

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Thursday, January 1, 1914.

Oh, look who's here—1914.

The fervent hope of all is that the weather man will at least try to do better this year.

The report from Madrid that King Alfonso smokes 24 cigarettes a day must be inaccurate. A young man of the habits of Alfonso usually smokes that many an hour.

A Boston woman offers to sell her husband for \$1,000. The kind of a husband that you would sell for \$1,000 or any other amount can be picked up at any time for nothing.

In his search for something with which to grease the wheels of his governmental machinery, President Huerta has at last resorted to crude oil from the British syndicate.

Among the noted and unexpected wonders of the closing week of the year was the discovery by the National and American leagues of the existence of the new Federal league.

If you ask Champ Clark how long the progressive party is likely to endure he will refer you to the mortality tables to get a line on the "expectancy" of one Theodore Roosevelt.

Not that we like to boast, because it is all in the family, but Rock Island's building improvements in 1913 beat the Moline record by a cool million dollars. Let's hope both will double in the next year.

The courts have decreed that stockholders who lost by the holding of the Frisco system, may sue the big fellows for restitution. Possibly the suits may result in the recovery of none of the money as the beneficiaries will no doubt make themselves judgment proof, but the practice of suits for restitution will have a wholesome effect. The maintenance of such suits breaks down the barriers between degree of fraud and makes the man who cheats in big matters as cheap in the eyes of the public as the man who is dishonest in the small things like the hen roost or smokehouse.

Governor Joseph Fifer, for years one of the foremost figures of the McLean county bar, is about to resume practice in partnership with his son-in-law, Jacob Bohrer in Bloomington. Governor Fifer withdrew from active practice in the period of highest success in order to pay attention to warnings of impairment of health, but has entirely recovered and was never in finer fettle. His active return to the bar will be welcomed by fellow members and the public. Mr. Bohrer was in practice when he gave over his law business to serve Uncle Sam as the postmaster at Bloomington.

GOOD TIMES AHEAD.

The big fellows who were most fearful and most obstructive when President Wilson undertook to carry out the demands of the people admit that the work has been well done and there is no reason why the nation should not enter upon an era of long and undisturbed prosperity. Business both big and little, knows "where it is at." Here are some of the expressions:

J. Pierpont Morgan—"Conditions are on the mend."

Jacob Schiff—"I am sure conditions will improve all over the country."

George W. Perkins—"Prosperity is in sight."

W. L. Saunders—"The atmosphere is clearing, we may look for better times."

Theodore Shonts—"Better times are in sight, and times will continue to improve."

Louis Gimbel—"Prosperity is close at hand."

Lewis Nixon—"The present tendency is to take enterprise by the hand instead of by the throat."

J. B. Greenbut—"The year 1914 ought to start out with a good, clean slate."

SELF PRESERVATION.

Many rumors are flying the rounds to the effect that express companies are going to do something to save as much as possible of the bacon they have heretofore considered theirs.

There is a rumor of a consolidation of all express companies in the country. Then there is another story to the effect that while these companies will maintain their separate identities, yet they may indulge in consolidation of offices in a city like Rock Island for instance. Some rates are to be cut two, below the first rate.

February, is another chapter of the current story.

It is up to express companies to get busy and apply all the arts of self preservation they know and that are still available to them. But should they decide to consolidate throughout the country, what would the department of justice say?

At once from many quarters would come the cry that such consolidation is a violation of the Sherman act, notwithstanding that in this instance the express companies could come back with a rather stiff defense. They might set up that their great competitor in the carrying of smaller packages, up to 50 pounds, is Uncle Sam, a most thoroughly consolidated gentleman with boundless resources at his command. Express people may allege that if they are to hold their own they will have to ask enjoyment of all consolidation privileges exercised by the other great common carrier.

If there is economy in big consolidation the people will not be surprised to learn that express companies have been driven to it. In the meantime economies on a smaller scale are sure to be tried out. There will be a great many changes in the express company world in the next 18 months.

THE AMBITIOUS JAPS.

Kelo university, 100101000—3 Sox-Giants .....30133114\*—16 Two-base hits—Lobert, Three-base hits—Morri, Togashi, Magee (3). Crawford, Donlin, Double play—Togashi to Kuraka to Togashi. Struck out—By Sugasi, 3; by Scott, 13. Bases on balls—Off Sugasi, 2; off Scott, 3. Hit by pitcher—By Sugasi (Merkle). Passed balls—Takahama, 3. Time—1:48. Umpires—W. J. Klem and J. Sheridan.

The above is a portion of the box score of the first major league baseball game played in Tokio. A team made up of members of the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox played the team from the Kelo University.

The Japs were outplayed, as the score shows. But the detailed story of the game says the Japanese have rapidly acquired all the methods of the American big leagues. They bat, run bases, steal bases, field and even dress and maintain an active coaching staff on the American plan.

Some day the Japs will be hard to defeat at this game. They learn rapidly. They are progressive and aggressive. They are ambitious and they appreciate the value of baseball as a national game. They have the kind of enthusiasm and determination that make good ball players.

There is no better proof of the progressive spirit of Japan than the manner in which they are emulating America in their outdoor sports.

ILLINOIS HISTORY.

Before the close of the new year, the Illinois State Historical society will have compiled a complete calendar of the historical documents now in the possession of the various counties of the state. Prof. Theodore G. Pease, formerly of the faculty of the University of Chicago, will take up this work at once and expects to have it completed by September 1 next.

The Historical society has decided to have its survey completed immediately in order to lay before the Illinois centennial commission at the earliest possible date, complete data regarding historical documents and relics such as are desired for the exhibition during the celebration in 1918 of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Illinois to statehood. In addition to making the calendar of historical public documents, Professor Pease is instructed to locate all material that will add to the fullness of the exhibition that is to form a feature of the centennial celebration.

The Illinois legislature passed a law in 1896 authorizing county commissioners and other county officials to turn over to the state historical library or to the University of Illinois library documents of purely historical value. As a result of that legislation, a wealth of material has been secured. Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, librarian of the state historical library, spent several weeks in the dusty vaults of the Sangamon county court house, which was once the state capitol building, and dug out many priceless treasures that are now safely preserved in the library. Officials of other counties have placed additional documents in the custody of the historical library and the state university until the collection has assumed impressive proportions. The greater volume of materials of this sort, however, still are scattered over the state, in more or less precarious custody.

Wants Picture of Wounds.

Decatur, Ill., Jan. 1.—Carl Person, editor of the Illinois Central Strike Bulletin, who shot and killed Tony Musser, a Clifton strike breaker, today refused to have the blood washed off his face or his injuries given attention until a photograph had been made of him. Person wants the picture used as evidence to show the bruises and wounds inflicted upon him by Musser just before the shooting. Evidence of six witnesses at the coroner's inquest today brought out the fact that Musser had met death at the hands of Person, and the latter is now being held on a charge of murder.

Duquoin Pioneer Is Dead.

Duquoin, Ill., Jan. 1.—Thomas Conaty, pioneer citizen of Duquoin, is dead here at the age of 88 years. He was a distant relative of Bishop Thomas Conaty, formerly of the Catholic diocese of Washington, D. C., and now of Los Angeles, and was one of the first section foremen employed by the Illinois Central on its southern Illinois division.

SEE G. O. P. AT END OF ROPE

(Chicago Journal.)

Chicago republican leaders and business men today discussed with deep interest an editorial dealing with politics and business printed in the current issue of the Economist, the conservative organ of the big and numerous financial interest centering in La Salle street.

The editorial applauds the administration of President Wilson as having accomplished something under democratic reign that the republican party successfully dodged for years. The Economist declares it now is an open question whether hereafter there will be a republican party and suggests that this is the day when the large-hearted republican will place a plume in the hat of his old enemy. The success of the democratic party, under the guidance of President Wilson, in enacting a new tariff law and the subsequent passage of the currency act, was an accomplishment, says the Economist, that the republican party never even approached in the 44 years of its rule.

The Economist article reads: He would be an ungenerous republican, progressive, socialist, prohibitionist, independent or what not who would refuse the democratic party, or that composite of democrats and populists bearing the name of the democratic party, unstinted admiration for the achievements of the last nine months. One need not approve of everything that has been done, for can one dismiss apprehension as to the effects of the two great acts which have passed congress and received the signature of President Wilson, but one must admire the zeal, the labor, the persistency, the fidelity, the purposefulness of the leaders and the rank and file.

Particularly does President Wilson merit the commendation of everybody who believes in strong conviction and sagacity in converting such convictions into a working fact. Since the day when Abraham Lincoln entered the White house as president, up to the present year, the democratic party has

been the party of protest, criticism, negation. Now it is a great, strong creative power, whatever one may say of its creations. And the course of the administration and congress has been not mere imitation, as was that of the congress the preceding four years, and of the then president; it has been original, brave, constructive.

The achievements of the special session and the small fragment of the regular session, under the quiet guidance of the president, are in many respects without parallel in the history of our government.

What must one award to the republican party? A tear. Forty-four years in power out of 25, achieving wonders in the protection of the country's life and honor, placing its heavy foot on many a financial, governmental and social heresy, promoting material prosperity and holding up high ideals to the world for many years; in its later history becoming stupidly confident of itself and losing brilliant opportunities for usefulness and its own glory. Year in and year out this question of a change in our financial system was a prominent one in its counsels, year in and year out it talked and talked, but did nothing.

The conviction was general in the party that some radical changes were necessary for the protection of the country, but good leadership was lacking.

The same with the tariff law. Everybody knew that a downward revision of the tariff schedules was needed, but the party went through the motions. It was this somnolency and the refusal of the party to nominate the presidential candidate that the people evidently wanted that defeated them. It is now an open question whether hereafter there will be a republican party.

But this is the day when the large-hearted republican will place a plume in the hat of his old enemy.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

Credit for Bible study is given in the North Dakota high schools. A hundred students passed the state examination last year.

Sons of farmers in Down and Antrim counties, Ireland, are named as the beneficiaries of a recent educational bequest of a million dollars.

Many cities hesitate to start open-air schools because of the supposed expense, particularly of feeding. In Green Bay, Wis., the cost of feeding in the open-air school has been found to be only 5-13 cents per day, or \$3 a year, for each child.

A one-year course in tanning has been established by Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., in cooperation with the National Association of Tanners. The course is for men already employed in the tanning industries or high school students without practical experience who wish to take up tanning.

As indicating the educational work of the Y. W. C. A., there are 42,000 girls and women enrolled in 171 cities in 65 or evening classes. Each of 65 associations has an enrollment of more than 100 students, several of them registering from 1,500 to 2,000.

In each of 14 cities over 500 students are registered. Two-fifths of the girls are in day classes, and the rest in evening classes. There are 26,400 students in household arts.

In New Zealand all males are obliged to do military drill from 14 to 21 years of age, and schools are required to withhold scholarship grants from any student who can not prove that he has complied with the provision of drill. Much opposition has developed, especially among school men, according to the American Peace society.

Newly naturalized immigrants in Los Angeles, Cal., are instructed in the responsibilities of American citizenship through the social center. "Recognition day" services are held at the close of each term of school. Says the social center report: "All the new citizens who have received their second papers within the six months are specially invited to a banquet given by prominent citizens as hosts. Later there is a public meeting in the auditorium. The program consists of addresses by leading citizens, city, county and state officials; patriotic music, motion pictures, and the ceremony of extending the right hand of citizenship."

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We asked the young lady across the way if she intended to take another semester at school and she said she thought it would be better to go right on with the same studies she had now and not try to branch out too much.

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND IF YOU TREAT THE WORLD RIGHT



If you treat the world right, if you give it its due, It is likely to try to deal fairly with you; If you give it a smile when you have one to spare, You will find that the days will more often be fair.

If you ask for no more than you honestly earn, If you look for no more than a proper return, On investments you make and on risks that you take, You will seldom sit nursing a foolish heart-ache.

If you pick out your friends just for friendship, instead Of favoring those who push you ahead, Disappointments will soon get to passing you by, And the clouds will be fewer that darken your sky.

If you cheer where you may and give aid where you can, If you learn that greed never has strengthened a man, That selfishness is but a loathsome disease, You will find less to grieve you and much more to please.

If you learn that the weak are the ones who complain, If you find good in much you have viewed with disdain, If you treat the world right, if you give it its due, It is likely to deal pretty fairly with you.

Importance. "Does your Gayfeather amount to much?" "No, not much." "You don't think, then, that he is of great importance in the firm with which he is connected?" "Not a great deal. In fact, I should say he amounts to about as much and is just about as important as the holes in a chunk of Swiss cheese."

Oversight, Perhaps. "Here is another curious thing," said the sub-editor. "Well," the chief replied, after waiting for him to proceed, "I'm listening. What is it?" "A tourist who is writing about his travels in Europe refers to the Germans without calling them phlegmatic."

The Post and His Love. "I have no heart to sing today." The poet sadly said; He laid his much-used pen away And bowed his weary head.

"I have no heart for song today." Another sigh was drawn, What time his wife rose up to say: "Then go and mow the lawn."

Starting a Family Row. "A Kentucky couple," said Mrs. Stimpkins, "got married a few days ago, after a courtship which had lasted 60 years."

"I suppose," replied Mr. Stimpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

The Troubles of Alice. Alice has a pretty instep And a dainty ankle, too; Why, the merest babe could hardly Hope to wear her little shoe.

It is queer how very often When I litter by her side Lovely Alice has to cooily Tell me that her shoe's unafraid.

Not Everything. "I thought you said you told your wife everything you did." "I do."

"It's mighty strange. She hasn't said a word to my wife about the \$10 you borrowed from me."

Perniciousness of General Prosperity. "Cheer up. Remember that every cloud has a silver lining." "Yes, I know, but silver's gettin' so blamed common. Almost everybody has a chest of it now."

The World's Meanest Man. We have just heard of the world's meanest man. He doesn't like his wife's red hair, so he is trying, by filling her days with care, to cause it to turn white.

Foolish Notion. Most of the men who think the world is against them are so insignificant that the world has never noticed them.

Dore's Musical Rebus. Gustave Dore, the famous painter and engraver, once bought a villa on the outskirts of Paris and wrote over the entrance this musical rebus, Dan, si, si, do, re. This, properly interpreted, "Doniciele a Dore," or in plain English "Home of Dore."

The Daily Story

UNDER THE BAN OF DEATH—BY PAUL SZENSKY. Copyrighted, 1912, by Associated Literary Bureau.

I was about twenty years old when the organizations which developed from the revolution began to exert an influence on Russian affairs. It is the young who are caught in such movements, and I was captivated especially by the secrecy assumed by the nihilists. I applied for admission in a circle of the brotherhood and was duly received as a member.

The nihilists fulfilled the meaning of their name by assassinating those in power who stood in the way of their object. If a person was to be removed the circle drew lots to decide who should do the deed. I had scarcely joined when it was decided to dispatch the then minister of the interior, who was leaving no stone unturned to hunt out our members and send them either to Siberia or the gallows. When this move was decided upon and it was announced that one of our number was to be selected by lot to dispatch the minister I first fully realized that I had not got into a society of mysteries, but one of death, and when I drew the fatal number that compelled me to become an assassin, in all probability sacrificing my own life as well as that of the man I was appointed to kill, I saw that a choice of two methods of death was permitted me—either to die doing my work or be hunted down by an emissary of the society and killed.

I managed to keep up a show of resolution before my fellow members of the circle, appearing to accept the duty that had fallen to my lot. I went home conscious that I would be watched from the moment I left the meeting to see that I made no attempt to shirk my work. Once in my room I began to think what I should do.

All my nature revolted against committing what to me was murder. I had joined the society, as I have said, not from a desire to emancipate Russia, but because I had been caught by the mystery surrounding it. I resolved at once that I would choose death rather than at the hands of my companions than by being cut down as an assassin. Hope is never extinct in youth, and I hoped to get out of Russia by eluding those who were watching me. If I could do this I might reach some distant land—America or Australia—in which, by changing my name and altering my appearance, I might be dead to the world.

To lay plans and take measures to assassinate a government official of high rank in Russia required time. What I decided upon was to pretend to enter upon the preliminaries of my work as though my intention was to carry it out. In this way I would attempt to disarm suspicion and have the better chance for flight. I took my father into my confidence, giving him to understand that he was to divulge the situation to no one not even a member of the family. He was, of course, crushed by the news, but offered me what I needed—money to carry out my plan of flight and subsequent vanishment from the world.

He was of assistance to me in another way. I had a sister a year younger than myself, who much resembled me. My father secured a passport for her to leave Russia on the ground that he intended to send her to Berlin to study music. Our plan was for me to pass the border dressed in her clothes and under her passport. I needed only to secure a woman's wig, which my father bought for me. My beard was scant and of so light a color that when closely shaved it was not noticeable, especially under a veil. Having purloined and put on my sister's clothes—fortunately she was just my height—and bid my father an affectionate adieu, I sallied forth in the middle of the afternoon and went by a roundabout route, doing some shopping by the way, to the railway station, reaching it just in time to make a through train.

Knowing the watchfulness of the members of the nihilist circle appointed to see that I did not escape, I feared every moment to see some one of them spying upon me. But my plan of personating my sister was an admirable one, and I doubt not that though my home was being watched when I made my exit the watcher was deceived to think that it was she who was going out. I had no trouble in passing the border under my passport, but that I had chosen to go through in the night gave me a great advantage. I breathed freer when I found myself rolling along on German soil, but realized that a lifelong peril was in store for me.

I had no baggage with me, so on reaching Berlin I provided myself with some before going to a hotel. I bought a portmanteau and filled it with new clothes, telling the storekeeper that they were for my brother, who was an invalid and could not therefore come for them himself. Having made my purchases, I hired a room in a hotel where I changed my apparel and walked out through a side door without attracting any attention, leaving my feminine garb in the room. Going straight to a railway station, I took a train for Hamburg, whence I sailed for the United States, under the name of Peter Michalowski, entering my residence as Warsaw, in Russia, Poland.

It had been agreed between my father and myself that he was to write me from time to time, provided he could do so without giving a clue to my whereabouts. His first letter was to be addressed to me as Peter Michalowski at the point where I would land, at the general delivery of the postoffice. I remained there till I received a letter from him posted from Viborg, a town in Finland, not far from St. Petersburg. He informed me that inquiries had been made for me at home by strange persons, and doubtedless the inquirers were nihilists. It was evident to me that the circle would send out a description of my agents in other countries with orders to locate me if possible.

that they regarded America as the principal refuge for such outcasts from their organization as I, because there is no government spying out strangers here as there is abroad. I took the risk of answering my father's letter but when the time came found for a reply to my misgiving I received on making no mention of names whatever. I was terror stricken, for I knew that my fellow nihilists had been watching my father's mail—dear, delectable habit confederates in the postoffice—and he secured my letter.

I now saw that I must sever the link that bound me to the past—link between myself and my father. And by the time I learned a little English and changed my name to one that would not betray my Russian origin. Since I spoke French quite well, I chose Antoine du Bois, though I soon turned the Antoine into Anthony. Leaving my quarters at dead of night I was never again seen there, but in a few days appeared in the city of Denver as Du Bois.

For several years I lived a nomadic life. The money my father had given me having been exhausted, I hired myself out wherever I could find work to do. Sometimes it was clerical, sometimes menial. At one time I drove a cab. I would stay in a place till I met some one whom I had known in Russia or, pretending to be a secret agent of the nihilists, get in with Russians who were real agents and so were ordered to inform upon me. I found it difficult to get employment. Hearing of new discoveries of gold in the west, I begged and worked my way there and became a prospector.

How I happened to become the possessor of a gold mine has nothing to do with this story. I sold it and, using my fortune into thousand dollar banknotes, placed them in pockets in side my clothing, which I arranged myself, and went east.

Five years had now passed since I left Russia. The nihilist movement was still in progress, having not yet led up to the revolution. I was tired of remaining in hiding and, having the wherewithal to enjoy life, determined to change my outward appearance before the world and live in accordance with my means. This, of course, I did more liberally to detection by my enemies, but I preferred to take the risk rather than be continually trying to avoid some one. I lived in New York at a fashionable hotel.

I had recalled there about a year when one evening a servant approached me with a card, saying that a lady was waiting for me in a private parlor. The name on the card was Sophia Palzoff, and in pencil was written "a friend of your sister's." The temptation to speak with a connecting link with dear ones at home was too great for me to withstand. I thought I would go for a few minutes, then yielded. Going to the appointed place, a young lady met me, addressed me by my real name and said that before leaving Russia she had been informed by my sister that she had a brother who had disappeared, and she suspected he was in America. She had given the lady's photograph of me, with the request that if she met me to beg me to come back to my family.

It seemed from this that my sister, having never been informed by my father as to the cause of my disappearance, had innocently given me away. Had she done so, or had the nihilists got it out of her? Sophia won my confidence. I was hungry for the society of some one who knew me for my real identity. I did not let her know that I was a fugitive under a ban of death. I told her that I had left Russia with a view to making myself independent of my father and begged her to write nothing to Russia, and concerning me, she believed, or pretended to believe, my story and made the promise.

With Sophia Palzoff for a constant companion, I drifted gradually back into the condition of a living man and, being with her continually, came a love here. One evening I drove her out in my car, and when we were passing through a wood I told her of the ban that rested upon me and begged her to help me bear it as my wife's friend. I could see that she was moved by some powerful emotion.

"If I do," she said, "there will be two of us under sentence of death instead of one."

"What do you mean?" I gasped. "I was sent to America by the nihilists to kill you."

That was many years ago. Sophia and I have been living together since then and my wife. For many years we succeeded in losing ourselves in the heart of South America. When the revolution took the place of nihilism the latter in its earlier form passed away. During the last few years we have not scrupled to show ourselves in our true identity to the world. But we are now old. The best part of our lives was passed in hiding.

Jan. 1 in American History.

1776—General Washington wrote to the president of congress: "We hoisted the Union flag in compliance to the united colonies. . . . This day giving commencement to the new army."

1870—Resumption of specie payments in the United States after suspension for over eighteen years.

1913—The United States parcel post service was inaugurated.

Cheerful Postscript. Jones—The Browns have bought a new wife—Can't you say something cheerful once in awhile? Jones—The bestest machine I ever saw and set my hand at that!—Chicago News.