

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.

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Telephones in all departments: Central Union, West 145, 1145 and 2145.



Thursday, May 1, 1913.

The nation wide stir over vice may have its hysterical aspects, though it is nevertheless timely and needed.

Western Kansas has had a drenching rain. Rather far away, 'tis true, though it will come home to you in the price of your flour.

The increased demand for low priced amusements indicates a possible overcharge for high priced ones in the past, and for more frequent attendance at the shows at a lesser cost.

READY FOR THE BATTLE.

Austria-Hungary, an empire with 49,161,766 people, raises her hand to heaven and vows that, alone and unaided, she is willing to brave the terrors of war with Montenegro, whose population is about 250,000. Such remarkable heroism has not been seen since the world-enriching British empire nerved itself to attack the Boer Republic.

In spite of Austria's belligerent disposition, the chances are slightly in favor of peace in the Balkans. It is said but true that European diplomats care little for human rights; and, reduced to material terms, the points at issue between Austria and Montenegro are not worth a fight.

But even if she succeeds in bullying the little state which has half as many inhabitants as Austria has regular soldiers, the emperor of Francis Joseph has won nothing but the hatred of the Balkan peoples. The day may come when that hatred will decide a general European war.

PROPERTY INCREASES.

Two lots in the heart of Chicago business district now valued at over \$5,000,000 were bought 60 years ago for about \$2,000, according to a report of a special committee which unearched a lot of similar deals that have resulted in fortunes to the purchasers.

In 1842 Buckner S. Morris purchased from the state for \$1,256.67 a corner lot at State and Madison streets, and 11 years later he bought the next lot for \$1,800. That land now is valued at \$299 a square foot.

In July, 1835, Hiram Pearson, afterwards governor of Iowa, evidenced his faith in the future of Chicago by purchasing from the government, for the sum of \$410, a piece of land in what then may have been regarded the extreme south end of town. This particular piece of land lies south of Jackson boulevard and west of State street, extending to Van Buren street and to Plymouth Place—one city block. Evidently he bought this land with a view to profit, and he quickly realized his ambition, for he sold it 13 days later for \$99 more than he paid.

Who would then have dared to dream that this same piece of land would be valued at \$12,000,000 and more? Yet that is the value which it has today, if recent transactions in the block are taken as a criterion.

George W. Snow, who bought of Governor Pearson, fared better still, for that deal made a fortune for himself and his heirs, and a pretty penny would have been added to the millions this investment produced, if he had not traded 50 feet of the frontage at the southwest corner of State street and Jackson boulevard for five acres on Lake View.

FINANCING THE FARMER.

The need for financing the farmers of America better, which has become necessary to put agriculture in the corn belt on a better footing, has caused an inquiry into the Credit Foncier of Australia, through which the savings may be loaned to farmers under a government guarantee. "Under that system," a report states, "the commissioners of savings banks will grant loans in amounts of from \$250 to \$10,000, with interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent per annum. In addition to paying the interest, the borrower must pay half-yearly installments on account of the principal, which, with the interest, make the total payments equal to 6 per cent per annum, and these pay off the loan in 41 and one-half years.

The success of the movement is shown by the fact that considerably over \$10,000,000 has already been advanced. The economic charges, and the system of a sinking fund which automatically liquidates the liability over a long term of years, with the option of paying off the whole or any part at the end of any half year, are very attractive features. The purpose in the adoption of this plan by Victoria, in Australia, is that the rapid settlement of hundreds of thousands of acres of new land, and the rapidly increasing resultant products,

is making the want of agricultural laborers of both sexes keenly felt.

If such a system were adopted in the United States, it would not only keep our own people at home, but it would induce new settlers to come here.

IN THE SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS.

The Illinois vice committee which is so busy unearthing and exposing things, is tackling a very serious problem. While much good may and doubtless will result and some shocking practices may be disclosed and dispelled, there is need for extreme caution that there be no unfair treatment of employers or employees. The commission cannot afford to listen to the harrowing stories of some young girl, and, without giving the other side a hearing, jump to the conclusion that a great wrong has been done and drastic measures for relief must be taken.

No girl should be underpaid, and we all know there are hundreds who are receiving but a pittance for long hours and close, confining work. On the other hand, it is not fair to create a feeling of dispersion and dissatisfaction on the part of unskilled apprentices by making them think they are entitled to as large pay as workers of experience and skill gained by years of practice. The commission should diligently study to avoid creating any prejudices between employers and employees and between either of these parties and the public. Above all, both sides should have a full and impartial hearing. It is so very easy, after listening to disclosures that seem most shameful on the face of them, to pass speedy judgment and fall to wait for an explanation from the condemned. If an employer of woman's labor is shown to pay an average wage approximating what is a fair minimum wage, the isolated statement of some apprentice or new employe should not be allowed by the commission to be given such credence as to sow the seeds of discontent and incite the incompetent to stir up strife, or the public to hasty condemnation.

As an evidence of how easy it is to misjudge when but one side is heard, a case brought out at Springfield last week might be cited. A young girl came before the commission and aroused their strong indignation by telling how she worked long hours for the meager pay of \$2 a week. The employer, when called, placed a very different light on the matter. He said:

"This girl's sister was employed by me, receiving \$4.50 per week. She came to me and said she was anxious to get something for her sister to do. The sister was the girl who testified today. I told her I had no place for her sister at that time, but she insisted there were reasons why her folks were anxious to give her something to occupy her time and give her opportunity to learn something. I did not need her, but made a place temporarily in the pattern department, where she had an opportunity to learn from an excellent girl who is getting \$10 a week. After she had been in this place some time I found reasons why I should not retain her and I asked for and accepted her resignation."

Now there is a case where serious injustice would have been done to the employer had the investigation been stopped with the girl's story. All of which should impress the commission with the knowledge that they have a hard problem and that they should by no means allow prejudice to take the place of fairness to all concerned.

CHILD WEDDINGS IN INDIA.

Candy Kept the Baby Partners Quiet During the Ceremony.

Four hundred marriages were performed simultaneously at the last wedding celebration at Surat among members of the Lewa Kund caste.

None of the brides was more than twelve years of age, the majority being from one to seven years old, while the bridegrooms varied from three to nine. Most of the contracting parties sat or lay on the laps of their parents during the ceremony and were given sweets to keep them quiet.

The caste only celebrates every ten or twelve years.

These baby brides, of course, do not join their husbands when they are married. They wait until they reach the age of ten or eleven, when there is a second marriage. Should a baby bride's husband die before she reaches the age for a second marriage she becomes a widow and has to remain so all her life. In such cases the widow at once loses caste. Her ornaments are taken off her, and she becomes a sort of outcast, hardly treated, looked down upon and generally made a household drudge.

The husband, on the other hand, should his baby bride die before the second marriage, may marry again. In fact, he is expected to do so within a few months of the death of the bride.—Bombay Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

Ears of Animals.

The ears of the tigers, foxes, wolves, cats and other beasts of prey bend forward, while the ears of animals of fight, such as hares, rabbits, deer, etc., bend backward. This is because the ears of beasts of prey are designed for the purpose of collecting sounds in the direction taken by the animal in pursuit of its prey. The ears of an animal of fight, by turning backward, enable it to hear the sounds made by a pursuer.

Washington—An earthquake shock, apparently outside the 5,000-mile zone from Washington, was recorded on the seismograph at Georgetown university yesterday. The main displacement was east and west. The shock felt Monday night throughout northern New York and lower Canada was the most severe since the Champlain earthquake of 1663, reports Professor George Halpert Chadwick of St. Lawrence university.

The Genial Cynic BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

THRIFT. THRIFT is a composite quality. It embraces within itself nearly all of the great virtues.

It involves industry, prudence, forethought, self-denial. It certainly has no relation to niggardliness or meanness. Some men would let their grandmothers starve for the sake of a few dollars. Such actions cannot be called thrifty. A virtue carried to excess becomes a vice and is no longer a virtue.

Thrift that does not take into partnership honesty of character develops into covetousness and avarice. Thrift is the opposite of thriftlessness, prodigality, improvidence and waste.

Thrift means better homes and better food, more comfort and enjoyment, less waste and less anxiety. It is possible that a large proportion of people have earnings so small that saving seems impossible. But this is no reason for their being unthrifty. On the contrary, it is reason for making the best and the most of the little they have for their health, comfort, and true happiness.

A few dollars in a home, or a savings bank, or any safe investment, is as good seed as ever was sown.

Out of it grow confidence, quickened energies, firmer courage, more stalwart thought and hope, more orderly citizenship, education for the children and the independence and self-respect that lift aimless, hopeless drudges up to the true manhood that aspires and achieves.

WOOD ALCOHOL--POISON

In spite of numerous warnings, much ignorance is still displayed regarding the danger of methyl or wood alcohol. This lack of knowledge is shown in some quarters in which it ought to be least expected. For example, the New York board of health a few months ago passed the following ordinance: "No preparation or mixture containing methyl alcohol intended for external use by man, or so used, shall, when offered for sale, sold or used, be especially labeled, as follows: 'This preparation contains methyl (wood) alcohol.'" If the foregoing means anything it permits a virulent poison to be sold to the ignorant public without a specific notice of its toxic quality. The sanitary code of New York, adopted in January, 1912, includes the following section: "No person or corporation shall offer for sale any food or drink which contains methyl alcohol (commonly known as wood alcohol), or any preparation or mixture of any kind whatever containing the same intended either for internal or external use by man; nor shall methyl or wood alcohol or any preparation or mixture containing the same be used on or applied to the person or body of another." This ordinance was certainly based on what we definitely know of the poisonous characters of wood alcohol, Columbi-

an spirits, etc. As to the danger of this product, attention has already been called to the death of 71 municipal lodgers in a Berlin asylum from drinking cheap schnapps made with what corresponds in America to Columbian spirits, the so-called "deodorized" wood alcohol. Later, in another German town, seven deaths and the usual accompaniment of blindness followed the ingestion of a cheap drink compounded from a "deodorized" wood alcohol sold by a local druggist under the trade name of "Spiritoen"—a sort of Teutonic Columbian spirits. The crime having been committed in Gelsenkirchen instead of New York (1) the culprit was haled into court at once, (2) the trial lasted seven days, at the end of which (3) the poisoner was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and (4) the sentence was carried into effect.

For the safety of our citizens, says the Journal of the American Medical Association, the sale of every form of "deodorized" methyl alcohol should be prohibited. Although many states and municipalities have made legal provisions for the former contingency, these laws are frequently dead letters. Denatured alcohol answers every legitimate purpose of Columbian spirits, and is even cheaper than that toxic agent.

WIFE OF BRITAIN'S RICHEST PEER WANTS DIVORCE; SPICY REVELATIONS EXPECTED



The Duchess of Westminster.

London.—Revelations of life in London high society of rather a spicy character are expected when the divorce case of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster is heard this summer. The duchess started the proceedings and makes sensational charges.

The duke is the richest peer in England. At the age of 20 he came into possession of his title and his immense estates, which are valued at many millions. Since then (he is now 34) he has spent his whole life in the pursuit of pleasure.

In 1900 he became engaged to the beautiful Miss Shielagh West, daughter of the Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Then he went to the Boer war, and once there lost no time in becoming entangled with a notorious charmer. Miss West hearing of this, the engagement seemed in a fair way to be broken. However, differences were patched up and the wedding occurred in 1901.

Getting married didn't interfere in the least with the duke's "pleasures" and he was soon forming attachments with women of the stage. He was particularly enthusiastic over Miss Gertie Miller, one of the lively stars of the Gaiety theatre.

During the last three years the duke has made no pretense of caring about his wife. He has wandered over Europe in pursuit of a good time. So she is going to get a divorce, and in getting it will let the court know something about the dissolute life of the man whose name she bears.

The Problem Was Clearly Untenable. Dorothy, a little first grader in the city schools, has a small brother who is considered an angel child by no one but mamma, so when teacher gave Dorothy this problem, "If your mother should give you 5 cents for keeping Jack while she goes to market on Saturday how much would you earn in six weeks?" she readily replied, "Why, Miss Hudson, I wouldn't keep that naughty boy if mamma gave me a quarter!"—Kansas City Star.

A New Experience. "Dropped a little at roulette while I was abroad," remarked the ice man. "Can't beat that game," said the coal man.

"Wasn't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The ONLOOKER BY S. E. KISER

Real Trouble



He sighed because it was his fate To earn the blessings he received; Because he was compelled to wait For opportunities he grieved.

He mourned because he could not claim A certain lady for his own; He sadly sighed because his name In many quarters was unknown.

He thought his fate was hard to bear Because he seldom got a rest; When he began to lose his hair A bitter sadness filled his breast.

But when he lost his appetite And when good health was his no more He sadly wondered day and night Why he had ever grieved before.

As to Flery Steeds.

"Yes," he said, as he went on hunting for the place where his automobile was broken, "the day of the flery steed is past. It's a bad thing for the poets, but we can't stay the march of progress for the purpose of looking after the needs of the bards. Poetry without the flery steed will not be poetry, especially where it refers to such matters as the ride from Ghent to Aix. Paul Revere's little trip and that hurried movement in which Sheridan played so important a part. The flery steed has passed from the scene forever."

Just then his fingers happened to form a connection between the ends of a broken wire, and with a yell he came back to a realization of the fact that the flery steed was still in evidence by a large and active majority.

Another Rule With Exceptions.

"Do you believe," asked the young woman who had started upon a literary career, "that success is in store for everyone who keeps honestly trying?"

"Well," replied the gray-haired author, "I am sometimes disposed to doubt it. I have been honestly trying for thirty-three years to get my wife to take an interest in what I write, but success seems to be as far away as ever."

NOT GUILTY.

Attorney—Now, Pat, please tell us what was the animus of your assault upon this man.

Pat—I didn't have any animus. All I hit him with was me fists.

Not the One for Him.

He—I was born on the 13th of the month and it happened to be on Friday, too.

She—is that the reason you have never thought it worth while trying to be anybody?

He decided then and there that it would be necessary to look elsewhere for his affinity.

Social Progress.

"What a slashing fine woman that Mrs. Sharpleigh is."

"Yes, she certainly is a clipper. But it's only natural that she should cut quite a dash."

"Why?"

"Her husband got his start as a barber."

What's in a Name?

"You say you would not wed with me because my first name is Peter. Ah, but what's in a name, after all?"

"Not much sometimes. A man named Drinkwater was fined for getting drunk in New York the other day."

Disillusion.

He thought she was the sweetest. Daintiest thing in all the world. Till the morning that he saw her Before her hair was curled.

Of Course.

She—Which half of the world do you suppose it is that doesn't know how the other half lives?

He—The masculine.

The Plot.

"What is the plot of this play?" asked the manager.

"It isn't complete," replied the author. "The plot is to get a lot of people to pay \$2 each to see it, and I think we'll do it if you will come in on the conspiracy."—Washington Star.

The Daily Story THE STRANGER—BY DOROTHEA HALE.

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"Tickets?"

The conductor stood by a man with his hat over his eyes, apparently asleep. He made no response to the demand, and the conductor poked him. The passenger woke up, blinked his eyes at the conductor, then began to feel for his pocketbook. It was not in his hip pocket, where he first looked for it, and he began a series of sudden thrusts in all his other pockets.

"Conductor," he said, not having found it, "some pickpocket has relieved me of my tickets and \$90 in cash."

"Ticket?" repeated the conductor, apparently oblivious to this ingenuous excuse.

"I tell you I've been robbed of my ticket. Pass me to the end of the road and I will see that you get one as soon as I can cash a draft."

"Give me either a ticket or the money for your fare or you'll have to get off the train."

"What—in all this rain?"

"Yes, in all this rain. In the first place, you were not asleep at all. When I came round, but pretended to be. In the second place, you can't beat your way on this road, and, in the third, fork over or I'll put you off."

Other passengers were by this time interested in the debate. They saw the man look at the conductor with a peculiar expression, in which surprise and condemnation were mingled. Though young, his face had in it the look of one who was accustomed to command. His clothes were covered with the dust of travel, but were not shabby. As he looked at the conductor his countenance hardened; then he said quietly:

"Put me off."

The conductor seized the bell cord, pulled it vigorously, and the train came to a stop between two fields.

The road was ditched on both sides, and the passenger had difficulty in finding a footing. The train started on. He stood staring at it for a few moments, then looked about him for shelter. There was but one house in sight, and that was fully two miles away. The rain beat down, wetting the ejected passenger to the skin, and a cold northeast wind intensified his chill.

Taking a glance at the probable best route by which to reach the house mentioned, he started toward it.

It was an hour reaching it, facing as he did the storm and several times having to retrace his steps. On arriving he found it to be far better than the average farmhouse and was received by kind-hearted, hospitable persons. He begged shelter and some dry clothing, which was given him, but a chill warned him that he had better get to bed at once.

His hosts, the Livermore family, consisted of the father, mother and their daughter, Jennie. The father had been obliged on account of ill health to take up his residence in the country and was trying to make a living by farming. Though he had become well again, he found a city life had not given him the experience a farmer needs, and he was rapidly running in debt. Nevertheless the family was a kindness to the stranger. His chill was succeeded by a fever, and in less than a week he was at the point of death. Then he rallied and in a short time was convalescent.

During his illness Mrs. Livermore was his chief attendant, but when he was getting well she turned him over to her daughter. The weather was becoming warm, and Jennie placed a big chair on the porch for him and covered him with blankets. There he sat most of the day in the sunshine.

From the porch he could look down on the railroad and the place where he was ejected in that pitiless storm.

"It's a shame," said his little nurse Jennie, "that you should have been forced to risk your life as you were. How much would it cost to sue the company?"

"Why do you ask?" The invalid looked at the girl's indignant features with interest.

"Because I had a legacy of \$200 left me not long ago, and if that would do I think I would let you have it."

The stranger regarded her with an amused expression. Such unthinking generosity was refreshing.

"Will you give it to me for the purpose of securing justice?" he asked.

She sat, turning the matter over in her mind for a few minutes, and at last generosity won.

"Yes," she said resolutely, "I will. Only you mustn't say anything to father or mother about the matter, for they might not approve."

"Probably not," replied the stranger sententiously. "I may accept your offer. Keep your money where you can have it ready whenever I call for it."

The stranger sent for funds, which he received during his convalescence and paid his physician. He begged to be permitted to pay for at least his keeping. But this was refused him.

He had written the auditor of the railroad company by which he had suffered, stating his case and asking what indemnity would be paid, if any. The reply was that the company admitted no legal liability whatever, but if he would state to the lowest sum he would take in settlement his claim would be considered.

When the stranger read this he was sitting on the porch and Jennie was attending him. He smiled, and Jennie asked him at what he was smiling.

"I will name a very low sum—the amount you propose to lend me to try the case. After that I shall hear nothing more from the auditor."

"Why not?"

"Because his object is to induce me to name a sum that I will accept for my claim. He will file my reply, and if the case ever comes to trial he will show it as evidence that \$200 was all I had asked in settlement."

"How do you know so much about these matters?"

"Kindly give me writing materials," replied the stranger without answering her question, "and I will prove to you that I am right."

He wrote a letter offering to accept \$200 in settlement for his claims, asking an immediate reply since he was about to leave the place from which his offer was made. Though he remained there two weeks longer, no answer came.

"I wonder how in the wide world you knew all that?" remarked Jennie.

But the stranger did not seem inclined to explain things. When he was strong enough he went away, giving heartfelt thanks to all his benefactors and bidding Jennie a tender goodbye.

"Now, remember," he said at parting with her, "if I send to you for that \$200 you won't go back on me, will you?"

"But didn't that offer you made spoil it all?" she asked.

"Yes; it worked in that way, but there are other ways."

Jennie's confidence in this young man, who seemed to know so much about railroad methods, was perfect, and she promised to send the money when called for. Then the stranger went away, and they heard no more of him for months. Spring passed into summer, and the early autumn came. Then Jennie received a letter from the stranger, saying that he was using her legacy without really having it in his possession. He explained that he was doing it on the credit system, which made it just as valuable to him as cash. This was all Greek to Jennie, but she remembered how he had foretold what the auditor of the railroad would do, and she wrote back that it was all right. She was glad he was getting the benefit of her money and hoped he would make the railroad company pay at least his doctor's bill.

During the summer the stock of the said company began to go up and down, sometimes jumping five points at a time, then sinking ten points. Sometimes it would remain at a fixed price for weeks, then gradually settle. Within a few months, passing through these changes, it sank from par to half that value. Everybody wondered what was going on "behind the scenes" to cause such fluctuations and such a recession of price. But nobody seemed to know. After awhile it began to rise and went back to par.

When the annual meeting of the directors came around an unknown man walked into the room where it was held and showed certificates to the amount of 53 per cent of the capital stock. He presented the names of a new board and, holding a majority of the stock, elected every one of them. Most of his votes were by proxy.

"You are"—asked the astonished president of the man who held them.

"I am vice president of the R. T. and G. line, on the Pacific coast. Last spring I came east on business for my road. I was robbed of my pocketbook on entering a train on your road and, having neither money nor tickets, was put off in a starn by your conductor. I contracted pneumonia and came very near dying. Subsequently I offered to accept \$200 for my claim against your company, but no reply was made to my offer. On my recovery I made a study of your road and formed a plan to unite it with its feeder. I interested my backers on the Pacific coast and obtained from them the necessary financial equipment. As chairman of the new board I call upon the officers of the company for their resignations."

Not a person present had ever heard of the \$200 claim for damages. The president said that if he had known of it he would gladly have settled the claim, paying a just amount. The chairman of the new board said he was glad the president did not know of it, since the investment under the new scheme promised to be a very profitable one.

A few days after these developments Jennie Livermore saw the stranger coming up the walk. She ran out to meet him.

"I've won my suit against the railroad company," he said.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, and I must pay you for the use of your legacy, which helped me to win it."

"How much did you get?"

"Your share is in this check."

He handed her a check for \$6,040. She failed utterly to grasp what it meant. Then the others of the family came out to welcome him, and he told them how he had secured indemnity from the road for having been put off a train and made ill in consequence. There were additions to the story which interested them far more than the recital thus far. He had also deposited with his broker a check for what he deemed the payment for his stay with them while he was sick—\$1,000—and had bought and sold with it the stock of the railroad company he was manipulating. That fund now amounted to over \$30,000.

The stranger made another visit to his benefactors, and when he went away he took with him Jennie Livermore.

May 1 in American History.

1813—The British under Colonel Proctor laid siege to Fort Meigs, on Maumee river, which was held by 2,600 United States troops commanded by General W. H. Harrison.

1862—Battle at Port Gibson, Miss.; first engagement in Grant's Vicksburg campaign. General Hooker placed his army on the defensive at Chancellorville, Va.

1910—Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., retired, noted naval constructor, died; born 1829.

All the news all the time—The Argus.