

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, May 30, 1913.

All glory to the honored dead.

Are the people at last seeing Roosevelt through a glass dimly?

Senator Gallinger acknowledges that he is a reactionary and yet he is one of the senators who want to "reorganize" the gone old party along "progressive" lines.

The oldest man in Illinois and the fattest man in California died yesterday. They did not build their reputations in a day, either.

Senator Thomas says the \$50,000,000 beet sugar trust of Colorado contains \$30,000,000 watered stock. As a sugar consumer, do you want sugar on the free list or do you want to be taxed to pay dividends upon \$30,000,000 of water.

A Pacific lobster will shortly be able to call on an Atlantic relative without going around the Horn or through the northwest passage. But the lobster tribe need not flatter itself that Uncle Sam has paid \$375,000,000 for this particular achievement.

The Balkan war over, comes now the piper for his pay. The allies ask an indemnity of \$400,000,000. But money cannot restore the blood shed and the lives lost in the war, and these accounts must remain unbalanced. The Turk, against whom the war was waged, will pay nothing. He will pass over to the subject Christian peoples of the empire the burden of taxes to satisfy the indemnity.

THE SENATE "WHIP."

The United States senate democrats have invented a new office and Colonel Lewis is the incumbent. He has been named as assistant democratic floor leader and his duties will correspond to those of the whip of the house, it being the purpose to hold the members to serious consideration of public business until the tariff bill shall have been disposed of.

There are two reasons why there has never before been a senate whip, the first because there has been nobody on deck competent for the job, and second because the senate has no heretofore been in a hurry about anything.

THE OPIUM TRADE.

It seems as though the only way the use of opium can be restricted to medicinal purposes is to curtail its production. There is a law to regulate the importation of opium in this country, yet the frequency of arrests of persons who make a business of selling the drug to victims of the opium habit shows that it is very difficult to enforce this law. Apparently as long as opium is manufactured in large quantities unscrupulous persons will find some way to evade the law.

Some time next month—the exact date has not yet been set—the international opium conference will reassemble at The Hague. Nearly all the civilized nations will be represented by delegates appointed by their respective governments and another effort will be made to bring about an agreement between the nations to abolish the opium traffic in all but medicinal preparations. If Great Britain signs the agreement, there is little doubt that the other nations will not refuse to sign.

The greatest part of the opium that is made comes from India, and it is said that there is now in the port of Shanghai \$50,000,000 worth of opium from India that the Chinese government will not allow to be sold in China. It is said that the British government will be asked to purchase this opium and ship it back to India. It would be better to dump it into the sea. It is true that the British government has encouraged the manufacture of opium in India and has derived large revenue from the trade, but it can better afford to lose \$50,000,000 than to distribute this immense quantity of the drug in India. There is no question as to the attitude of a majority of the British people toward the opium trade of India; they are emphatically in favor of abolishing the traffic in the drug except for medicinal purposes.

It remains to be seen whether the British government will be guided by the will of a majority of the British people or by the merchants who are making fortunes pandering to the depraved tastes of victims of the opium habit.

GREAT EXPORTS.

With the first signs of a slowing down of certain phases of business activity in eastern centers—a check noticed in orders for the future rather

than in the actual handling of merchandise of any kind—came indications of waning exports. The instant American manufacturers and other producers felt less concerned than they had been for many months with the problem of supplying the demands of their customers, they began to push their foreign trade, with immediate results.

In April the value of the exports of domestic merchandise was \$20,000,000 in excess of the figures for the corresponding month of 1912. Imports fell off more than \$18,000,000 in the same time. The surplus of exports over imports was less than \$14,000,000 in April, 1912. Last month it was more than \$52,000,000. For the ten months ending with April the excess of exports over imports was almost \$562,000,000, a margin which has been surpassed but twice in the history of the country.

Such facts tell an impressive story of immense national resources and a wide margin of safety in the foreign trade of the country. Any serious decrease in domestic trade would quickly be followed by so great an expansion of the exports of American products that many lines of industry would find the loss at home wholly or in large part offset. It is evident, also, that there would be a rapid accumulation of credits in Europe, which might be drawn upon for gold in case of any monetary stringency on this side of the Atlantic.

This change, in turn, would tend powerfully to stimulate large use of capital in the United States in new undertakings, with a trade and industrial revival the natural result. National prosperity rests on a wider and surer base now than ever before. Foreign trade goes farther than at any other time in the country's history to insure great and continuous business activity.

LEGENDS OF THE SWORD.

Curious Beliefs That Hovered Round the Ancient Weapon.

Countless legends and superstitions have attached to the sword, since the days when fighting was the principal occupation of life. So highly was the sword esteemed that Mohammed in the Koran declared it to be "the key to heaven and hell."

The warrior or knight gave a name to his sword. He vowed at the altar never to draw it in a false cause. It was his companion and friend and descended from father to son for many generations. One sword named "Brother of the Lightning" had a golden hilt inscribed with magic words. In times of peace these were said to be illegible, but before a battle "they glowed red as blood."

It was believed, moreover, that a sword after long use acquired a life of its own. Many famous swords were said to utter cries before battle, and after a weapon had killed five score men it became blood hungry and leaped from its scabbard at the approach of a foe. Certain swords were said to refuse to give a wound in a bad cause. Among these was the brand Excalibur, which was given to King Arthur by a fairy and which Richard Coeur de Lion professed to own. In the east superstitions reverence is still paid to the sword. The Daimios of Japan, when they voluntarily surrendered their rank, kept as a rule the wonderful blades which had been handed down from generation to generation, in some cases for more than a thousand years, and which had absorbed, as they believed, some of the character and life of the men that had owned them.—Harper's Weekly.

MANILA'S GRASS HOUSES.

Source of a Sort of Continuous Performance Conflagration.

Fires are much in fashion in the city of Manila. Conservatively estimated, 1,000 houses are destroyed annually. Perhaps two or three times that number of people are made homeless each year. The conflagrations are not due, as might be supposed, to lack of adequate protection in fire fighting equipment—at least, not since the United States took charge. The fault lies in the style of building or, rather, in the materials used.

NEW BUREAU CHIEF IN THE NAVY DEPT.



Rear Admiral R. S. Griffin.

Rear Admiral R. S. Griffin is the newly appointed chief of the bureau of steam engineering of the navy department at Washington. Supervision of the navy's signal corps and wireless work also comes under his supervision. He has just assumed his new office and succeeds Admiral Hutch I. Cone, who was relieved from duty in Washington to be assigned to the command of some battleship.

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

A SENSIBLE FAD.



The public manifests as much and as enthusiastic interest in the simple life nowadays as it ordinarily exhibits toward an automobile race, the financial gymnastics of Wall street or the baseball scores.

Various well-meaning persons set about devising complex methods of making their own lives less complex.

They are determined to lead the simple life, even if they have to be more artificial than they were before.

Simple life clubs are being formed by people who cannot be simple without moral support.

And withal it is an excellent fad, even if it is nothing more.

It may not induce many to give up their automobiles and yachts and stock gambling, but it may give some consolation to millions who haven't any of these things to give up.

Anyway, works of philosophy are read not to learn what to do with our successes so much as to furnish ourselves with the consolation for our failures.

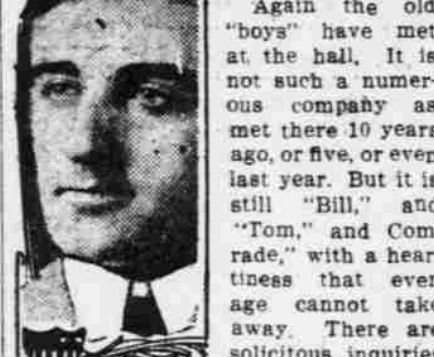
The newest of fads is the oldest of all philosophies. But that there is nothing new in it does not detract from its value. All real truth is old. That it be dressed in style suited to the time is all that can be expected.

CAPITAL COMMENT

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

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, May 28.—Once more the old blue rinks are joined. With fifes and drums sounding, the remnant of the Grand Army comes down the street. It is Memorial day.



Clyde H. Tavenner.

Again the old "boys" have met at the hall. It is not such a numerous company as met there 10 years ago, or five, or even last year. But it is still "Bill," and "Tom," and "Comrade," with a heartiness that even age cannot take away.

There are solicitous inquiries after health. Hands clasped in reunion. Many are wondering whose place in the parade will be vacant next year, next Memorial day. "Jim" is beginning to look feeble. "Sam's" shoulders, always so erect, are beginning to have an involuntary stoop in them!

The Relief Corps has been busy for several days. But now, most of the active work of preparation has been done by the grandchildren of the veterans. The grandsons have been out in the woods gathering flowers. The granddaughters have arranged the memorial baskets and bouquets. And grandchildren this year have placed the marker flags in the cemetery. They used more flags this year than ever before!

At last the parade starts! Its military appearance is kept up this year by the presence of Spanish war veterans and the boy scouts. But the chief interest is in the brave little band of Grand Army men. There is a pitiful attempt, but unsuccessful, to appear in uniform. With most, the uniform consists merely of the black felt hat with its gold braid. With some it is merely the gold buttons in suits of

brown, black and gray. While a very few still wear the blue suits, brass buttons, felt hat, and all.

Most of them still make a brave attempt to be military in bearing. But for all but a few the exertion is terrific. Some still have their buoyant step, but for most the march is halting and painful. And some, who have always marched before this year are riding in carriages and automobiles.

No wonder that in the average small northern town eyes are wet with tears as they watch the old Grand Army march by again. The faces in the line are mostly known to all. And some are missed. The town knows the story of all of them.

I have a purpose in writing these lines for this Memorial day. The point I wish to make is that the Grand Army is going, and going rapidly. Each month now at the pension office in Washington 4,000 names are struck from the roll with the grim word "Dead" closing each pension account. Four thousand a month! These men who went forth to give their lives for the union 51 years ago hardly fell on the battlefields and in the fever hospitals at that rate.

The country needs a new sense of the great debt owed to these men. The country owes it to this dwindling band to smooth out their declining years. It ought to be easier for them to get their pensions. They ought not to be subjected to the annoying delays and red tape that they have been subjected to in the past. Their pensions ought to be bigger—a dollar a day is not too much. Moreover, pensions ought to be paid more frequently. There has been introduced in congress a bill providing for monthly instead of quarterly payment of pensions, and I hope it will pass. It is to be hoped that the new commissioner of pensions will receive more prompt treatment than they have heretofore, when old soldiers have been compelled to wait week after week, and month after month, for their pension claims to receive even preliminary consideration. Time flies. Whatever is to be done for the boys in blue must and should be done quickly.

ARBITRATION

(Albany Argus.)

During the war between Italy and Turkey over the possession of Tripoli, the Italians seized two French vessels and held them for some time, causing their owners considerable loss. The Italians claimed that the captains of the French vessels had violated the neutrality laws. Great indignation was expressed in France, and there was talk of war over the incident. Better counsel prevailed, however, and the case was submitted to the Hague tribunal for arbitration.

A decision has just been rendered, and Italy loses. She must pay for holding one of the vessels the sum of \$32,000, and for holding the other, \$80,000. The total amount is insignificant so far as international affairs go, but the case illustrates the value of the Hague tribunal and the good sense of submitting to it international disputes.

All the business houses in old and new Manila are built of concrete, stone or hard woods, sometimes of all three. The wealthier natives and most foreign signers have houses of stone or fine hard woods, but the districts occupied by the working class are invariably built up of nipa (a dried grass) and bamboo.

Both of these materials, especially nipa, are extremely inflammable. And, as frequent destruction of these shacks or huts means increased business for the nipa dealers, incendiarism is rampant during the dull season. Naturally the leaf season is in dry summer, when the leaves cure and when fires flourish.

Tondo, an endless tenement quarter, is composed almost solely of nipa huts, a single square block containing anywhere from 100 to 400 houses, according to size. The houses in most instances are so solidly built as to afford room only for pedestrians to pass between them. The Pao and San Nicolas districts are much the same.—Engineering.

British Army's First Trousers. Perhaps the army revolution of deepest interest to the soldier himself was that effected in 1823, when for the first

time he was put in trousers. The announcement from the horse guards took the following remarkable form: "His majesty has been pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches, leggings and shoes as part of the clothing of the infantry soldiers and of blue gray cloth trousers and half boots being substituted." In order to indemnify the "clothing colonels" for any hardship which the new order might cause it was decided that these gentlemen should no longer be called upon to provide the waistcoat of Tommy, but that Tommy should himself supply it out of his shilling a day. To reassure him it was pointed out that he was in a position to do so with comfort, because he would no longer have to buy garters.—London Chronicle.

Not Him. "Has my husband been in here?" inquired a woman of the bartender. "He's a tall, red faced man, no overcoat, soft hat."

"A man answering that description got a bottle of whisky here about ten minutes ago."

"How big a bottle?" "Half a pint, ma'am."

"Some other man," said the woman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The ONCOOKER S. E. KISER Poor Young Man



Ah, poor young man! He has no chance to show his worth; No undiscovered continents Are left on earth; Columbus had it been his fate To live today. Might serve beneath some section boss For little pay.

Oh, poor young man! He cannot use His gifts, alas! No Austerlitz remains to lose, No Rome to sack. The past has both Thermopylae And Waterloo to hemisphere. What is there that the poor young man May hope to do?

Newton, Galileo, Morse, Have lived and wrought; Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope; And Burns and Scott! Ah, if they had not written all There was to write He might take up his pen and give The world delight.

Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt—how With paint and brush May be expected to be supreme? Huge vessels rushing From hemisphere to hemisphere, The winds dashing, Because a Fulton had a plan He thought worth trying.

Oh, poor young man! He sits downcast; No chance remains For him to nobly free a race From galling chains. The great things have been done, alas! By craft or stealth, The magnets have become possessed Of all the wealth.

The world has ceased to need men who Were born to lead; He may not join the splendid few, "The end, indeed, He came too late to win renown Or claim applause; He has no chance to be supreme In any cause.

Ah, poor young man! How sad his fate, How drear his lot, There's no hope of being great!— And yet, why not? At Homer many, many a man Stuck out his tongue And told him that the greatest songs Had all been sung.

Not Worried. "That hair tonic doesn't seem to be going very fast," said the druggist. "No," replied the clerk; "I recommended it to every bald-headed man who has come into the store during the past six months, but they don't seem to want it. I can't understand why."

"Let's see. How many bottles of it have we sold? There were a dozen to begin with, weren't there?" "Yes. We've only got rid of three of them, and I'm afraid we never can sell any more."

"Oh, well, even if we don't, we've made 15 or 20 per cent. of the original investment."

Going on a Long Journey. "I think you'd better telephone for another woman to come and do your washing," said Mr. Jenkins, who had just returned from the basement after having "tended to" the furnace. "Why?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. "Mandy's down in the laundry, isn't she?" "Yes, but she isn't going to stay there."

"Did she tell you she wasn't?" "No, but she's got the oil can to help her start the fire in the laundry stove."

Never. "I've never failed at anything," He said it with much pride; The statement which he made was one That could not be denied; He never failed at anything. But, in a stage "aside," It may be only fair to say That he had never tried.

Striking Similarity. "The cuckoo in that clock reminds me of a poor ball player and an arrogant labor union."

"How so?" "It goes out on so many strikes."

Information for the Young. "Pa, what's a ripe old age?" "That's the age at which a man begins to realize that he's not the only apple on the tree."

Some day, said the novelist. "I'm going to write something big—something that will make the world remember me."

"Ah, yes," his friend replied, "but when are you going to do it?" "Just as soon as I have turned out enough trash to make me independent."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Daily Story

WOMAN'S DAY—BY ELLEN P. BAXTER.

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A party of German Americans were drinking beer and listening to an orchestra in a saloon with sawdust on the floor and stunted evergreens standing about in tubs. The sawdust they fancied to be the turf of the fatherland; the evergreens were to them the fir trees of their native forests; the orchestra was the birds singing in the trees. Happy imagination that can derive comfort from such surroundings.

The conversation fell upon the advancement of women, which is attracting the attention of the world today. "The advancement of women?" exclaims Carl Becker contemptuously. "Rather the decline of women. Fancy our German mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts taking on as the English suffragists are now doing. What would the fatherland be today?"

"Ach, Carl," retorted Hans Muller, "you can never advance beyond the little village in which you were born, where the men and the women have occupied the same relative position for hundreds of years. You are not up to these times, in which fewer women marry, and when women are obliged to support themselves they will not be content to play second fiddle."

"Tell us the story, Carl," suggested John Katz, "about the day you spent subservient to a woman. I have heard it myself, but the others haven't."

"Oh, that story! It is not much of a story."

"Tell it, Carl," cried several of the party at once. Rattling their mugs on the table, they called for more beer, and when it was served Carl Becker began as follows: "My birthplace was Nordhastedt. There is a tradition there that some



five or six centuries ago the town was attacked by robbers and the men after a hard fight were obliged to retreat. At this point the women, armed with such weapons as they could lay their hands upon, attacked the robbers and beat them.

"Ever since that time our people have at intervals set apart one day for a festival, during which the men turn over all authority to the women and are obedient to their slightest commands."

"Not long before I came away to America I courted Lena Reitze—Lena is my wife—and when one of those festival days that the men must obey the women came round I made arrangements to spend it with her. Lena had some brothers and sisters all younger than herself, including a baby. Herr Reitze he said to me: 'Carl, I and my wife go away on the woman's day, and we leave all the children for you and Lena to take care of. It will be a very good preparation for you to be a married couple. You will have a family on which to practice.'

"I thought that a good idea, but at that time I knew nothing about family matters, and it seems to me now that it was not a very good day when I must obey Lena to see how we would get on as man and wife with a family. I told Herr Reitze that I would go to his house and take his place early in the morning and stay there till he and his wife returned at night."

"When I got to the house Lena's father and mother were gone. I thought Lena and I would have a good time together that day, so I was very happy. Breakfast had been finished, but the dishes were on the table. Lena told me that she would only expect me to do half the work; but, of course, I must do what she tell me to do. She said I must clear the breakfast table. I thought that very easy work, so I took off all the dishes, while I sing a song to myself. Lena she give the baby his bath, for she say she would not trust me to do that. When I get the breakfast table cleared I shake the crumbs on the floor and fold up the cloth carefully and put it away. Then I sit down to rest."

"After awhile Lena come in and tell me to go get a broom and sweep up the crumbs. I don't like this very much, but I must obey, and when I get the crumbs in the dustpan I hit my foot against it and scatter them all over the floor again. Next time I was more careful and didn't have to sweep them up any more. When I got through with the job I call Lena, who was giving the baby his bath, to come and we go out to walk together."

"Have you washed the dishes? Lena called from above. "No. Must the dishes be washed?" "Of course," she answered. "You don't suppose we can eat on the same dishes forever without washing them. You'll find hot water on the stove."

"I went into the kitchen and poured the boiling water into the pan, and when I put my fingers into it they were scalded. I danced around the kitchen in pain and called out to Lena to know if I must wash the dishes in boiling water. She said I was stupid not to put some cold water in too. I did this and washed the dishes and dried them and put them away."

"By this time it was 10 o'clock and I had had no fun at all. I thought surely now Lena would come downstairs and we could go out to walk and listen to the birds sing. Lena did come down, but with the baby in her arms, and she put him in mine, saying that I must take care of him while she attended to the wants of the younger children. "I don't like this at all, but what could I do? It was the day when I must obey, so I took the baby from her, but he didn't wish to leave Lena, and come to me, so he set up a yell loud enough to wake up his ancestors out in the churchyard. I talked to him and walked him and danced him up and down, but the more I persuaded him to be quiet the louder he yelled and kicked. I said to Lena, 'Take this baby yourself; I can't do anything with him.' To this she replied that I must keep him. "I began to wish that the robbers who had brought about this custom had killed all the women so that we would not be afflicted with it, but I dare not disobey Lena; no man in the town dare disobey any woman in that town, for if he did all the people would turn against him for not respecting the time honored custom. "I did one thing that shows that even in taking care of a baby a man, if he really brings his mind down to the problem, can do it better than a woman. They haven't the inventive power I have. I put the baby to sleep. How did I do that? Why, I began to blow into his eyes. He was obliged to shut them and keep them shut, and so he could do nothing but go to sleep."

"The story teller paused to empty his beer mug, and all the others cried: "Bravo, Carl! You have shown that you are superior to a woman on her own ground."

Carl went on with his story: "But putting the baby to sleep didn't do me any good, for Lena said the children would soon come in hungry and I must get the dinner."

"Dinner!" I exclaimed. "Why, I have only just got rid of the breakfast!" "We can't help that," Lena answered. "We must all eat, especially children."

"They eat all the time, don't they?" "Pretty nearly."

"There were four dishes to be prepared for dinner and every one of them was burned, for how was I to attend to them all at once? My hands, which had been scalded in the morning, were burned at noon. When the dishes were set on the table the children made a howl, the baby began to cry and the dog barked. I put my hands to my ears and ran away from the house, and I didn't go back that day either."

"Soon it was known all over the town that I had been disobedient on woman's day, and everybody was talking about me. Some persons on meeting me cut me dead. It was 'Carl, how could you show such disrespect to woman's day, which has come down to us for five or six centuries? No man has ever done so before.' 'Himmel!' I cried. 'If it is so bad to obey the woman for one day, what must it be to obey her every day? I'm going to leave this village and go to America. If they have there a woman's day I will go somewhere else and keep on going till I find a place where no man has ever to obey a woman.'

"When Lena heard I was going to America she said she was going with me. 'If you do,' I said to her, 'and we find there is a woman's day there, you must understand that it is not to be observed in our family. She agreed to this, and here we are in America. Lena takes care of the house and the children and I make the money for the family.'

"Are you going to let your wife vote?" asked Hans Muller. "No. If Lena votes I have to go back to that woman's day and do her work. You bet I don't do that. But I think Lena wouldn't have time to vote. She would be like the man who heard that the bank where he kept all his money had failed. He ran to the bank and demanded his money. The teller handed it out to him and the man said: 'If you got him I no want him.' I think my wife be like this man. If she can't vote she will want to vote. If she can vote she say to me: 'You vote in my place. I got to give the baby his bath.'

"Nonsense, Carl," rejoined Muller. "The day for children is past. There's fewer marriages than formerly and seldom more than one child to a family. There's no reason why a woman should stay away from the polls all her life because of one or two years' devoted to a baby."

"Well then," grunted Becker, "if the human race die out, what's the use of anybody voting?"

"I give it up," said Muller. "Let us listen to the music."

May 30 in American History.

1808—The Grand Army of the Republic instituted the general observance of Soldiers' Memorial day in the northern states.

1887—Major Ben: Perley Poore, Journalist and author, died; born 1820.

1890—Memorial to General James Abram Garfield dedicated at Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland, O. President Benjamin Harrison participated in the ceremonies.

Always take the short cut, and that is the rational one. Therefore say and do everything according to the soundest reason.—Marcus Aurelius.