

THE ARGUS.

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Monday, September 15, 1913.



These are the days when you are impressed with the reality of God's out doors.

The leading Spanish bullfighter has killed 3,000 bulls and accumulated a fortune of \$600,000.

It is probable that Geynor dead is a worse enemy to Tammany than is Geynor living.

The Indiana divine and professor who regards of the cause, boasts that he spanked his father, is no less an Aleck because of his calling or the fact that he was once Rockefeller's pastor.

The undying love of a mother for a wayward son is pathetically illustrated in the case of Mrs. Thaw, who although an invalid of advanced years, is spending her time, her money and her life to save the boy she bore and restore him to liberty.

PLANTING BRAINS IN THE SOIL.

Now this is what we call worth while—the way Minnesota expects to encourage its farming.

Very soon an expert force of 125 teachers, the finest force in modern farming that the state can find, together with as many volunteers as can be drawn in, will go through Minnesota's 1,600 townships, organizing each one into an outdoor big school for grown-ups, with lectures, club meetings, demonstrations, prize contests and anything which will help to stimulate interest in the right use of the soil.

Moreover, in each of Minnesota's more than 70 counties there is to be put into motion a systematic course of continuous instruction in the science and philosophy of farm life, with standard crop centers showing the fogies how. The learning of the colleges isn't to be kept locked up in books, pamphlets and bulletins, but is to be shoved by human enthusiasm right down the throats of the entire rural population.

Minnesota is one of our states which is doing right well in its farming, as farming goes in this country.

BOARD OF TRADE TRAINS BOYS IN CITIZENSHIP.

How the Winston-Salem, N. C., board of trade is helping the high school to train boys for citizenship is told in a bulletin just issued by the United States bureau of education.

The school authorities established a course for high school seniors in government and economics, and put it under the direction of the secretary of the Winston-Salem board of trade.

Next a "Juvenile club" was organized among the boys, in connection with the board of trade, the purpose being to have the boys check up their theoretical knowledge gained in school with the practical, every-day problems of an industrial center, such as Winston-Salem is.

"The Winston-Salem plan," says LeRoy Hodges, secretary of the board of trade, "trains the boys of the city directly for citizenship: first, in the high school, where they are taught the principles of civil government and instructed in the theories and basic problems governing our economic order; second, in the juvenile club, where they have the means of being identified with the real work of municipal development, and take part in

actual social and industrial investigations. An opportunity is thus provided for the boys to study at close range the varied industries of the city under expert competent direction and in an official capacity.

"In brief, the plan contemplates, first, teaching the boys how to live; and second, equipping them with education whereby they can make a living, which, in the end, is the real secret of practical training for intelligent citizenship."

THE APPLE CROP.

According to the summary of the Missouri state board of horticulture, as published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the apple crop in Missouri this year will be but 40 per cent of the 1912 crop.

Every apple that grows in Missouri this year ought to be worth money. The dried fruit market is practically cleaned up.

One trouble with advice of this character is that the farmer who is heedless of the advice to spray his orchard is likely to be equally heedless of any other advice by which he might save some of the loss occasioned by not spraying.

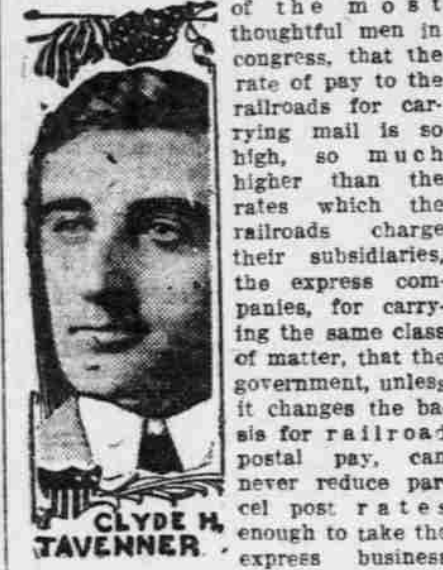
Two million trees will be planted on the national forests in Utah, Nevada and southern Idaho during 1914.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, Sept. 12.—The opinion is general in this country, and has been held by some of the most thoughtful men in congress, that the rate of pay to the railroads for carrying mail is so high, so much higher than the rates which the railroads charge their subsidiaries, the express companies, for carrying the same class of matter, that the government, unless it changes the basis for railroad postal pay, can never reduce parcel post rates enough to take the express business away from the express companies.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

In his very able analysis of the postal and express rates, and the compensation for railroad transportation of each class of freight, Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland, joint author of the present parcel post law and the greatest expert on this subject ever in congress, showed by tables of figures that this impression has no solid basis in fact.

Mr. Lewis advocates a reduction in railway pay for carrying the mails. But he shows that Uncle Sam already possesses very advantageous contracts with the railroads without knowing it. And if the government chooses to go into the general express business it will find itself able to transport postal express packages at no greater cost

than the express companies now have to pay.

This is due to the sliding scale of railway mail pay under the present law. It is true that the government now has to pay a cent more for sending a ton of mail one mile than the express companies have to pay for the transportation of an equal weight of express matter for an equal distance. But that is because the government does not have sufficient mail traffic to take advantage of the full benefits of the sliding scale of railway pay.

Mr. Lewis shows that to little railroads which carry a daily weight of 211 pounds of mail the government pays an equal compensation of \$42.75 for each mile of road, which equals a cost of \$1.13 railway pay for transporting a ton of mail one mile. At the other end of the table of figures is the theoretical railroad which carries a daily weight of 500,000 pounds of mail, or 250 tons, which receives an annual compensation of \$4,988.91 per mile of track.

The average cost of railroad transportation to express companies is seven cents per ton of matter per mile. The government, averaging all railroads, is now paying eight cents a ton-mile.

Give the express business to the post-office by lowering parcel post rates and increasing the weight limit, argues Mr. Lewis, and mail matter will cram the mail cars, giving full advantage of the sliding scale of railway pay.

"I believe it is beyond doubt," he said in his speech, "that a great increase in the weight of the mails from the addition of express matter would reduce gross railway pay to an average of less than seven cents a ton-mile."

price of spruce and fir staves from Sweden and Scotland.

Four new state forests have recently been added to those in Hawaii, making 27 in all, with an aggregate of 688,101 acres.

CHURCHILL IS FAVORED

Tavenner Opposes Compton's Man for Macomb Postmastership.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 15.—Following the defeat of Patrick H. Tierman for postmaster at Macomb, Ill., Representative Tavenner is considering recommending Frederick B. Churchill for the position.

FOREST NOTES

Makers of small hickory handles for hammers, chisels and the like are now trying to use the waste from mills which make hickory spokes and pick and axe handles.

There is much waste in getting out the flawless white oak necessary for tight barrel staves.

The U. S. consul at Aberdeen, Scotland, thinks that American manufacturers may have a chance to compete in furnishing staves for fish barrels.

BEAUTY IN AN AX.

Glowing Tributes to the Symmetry of the American Product.

In Professor T. De Tarmo's "Aesthetic Education" Von Hartmann's formal orders of beauty are the text for several chapters, one of which in treating the proportion maintains the following thesis:

"There is an actual, possibly a necessary, correlation between mechanical efficiency and aesthetic proportion. In other words, as a tool or a machine increases in all round efficiency there is a corresponding increase in the aesthetic quality of its proportions."

"Theory, accident and experience have stood beside the smith as he has forged the blade, the head and the eye of the ax. The same forces have influenced the makers of the handle as they have selected the hickory, and shaped it in the rough with ax and drawing knife and finished it by the open fireside with knife and sandpaper and broken glass.

"The whole constitutes a balanced perfection which is as beautiful in its proportion as it is efficient in its action. The edge of the blade rounds gently at its extremities for ease of entrance to the wood and recovery from it; above these rounded ends of the cutting edge the blade is made somewhat thinner front and back than through the body of the wedge, and for a similar reason, namely, that there may be greater recovery for the next stroke. The head is just massive enough to balance the blade and is either made square for striking a nonpenetrating blow or is gently rounded."

"The smile is one of the greatest assets of the successful salesman or saleswoman," says the manager of a department store linen department. "It makes friends for the store as readily as do moderate prices and good goods."

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that he had half a mind to go in for vegetarianism and it certainly was funny the way a city man always thought he could make a success as a farmer.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

What's the Use?



What's the use of all the kickin' at the way the world is run? There are some things folks reckon might be somewhat better done.

This life is like a river that goes rollin' swift and strong! You can dam it, but you'll never stop the water very long!

Life is a river goin' to an end it's sure to reach. And you can't head off its downin', though you willne or though you preach—

Eat, drink and be merry—at least until indigestion sets in.

Every dog has his yesterday to look back upon with regret.

We are all tools of Chance, generaly with love handles.

As long as there is hope there will be fortunate elders.

Over the door of every man's heart there is a sign which is either "COME IN," or "KEEP OUT." What is the sign above the door of your heart?

All the women's clubs in the world cannot alter the fact that both the sewing machine and the typewriter were invented by men.

"And," said the rising young spell-binder as he reached his eloquent peroration, "I predict that our candidate will, when the votes are counted, be found to have ridden to success upon a tidal wave of glory that will have swept all before it like wild fire breaking in flying spray upon the strand where the sun of victory shall blaze forth its first effulgent rays.

Jared Had a Right to Kick. "Yes, Methusalem was the oldest man. He was 969 years of age when he died. But do you know who was next to the oldest?"

If His Mother Knew. Hold on, young man; one moment, please. Before you pass that door tonight: You say you mean no harm, you say you'll bring a sniceless heart away.

His Lucky Strike. "How did Biggleson happen to strike it so rich?" "That wasn't the way it happened. The striking was done by the other thing. I understand that he got \$10,000 damages from the owner of the automobile that hit him because every member of the jury happened to have been hurt in some way by a puff wagon himself."

The American consul in Santo Domingo reports that the natives use natural tooth brushes called "chew-sticks." They are made by cutting the green stems of the orange lemon and the membrillo or quince tree, and those of a common plant known as guasa, which they chew up and then use for brushing their teeth.

The Daily Story

THE DIAMOND BLOCK—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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It happened in Chicago. The Diamond block stands on a corner formed by two principal thoroughfares, a tall building with buff stone walls rising above the crowded street until the upper floors are a blur to the eye below.

Up on the twentieth floor are the offices of John Diamond, owner of this building and many others of the same kind in the big metropolis. Many and varied are the interests of this rich man and the transaction of his affairs requires the reservation of the entire twentieth floor for his offices.

Mr. Diamond was seldom seen about the building. Most of his business was transacted through competent executives, of whom Henry Robinson was the chief. The Diamonds lived in a magnificent house on the lake front and went in for society. Helen Diamond, the beautiful daughter of the multimillionaire, had drifted through the offices once or twice to



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE DEMANDED, see her father, and her coming and going had blazed a trail of fire in the heart of George Brown, the newest clerk on the force.

It was a singular fact that Mr. Diamond's rare visits to his offices were invariably on the eve of his departure for Colorado or Arizona, where he had extensive mining interests.

It was immediately after one of these periodical visits of John Diamond that young George Brown, the new accountant, did a bit of detective work that brought him to the personal notice of the great John Diamond himself.

Young Brown was a slim, dapper youth, who did not hate himself in the least and who was not in love with work of any sort. He read detective stories and knew positively that he was one of the chosen few. He possessed the "detective instinct." He believed himself quite fascinating enough to win his employer's daughter, Helen Diamond, flattering himself that he was capable of becoming general manager of the whole business and so would be an acceptable son-in-law.

One morning young Brown entered the elevator and was sped up aloft with other workers. The car stopped at the eighteenth floor to let off passengers and again at the nineteenth to drop Trowbridge, who worked in the Dover insurance offices. Up it shot to the twentieth floor, where Brown got off with a puzzled frown marring his ingenuous brow.

The empty car dropped down and as it went he watched it intently. Then he walked to another elevator and rode down to the ground floor, counting each floor as he passed. When he again mounted to the twentieth floor there was a strange light in his eyes and excitement tingling every nerve of his sensitive frame.

He was on the verge of a mystery, the solving of which would place him in the limelight of publicity and bring down upon his talented head the eternal approval and friendship of John Diamond.

Over his ledger Brown pondered the facts as he had stumbled upon them. Between the nineteenth and twentieth floors of the Diamond block there was an expanse of white wall quite unaccounted for—why, that blank wall was the height of any of the other floors in the building and yet there appeared no door to mar its surface. The elevators were of special construction, with walls of solid metal plates and a grilled floor, and the passing of this fifteen feet of unaccounted for space might be quite unnoticed unless one was sharp eyed and sharp eared, like young Brown. Why should there be such a waste of space in this great building, where every foot of room was valuable?

That was the mystery, and George Brown resolved to solve it. At noon, as he waited for the elevator, he saw the roof of the ascending car stop just below his floor level, and he distinctly heard Mr. Robinson's voice. When the elevator reached the twentieth floor it was empty.

"I thought Mr. Robinson was on the car," said Brown curiously. The middle aged operator shook his head negatively.

Henry Robinson, the manager of the Diamond interests, was a martinet in discipline. George Brown despised him accordingly and knew with unerring certainty that he could fill Robinson's job with one hand tied behind

him. Brown argued thus: Henry Robinson had supervised the building of the Diamond block—what more natural than he should connive to have one of the floors sealed to public knowledge, yea, even the knowledge of his guileless employer, and use it to his own advantage? What sort of work was carried on secretly there? George Brown had it all figured out to a nicety; counterfeiting, of course.

Robinson, the counterfeiter! What a morsel for the amateur detective to roll under his tongue. But George Brown wanted to be very sure that he was right before springing his information upon the unsuspecting John Diamond. Just at this time Mr. Diamond was in the west.

So George Brown entered the tall building across the street and surveyed the Diamond block from the outside and studied the Diamond block from an upper floor whose windows were on a level with the windows of the mysterious unnumbered floor of the Diamond block.

Counting carefully he found the nineteenth floor, gold lettered windows of the Dover Insurance company quite distinct—then another set of windows unlettered, closely curtained, then above them the wire screened windows of the Diamond offices, known as the twentieth floor.

At last he decided to consult a detective. So one evening at 6 o'clock the elevator carried up five passengers—George Brown, Allen, the detective, and two policemen in plain clothes and a reporter from the Daily Dispatch, for Brown did not want his triumph to pass unnoticed.

When they had risen several stories Allen placed his hand on the arm of the elevator man and showed a revolver.

"You are my prisoner," he said coolly. "Now, my man, no fuss. Just stop at that unnumbered floor between the nineteenth and twentieth."

White of face and with muttered protests the man brought the car to a standstill before that mysterious, unnumbered space that had attracted the attention of keen young Brown. Instead of opening the usual door, the man turned and slid back a door in the rear of the elevator, disclosing a corresponding doorway in the wall.

That was the entrance to the unnumbered floor.

George Brown was a tremble with excitement. The five entered the door and found themselves at once in a narrow passageway, softly lighted and thickly carpeted. As they passed from one luxuriously furnished room to another Brown pictured the downfall of the guilty manager when his secret should be disclosed to Diamond.

Handsome library, luxurious smoking room, billiard room and then the murmur of voices from an adjoining room brought the five to a standstill before a closed door.

Then with one movement the fire pushed into a small, lighted study, where sat Robinson, the manager, in intimate conversation with—John Diamond himself!

The millionaire sprang to his feet and stared angrily at the invaders. "What does this mean?" he demanded.

The detective, Allen, was quite unwilling to share the honor alone. He grasped George Brown by his coat collar and pushed him to the front. In picturesque words he explained the situation.

"And this young pinhead"—he ended in a gasp of rage as he shook George Brown as a terrier shakes a rat.

Mr. Diamond was smiling austerely. "Gentlemen," he said at last, "this private suit of rooms is the only refuge of a man weary of the noise and clutter of the world and the hollow thing called 'society.' Here I can hide for weeks at a time, absorbed in my books and in my experimental work in the laboratory yonder. Now that you have spied me out I can no longer remain unless I have your word of honor that my secret shall remain unpublished."

Freely they gave the promise, all save George Brown, who was too crushed for utterance. He merely nodded his head in a broken heaved way and was glad that he knew of another job that he might have for the asking, a job where there was so much work to be done that there was no time for the development of the detective instinct.

But the reporter of the Daily Dispatch yielded to temptation one day and published the whole story, and to the end of it he appended the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Diamond to Henry Robinson, general manager of the Diamond interests.

And George Brown, sticking manfully to his new job, smiled bitterly when he read the announcement and took to his breast the one crumb of consolation it afforded him.

He had been right in his argument that a millionaire's daughter sometimes marries her father's general manager.

Sept. 15 in American History.

1776—New York city occupied by the British under Lord Cornwallis; sequel to the defeat of Washington's army at the battle of Long Island, Aug. 27.

1789—James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, born; died 1851.

1857—William Howard Taft, twenty-seventh president of the United States, born in Cincinnati.

1911—Joel Benton, author, poet and critic, died; born 1851.

Indiscretion, malice, ragsness and falsehood produce each other.—L'Espresso.