

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, July 22, 1913.

David Lamar strenuously objects to being called a liar. Probably he prefers to do it himself.

"Insects eat a billion dollars' worth of farm products in a year." Then why can't they let the summer boarder alone?

Next winter is going to be a hard one. The latest estimate is that there are already 1,952,208,000 eggs in cold storage.

It is hard to tell whether there has been the hardest fighting or the hardest lying in the Balkans within the past few weeks.

The 67-year-old maiden who wants \$25,000 for breach of promise may have better luck next time, if she gets the money.

The senate committee took the house tariff bill and revised it downward. Things were not thus in the days of Aldrich.

What's the matter with Pittsburgh? One of its millionaires has come to the front, but there is no chorus girl attached to him.

The man who says it is harder on the constitution to take a vacation of one day than one of two weeks, undoubtedly has tried it.

"Must a legislator be an ass?" asks the New York World. Observation leads to the conclusion that it is entirely a matter of privilege.

The Delaware single tax colonists who have taken to sleeping in trees are only reverting to first principles. But they must miss the cocoanuts.

Railroad men say that tight skirts cause many accidents. But it's hard to blame the fellows who are run down while they are taking a good look.

Bridgeport, Conn., is the cheapest place in the country to be sick in, and Cairo, Ill., the cheapest city to die in. But the railroad fare between them amounts to something.

When a British suffragette is landed in jail for some malicious mischief she refuses to eat and the authorities release her. Do they think starvation is not punishment sufficiently severe?

Some New Yorker has written a 20,000 word letter to President Wilson urging the appointment of "Boss" Murphy as a member of the cabinet. This is the worst waste of words on record.

There is hearty approval on the part of the people of the effort in Washington to rid the senate and house of the lobbyists. There is also a general feeling that the Illinois legislature is entirely too much dominated by these pestiferous fellows.

SWAT THE FLY.

Yes, you know all about it, you know you should swat the fly. But do you do it?

Theora Carter, president of the Society of Good Cheer, has recently sent out some suggestions. She advises: "Keep the flies from your baby—

they are more dangerous than elephants. The big thing shows the big danger. The little fly buzzes into mature brains, blith, putrefaction, and then comes to baby-bringing all kinds of disease germs. Flies are deadly. If baby is unable to overcome the deadly germ the fly brings, baby leaves you. I have been watching the work of deadly flies for many years. I knew of two families living in a little town. These families were neighbors—one woman brought out a family of three and they are robust youngsters. Their mother kept them out of reach of flies. She went hunting for flies—covered her youngsters regularly in the summer time. The other mother did not believe a little fly could hurt her young—she paid no attention to the fly. One by one she laid away her babies until now they are three silent empty places in her heart, and bloom is in the household.

"If you can't keep flies out of the house, cover the baby with a netting, or if you can't afford a net, get a piece of cheese-cloth—anything that will give baby air. See that the baby gets air and keep it away from the fly."

"When baby cries, try to find out the reason. It may need a spoonful of water—it may be a bandage that's too tight—it may be it has laid in one position too long. Cocoo to baby, but

use your mother judgment. Of course it's hot and you have so many problems, but you can fight them. Baby has problems too, only baby's problems are solved by you. Try to overcome your irritation before you pick up baby. It's part of you—if you are cross, baby is more than likely to be cross. It's hard, this life—but it is easier if you are of good cheer."

GETTING THINGS DONE.

It will not escape notice that President Wilson possesses in unusual degree power to get things done.

The tariff bill as good as passed and the currency bill assured passage at this session attest early achievement of the first and greatest reforms of this administration.

With a railroad strike imminent and threatening tie-up of all the eastern lines of railroad, President Wilson brought the heads of labor and the heads of the railroads together in conference and when he had finished with both announcements was made that there would be no strike until arbitration under the Newlands act should fail. So unobtrusive was his course, so free from the spectacular and the theatrical that hardly one person in 10 noted his part in averting the strike.

The president is wonderfully endowed with self-control and the power of getting where he wants to go without calling anybody a liar on the way, insulting anybody with impachment of the integrity of his motives, or being deflected from his course.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Dr. Edwin Ash, the distinguished English nerve specialist, addressed an audience of 200 nurses in London last week, in which he said "that the rules of health are to eat slowly, to walk slowly, to dress slowly and to speak slowly. Nervous disorders are caused by indigestible and hurried lunches, by wearing too tight clothing and by needless worry about details of domestic, professional and business life."

Barristers, journalists, doctors, business men use up a lot of energy over the telephone, and then they worry over details which exhaust their nervous energy simply because they take themselves too seriously. Fully 80 per cent of a nervous specialist's patronage are professional and business men of all ages. The terrifying sensation many of them feel that they have lost control of their thoughts, and cannot sleep for thinking of business, causes them to think that they are going out of their heads. The nervous system shuts off nervous force from the stomach the first thing, and keeps the brain, heart and lungs going until the subject approaches collapse. Once the stomach is upset it does not digest its meals. Men, always strung up to the highest pitch, are easily overworked. The most intelligent are apt to be neurotic.

All of which is true. If people would adopt Sidney Smith's rule and take short views of life, they would avoid much of the worry that now characterizes most of our business life. Every man is able to take care of today. It is when he frets over tomorrow that he becomes nervous, irritable and breaks down.

WHAT READERS DEMAND.

"As old-fashioned as knee breeches and the slash-doubt," are the wounded, perfectly balanced periods over which our forefathers loved to linger in their reading, according to Colonel George Harvey in his vaudeville act as editor of Harper's Weekly. Colonel Harvey is an authority, for he maintained the old style long enough after it ceased to be the vogue to perceptibly cut down the circulation of what in its day was the most widely read and widely copied news-literary journal of the country. And he has been honest enough to make a free and frank confession of the fact that he permitted himself to fall behind in the ever onward movement in the journalistic profession. He sees now that tastes in reading have changed quite as much in the past few years as tastes in clothing, and that the minutely detailed style of diction went out with the hoopskirt and the powdered wig.

"Looking over the files of the Weekly," he wrote, "we found not less than twenty long editorials on civil service in thirty successive issues, and very little else. They were sound, cogent articles, and, of course, admirably written, but how would they take on the newstands in this hurrying age? Not very well, it may be imagined. The reading public of today is not clamoring for ponderous writing, no matter how sound and cogent it may be."

His observation and experience have led Colonel Harvey to the following interesting conclusions: "The twentieth century public has no objection to thinking big thoughts, but it simply will not tolerate ponderousness in the handling of them. The passing generation asked instructions that of today demands stimulation. The readers of a few years ago delighted in having the point withheld as a last tidbit; readers of the present insist that it be shot at them in the first paragraph. Words must crackle like whips and sting like snakes. They must be pictures as well as sounds."

"Writing today must be crisp and terse. Thoughts must be boiled down into tabloid form. Force and vim never must be sacrificed for grace. The strong short words must come like shots from a machine gun. The learned writer has not gone out of vogue, but today he must not parade his learning."

"The old style was pleasant and gently satisfying; the new is more sincere and purposeful. Because it leans so definitely toward simplicity it is more democratic. The common man, a stranger to books, magazines and newspapers a decade or so ago, has been educated to demand a sparkle in every line and a punch in every paragraph."

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, D. C., July 20.—Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are guaranteed to every American citizen by the constitution. The constitution, however, does not undertake to guarantee any standard of life or living to Americans. That deficiency is supplied by a bill which has been introduced in congress by Senator J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois. The Lewis bill, if enacted into law, would guarantee to every American man or woman, who has employment, the right to live according to the American standard of living.



The bill, which is known as the National Wage Commission bill, is one of the most advanced pieces of legislation ever introduced in the national legislature. In reality, it is a minimum wage bill, and Senator Lewis has drawn it so as to be all embracing in its scope. There is hardly a worker in the United States who could not claim its protection.

The scheme worked out in the measure provides for a national wage commission. This body will be made up of several hundred commissioners—one wage commissioner, in short, to every congressional district. Under ordinary circumstances, each wage commissioner will settle the wage disputes in his own district, though in important cases three or more commissioners may join in acting as a jury. The salary provided for each commissioner is adequate to secure the services of good and competent men.

Whenever any employe believes that the wages paid him are not sufficient to pay for a living on the scale to which he is justly entitled, he brings

HARVEST TIME.

(The Breeder's Gazette.) Preceding the wheat harvest there is much of preparation. Many things are to be looked after. Railroads patch up every box car that can be made serviceable. Thousands of men travel toward the wheat country, where additional workers are needed. This army of harvesters includes the ordinary farm laborer, the professional hobo, the unfortunate man out of employment, and now in large numbers the college student who makes both money and muscle in vacation days.

City banks send out gold and silver to the harvesters. Butchers in small towns, where ordinarily but a few hundred pounds of meat are sold in a week, place greatly increased orders with packers, knowing that farmers will buy liberally of the "threshers' cut." Threshing machine manufacturers and implement dealers work extra forces overtime in order to meet the demand for machinery. Elevators, including ten thousand small plants scattered throughout the entire wheat country and immense structures with united capacity of ten millions bushels or more in a single market, and consigning center, get ready for the rush that the harvest season always brings.

Visit a farm when the threshers are there. If possible go before they climb out of bed at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning and see the engineer get up steam. Watch the hustle of the entire household. Become acquainted

with the work of the "women folks" preparing a harvest dinner. Go with the workers to the fields. Pitch a wagon or two, watch the wheat as it flows from separator to sack. All this will give one an idea of but one step in the handling of the world's bread crop. Get on one of the wheat wagons, ride to the little country town, wait long in line for a chance to unload, then help handle the sacks at the elevator, or platform or into car, and glean further knowledge that counts.

Of these things most every farmer feels when, after delivering the last load, returns are figured and he goes to the bank, where an old note is taken up or substantial figures of deposit are written in his pocketbook. Wheat is not only one of the greatest of ready money crops, but it is also one of the most dependable. Often when, because of a deficiency of rainfall, "King Corn" is humbled in the dust, wheat yields abundantly and enables many a farmer to tide over hard times.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that the trouble with the team was that they didn't sacrifice enough and how could he judge them so harshly without knowing anything about their home life?

The ONLOOKER



Henrietta was a maiden with a pair of witching eyes. And her voice was like the sweetest music man has ever heard.

She had all the charms that nature in her gracious moods supplies—Henrietta was a beauty, as you doubtless have inferred.

She possessed a gentle manner and a temper that was sweet. She was always doing something for the ones who needed aid.

Scandal was a thing she never found it pleasing to repeat. From the path that leads to heaven Henrietta never strayed.

She possessed no taste for rags and she ne'er indulged in slang. Henrietta was artistic from her fingers to her toes.

Sweetest melodies were given to her hearers when she sang. She was free from affectation and was not inclined to pose.

She respected age, believing that the old could be sublime. And instead of reading novels she dipped into classic lore.

Do not think and do not say that Henrietta was a myth. Do not say that one so perfect never on this earth was known; Henrietta lives and answers to the name of Mrs. Smith.

I've described her as Smith saw her ere he claimed her for his own.

Uncle Jim. "Pa, is it true that the good always die young?"

"Oh, no, no, always. I was a very good little boy."

"Didn't you ever disobey your parents?"

"No."

"Nor fight with your little brother?"

"No, I always was very kind to him."

"And didn't you ever tell lies or play hooky?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor steal jam nor cookies out of your mother's pantry?"

"Of course I never did such wicked things."

"Gee, what an imagination Uncle Jim must have. He was tellin' me, this morning about when you and him were boys."

For Two Years. "For two years after I was married I was ashamed to meet the preacher who united my wife and me in the holy bonds. You see, in my excited condition, I made a blunder and gave him a \$5 bill instead of a \$20, which I intended to hand him. I suppose he thought I was mighty cheap, but I couldn't very well explain it without making myself ridiculous or causing him to suspect that I was lying about it."

"You say you felt that way for two years?"

"Yes. After that I began to be sorry I had given him anything."

His Hardened Heart. His heart was hardened, he was deaf to pleas. He knew the world—had learned its lessons well. Ah, he had suffered untold agonies. Within him love had long since ceased to dwell.

His heart was hardened, but there came his way. A woman with a crooning voice and low, And after he had known her for a day His heart was like a soggy lump of dough.

What He Knew. "Do you think you can support me in the style to which I have been accustomed?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied, "but I know this: I'll be able to support you in a better style than you will be accustomed to," she asked. "I accept me. Your dad has sold short on wheat and I've got it cornered."

Wholly Unnecessary. "I wish," said the guest, "to leave a call for 6:30. I've got to catch a train."

"It won't be necessary to call you," replied the night clerk. "The man in the room next to yours has asthma so badly that he makes a noise like a steam siren."

In the Near Future. "You take great care not to be run over."

"Got to. I'm afraid I'll forfeit my pedestrian's license."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Self conquest is the greatest victory.—Plato.

The Daily Story

THE CRAYON PORTRAIT—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"For the land's sake!" shrieked Miss Louisa Mull, peering from the window at a passing form. "Look at what Emma Binns has got on her foolish head."

The Ladies' Aid society arose in a body and hovered behind the Nottingham lace curtains of the paragon sitting room.

A woman was coming toward the house a slender, middle aged woman, with bright brown hair.

"She's coming here," remarked Louisa Mull disapprovingly as the gate creaked warningly.

"She looks like sixteen," giggled Fanny Banks from her corner by the window.

"Dresses like sixteen and looks sixty," corrected Mrs. Banks severely.

"Not sixty," admonished Mrs. Morris from the sewing machine. "I think Mrs. Binns looks about—well, about forty, and she does take a lot of comfort in wearing pretty clothes."

She sighed and fastened her thread with impatient jerks of her thin fingers. She looked tired and fagged.

Before any one could think of a suitable retort to the remark of the minister's wife the door opened and Emma Binns glided into the room. Her bright eyes darted a quick glance around, and she gave animated greetings in different directions, ignoring the rather grim salutations she received in return.

Any one else in Little River might have noticed that the Ladies' Aid society strongly disapproved of Emma Binns and her youthful style of dressing, except Emma Binns herself. If she suspected it she gave no sign of her knowledge.

She placed her white parasol on the square piano, calmly dusted her nose with a bit of powder produced from a tiny vanity box, fuffed up her hair, sat down near Louisa Mull and opened her silk workbag.

"What shall I do this afternoon?" she inquired of Mrs. Morris.

"Buttonholes," suggested Mrs. Morris, tossing over a number of white garments.

"Such elegance could not attempt anything so coarse as hemming flannel petticoats," murmured Mrs. Banks to her daughter.

Fanny giggled again and threaded her needle. Emma Binns was sewing nimbly with swift motions of hand and elbow. There was a contented smile on her face, and her lips relaxed into pleasant lines of repose.

There was less chatter than usual as the members of the Ladies' Aid society partook of the refreshments passed by angular Louisa Mull in her mustard colored enshmere and Emma Binns in her girlish white. That the two women had little to say to each other was unnoticed, for the many pairs of eyes were watching the bright brown Psyche knot and the twist of blue ribbon and strongly disapproving of both on the head of Emma Binns, widow of Simeon Binns, who had been dead scarcely two years.

Mrs. Binns was the first to leave. As she unfolded her white parasol and tossed it over her shoulder she knew that the women she had left behind were busy with her name. Her thin cheeks flushed hotly, but her eyes maintained their brightness until she arrived at her own square white painted house and closed the door on the outside world.

She hurried upstairs to her own room and faced her reflection in the old fashioned mirror. In the dim afternoon light the sight was a very pleasant one to Emma Binns, who thought she had said goodbye to youth twenty years ago, when she married Simeon and settled down to a life of drudgery. She had slaved for Simeon and helped him pile up his dollars only to find that he had left her a meager pittance out of the whole amount and willed the rest to a brother in a distant state. Simeon had always been mean and grasping and small natured, and he had so ill treated Emma that she felt a sense of relief when he reluctantly had good-bye to his dollars and went to a greater reward.

Little River never understood why Emma Binns wore black for a brief year and then returned to colored garments. It threw up its hands when Simeon's widow openly confessed to dyeing her gray hair until it shone more lustreously brown than in her girlhood days. They scoffed at her modish gowns, her girlish hats and her love for bright colors. They did not know that her girlhood had been starved of all finery. To escape poverty she had become Simeon's second wife, and she had paid the price of marrying for money. She had suffered, and she was free once more.

Now she was indulging her starved taste for pretty clothes, and in her eagerness she threw aside good judgment and forgot the aging years Little River remembered and frowned upon her attempts to relive her girlhood.

People said she was angling for Frank Mull, Louisa's bachelor brother, who kept the big grocery store on the corner. Louisa frowned fiercely at the idea, and Frank Mull closed his lips tightly when his sister repeated vilage gossip.

"She's all of fifty," sniffed Louisa. "So am I," Frank had retorted once. "She claims to be only thirty."

"Did she ever say so?"

"No, but she dresses that way, and it's as good as saying so."

"Then you must be eighty, Louisa. You certainly dress like Grandmother Mull," said Frank cruelly. And after that she let him alone.

The next time the Ladies' Aid met at Louisa Mull's house the members of that charitable organization twittered with suppressed excitement, for Louisa had promised them something in the way of a startling surprise.

"What's it going to be?" whispered Mrs. Banks as she sat down near Louisa.

"Wait until Frank brings the phonograph pieces."

When refreshments were served Frank Mull came in and wound up the talking machine, and there were much music and singing and pleasant conversation, and Frank Mull looked contentedly at Emma Binns and voted the affair a great success.

It was when they arose to go that Louisa Mull led them into the parlor and pointed to a large crayon portrait on an easel in one corner.

"This is a guessing contest," laughed Louisa nervously. "I'll give each of you one guess as to who sat for that picture. You begin, Fanny."

Fanny Banks pursed her red lips and looked at the badly executed portrait of a woman dressed in the period of twenty years ago. The bodice of the black gown was tight across the chest, and the sleeves were great bags of fullness stiffened with crinoline. The hair was strained back from the face, and across the forehead was a small, fluffy bang. Even the prettiest woman would have taken on ugliness under the painfully unskilled pencil of the crayon artist. And although the woman in the picture showed signs of prettiness it was overshadowed by drawn lines of age.

"Well," said Fanny Banks smartly, "if the picture wasn't taken twenty years ago and the woman looked so old then I'd say it was the living image of Emma Binns."

There was silence, while each one carefully traced a likeness to Mrs. Binns in the horrible portrait. All came to the same conclusion at the same moment. If Emma Binns looked forty years old twenty years ago—the style of the dress was that of a score of summers past—now she must be sixty. Was it possible?

With one accord they all turned and looked at Emma Binns. Her face was white as marble save where a little red spot glowed on her cheek bone. She looked handsome, her blue eyes flashing, her lips trembling.

Back of her stood Frank Mull blazing with wrath. Louisa, his sister, covered against the wall. She had never seen her brother so angry in all her life, and she was afraid of him.

"Well, Emma?" giggled Fanny Banks indifferently.

"It is my picture," said Emma Binns proudly. "Simeon had it done the first year I was married. I expect I looked just like that, tired and old and worn out, for he was a hard man, as you all know, those of you who can forget that he was rich."

"I was only twenty years old then, but I admit the picture makes me look forty! What of it? Don't you care for me for myself—for what I am? Must you blecker with me over my age? Don't you want to see me happy? I am happy now, happier than I ever have been in my life. I wonder if you are glad, you members of the Ladies' Aid society. If you only knew the bitterness, the long years, the unhappiness"—Her voice broke, and she hid her face in her hands. "I suppose I seem foolish, but my heart is young yet."

One by one the members of the Aid society glanced at the blue bow on the bright brown hair, the head that had held itself so bravely and so jauntily the past two years of freedom, and then with averted eyes they stole quietly out of the house to hold a meeting of self condemnation, whereat they agreed that hereafter Emma Binns could dress herself like "a circus woman," as Nancy Ballard expressed it, and they wouldn't wink an eye. "We'll see that she has a happy time of it," nodded Mrs. Banks over her shoulder as she left them, and even shallow Fanny forgot to giggle and followed her mother soberly into the house.

Back there in Louisa Mull's parlor Frank Mull was holding Emma Binns in his arms and comforting her with loving words, while out in the woodshed Louisa was viciously smashing the crayon portrait to pieces with an ax.

"I don't know what tempted me to buy that picture from Simeon's auction," grunted Louisa, pausing to draw breath. "I wonder what makes me so hateful to Emma Binns? Somehow, the idea of having her for a sister-in-law is quite pleasant, and Frank's so happy, and they've been so good about forgiving me this cut-up. Well, the first chance I get I'm going to find out from Emma where she buys that hair dye stuff!"

July 22 in American History.

1704—Death at Marshfield, Mass., of the first white native of New England, Peregrine White; born on the Pilgrim emigrant ship Mayflower, in Cape Cod harbor, 1620. 1804—General James B. McPherson, commander of the Federal Army of the Tennessee, killed in resisting a Confederate sortie before Atlanta, Ga.; born 1825. 1906—Russell Sage, the financier, died; born 1816.

A Corn Cure. Soak feet in warm water to which a little borax and soda have been added. Repeat several days and corn will come out.—National Magazine.