

THE ARGUS.

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Wednesday, August 13, 1913.

Baltimore must be getting to be something of a town, if an aviator is able to lose his way in its smoke.

This time it's a Missouri coroner's jury that holds that a bad husband cannot be murdered by his wife—only executed.

The New York suffragist who is going to take her husband on a 7,000 mile canoe trip should let him help in the paddling.

Laundried bank notes are said to be slightly longer than unlaundered bank notes, but the increment doesn't cover the laundry bill.

Whenever the acts of congress fail to give entire satisfaction some member goes and takes it out of a Washington street car conductor.

A Minnesota farmer's lawsuit over a \$32 express bill is said to have cost the express companies \$6,000,000 a year. How much it cost the farmer is not said.

In this age a traveler can go around the earth in 36 days. A century hence the job may be negotiated in 36 minutes at a cost of nothing but a dizzy sensation.

In order to be eligible to jury service in Pennsylvania a freeholder must possess a mind that is absolutely impervious to law, logic, sympathy or the mitigation of circumstances.

Whether Japan's attitude in following the example of the United States and declining recognition of the Hugi regime in Mexico, is sincere or not, it "flatters" mightily good at this distance.

The startling declaration is made that laundered currency is just as good as new. The average citizen does not care a whoop whether his currency has a domestic finish or not. He just wants the currency.

Human endurance breaks down at times under certain strains. One of these is being the father of a suffragist, as was illustrated in the case of Dr. Oliver Livingston Jones, father of the famous "General" Rosalie. Dr. Jones killed himself.

Governor Blease of South Carolina, who is mostly mouth, has issued a statement calling a number of people liars and declaring that he is the most popular man in South Carolina. It is certain he is elected United States senator. Governor Blease recently made a speech in favor of lynchings and probably mistakes the applause of the rabble for the voice of the people.

GROWTH OF TEMPERANCE.

The growth of temperance, not through coercion, but by example, education and the change in fashion and public sentiment, had a striking illustration in the statement of Father McDonald, a chaplain, who says that the navy is now 85 to 90 per cent temperate. He says:

"We have, by actual enumeration 12 per cent total abstainers and 85 per cent temperate men. The old days are passing and men do not return to the ship drunk. There are men in the navy who go ashore, take a glass of beer and then go their way. They will take a pledge against whiskey, but want their beer as a safety valve."

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

There will be those whose devotion to party labels is blind and who are equally blind when it comes to observing fundamental democratic party principle who will utter words of protest against the political conduct of John Furroy Mitchell whom President Wilson has chosen collector of the port of New York.

It is reported that Mr. Mitchell will be a fusion candidate for mayor of New York and that he has rejected the Tammany nomination for mayor which is considered tantamount to refusing the democratic nomination.

Unless we mistake President Mitchell in his determination. If we mistake not, President Wilson will be more likely to recommend non-partisan than partisan manipulation of New York or any other municipality.

Such is the new order of things. Being a democrat in this day and age means more than to wear a party label. It means more to keep up a local struggle to force local party advantage at the expense of party principle.

Some of the leading democrats of the nation, President Wilson among

them, are advocating the short ballot, encouraging non-partisan municipal government, and pointing the way to progress in local affairs while teaching devotion to great fundamentals, democratic principles in national affairs.

Such is the new order of things and it is well.

LIND AS AMBASSADOR DE FACTO TO MEXICO.

Speaking of the appointment of former Governor Lind of Minnesota to act as ambassador de facto to Mexico, the Chicago Tribune makes this ridiculous assertion:

The fact that Mr. Lind was an "original Bryan man" may have weight with the secretary of state, but it in no way qualifies him to act in the difficult and delicate office to which he has been assigned. Justice to Secretary Bryan prompts the belief that he had sounder grounds for his choice. But the nation, in so critical a juncture, would like to know what they are.

If former Governor Lind were an "original Roosevelt man," the Tribune would perhaps be prompted to accept that as sufficient proof of qualification for any task from the taming of a Mexican revolution to the slaughter, single handed and alone, of all the wild beasts in South Africa.

The Tribune says the fact that Governor Lind was a Bryan advocate "in no way qualifies him." That it stopped there and didn't declare that it disqualified him was indeed generous.

The fact that former Governor Lind is an "original Bryan man" will tend to popularize his selection for this diplomatic task. That gives proof of earnest cooperation with the secretary of state, sincere sympathy with President Wilson, desire to do that which the administration is seeking to do—bring order out of chaos by directing the dynamic forces of public sentiment to a situation brought about by privilege, oppression and blood red with revolution.

This is no time to criticize. Governor Lind has been selected for this delicate task. Back of him and the administration there should be united public sentiment with no petty displays of political or party prejudice.

WATER SUPPLY AND EDUCATION.

President Joe Cook of the Mississippi Normal college, believes that the first step in the education of women in the country should be the elimination of needless farm drudgery. No matter how good the rural school may be, he declares, it can not help permanently in making life in the country attractive unless there goes with it the movement to lighten the labor of women on the farm.

The water supply in particular arouses President Cook's indignation. He is convinced that as much as nine-tenths of the drudgery of women on the farm is due to antiquated methods of handling the water supply. Here is the way he states the case in a bulletin of the United States bureau of education:

"The getting of the water from the source to the point of application requires more manual labor than any other item of housekeeping. The water for the kitchen has to be lifted from the well, carried to the kitchen, poured into a kettle, poured out of the kettle into the dishpan, and from the dishpan out of doors. This makes six times the water is handled; and a bucket of water containing 2 gallons, with the containing vessel, will weigh 30 pounds. When this is handled six times, the total lifting is 120 pounds. The cooking of three meals a day on a meager allowance of water will necessitate ten buckets, which will make the cooking alone 1,200 pounds of lifting per day. When to this is added the water necessary for bathing, scrubbing, and the weekly wash, it will easily bring the lift per day up to a ton; and the lifting of a ton a day will take the elasticity out of a woman's step, the bloom out of her cheek and the enjoyment from her soul."

To eliminate this item of drudgery is easy, according to President Cook. All that is necessary is for the farmer to realize that the farm is also the heir to modern invention: "An isolated farm can be supplied with a system of waterworks for an outlay of about \$250: Pump, \$25; gasoline engine, \$40; tank, \$20; bathtub, \$20; commode, \$20; kitchen sink, \$4; basin, \$4; 500 feet of pipe, \$40; valves and installation, \$75. These figures are for first-class porcelain-lined fixtures; cheaper fixtures can be had. Such a system, if intelligently and compactly planned, will not only supply all of the household needs, but will supply practically all the farm needs besides."

FOREST NOTES

A Russian scientist claims to have discovered an inoculation for use against forest insects.

There are nearly 6,000 professional foresters in Germany who are associated with various technical societies.

The University of Washington has secured the use of two sections of land in the Snoqualmie national forest in connection with its forestry courses.

A tool used to fight fires on the California forests combines a rake, spade and hoe. It is compact, so that it can be carried on horseback, and weighs less than 5 1-2 pounds.

In an increase in timber sales this year and in a decrease in receipts from timber trespass as compared with last year, national forest officers see a growing use of the forests and respect for the federal forest policy.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO

(Boston Advertiser.)

It is a pity that Ambassador Wilson, who has been in the midst of things in Mexico, has not a better and clearer insight into the situation there. As a matter of fact, a good many of the things which have been quoted as having been said by him since his return from Mexico are distinctly untrue, in the opinion of some American who have lived long in Mexico and who are as fully in touch with the crisis there as Ambassador Wilson has been.

The American ambassador takes much credit to himself for the part which he played in affairs during the plot against Madero. We regret that other Americans in Mexico do not feel that way. He takes credit to himself for "reconciling" Diaz and Madero. Diaz and Madero were reconciled long before Madero was unseated, and while Huerta was engaged in plotting the downfall of Madero. If Wilson was so utterly blind that he does not recognize to this day the double part which Huerta played, he knows less than any other American of experience who was in the city during the revolution. If he does understand the traitorous pact between Diaz and Huerta, why does he make such pretensions as to his own part in the plot?

To say that Wilson's utterances, since his return to this country, have astounded most of the refugee-Americans now in this country, is to put it rather mildly. If the American ambassador is to be believed, he still has a very distorted view of the real situation in the sister republic to the south.

Americans who have learned what emphatic dissent to the ambassador's published statements prevails among the great body of refugees who are

familiar with Mexican affairs, may well ask: "What's the matter with Wilson?"

For one thing, the American ambassador does not get in touch nor keep in touch with popular sentiment in Mexico, in our opinion. He is merely echoing the opinions of Mexican politicians, and the political class in Mexico do not represent public opinion whatsoever. They merely voice and echo the views of their own class.

Probably 90 per cent of the Mexican politicians belong to the notary class. The Mexican notary is different in functions and influence from the American lawyer. The Mexican notary is hated by the common people, and even by the educated class of citizens, but he is also feared. The machinery of local justice is largely in his hands. He knows the family secrets of the whole community. He is in a position to do much harm to any one whom he dislikes. He occupies a place which combines the function of the lawyer, the police inspector and the police court judge.

When the present congress was elected, the notaries were generally able to bring about their own election to congress, by threats, bribes and promises. They have shown little regard for public opinion, since they were first put into the new congress. They have been working for their own interests, first, last and all the time. Ambassador Wilson undoubtedly echoes the opinions of this class of the Mexican people; but when he pretends to believe that their views have any direct connection with popular sentiment throughout the republic, he errs grievously. These men are working for their own pockets, and they do not give a hang for public opinion, nor do they care to know what public opinion may be.

FOR CASTRO'S BENEFIT

(New York World.)

For the information of Cipriano Castro, who is said to have landed in Venezuela and organized a revolt, these words from President Wilson's statement of his policy toward Latin America on the 11th of March should be given wide circulation:

"We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own per-

sonal interests and ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances."

If General Castro will take notice of the situation in Mexico he will find proof in that quarter not only that this expression was meant, but that it is likely to be very effective as against one man's personal interests and ambition.

BUFFALO HERD IS INCREASED

The birth of 10 calves in the buffalo herd maintained by the government on the Wichita national forest and game refuge, near Lawton, Okla., has been reported by the game warden in charge. The herd now contains a total of 48 head of full blooded buffalo, or, more properly, bison, of which 27 are males and 21 females. All of the animals are in splendid condition.

In 1907 the American Bison society donated to the federal government a nucleus herd of 15 animals which had been bred and reared in the New York Zoological park. The animals were transported to the Wichita national forest which is also a game refuge and placed under the care of the forest service. They readily adapted themselves to their new habitat, but the area upon which they were placed was within the zone affected by the Texas fever tick and during the two or three years following their transfer only the constant care and watchfulness of the forest officers prevented the complete loss of the herd.

The animals were examined almost daily to determine whether they had become infested with Texas fever ticks and were placed in specially de-

signed cages and sprayed with crude oil at intervals of from 15 to 30 days, but notwithstanding the extreme precautions which were adopted three of the animals died. Gradually, however, the enclosures in which the buffalo were confined were freed from fever ticks and there is a possibility that as the buffalo adapted themselves to their new environment they became more or less immune to the disease. No losses from Texas fever have occurred for several years, and the herd has almost quadrupled in number since it was established.

The fact that the herd has not increased more rapidly is due largely to the preponderance of male calves. This characteristic of the buffalo is so pronounced in all of the herds now in captivity that a cow is considered twice as valuable as a bull.

Dixon, Ill.—At the reunion attended by veterans from northern Illinois here, J. H. Chowder, department commander; Adjutant General H. C. Cooke and Rev. W. J. Liberton, D. D., of Chicago, spoke. There are about half as many members of the Northern Illinois Soldiers and Sailors' association here as there were five years ago.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that no one seemed to want his commercial paper and she supposed the regularly was about all people cared to read in this hot weather.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

The LORD WILL UNDERSTAND



He is not a man whom the world will praise. For he daily walks in the lowly ways; His clothes are poor and his earnings small; And the great know naught of his worth at all; His beard is gray and his form is bowed, His name is strange to the rich and proud.

Down in the dismal places where Contagion lurks in the murky air, Where the people are sick and lame and blind, Where many are weary and few are kind, He kneels with those who have need of cheer, Imparting hope and dispelling fear.

Those who sit where the light is dim Have learned to eagerly welcome him; His clothes are poor, but within his eyes The gleam of faith that is deathless lies; And little ones lip the Savior's name Where sufferers grumbled before he came.

He has taught the wronged that there still is good, That there still is kindness and brotherhood; He has called men back from their shameful ways, He has brought them love who were pitiless; He has knelt with those who had blindly strayed, And made them hopeful and unafraid.

His beard is gray and his form is bowed, His name is strange to the rich and proud; He is not a man whom the world will praise, For his light is shed in the darkened ways; The lips of the fallen have soiled his hand— But the Lord will probably understand.

Pretty Compliment.

"I heard such a beautiful compliment for you the other night." "Did you, indeed?" "Yes, you know Miss Punderleigh, don't you?" "Miss Eleanor Punderleigh? I have had the pleasure of meeting her on various occasions. A very charming young lady. I was struck by her wit and beauty the first time I ever saw her."

"She remarked when some of the other girls were talking about you that you were not the fool you looked."

NEEDLESS EXPENSE.

"Moberly hates to spend money, doesn't he?" "Yes, I saw him a little while ago and he was kicking himself because he had sent a 25-word telegram to Mabel Gillington asking her to be his wife."

"No, but her answer indicated that he could have got her by merely asking, 'Will you?'" "Making a Bad Matter Worse." "Why do you write your rhymes without dividing the lines—that is, why do you run the stuff all together as if it were prose?" "I do that for the purpose of piquing the reader's curiosity."

"Gee, whiz! Isn't it bad enough to get a fellow to read a poem without adding insult to injury by piquing his curiosity?" "Always to Blame." "Back of every trouble a man ever has you may be sure there is a woman."

"Oh, I don't know. How about a boil?" "Well, if it hadn't been for a woman, would the man with a boil ever have had it?" "Wise Suggestion." "Dearest," he said, "I think I ought before it is too late to tell you about my past."

"If you wish to have our engagement broken off," she replied, "can't we manage it in some less embarrassing way?" "Not Fitted for It." "Why has your son decided not to go into the ministry?" "Well, we've thought it all over and come to the conclusion that he ain't fitted for it. He don't like chicken."

"You say he is stingy?" "Stingy! I should say he was stingy. He never tipped a waiter but once in his life. It was on his wedding tour, and the tightwad gave the waiter 10 cents and asked for a receipt."—Chicago Tribune.

The Daily Story

ELIZABETH'S PRIDE—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Elizabeth heard the motorcar crunch on the drive, but she would not part the curtains to see if Andrew Gaylord had accompanied her brother home from the ball game. The color left her cheeks as she listened with bated breath for the sound of their voices as the car slowed down. The motor throbbed noisily for a moment and then swept on around to the garage, and she heard her brother's step in the hall and the sound of his deep voice, but there was no other.

Elizabeth felt the color rushing back to her cheeks as the doorknob rattled, and she bent over her book in apparent absorption when the door opened breezily and Tom came in, big and brown and excited.

"Hah, rah, rah for the other fellows!" he grinned sheepishly. "Licked to smithereens, Beth!" He flung himself into an opposite chair and looked at her with brotherly affection.

"What was the score, Tom?" asked Elizabeth as she carefully marked a place in her book and laid the volume on the table.

"Twelve to nothing," returned Tom Prescott grimly. "I suppose father was delighted?" "Ticked to pieces all the way home. That's the worst of my choosing to go to Redfield instead of father's alma mater. Redfield's losing regularly to Blumstone, and father certainly does hammer it into me."

"It will do you a lot of good, Tom," teased his sister. "You've been so conceited over Redfield."

"Good reason, too, though I don't suppose I would ever have gone there if Andy Gaylord hadn't persuaded me."

"I would like to see the parade, Mr. Dalton," she said, coloring faintly.

It was a bright, hot Monday, and the streets were soon filled with a restless crowd of onlookers. The two girls went down to the Magnet office in the Daltons' automobile, and when it drew up at the curb Mr. Dalton hurried forth to meet them.

"You will have to stand on the curb after all," he said. "The crowd is so dense here that it is impossible to see well from our ground floor windows. If you'd rather not I'll take you down to an office in the Tower building."

"Let us stand here," cried Ruth, and as Elizabeth added her plea Mr. Dalton took his place beside them and gave them some idea of the magnitude of the organization which was about to pass before them. The girls became deeply interested, and when the first notes of the band sounded in the distance Elizabeth's heart fluttered curiously. She told herself that the next best thing to seeing Andy Gaylord once more would be to observe the passing of the trades to which he had apprenticed himself. She would feel in closer touch to him after that, for her pride had been meted in the scorching heat of a love she could not cast out.

Division after division passed, and as Elizabeth watched them she admitted that thousands of these men looked as intelligent and carried themselves with as much grace and dignity as any men in her fashionable set at home. If Andy Gaylord had chosen to become one of them, to throw himself into the ranks of a great army where brainy leaders were needed, why— "Here come the men from the Falcon shop in Chicago," remarked Mr. Dalton carelessly, and Elizabeth caught her breath as a line of men swept down the street.

Her eager eyes scanned the faces of the men as they passed by in a wavering line. Then, all at once, the whole world seemed to turn upside down and the faces to dance in a gray mist. Then the mist cleared away, and the faces were passing, set steadily ahead, all save one—that of the man on the end of the line nearest the curbstone.

Andy Gaylord's brown eyes were gazing incredulously, wistfully, into hers. As he passed and seemed to go over her life again she called.

"Andy, Andy, come back!" "I will!" he called lustily, and the few who had heard the words above the music suited at each other, for romance is in every heart.

That night when he had found her at Mr. Dalton's house and her friends had given him an opportunity of seeing her alone he held out his hands to her.

"You called me, Elizabeth," he said quietly.

She came toward him, blushing, trembling. For a moment she looked down at his hands. They were strong, capable hands, clean, but not white. There were calloused spots, and here and there were traces of old cuts from keen edged tools and now and then a fine line of black that was ingrained.

Elizabeth looked down at them, and then she bent gracefully, and, taking his work worn hands in her own soft, white ones, she laid her lips first on one and then on the other.

"My apology to the noblest heritage God has bestowed—labor," she whispered as he took her in his arms.

all that and much more, for I thought he would give up the idea and return with you from the game, and—now without giving me an opportunity to talk it over further with him he has suddenly left for Chicago." Her voice broke, and she fumbled for the doorknob.

"Give up the idea, Beth, dear! You don't know Andy Gaylord," protested Tom, coming hastily toward her, but Elizabeth, hurt and sensitive from the wounds she had herself wrought, slipped through the door and went to her room.

The Prescotts were very tender with her after that, for they knew that their only daughter had given her heart to Tom's classmate, but the months went by, and Elizabeth grew like her old self, and only her mother knew that the old wound was unhealed beneath her indifferent exterior.

Andrew Gaylord's name was rarely mentioned, and then only in the most casual way, but Elizabeth learned that he was still pursuing the course he had mapped out and that his rich uncle had recently died and left his great wealth to an impetuous distant relative, who was quite willing to keep his hands clean from toil.

Two years afterward Elizabeth was visiting a school friend in Cleveland. It was early in September, and the following day would be the one dedicated to labor. There was to be a great street parade, and Ruth Dalton's father, a prominent newspaper man, was deeply interested in the project.

"If you girls want to see 18,000 workmen on parade, come down to the Magnet office and you can have a window all to yourselves. I know Ruth is a little democrat. How about you, Miss Elizabeth?"

"I would like to see the parade, Mr. Dalton," she said, coloring faintly. It was a bright, hot Monday, and the streets were soon filled with a restless crowd of onlookers. The two girls went down to the Magnet office in the Daltons' automobile, and when it drew up at the curb Mr. Dalton hurried forth to meet them.

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Aug. 13 in American History.

1775—The sum of \$500,000 appropriated by congress was delivered to General Washington for his "war chest" at Cambridge, Mass.

1808—The Spanish surrendered Manila to the American army after a naval and land bombardment, followed by an attack by troops.

1912—Dr. Horace Howard Furness, noted Shakespearean scholar, died at Wallingford, Pa.; born 1833.

When one has really learned the joy of giving it is useless to talk to him of hoarding.—Chicago Inter Ocean.