

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, May 16, 1913.

Evelyn Thaw is to resume her stage career. The next chapter will no doubt be written around Mrs. Thaw's marriage.

The Chicago bandits who tried to carve their way to liberty after being refused a new trial tried to take a short cut to freedom.

It is asserted that the French have accomplished most with the aeroplane, though Americans invented it. There are laurels yet to be won in making it safer.

The attitude of the republican senators toward the pending tariff bill, will do more toward establishing progressive identity than anything else, right now.

The month of May is a notable one in Mexican history. So many days are claimed for celebrations and dedications that washday and payday have practically been abolished.

Sometimes it seems as if the powers ought to be suppressed. Their attempt to intimidate Montenegro is a mighty small performance. "To the victors belong the spoils," and the victory of the Balkans after desperate and bloody conflict entitles them to the spoils, and they should take them in spite of the powers.

CALLING THE BLUFF.

Knowing better than we know what was in the mind of certain big interests, Woodrow Wilson before assuming the duties of president promised "a gibbet as high as Haman's" for the man who should start a panic. And the panic machinery was not set in motion.

Manufacturers who have been fattened to opulence and insolence by sheltering tariff duties that enriched them to the impoverishment of consumers, are said to be secretly planning and openly threatening a general shut down of their works to back up their statement that they can't live under the "destructive" Wilson-Underwood tariff.

Secretary of Commerce Redfield, himself a big manufacturer and one of the best informed men on the tariff in the nation, panos in his work long enough to remark: "If any manufacturer attempts, in the interest of the republican party, to threaten labor, the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce will go into this factory and ascertain the reason why it shut down."

Explaining his program, Mr. Redfield said: "I have recommended to President Wilson that he make available an appropriation of \$100,000 to cover such investigations as are now proposed, covering the cost of production, the wages paid, hours employed per day, the profits of manufacturers and producers and the comparative cost of living and the kind of living, what articles are controlled by trusts or other combinations of capital, and what effect the trusts or other combinations of capital, business operations or labor have upon production and prices.

"This investigation, the law provides, shall be conducted when request is made either by the president or congress. I have asked the president to order it now. The appropriation is already available and the president's consent is all that is needed to begin the work."

This consent has been granted and any aggrieved protected "infant" looking for trouble is invited to start something, with assurance in advance that what it starts the Wilson administration will finish.

ENGLISH ANARCHISTS

That the working class of Great Britain has cause for more or less discontent cannot be denied, but it is rather astonishing to find a member of parliament preaching anarchy and advocating the crazy theories of the syndicalists, says the Albany Argus. According to a news cable from London Josiah Wedgwood, who represents Newcastle-under-Lyme in the house of commons, addressed a gathering of avowed anarchists at Hackney the other night and declared that the first step necessary to push forward the movement for "freedom" in Great Britain was to make the working classes as discontented as possible.

"The working classes," he said, "are getting tired of the well meant efforts to pad the saddle and are realizing that it may be far better for the donkey to lose the saddle altogether." Presumably this donkey represents his idea of the working classes, and if they take his speech seriously the comparison is not so inapt. This man is sworn to uphold the laws of his country, and yet he deliberately incites the working classes to throw

off all authority. Mr. Wedgwood is said to be a rich man, but he has not practiced what he preaches by dividing his worldly goods among the toilers. Most of the rich anarchists and syndicalists draw the same line between theory and practice. They are faddists and seek notoriety by posing as friends of the working classes.

Socialism and syndicalism are gaining ground in England, thanks to the encouragement of such men as Josiah Wedgwood and the mass of literature favoring these cults that is being put on the market by English publishers. Trouble is bound to come of this fermenting of discontent unless the responsible leaders of thought in Great Britain set about in earnest to combat it.

ILLITERACY IN ILLINOIS.

According to latest government statistics there are 168,249 illiterates in Illinois, representing 3.7 per cent of the total population 10 years of age and over as compared with 4.2 per cent in 1900. The percentage of illiteracy is 1.3 among native white, 19.1 among foreign-born whites, and 10.5 among negroes.

For all classes combined, the percentage of illiterates is 4.1 in urban communities and 3.2 in rural. For each class separately, however, except the foreign-born whites, the percentage is higher in the rural population than in the urban.

For persons from 10 to 20 years of age, inclusive, whose literacy depends upon present school facilities and school attendance percentage of illiteracy is 1.1.

In the population 15 years of age and over, 39.3 per cent of the males are single and 30.4 per cent of the females. The percentage married is 55.2 for males and 58.6 for females, and the percentage widowed 4.2 and 19.1, respectively. The percentage of those reported as divorced, 0.5 and 0.7, respectively, are believed to be too small, because of the probability that many divorced persons class themselves as single or widowed.

That the percentage of single is so much smaller for women than for men is due partly to the excess of males in the total population and partly to the fact that women marry young—55.2 for males and 58.6 for females, from 15 to 19 years of age are married, as compared with 0.6 per cent of the males, and 46.2 per cent of the females from 20 to 24 years of age are married, as compared with 20.3 per cent of the males. In the next group 25 to 34 years, the percentages are 74.4 to 61.1, while in the group 35 to 44 the difference practically disappears. That there is a larger proportion of widows than widowers may indicate that men more often remarry than women, but, since husbands are generally older than their wives, the marriage relationship is more often broken by death of the husband than by death of the wife.

For the main elements of the population the percentages of married persons among those 15 years of age and over are as follows: Foreign-born white, 63.9 for males and 67.7 for females; native whites of native parentage, 54.6 and 57.2, respectively; native whites of foreign or mixed parentage, 46.1 and 51; negroes, 51.7 and 57.7.

These percentages by no means indicate the relative tendency of the several classes as regards marriage. To determine that, the comparison should be made by age periods, since the proportion married in any class is determined largely by the proportion who have reached the marrying age. Similarly, the proportion widowed depends largely on the proportion past middle life. The percentage married, for males and for females, is higher in rural than in urban communities.

The total number of dwellings in Illinois is 1,006,848, and the total number of families 1,264,717, there being 125.6 families to each 100 dwellings. The average number of persons per dwelling is 5.6, and the average number per family, 4.5.

HEADS DELEGATION ILLINOIS MOTHERS



Mrs. L. D. Doty.

A prominent figure at the 17th annual convention of the National Congress of Mothers, now in session at Boston, is Mrs. L. D. Doty of Chicago. She is president of the Illinois branch of the congress and is chairman of the Illinois delegation.

Australian Beef Arrives. San Francisco, Cal., May 15.—Four hundred thousand pounds of frozen Australian beef and mutton landed here today. The meat was sold in Australia with the understanding that only a nominal profit be made here. If the agreement is violated, Australia will ship direct and assume the risk, eliminating the middleman's profit. An immediate fall in prices is expected.

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.



HONESTY.

That there are wrongs, in big enterprises and in small, there can be no question. Some people pretend to believe that this country is going straight to the demitition bowwows because monstrous dishonesty prevails in all business.

Poppycock! We hear more about delinquencies of all sorts than we did when the facilities for gathering news were meager.

But the optimist sees that justice, honor and honesty are the normal conditions and that they rule as a matter of course in social and business relations.

Millions of instances in which they are in evidence never appear under startling headlines of the newspapers. They are far too ordinary to constitute news.

An honest man creates no sensation as he passes along the street attending quietly to his business. But the thief in custody attracts a crowd.

This is simply because honesty is common and dishonesty uncommon. The whole business structure rests and has always rested on the conviction that men will fulfill their obligations and deal fairly. This conviction is the foundation of credit.

Ninety-five per cent of the total business transactions of this country are carried on not in cash, but in credit based on this conviction, showing how general it is and how firm.

Confidence, not suspicion, is and must ever be the prevailing tone of the business world.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

CONGRESSMAN FROM THE FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, May 14.—The senate is having a hard time trying to prevent passage of the



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Senator Kern's resolution for an investigation of the West Virginia coal fields. Some of the senators, who dance when the special interests pull the strings, are giving a surprising exhibition of political agility in their opposition to the bill.

When the West Virginia republican legislature broke the deadlock by electing Federal Judge Nathan Goff to the United States senate last winter, the action was acclaimed by the standpat press of America as an example worthy to be followed by other states.

But what does Senator Goff do in his first speech—a speech in opposition to Senator Kern's resolution? His speech, a masterpiece of logic and a gem of rhetoric, is every word a legal quibble. It was just the sort of speech and the sort of legal logic that is creating among the people a mighty wrath against courts and lawyers.

For years tales of horrors have drifted out of the West Virginia coal fields—stories of peonage, of outraged women, of murdered men, terrorism, suppression of news and free speech, and a population held in bondage to the coal barons. The concrete result can be read in any wage report. West Virginia coal wages are lower than in any other eastern mining district.

PROTEST AGAINST CRUELTY

New York, May 14, Editor The Argus.

Members of the Audubon society are deeply interested in legislation relating to the protection of birds. As Colonel Roosevelt has said: "It is a disgrace to America that we should permit the sale of the cigarettes." When a cigarette company tried to establish itself in New Jersey, President Wilson, who was then governor of that state, killed the bill that would have allowed this indecent traffic, and expressed himself in these words: "I think New Jersey can get along without blood money."

The cigarette is torn from the live mother bird in the nesting season and the little ones are left to starve. One of the plume hunters of a southern country writes: "The natives of the country do virtually all of the hunting for feathers. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from the wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above, which were calling for food. I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys are kept in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds tied up by the plume hunters within sound of the call of their young. I could write you many pages of horrors practiced in gathering cigarette feathers in Venezuela by the natives for the millinery trade of Paris and New York."

Intelligent, kind-hearted women wear these cigarettes, birds of paradise and other bird adornments because they are ignorant as to the manner in which these things are obtained. No self-respecting woman (and, above all, no mother) with anything resembling a heart, will consent to wear cigarettes or certain furs, once she has learned of the unspeakable horrors that attend their procuring. Ostrich feathers are humanely obtained and may be obtained and may be worn with a clear conscience.

There is need for immediate action on the part of those interested in striving to put an end to this nefar-

The people want to know, and they have the right to know what has been going on in West Virginia. And in opposing this demand, Senator Goff quibbles that the government has not investigated other states where martial law has been declared—why create a precedent in West Virginia?

The people are not interested in the legal technicalities of the case. They want the facts. I hope the new senate is respectful enough to public opinion to vote for this resolution and let the light in on West Virginia.

THE MEXICO SITUATION. The Huerta regime, which rose on treachery and murder to dictatorship in Mexico, is acting saucily towards Uncle Sam because the Wilson administration refuses to recognize that government. Huerta is threatening to send back the credentials of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson.

This seems surprising, since Henry Lane was always a pretty good friend of Huerta. Almost before the body of the assassinated Madero was cold, Henry Lane Wilson was solemnly assuring the Taft state department that the deposed president was shot while attempting to escape.

There is, however, as usual, a colored person in the wood pile. As long as President Wilson refuses to recognize the red-handed Huerta, the latter worthy will be unable to market his government bonds in New York, and thus cannot raise money to put down the growing rebellion in the north of Mexico.

If Henry Lane Wilson were recalled, however, it would necessitate the appointment of a new ambassador, and a new ambassador has to be accredited to the government of the country to which he is sent. This would compel the United States to recognize Huerta.

It's a pretty little plan, and has a good deal of support in Wall Street. Unfortunately for its success, President Wilson seems disposed to allow Henry Lane to remain dangling between the devil and the deep sea.

ious cigarette traffic in the United States.

President Wilson has this month convened a special session of congress for the purpose of passing the revised tariff act. The officers of the Audubon society have strong grounds for believing that it will be possible to have inserted in this provision prohibiting the importation of cigarettes, provided a wide campaign of publicity can be immediately inaugurated.

No woman who has seen the mother seal skinned alive because the writings make the work of skinning easier than if it were dead; no woman who has seen the timid gramine, with its tongue fast to the metal that has been smeared for its capture; no woman who has ever looked at the steel trap ready and set for work; no woman who is half a woman can know of these things and consent to wear furs. It is to be hoped that enlightened women in all our cities will meet (as a number of women in New York recently met) in order to discuss ways and means of putting a stop to these unspeakable things.

As to the cigarette, American women can help this movement by notifying milliners that they will withdraw patronage from any millinery establishment that permits the sale of cigarettes or other plumes barbarously obtained. Women entering a strange millinery establishment can be of the greatest service if, before making any purchases, they will inquire whether or not cigarettes are sold by the establishment.

There will undoubtedly be strong opposition to the proposed law—opposition on the part of merchant milliners who encourage the cigarette atrocities as a source of revenue.

The matter is in the hands of the American women.

Respectfully yours, MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, GEORGE ARLISS. Mount Vernon, Ill.—Flannery Williamson pleaded guilty in the Marion county circuit court to the murder of Andrew Smothers in February and was sentenced to prison for life. The murder was committed to get possession of a deed transferring land to Williamson.

The ONCOOKER S. E. KISER

WOULD IT NOT BE WELL?



We speak in accents kind and fair. Concerning those who have departed: We praise the ones who travel where The shoreless seas are all uncharted. Oh, it is well that we should raise Our voices in a grand, sweet chorus And passing o'er their fortunes, praise The worth of them that go before us.

But would it not be better still If men might sometimes gladly hear us Give forth expressions of good will And kindness while they lingered near us?

'Tis well to praise the dead, to be Respectful to them and forgiving; But would it not be good if we More often spoke well of the living?

Champion Mean Man. "The meanest man in this town lives in our street. I don't care to mention his name, but I can do so if it becomes necessary to prove his right to the championship in the mean man contest."

"In what way does his meanness manifest itself?" "His doctor recently cautioned him against eating anything containing acids, and now he will not allow a strawberry to be brought into his house."

Artistic Temperament. "I hear that your husband has gone to New York," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Yes," replied her hostess, "we found out one of them old masters we had in the gallery wasn't the real thing and he's went to see if he can't find something else about the right size to fit in the place where it hung. Josiah is so artistic that he can't bear to see the gallery thrown out of proportion by havin' more pictures on one side than the other."

No Chance for Happiness. If all who owe would pay us. As soon as bills are due, If they would not delay us In paying our bills, too; If frosts would not come spoiling The gardens that we make, If none of us were toiling Except for pleasure's sake, We still would sit in sorrow And still lack peace of mind Unless they'd let us borrow His of some other kind.

Hope. "I'm afraid," said the head of the great publishing house, "we've made a mistake in printing so many copies of Pennington's latest novel. With fifteen editions of it in stock, the thing has fallen flat and we can't sell a copy."

"Well, let us hope for the best," replied the secretary. "Coal's getting so high that we may be able to use the books to advantage for fuel."

Wronged. "I am sorry to hear, Mrs. Newcomb," said the minister, "that your husband gambles by buying grain and stocks on margins."

"He doesn't do anything of the kind. I've just been looking up the definition of the word gambling, and, according to the dictionary, one who gambles has a chance to win."

Thankless Child. "Heavens!" exclaimed Bullington Bullion, as he hung up the telephone receiver. "It must go home at once. My wife is prostrated."

"What is the trouble?" asked his partner. "Our daughter has killed a duke and defiantly says she is going to marry a worthy American."

Forced to Combine. "So you and your former wife have decided to get married again?"

"Yes." "Found out that you loved each other, after all, eh?"

"No, she can't get along on the alimony and I can't make ends meet on what I have left after I pay her."

Saddening Sight. It always makes a lazy man unhappy to see another resting.

Deceived. "I want to get a divorce from my wife."

"On what ground?" "Well, I don't know the legal term for it, but she didn't tell me before I married her that she was an electrocutionist."

The Daily Story

A CONFESSION—BY F. R. MITCHELL. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau

I was born all wrong for what was expected of me. My father founded a business which grew to be very profitable and produced a large fortune. I being my father's only son—indeed, his only child—his chief rejoicing at my birth was that one day I would succeed him in his business, for though he had not then reaped much benefit from it, he saw great possibilities ahead. But he was doomed to be disappointed in me. As a boy I developed a taste for roving, for danger, for anything, in short, incompatible with a humdrum life.

At nineteen I was in jail under sentence of death for participation in a Central American revolution. My father came and bought my life with money. He took me home, telling me that I was a fool, but he hoped I would grow wiser with age. But there is an old adage, "Brag a fool in a mortar and he is still a fool." One year later, while climbing a mountain in Switzerland, I was carried down into the valley by an avalanche and was the only one of the party to come out alive.

One would suppose that this second escape would have cured me of incurring great risks. But, no. The day I came of age I fought a duel with a French army officer in Algiers and was wounded right unto death.

At this time my grandfather on my father's side was living, a hale and hearty man of seventy-five. My father, being taken suddenly ill and not having time before his death to lay any plan for his estate, left all he possessed to his father. What instructions went with the will I did not know, but later my grandfather informed me that if I settled down before his death he was to leave the property to me.

Unfortunately for me, my predisposition for getting myself killed was not sufficiently affected by this situation to induce me to go home and live an ordinary life. Flung myself in Rome when the Italians were sending troops



"I WAS TRANFIXED WITH ASTONISHMENT."

to north Africa to fight the Mohammedans, I enlisted in an infantry regiment and was shot down by an un-Christian dog and lay in a hospital three months. When I recovered I went to Paris, where I received a letter announcing that my grandfather had died and had been married only a few hours before his death, leaving my estate to his wife.

Being still young, without common sense and by no means cured of my absurd predisposition, I was not very sorry that I should no longer be restrained from incurring dangers, especially since my new grandmother had been instructed by the will to send me a hundred dollars a month on which to live till I should get killed. The only inducement for dissatisfaction was the belief that some woman who had nursed the old gentleman had prevailed upon him to leave the property to her. This, I confess, made me feel a bit ugly. The widow wrote me that if I would come home and settle down she would double my allowance.

I was not minded either to settle down or to be beholden to the woman who had robbed me of my inheritance and wrote her to that effect. I received no reply to my letter and from that time considered the matter dropped. My fortune had passed into other hands than mine, and I considered it irretrievably lost. But it was not long—I by this time having passed out of the unthinking age—before I began to realize that I had been the fool my father had called me. It was now too late to mend matters, but I was losing my taste for danger, and another taste which had dominated began to show itself. This was a taste for art. I went to Florence, Italy, and became infatuated with the treasures in painting and sculpture to be found there.

Tourists, especially Americans, occasionally came to my studio, and one of them, a very pretty girl, Miss Alice Beale, seemed not only pleased with my work, but with me. I had lived such a wild life that the fair sex had not had much charm for me, and indeed especially seemed altogether too formal for my bohemian tastes. If I had paid any attention to women it had usually been to some ordinary person of the country I happened to be in at the time.

Miss Beale, though a perfectly modest girl, did not strive to conceal her preference for me. Moreover, she threw off enough of that conventionalism which I disliked to make my enjoyment of her society easy. A man of my kind, once becoming interested in a woman of his own social sphere, becomes an easy prey. It was not long before Miss Beale had me beel-

over head in love with her. I put it in this way because the young lady, as I have said, though modest and unassuming as our affair proceeded, gave me every encouragement, and there was good reason to believe that her fancy for me was not a matter of worldly interest, for while she seemed to have all the money she needed to spend, I soon made her aware of the state of my own affairs, nor did it change her manner toward me one whit.

One evening we emerged from the Uffizi gallery together and walked slowly along the bank of the Arno. The lamps that light the streets on either side of the river had just been lighted, and there is no more beautiful city scene in the world than the Arno banks at the twilight hour. Carried away by the surroundings, after confessing to my companion briefly how by my folly I had thrown away a fortune, I told her that I had now come to a realization of it since my loss deprived me of a hope of possessing her.

We had turned upon one of the bridges that span the river and were looking down upon the flowing waters. She responded that there was still a hope that we might be happy together. That hope depended upon my abandoning my nomadic life, returning to America and settling in some business or profession. I believed that it was too late for me to do this, but I consented to her terms.

"Possibly," I said, "might find means of making that confounded grandmother of mine disgorge something of my estate."

She smiled at my optimism and advised me to look to the future rather than the past. Suits to recover property left by will out of the natural channel were expensive, dragged on from year to year and had a bad effect on the contestant.

It is evident from this that Miss Beale was just the woman I needed for a wife. She infused into me a practical common sense that no one had ever been able to force into me before. It was agreed that we should both return to America, where I was to make good my promises of reformation, and our future union was conditional upon my carrying them out.

We sailed from Naples on a warm afternoon, when the sea breeze, tempering the heat, was delightful. Standing on deck, I looked upon the high ground back of the city, Vesuvius towering on the south, Ischia in the bay on the other flank. The water, the blue of which is ever changing, was a deep green. Filled with the beauty of the scene, I could not but repress a regret that I must give up lingering in this artistic country, as well as my artistic instincts. I felt that but one thing would hold me down to my promises—the possession of the girl I loved.

Miss Beale told me that her home was in New York, while mine was in Philadelphia. I desired on arrival to see her to her home, but she would not permit it. She advised me to go at once to Philadelphia and call upon my grandmother, who owned a controlling interest in the business my father had built up with a view to obtaining a position there. I demurred to this, but Miss Beale insisted upon it, saying that if I were unable to "put my feelings in my pocket" and avail myself of the only chance open to me I might as well give up the whole matter and return to my roving. This settled it, and I promised to do as she advised.

The evening after my arrival in Philadelphia I got myself in condition to eat humble pie by going to the house in which I had been born to solicit a position in the business my father had intended I should manage. My lone alone enabled me to swallow the pill. I rang the bell and, having been admitted, sent up my card. While I waited I was mentally picturing the woman who would come down to receive me. I fancied her to be of middle age, a crafty looking woman, thin and bony, with piercing eyes. I hated her before I saw her.

Presently I heard a footstep on the stairs and the rustle of skirts. When the descending figure reached the last step she was revealed to my view. I was transfixed with astonishment. I saw Alice Beale!

"What? Who?" I began and stopped. "Your grandmother," she said, smiling in every feature of her face. "You? Me?"

"Yes. The day your grandfather died, being too far gone to make a will, he married me with the understanding that if possible I was to become your wife. The plan had already been arranged. I promising to take care of your interests, provided you mended your ways and became a steady man. Since you would not come to me for reformation I went to you under my maiden name. Now that I have got you where I can influence you for your good we will do what seems best for you."

I married my grandfather's widow and from that time settled my affairs as I pleased, but always after conference with her. I did not return to Italy. I am now manager of the business my father established.

May 16 in American History.

1801—W. H. Seward, statesman, secretary of state under Lincoln, born; died 1872. 1824—Levi P. Morton, vice president under Harrison, born at Shoreham, Vt. 1827—Federal victory over the Confederate defenders of Vicksburg, at Champion's Hill, Miss., the decisive battle of the campaign. Over 5,000 men fell. All the news all the time—72 Argus.