

THE ARGUS.

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Wednesday, April 23, 1913.

Days like these remind that the Indian knew how to live.

J. P. Morgan's wealth is estimated at \$100,000,000. Is there economic justice in the accumulation of such fabulous wealth in the hands of one man?

This is Douglas day in Springfield. Those who pay tribute to the memory of the great patriot—Douglas—honor themselves.

"Never hurry," is the advice of Sir William Osler. Yet in this era of automobiles it is best to be reasonably spry in crossing a street.

Next year the people will elect 32 senators by direct popular ballot, and state primaries will be held generally. The man who doesn't vote ought to go out of fashion.

Tennessee's executive and legislative struggle is so serious that the governor may veto 100 bills. They call this a deadlock, but it looks more like an avalanche of business.

The Taber Lumber mill at Keokuk has closed down. One by one the big mills are going out of business. Iowa's sole survivor of this great industry is the Atlee mill at Ft. Madison, and its days are numbered.

At present the wireless works over an average space of 3,000 miles, but an American inventor thinks he has a plan to utilize it around the world. In the whole range of electrical science mankind is waiting and ready to be convinced.

The tariff's prediction of ruin to England follows adoption of the liberal policies is, like all tory predictions, proved untrue. Government figures show practically no unemployment last year beyond what was caused by the coal strike.

Corporations' net earnings increased by \$250,000,000 in 1912 over 1911, and the government's increased revenue is therefore \$2,500,000,000. That prediction of dire calamity to corporations to follow their strict regulation were without foundation is attested in these figures of their growth.

THE PROPER CAPER.

Colonel Moriarty of the 7th Infantry, Illinois National Guard, threatens to prosecute employers who have discharged certain of their employees who are enlisted in the national guard and who were absent from their positions so long because of the flood service at Cairo.

These men who went to the front in the very unpleasant flood campaign; left clean and comfortable occupations; left their homes and neglected their domestic and business duties at home in response to the call for help from the women and children of the flood-stricken districts should be protected.

Any employer who discharges a man for such service deserves to be condemned and pilloried.

Strength to Colonel Moriarty's good right arm, and if we mistake not his name, he is some fighter.

This thing of penalizing patriotic service and punishing men for heroism must be stopped.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

The progressives have an opportunity to show their sincerity by following the leadership of President Wilson. This, they may rest assured, the bourgeois will not do. The agents of "privilege" will oppose President Wilson because he is genuinely progressive. As the Chicago Public suggests:

"It is the duty of progressives of every party to support every progressive action or policy of President Wilson. This is Senator LaFollette's declaration, and it discloses a political vision without a flaw. So long as President Wilson holds as true to the progressive course as he has so far shown his purpose of doing, the political sheep will be distinguished from the goats, not by party labels, but by the help they give him or the hindrance they offer."

OPPORTUNITY OF THE TURK.

In a recent dispatch Count Romanones, the Spanish premier, was quoted as saying that a wonderful transformation had taken place in Spain since it lost Cuba. The efforts of the Spaniards since then have been concentrated on the task of developing their own country, and the old primitive methods of agriculture have given place to scientific farming, with up-

to-date implements, while mines that were carelessly worked have been systematically developed, and manufactures have grown steadily.

It may be that the loss of most of their possessions in Europe will have the same effect on the Turks. There are men of brains among the Turks, as among all peoples, and they may be able to induce their countrymen to turn their attention now to the development of their Asiatic possessions.

Addressing a meeting before the Empire club in Toronto a few days ago, Taufik Musarrif, who described himself as an American in education and ideas, although a native of Turkey, said that his countrymen now had a grand chance to profit by the lesson that had been taught, and that if they devoted all their energies to the work, they could make of Asiatic Turkey a garden spot of the earth.

The hold of the Moslem priests on the Turks has been stifling for centuries, but there were evidences during the Balkan war that it is now loosening. Mr. Musarrif says that the lack of education among his countrymen has been due to the priests and he believes that the Turks will not much longer be content to remain in ignorance.

There is no doubt that the power of Mohammedanism has been greatly weakened by the reverses the Turks have sustained, and there ought to be, in the course of a few years, a good field for Christian missionaries in Asiatic Turkey.

ABUSINESS MAN ON THE TARIFF

The head of one of Dubuque's largest manufacturing industries has given out for publication copy of a letter which he has addressed to the district's representative in congress and which was drawn forth by the requests of protected manufacturers who take some of his company's products to lend his influence to secure retention of duties on their products:

"We frequently receive letters from interested parties who want to receive some special privilege to the advantage of their pocketbook at the expense of the rest of the country. The sugar man can figure out that high priced sugar is to the advantage of the United States. The man who mines mica thinks the people should pay a high price for mica. The man who raises lemons in California thinks the people on the Atlantic coast should be forced to buy his California lemons. When Dubuque was mining lead and black jack we thought that the rest of the United States should pay us for the privilege of buying this lead and zinc from Dubuque.

"Machine tool manufacturers are urging upon us the necessity of keeping a high tariff on machine tools, for fear that Germany or some other country may supply the American people with machine tools that might compete with ours.

"We think it is wrong in principle that the people should pay our company a premium for anything when there is a place in the world that they can be served to better advantage.

"Free trade might knock us out on some particular line of work, and if it does, then we would decide that those were right conditions and we would turn our energies in some other direction. We are not at all afraid that we cannot serve the people in some manner to the satisfaction of both ourselves and them, and if we cannot serve them, then it is not the fault of the people, but simply a hard fact that we are not giving service, and we do not deserve to be paid for something we do not produce. We think that a high tariff is simply special privilege, and we are afraid that these special privileges are frequently bought either directly or indirectly, and we think that in principle it is wrong to give any line of industry a special privilege at the expense of the community at large. We think that free trade is right in principle and hence we want it as the ultimate result on all commodities and on all lines of work. When trade is artificially driven in any direction, it is our opinion that it will ultimately result to the injury of the many and the profit of the few."

"Not many manufacturers we dare say, are writing letters like the foregoing to their congressman because very few of them have the unselfishness to concede that if free trade should take away their trade in one particular line, we would turn our energies in another direction," and "we are not at all afraid that we cannot serve the people in some other direction," and "if we cannot serve them, it is simply a hard, cold fact that we are not giving them service."

The Field of Literature

Scribner's Magazine. — The May number of Scribner's magazine, with its continuation of John Love Life of a Man, Mrs. Wharton's "The Custom of the Country," and its short stories, is notably strong in its fiction. Mr. Galsworthy's story has a universal appeal, and it gives early promise of being the most popular story he has ever written. Mrs. Wharton's presentation of certain aspects of American social life in its variety of type and analysis of character is one of her most remarkable stories. Another installment from the "Letters from Journals of Charles Elliot Norton" describing English friends, is particularly interesting for a long letter giving his impressions of a visit to the home of Ruskin, and of Ruskin's character, which was so little understood by many of his contemporaries. The author of "Modern Painters" presented a very attractive personality to his friends. There is another letter about Carlyle, one of the author's warmest friends, whose kindness and delightful sense of humor, as revealed in these letters, make the reader see him in a new and genial light. Captain Bill Nichols, commander of

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

YELLOW SERMONS.

A NEW York clergyman who was once called "picturesque" and liked it and seems ambitious to live up to the reputation, had been regaling his congregation with this salacious bit of scandal:

"At a recent luncheon in this city 24 very young women of good families drank 36 bottles of champagne, and 15 of them smoked seven dozen cigarettes. The alarming increase of the drink habit among women in America is a national crime."

The picturesque minister may believe this to be true. Nobody else is required to do so. All open-minded persons are free to regard it as merely a sensational straining for notoriety.

When information was sought of him as to when and where the alleged function took place and who the accused young women were, the Rev. Sensationalist took refuge in the new benefit of clergy. He said that he could not honorably divulge even the name of his informant. "Don't-tell-who-told-you" always gives a suspicious character to information.

It usually covers a lie as well as cowardice. The scandalmonger, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere, who is ready enough to make shameful charges, but gives no opportunity for their investigation and possible disproof, has close fellowship with the sneak who stabs in the back and takes to his heels.

A minister of the gospel who in his pulpit makes shameful accusations against society, which he does not absolutely know to be true, and which he is not ready to back up, lends to his gross human instincts the force and sacredness of seeming religious fervor and divine sanction.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER, CONGRESSMAN FROM THE FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, D. C., April 21.—What will be easily the most important bureau of the department of agriculture is the rural organization service now being organized by the new secretary, David F. Houston.

The bureau of rural organization is the idea Secretary Houston brought with him when he came from St. Louis last month to take charge of the department. Through the aid of the general education board Dr. Houston was enabled to put his idea into effect almost as soon as he arrived in Washington. In a short while the rural organization service will take its place as one of the most important factors in national life. Dr. Houston's plan has the hearty support of President Wilson.

The primary purpose of the new service is to attack the high cost of living. And it will attack it fundamentally. It will go to the farm where the necessities of life are produced. For one of the chief factors in the high cost of living is the fact that production has not kept pace with demand.

The aim of the new service is to make the farm more attractive, and in this statement is included the scores of reforms which economists have been urging for rural life. It includes better schools, better roads, wider distribution of agricultural technical education, more people on farms, more intelligent farming, better marketing conditions, closer relations between producers and consumers—in short, all of the activities for rural betterment scattered through a score of official and

semi-official organizations will be concentrated in this one bureau.

The task will be a tremendous one. The work is big enough to enlist the attention of a whole federal department. While the stated purpose of the service is abstract, in actual work the bureau "will get down to cases." It will teach better rural life by actual demonstrations.

While no specific plans have yet been made it is expected that the service will conduct actual model schools in different sections of the country. It may construct model country roads for demonstration purposes. By actual demonstration it will show how the rural school can become the farm neighborhood center where the country population can go for entertainment, instruction and social intercourse.

Marketing associations will be studied, and the service may organize cooperative marketing associations of farmers along model lines. The whole purpose of the work will be to stimulate the movement from the cities back to the farms and to check the opposite movement.

Success in this work would be to increase farm production and thus bring down the cost of living.

"We are not predicting that this work will result in a reduced cost of living," said Secretary Houston. "The cost of living is the result of such diverse and intricate causes that it is impossible to predict the result of changing any one of them. We only hope to do some good. We might be getting real results and then other circumstances might offset all we could do. The price of gold might continue to decrease, for instance. We see certain needed reforms and we are going to try and make them."

Because of the niggardliness of the government toward salaries of scientists it is next to impossible for the departments to hire men of note in the scientific world, or to keep men after they become eminent while in the government service. Only occasionally do such men as Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, for instance, consent to serve the people on a government salary, and then only through sheer patriotic love of their work.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S LEADERSHIP

(Harper's Weekly.)

President Wilson will need to continue to exercise a great deal of tact if he is to secure the legislation he desires and keep his hold over the party. Both on the ground and with in sight of the players where every wave can be seen, Washington will march with absorbing interest whether the breach between the party leaders is healed or widens as time goes on. The relations between Secretary Bryan and Speaker Clark and between Secretary Bryan and Mr. Underwood are well known, and it is perhaps the first time in American history that the opening of an administration that the first member of the cabinet was not on speaking terms with the speaker of the house of representatives or the official leader of his party in that body, and it took a great deal of courage on the part of the president, knowing the circumstances as they are, to risk the experiment. There need not be much official intercourse between the secretary of state and either Speaker Clark or Mr. Underwood, but they will constantly be thrown in contact, and either their differences will be harmonized or the bitterness will be greatly increased. They are men of positive character, strong convictions, firm in their likes and dislikes, and with large and devoted followings.

The rock on which more than one president has gone to disaster is the distribution of patronage, and this is especially so after a party has been in power many years and the government service has been practically closed to men of the opposite political faith. It is natural that democrats should now want the offices and resent the thought of republicans being kept on the payroll while they, after the heat and burden of battle, still go unrewarded, yet Mr. Wilson is placed in a peculiarly delicate position. The spirit of progress is against treating the government service as political plunder or the making of appointments without regard to fitness, and with that theory of government Mr. Wilson has no sympathy. He has shown great deliberation in making his appointments, he knows that if he wanted to make a clean sweep it would be impossible, for the government can no more substitute inefficient for trained men than can a private establishment. Not to give party workers what they believe is justly their due is to chill their enthusiasm, to satisfy their demands is to risk the criticism of the "better classes." But while the party workers always go to the polls, the "better classes" often content themselves with criticism, and on election day play golf.

"The Decatur," whose story Sidney M. Chase, the artist, tells in "A Yankee Privateer," is a real old salt of the days of authorized piracy on the high seas. His adventures recall stirring times in the history of American seamen. Ernest Petticoat continues his pleasant journey in South America by describing his impression of "South Peru and Arequipa." With the prospect of the early opening of the Panama canal these articles have a peculiar timeliness. There are short stories by Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ship that Pass in the Night," "The Bash Double Concerto in D Minor," the story of two musicians, and by Barry Benefield, "Ole Mistia," the story of an old dandy and his horse.

Thomas Nelson Page contributes one of his characteristic southern poems, "The Exile." In the Field of Art Lorado Taft writes of Houdon, the great French sculptor, whose statue of Washington and busts of Franklin and other famous Americans make his name a familiar one in our national history. New York—Judges Lacombe, Cox, Noyes and Ward filed in the United States district court a memorandum saying they were divided in the government's Sherman lawsuit against the Periodical clearing house and other defendants constituting the so-called magazine trust. They will send the case to the United States supreme court for review.

The ONLOOKER BY S. E. KISER

The VALUE of HOPE



The Value of Hope. How drear a place the world would be if all who fell to win success Permitted all the rest to see. The evidence of their distress How fortunate it is that men So often heed the griefs they bear So often still try bravely when Their breasts are laden with despair. How few men ever would achieve The victories that are so sweet If each should let the world perceive Whenever he had met defeat! How few men would be deemed sublime By those whose hearts are moved to song If each sat grumbling every time His heart ached or his plans went wrong. How little there would be to praise If each but waited all his days To hear the dreadful crack of doom! The well that men conceal despair When stubborn fate has used them ill; Why not, if you have words to bear, Assist by seeming hopeful still?

More Opinion. It always makes an old lady angry when the papers publish another woman's portrait taken from a photograph made twenty years before.

The people who made the English language build wiser than they knew. Think of the poetry that would be written if there were more than three or four words to rhyme with love.

It doesn't take long to spoil a boy by giving him everything he wants. People who are gifted with imagination have an immense advantage in being able to dream of the happiness that might be theirs if things were not as they are.

The Miner's Daughter. "Ah," said the count, "zis ees not ze lady I would have for my wife. She ees what you call plain."

"But her father owns a coal mine," replied the general manager of the International Title and Trust Syndicate. "I care not for zis gold mine. I—'Not gold mine. I said coal mine—hard coal."

"Ah, my dear friend! How beautiful zis lady ees! My heart he what you call leap wis love!"

The Real Need. "They say that laziness is caused by a germ. What a fine thing it would be if we could find something to kill the thing."

"Oh, no. I know something finer than that. Think how much nicer it would be if we could all find some way to gratify it."

Immune. "I oft," said the political aspirant, "feel sorry for the great men whose names are given to so many children that turn out to be scoundrels."

"It is tough," yelled a distributor under the gallery, "but never mind. You'll never have to be pitted on that account."

Really Cruel. "I have lost my heart," said the man who wore shoulder straps, but had never sniffed the smoke of battle. "Well, you needn't search me," replied the girl. "I'm not making collection of bogus war relics."

Doing Well. "Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor car of my own. When I first started in life I had to walk."

You were lucky. "You were lucky," the young man. "When I first started I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."

Can You Blame Him? Eye—You look glum. What's the matter? Adam—I named the Ichthyosaurus yesterday and today he sued me for libel.

The Daily Story

THE CHERRY TRAP—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Professor Nash pedaled slowly down the country road, a watchful light in his grave eyes. The professor was on mischief bent for it was cherry time, and the scholar loved the delicious fruit beyond any other variety. Moreover, his appetite could not be satisfied by the hand-ome cherries that were displayed in flat boxes on the fruit stands. No exotic fruit for him. His must be the juicy exheart such as grew on his father's farm and whose recollection spoiled the flavor of any other fruit for him.

He had chosen to spend his vacation in the next village to the one in which he had been born. His father's farm had long since passed into strangers' hands, but the cherry trees still stood there in a long row along the fence. It had been delightful to escape from his dull boarding house in town to the country village it was paradise to leave the village behind and speed over the highway toward "home," though there was nothing left of the old life save the place itself. His parents were in California rejoicing in the mild climate so different from the rigors of the east, and brothers and sisters were scattered here and there. He was the only unmarried one, and he declared himself a confirmed bachelor.

It was moonlight, and perhaps you can guess what the professor was going to do. He was going to sneak along under the stone wall that bounded his old home and climb up into the third tree from the south end—the great exheart tree—and have his fill of the fruit.

As he leaned his wheel against the wall he was devoutly hoping that the Whitsons, who now owned the place, had not forestalled him by picking the cherries.

With one bound of his well developed body he was on the top of the wall.



"I'm coming down," he warned. He placed his hands on two large limbs above his head and drew himself up to that point where half a dozen lateral branches met the main trunk. Just then the unexpected happened. Something stringy and netlike fell over his head and shoulders, and something firm and unyielding gripped him tightly, pinning his arms to his sides. He was sitting in the crotch of the tree, and this unseen trap held him closely to the tree trunk.

"Thundering cats!" he yelled in the most undignified manner, and his exclamation was answered by a sudden chaotic overhead and at the same time the leaves rustled and a cherry struck his head and bounded off again.

"What's all this, anyway?" demanded Professor Nash, with just indignation. "Can't a man pick his own?" He stopped short there and bit his lips. "Are they your cherries?" called a girl's teasing voice overhead from the tree top. "Really I thought they belonged to Mr. Whitson."

The professor was twisting his neck for a glimpse of the speaker, for he was aware that her voice was the sweetest he had ever heard, and it seemed to drop right out of the skies. "How about my getting out of this trap?" he asked at length when he had tested the strong net and the rigid iron bands.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to wait until Uncle Ben comes back from prayer meeting. He has the key that unlocks the trap. I hope you're not uncomfortable."

"No-o-o," hesitated the professor. "I am not uncomfortable, but, you see, I came after cherries, you know."

"It is too bad to be deprived of them after you have taken so much trouble," sympathized the girl, though he was sure there was a laugh in her voice. "Did you say you ate cherries from this tree when you were a boy?"

The professor related his story, told how he was and why he came and even went so far as to explain how he expected to be transported to his boyhood days as soon as the first bell-rang exheart had passed his lips. To turn out establish his identity the professor related many anecdotes of his boyhood and described every nook and cranny of the old home, so that his fair companion was fain to believe his story.

"I'm afraid you're a tedious wait before you," she said. "The last bell is ringing now. You must have met Uncle on his way to meeting."

"I met two people in a top buggy drawn by a white horse," said the professor. "That would be Uncle Ben and Aunt Minnie. Can you stand it another hour?"

"If you will remain here, too," said the professor boldly. "Perhaps I better, so as to keep

watch over you. I suspect you are very clever indeed, and you might devise some way to free yourself from the trap. If you did that Uncle Ben would be broken hearted, he is so proud of the invention."

The professor blushed in the moonlight, because he had already discovered that by straining every effort of his great muscles he could free himself from his bonds in three minutes. "How about the little boys he catches? I suppose they yell so loud you are glad to release them before they have time to examine the trap, eh?"

"That's just it, and they do howl fearfully, poor little chaps."

"Suppose I were to howl fearfully. What would be the result?"

"It would be without avail unless some passerby heard you," she laugh ed merrily.

"In the meantime I am apparently talking to the moonlight," observed the professor.

"I am picking cherries for you. I know Uncle Ben will be sorry and want to load you down with them."

Presently she spoke again, "I'm coming down" and almost instantly the branches brushed his cheek and he was conscious that a slender, white robed form was balancing itself beside him.

"I am Mr. Whitson's niece, Elsie Whitson," said the girl, and the professor acknowledged the introduction with as dignified a bow as he could manage within the folds of his net.

He wished sincerely he could see the girl's eyes. All he knew was that she was dark, and when her profile was outlined once against the trunk of the tree, which was white in the moonlight, he knew with a triumphant throb of the heart that his hour had come.

In the crotch of one arm she carried a basket, and he could see that it was heaped with cherries. Under his weight the branch on which he stood swayed downward, letting a stream of moonlight fall upon her.

In the distance the village church clock struck the half hour.

"I do hope uncle's trap will not—because you much inconvenience," ventured Elsie. "Do you suppose I might release you? Perhaps if you could tell me how?"

"Perhaps it would be better to wait till Mr. Whitson comes and let him open it with his key, then the trap need not be injured," returned the professor hastily. "Besides, I must make my apologies to your uncle."

"It is too bad," said Elsie reflectively. "Your evening has been spoiled, and you haven't had any cherries after all."

"Not one."

"You may have this basketful. I shall put it down there by your bicycle on the wall."

"You are not going down now?" he said with alarm.

"I must. I will stay at the foot of the tree and tell Uncle Ben you are here as soon as he returns." She slipped out of his sight, and presently her voice came up from below. "I will explain it to Uncle Ben as soon as he returns, and that will shorten your imprisonment."

"It has not seemed long," protested the professor, conscious of his loosened bonds.

"Here they come now," called the girl, and he heard her walking toward the house.

There was the sound of a distant colloquy, and then heavy steps came and stopped under the tree, and somebody propped a ladder against the trunk.

"I weigh 200 pounds, young man, and if I make a mistake here tonight it means a serious business for me," said a hearty voice, with an attempt at a growl. "If you're going to steal cherries why don't you come just after dark, when the hired man's around so he can pull you down?" The ladder creaked.

The professor grew anxious for the man's safety. Confession was the only course. "I can come down alone," he called hastily.

"I thought you was caught!" exclaimed the farmer.

"I've managed to loosen the trap so I can get my arms free. There—ugh!" With a mighty effort the professor shook off the cleverly contrived trap, and it rattled among the branches. "I'm coming down," he warned, and presently he stood at the foot of the tree, making elaborate apologies to the owner of the tree, who accepted them with great good nature and invited him into the house to eat cherries with Elsie and her aunt.

That was the first of many visits to the farm. "Confound that chap, Minnie!" Mr. Whitson said one day. "I believe he was loose all the while he was up that tree."

"What makes you think so, Ben?" asked his gentle wife.

"Because," said Uncle Ben, with a sly glance at his pretty niece, who blushed warmly.

Later, when they were married, Mr. Whitson kissed the bride and whispered in her pink ear:

"Thunderation, Elsie, when I set that cherry trap I didn't think I was trapping a husband for you!"

April 23 in American History.

- 1513—Birth in Brandon, Vt., of Stephen Arnold Douglas, statesman and political rival of Abraham Lincoln; died at Chicago June 3, 1861.
1860—The famous national Democratic "split" convention met in Charleston.
1905—Joseph Jefferson, veteran actor, died; born 1829.
1906—Former United States Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada died in Washington; born 1827.

All the news all the time—The Argus.