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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, July 23, 1913.

An eastern post says he is able to live on 75 cents a day. Probably he has to.

After having withstood all the attacks of former years, Mr. Bryan finds the present criticism of his lecture tour but a passing diversion.

The Mexican problem is a hard thing for any secretary of state to tackle either on the lecture platform or in an office in Washington.

Perhaps, after all, this violent criticism of Bryan is but a little slapstick comedy being staged by the "invisible government" to distract attention from the "insidious lobby."

Why doesn't the English government put Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst in the insane asylum, where she belongs? The presumption is that Mr. Emmeline Pankhurst, poor man, is already there.

It may be a sad but true commentary upon human nature that the great majority of people aren't wasting a mite of sympathy upon those who will be forced to pay income taxes.

On the way from Gettysburg to New York recently President Wilson made the engineer reduce the speed of the train for the safety of the passengers. Now if that had been Roosevelt he would have gone up into the engine cab and shown the engineer how to go a bit faster.

Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, attacked the new tariff bill and charged that the south was getting special favors because rice and peanuts are left on the dutiable list, while agricultural products of the north are free. We had not heretofore suspected Senator Smoot of so keen a sense of humor.

Senator Thomas thinks that the 1893 panic was due to Grover Cleveland's plotting with Wall street to force the repeal of the Sherman silver act. Since the panic began in the Baring failure at Christmas, 1890, when Mr. Cleveland was a practicing lawyer, his broad shoulders are asked to bear a good deal.

ELECTING SENATORS.

One of the senators who stood out most stubbornly against the amendment for the direct election of United States senators has been the first to be returned under the new dispensation. It wouldn't be fair to say that he was a beneficiary, for the gentleman—Senator Bacon of Georgia—would probably have succeeded himself anyway, under the old system. The south believes in long terms, and Senator Bacon has served continuously since March 5, 1895. That Senator Bacon is the popular choice of the democrats in his state there can be no doubt, for he was not opposed, either at the primaries or at the election. The 17th amendment became effective when Senator Bacon was in process of reelection. He was already the choice of the democratic primaries; and that action awaited the formal ratification of the Georgia legislature. The amendment having deprived the legislature of this power, Mr. Bacon had to start anew. But there was no fight.

The first real fight will come in November, when Maryland will have a special election to choose a successor to the late Senator Rayner. The place is now being filled by Senator William Jackson, who is serving under appointment. Mr. Jackson is a republican. As party issues will predominate in Maryland, and the struggle will be between democratic and republican candidates, with the possibility of a mouse candidate as well, national interest will be attracted by the campaign and election.

DEVELOPING THE PARCEL POST.

Postmaster General Burleson has a feeling that the parcel post can be made a much bigger institution for the service of the public, and he proposes to do so. Postage rates are to be reduced in the first two zones and the limit of weight is to be increased. This is but the beginning of development that is to be had as fast as it can be handled properly. Later the weight limit of parcel post packages may be increased to 100 pounds, though it will be a good while before this is reached.

Give Skin to Victim of Fourth.

Beloit, Wis., July 22.—Eight men sacrificed 40 square inches of skin to aid a boy at a local hospital. The patient was Henry, Dr. H. O. Delaney's little son, who was burned by powder July 4. The father performed the operation of grafting.

make parcel post a most serviceable institution, the time will never come when improvements will not be called for.

In many countries the parcel post is a rather old institution and has been put far along the road of development; it will not take us twenty years to pick up the good features that have been developed in the services in other places.

But the encouraging thing at this time is that the department has it in mind to improve the parcel post service. The disposition is to make the most of this service; this being so, we can be sure improvements will come rapidly.

THE FEARS AND HOPES OF SENATOR CUMMINS.

Senator Cummins is not a stand-patter, but he is a protectionist. This is a distinction without a material difference. It means that Senator Cummins favors a robber tariff that will take less tribute from the consumers than has been the custom under republican tariffs since the civil war.

Senator Cummins made a speech last Saturday on the proposed democratic tariff, in which he told what he fears and hopes in the event of the enactment of the bill without amendment. He feared the democratic majority under the whip of President Wilson was forcing the ship of state into an exceedingly dangerous channel in which it might be wrecked in the whirlpool of Seylla or on the rocks of Charybdis. He had hopes, however, that the worst would not happen, but could see little that would prevent serious consequences. He hoped the agricultural and manufacturing industries would escape that utter ruin which was prophesied by the stalwart standpatters.

That portion of the senator's speech which was the most affecting and interesting was his appeal in behalf of the farmers of the west who were to be deprived of tariff protection on the products of their farms. He dreaded the effect the free trade on farm products would have upon the "horny handed" sons of toil who cultivated the cornfields and wheat fields of the wild and woolly west and northwest. He saw them reduced from affluence to poverty by the withdrawal of the protective duties from these products.

Just how the disaster would result the senator did not explain. He did not even try to explain, and it would have been impossible for him to have made a satisfactory explanation. The fact is that the prices of wheat, corn, cotton and the important products of farm industry are regulated in this country by the London and Liverpool markets. There is no tariff on grain or other farm products to hamper these markets, and they set the prices for the world.

The grain dealers of this country watch with fervid interest the London and Liverpool quotations and fix the prices they will pay home producers by these quotations minus the freight and their own profit. The tariff placed by the republicans on farm products never increased the price of a bushel of wheat or a pound of cotton a fraction of a cent. This country produces a surplus of all important farm products and the exporters of farm products must buy and sell at the prices fixed on the markets they export to.

Hence it is manifest that Senator Cummins' fears for the farmers are groundless, and that the senator is still suffering from the virus of protection with which he was inoculated when in full fellowship with the late republican party.

The hopes of Senator Cummins, however, are more than justified. The democratic tariff which will become a law before this extra session of congress adjourns, will not be disastrous to any legitimate and commendable interests, much less ruin the prosperity of the country. It will be true to its purpose and will free the country from greedy, grasping hands of monopoly and special interests; remove the tribute the protected barons have levied upon the consumers, and by doing these things create a general prosperity such as has hitherto been enjoyed by comparatively few at the expense of the many.

Senator Cummins' speech was in the nature of a confession and avoidance. His fears are groundless. His hopes will be more than realized.

GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

Not the least gain from the election of Woodrow Wilson is the stimulus it has given to moral thought.

The election of a new party to power is always an occasion for house cleaning. But it does not always usher in such an era of confessions such as that in which we find ourselves.

One after another, men in public relations are coming forward of their own volition with admission of their wrong-doing. And every such confession is a stimulus to other confessions.

Confessions of the nature of those congress and the district attorney of New York have been hearing are good for the souls of those making them not only, but for the public welfare.

Nomad Retains Yacht Cup.

St. Paul, Minn., July 23.—The yacht Nomad of the White Bear Yacht club, representing the United States, yesterday defeated the Verve, representing Canada, and bearing the colors of the Lake of the Woods Yacht club, Winnipeg, and retains the Cameron cup, given by Lieutenant Governor D. C. Cameron of Manitoba. The Nomad completed the 12-mile course in 2:57, finishing 7 minutes and 20 seconds ahead of the Verve.

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Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, July 21.—The old standpat republican argument that the Wilson tariff bill of 1894 was responsible for the fearful industrial panic of 1893—an argument which has been rescued once more from the dump heap of political campaigns in order to frighten American farmers and working men against the passage of the Underwood-Simmons low tariff bill—was so completely and effectively refuted in the senate the other day by Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado that it would seem that no republican senator will have the courage to drag it out during the course of the impending tariff debate.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Senator Thomas made no apology for the Wilson bill. He declared it to be "the most miserable pretense of tariff reform ever placed upon our statute books. But," he went on, "wretched as it was, it can plead no guilt to the charge of bringing disaster to the country."

The Colorado senator then made the charge that the panic of 1893 was the result of a Wall street plot countenanced, if not actually connived in, by President Grover Cleveland and some of the principal officers of his administration. Wall street had determined upon the repeal of the Sherman silver law, which was a people's measure, and in order to force public opinion against this measure, gave

the people of the west and southwest, whose representatives in congress held out longest against this repeal, a needed "object lesson."

President Cleveland, in his campaign had declared himself in favor of the repeal of this measure and he had promptly been adopted by Wall street as its candidate. After the election, when threats of withholding patronage did not shake the patriotism of the western and southwestern democrats in congress, the financial crisis was deliberately forced along plans worked out between the New York bank presidents and Conrad N. Jordan, Cleveland's sub-treasurer in charge of the New York treasury, according to Senator Thomas' charge.

The Colorado senator read a convincing history of the beginning of the panic culled from the newspaper dispatches of that time. Washington dispatches then invariably spoke of the "object lesson" which the president was planning for the obdurate legislators and their constituents. Senator Thomas described the success of the plot in the following words: "After a long, heartrending struggle the senate yielded, the battle ended, and in October, 1893, the silver law was repealed. The New York bankers, their hands red with the blood of slaughtered prosperity, bore their trophy from the field. The Wilson bill did not become a law until August of the following year. If the tariff had anything to do with the tragedy of 1893, it was the McKinley and not the Wilson tariff."

Washington is rapidly awakening to the fact that in Senator Thomas, Colorado has sent a great statesman to the national capital. Anyone interested in reading the whole of this great speech, which includes a terrific denunciation of Wall street, can doubtless secure a copy by sending a request to Senator Thomas.

FEEDING THE TRAVELERS.

(New York Sun.)

In these days when the high cost of living is so much in the public mind, when the bills of the butcher, the grocer and the coal man threaten to disrupt the family happiness and bring the sheriff knocking at the door, it is interesting to know what it costs a steamship company to provide the necessities of life to the hordes of passengers who cross and recross the Atlantic. The annual statement of the North German Lloyd for 1912, just issued, throws some interesting light on the subject, and may possibly make one's own monthly statement seem small in comparison. Last year the company's bill for provisions alone was \$4,920,000, while during the same period the coal man was paid \$7,376,735 for 1,758,740 tons of coal which were shoveled into the maws of the ships' furnaces during the twelve-month. For these two items alone—provisions and coal—the company paid the enormous sum of \$12,296,735, and the greater part of this fortune dropped into the coffers of Uncle Sam.

That sea sickness does not always interfere with the appetite of ocean travelers is evidenced by this expenditure of almost \$5,000,000 for provisions. The butcher as usual reaped the greatest harvest in the matter of provisions, his bill to the North German Lloyd, for the year having been \$1,685,000. This does not include fish and game; for the former the company paid an additional \$238,690, while the bill for game amounted to \$412,360, a total of \$652,020. These two items, added to the bill for meat prepared, brought the amount up to \$2,337,020.

In our household expenditures we are not likely to pay much attention to the cost of preserves, and yet the North German Lloyd spent \$255,760, over a quarter of a million dollars, for these sweets during the year. The bill for fresh vegetables amounted to \$128,110, while for "sundries," including bread, flour, spices, fruits and the thousand and one articles that are used in the kitchen, the company paid \$1,688,890.

More potatoes were consumed during the year than any other single article, the total amount having been 17,875,873 pounds. Flour ranked next with 6,313,152 pounds, fresh beef third with 5,769,134 pounds, while the bread was fourth with 2,353,983 pounds. The passengers consumed 7,098,560 eggs, 4,271,000 oranges and lemons, 707,625 pounds of onions and 983,805 pounds of salt. They used 465,340 pounds of coffee and 41,729 pounds of tea, and 529,519 cans of sterilized milk, to say nothing of 14,918 bottles of fresh cream. It was necessary to provide 19,119,242 pounds of ice to keep things cool and 12,097 boxes of matches for fires and "lights." In the bakeshop \$3,651 pounds of yeast were used, while the quantity of butter necessary during the year was 1,056,057 pounds.

Of wines, Rhein and Moselle were most popular, heading the list with 112,211 bottles, as against 35,987 bottles of champagne. Beer, of course, was the favorite beverage, 302,521 bottles having been consumed in addition to 1,720,634 liters of beer in barrels. A liter is equal to about one quart.

From these figures some idea may be obtained of what it really costs to provision a great steamship line and of the vast quantity of food consumed.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

The JOURNEY HOME



He left the little old town, one day, To pursue success and to win renown; The seasons passed in too dull a way To give him joy in the little old town; In the little old town the streets were wide

And the buildings low and pleasures cheap, And he pitied those who were satisfied To stay where the people were half asleep.

He left the little old town to win The large rewards that to worth belong, To add to the city's unceasing din, To try his powers among the strong, And he proudly thought, as he turned to gaze

At the little old town in its peacefulness Of a distant glorious day of days, When he would return, having claimed success.

He thought of the villagers doing there, Deaf to Ambition's persuasive call, Content, because they were free from care, To claim rewards that were few and small, And he thought of a girl whose eyes were wet

When, wishing him well, she said good-bye, But he hurried away, to soon forget Where the roar was loud and the walls were high.

And often he thought in his lonely nook, When his muscles ached and his heart was sad, Of the little old town with its sleepy look, Where the streets were wide and the children glad.

And often he thought of the peace out there, And often he wondered if, after all, The people were wasting the seasons where

The days were long and rewards were small.

He had thought of a glorious day of days When he would return to the little old town, And listen to those who would give him praise

For his proud success and his wide renown, And tomorrow he will be traveling back, No more to care and no more to sigh, For the glory the little old town may lack— To lie and rest where his parents lay.

PREPARED.

"So you are all ready to go to housekeeping?" "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Younglove. "Charley's friends at the office have made him a present of a beautiful alarm clock and I have a splendid nickel-plated chafing dish."

Queer Girl. "By George! Here's the funniest thing I ever heard of. A young man who was inclined to be decent and a fellow who had a hard reputation fought over a young woman, after which she married the decent one."

"Why shouldn't she?" "Of course, that's just what she should have done, but the other fellow won the fight."

Prepared.

"They say Murchison, who, as you will perhaps remember, secured an appointment to a consular post a year or two ago, has married a deaf and dumb lady."

"Indeed? He must intend to remain in the diplomatic service."

Cause and Effect.

"So you parted never to meet again?" "Yes."

"And what happened then?" "He kissed me good-bye."

"Ah! When are you to be married?"

A Novice at the Business.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?" "No, it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact. She was always arranging it so that the men would have to pair off with their own wives."

Random Gossip.

"Why is it that most married women are inclined to frown upon the woman who has been divorced?" "I think it is because they condemn her for being too weak to go on suffering and pretending to like it."

Unlabeled.

What the man spent for flowers and candy before his wedding was quite some. But not a red afterward.

Accordingly the florists and confectioners filed a bill in the federal court. "This merger," they protested, "is in the shade."—Life.

The Daily Story

THE ONE WHO WAITED—BY CLARISSA MACKIE. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Jimmy Dill pattered down the steps of the subway station, grabbed a ticket from the window, shot across the intervening space and caught the downtown express without a second to spare.

Settling himself in a corner, he opened a morning newspaper and endeavored to interest himself in its contents. The train roared through the tube, gusts of vitiated atmosphere swept into the car, and Jimmy yawned.

For the first time he saw Margaret Gray. If he had known that she was there he would have found a seat beside her and thus have been miserably happy for a brief time. Then his glance fell upon the slender youth who accompanied Margaret, and a fierce jealousy smote him so that he buried his face behind the newspaper again.

The train seemed to rattle a tune that expressed the unhappy situation in which Jimmy Dill found himself.

"That's the way—that's the way," rattled the train. "A feller never never looks at a girl—until the right one comes along—and you find—she's at the next desk—in your office all the time. Then—one day she flashes—a diamond—big diamond engagement—ring, and you're all in—all in." So rattled the train in accompaniment to Jimmy's miserable thoughts until they rounded the curve and stopped at City Hall station.

Jimmy fled by another door and reached the street, while Margaret and Harry Lee sauntered leisurely up the stairs.

"I'd like to punch his face," muttered Jimmy fiercely, and his fist dented



scribbled a half circle that ended in the imaginary countenance of Harry Lee.

Seated behind his desk in the office of the big lumber firm where he was billing clerk, Jimmy knew to the very instant when the door opened to admit Margaret, a little late and quite breathless.

When Jimmy closed his eyes he could always see Margaret dressed in a pretty cotton house frock with a white apron on setting the table for supper or watching for him at the window or sewing by a shaded lamp. Always she was connected with a home picture. To Jimmy Dill this meant a great deal, for he had never known a real home. He had been reared in an orphan asylum, and when he was old enough to earn his living he had existed in hall bedrooms of boarding houses of various classes—always respectable, never homelike.

A bell rang sharply, and Margaret picked up notebook and pencils and disappeared through the door leading to Mr. Compton's private office.

Her departure started a little buzz of gossip in the room.

"I don't believe she knows," said one of the girls to Jimmy.

"Knows what?" asked Jimmy gruffly.

"What a sport Harry Lee is. They say— And her voice whispered certain matters of gossip that Jimmy Dill had long known to be facts. He knew that Harry Lee was utterly unworthy of Margaret. He knew that he was a gambler, that he drank and that he had held three different office positions in twelve months.

"Couldn't say," Jimmy had responded when the girl had finished her remarks. "Have you the invoice for that last shipment of long leaf pine, Miss Dawson?"

"No; I haven't," snapped Miss Dawson, and she remarked to her neighbor that Jimmy Dill was grumpy because Margaret Gray was going to be married.

That night Margaret handed in her resignation and shook hands and said good-bye to every one in the office. There were much talk and laughter about the approaching wedding, and Margaret's eyes were very bright.

When she came to Jimmy his cold hand closed her warm one for the briefest instant. "I hope you will be very happy, Miss Gray," he said evenly, and only Margaret detected the strained note in his voice.

Then she was gone, and they all talked at once about what they should buy for a wedding present. Miss Dawson took up a collection, and Jimmy dropped his \$2 in with the same sort of feeling that one experiences in buying a funeral wreath for a departed friend.

The days were empty after that. Jimmy did not know the date of Margaret's wedding. He didn't want to know. The girls in the office would soon enlighten him. He was sick of the whole thing. Suddenly opportunity thundered at his door, and he was offered a very advantageous position with another concern. This was a distinct rise for Jimmy, and the change did him good. It took him away from the immediate neighborhood of the

people who knew Margaret Gray. He succeeded in forgetting her to a certain degree, but one noontime while he was sauntering around Battery park he met her face to face as she was hurrying toward South Ferry.

"How do you do?" she smiled up at Jimmy, and a warm color waded across her cheeks.

"How do you do?" returned Jimmy dazedly. "I—er—I should say how do you do, Mrs. Lee."

Again the color flooded her face, and this time Jimmy recognized it as the flag of embarrassment.

"Haven't you heard?" she asked faintly.

"Heard? No; I haven't heard anything."

"You knew that I am not married?" she asked in a surprised tone.

"No."

"I am not going to be." Her voice broke a little, but she smiled bravely. "It's best to find out people before you marry than afterward, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—ah, say, it's too bad, Margaret!" Jimmy would have gladly undertaken to reform Harry Lee and hasten that young man's marriage to Margaret if the deed would have brought back the sunshine to her eyes and the smile to her face.

"I am glad; but, oh, Jimmy, I didn't know that he was so mean; nobody knows at the office. They believe it is because of his habits. But—but he said to let it go at that. But there was another reason." Margaret's voice was quivering; Jimmy slipped a hand under her arm and piloted her through the crowd streaming toward the ferry.

When they were on board and had found a secluded corner he said: "Tell me about it if you want to. You know I'm not a cackler."

"There isn't much to tell, only the day of the wedding. It was to be very quiet at my aunt's. He never came."

"He never came?" Jimmy growled at her.

"She shook her head. "He came the next day and said he forgot—forgot, Jimmy! And then when I told him that there wouldn't be any wedding he said it would be a distinct relief to him. He didn't think he was cut out for a married man."

"You loved him a lot, Margaret?" whispered Jimmy hoarsely.

"I believed I did at first," said Margaret drearily. "But it was only a first attraction, and I drifted into an engagement, and then I got to comparing him with some other—with others—and he appeared so mean and contemptible. But I was engaged to him, and I would keep my promise. But it seems he was tired of me too."

"Never mind, Margaret," said Jimmy. "You ought to be glad enough to get out of it so easy. Did I tell you about my new job with the Continental people?"

Thereupon he told Margaret of his rising luck, and when they reached Brooklyn she bade him good-bye with a ghost of her old smile lingering on her lips.

After office hours he rode up to Central park and wandered among the shady trees, trying to figure out in his mind just what this change of Margaret Gray's plans might mean to him. If she only loved him it would be so easy, but he did not want to gain her consent when her heart was sore from a quarrel with Harry Lee.

He sauntered through a bowery path where solitude and bird songs were in accordance with his newly stirred sensations. Here, in the shadiest corner of the most secluded path, he came upon a skinny youth from whose lips there drooped a cigarette. He was lounging on a bench.

"Mr. Lee!" rapped out Jimmy.

"Hub?" The youth leaped to his feet and faced the other with a queer look of surprise. A smile curled his lip. "I guess you're the chap that got my girl away from me!" he sneered.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Jimmy.

"I guess you know! We had a little difference, and Margaret—I told her that she was gone on you, and—well, oh, she cried and said you was too sensible to look at a willy thing like her, and then she denied it, and, oh, well, you knew the wedding was off, eh?"

"Yes, I know the wedding didn't come off, and I know why it didn't occur at the proper time. So now I'm going to relieve my feelings a little, Lee. There!" Jimmy Dill's fists flew back and forth as he soundly walloped young Mr. Lee. And when that youth lay on the grass and looked reproachfully up at his antagonist through a rapidly swelling eye Jimmy Dill looked down at his foe.

"I just had to do it, Lee. I believe it will do you good in the end, and now you'll have to excuse me. I've got to get a train for Brooklyn."

July 23 in American History.

1816—Charlotte Saunders Gpsman, celebrated actress, born; died 1870.

1800—Prince of Wales (later Edward VII. of England) landed on American shores to begin an extensive visit which included the United States.

1885—General U. S. Grant died in the Drexel cottage at Mount McGregor, N. Y.; born 1822.

1888—Courtland Palmer, noted agnostic, died; born 1843.

Made It Clear. Mrs. Younglove (to grocer)—Shall I open an account, or do you prefer to have me pay for what I get? Grocer—Both, madam.—Boston Transcript.