections to the experiment, so long as he understands it is being done for the entertainment and delectation of the on-lookers and the enrichment of the baby medicine manufacturer.

The Treacherous Pure Food and Drugs Act Guarantee.

Our benevolent government through the law known as the pure food and drugs act is accessory before the fact, or rather accomplice, in many a ruthless murder consummated with "guaranteed" medicine. Zealous for the interest of the dope seller, congress foisted a treacherous law upon the public permitting these dangerous experiments to be carried on under government auspices. For instance, the compound syrup of white pine you buy from any druggist contains morphine—a deadly poison for a baby. Yet the label reads: "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906." Which guarantee means what? Why, simply that the morphine is present in standard quantity, as stated on the label. And so it goes throughout the entire series of so-called "harmless" medicines—cough syrups, soothing syrups, headache powders and all the rest—each "guaranteed" to contain the dangerous poison mentioned on the label.

Give the baby a dose or two of a "guaranteed" cough syrup. Presently he will seem quiet and drowsy. Repeat the dose according to directions. He will breathe a little more slowly. Keep on with the experiment. In a little while you will notice that he is breathing still more slowly, and if your dope is sufficiently loaded with the never-wanting narcotic the baby

will ultimately forget to breathe at all. Curious, isn't it? And the United States government permits such medicine to be "guaranteed"! And the man who makes the stuff, and the man who sells it, declares it is harmless! It is very curious.

My wish would let the guinea-pigs and white rats go hang and take a hand in defense of the poor, helpless, little babies.

Questions and Answers.

Kindergarten inquiries: What is the average duration of chronic Bright's disease? Reply. This varies so much that an average is hard to determine. Many cases are under observation for 10 years. Others for 20 years. And some for only a year or two.

Mrs. J. H. S. writes: My sister has a recurring cancer of the breast following operation. Surgeons all say she cannot again have an operation. A woman agent of the Viavi company here declares she can cure her if we will pay for a course of treatment. Can you give me any information about this remedy? Reply. Yes, it is a plain, every day patent medicine fake. I state this on personal and professional experience. Do not bolster up your sister's hopes with such a cruel deception. The "cancers" of this nostrum purports to "cure" are not cancers, but merely temporary functional troubles which any doctor can relieve more promptly and at normal cost.

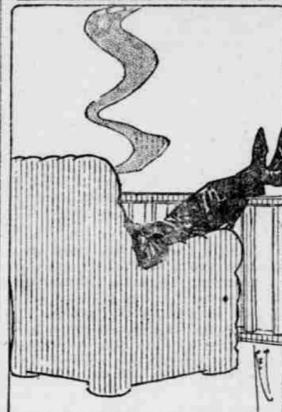
Geo. D. R. writes: Which side should one sleep on? Reply. Whichever of your four sides you prefer. There is no reason for partiality.

Plain Mother asks: Is it necessary to have a child's temporary teeth filled when they become decayed? Reply. Certainly. A child deserves at least as good hygiene as an adult.

T. E. inquires: Are brunettes more susceptible to tuberculosis than blondes? Reply. Yes—racially and individually.

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND

A Modest Wish



I do not yearn to own the earth; I long not for the envy of the toiling throng; My wants are few and modest; all I ask is freedom from the necessary task; A cottage of, say, fifteen rooms, or more, Upon some pleasing hillside, looking over A verdant valley with a winding brook, And peace wherever I may care to look.

I do not ask for much; a sloping lawn Begemmed with gleaming dew drops at the dawn; A gray garage, a rakish-looking car, A city's towers shimmering afar; A spacious porch with vines to furnish shade; A dearly loved one in white gauze arrayed To rub her graceful fingers through my hair, As peacefully I linger dreaming there.

I do not covet what the greedy crave, He that would gain it all is but a slave; An income of ten thousand yearly, say, For which I will not need to toil away; My peaceful herds and flocks on grassy slopes, Sweet freedom from the pain of blasted hopes, Ice cream in the cooler; fame well won, No duty ever waiting to be done.

Mine is a modest wish, as I have shown; I would not claim the whole earth as my own; I have no longings such as fools retain Who crush their brothers for a little gain; Let me have peace far from the money-mad, With one whose youthful beauty makes me glad To rub her soft, slim fingers through my hair, When I am pleased to linger dreaming there.

Will you let him keep that? "John." "Yes, dear." "Would you be willing to give up everything in the world for me?" "That's a queer question for you to ask. How could it ever possibly be necessary for me to give up everything for you?"

"Well, would you?" "Do you mean my family, my clubs, my friends, my position, my—?" "Oh, no, not your position—everything else but that."

He Had It All. "Can you give me any information concerning the population of this town?" asked the stranger who was looking for a place in which to establish a great factory.

"Mister," replied the man with the frayed trousers and the run-over shoes. "I can give you all the information there is to be given about the population of this town. I've been hangin' around the lively stable for nigh onto thutty years now."

OUT OF IT. "But," her father objected, "you have never shown that you are capable of supporting a wife."

"Oh," the young man replied, "if you want her to marry a widower I'll have to confess that I can't qualify."

Hints to the Young. You cannot make the weather warm By kicking like a steer; You cannot stop the raging storm By getting on your ear; You never can improve your case By letting gloom or spread your face And grumbling never helped to chase Away a foulish fear.

You cannot make your spirit clean By delving into slime; You cannot make a hateful scene, By fretting, seem sublime; It never helps to sit and bawl About your bruises when you fall; To butt your head against a wall Is but a waste of time.

Discouraged. "What's the matter with Bardsleigh? He looks discouraged." "He worked for three years on what he thought was going to be a luminous poem. The critics are publishing their reviews of it under the head of 'Light Verse.'"

Regret. "O mamma, I saw daddy today, and he was with a very beautiful lady, who was holding to his arm." "Dear me! I wish I had asked for twice as much alimony as I did."

Customs statistics show the people of this country are the most ardent admirers of diamonds in the world says the Chicago Journal. Not only are they the largest importers of the gems, but they own practically one-half of the entire diamond supply of the world.

The Daily Story

A Home in America—By Margaret C. Devereaux.

Copyrighted, 1914, by an Associated Literary Bureau.

Jean Stahren and Elsa Vogan lived on adjoining farms on the western coast of Norway. Neither had any brothers or sisters; consequently they were constant playmates, for there were no other children within a couple of miles. Since the country was rocky and not very productive their parents were very poor. But neither Jean nor Elsa had ever known luxuries, and what we do not know of we do not covet. Besides, there is an unconsciousness of deprivation in childhood, and so long as children have enough to eat, though of the plainest food, and enough clothing to keep them warm they are content.

But there came a time with Jean when he began to think of his future. This was when he was seventeen years old. One day, standing with Elsa on a high ridge overlooking the Atlantic ocean, he said to her:

"Elsa, it will not satisfy me to remain here with father and mother to work this little farm. There is barely enough for them to be made out of it, and I feel that I must go out into the world to make something for myself."

A frightened look came to Elsa's face. This was the first intimation she had that she and Jean would not live near each other always as they had lived.

"Where would you go, Jean?" she asked.

"If one sails westward from here in a few days he will reach some islands called Britain. They have a king there, as you have here, and nobles, but I understand that the people are active, and there are opportunities for poor men to make a good living. But if one continues on southwestward he will come to a great continent called America. The people there have no king, no nobles. All are on the same level so far as the law is concerned. To that land people of small means from all nations are flocking. There is plenty of land there which is very rich, and great factories where people work, and those who are skilled receive wages that are unheard of here in Norway. I am thinking of going to America to join in the battle for fortune."

"But, Jean," cried the girl, "you are not skilled at any work, and in no country are farms given away. Having no trade and no money to buy a farm, what will you do to earn a living? And where will you get money to pay your way?"

"I am now of a proper age to learn a trade, and as to the means for the journey I shall work my passage. I shall go on a ship to Hamburg, for which I have the money. There, I understand, there are great vessels sailing to America. They need many men to wait on the passengers, and it will not be difficult for me to secure one of these places."

"How did you learn all this?" "Lars Olsen told me; he has been to Hamburg."

Elsa was looking out to the westward, and Jean saw tears gathering in her eyes. He put his arms about her and kissed her. The boundary between childhood and youth had been passed. From that moment they were lovers, though they were still unconscious of the change.

"Don't cry, Elsa," said Jean. "When I have become a skilled workman I will send for you to come over the sea and be with me."

"How could I go over there and be with you, Jean? That would not be right."

"But I will then be a man and you a woman; we can be married."

This ingenious proposal did not seem to give comfort to Elsa. She said that it would be a long while before Jean could secure for her, and even then she could not leave her father and mother, who were every day becoming more dependent upon her. This made Jean feel ashamed, for he knew that he, too, was needed at home. But Jean looked further into the future than Elsa and had more resolution to break the barriers between him and success. Besides, he looked forward to the day when, having become a skilled laborer, he could earn more than he needed for himself and could send money to his parents.

It was a sad day for all when Jean departed. His mother begged him to stay, but his father approved of his going.

"Goodby, my son," he said. "I have heard of that great country beyond the sea where the people are the government and where the workingman must be educated for what he does the same as the lawyer, the doctor and the priest. And they tell me that when he learns his trade he is protected by the trade unions against the competition of those who are unskilled. Go, and God grant that you may prosper."

Elsa went a part way on the road with Jean and when they parted surprised him by encouraging him instead of giving way to weeping.

"It will not seem long, dear Jean, before you will be building houses or railroads or ships, and every day you will earn more than you need, so that you can send money to your father and mother to buy them comforts they sorely need in their old age."

"But I shall not be satisfied, sweetheart, till I have earned no, only enough for that, but to send for you to come to me."

Nevertheless they had no sooner passed away from each other than Jean's eyes became moist, and Elsa broke down and sobbed as though her heart would break.

An ocean liner came sailing down the coast and, entering the lower bay of New York, made its way up toward Ellis Island, where emigrants must prove that they come within the laws governing their admission to the United States of America. Among those who were transferred from the vessel to the island was a young wo-

man, who gave her name as Elsa Vogan and her age as twenty-two. She stepped from the lighter that bore her to the dock and looked about her as if expecting some one to meet her, but seeing no one she knew, her expression of expectancy changed to one of disappointment. Passengers were emigrants present their claims for admission, Elsa was brought before an official for examination.

"What means have you?" he asked. "Only a few silver coins left over after paying for my passage."

"How do you expect to live here in America?"

"I came over here to be married, I expected to meet at the dock when I landed the man who will marry me, but he did not appear."

The official asked the man's name and where he lived. Elsa told him that his name was Jean Stahren and that he was an ironworker in Pennsylvania, but what place in Pennsylvania she could not tell him.

Elsa was told that she might remain on the island for a few days, but if at the end of that time her lover did not appear she must be sent back to Hamburg, whence she had sailed. This was a terrible blow to the poor girl, for she knew that there was some reason why Jean had not met her, which might not be corrected within so short a time.

Fortunately it was summer, the end of August, and Ellis Island, surrounded as it is by water, was not a disagreeable place to wait. Elsa gazed out over the bay, wondering at the gigantic statue of Liberty, at the skyscrapers of lower New York, and at Castle Williams on Governors Island. A day passed, and Jean did not appear. Another day went by and still there were no tidings of him. The third day was Sunday, the 1st of September. Elsa was called before one of the immigration officials and informed that a steamer would sail for Hamburg the next day and if she could not satisfy the authorities that she would not be a burden on the United States before that time she would be sent back to Germany, whence she came.

Elsa was in agony. Jean had sent her the money for her passage at the same time telling her to write him the name of the steamer on which she would sail, promising to meet her on the dock when the ship arrived. She had written him the name of the steamer, but not being versed in the ways of the world, had not mentioned the date of its arrival, though she had said that she expected to sail about the last of August. And now, after having waited seven years to be united to Jean and having come all the way across the Atlantic ocean for the purpose, she must go back to Hamburg.

That Sunday was a sultry afternoon, and Elsa in order to get cool sat on the dock gloomily looking out over the waters of the bay. She saw a little steamer leave New York and make for the island. Boats were coming often, and she had looked when each had arrived for Jean. But now she had given up hope. When the boat reached the dock she scarcely noticed those who came ashore. But a man passed near her, stopped and looked at her scrutinizingly.

"Elsa!" he exclaimed.

She arose and for a moment did not recognize Jean, for he wore a full beard.

"Oh, Jean!" she cried. "Why have you not come before?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days."

"I supposed you would come on the steamer that is telegraphed to be here presently."

Elsa had little education, and she had written the name of the ship on which she would sail so badly that Jean could not read it. He had therefore judged of the time of her arrival from the date she gave and consequently fell between two steamers. But he wasted few words in explanation.

"Come, Elsa," he said. "We must be married at once, go to New York and leave for my home in Pennsylvania on a night train. Tomorrow will be Labor Day, and I am at the head of the committee of arrangements for my union and have much to do."

So Jean and Elsa were married on the island and left there at once. It was past midnight when they reached their home, a cottage near a steel works where Jean was employed. Though it was late, Elsa found time to admire the cozy home that Jean had prepared for her.

The first day Elsa spent in America was Labor Day, and though she saw little of her husband she saw one of the most important celebrations of the new world.

Jean Stahren became a master mechanic, and, having a wife who was a good manager, they sent monthly remittances to the old folks in Norway and after awhile made them a visit. But by this time they took with them several children to introduce to their grandparents.

Aug. 12 in American History.

1842—End of the Seminole war, a contest waged for seven years by the United States government against the Seminole Indians in Florida. The government was victorious. 1849—Albert Gallatin, statesman and financier, died, born 1781. 1891—James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, scholar and diplomatist, died; born 1819. 1911—Bennington, Vt., celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a town. All the news all the time—The Argus.