

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, June 9, 1913.

What is so rare as a day in June when it is cold. But wasn't it delightful?

Senator Penrose says lobbyists no longer exist. Senators of the Penrose type usually do their own lobbying.

If those striking barbers in Boston really wish to do something desperately violent, they might tear up the Pucks and Judges.

For the ceremony of being presented to the king, Ambassador Page wore long trousers. Football and splash Americans alone wear knickerbockers.

President Wilson's refusal to interfere in the death sentence of the negro condemned to die at Washington, D. C., for felonious assault on a white woman, will make him a few more friends. The doom of the ravisher is sealed and his fate deserved.

The army is short of engineers and can not get them for civil life, because men qualified to pass the examination can get higher pay elsewhere. In this emergency the head of the service asks for a larger detail from West Point to the engineer corps. In view of the tremendous engineering problems likely to confront the engineer corps in the matter of flood control, and the faint prospect of war, this seems to be a reasonable request.

STRONG AT THE FINISH.

The good roads bill passed the Illinois house last week, getting 111 votes, with only 33 opposing. The bill goes to the senate, where it will have to do some speeding to make a landing before the close of the session.

The supporters of the measure in the house must have done some rather heavy work in the last days to make the showing. The week before members of the house said the vote would be close on this measure. Messrs. Tice and Abbott thought the bill would get through, but they felt the margin was close. Opponents felt just as sure that the bill would fail, though they admitted it had almost enough votes.

So it was a surprise to learn that on final roll call the measure had 111 votes in the house, 34 more than enough to pass it. There wasn't anything close about that. It must be that a good many were made to see the light.

THE MIDNIGHT OIL.

A novel experiment that was started in Rowan county, Kentucky, with a view to reducing the number of illiterates in the mountains of that state, has proved so successful that it will likely be adopted in the mountainous regions of other southern states where illiteracy is very prevalent.

In the fall of 1911 Mrs. Cora Stewart, superintendent of education in Rowan county, opened "moonlight" schools for adults. Every moonlight night the schools were conducted in the school houses that the children used in the daytime. As soon as the plan was understood, the attendance increased rapidly, until now there are 48 of these schools in Rowan county, while the system has extended to 10 other counties in Kentucky.

The regular teachers volunteered for the work, asking no extra compensation. Cut off from communication with the more advanced sections of the state, the mountaineers of Kentucky have remained ignorant, but they are of good stock and have not been weakened by the dissipation so common in cities. The same is true of the mountaineers of Tennessee and some other southern states. They are excellent material on which to work, and great results are expected as soon as the "moonlight" school system can be made general in those regions.

A similar system in the northern states for the benefit of adult immigrants who are illiterate or cannot read or write in English ought to prove effective. Teaching them would be more difficult but the difficulty could be overcome.

WAR SCARES; THEIR PURPOSE.

Despite the fact that there is nothing for Japan and the United States to fight about, regardless of the pacific attitude of the diplomats of the two countries; notwithstanding the very intense feeling of friendship between the people of Japan and this country, the jingoes continue their efforts to create a great war scare.

LaFollette's Magazine quotes a

newspaper correspondent, who wrote in a recent dispatch from Paris:

"I've been trying within the past few weeks in Germany, France and England to lift the awful war load which every man in these countries, rich and poor, is carrying. Everywhere I go in Europe I find that war hangs over every man, woman and child. Just at present the cloud is very low, and the cry of the oppressed Frenchman and German is 'For God's sake, let us fight and have it over with! We'd rather die in war than stagger along under this burden.'"

The German government decided to tax the people still further to the extent of \$250,000,000 for war preparations. And then something happened! It was proved that the big armor, ammunition and war supplies manufacturers have paid agents whose business it is to stir up war scares so that big contracts may be secured from the government.

A special article from London to the Christian Science Monitor contains some timely revelations on this subject, showing conclusively how the war scare is planned and perpetuated to bring profits to privilege. The facts are astounding. The special London article closes as follows:

"Naturally the socialists are exploiting these sensational disclosures as an argument in favor of Babel's assertions that 'capitalism is behind all the wars and the war scares.'"

"Newspapers in every country have seized upon this sinister connection between high finance and high politics as the text for comment emphasizing the great strides that would be taken toward international peace if the people of neighboring countries were left to themselves, undisturbed by mercenary 'war scares.' And everywhere there is the most vigorous denunciation of the special interests that do not stop even at setting people at one another's throats, because that means millions in profits to those interests. Nothing more sordid in the unholy alliance between powerful business and banking groups and government can be imagined.

"These revelations in Germany and in France, it is predicted by close observers, are certain to cause a revolution of feeling in countries that have been shouldered with tremendous war burdens—and give an impetus to a new type of 'high politics' that will not prove so hugely profitable to financiers and the armor ring."

When one stops to think to what extreme of mendacity these agents of privilege will go in an effort to force war—force the slaughter of thousands of lives and cause untold distress and disaster—just to bring profits for soulless, greedy, glibulous corporations, he is justified in demanding exposure of the whole rotten war scare system.

Neither Japan nor the United States will be fooled by such jingoism.

WORLD IN CHICAGO COMES TO CLOSE

Chicago, Ill., June 5.—The World in Chicago, which closed Saturday night at the Coliseum, was not only one of the most extensive and largely attended exhibitions ever given in Chicago. It was the greatest enterprise in which Chicago churches ever have united.

It is stated that the attendance, including the workers, aggregated at the exposition at the Coliseum and Paganet of Darkness and Light at the Auditorium theatre between 400,000 and 500,000 during the five weeks' run.

The World in Chicago did not have for its object a financial or commercial purpose, being strictly educational and religious. The effort was intended to give information with reference to the extension of Christian civilization throughout the world. The management believes the attitude towards missionary work, both at home and abroad, of thousands of people who do not regularly go to church has been changed from one of hostility or indifference to interest and encouragement.

In every Chicago church from which workers were enlisted, there now exists a group of men and women thoroughly informed with reference to the importance of the work of missions, whose interest and enthusiasm can be diverted into some form of church activity.

The financial results of the expo-

BRYAN'S EDITOR TO GET FAT CANAL JOB



Richard L. Metcalf.

Richard L. Metcalf of Nebraska, who is editor of Bryan's "Commoner," has been picked for governor of the Panama canal zone. He will succeed W. M. Thatcher of Kentucky. The position pays \$14,000 a year.

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

LOVE'S PART IN CRIME.



The arrest of a young Ohio bridegroom on the charge of having stolen \$20 to pay elopement expenses strikingly illustrates the very common fact that man's financial, social and moral downfall is frequently due to an attempt to live beyond his means, and that the highest and purest of the human passions often plunges one to the lowest depths of degradation and despair.

Hardly a day passes that the newspapers do not contain some story of a man's destruction through misdoings prompted by his love for a woman.

Lords of creation, masters of the world, as they are called by themselves, men are really the enslaved sex. For they have made themselves slaves to their emotions, and consequently slaves to the women who through their emotions govern them.

The polygamist sultans of the east and the most exalted monarchs of enlightened Christendom are alike subjects to feminine influence, and "the power behind the throne" has become proverbial in all languages.

It is not meant that all men who go wrong do so under the influence of women. And certainly it cannot be inferred that woman's chief influence upon man is vile. On the contrary she impels him to the highest deeds as well as the lowest, and brings out the best that's in him as well as the worst.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER, CONGRESSMAN FROM THE FOURTEENTH DISTRICT. (Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., June 7.—"Boys, grow corn" is now established as the slogan of the department of agriculture.

The sentence has taken the place of Horace Greeley's famous advice: "Young man, go west."

In the past five or six years the department has shown by demonstration that for young men there is greater opportunity in producing the gold of the corn crop than there ever was in gathering the gold from the placer mines of California.

For no 10-year period has the corn yield of the United States exceeded an average of 28 bushels per acre. Not even the most fertile state has ever produced over 54 bushels per acre. Yet in practically every section of the country yields of over 100 bushels are continually being produced by good farmers.

It is perfectly obvious that the corn yield of the United States can be easily doubled by the spread of good farming methods. Or, if such a yield is beyond our needs, the acreage devoted to corn can be greatly reduced and the land devoted to other needed crops.

There are untold billions of dollars which can be added to the wealth of the nation by increasing the corn production. No other line of activity offers such opportunities.

The hope of the department and of the country is in the boys. They, more quickly than men, grasp the scientific principles underlying the successful breeding of corn for greater crops. Youthful enthusiasm guarantees that the principles once learned will be applied to actual corn production with conscientiousness and perseverance.

Consequently we see the great and

situation, which in the mind of the management has not been of first importance, will not be known for a few weeks, as some time will be required in closing up the accounts and turning cash. The total expense approximates \$200,000. The enterprise was financed by 200 Chicago men, who subscribed to a guarantee fund of \$100,000.

George W. Dixon, president of the World in Chicago, made the following official statement of the results of the exposition and pageant:

"The directors are more than gratified by many of the results which have been achieved.

"There has been created a spirit of unity among all the churches which it is impossible to exaggerate. As many as 50 churches belong to 22 denominations have taken active part. These have all forgotten for the time being their denominational differences and many have discovered how small and unimportant they are. All have found it possible to cooperate with the utmost enthusiasm in a common missionary enterprise.

"About 20,000 members of these churches, including the children, have been serving either as stewards in the exposition or participants in the pageant. Their loyalty, devotion and ability have not been exceeded in any city. An immense educational campaign has been accomplished among these people of which the churches will feel the beneficial results for many years to come.

"The general public has attended the exposition and pageant in increasing numbers as the weeks have passed. The attendance at the pageant has exceeded that in any city in which it has been given, and multitudes who have never been brought into immediate touch with home and foreign missions have been led to understand and to appreciate some of their methods and results. A very gratifying feature has been the attendance of visitors not merely from the city and state but from all the surrounding districts.

"The directors are now planning a campaign during the coming twelve months to conserve in the local churches the spiritual results of the

growing organizations of Boys' Corn clubs, promoted by schools, states, independent organizations and the national department of agriculture. Each year the champion boy corn growers of each state are given a free trip to Washington, where they meet the president and receive diplomas from the secretary of agriculture.

The work of getting boys interested in championship corn contests has advanced to a point where the department is now showing its hand how it intends to utilize this organization of boys in the future. A bulletin has just been issued on the subject, and one sentence in the bulletin might have been written in this form:

Wanted: A boy in every corn-growing county of the United States, who can prove his ability as a farmer by several years of superior work in the corn contests, to act for the rest of his life as the official seed-corn grower and distributor in his county for the government. Pleasant and profitable work. For further information apply to Office of Corn Investigations, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

In other words, it is the intention of the department to effect a permanent organization of boy champion corn growers. One in each county is desired. By improving seed and furnishing it to the farmers of his county he will help toward the general plan for doubling the American corn crop.

The name of the new bulletin is "How to Grow an Acre of Corn." It is a corn grower's textbook, written in short, pithy paragraphs, each giving a suggestion on how to improve corn.

"Boys have splendid opportunities to produce better varieties than have ever been produced," is the promise held out.

It is also pointed out that while corn sells commercially for 50 or 75 cents per bushel, the successful corn breeder can sell his corn to his neighbors for seed for \$2 or \$3 a bushel. A boy who can grow 100 bushels of this sort of corn on an acre spends a very profitable summer. But didn't you hear that man who pointed him out a moment ago say he was the greatest man in this great city?

"Ah, Sherlock, this can't beat you as a deducer. Since you explain it, the whole thing is as plain as day."

All His Own Way.

"I understand that Coshington intends to run for congress in this district again."

"Yes, and he'll have it all his own way, too."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, look at the record he has made. Been in two terms now, without offering a resolution or making a speech. How can such a man's opponents find an issue to fight him on?"

The Secret.

Father took me to the circus. And washed a fine old time. All the clowns were awful funny, and he let me spend a dime; but he made me promise never to tell mother—and I'll not—How the lady harrack rider threw him kisses that he caught.

Overworked.

"I hear that you were the only man at a luncheon the other day, where there were about fifty women."

"Yes."

"How did you enjoy yourself?"

"Well, I got rather tired passing the pickles."

As Plain as Day.

"Emerson says it is impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself."

"Evidently nobody ever went to Emerson for the purpose of inducing him to have his photograph enlarged and colored."

She Thought He Might Be.

"Is your husband a baseball fan?"

"I think he must be. He wants me to try to find somebody who will adopt our baby, so he may have more time to figure up the batting averages."

The ONCOOKER S. E. KISER THE OTHER MAN'S LOT



Each day he watched the trains go by; He'd pause behind his plow to gaze; And many a time he heaved a sigh And thought he wasted precious days; He breeze blew sweetly from the sky, His flocks and herds grazed on the slopes. But, turning when the trains went past, His countenance was overcast And envy blighted all his hopes. His children played among the trees, His fields were wide and rich and green; A thousand things were there to please By adding beauty to the scene. But, longing for the sight of seas And far-off mountains looming high, A dozen times a day he cursed And in his bosom envy burned. What time he watched the trains go by, He looked across his acres wide And saw his billowy fields of wheat, And heard the thundering trains and sighed. Although the breeze was soft and sweet, And many a weary one who spied Him standing out there brown and grim, Thought of his freedom from all care, Thought of his independence there, And, riding onward, envied him.

S. Holmes, Jr. "Hah!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Very well, Sherlock," said Dr. Watson. "If you wish it I will hah! But what is the occasion for hahing?"

"Have you noticed that man with the grayish hair and the important manner?"

"Of course, I could not very well help doing so. He would attract attention anywhere."

"He was born in the country and spent his boyhood either on a farm or in a small town."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know."

"If you don't know his name, how have you found out that he was once a country boy? There is no hayseed in his hair, and I can see nothing about him to indicate that he has not always been used to city ways."

"Of course you can't. There isn't anything of that kind about him. But didn't you hear that man who pointed him out a moment ago say he was the greatest man in this great city?"

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The Daily Story

An Insult Avenged—By Marian Wilson. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

"Grandpa, tell us a story for the Fourth of July."

"You'll have to go to some one younger than I for a story about celebrating the Fourth of July, but if you want one about what we celebrate I can give it to you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Fourth of July is celebrated to commemorate our becoming a nation and not a colony of Great Britain. Our independence was achieved by the Revolutionary war. I will tell you of an incident of that war."

"One evening during the period of the American Revolution a young British officer rode up to a house in northern New Jersey and, dismounting, went to the door and knocked. In that day the colonies, or the eastern states, were like rural England. Many of the most aristocratic families of New York lived in country homes within, say, fifty miles of the city, and it was at one of these houses that the young officer stopped.

"His summons was answered by a negro servant, whom he directed to ask his mistress if he could have some supper. The negro disappeared, and presently there was a rustle of skirts on the winding staircase, and a tall girl

tell her I would rather meet her friend or her lover than her brother, for I would not injure her for King George's dominions."

"With that he turned his horse's head in the direction he had been going, and the boy went back to his mistress.

"Within a few days General Washington attacked General Howe, who was marching from Philadelphia to New York, Washington hoping to prevent him from reaching his destination. But General Charles Lee, who, it had recently been discovered, had turned traitor to the American cause, disobeyed orders and rendered Washington's plan fruitless.

"A couple of weeks after the battle Mistress Dorothy Hale was sitting on the porch of her father's house when a redcoat came riding along the road and drew rein before the gate.

"Mistress Hale," he said, "I have come to give you satisfaction through your champion, whoever he may be, but I beg you to spare me a meeting with your own brother."

"He was about to dismount and come up to join her, but she arose and stood looking down upon him as a figure of justice regarding a criminal and forbade his entrance. Then she noticed that he was very pale.

"You do not look in condition to fight for your life. Go away and come again when you are stronger."

"I am strong enough to fight your brother," he said, "for I shall stand only on the defensive."

"The girl remained silent a moment, then added: 'I presume you have been wounded in the recent battle. An apology will be accepted.'

"One holding the king's commission cannot apologize in face of a challenge."

"Very well," said the girl; "go to the wood behind the house, and my brother will join you there."

"Does your brother remain at home in these times? One would suppose that a man capable of championing his sister would be fighting on one side or the other."

"He was wounded, though slightly, in the battle. He is now quite recovered and is to rejoin his regiment tomorrow—that is, if you do not prevent his doing so."

"The officer reluctantly tethered his horse to a post before the gate and walked around the house to the wood in rear. There he waited half an hour when he saw a man coming in the uniform of a Continental soldier.

"My sister tells me, sir," said young Hale, "that you asked her for supper, she gave it to you with her own hands and you returned her kindness by an insult."

"Has not your sister," said the Englishman, "some one else than you to champion her? Should I kill you I should fancy that I killed her, so marked is the likeness between you."

"We are twins," said young Hale. "But enough of talk. Defend yourself!"

"There were no weapons except a sword Hale had brought with him from the house and the sword the officer wore by his side.

"One moment," said the latter. "Should you kill me it will be well for you to know who I am. I am Lieutenant Richard Trevelyan of the 4th British foot, second son of the Earl of Angleton."

"In case you fall your remains shall be sent to England."

"Rather send them to the colonel of my regiment. Were it not that I have but little strength I would not think of taking these precautions against a beardless boy. Now, sir, I am ready."

"It was not a spirited contest on either side. Hale did not appear to relish it any more than Trevelyan. The latter seemed to fear killing his opponent, while the former grew paler and paler, his thrusts at the same time growing weaker. At last Hale, while parrying a thrust of his enemy, ran the point of his sword into his opponent's coat. Blood followed, and as soon as he saw it Hale threw away his sword and, clasping his hands on his breast, exclaimed:

"Oh, heavens, I have killed him!"

"Trevelyan looked at him in astonishment. Then, throwing away his sword, he said:

"You are not a man. You are a woman. You are Miss Dorothy Hale."

June 9 in American History.

1811—Sarah Payson Willis (Fanny Fern), author, born in Portsmouth, Me.; died 1872.

1803—Spiritual cavalry action was fought at Brandy Station, Va., between General Alfred Pleasonton's Federal command and General J. E. B. Stuart's Confederate troops.

1902—Celebration at West Point commemorating the centenary of the National Military Academy.

1912—Rear Admiral B. P. Lambertson, U. S. N., retired, died in Washington.

All the news all the time—The Argus.