

THE ARGUS.

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Wednesday, January 22, 1913.

Woodrow Wilson will make enough people dance outside of an inaugural ball.

The next big thing in England will be the dethroning of the house of lords.

A Pennsylvanian has contracted smallpox from handling a roll of bank notes. But who's afraid?

Perhaps the sultan's government only wants to stick to Adrianople until Adrianople ceases to stick to Turkey.

Boston papers are making a great stir over the discovery of an unknissed girl. But they have not printed her picture.

Governor Hodges of Kansas began his career in a lumber yard. Probably that is where he learned to saw wood and say nothing.

The fact that the legislatures of five states have deadlocked this year in the proceedings preliminary to the election of United States senators but gives emphasis to the proposition that the direct choice of the people should govern.

The Canadian conservatives do not take kindly to the premier's proposition to build battleships to add to the "naval strength of Great Britain." If the "northern country" can't protect its offspring, the kid may take a notion to go it alone.

WHAT THE INTERURBAN DOES FOR ROCK ISLAND.

In view of the discussion that has developed every time the street car question has come up in Rock Island, of the subject of bringing the cars of the Rock Island Southern up town, it is interesting to note that a record kept by the company indicates that the Southern brings into this city an average of 200 people a day. Of this number an average of 25 a day are from Andalusia and other points on the river by way of the bus line connecting with the Southern at the new station of Wagner in Turkey Hollow.

This showing teaches a two-fold lesson; first, that the people in the south end of the county and from Mercer county have for years been waiting for the means of transportation to get into Rock Island, and, secondly, that the daily average might be easily doubled if the interurban cars were brought into the business center, thus doing away with delay and transfer at the foot of Fourth avenue.

The subject is one to which Rock Island should give attention, if it cares to afford the best possible convenience for the people of contiguous territory to come to the county seat to trade.

BURNING UP LESS WEALTH

For the last 10 years the fire losses of the United States and Canada, taking no account of the San Francisco earthquake, have averaged more than \$200,000,000 annually. In the last five years the average has been about \$225,000,000.

That was the sum estimated by the best authorities for 1912. It is based on the most accurate figures obtainable, but fire losses can never be ascertained with entire precision. In 1911 and in 1910 the loss was over \$234,000,000 each year.

It will be seen that there has been a gain, though comparatively small, and now hope exists that the tide will turn and this vast national waste will gradually be reduced to more reasonable proportions. It is a burden which the people of the United States ought not to be forced to carry.

Even a stationary fire loss would be in effect a large gain, with the population, business and prosperity of the nation increasing rapidly, and from that point of view there has been a notable improvement in the last five years. Gradually the country will reach higher and safer ground in guarding its property against fire, and the annual ash heap will become a less formidable indictment of American business methods and indifference to waste.

SCHOOL SOCIAL CENTERS.

Three hundred and thirty-eight schools in 101 cities of the United States were used as social centers during the past season, according to a report compiled by Clarence Arthur Perry for the Sage Foundation. Officials of the United States bureau of education, who have examined the report, declare that it is bound to stimulate interest in this rapidly develop-

ing phase of the movement for wider use of the school plant.

Mr. Perry finds that in 44 of the 101 cities social centers were directed by paid workers. New York had 48 such centers and Chicago 16, while Philadelphia, Boston, Columbus, Detroit, Jersey City, Louisville, Rochester and Trenton are also among the cities included in this list. There is wide variation in the length of the season, from five to six weeks in some localities to the full school term in others. In fact, little uniformity prevails as to what constitutes a social center. Mr. Perry presents in the report a tentative definition of a social center as follows: "A community may be said to have a school house social center if one of its school buildings is thrown open to the public on one or more fixed nights a week for at least 12 weeks a year, for activities of a social, recreational, or civic character, regularly directed by one or more trained leaders."

The report also presents data on the growing use of school buildings for political meetings. In Cleveland, Ohio, meetings were held in the schools to discuss the new constitutional provisions that were before the people for adoption.

In Jersey City the public schools were opened to partisan political meetings with gratifying results; eight public school auditoriums in New York City were also opened for the same purpose, and in Chicago the assembly halls were employed for political rallies and proved a distinctly popular innovation.

Milwaukee, Wis., and Worcester, Mass., are cities where the schools have for some time been used for political meeting places.

TWO SISTERS.

The marriage of a plain, modest, unassuming woman in New York today is creating more interest throughout this country and Europe than would the marriage of the most exalted titled dame in the world.

Helen Gould has won the affection of thousands and the admiration of every one who knows of her public service and good deeds. From every quarter of this broad land, not only have gifts been sent, but, what is really more precious than gold and gems, the heartfelt best wishes and prayers for her happiness will arise like holy incense from humble homes.

Helen Gould is an American queen, made so, not by riches, but by the benevolence and philanthropy of her character. Sailors and soldiers, communities and societies, young men and maidens, statesmen and sages do her homage. She bears the certificate of royalty signed by the thousands blessed by the humanitarian impulses of her nature and acts which have brought relief from suffering and opportunities for physical, mental and spiritual growth and happiness.

Her sister, a duchess, was a guest at the wedding. The duke coronet of Anna Gould pales into insignificance in the presence of the diadem of this American queen. The coronet is soiled by a record of wasted wealth and wasted opportunities. She does not possess public admiration, much less public affection. Hospitals, churches, railroads, Young Men's Christian associations, homes for invalid sailors, libraries for soldiers' posts and soldiers' homes, and other gifts of love for humanity arise all over our land to call her sister, who is the bride, of today, blessed among women. Few, if any, outside of her family, give the French duchess more than a passing thought.

The lives of these sisters the American queen and the French duchess, point morals and are filled with lessons to those who will contrast them. Both were endowed with wealth. One used wealth to benefit humanity, the other to gratify selfish ambition for prominence in titled society.

The contrast and the lessons it conveys should be to every woman's heart an incentive to service. The service may be small or great, according to opportunity.

The reward is the same.

The Field of Literature

The February American Magazine. The February American Magazine contains a wonderful letter by Allan Pinkerton, never before published, in which the famous detective relates his connection with the first plot to assassinate Lincoln. Lincoln was on his way to Washington in February, 1861, and the plan was to kill him in Baltimore while he was passing through that city on the way to Washington where he was to be inaugurated. Pinkerton discovered the plot, saved Lincoln's life, and tells the whole story in this letter which was written in 1866 but never reached the public until the American Magazine got hold of it.

Brand Whitlock, mayor of Toledo, Ohio, writes the second chapter of his personal reminiscences and tells some remarkable stories about James G. Blaine, Governor Algeid, and the Whitechapel club of Chicago, which in its time was probably the most famous and most interesting Bohemian club in the world.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson begins a new department entitled "Health and Horse Power." David Grayson contributes a new "Adventure in Contentment." A New York policeman writes the "Diary of a Cop." Albert J. Nock tells about Coatesville, Pa.—a town whose citizens burned a man alive and then did nothing about it. Augustus Post writes the "Experiences of an Airman."

An excellent assortment of fiction, together with four departments filled with good reading, completes an unusual number.

Would Send Self by Post.

Elgin, Ill., Jan. 22.—Mrs. Mary Phillips, weight 162 pounds, wants to go to the inauguration of President Wil-



EMERGENCIES IN THE HOME.

An "emergency shelf" has usually been considered only from one point of view, and that is a shelf or cupboard with plenty of food ready to cook quickly when company comes suddenly. There are a few other things which might disturb the hostess aside from lack of food, and that is clean linen and silver.

The silver used every day and washed in good hot soap suds and rinsed with plenty of hot water, does not need polishing very often. Keep some silver in reserve. It is better to have out of the cases only the number of pieces of flat silver necessary for everyday use. There is less danger of its being lost, as each piece is more easily accounted for, and fresh, bright silver can be brought out at a moment's notice for the unexpected guest.

And, oh, the joy of linen, such as napkins, tablecloths, doilies, centerpieces daintily embroidered, extra towels, and plenty of all these when occasion demands. Sort out the ones to be used every day, and these are best of a German half-bleached, which wash, bleach white, and iron with a beautiful gloss. Then the extra linen may and should be finer, carefully washed and ironed, with special boxes for the smaller pieces and napkins and

drawers for the tablecloths. Then, with immaculate linen and silver, the table neatly set, a hearty welcome given, and even a cup of tea will make your guests feel that they are truly welcome. But the careful hostess who has looked well after the above will be quite sure to have plenty in reserve on this "emergency shelf." Whenever there is a good sale on for canned peas, tomatoes, etc., by the dozen cans, it certainly is good economy to buy.

"I know I hear you say, 'But I can't always afford it when I have the opportunity for bargains.' Yes you can, if you think ahead. Don't spend that dollar and a quarter left over from your allowance last week; just save it for such an "emergency." That is the way this shelf is kept supplied. Very few housekeepers feel that they can stock this up all at once, but add to it each day or week as you can.

Plenty of good seasoning is absolutely essential, such as bay leaves, kitchen bouquet, celery seed and salt, onion salt, cloves, garlic, cinnamon, sage, mustard, Worcestershire, nutmeg, capers, horseradish, tarragon vinegar, white pepper, paprika, pimenton, lemons, grated cheese, bread crumbs, canned salmon, lobster, sardines, anchovies, olives, pickles, peas, lima, kidney and string beans, corn, kernel, tomatoes, egg noodles, spaghetti, canned soup in small sizes, wafers, wafers salted and of the sweetened kind. These are only a few of the suggestive things, but with a small assortment of them always in the house, and with the fresh green vegetables and meat, which is included in the regular marketing, a hostess need have no fears when extra culinary feats are demanded in her home.

son via parcel post. Mrs. Phillips wrote Postmaster Hemmens for the rate for transportation of a woman of her size. She told reporters later that she wanted principally to find out what kind of an answer the postmaster would send.

A BIBLE VERSE.

It Surprised the Boy Who Boasted of His Wonderful Memory.

A boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses and was greatly elated thereby was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

"Oh, no," said the boy boastfully; "I can learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes."

"Can you, indeed? And will you learn one for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse," said the minister, handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther:

"Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month; that is, the month Sivan—on the three and twentieth day thereof, and it was written, according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants and the deputies and rulers of the provinces, which are from India unto Ethiopia, a hundred, twenty and seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing and according to their language."

The boy entered on his task with confidence, but at the end of an hour could not repeat it without a mistake and had to tearfully acknowledge himself defeated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tricky Lions.

Some of the most dangerous tricks of animals are those of simulating kindness. Charles Montague in "Tales of a Nomad" says that hyenas often follow lions and finish a carcass the moment the lions have left it. Sometimes, however, the hyenas are too eager and steal bits of meat while the lions are still at their meal.

"I have been told that the lion rides himself of the nuisance in the following way: He throws a piece of meat aside. When the lion is looking the other way the hyena lodges in and rushes off with the meat. Presently the lion throws another piece of meat, this time a little nearer. The hyena takes that also. At last the lion throws a piece very near indeed. The hyena, having become reckless, makes a dash at this also, but the lion wheels round and lays him low with a pat of his paw and a growl of annoyance."

Showed Him the Point.

A large crowd which collected on Broadway attracted the attention of two commercial travelers just back in New York.—Joining it, they discovered that a safe was being raised to the fifteenth floor of a building and that the crowd was careful to stand outside the roped fence. "That's a good advertisement for my business," remarked one of the drummers, who is interested in the sale of airships. His companion admitted he didn't see the point. "Well, look at the sign, 'Danger below.' Then look up to the air. Danger below, safe above. Moral, take an airship."—New York Tribune.

Dangers in Paint.

"Turpentine and benzine," says a department of agriculture bulletin, "are very inflammable, and special precautions should be taken not to bring paint containing these substances near any light or open fire. Many pigments are poisonous, and the workman should be particularly careful to remove all paint stains from the skin and not under any circumstances allow any of it to get into his mouth. A man should not eat in the same clothes in which he has been painting

and before eating should not only change his clothes, but wash all paint stains from his skin. It is not advisable to use turpentine or benzine in removing paint stains from the hands, but by oiling thoroughly with luscious oil or in fact with any fatty oil and then thoroughly washing with soap the paint may be removed, provided it has not been allowed to dry too thoroughly on the hands."

THE KITCHEN DRESSER.

It Was Originally a Bench on Which Meat Was Dressed.

Dr. Johnson tells us that the kitchen dresser was a bench in the kitchen on which meat was dressed or prepared for table and gives the following lines in support of his view:

"The burnt, and so is all the meat. What dogs are these? Where is the razor-cook?"

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser And serve thus to me that love it not? —Shakespeare.

A maple dresser in her hall she had, On which full many a slender meal she made. —Dryden.

Wright in his "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages" says: "One of the great objects of ostentation in a rich man's house was his plate, which at dinner time he brought forth and spread on the table in sight of his guests. Afterward to exhibit the plate to more advantage the table was made with shelves or steps, on which the different articles could be arranged in rows, one above another. It was called in French, or Anglo-Norman, a dresser, because on it the different articles were dressed or arranged."

It is this to which the modern poet refers:

The pewter plates on the dresser Caught and reflected the flame as shields of armies the sunshin.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Way Two Englishmen Captured Four Hundred Prisoners.

Toward the close of the pentecostal war 400 prisoners were captured by John Colborne, afterward Field Marshal Lord Seaton. Colborne, who was wounded at Talavera, had been disabled for some time, but in 1813 he was in active service again, and when Wellington's army crossed the frontier into France he performed what was indeed the most amazing feat of his career.

When riding, with no comrade but the famous Sir Henry Smith, separated from his column, he saw 400 French soldiers passing along a ravine below him. "The only way was to put a good went up to them, desiring them to surrender. The officer, thinking, of course, the column was behind me, surrendered his sword, saying theatrically, 'Je vous rends cette epee, qui a bien fait son devoir.' (I surrender this sword, which has done its duty well.) The 400 followed his example."

Sir Henry Smith used to declare that he had never seen such cool presence of mind as Colborne displayed on this occasion.—London Spectator.

Carefree Bohemians.

"How would you like to go to a bohemian supper? Lot of literary people and all that, you know." "No; the bohemians are too free and easy for me. Last time I went they ran out of cheese and spread the sandwiches with library paste."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Conflicting Precedents.

A man can't always regulate himself according to history. There was Samson, who lost his life because he had his hair cut, and Absalom because he didn't.—Smart Set Magazine.

Her Victim.

Nell—You are simply making a fool of young Mr. Saphide. Belle—Oh, well, I'm probably only saving some other girl the trouble.—Philadelphia Record.

The ONLOOKER S. E. KISER The Age of Reason



If you want to get rich in a brief day or two. Devise a bold swindling scheme. The public will straightway contribute to you. No matter how foolish your plan may seem.

If you only explain That each victim shall gain Through the losses the other investors sustain. The wildest and craziest swindle will "go."

Folks like to get something for nothing, you know.

If you have a good thing that is perfectly fair. With a sensible profit in view. Nobody will care to invest in a share For the purpose of helping you through. We'll not cheat or steal. But most of us feel

Suspicious of any legitimate deal Where the gains are for all and in consequence slow. Where a few do not take from the many, you know.

We laugh at the man who will buy a gold brick Or foolishly sign a blank check. "Such Reubens," we're wont to declare, "make us sick. For they'll get it, of course, in the neck!"

What we want is some plan Where each of us can. In a businesslike way, be the brick selling man. Some plan that gives only the "favoured" a show To get something for little or nothing, you know.

Despicable Person. "I don't like that man Parker's way. He's always so positive about everything. These positive people are very disagreeable—never give other people credit for having any sense at all."

"Why don't you just bring proofs some time when he is so positive and show him where he is in error? A few doses of that kind will cure him."

"Well, didn't it have any effect?" "No; made him worse. You see, it always turned out that he was right, after all."

Outragious. Miss DeGrass—I see they are trying to have uniform divorce laws adopted.

Mr. Briefless—Yes, there is a movement in that direction.

Miss DeGrass—I think it's a perfect outrage. The newspapers are always poking fun at divorced people, and here the courts want to come now and make us wear uniforms! But wait till we get strong enough to form a political party of our own and the women can vote! Then we'll show them!

A Dangerous Plan. "Doctor," said the physician's wife, "why don't you take a good, long rest? Go away somewhere and enjoy yourself. You're working yourself into your grave. You haven't been out of town for five years."

"My dear," the celebrated practitioner said, "I do not dare to leave. If I did so most of my patients would discover that they could get along just as well without me, and my practice would be ruined!"

She Wasn't Guessing. "Can I occupy half this seat?" asked the western drummer, after he had succeeded in pushing his way into the crowded car.

"I don't know, sir," said the Boston girl; "but if you intended to ask my permission to try it, I beg to inform you that you may do so."

Very Considerate. "Yes, Mildred is going to be a very economical wife."

"How do you know?" "Why, she consented to be married along in the middle of the day, just to make it unnecessary for her husband to get a new dress suit."

It Had Been Done. Myrtle—They say you made a regular fool of Algy Piersons last week. Maud—No, they are wrong. I might have done it, but for one thing.

Myrtle—What was that? Maud—Somebody had finished the job before I got hold of him.

Ho Can't. "Before you were married you said that you couldn't do enough for me." "Well, I guess that time has proved that I was right."—Detroit Free Press.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom—to serve all, but love only one.—Baizac.

The Argus Daily Story Instead of Madeline—By Clarissa Mackie. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Mrs. Griffin was sitting at the telephone ordering a long list of groceries and other things for dinner when she heard the rattle of an auto outside, and Jeffrey Vincent appeared. Walking in and straight to her, he asked if Madeline was in. He wished to take her to ride in his auto.

"I'm so sorry, Jeffrey, but Madeline has disappeared! I believe she has gone to her dressmaker's, and if that is so she will not be home until after luncheon because she was to meet Cleo Delpin there and they were going—oh, never mind, you say? But, Jeffrey, don't you want to take little Sylvia with you? She would dearly love the trip down to Silversands and—very well; that's a dear boy. I'll tell her to be ready in fifteen minutes."

"Sylvia," she called to the young girl reading in the window, "can't you put on your things and drive down to Silversands with Jeffrey? It's a fifty mile run down there, and I know he is disappointed about the engagement and I've told him you would go." She looked expectantly at Sylvia's slowly flushing face.

"Why, of course, Aunt Bee, if it will help out only," she said, rather reluctantly, "only, of course, I feel as though I had been thrust upon him. I know he'd rather have Madeline."

"Of course he would rather have Madeline!" replied Madeline's mother emphatically. "He is deeply in love with her, and I am positive that he would have proposed on this motor drive if she had not run away. What does the child mean by throwing away such a splendid chance?" Mrs. Griffin

reached Silversands at 2 o'clock and had luncheon at an inn that overlooking the water. It was a novel and delightful experience for the girl who had never seen anything save the rolling plains of her loved western home.

As they sped homeward she shyly thanked Jeffrey for the pleasure he had given her. "I really believe I shall turn traitor to my horses," she smiled. Again Jeffrey looked down at her, and their eyes met in a strange glance. Gray eyes and brown were withdrawn, but there was a new, sweet sensation flooding Sylvia's being while Jeffrey looked dizzily ahead between the twin pillars of dust that went before his tires.

He had admired Madeline Griffin and believed that he wanted her for his wife, but he had never felt like this when they were together. Usually they wrangled over unimportant matters. But Madeline was a beauty, an impetuous one, and he had had no difficulty in persuading himself that he was in love with her. As for Madeline—if there was room in her heart for any one save herself it was occupied by Teddy Blancton it was once judged by appearances. From sheer jealousy and doggedness Jeffrey had sworn that he would win Madeline for his wife, but now—somehow he didn't care.

He realized that to marry meant something more than carrying off the season's beauty, but he had been dazzled by her. How was little Sylvia. He looked down at her charming face and promptly forgot all about Madeline.

The way homeward was taken more leisurely, for Jeffrey wanted to talk to Sylvia. They became quite good friends during the afternoon, and when Jeffrey left her at the door of the Griffin home it was his determination to see her often.

Ere his car left the curb a trim maid ran down the steps and begged him to come within, as Mrs. Griffin wanted to speak to him.

Jeffrey found her in the library pale and anxious looking. "What is the matter, Mrs. Griffin?" he asked. "Has anything happened?" "I don't know what to do, Jeffrey," she said, with agitation. "Madeline has not been home."

"Well, that is not very unusual, is it?" he asked, with a reassuring smile. "Perhaps she is with Cleo Delpin or—"

Mrs. Griffin shook her head. "I cannot find any trace of her, Jeffrey. I have telephoned to Cleo as well as to several other girls—in fact, to every place where she might have been—but she has not been seen today. It is very strange." Her voice quavered.

"That is strange," agreed Jeffrey, worried in his turn. "Shall I go out and try to get some trace of her whereabouts? You know I'm something of a sleuth, and anyway I'm sure she'll be back by dinner time."

"Oh, do go and look for her, Jeffrey; there's a dear! Norah says Madeline wore her motor wraps, but she saw her walking down the avenue. That's all I know about it."

"Have patience, dear Mrs. Griffin. I'll telephone you the instant I learn she's safe." He hurried out, meeting Sylvia in the doorway. "Your aunt needs you," he whispered and departed.

Sylvia and Mrs. Griffin spent an anxious evening. Hour after hour passed without word from Jeffrey Vincent, when all at once the desk telephone bell rang sharply.

Mrs. Griffin had been sitting before it all the time. She drew it toward her and spoke huskily. "Yes?" she called.

"Mrs. Griffin, this is Jeffrey Vincent. She is all right. I'm coming up to tell you at once. Goodby!" And before she could frame a question he had left his end of the wire.

The two waitresses in the library waited his coming eagerly.

When his firm step sounded in the hall Sylvia's heart flew up into her throat and then sank heavily, for she suddenly recollected that Jeffrey was Madeline's lover and she must stifle her own growing interest in him.

He looked grave when he came in and took Mrs. Griffin's hands in his. "Dear Mrs. Griffin, be prepared for a surprise," he said quietly. "Madeline is safe and well, but she was married to Teddy Blancton this afternoon, and they are on their honeymoon trip now in Blancton's motor."

"Married?" shrieked Mrs. Griffin in horror. Then, suddenly recollecting that Teddy Blancton was as good a match as Jeffrey Vincent, although the poor boy was dreadfully homesick of face and not at all "Madeline's style," she found room in her heart to pity Jeffrey.

"My poor, poor boy, what shall you do?" she cried.

Jeffrey did not appear to hear her, although his lips were smiling. He was looking down over her shoulder at Sylvia's level, flushed face. Brown eyes met gray once more, and in this glance each read the blissful fate in store for the other.

Of course Jeffrey would have to marry Sylvia now instead of Madeline.

Jan. 22 in American History.

- 1813—Battle of Frenchtown, or River Raisin, near the site of Maumee, Mich.; Indians under the notorious Proctor defeated General Winchester's American forces, who surrendered to the number of about 800.
1870—George D. Prentice, poet and editor, died in Louisville, Ky.; born 1802.
1894—Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of note, died; born 1843.
A fool always wants to shorten space and time. A wise man wants to lengthen both.—Huskin.