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Monday, June 22, 1914.

Former President Roosevelt says he will not run for governor of New York. He wants to be the next president.

It is now regarded as good form to "type" love-letters. If rubber-stamped signatures also are permitted, husbands of grand opera stars and actresses will breathe easily once more. Great science.

A youth of 19 has been sentenced to death at Ironton, Ohio. The only way to become reconciled to this decree of the law is the knowledge of the fact that the culprit brutally murdered three people, two of them a defenseless woman and her young daughter. He should be no more afraid to meet his fate and square the account with the law than he was afraid to send his victims to their doom.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

Throughout the long contention over the Woodmen affairs The Argus begged for peace. Recognizing that differences, and even serious difference of opinion as to policy, are unavoidable, and that in an organization founded on the American principle of popular government, there are bound to be factions, it repeatedly expressed the hope that in the end it would be demonstrated that after all the warring elements would prove that in first principles they are Woodmen, and that the order would come out of the fray unscathed and as strong as ever.

This, it is believed, will be the outcome of the Toledo convention, where the majority has ruled, and the administration has triumphed. Rock Island will extend greetings to the returning delegates, proud of being the home city of the greatest fraternal society in the world, proud of its achievements, its accomplishments in benevolence, fraternity and charity, and firmly trusting that the seeds of discord have disappeared, and that it will flourish as of yore.

In the words of the hero of Appomattox, "Let us have peace."

INFANT MORTALITY.

The federal children's bureau of the department of labor is planning to make a careful investigation into the causes of infant mortality. In the United States, 300,000 children less than a year old die annually.

At the request of Miss Julia Lathrop, chief of the bureau congress has appropriated \$164,640 for the prosecution of this and kindred work of investigation. Next in importance to infant mortality is considered labor conditions among children.

If the various states were enforcing adequate laws for the compilation of vital statistics, many of the social evils which now provoke formal investigation could be treated scientifically. No business house would attempt to fix prices or to accept big contracts without knowing precisely the unit costs of production. Public business, for its successful conduct, requires the same attention to detail.

The filing with proper city or county officials of vital statistics should be enforced by drastic penalties.

A COURT'S OPINIONS.

If the opinions of courts "are convincing arguments to justify their conclusions," as ex-President Taft intimated in his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, how is it that members of the courts themselves so frequently remain unconvinced? This is the question asked by the Philadelphia Record. Nearly all of the great cases involving interpretations of the constitution were decided by a scant majority of the judges of the supreme court.

The old rule was that doubts as to the constitutionality of a law should be resolved in its favor. When four judges hold out against a majority of five the existence of a doubt might reasonably be inferred.

AFTER SCHOOL IS OVER.

Now that school is over, you can forecast daughter's future by watching what she does. Does she sit in the

Capital Comment

BY OLYDE H. TAVENNER, Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, June 20.—Within a few days Uncle Sam will begin the biggest job of detecting which he has ever undertaken. There are some 700,000 tax dodgers in the United States—



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

numbering several thousand, it is likely that the secret service branches of several other departments will be called upon to aid in hunting down the tax dodgers. It is to be a man-hunt on a scale never before seen in the United States.

"A man is a fool who attempts to avoid the income tax," said Commissioner of Internal Revenue Osborne several weeks ago, and the commissioner knew exactly what he was talking about when he made that statement. For the future fiscal welfare of the United States—since it is the plan of statesmen to gradually increase the income tax and other forms of direct taxation, and gradually aban-

don indirect taxation—it is essential that the income tax be started off with a collection of the most complete sort. Consequently it is likely that the full power of Uncle Sam as a detective will be thrown into this work of finding the tax dodgers. The same intelligence and cunning which has upset the shrewdness of counterfeiters and smugglers will be employed to run down income tax dodgers. The trailers of bank thieves, of white slavers, of border gun runners, of conspirators against the government, of mail swindlers which the government is called upon to apprehend and punish, will now take the trail of the tax dodger.

The framers of the income tax law calculated that the collection would be about \$54,000,000 the first year. They estimated that the number of citizens who would come within the tax would be 1,600,000. The actual returns have fallen far short of the estimates. To date the assessments are only \$30,750,000, with some 800,000 persons making returns. The government sleuths therefore will set out on the trail of 700,000 dodgers and \$23,250,000 in taxes.

The task is not so difficult as many might imagine. The detectives will have access to the books of banks and corporations. Those whose incomes are above \$3,000 a year are generally well known in each community. The dragnet will be fine meshed, and the government does not expect many dodgers to escape. Heavy penalties are prescribed for evading the tax, and the government will undoubtedly attempt to exact these penalties to the last penny as part of the object lesson.

meeting of the international committee next year will create a world-wide interest.

FIND PASTOR IN ODD WAY

Couple Wanting to Marry Obligated by Coatsless Pedestrian.

Granite City, Ill., June 22.—Dennis Fennell of Granite City and Miss Anna Stevens of Detroit obtained a marriage license and went to the parsonage of the Niedringhaus Memorial Methodist Episcopal church to be married. The pastor, Rev. Charles A. Beckett, was out of town.

They reentered a taxicab and gave the chauffeur a commission to find a preacher. The chauffeur stopped the first man that came along. His coat was off and he carried an umbrella and looked like a minister.

The man said he knew where a preacher lived and bade them follow him. In a few minutes they were back at the Methodist parsonage. The man learned that Pastor Beckett was away, and then Mrs. Beckett asked him why he didn't marry the couple. He said he was willing, if Mrs. Beckett would accept the fee for the use of the women's organization of the church.

That suited Mrs. Beckett, and the man told Fennell he was the Rev. W. H. Pool of Olney, Ill. The ceremony was performed and Fennell gave \$10 for the women of the church.

Louis Morehead, convicted at 18 in Covington, Ky., of murder, goes to prison for life.

THE IDEAL INTERNATIONAL CITY

A grandly idealistic project has recently been launched by an international organization known as the "World Conscience Society." The details and plan were conceived and perfected after 10 years of altruistic labor and study on the part of Hendrik Christian Andersen, an American-Scandinavian sculptor residing in Rome, assisted by some 40 sculptors, artists, engineers, architects, and scientists, and has for its object the establishment of an ideal world city where all international activities are to have their home and inspiration.

A review of the massive and beautifully illustrated volume which embodies the plan in its details was recently published in the monthly bulletin of the Pan-American union.

"This proposed international city," writes the reviewer, "is to be a city of light, health, wide avenues, parks, playgrounds, fountains, lagoons and noble buildings. It is to be a city without slums, a city of efficiency, convenience and beauty. Not only is to be the ideal city, but it is intended to become the intellectual, artistic and practical international capital of the world; a clearing house for the various social, cultural, scientific and political aspirations of humanity."

"As designed it will cover some 10 square miles of ground. Its architectural plans are so drawn that it can be built at almost any spot accessible to the sea that the nations may choose. While there is ample room within the limits of the city for the homes of the permanent inhabitants and the necessary business and manufacturing plants, the heart of the city is composed of buildings adapted to the unification of international interests. These are grouped into three centers devoted respectively to science, art and physical culture. The scientific center is connected with the center of art by the broad avenue of nations, flanked on either side by palaces which will house ambassadors and delegates representing their respective nations. It has for its crowning motif the gigantic tower of progress, which rises to the height of 1,000 feet or more. On the summit of this tower will be installed a wireless telegraph plant and on the lower floor of its colossal base will be found a world printing press.

"The tower rises in the midst of a circular space set apart for international congress buildings for medicine, surgery, hygiene, law and criminology, and transportation, all of which are provided with halls, libraries, museums and accessory offices. To the northeast is the international hall of justice and to the southwest the temple of religions. Completing the conception stand an international bank or clearing house and a world reference library, while in gardens near by are found the international institutes of higher learning. The art center is connected with the physical culture center by means of gardens devoted to horticulture, natural history, zoology and botany. An imposing temple of art, forming the chief monument of the center, has been planned with spacious halls and galleries for sculpture and painting, surrounding a vast auditorium. The physical center is intended to facilitate a world reunion of athletes and to promote the scientific development of the human form in all nations. A vast stadium is its central feature. Near it is a large natatorium, gymnasia for men and

HEALTH TALKS William Brady, M.D. Some Plain Facts About Meat.

Hard physical labor may be done by men who never eat meat, and with endurance equal to or better than men who do eat meat. There is probably more harm than good in the "meat three times a day" notion of the American workman. He would be healthier and happier if he ate less meat and more vegetable protein, or nitrogenous food, like beans, peas and nuts.

There is no difference between red meat and white meat in the diet of persons who have joint troubles. This old-fashioned idea has long since been dropped. White meat is just as good or bad, as red meat in the diet.

Lean meat is more quickly digested than fat meat. Oils and fats tend to delay digestion in the stomach.

Mutton is perhaps the most nourishing, the most digestible and the most economical meat to buy.

Both beef and pork or ham are dangerous to eat unless thoroughly cooked. The cause of tapeworm in man is eating raw or half-cooked beef or pork.

Getting Nourishment From Meat. The strength of meat is in the solid meat and not in the broth. The broth tastes appetizing, stimulates the appetite and stimulates the circulation slightly, but it does not feed the patient. The only way the patient can get the real nourishment out of meat is to eat the meat.

Meat undergoes putrefactive change in the digestive tract more readily than other kinds of nitrogen. Hence non-meat diet is advised for various intestinal and digestive disturbances, also for the relief of certain general symptoms attributable to absorption of the by-products of putrefaction into the blood.

Effect on Blood Pressure. Excess of animal meat in the diet tends to raise the blood pressure. For this reason the amount of meat is reduced in the diet of patients who have such arterial diseases as apoplexy or Bright's disease.

Gout, which is extraordinarily rare in America, all nitrogenous foods, both animal and vegetable, are concerned in the production and deposit in the joints of urate salts. Therefore it is futile to cut out beef, pork or mutton and substitute an equal supply of energy in the shape of fish, eggs or vegetable nitrogen. Most of the gout in America occurs among the poorer classes. In fact, gout is usually a poor man's ailment.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

BUSINESS and the GOLDEN RULE



A Chicago business man says that no business man could live up to the principles of the golden rule.

"Oh, let's have done with the Golden Rule. For it isn't business. It may do for the dreamer still or the fool, but it isn't business. Let the poet sing on of brotherly love. And the joy that is earned through being kind; let the preacher prate on of glory above— That will do for the meek and the lamb and the blind, But it isn't business."

"You may fall, if you please, to gouge where you can, But that isn't business; You may hate to bear hard on another man, But it isn't business! You may scorn to undo one who's weaker than you, And seek no more than you know you've earned, You may treat other men as you'd have them treat you, But, beaten and poor, at last you'll have learned That it isn't business."

Has it come to this? Must we deem it so? Then adieu to business! Let us back to the fields and the plow and the hoe, And have done with business. Yet, because some weeds have grown rank and tall Shall we say no flowers may bloom there is greed, but it hasn't hurt us all, And honor is still in the hearts of men Who are doing business."

Tied Down to Business. "Doctor," said the physician's wife "why don't you take a good long rest? Go away somewhere and enjoy yourself. You're working yourself into your grave. You haven't been out of town for five years."

"My dear," the celebrated practitioner said, "I do not dare to leave. If I did so most of my patients would discover that they could get along just as well without me, and my practice would be ruined."

Nothing to Worry About. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the bridegroom when they had been conducted to their apartments. "What is the matter, dearest?" the frightened bride asked. "I believe I forgot to register you."

"Oh, never mind. When mamma and I registered several months ago they told us we wouldn't have to do it again until next fall."

The Thing for Her to Do. "The other day in New York a man sold his wife's shoes to get money which he spent for beer." "Well, there seems to be only one thing for her to do."

NO CAUSE, TO COMPLAIN. "Father says you really must not stay here later than 11 o'clock, after this." "Pshaw! Why should he care? He owns stock in the electric light company, and probably gets reduced rates."

His Resolutions. There was a man in our town who made a resolution: "I'll drink no more," he said, "because it hurts my constitution." For one whole week he bravely kept His lips away from "likker." And then resolved that he would let His constitution flicker.

Practical. "Your husband is inclined to be practical, isn't he?" "I should think he was. While we were on our wedding trip he put in most of his time getting material for a new lecture."

The Truth About It. "Do you think Englishmen really lack the sense of humor?" "No, they merely can't see anything funny in American humor, because so much of it is made so that the joke is on the Englishman."

Not All Dead. "Pa, why is it that the great men are all dead?" "The great men are not all dead, my son. The trouble is that a great man's greatness is never discovered until he is dead."

Carrying It Too Far. "Do you think that railroad is over-capitalized?" "Yes, badly. The president of it died, the other day, of water on the brain."

Happy Child. Caller—My, what a big girl you are getting to be! You'll soon be able to help your mother about the house. Ethel—Oh, I do that already. Whenever she says "For goodness' sake, get out of my way!" I do it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Daily Story

The End of a Duel—By Ruth Graham. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

During the middle of the last century, when the old plantation system was an institution in the southern states, there were customs which have now become a thing of the past. Among the most notable of these was settling disputes according to the code duello.

In the north at the opening of the century the sacrifice of one of the most gifted of American statesmen, Alexander Hamilton, gave dueling its quietus. In the south it lasted much longer. In Tennessee long after the Hamilton-Burr tragedy Andrew Jackson fought under the code. It remained for a girl to show the people of that state by a few caustic words how far the world had gone beyond a custom advocated by one no less notable than a president of the United States.

It was shortly after the Mexican war that Miss Belle Conway went to Tennessee from Ohio to take the position of governess in the family of Colonel Rathbone, a retired planter. That was before it became customary for young ladies to earn their own living. Miss Conway had been educated in Connecticut—western girls and boys usually went east in those days for an education—and had evinced a superior mind. She had not long returned from school when her father died, leaving his family without an income. There was then a field in the south for teachers, and northern graduates were sought after.

Miss Conway was comely, but not beautiful. She possessed character, and it showed itself in her personal character. In her was allied with good sense. She was more self-reliant than most of the southern girls of that day, whose intellectual and practical faculties were not readily developed under a system wherein their slightest requirements were attended to by their servants.

Miss Conway was treated as a member of the Rathbone family, and where they were invited she was invited. She did not capture those who met some dazzling southern beauty would have done in the north, but from the first there was a steady growth in her favor. Girls of her own age were not jealous of her; they rather admired her for the possession of those traits which they did not possess themselves, for with them beauty and coquetry were more in keeping with their surroundings than intellect. As for the young men, they saw in her something different from that to which they had been accustomed and were gradually attracted to it.

Fortunately there was no son of Colonel Rathbone of an age to fall in love with the governess. The man who was most thrown with her was Archibald Dabney, who had recently returned from the University of Virginia, where he had studied law, rather with a view to using it in political life than as a profession. Mr. Dabney was just the man to be attracted to such a girl as Miss Conway. While she was northern born and bred, he was representative of the best there was in the south.

Mr. Dabney found Miss Conway companionable. He loved to talk with her—express his opinions to her and get hers. While he did not realize it she was magnifying his views on many subjects, and this is doubtless a reason why he found her interesting. For he had that caliber of brain which is capable of development and could recognize a better position than one he held and step up on to it. Nevertheless, as a typical southerner born and bred under the peculiar systems then in vogue in the south, he could not step over that gulf of ideas which separated him from a progressive north.

Mr. Dabney's pleasant intellectual companionship with Miss Conway received a sudden shock. A planter, Markland Carr, a few years older than Dabney, a widower who was looking for a wife, saw her and, benefiting by the experience of a married man, was struck with the idea that Miss Conway would naturally conduct such an affair. He did not daily, and he did not make undue haste; he planted his foot firmly on each step and, when he considered it advisable, took another step.

The moment Mr. Dabney realized Mr. Carr's intention a great revolution sprang up within him. It had suddenly been revealed to him that he could no longer spare Miss Conway. His manner toward her changed at once. From an intellectual companionship he stepped into friendship, and from friendship became tender. Indeed, considering the rate at which his rival was proceeding, he felt that he had no time to lose.

Both suitors were prevented from making a declaration by the fact that they met with no definite encouragement from the lady. Mr. Dabney was uncertain; Mr. Carr did not recognize a sign indicating an invitation to speak. Each suspected the other's intentions and each supposed that the reason he did not get the requisite encouragement was that the other had the preference.

All this made the usual bad blood that exists between rivals. Unfortunately, Mr. Dabney was just entering the field of politics as a Whig, and Mr. Carr had for some time been a prominent Democrat. The election they landed one of the two leaders in a war with Mexico in the presidency was coming on. Carr supported Lewis Cass and Dabney entered the field for Zachary Taylor. There was nothing in this to antagonize the rivals, but, being wanting the same woman, it helped to do so. One evening at a social club when politics was being discussed Dabney cast an aspersions on Carr's motives in supporting his candidate, and Carr gave him the lie.

In those days to call a man a liar was to receive a blow in return. But these two men understood each other, both knowing that Dabney's aspersions

upon Carr's political status was a notification to him that if he wanted Miss Conway he must fight for her, not with his fists, but with the weapon commonly used among gentlemen in those days, a Derringer pistol. Dabney made no reply to Carr calling him a liar, but later sent a friend to him demanding a retraction and an apology for the insult. Carr refused either to retract or apologize, and a meeting was arranged between the two men.

The political discussion that had taken place between her two suitors and the insult one had given the other soon came to the ears of Belle Conway, for it was public property. Indeed, it was commented upon by every newspaper in the county. No one but the principals in the affair knew the real cause of the difficulty behind the one that was put forward to the world. There was no mention in the journals of a probable duel between the two men, but there was an expectation of one.

Miss Conway saw a mention of the trouble in print, but had no idea of its purport. She neither realized that so slight an affair would lead two men to try to kill each other nor had the faintest suspicion that she was the real cause of it. She could not understand how so gentlemanlike a person as Dabney could accuse another gentleman of impure motives or how the other could fling back the accusation in a way she considered fitted only for a rowdy. Nevertheless she knew enough of southern customs to realize that no gentleman there could call another a liar without serious consequences.

During the morning a carriage was driven up to Colonel Rathbone's house, and a lady alighted. A few minutes later a colored servant came to Miss Conway, who was at work with the children, and said: "Missy Belle, Missus Dabney down de parlor' and wants to see yo' right away."

Miss Conway looked at the messenger with astonishment. Why should the mother of Archibald Dabney wish to see her and so hurriedly? Leaving the children and their lessons, she went at once to the parlor. There she found the caller evidently moved by a great emotion.

"Miss Conway," said the latter, "are yo' aware of the cause underlying this quarrel between my son and Mr. Carr?" "If am aware of no cause except a political difference."

"That is merely a pretext. Yo' are the real cause."

"Yes, yo'. Had yo' shown a preference fo' one or the other this unfortunate affair would not have occurred."

"Why is it so unfortunate?" asked Miss Conway anxiously. "My son and Mr. Carr are going to fight a duel!"

"Fight a duel? When—where?" "I don't know."

"I must see these men, and together, I will decide between them at once." It would be impossible for Miss Conway to see them together. There was but one way for her to act in the matter. Mrs. Dabney promised to find out if possible when and where the affair was to take place, and Miss Conway was to be there and make an effort to stop it.

The next morning at sunrise in an open space in a wood near Murfreesboro, while seconds were pacing off the ground for their principals to fight on, a carriage containing Miss Conway drove up, and the lady stepped out. She was greeted with astonishment by the dueling party.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you men of the south are men of honor. As such I ask to know if I in any way enter into the cause of this affair." The question was received in silence.

"I have the word of one whom neither of you would question that if I had shown a decided preference for either of you this affair would not have occurred. If my informant is correct and you will drop this quarrel I will decide between you."

Though there was no reply it was evident that both principals assented to the proposition.

"Do you promise?" asked Miss Conway. Both men bowed an assent.

"Very well. I would not on any account ally myself with either one of two men who would fight for me instead of making me the sole arbiter between them."

She turned and re-entered her carriage. Neither of the men helped her into it, each giving way to the other. When the lady had gone Dabney said to Carr:

"Mr. Carr, as the aggressor in this quarrel I feel it incumbent upon me to recall what I said to you at the club."

It was subsequently announced that explanations and apologies had passed between Messrs. Dabney and Carr.

After this affair there were no duels between persons of prominence in the south. The custom died as it had died in the north. But Dabney after a time renewed his suit with success.

June 22 in American History.

1837—Paul Charles Morphy, long the world's champion chess player, born in New Orleans; died there 1884.

1884—Captain W. S. Schley's relief party reached Cape Sabine and rescued Lieutenant A. W. Greeley and six others, only survivors of the Greeley polar expedition to Lady Franklin bay.

1898—General Shafter's corps made the first landing on Cuban soil at Daiquiri.

All the news all the time—The Argus.