

ARGUS.

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Thursday, July 17, 1913.

Well, we were third on the map for temperature yesterday, if that is any satisfaction.

When a lady enters a voting booth gallant an will say, "after you, dear madam."

George W. Perkins, during the campaign made the ghost walk. Now he is going to see the ghost.

Senator Fall's suggestion that the United States permit the shipment of arms to both sides in the Mexican war reveals the senator's undisciplined opinion of the Mexicans.

Jack Johnson's announced determination not to return to the United States is satisfying all around. More than not caring if he never comes back, Americans are concerned that he never shall.

The Banana-Buyers Protective Association wants congress not to put a tax in "the poor man's fruit," which, it insists, will cost the price 25 cents a dozen. The "poor man" finds defenders in slippery places.

If the powers of Europe, in a time of crisis, demand that the United States government enforce the Monroe doctrine in troublesome Mexico or anywhere else on this continent, the request must be complied with or the doctrine thrown into the discard.

The best answer to the much-ado-about-nothing raised over Secretary Bryan's chautauqua engagement comes from Senator Ollie Jones, the Kentucky thoroughbred. He says that had Bryan taken his vacation at a fashionable summer resort, hobnobbing with aristocracy, instead of putting in his time earning money, there would have been nothing said about it.

Which would you prefer, the plan of Secretary Bryan and Speaker Clark of going before chautauquas in vacation time and enlightening the people in order to earn extra money, or have the National Association of Manufacturers contribute to their income? The citizen who cares for his country prefers to know his representatives get their money and they would prefer having him get it in the sunlight of day.

TALK THAT IS NOT CHEAP.

Every day that Senator Cummins and Senator LaFollette devote to speech-making in the senate on the new tariff bill means a day of prolonged life to the Aldrich law, notwithstanding both of them voted against it on passage.

Congressman Underwood has estimated that the present tariff costs the consumers of this country \$2,000,000 a day in the exactions of monopoly.

In other words, if Senator Cummins and Senator LaFollette shall talk a week between them—they threaten to talk longer—their talk will cost the consumers \$12,000,000.

"EGGS IS EGGS."

Three years ago a firm in Kansas shipped 400 cases of frozen eggs to Trenton, N. J. The government seized them on the ground that they were bad. Now, expert evidence has been adduced to show that three-year-old eggs are perfectly wholesome.

This leads the Florida Star to suggest that regardless of age "eggs is eggs." That draws too broad a mantle of charity on the erring eggs. An egg is only an actual egg within three days after it has been laid. After that it becomes a new egg, an erstwhile egg, an egg with a past, an egg that has no chances for a wholesome future, in fact, a bad egg.

A young egg, if eaten at breakfast, opens the door of hope, paints pretty pictures in the stomach and, for the time being, makes one as happy as a June bride. But an ancient egg saw no language has been created that can do it justice.

THE SPEED MANIA.

A few days ago a young man who is director in 23 corporations by virtue of an inherited fortune got into the papers by hiring a special train

to rush him from Minneapolis to New York ahead of all other trains. "When I travel," he said, "I want to move. My time is worth money and I waste time on slow trains."

Just how that declaration applies upon this particular performance is not clear to a man whose time is not "worth money," considering the fact that he arrived in New York Saturday noon to attend a meeting which was not held until Monday.

Nearly everybody nowadays "wants to move" when traveling. The five-day steamers to and from Europe are crowded—people wait for them rather than take boats a few hours slower. Many men, in making a railroad trip, are disconsolate if they can't ride on the fastest trains moving. Men and women, too, risk their lives charging across crowded streets to catch a street car when another on the same line is less than five minutes behind it. They dash across the ferry dock to get on the incoming boat before it is fairly landed.

The automobilist is not content to go 15 miles an hour; he wants to travel at a 20-mile rate. And how do these people dispose of the time they thus "save"? Usually they devote it to the doing of nothing worth while. They are merely afflicted with the speed mania which has come to obsess such a large percentage of the American people.

AVENUES INTO THE CITY.

There are people, quite a goodly number of them, who are of the opinion that the county should own the Rock river toll bridges and assume their care. The County of Rock Island, however, is not inclined to take upon itself any such obligation. It will not even let the city push the bridges on to it. So the best the city can do is to look after them. Many there are who feel that the city should own and care for the bridges, not only in the fulfillment of a sense of responsibility, but as a matter of expediency. Truth to say, Rock Island has not regarded with proper seriousness the value of its avenues into the city. It has shown an astonishing disregard for its own interests in this respect. No city that is content to take just what comes, while other wide-awake cities make it possible for people to come to them, will get very far ahead. There is a tale of two cities under a bill, in which the difference between indifference and disregard and alertness and energy is sharply contrasted. Moline at this moment is exerting itself to the utmost to provide modern highways for the country folk round about. You can ride for miles after leaving the eastern city limits of Moline without getting off a brick pavement. And besides this, Moline has opened up and is maintaining a fine roadway directly out into rural township. In this way Moline is attracting the country trade; its business district is expanding and new and metropolitan business blocks are going up.

Meanwhile, what is Rock Island doing? Whatever is doing or has been doing, the time is at hand to turn over a new leaf; to not only put the Rock river bridges in a safe and permanent condition but build paved streets from the city limits to the edges of the bridges. The proposed bond issue includes provision for concrete flooring on the bridges. The need of putting Ninth street or Twelfth street in permanent repair from the city limits to Rock river by some method is of the utmost importance. The citizens of Rock Island should cooperate with every good road movement contemplating better highways to all sections of the county.

Rock Island needs avenues into the city, avenues which the farmer may travel whether by automobile or wagon.

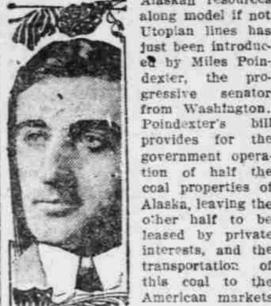
Meaning, what is Rock Island doing? Whatever is doing or has been doing, the time is at hand to turn over a new leaf; to not only put the Rock river bridges in a safe and permanent condition but build paved streets from the city limits to the edges of the bridges. The proposed bond issue includes provision for concrete flooring on the bridges. The need of putting Ninth street or Twelfth street in permanent repair from the city limits to Rock river by some method is of the utmost importance. The citizens of Rock Island should cooperate with every good road movement contemplating better highways to all sections of the county.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER, Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, July 15.—A remarkable bill providing for the development of Alaskan resources



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

on government Utopian lines has just been introduced by Miles Poindexter, the progressive senator from Washington. Poindexter's bill provides for the government operation of half the coal properties of Alaska, leaving the other half to be leased by private interests, and the transportation of this coal to the American markets on government railways and steamship lines. In the operation of the mines and transportation facilities, the bill provides for all the reforms for which labor today is struggling—the minimum wage, the eight-hour day, the prohibition of child labor, workmen's compensation and accident insurance, proper sanitation, housing and general living and working conditions. But the bill goes even further and adopts a socialistic plan of returning to the workers who operate the mines and railroads a portion of the profits accruing from their work. Pure socialism would give to the Alaskan miners all of the profits from their work, and to the railroad and steamship men all of the profits from theirs. The Poindexter bill would divide the profits between the workers and the purchasers of coal and the shippers of freight on the railroads, and steamboats.

The bill may be visionary and Utopian, but it is an indication of the trend of thought today. The growth of the I. W. W. and the continual increase of the socialist vote are indications of the rising anger of the public against the unfair treatment of labor. The exploitation of women and children, and the grinding down of men through starvation wages, speeding-up processes, the Taylor system, and all the other devices by which employers expect to get more and more work for the same or less money, must cease.

The Poindexter bill is one to arouse a good deal of speculative thought. Suppose, with our 100,000,000 population today, there were no transcontinental railroads. Would the government be granting vast empires of land as bonuses to private railroad builders? On the contrary, would the government even be thinking for a moment of sanctioning any private monopoly of transportation? I believe that if transcontinental railroad building had been left for the present generation, the government would build and operate the lines.

But Alaska is a great, rich empire, whose distances compare with those of the United States. Is a private railroad monopoly to be thought of there? Are we going to give away those vast resources of coal and other materials to private exploitation to the enrichment of a few, when those resources now belong to the whole population?

Some such plan as that submitted by Senator Poindexter is almost certain to be adopted. The bill does not give the government a monopoly of the coal any more than it gives one to private interests. Half of the coal lands are to be leased in the Poindexter plan. But the lessee must duplicate in his treatment of labor all of the conditions in the government mines.

MANUFACTURERS AND MULHALL

(New York Evening Post.)

Having a good deal of money to spend, the national manufacturers found no lack of men willing to spend it for them. They went into various congressional fights. They gave to campaign funds here and there. Their representatives assumed the air of political magnates, hothoused with congressmen and members of the cabinet, and got the ear of presidents when they could, and the association grew increasingly important—in its own eyes.

This went on for several years. The facts were generally known. The association did not hide its light under a bushel. It believed in advertising; and many of its claims to tremendous influence and achievements bore the traces of the advertiser's art. But now what has happened to cause all this excitement? Nothing except that a former employe has sold to a newspaper a lot of the association's correspondence. These letters and telegrams and reports really add very little to our knowledge of the methods of corruption, though they do add a good deal to our knowledge of human nature—especially of political human nature. It is a revelation of folly rather than of crime. Without undertaking to pronounce on the entire body of evidence—not all of which has yet been made public—we think it clear that the whole story is one of much lobbying and little corruption. The thing of main interest is the disclosure of the way in which such organizations as the national manufacturers grow and operate, finding opportunities here and pitfalls there, playing the game of politics

and frequently being beaten by the veterans at it. In a word, the Mulhall revelations are chiefly of value in giving us a glimpse of what may be called the natural history of the lobby.

It is perfectly plain how the things worked. The association could not tackle the job first-hand. It had to have secretaries and agents. That was where its efficiency seemed to begin, but it was also where its peril began. The search was naturally for an experienced and "practical" lobbyist who could produce "results." That was where Colonel Mulhall came in. He knew everybody, or assumed that he did, was able, on his own showing, to get near the business and bosoms of the most prominent men in Washington, and was a master hand at writing the most glowing reports. It is delightful to see him hanging upon the proceedings of congress and assuring his employers that he was doing it all. Some bill is reported out or passed or killed, as the case may be, and the jubilant Mulhall hastens to assert: "We have won a great victory." He may really have had no more to do with it than one of the house doorkeepers. And Mulhall was always carrying elections, selecting presidential candidates, and choosing the cabinet. We do not blame him. He was hired to "do things" and he religiously lived up to his contract. If the association was fooled by him to the top of its bent, that was not his fault. When you employ a lobbyist, you put yourself in his hands. It is for him, according to his kind, to take your money, then trick you, then sell you out.

Let it not be thought that we would make light of the lobby. All the disclosures that have been or may be made are to be welcomed. They are undoubtedly helping to make an end of old abuses. But they are doing it not so much by showing that lobbying has been astute and wicked, as by letting the country see that it has been so often both stupid and futile. When manufacturers and others really realize, as by now they must be near doing, that to employ a lobbyist is a waste of good money, the occupation of that Othello will be gone.

WIRE SPARKS

Washington—Thomas E. Hayden, special counsel of the government in the Diggs-Caminetti white slave cases, against whom California Democrats, through Senator Ashurst, have protested to Attorney General McKennan, conferred with Assistant Attorney General Graham. Mr. Hayden came to Washington from California to answer the protest.

Madison, Wis.—Governor F. E. McGovern denied the application for the extradition of Morris Perlestein, general manager of a large Milwaukee knitting works, charged with abandonment by his wife, who is said to be a wealthy Philadelphia, is the man who was taken from a fashionable hotel in Milwaukee last week and, according to his statements, was not permitted to call a lawyer or notify his friends.

Washington—Formal decrees of the supreme court in the Minnesota and Missouri rate cases have been issued to the federal courts in those states. In the cases won by the states the railroads were ordered to reimburse the state governments for the cost of litigation. The state of Missouri will collect \$15,262 from the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The state of Minnesota's claim against the railroads is \$9,989.60.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND A MODEST MAN'S AMBITION



I'd like to live on Easy Street for just a little while; I'd like to have a cushioned seat and daily ride to smile; I'd like to have the right to say to some pale-faced clerk: "I guess that I'll play golf today, but you stay here and work." It must be fine, it seems to me, to merely boss a job. And have so much that one can be well hated by the mob.

This thing of working day by day, without a chance to rest. While others put their tasks away and journey east and west, Sometimes comes a kind of grind, devoid of any thrill; One's muscles slacken and one's mind becomes more flabby still; I wish that I, from toiling free, had riches that were vast. So that the mob might scowl at me when I rode proudly past.

I should not wish to always loaf, without a single care; The idler is a useless oaf whose outlook is unfair. But, oh, I fancy 'twould be good to have things fashioned so. That if I wished to quite it could, and I'd smack my things and go. And it would give me such delight to see them look with hate. Who've never tried to earn the right to quit their present state.

I am not yearning to have more than any man would need; I'd want a butler at my door, but I'm opposed to greed; I'd have an auto and a yacht and live in splendid style; To trouble I should give no thought, I'd wear a constant smile; I'd let my chest bulge out with pride, with pride my heart should throb. If I possessed so much that I'd be hated by the mob.

HIS PROFESSION.

"Have you no trade—no profession?" asked the lady at the door. "Yes, ma'am," replied Sauterling Sim. "I have a profession, and I've just stopped here to do a little profession. If you could put a little jelly on de bread I'd promise not to leave any chalk marks on your gate post."

"Not Mistaken." "I don't believe," angrily declared the would-be contributor, "that you ever read my poem. It didn't look when it came back to me as if it had even been unfolded." "Let me see the poem," said the editor. "Yes, there, you see it was mailed back to you on the 10th. I must have read it, for I remember clearly that I was sick on the 11th."

Recommendation. "I am looking for a place," said the stranger, "in which I can bring up my girls to good advantage. What inducements does this town offer in that way?" "Well," the old settler answered, "it strikes me as being a pretty good town for your purpose. We've got a button factory here, and if your girls can't find jobs in it we get calls from the city nearly every day for girls that people want there to do housework."

Lovely Mary. Mary had a little lamb; Its fleece was white as snow; She tied a ribbon round its neck; I didn't mind it, though.

The lamb, you see, was only stuffed. It could not skip or bleat. Therefore it never followed her. When she went down the street. I loved the Fentle Mary well. And I will tell you this: I'm glad her lamb was not a dog. For her to pet and kiss.

Her Womanly Curiosity. "I have put aside enough money," said the bachelor of fifty-two, "to make it sure that I shall be decently buried without expense to the public." "Why," asked the maiden who was verging on thir-v-five, "do you think you ought to have decent burial?"

Time. It usually takes a long time to become wise, but anyone can be foolish at a moment's notice.

Making a Burglar Useful. "Lie still there and I won't hurt you. All I want is your money and your jewels and then I'll git."

"All right, old man, and while you're searching for the jewels if you run across my dress studs I wish you'd put them out on the dresser. I haven't been able to find them for a month."

The Daily Story

THE BEAUTIFUL—BY ARTHUR TOWNSEND. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

There was once a man on whose walls hung a picture that he did not think in keeping with the other works of art in his house. He concluded to replace it and thought that while he was on the job he might better buy something of real merit. So he consulted a connoisseur, who selected a painting that cost a hundred dollars. When the picture was hung the others looked so cheap that he spent a thousand dollars more in replacing them with others up to the standard of the first. Soon after that he went abroad, where he saw a great many beautiful works of art, and brought two or three that he especially fancied home with him. When he got them hung the others looked so poor that, despairing of keeping up the standard to his foreign specimens, he made a bonfire of the whole lot.

This story is the keynote to another which I am about to tell. When I went out to Colorado a good many years ago I found in the mining districts on Clear creek, up in the mountains west of Denver, few women in comparison with the number of men. I had not been there long before I noticed that when I met a woman she looked refined and some of the women comely.

One day I approached a man "washing" for gold on the margin of the creek and fell into conversation with him. While doing so a couple of young women came and looked at him rocking his pan and taking out the little particles of gold left in the sediment. "Pretty girls, those," I remarked as the women went away. "Purty enough outside."

"What do you mean by that?" "Stranger," he said, pausing in his work, "don't you never trust your judgment on women folks except when there is a lot of 'em together—anyway, as many as there are men. It's like what you buy in a store, if it's only a brass candlestick. It isn't much to look at among the other candlesticks even if it's one o' the purtiest, but jist you get it home by itself and it'll shine for all its worth."

"Are you a married man?" I asked. "Married! Not on your life. I had an awful narrow escape once, though." "Tell me about it." "My experience cost me some dust, I can tell you, but it was worth it, and I've never regretted buyin' it. When I first come out here there wasn't a woman nearer than Denver. We miners didn't have nobody to look at except each other, and we was the most freckled faced, slab sided, dod roited set you ever see. We didn't none of us wash often but once a week, and some of us didn't wash at all. Them as didn't wear beards was the worst lookin' of all. Their faces was always covered with stubble."

"Do you know," I interrupted, "why you became so slovenly?" "Why, stranger?" "Because you were not subject to the refining influence of women."

"The refinin' influence o' women! That's what I'm goin' to tell you about. There was a gal come up here from some-where—Kansas City or St. Joe or Omaha, I reckon—with her father, who was a minister or an evangelist or some such o' that kind, and said he'd come to look after our souls. Before he come we was lookin' for gold, and after he come we was lookin' for his daughter. Her hair was like the sun shinin' on red sandstone. She said it was Auburn. Her complexion was what she called olive, and her eyes was—well, I don't remember the color of her eyes, but they was beautiful."

"The parson—Woodbridge was his name; his daughter's name was Lillian—he went into a cabin where the two lived together, the father distributin' tracts, the daughter doin' his cookin' for him. When night come on the cabin was crowded with us men callin' on Lillian, jist like musketers in a room with a light in it. So her father said we'd better come one at a time, and Lillian laughed and give us all an evenin'. There bein' six o' us, we jist took up the week, all except Sunday, when her father wouldn't allow no visitors. On that evenin' from 7 to 9 he used to give us a Bible lesson. "My evenin' was Tuesday. The first Tuesday I went to see Lillian I got spoony and was goin' to put my arm around her when she stopped me. "You'll tell," she said. "I swear by all that's holy I won't." "There's five other men comin' here," she said, "and I like you best of all, but if I grant you favors it'll make 'em all mad." "Jist you trust me to keep mum."

"I succeeded in convincin' her that I was reliable, and she soon got enough confidence in me to let me kiss her once every Tuesday evenin' when I was goin' to my cabin. I kept mum, and in a few weeks I got ahead of the whole lot of fellers, and Lillian admitted that she loved me. But when I asked her to marry me she told me her father wanted her to marry some one else and she couldn't go back on the dear old man, and there we was. "Them cases where two young hearts is benten together and one o' 'em cur-mudgeon of a father or a mother or both opposes 'em, don't have no sympathies, seems mighty hard. I've never been so worked up over anythin' in my life as I was over that. Lillian was as sorrowful about it as I. She wouldn't marry me in spite of her father, and she wouldn't run away with me. I only had one evenin' in the week with her, and the rest of the time I was thinkin' that, another feller was tryin' to git her away from me. "The whole lot of us was affected by the gal. The other five fellers, not knowin' that I'd got ahead of 'em, went on makin' their calls, and I didn't doubt that every one of 'em was tryin'

to git the gal, for when a man sets his heart on a gal he won't let her alone. We'd all been good friends before the parson and his daughter came among us, and now, instead of his makin' us better, he'd made us worse. Every one of us was ready to put lead into every other one.

"At last I told Lillian I couldn't stand the racket any longer and she must do one of three things—she must part with me forever, or she must marry me in spite of her father, or she must run away with me. "This broke her all up. She said she couldn't part with me now, she dare not defy her father, and the only thing she would think of doin' was to run away and be married some-where else. She asked me how we was goin' to git on for a livin'. I told her not to worry about that; I'd been washin' for gold all summer and hadn't any way to spend money in such a place, so I had saved nearly all of it. I had enough gold to make up \$1,000 or \$1,200. This seemed to make her feel easier, and by a good deal o' coaxin' I at last got her promise to elope.

"I proposed to light out when it was dark, walk down the road and take the stage for Denver when it came along. She didn't seem to like this plan very much; she said she'd sound-ed her father about her marryin' me and since then he'd been mighty suspicious of her. She'd told him that she must go down to Denver to do some shoppin', and the old man had consented to have her go. I could follow her there in a few days.

"I agreed to this plan, but there was a hitch. She said she couldn't be married without a trussoo. If she waited for me to come and buy it for her it would be too late, for as soon as I left the creek her father would suspect somepin and we'd have to light out of Denver on my arrival there. I asked her why she couldn't buy the trussoo before I came, and she said she hadn't any money and her father would give her only enough to buy a few things. He was dead against the slowness of fine decoration of the body. I fixed it all right by tellin' her that I would give her the money for the trussoo and asked her how much it would cost. She said she didn't know; the best way would be for her to carry the dust with her, spend what was necessary and we'd have the rest when I got there in cash ready to pay our expenses to the east. She said she must be economical, for we'd need all we had to begin life together after we was married.

"When the day came around for Lillian's departure on her supposed shoppin' trip she was mightily broken up. She said I wasn't to see her off, but go right on with my daily work. And so I did. It seemed to me that every man besides myself had somepin on his mind that day. I reckoned some of 'em would be waitin' for the stage to say good-by to her. But every man went on washin' gold. If any one said anything about Lillian's trip to Denver nobody seemed to notice it, or if they did they'd say, 'Oh, she'll be back for the old man's Sunday exercises,' or somepin like that.

"Lillian and I had agreed that she was to have three days to buy the trussoo, and I was to go down on the third day after she left us. The first mornin' after she'd come I heard some one say: 'I wonder what's become o' the parson? His cabin's deserted.' I pricked up my ears at this. If he had suspected the real object of his daughter's goin' to Denver and had gone after her the game was up. And if the game was up where was the dust I had given her? I tell you I felt on-easy.

"Before noon I heard one of the men say to another: 'She socked the whole six, all except me. I backed out at the last minute.' This was too much, and I asked what he was talkin' about. He told me that the gal had taken the money of five different men to buy a trussoo with. Her father had likely joined her, and together they had left for parts unknown. "The speaker turned from his story to his pan, which he rocked in a melancholy fashion, but presently concluded: "It all came from somein' a gal alone by herself without any other woman around. I drifted east after that, where I saw lots of women together, and there was hardly one of 'em that looked especially purty. One day I went into a restaurant, and who do you suppose one of the hash slingers was? She was Lillian. "I pulled my hat down over my eyes so she couldn't see my face, and when I paid my check, pointin' to the hash slinger, I asked the proprietor somepin about her. He said her name was Mag Doolan. He'd never heard of her havin' a father, but knew little about her, since she'd come in and asked for a job off the street when he was short of help. "Stranger, you'd ought to seen that gal with the eyes I did. Her Auburn hair was a fiery red; her olive complexion was a freckle tan; her eyes was a kind of green. She was the worst lookin' thing you ever saw."

July 17 in American History.

- 1749—Peter Ganevoort, noted soldier in the Revolution, born; died 1812.
1813—British and Indians attacked the outskirts of Fort George, Canada, and were repulsed by a detachment under Colonel Daniel Generals Winfield Scott.
1862—The Confederates abandoned Jackson, Miss., their last important post contiguous to Vicksburg.
1880—Lewis Cass, statesman, died at Detroit; born 1780.
1898—End of the war in Cuba; Spanish army surrendered Santiago to General W. R. Shafter.
1900—James Abbott McNeill Whistler, painter, died; born 1834.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that a large number of postmasters had been confirmed and wasn't it fine to see so many men in public life coming into the church.