

THE ARGUS.

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Thursday, October 17, 1912.

We will win with Wilson.

Wilson will win—win with Wilson.

Have you paid your dollar to the Wilson campaign fund?

Hear the next vice president of the United States on Market Square tonight.

Hurray for Boston, the town of the old tea party and the modern home of the glorious red hose.

Another thing which shows 1912 is going along nicely is that it surely will be a bumper year for campaign lies.

Now is the time for the administration to ascertain whether or not there are enough life-boats on the ship of state.

Chicago has founded a magazine which will be devoted entirely to poetry. Chicago poetry ought to make interesting reading.

A scientist says that the average American wastes 15 years of his life. But then there is a lot of fun in a political campaign.

Wizard Burbank has produced some queer results in horticulture but he isn't responsible for what the women are carrying around on their hats.

Canned goods, according to a member of the Illinois Wholesale Grocers association, are the cheapest form of food. Perhaps, providing they are food.

Won't the cost of living ever stop going up? The war started by the Balkan states threatens to increase the price of star of roses and Turkish cigarettes.

It is up to the tax payers of Rock Island county to say whether they desire to tax themselves \$6,000 to elevate County Judge R. W. Olmsted to the circuit bench.

One of the hearty laughs in the news report of Dick Yates' speech in the Illinois district, and can also vote for Messrs. Stringer and Williams to represent the Fourteenth district.

LAWRENCE H. STRINGER AND ELZA WILLIAMS. Do not forget to vote for those two stalwart democrats who are running for congressmen-at-large on the democratic ticket—Judge Lawrence H. Stringer of Lincoln, and the Hon. Elza Williams of Pittsfield.

Why is it that the cause of high prices is such a puzzle? Why is it necessary to have a commission to investigate and report on the causes of the rise of prices as recommended by President Taft? Sufficient data is already at hand for all practical purposes. The period between 1909 and 1912—the same period of high prices—has been marked by a great increase in the annual production of gold—the increase being nearly four times what it was prior to 1909. In the last 12 years (1900 to 1912) the total aggregate production exceeds that of the 35 years from 1861 to 1896. This period is also a period of high tariffs. The Dingley bill, enacted in 1897, was in force until Aug. 4, 1909, when the Aldrich bill went into effect. The duties under these bills averaged nearly 50 per cent. It is in the past 12 years also that we have witnessed a phenomenal growth of the trusts. During this period prices have risen by leaps and bounds and they have risen faster in countries with high tariffs than in free trade countries and highest of all where tariffs and private monopolies have flourished. Bradstreet estimates the rise of prices of the necessities of life as follows between 1897 and 1910: In England 28 per cent. In Germany 43 per cent. In United States 53.35 per cent.

The bulletin of the department of commerce and labor issued by our government, estimates the rise in wholesale prices between 1897 and 1910 at 46.7 per cent and the rise in retail prices was still greater. Byron W. Holt estimates that prices increased during this period 60 per cent.

The last report of the federal bureau of commerce and labor shows that prices are still soaring and that retail prices of many necessities in the last 15 years have nearly doubled. Thus we note: (1)—That there is a world rise of prices of some 25 per cent on account of the increased production of gold. (2)—That high protective tariffs raise prices. Prices are 15 per cent

er and in harmony for the one great aim—democratic success—Rock Island county should make a great showing for the whole democratic ticket in the November elections.

THE JUNKYARDS AND THEIR PLACE.

The junk yard like anything else should have its place in a city. In the light that it is in a sense a necessary evil, it should not be allowed in the business or residence section. It is of necessity unsightly, and should not be permitted to mar the appearance of the prominent localities. Even when surrounded by high board fences junk yards are unsightly.

There exists in Rock Island a difference of opinion as to the propriety of permitting the Brady junk yard to be planted immediately off the business district, a block distant from Spencer square and directly opposite the Industrial home building, and in what is to be the future wholesale district of the city, regardless of what it is today.

People who protest against the location of junk yards in the immediate proximity to their homes or places of business are not to be blamed. The effect is degrading and undesirable. There should be some place removed from either the business or residence district and where there is less legitimate reason for complaint.

ATTEMPTING TO MAKE CAPITAL OUT OF A CRIME.

No greater outrage could be perpetrated upon the American people than an attempt to make capital out of a crime. Nevertheless, we see in the Chicago Record-Herald of yesterday in connection with the political effect of the dastardly attempt on the life of Theodore Roosevelt, the following: "While deeply deploring the attempt made upon Colonel Roosevelt's life, progressives made no effort to conceal their elation over what they believe will be the effect of the shooting."

It seems difficult to believe that any true friend of Colonel Roosevelt could get any satisfaction, much less elation, out of an attempt to shoot him down—to rob him of his life. It is the cheapest kind of politics on the part of any of the progressives to see, or imagine they see, an advantage or an opportunity for capital in the tragedy that has overtaken their leader, much less to gloat over the fact.

And, too, comes the statement of Senator Joseph M. Dixon in effect that the attitude of unfriendly newspapers toward the progressive party was responsible for the Milwaukee shooting. Another bit of peanut politics is this, for which Senator Dixon should be heartily ashamed. Well may the supporters of both Governor Wilson and President Taft feel incensed, as the Record-Herald says in the same connection, at such an interpretation of the motive and cause of the damnable act of the Milwaukee fanatic.

Under the shadow of what has happened, one pauses to discuss just now to what extent Colonel Roosevelt has been capable of dealing with his opponents, and it is on this account that democrats as well as republicans feel the outrage that has been heaped upon him in connection with a most deplorable incident and at a time when they are restrained from defending themselves as they could otherwise.

A party that would seek to make capital out of such an unhappy affair, involving the life of its leader, when the people with one accord condemn the crime regardless of its effect, deserves rebuke and defeat.

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A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS Edna K. Woley



A WORD ABOUT THE SHOP GIRL.

A certain brave little business girl writes me taking exception to the published remark of a society girl who was being interviewed by a newspaper reporter.

It seems that there had been parental objection or some sort of hitch in the society girl's love affair, but in spite of all obstacles the engagement was recently announced. The families of the young folks being prominent socially and commercially, it was naturally a matter of interest to the newspapers, for a newspaper is really a sort of licensed gossip for the community, and no matter how much the newspaper is abused, the fact remains that nobody would do without it and none would have it a whit less gossip.

A newspaper reporter called upon the bride-to-be for information concerning the wedding, etc.; also concerning the even more interesting matter of obstacles overcome. The reporter's first polite questions were parried. Finally he timidly inquired: "Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"How perfectly ridiculous!" the newly affianced young woman is said to have exclaimed. "How absurd!" Just like a \$6-a-week shop girl!

Now my business girl correspondent takes exception to the society girl's reported remark, in this way: "I wish I could write something about the narrow-mindedness of that girl, I believe, if the truth were known, she is not capable of holding down a \$6-a-week job. I have as much education as she has, and I am in business for myself. But I do not think that girls who are struggling for a living or who did not have the chance of good schooling, should be compelled to take talk from anyone like that. I think the girl who said that is simply foolish, but there ought to be some way of showing such girls how wrong and unkind they are."

It does seem to be odd that because one girl is fortunately placed—and that not through any particular merit of her own—she should feel herself so superior to those whose benefits are less and who must struggle for a livelihood. The shop girl's emotions are just as sacred to her as are those of the higher bred girl's; her love affair is as sweet and tender, her lover as well worth loving, and her inner life as beautiful even though to outward view it must present many sordid details.

The average shop girl is as modest, as reluctant to have her private life and sentiments probed as any society girl of high degree. In fact, if the same percentage of shop girls sought notoriety as eagerly as those in the various ranks of upper-tendom, there might be more justification in accusing the former of lack of refinement.

Humor and Philosophy BY DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WE shouldn't mind the trusts so much if we owned one ourselves, but it is having to help support the other fellows that peeves us.

Some girls are born pretty. Others have the sense to select rich fathers.

Lots of girls who were cut out for good housewives are spoiled in the making.

The small boy who doesn't care for a circus parade is going to grow up to be a captain of industry or a missionary.

There is one thing about the south sea islander—he doesn't have to worry about the price of coal.

The industry that hasn't had a congressional investigation certainly needs advertising.

A county fair without a white taffy and pink lemonade stand has fallen from the glory established by its predecessors.

Don't let your wife get the best of you. She will do it often enough without your permission.

Some persons' consciences must be of celluloid, they are so easily kept clean.

Lucky Kid. My pa he handles popcorn balls, And he sells peanuts, too. And lots of other things like that. That make you want to chew. And sometimes I can go along. And help him walk on trade. Especially if it's a time. He's selling lemonade.

My pa he fills his basket up, And he gives everywhore. When other people have to pay. He walks right in the fair. Sometimes he lets me go along. The afternoon he just grin. And say when pa says, "That's my kid," "Just take him right on in."

My pa he has a lot of friends, For everywhore he goes. It seems that every one he meets Is some one that he knows. They chat with him a little while. And then he always says, "I guess I'll take some peanuts or A ball of corn today."

I'm awful sorry for the kids Whose fathers work in banks Or blacksmith shops or offices Or where they fill the tanks. They never get to go along. They must feel mighty bad. But I can go most anywhere, Because I help my dad.

It is Always Done. "Come, now, folks, confess," "Confess what?" "That there's no advantage in living in a city."

"The idea! Of course there is." "What is it?" "Well, one of the advantages is that you can always take your friends from the country down and show them the electric street signs."

Hard on Brown. "Brown has sold that auto of his." "Yes, and also sold the man who bought it, I should say."

"Do you suppose he can collect on both autos?" "Not if the buyer discovers the second sale before he settles for the first."

The Only Way. "Brinks looks downhearted this morning."

"He has just found out that he must marry."

"Marry? Brinks?" "Why, how is that?"

"His father gave him notice this morning that he would no longer support him."

Needs Assistance. "Black has a terrible temper."

"So I have heard."

"It seems as though he can't control it."

"I have noticed that it always takes a bigger man than he is to control it for him."

Found His Place. "You know that old tightwad Jenks?"

"Sure."

"Well, he goes to the theater now regularly once a week."

"Yes, a moving picture show."

Evidence. "Seen Mrs. Gayboy lately?"

"No, why?"

"She has a new Paris gown and a new diamond bracelet."

"Now what indiscretion has Gay-boy been committing?"

In the Hothouse. 'Twas the last rose of summer Left blooming alone. All its lovely companions Were faded and gone. But off in the hothouse, From chill safety shut, From chill safety shut, The first rose of winter Had company to cut.

A Little One. Fligg—Talk about your green servant girls. My wife told ours to put a little nutmeg in the mustard she was making this afternoon. Fogg—And did she do it? Fligg—Oh, yes; she put a little nutmeg in, all right. I came near choking over the blamed thing.—Boston Transcript.

The Argus Daily Story

Ute John—By Millard Maltbie.

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A man riding on horseback over that region lying west of the Missouri river called "the plains," with a curly-headed boy about three years old before him, coming to an Indian village dismounted and carrying the child to the chief said to him:

"I'd like you to take this little fellow and bring him up as an Indian. And be sure he stays an Indian. Here's enough money to buy firewater with to last you a long while. Is it a bargain?"

The chief told the visitor that he would take the boy, but would make better use of the money than to spend it for firewater. Then the man rode away, muttering to himself: "Reckon that youngster's pretty well lost. He's too young to know who he is, and if he ever joins the whites they can't find out who he is neither. Lucky I caught sight of this thing," taking a gold locket and chain from his pocket; "it might have identified him." He opened the locket and found its contents a tiny lock of auburn hair. Three letters were cut inside the locket—M. E. W.

That would have been a dead give away," he continued, "and if I hadn't caught a glimpse of the chain I'd never have seen the locket."

The chief with whom he had made the bargain turned the child over to his squaw, who proceeded to take off the fine linen in which he was clothed with a view to putting them away for future use, while the boy was to run about naked. She was admitting an undergarment edged with lace when her eye caught sight of some letters embroidered upon it. She did not know what they meant, but had a glimmering in her stupid brain that the clothes bearing the hieroglyphics might be of some value at some future time.

As the child grew older it was found that "Papoose" would not suffice for

of a white citizen of the United States. He desired to go to college, but this was not to be considered unless he paid his own way. It was then that the idea of trying to discover his identity, which had often occurred to him, took a firm hold, and spreading his baby clothes, which he had carefully preserved, on a table before him he proceeded to examine them and to think. He was at once struck with the fine texture of their fabric and with the fact that the child who had worn them must have been born of parents among the upper classes. And he now realized for the first time the letters (C. L. W.) embroidered on them must be the initials of his own name. He regretted that he had kept the secret of these clothes, for he now knew that if he had given them to those interested in him they might by this time have discovered his identity.

He was now sufficiently developed to act intelligently. He took the clothes to an attorney to whom he told the story given him by his squaw foster mother of his introduction to the Ute Indians; namely, that he had been brought to the chief by a white man who had paid the former to keep him and not let him get back to civilization. The lawyer agreed to open an investigation at his own expense by advertising the story in a number of newspapers.

Since nothing came of the advertisement, John entered college resolved to pay his way by attaining scholarships and earning money by work. He had finished his first year of study when the lawyer who had taken his case sent for him and told him that he had heard from the advertisement, which he had kept inserting from time to time. A man named Markland had replied to it, saying that he had long been seeking a child who had been stolen about the time John was taken to the Indians. This person had called at the attorney's office and when he saw the baby clothes marked C. L. W. at once exclaimed:

"Found!" He told the following story: Cuthbert Whitridge, a wealthy gentleman, and his wife for years after their marriage had no child. Then a son was born to them whom they named Charles Louis. Mrs. Whitridge died when the boy was not quite three years old and shortly after her death the boy disappeared. Every effort was made to trace him without avail. Since no demand for ransom was made it was supposed that the child had either fallen to his death or been taken by gypsies who had adopted him. His father, Cuthbert Whitridge, had made a will naming Edward Markland executor, leaving his property to his son provided he appeared to claim it within twenty years. After that it was to go to the testator's brother. This brother, Ambrose Whitridge, after Cuthbert's death, had striven to break the will to secure the property, maintaining a legal contest for fifteen years, but meeting repeated defeats. The suit had been expensive to defend, but the estate was very valuable.

Ute John, or Charles Louis Whitridge, finding himself heir to a fortune, learned his sweetheart's address and wrote her of his changed condition. He and his counsel believed that his uncle had stolen or employed some one to steal him when a child and take him west and lose him among the Indians. Louis Whitridge being desirous to punish his uncle, if guilty, after consultation with his counsel, employed a detective to endeavor to get evidence against him. This was also necessary since the uncle would not acknowledge him as heir to his property. The detective hired a housemaid to admit him to the premises when her master was away, and he found in a desk a letter containing a lock of the father's hair, signed "The job is done—send me the balance." No name was signed to the letter. The lock contained a lock of auburn hair, and the letters M. E. W. were engraved within it. Louis' mother's hair was the exact color of this lock and her name was Mary Elizabeth.

In this discovery there was evidence to show that Ambrose Whitridge had been instrumental in the abduction of the child who stood between him and a fortune and had hired a man to lose him to the world. Louis, acting on the advice of his lawyer, invited his uncle to meet him for a conference in the attorney's office for the purpose of a compromise. When Ambrose Whitridge arrived he learned that the compromise intended was his signing off all claim to the disputed property or being prosecuted criminally for abduction. He chose the former.

Before returning to college Louis Whitridge visited the military station where Captain—now Lieutenant Colonel—Trowbridge served and met his sweetheart, whom he had not seen for several years. Since the girl had remained constant to her "Ute John," the meeting was a happy one. She consented to John's applying to her father for her, and his consent was granted on condition that the pair visit ill Edith came of age and Louis had been graduated from college.

1711—The general court of Massachusetts unanimously reversed the attainder of all executed for witchcraft nineteen years before, declared it a vile delusion and ordered an indemnity paid to the surviving sufferers.

1777—Surrender of General Burgoyne's army (British) to General Horatio Gates (Colonial) at Saratoga. Gates took 5,763 prisoners, including six members of the British parliament.

1898—United States troops took formal possession of Porto Rico.



THE CHIEF TOLD THE VISITOR THAT HE WOULD TAKE THE BOY.

his name and one was given him that the Indians had heard of often among white men than any other—John. John grew among the tribe to be fourteen years old, being a manly boy, was adopted by the chief and named after his successor. He was now old enough to know the difference between a white skin and a red skin and that the chief and his squaw were not his father and mother. Then the squaw one day showed him his baby clothes and told him a white man had brought him to the tribe.

The boy was not surprised. Indeed, for some time the instincts of his race had been having this effect, and he felt that he should have a place among the whites.

It was not long after this that the Indians broke loose from their reservation and in a fight with United States troops were defeated and John was captured with the Indians. When all were released the boy wished to go with them, but the officer in command questioned him and, learning the circumstances of his introduction among the Indians, persuaded him to remain with his own race.

At this time John knew not a word of any language except that of the tribe to which he belonged—the Ute—and was questioned through an interpreter. He possessed all the reticence of an Indian, having been brought up in that school, and very little was gained from him. When his squaw foster mother learned that he was to remain with his own people she sent him his baby clothes. They made but a small parcel and when given to John attracted no attention. He put them away without saying anything about them.

Edith Trowbridge, the daughter of one of the captains serving at the fort, was a black-eyed little girl of twelve. Notwithstanding the fact that Ute John had been brought up as a son of the forest, his skin was fairer than Edith's, and while her hair was like the raven, his was like the robin. The two were permitted to be companionable for some two years, when one of those periodic changes which are a part of army routine came about. The command was transferred to a station in the middle west. The colonel had meanwhile been considering what to do with John, and the officers of his command, who considered the boy their protege, made up a purse to give him a couple of years' schooling, the colonel heading the subscription.

Before parting with Edith Trowbridge she and John had a boy and a girl lovers' interview, which was especially painful to both and would probably have been painful to Edith's parents had they known anything about it. John never told of it himself, and as for the girl, being still a child, she was not likely to confess a childish love.

When Ute John had had a couple of years' schooling—he proved an apt scholar—he was old enough to think for himself and a career in the line

CURRENT COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Cordova, Ill., Oct. 16.—Nothing in the history of American tariff making so thoroughly demonstrated the fallacy of the high protection principle as the testimony of the Lawrence, (Mass.) strikers before the House rules committee.

The woolen trust is the especial pet of the high protectionists. In order that this trust may enjoy immunity from foreign competition, every man, woman and child in the country pays tribute. All along this trust has said: "We must have a high tariff in order to protect our workmen. We can't pay American wages if we have to compete with the cheap labor of Europe."

The rules committee of the house summoned some of the strikers to Washington, and in the same room where Carnegie and Perkins told how they juggled millions, this committee heard fathers, mothers and children tell how whole families were forced to live on \$5 and \$6 a week paid by the highly protected woolen trust. The witnesses told how they were forced to work 10 hours a day, how they had to go into mills at an early age in order to keep the family from actual starvation, and how the constant demand of the mill owners was for more and more speed.

SIGHT OF MILL CHILDREN.

In the committee room sat some higher in Germany under Germany's protective tariff than in England under free trade.

(3)—That trusts raise prices. Nowhere have trade combinations been able to establish monopoly prices as in the United States and it is here that prices soar most.

In the light of these facts we can readily understand why prices are 15 per cent higher in Germany than in England and 32 per cent higher in the United States than in England.

We also see that less than one-half of the rise in prices is due to the increased production of gold and the balance is caused by the tariffs and the trusts.

The rise in prices caused by the increased volume of money and credit is wholesome because all share in the benefit. The rise caused by the tariff and the trusts is vicious because only a few share in the benefit. It is the abnormal, artificial, rise in prices that hurts and is causing the loud complaints of the cost of living.

To reduce the high cost of living to a natural level we must lower the tariff and free ourselves of the monopoly prices of the trusts; and, inasmuch as the tariff is the mother of trusts, by taking down the tariff wall we will not only be rid of so much of the rise in prices as comes from the protective system, but of some of the rise that comes from private monopoly.

of the mill children. They were fresh from the mills, and a mere glance at them told more than spoken volumes could tell. All had pinched faces. All were poorly dressed, some of them having only a cheap sweater in lieu of coat and overcoat. All had dull, expressionless faces, in which there was no trace of color or animation. All of them, moreover, were slightly deaf, because of their work amid the fearful clatter of the mill machinery, so that at times the committee members almost had to shout to make themselves heard.

Among them was one little Italian girl—Camilla Teoli by name—who had caught her hair in a shafting and had suffered the almost total loss of her scalp. She was unable to work for a year, during which she received not a cent in damages or compensation. When at last she was able to get out of her bed she went back into the mills at a reduced wage, because she wasn't as strong as formerly.

All the children looked worn and old, as though they had been speeded up beyond the limit of endurance.

WHAT THEY REVEALED.

These children revealed, as nothing else could reveal, that "protecting American working men" is the last thought of the woolen trust. They stood as living proof that the motive in seeking a high tariff on wool was greed.

Now that you know the truth, Mr. Reader, what are you going to do about it? If you do not know just what action to take to make your feeling in the matter effective, here is a suggestion: You can vote against the party that framed schedule K and for the party that stands pledged to reduce the tariff on woollens almost one-half.

RUSH OF THE CRESTED SEA.

Mount St. Michel's Tidal Wave One of the Sights of the World.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon people gather on the causeway that connects the islet of Mount St. Michel with the French coast to watch the coming of the tide, one of the sights of the world.

As far as the eye can reach stretches the gray sand, silent, empty. Seven miles and a half lie between the ocean and the rock. Presently a strange murmur pervades the air. It seems to come from nowhere and yet to be everywhere.

And then far on the horizon lifts a line of white. Every moment it draws nearer, and the sound in the air swells louder, and then with astonishing speed up the line of crested sea, and in a moment, where it reaches the sands, there is but a space of swirling water. And on the waves ride in the fishing boats that have gone out to sea on the tide at dawn.

Many a tragedy has been caused by the swift rush of this true tidal wave, for, save along narrow paths, the bottom of this vast, strange bay is but quicksand, and after the tide has once turned and the sound of its coming is heard no man can hope to escape its reach unless he be close indeed to the shore or the shores of the mainland.—Travel Magazine.

Oct. 17 in American History.

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