

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, August 5, 1913.

Of course, rather than have Great Britain boycott the Panama exposition, we might present her with the canal.

A 10-hour workday for the horse is the latest reform. The regulation of the world goes on apace.

For our part, we'd be glad if all the waiters agreed never to accept a tip under \$900.

The question now is whether a man who admits he is a lobbyist needs to care if somebody calls him a black-mailer.

They are teaching children to sleep in England. Here in America it's about all father and mother can do to awaken them in time for breakfast.

It is said that the English language is growing at the rate of 5,000 words per year. We will venture the opinion that before the tariff debate is finished that that rate will be surpassed.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is broke again and has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, her debts being scheduled at \$8,054, her assets at \$250. Her husband, Harry K., was not scheduled among the assets.

Wisconsin's new minimum wage law applies only to women, minors and country school teachers. If there is one class of workers more than another needing protection of some sort against starvation wages, it is the teacher of the district school. She gets the next thing to the hole in a gougout.

Mayor Gaylor is not only a prolific but a frank and original letter writer. Answering a letter from a minister pointing out that the attorney general had rendered an opinion adverse to Sunday baseball and asserting that "in the light of this decision it is clear that many of the baseball games played in this city every Sunday is in clear violation of the law, and suggesting that "you inform the law," the mayor began his letter in reply with this statement: "It may be I should correct your inadvertent mistakes of grammar and spelling, but I hesitate to take that liberty." The hesitancy suggests the loathness the negro parson was under to mention Miltah Johnson as the author of the hencoop robbery.

EXPOSITION WILL NOT SUFFER. Great Britain, as a government, will not take part in the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco. Neither will Russia nor Germany. Possibly one or two other important powers will take similar action.

The reasons assigned are various. Some may be founded chiefly on ill feeling, others on strictly business considerations. The effects will be the same in either case, and the big show is destined to lose somewhat in spectacular interest.

But these refusals to take part in the exposition concern only the government, in every case. It is not meant that the manufacturers, artists, merchants and other citizens of the United Kingdom, Russia, and possibly other countries will fail to send their products to San Francisco or in any way boycott the great fair.

On the contrary, it is quite certain that British, German, Russian and Japanese merchandise will be much in evidence. Any other condition would be contrary to precedent. It would indicate a degree of indifference or lack of enterprise impossible to believe.

And if the people of countries which do not "officially" participate in the San Francisco exposition take their natural share in the vast demonstration of the progress and achievements of mankind, the absence of certain public functionaries and governmental exhibits and buildings will be only a minor incident having little effect upon a vast enterprise.

THE COMING CENTENNIAL.

If rightly prepared and properly conducted, the coming Illinois centennial will be the most important and imposing event ever known in the history of the west.

The commissioners have started out on the right path; they have refused to permit the great historical event to be used by self-seeking politicians to graft money from the state treasury and have shown a determination to make it all that it should be. It will be held in the state capital, and instead of a few days' exhibition it will doubt run over several weeks, as it should.

The state board of agriculture will no doubt cooperate with the commission and may abandon the fair for that

year in order that the fair grounds can be used for the exhibition. It will take plenty of room to show the advancement made in a century in the manufacture of machinery and in all other respects.

The exhibition will have lectures of a historical nature from ministers, lawyers, physicians, artisans of all the various industries; these showing the progress of the state from the time of its entrance into the union until the end of the century. These lectures collected and made into books would give the greatest history ever written and they would be invaluable to the future student.

The commission has started right, has selected good officials, and that the fondest hopes of the people will be realized we feel certain.

DOLLAR PATRIOTISM.

The demand for armed intervention by the United States in Mexico is made by dollar patriots having property interests in that country.

Not because they think the dignity of this nation is being outraged, but because the revolutionary movement is costing them money in lost profits, interrupted business and, in some cases, actual destruction of their property, they are for sending the army across the border.

Yet when they made their investments in Mexico they made them notwithstanding the element of future insecurity of their holdings. They made them subject to the laws of nations, which provide that lives taken or property lost by foreigners resident there shall be satisfied by indemnity.

It is a matter giving them no concern that the invasion of Mexico would cost the lives of thousands of men in the American army. The holdings of property in Mexico outbalance in consideration these lives!

Neither are they concerned with the thought that intervention would involve this country in a war the cost of which in money would exceed a thousand times over the value of all the holdings of every description of citizens of the United States in Mexico.

All these jingoists are interested in is their pocket. Fortunately for all of us, the policy of dollar diplomacy expired with the outgoing administration. Happy is this nation that at its head are those who count it the highest duty of this country to be to mind its own business and not to pull from the fire the burned chestnuts of speculative millionaire citizens.

DODGING OLEO TAX.

A charge that the great oleomargarine companies, most of them subsidiaries of the beef trust, escaped criminal prosecution and evaded payment of \$1,000,000 internal revenue taxes due in 1912, by offering a compromise of \$100,000, which was accepted by the Taft administration as one of its last executive acts, has been made on the floor of the house by Representative W. E. Cox of Indiana, and is causing a sensation in Washington.

The oleo law, which was passed for the protection of the American farmer, provided only a nominal internal revenue tax of one-fourth cent a pound on white (uncolored) oleo, but a tax of ten cents per pound when the product is artificially colored so that it can pass for butter in appearance.

After the law was passed the manufacturers searched the world for a natural product which could properly go into the manufacture of oleo and which would give it the yellow color. It was argued that if some wholesome oil, having a yellow color, could be found, the oleo in which such oil was an ingredient, could not be termed artificially colored within the meaning of the law, and would legally escape the ten-cent tax.

Yellow oils from sesame, mustard seed, peanuts, soy beans and other vegetables were experimented with, but either the cost of producing these oils was too great to be commercially practicable, or else the flavor of the oleo was altered.

Finally a Louisville firm discovered a process of blowing sulphur fumes through boiling cotton seed oil and afterwards refining the sulphur from the oil. This left a yellow oil in which even chemical tests would sometimes fail to detect sulphur.

Oleo made from this oil was submitted to the treasury department for an opinion on the validity of its use as a natural colored oil. The government analysis failed to detect artificial coloring, but the manufacturers were warned that if subsequent tests detecting coloring, the oleo would be subject to the 10-cent tax.

The manufacturers, nevertheless, during 1911 and 1912 put out this oleo paying only one-fourth cent per pound tax on it. Later the bureau of animal industry analyzed samples of this oleo and found them to contain sulphur as a coloring matter. On this evidence the treasury department demanded to see the books of the oleo companies, and found that on the sulphur oleo already sold there was due the government \$1,246,628.62 in taxes at 10 cents a pound.

The manufacturers offered to settle for \$101,100. At this point the house committee on expenditures in the treasury department of which Mr. Cox was chairman, made an investigation. Its report recommended that the compromise be rejected. This report was made Feb. 25, 1913, and copies sent to Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh.

According to Mr. Cox, the attorneys for the oleo manufacturers, when they heard the house report, got busy putting pressure on MacVeagh to accept the compromise.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER
Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Aug. 3.—Major Sylvester, chief of Washington, D. C. police, who was "vindicated" by a senate committee of the charge that by improperly policing the parade of March 3 he was directly responsible for the overwhelming of that pageant by the inauguration crowd, seems to have learned his lesson.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

The major evidently has no intention of fooling with public opinion again. The recent suffrage petition-in-boots as a demonstration for the equal suffrage amendment which has been reported to the senate was as well policed as any procession ever seen in Washington.

There really was little chance for hoodlums to break up the recent procession even if there had been any attempt to do so, for the petitioning women all rode in raily decked automobiles, which rolled down Pennsylvania avenue at a swift rate. But Major Sylvester took no chances. There was a formidable police guard for the machines. In fact, a much stronger guard than the one which preceded the costumed foot-procession of March 3, which attracted vainly to march through streets jammed with half a million spectators.

Far ahead of the recent automobile procession rode a contingent of motor cycle policemen in khaki uniforms waving traffic out of the street. These were followed by two outriders mounted on horses. Then came a cordon of a dozen mounted officers riding knee to knee. Finally just ahead of the parade was a big automobile loaded to the mudguards with foot-policemen for emergencies.

Major Sylvester has probably come to the realization that public opinion is mightier than the verdict of any senatorial investigation committee.

A just workmen's compensation law is to be one of the laws to result from a democratic administration.

The object of such legislation is to supplant the old liability statutes. There are plenty of reasons why this should be done. When a workman is killed, it is at present necessary for the widow to accept an unreasonable compromise or go to court. She is poor, and often absolutely penniless. The corporations have high-salaried counsel, and they know how to have the litigation continued and delayed. In the end the widow may be forced to accept a mere pittance.

The railroads pay yearly more than \$11,000,000 for personal injuries. It is asserted that after the cases have been fought through court after court, corporations being willing and able to carry a case to the supreme court simply to defeat the claim of some poor man who has lost a leg or an arm, that less than \$3,000,000 of the \$11,000,000 finds its way to the pockets of the injured. The remainder is eaten up by attorneys' fees, costs, witness fees and general expenses.

A CHAIN OF GOOD ROADS

From the great lakes westward to the continental divide and along the Pacific slope to the Rocky mountains remarkable developments are taking place in "good roads" projects. Several of them, undertaken at first independently, are now being welded together so as to create a great highway from Chicago to Milwaukee, across the state of Wisconsin, up the Mississippi valley to Minneapolis and St. Paul, across Minnesota, South Dakota and Montana to the Yellowstone National park, thence in a great circle westward across the main range of the Rockies, northward along the Pacific slope and easterly to Glacier National park.

The principal units which make up this highway are: The Lake-to-River road, from Chicago to Minneapolis and St. Paul; the Twin-Cities-Aberdeen-Yellowstone-Park trail, from Minneapolis and St. Paul to the Yellowstone park; and the Park-to-Park road, from the western entrance of Yellowstone park to the western entrance of Glacier park.

These projects represent only a small part of the recent remarkable advance of the movement for good roads which has taken place in the northwestern states. In Minnesota and Wisconsin, especially, road improvement is under way or projected in almost every section of the states. Innumerable good roads associations have been formed, and villages, towns, cities, counties, commercial bodies, and private interests are cooperating in the work. The impetus was given by vigorous campaigns conducted to arouse the public to a realization of the economic losses through bad roads and by the demands of those who use automobiles for business or pleasure; and the construction of new roads and the improvement of the old were made possible by enlightened and progressive legislation. Minnesota has today as advanced and liberal laws as to road construction, maintenance regulations, and appropriations as any state in the union, and Wisconsin is not far behind.—From "Good Roads Activities in the Northwest," by Walter C. Tiffany, in the American Review of Reviews for August.

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WIRE SPARKS

Grand Forks, N. D.—Mrs. J. Johnson and her infant son, R. A. Steward and his daughter, Alice, were drowned in the Red river of the North near Drayton. Their automobile plunged into the river. Mr. Johnson swam ashore.

New York—Edward A. Manice of the New York Stock Exchange was exonerated by the exchange committee on business conduct of all blame in connection with the sale of \$25,000 worth of government 2 per cent bonds at 95 1/2, a low record.

Milwaukee—John Mielent and Joseph Paulsen, long term prisoners in the house of correction, escaped through the ceiling and roof with chisels they had stolen.

Washington—New York shipbuilding company was the lowest bidder for construction of torpedo boat destroyers, its terms being \$825,000 each for two boats. Six vessels are to be built and the contracts for four may go to higher bidders.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she overheard her father speak very harshly of someone he called a moral bankrupt and it did seem to her as if the poor fellow ought to be given credit for being moral even if he had lost his money.

The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND

A Primrose Way



I see them trudging down the street. Her head is bent, his hair is white; Though she is old her smile is sweet, And, best of all, her heart is light. He fondly guards her from the harm That threatens where the crowd is dense. Her hand is laid upon his arm With long, long cherished confidence. He has not won enduring fame, Nor gathered riches that are vast; But she is proud to bear his name, And he will love her till the last. To him she still is young and fair, To her he still is brave and strong; The way is strewn with roses where They slowly, gladly tread along.

Queer.

"I had a curious experience not long ago," said a Chicago traveling man. "I was anxious to get into the city to spend Sunday with my family, and had driven across country for seven miles for the purpose of catching a through train on one of the important railroads. When I arrived at the station I found on looking at the bulletin board that the train was 40 minutes late."

"Well, what was queer about that?" he was asked. "The queer thing about it was that the train was only 40 minutes late."

REAL TROUBLE.

"I find it harder and harder to live within my means." "That ought to be easy enough. What I'm trying to do is live within the means my wife is endeavoring to make the public believe we have."



The Cost of Raw Materials. I know a fair and gentle maid Who tells me she has learned to bake; She says she would not be afraid To touch the biscuits she can make With those that mother made; the pie She makes is most delicious, too; Her charms appeal to me, and I Am sure that she'll be sweet and true.

I know that she can mend a steak, Her doughnuts off have made me glad; Once with a piece of angel cake She cheered me when my heart was sad; But she, alas, is not for me; Her wait I never may hope to see; I could not buy the things that she Would wash, if she were mine, to cook.

Probably.

"My wife scolds me every time I take out a new life insurance policy."

"Why does she scold you? For living?"

He May Be Good Now. "I never trouble myself about the future," he said.

"No wonder," she replied. "It must keep you pretty busy thinking about your past."

Cruel.

"My friends," said the man who had been making a long and tiresome speech, "there is little more that I can say on this subject."

"Why 'more?'" asked an impatient one who had just finished yawning.

Avoiding Trouble.

"Do you have any trouble with your janitor?" asked Mrs. Fittleigh.

"Oh, no. Both my husband and I believe in devoting all our spare moments to the pursuit of pleasure."

Self-Restraint.

"My wife is a woman who can practice great self-restraint."

"See. She came over to see our new baby the other day, and didn't say 'Ain't he cunning?'"

Brilliance and Cleverness.

The difference between brilliance and cleverness is that a clever man may seem to be brilliant when he isn't.

Happiest Man.

Happier than the man who thinks that whatever is his is right is he who thinks that whatever is his is best.

Literary Note.

The teacher had been talking to her pupils on Ouida's story, "The Dog of Flanders," and she followed her talk by an oral test.

"Now, what is the name of the author?" she queried. "Small and Slender Boy—Oh, You Ida." —Boston Record.

The Daily Story

THE RED WIND—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.
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"How lovely!" mocked Hester. "And my father? What of him?"

"He runs away on another man's legs," she said gloomily, and beckoning her stolid companion to follow, she granted farewell and went wearily up the trail toward the reservation.

The two Indians passed on a knoll and looked away into the west, where a dark cloud marked the horizon. Annie stretched out a lean arm and pointed, and Frightened Fawn threw up her hands and went wailing out of sight.

"They look like two old priestesses performing some horrid rite," shuddered Hester as she locked the door and went back to her father.

"There is danger, Hester?" he asked anxiously.

"The same sort that we always encounter at this season," the girl said calmly. "Remember, every season since we have lived here we have feared the grass fire, and so far it has never come?"

"It has never come so close before. Alkali is only twenty miles away, and the smoke is driving this way."

"I know it, but it may shift," Hester's voice betrayed a strained note that her father was quick to catch.

"What can we do, dear? Have you made any preparations in case it does come?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, yes, dear! There isn't much we can do, you know! I've had the hay wagon bedded with blankets and supplied with food and water for a week past. Every portable treasure is ready to be dropped in at the last moment. I have nursed old Benly along so that he will be able to pull the wagon when the time comes, if it does."

The July day drew to its sultry end. The sagebrush stretched to the horizon, a crisp gray-brown expanse of dry herbage from which the sun had drained every drop of moisture.

Hester Moore, standing in the doorway of the ranch house, scanned the prairie from under the arch of her bent hand. The sun was setting, a great ball of fire dropping below the sky line.

"Hester," came her father's voice from the house, "it's getting cooler, isn't it, dear?"

"Just a little, father," she said gently. She went into a room where he was stretched on a wicker couch before an open window, his broken leg propped stiffly on a pillow. She took down the sheet that hung before the window and dipped it once more in a pail of water, wrung it lightly and returned it to the window.

The injured man stirred beneath the grateful coolness. "That feels good, Hester," he murmured. "If I hadn't had the ill luck to step into the gopher hole we might have had a little run up into the hills for a spell, at least until this blistering weather is over."

"Never mind, father. If you hadn't broken your leg you know you would not have taken a vacation. Perhaps you will get rested now," smiled Hester, fanning him gently.

"Perhaps. Where is Henderson?"

"He went to look up the herd. I may as well tell you now, dad"—and Hester's eyes clouded with anxiety—"that the herd has been missing since Monday, and Mr. Henderson is afraid that Dixon and his gang have rustled them."

Mr. Moore struggled to sit up, groaned and sank again upon his pillow. "Confound it all, Hester, why did it happen at this time, when I am on my back and can't stir a step?"

"Because you are helpless, I suppose. If you had been as active as usual I hardly think that Dixon would have dared to steal them."

"What is that, Hester?" Mr. Moore sniffed the air suspiciously and tried to look through the screened door, but it was out of his range of vision.

Hester went to the door, looked out and came hurriedly back. "Fires at Alkali," she said briefly. "They seem to be coming this way, but the wind is south and—"

There came a rap at the kitchen door. Hester answered it, leaving her remark unfinished.

Two Indian women sat on the doorstep, their blankets sagging from their bent shoulders. Their black eyes were mutely appealing.

"Well, Annie, how?" said Hester pleasantly.

"Breed meat, drink?" uttered Annie gutturally.

"Of course," Hester went to the pantry and prepared several large sandwiches for the two women. She poured two great glasses of lemonade and carried the whole to the doorstep. The women fell upon it ravenously. When it had disappeared Annie lifted her eyes to those of the pretty white girl.

"Fortune?" she muttered.

"Again?" laughed Hester. "Why, Annie, you tell my fortune every time you come! The last time you promised me a husband and a bag of gold, and I haven't seen a sign of them yet."

"On the way," muttered Annie, snatching at Hester's brown little hand and scanning the palm closely. "He rides before the red wind. He brings peace and plenty. The lost cattle come home, and the maiden marries her lover."

"Where are the other horses, your own little beast?" he demanded sharply.

"Gone—stolen," she murmured hopelessly, and he swore harshly.

Hester went into the kitchen to prepare the evening meal. Now and then she paused before the open door to look searchingly into the dusk that was creeping fast over the land. The smoke was growing thicker, and she noticed with a start of terror that the sky was obscured.

Something brushed Hester's face. She caught it in her hand and found it was a charred cinder.

She darted into the house and lighted a lamp.

"The fire has come, father," she said calmly. "I will get the wagon ready

and tack it to the door. I think I can transfer you from the couch to the wagon."

"Very well, dear. Wheel me to the door and give me two canes. Have you got your mother's pictures?"

"Safe, father, and all your papers and plans and books and clothes. Perhaps the house will be spared after all. These adobe walls ought not to burn."

"Ah!" he cried sharply and pointed away to the southwest, where a lone, lurid line was creeping across the width of the prairie. Henderson's place was to the east of it. Perhaps his men would start a back fire and head it off.

"Back fire, Hester," he ordered, and the girl flew to a place beyond the corral where earlier in the day Dick Henderson had plowed a wide furrow of fresh earth around the homestead.

She touched a match to the tinder dry grass on the far side of the furrow. It blazed up and ran in licking leaps up and down the edge of the fresh earth; then it reached out red tongues of flame, and a broad blanket of fire went out to meet that other red fire from the southwest.

Back she went to the house and tried to lift her father to the wagon. Once, twice, she exerted all her strength, but he was a heavy man, and now his weight was inert. "Leave me here and go, dear," he begged.

"Never!" she said scornfully, pausing for breath.

In that instant a bunch of cattle ran snorting past the house and startled the restless Benly to action. Without warning he dashed away to safety, dragging the loaded wagon in his wake, leaving Hester and her father to the fate of the red wind behind.

Hester's face went down into her palms. "Oh, father!" she cried pitifully, but his gaze was bent upon her tenderly.

"It will come out all right, daughter," he said gravely. "Hang wet sheets to the windows and doors. Close the doors and we will take our chances here."

Nearer the two lines of fire crept. When they met there was a leaping wall of flame thirty feet high, and the dreaded happened. A flying cinder drifted across the furrow and ignited the dry grass of the corral. There was a lurid flare of light, and the chickens in the houses squawked loudly.

In a few moments the wooden doors and window frames would be ablaze and the contents of the house would follow. Hester was thankful that the artesian well had been piped to the kitchen. She flew to it and pumped pail after pail of water and had them in readiness. She filled wash boilers and tubs and gave her father a long handled dipper so that he might help.

Then it was that there came a thunder of horses' hoofs outside and men's voices shouting. Hester flung open the door, and Dick Henderson staggered in. "You are here!" he cried breathlessly. "I hoped you had gone!"

Hester explained.

"Get on Dipsie, Hester, and ride for your life. I will bring your father, and the boys will fight the fire."

Without a word Hester obeyed the young man. Dick Henderson had always been a good neighbor, and he had not failed them in their greatest need.

Then Dick lifted Mr. Moore in his strong arms and carried him out to where a man offered a horse and helped the two on its back. Then away they went before the red wind that Indian Annie predicted.

Miles away in a little canyon Hester found refuge beside the sagacious Benly, who had arrived there safely with his load. Later, when Dick Henderson came with his unconscious burden, the two worked together to make the injured man comfortable.

"You have done so much for me," said Hester gratefully when he told her that that the fire had broken up Dixon's gang and that the stolen cattle had been driven to a safe place, while the rustlers had escaped over the border.

"Because I love you, Hester," he burst out suddenly, and then, overcome by his shyness, he hurried away to the mouth of the canyon to view the progress of the fire.

After awhile, when he could report that the worst was over and that they might return to the ranch, he went back to Hester, who had made a little fire of sticks in the dry bed of the creek and was cooking supper.

"What are you smiling at?" he asked sleepily.

"At Indian Annie's prophecy," said H