

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1524 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week, by carrier, in Rock Island.

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Telephone in all departments: Central Union, West 145, 1145 and 2145; Union Electric, 5145.



Monday, January 27, 1913.

Because Lorimer has gone into the lumber business it is no sign that he has taken to the woods.

The will of the people to the contrary, notwithstanding, the republicans continue to rule in Illinois.

Representative John M. Rapp is a Fairfield man, and that is all he asks to be in his candidacy for the speakership.

President-elect Wilson says he will have no time to give to social matters. If he doesn't look out the pink teatles will dislike him.

No doubt statesmen could be found to favor intervention in Mexico because the volcano of Colima is in violent eruption.

Since the people defeated Mr. Taft he has sent 1,300 appointments to the senate. The man elected in November to fill these places will attend to the job.

There would be a great deal of anxiety relieved should Governor-elect Dunne announce his appointments and President-elect Wilson announce his cabinet.

William Rockefeller's physician explains that the patient has "epasms of the larynx, oedema of the larynx, and laryngeal hemorrhages." In addition to this, it is understood, that Mr. Rockefeller has about \$150,000,000.

Judge Colt, brother of the rubber trust man, was elected senator from Rhode Island. The cotton trust has already a representative in Senator Lippitt. If Rhode Island could have three senators the textile machinery trust might get one.

Passengers and employees in the waiting room on the second floor of the union station, St. Louis, were startled this week when a 3-year-old boy calmly lighted and smoked a long, black cigar with evident enjoyment. His mother, Mrs. Harriet Callahan of New Orleans, La., explained that he had used tobacco since his second year on the advice of a physician. What would you think ordinarily of a doctor who would advise parents of a 2-year-old boy to teach him to smoke?

LOCK THE DOOR NOW.

The whole policy of the federal administration in relation to trusts has so far been to lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Cabel's statement that the economic interests are rapidly securing control of the butter fat market ought to arouse the law department of the government to immediate preventive action. When the same interests which control oleo also control butter dairyman and consumer will be at the mercy of the controlling trust.

If the packing interests—which are also the oleo interests—get control of the centralizing creameries, there will be no hearing for the farmer who raises cows and sells his milk and cream. He will have to take the price offered him. If he unites in cooperative creameries, then he will follow the price standards as set by the packers and it will be the consumer who will pay the tribute to monopoly. The butter-oleo trust ought to be smashed now, when it is in process of formation.

WILSON'S SETTLED POLICY.

The hearty approval which the New York Sun, supposed to be close to the interests, gives Governor Wilson's program to make big business honest, is significant. Governor Wilson has always insisted to make men honest by legislation is a harsh way, and he has pleaded that men should be honest because it is right. His anti-trust and anti-monopoly program for New Jersey is severe. It makes guilt personal. He would not punish the corporation. That the Sun endorsed this idea is suggestive. It may mean that big business has been converted to the Wilson plan. Referring to the Wilson bills that have been introduced in the New Jersey legislature, the Sun says: "The measures introduced last night at Trenton at the instance of the next president are definite, intelligible, drastic and perfectly indicative of a settled policy on the part of the most influential person in the United States. They remove all doubt as to the methods by which Governor Wilson would deal with the evils of which he has talked so much and often so vaguely. These are projects of law, not rhetorical utterances of a more or less academic philosophy. The thrill of which we have lately heard finds expression in the precise terms of statutory English."

Generally speaking, the proposals of the seven bills, as summarized in the dispatches and discussed last night everywhere with intense interest, will strike the impartial mind as meritorious. They are in the line of progress by the proper road. If any constitutional right is assailed by any provision in any bill the courts of New Jersey, and in the last resort, the supreme court of the United States, will deal competently with the invasion.

"As to the severer and more direct penal pursuit of the individual or individuals responsible for corporation offenses against the law, there is little to be said. The day has gone by when criminality can be dissociated from flesh and blood and gray matter."

CANNED PLEASURES GALORE.

The inventive genius of man is devising processes through which thousands are enabled to enjoy elevating and artistic pleasures where only scores have heretofore possessed the privilege.

An illustration is furnished of this progress in providing pleasure for the people, in the arrangement made by an opera company in Kansas City. Through the enterprise of this company, audiences in Denver, and perhaps other cities, were enabled to enjoy the classical music rendered in the Kansas City opera house through the use of the telephone, the apparatus being arranged to give a comparatively perfect reproduction.

The invention of the phonograph with the various improvements in its operations that have been made, give to the people in their own homes wonderfully accurate and lifelike reproductions of the most noted vocal and instrumental artists, lecturers and political orators. Caruso's and Melba's operatic strains in perfect tone are today heard all over the world by tens of thousands who would not have had the privilege of hearing them but for the perfected phonograph.

Inventors are now endeavoring, to perfect "machines" through which people will be able to see those with whom they are talking over the telephone and this has already been approached by the kineophone, which reproduces the speech and the gestures of the performers in picture plays, and it is only a step to picture opera.

The Arabian Nights have nothing so wonderful to offer as these new entertainments provided by the "canned drama" for the edification of millions of people who have never seen the players in the flesh. Fact, as invented by Edison, is far more impressive than the fiction concerning Aladdin, for it comes to pass right under the gaze of the public.

If there is anything in the story that comes from London of the moving picture machine for the use in the family circle, it is only a question of a few years before the pressing of a button or the turning of a crank will reproduce for the enjoyment of the family circle the choicest pleasures of the dramatic and lyric stage.

The Field of Literature

The Results of Two Great Egg-Laying Contests.

The current issue of Farm and Fireside contains the results of two great egg-laying contests. One was held at Storrs, Conn., at the Connecticut experiment station, and 490 hens contested. The other was held at the Missouri State Poultry experiment station, Mountain Grove, Mo., where 655 hens contested. Following is an extract:

"The champion laying hen in the Missouri contest was 'Lady Showyou', a White Plymouth Rock hailing from Illinois. This hen laid 281 eggs during the year. She lacked but one egg of equalling the best official record made in this country, which was 282 eggs laid by a Barred Rock at Guelph, Canada. Lady Showyou's eggs averaged a little over two ounces each, a total weight of 35 pounds for her year's production."

"The heaviest layer in the Connecticut contest was a S. C. Rhode Island Red. She produced 254 eggs which weighed 32 pounds."

"There were 41 hens in the Connecticut contest that laid over 200 eggs each during the year, the average of these high producers being 223 eggs per hen. One hen out of 12 entered in both contests laid over 200 eggs in the Missouri contest the average for the 59 hens laying over 200 eggs was 215 eggs per hen."

"The 655 hens in the Missouri contest laid an average of 134 eggs per hen. The 419 in the Connecticut contest laid an average of 153 eggs per hen. The contesting hens came from nearly every section of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, also several pens from Canada and one from England in the Connecticut contest."

"The Australians are in advance of the breeders of this country in breeding for egg production. The leading pen in the Connecticut contest averaged 214 eggs per hen, and in the Missouri contest 208 eggs per hen, but the leading pen in the Australian contest, which recently closed, averaged 250 eggs per hen. Also in the same Australian contest, 360 hens gathered from 60 different breeders made an average of nearly 200 eggs per hen for the entire 360. But they have been conducting these contests in that country for ten years or longer, and the people have been educated to breed for egg production. The average farm hen does not lay more than 80 eggs per year at present. If we can raise the average to even 150 or 160 eggs per hen, we can double or treble the profit in poultry to those engaged in the business."

How Byron Fought Fat.

Poetry and a too pronounced plumpness do not harmonize well, and no-

Domestic Science DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk



PREPARATION OF MUSHROOMS FOR COOKING.

Mushrooms have a wonderful delicacy in flavoring, and this is where their chief value lies. While they are usually placed with the nitrogenous foods, it is because they do not contain starch or sugar, but a large percentage of water and not sufficient nitrogen for a tissue builder; neither do they take the place of meat.

Never soak mushrooms in water, as it destroys the fine flavor, but dip them gill side down, one at a time, in a basin of water, rubbing the caps with the thumb or a damp cloth; or let water run lightly over them, holding one in each hand. Drain. All mushrooms are best cooked without being peeled.

The stems and caps may be cooked together, or the stems separately for soups and sauces. Truffles belong to the same family as mushrooms and from their manner of cultivation are exceptionally fine in flavor and useful in fancy garnishing.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP.

Mushrooms, one-half pound, or one box; fine white bread crumbs, one-half cup; butter, one-fourth cup; cream, one cup; salt, one teaspoonful; white soup stock or milk, one quart; pepper.

Directions—Prepare the mushrooms as above directed and chop fine. Add to the stock, cover and simmer slowly 20 minutes. Rub through a sieve. Pour this over the bread crumbs, add butter, and reheat, stirring constantly until it is the consistency of thin cream. Stand in hot water while you beat the cream, add this with salt and pepper (reserving a spoonful to put on the top of each serving). As soon as hot serve at once with pulled bread or croquettes. (If milk is not used simmer the mushrooms in butter.)

BROILED MUSHROOMS.

Mushrooms, butter, salt, pepper, toast.

Directions—Cut the stems close to the gills, prepare the caps as directed without peeling and place them in a buttered broiler, cap side up, under a moderate heat for five minutes; turn and put into the center of each one a tiny bit of butter, a little salt and pepper and broil another five minutes. Have ready squares of buttered toast. Place the mushrooms on top, skin side down, so as not to lose any juices.

SAUTED MUSHROOMS.

Mushrooms, one-half pound; cream, one-half cup; yolks of eggs, two; chopped parsley, one teaspoonful; salt, one teaspoonful; butter, two table-spoonfuls; paprika; toast.

Directions—Prepare mushrooms as directed above, remove stems and cut the caps in thin slices. Put the butter into a steel spider and when melted add the mushrooms, salt and paprika, cover and cook slowly five minutes, stirring once or twice. Beat the yolks, add to the cream and stir into the mushrooms. Serve at once on dry toast, sprinkling a little chopped parsley over each piece. One-half cup of milk and one level table-spoonful of flour may be used in place of cream and eggs.

MUSHROOM OMELET.

Mushrooms, one-half pound; eggs, four; water, four table-spoonfuls; salt; butter, three table-spoonfuls (rounding); pepper; lemon juice, one tea-spoonful.

Directions—Remove the stems close to the gills, clean as directed and slice thin. Put two table-spoonfuls of butter into a saucepan; when melted add the mushrooms, cover and simmer slowly ten minutes. Add the remaining butter to a steel spider and melt slowly over the fire while beating the eggs without separating only until the white and yolk are mixed. Add water, salt, pepper and lemon juice, and when the butter in the spider is hot, but not brown, add the egg mixture and finish cooking until "set." Over this turn the mushrooms. Then with your spatula turn over one-third of the omelet and then fold it once more so you turn it out on a hot platter. Serve at once. The stems may be cut fine, made into a sauce and poured around the omelet.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT FROM THE FOURTEENTH DISTRICT. (Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Jan. 25.—The traveling men of the country generally are warm admirers of Speaker Champ Clark, and Mr. Clark is a friend of the traveling men. He has long been endeavoring to figure out some way to enable them to vote away from home election day.

"Last fall, while campaigning in Iowa," says Mr. Clark, "I ran into a bunch of drummers on the cars and of course they were all discussing politics, whooping it up for Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt. Several were lamenting the fact that they would be compelled to lose their votes by reason of absence from home on election day and wanted to know of me why congress does not pass a law enabling drummers to vote wherever they happen to be. I explained to them that congress had no power to fix qualifications for suffrage, but that conversation set me to thinking on the subject and the light vote cast in November caused me to think some more."

"Kansas now has such an election law. While the legislatures are at it, they would do well to change the election day from Tuesday to Monday, so that the drummers who spend Sunday at home would not lose both the Mondays and Tuesdays in order to vote. Congress should join in changing the election day."

"I most modestly submit my little reform to the consideration and judgment of the state legislatures."

THE REVOLVER NUISANCE

(St. Louis Republic.)

Robberies on the highway and in stores, shooting affrays and murders serve as daily reminders of the fact that the habit of revolver carrying is one which must be suppressed if America is ever to reach a rank in the criminal statistics of nations which will not be a standing reproach to Americans.

It is clear that no single state can purge itself in this matter so long as most of the states continue to be lax and indifferent. If the St. Louis police were to confiscate every illegally carried revolver in the city today the only result would be a brisk trade for dealers in weapons. If all the men who carry revolvers illegally were arrested the constant flow and flow of the idle and vicious classes would fill the city again with "gun toters" from other states in a little while.

one was more widely awake to this fact than Lord Byron. Many were the means he adopted for ridding himself of his unwelcome "adipose deposit."

In a letter to his solicitor he says: "I wear seven waistcoats and a great coat, run and play cricket in this dress till quite exhausted by excessive perspiration, use the bath daily, eat only a quarter of a pound of butcher's meat in twenty-four hours. By these means my ribs display skin of no great thickness and my clothes have been taken in nearly half a yard."

Puzzling. Millions—Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law? Billions—I don't know. I can't tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment.

A Child Wonder. "What a wonderful memory your child has for names and faces!" "Yes," replied the proud mother. "She never fails to recognize any of her former stepfathers."—Judge.

The ONLOOKER S. E. KISER UNENVIABLE



Most men would gladly take his place And shoulder all his obligations, Though there are lines upon his face And he has few and brief vacations; Most men would gladly, if they might, Be where he is and have his money; But nothing fills him with delight, To him there's nothing that is funny.

His look is solemn, in his eyes There never lurks a merry twinkle; Among his lines of care there lies Not even one mirth-given wrinkle; With sober looks he goes his way, By one grim purpose animated From him, hard-featured, bent and gray, No jest has ever emanated.

Yet there are men who watch him pass, Permitting envy to possess them— Men who are hated by no class, And who have few ills to distress them— Men who sometimes forget a while That only money is worth getting, Who watch the nimble clown, and smile, Too glad to waste the moment fretting.

His wealth is great, his station high, But, by one purpose driven daily, He has no time to ever try To let his solemn tones ring gayly; Yet there are men who envy him Who, even while he piles up money, Remains hard-featured and as grim As death and just about as funny.

Sympathetic Advice.

"I tell you," said the man who had made a fortune, "that money isn't everything. It's a great obligation to be rich. I often wish I was poor again."

"Well," replied a meek-looking man in whose tones there was the ring of real sympathy, "why don't you discharge your butler some time and sit around in your socks and shirt sleeves and have solid comfort for a few days?"

Decided.

"Your feet are small," the shoe clerk said, As he held his foot pressed; The lady sighed and bowed her head, And gladness filled her breast.

But little thrice with her he spent, A busy clerk was he; He sold her sixes ere she went— But they were numbered three.

Almost Impolite.

"It must be awfully embarrassing," she said, "for a girl and a young man to be cast away on a desert isle."

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose it is." "What would you do if such a thing should happen to you and me?"

"Well, I'm an indifferent swimmer, so I suppose I'd have to stay."

Mere Suspicion.

"Do you believe," she asked, "that marriages are arranged in heaven?" "I haven't any well-grounded conviction on the subject," he replied, "but I will say this: If they are, it's about up to heaven to get a new marriage arranger."

Sign.

"McRaggles must be about down and out."

"What makes you think so?"

"I met him yesterday and he spoke about going away somewhere and starting a chicken farm."

Luck.

"Who do you consider the most lucky people in the world?"

"Those," replied the beautiful grass widow, "who marry for love and discover that they've got money."

Experience.

"Have you ever been in a railroad snafu?"

"No, but I once fell downstairs in company with a fat lady."

Unbelief.

"Do you believe in the superman?"

"I used to, but I don't any more."

"Why?"

"I married him."

Also the Man Who Wants a Wing. Blessed is he that likes the dark meat, for he never has to ask twice to get it.

Unpopular.

The woman who is always on time is never liked by other women.

The Borrowing Neighbor. "Say, John, yer haven't been over ter my home since my birthday gatherin'. Jest a year ago tomorrow."

"It ain't that I have hard feelin's ag'in you, but you have so confounded many things what belongs ter me that when I come it kind o' makes me homesick."—Pittsburg Times.

The Argus Daily Story

Mary MacAllister—By Esther L. Davidson.

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"What's the matter with you, Klaxon?"

"Matter? Matter enough! At any time my duties are wearing, but since the failure of this Scotch rebellion, wherein Prince Charlie bewitched the people there one and all, I might better be a butcher and kill bullocks than headman at the Tower."

"Keep your nerve, I pray you, Klaxon. There are many more of these misguided Scots to do away with, and if you fall me I do not know where to look for one to supply your place. It would ill become me, the lieutenant of the Tower of London, commander of King George's principal stronghold, to turn head dropper. Still, Klaxon, if you fall me and his majesty insists upon keeping on with the bloody work I shall have to swing the ax myself. I shall not be known more than you, for I will wear your mask."

"You're welcome to it, Sir Percy, and the ax as well. I can stand it to send

"I dinna know as to that, and I dinna care. If they kill my father I hope they'll let me go with him."

Sir Percy longed to take the poor girl in his arms and assure her that if he had the power to save her father he would do so, but he preserved his equanimity, though he could not have done it for long. Fortunately the warden announced that another batch of Scotch rebels were at the traitors' gate, their guards waiting for it to be opened that they might bring the prisoners in. So he went away to receive the new installment of persons doomed either to the block or a long imprisonment.

As soon as the lieutenant had incarcerated these newly arrived persons he examined his list of prisoners and found the name of Cameron MacAllister, but his daughter's name did not appear. What concerned the young man was that the father's name was on the list of those who were to form a spectacle for the populace on Tower hill the morrow.

Between Klaxon, the headman, and the lieutenant were that sad, sweet face and the words: "I dinna care. If they kill my father I hope they'll let me go with him." Then he fell to thinking how he might save both father and daughter. Looking himself in his office, he strove to invent a plan for getting them out of the Tower and away. He would be obliged to go himself, for he was responsible for MacAllister to the king, and his own head would fall in place of the Scot. Presently Sir Percy called an attendant and summoned the headman.

"Klaxon," he said when the functionary arrived, "tomorrow you are to officiate on Tower hill. When you have dropped the heads of all those to be executed save one, stagger, catch at the rail of the scaffold as if for support, and declare yourself unable to proceed further with your duties."

"Give me a reason, lieutenant."

"The last prisoner on your list will be the father of the Scotch lassie of whom you spoke to me awhile ago."

"She with the sad face?"

"Yes."

"And will that save her father?"

"For the time being."

When Cameron MacAllister was called forth to execution he deemed it a hardship that he was not permitted to bid his daughter goodbye. He was obliged to witness the death of his comrades. Then when about to lay his head on the block the headman broke down, being unable to strike the blow, and the doomed man was sent back to his cell in the fortress.

"Good!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "I shall now have time to carry out my plan."

The next night at about 10 o'clock two men sat in a boat on the Thames near the traitors' gate. At 11 the lieutenant went the rounds and, finding every one except the guards in bed, took a uniform to the cell of MacAllister and bade him put it on and follow him. Stopping at Mary's cell, she was liberated, and they went down a staircase leading to the traitors' gate. They were seen by guards; but, since they were the commander, a guard and a girl, no attention was paid to them. Unlocking the gate, the lieutenant gave a whistle, and the boat with the two men in it was rowed in to the steps. The party entered the boat, the lieutenant shutting the gate after him before doing so, and they were pulled down the river to a vessel lying at anchor. As soon as they were aboard the anchor was raised and the ship set sail.

France at that time was the abiding place of Prince Charlie, and any of his adherents who could reach her coast were safe. The ship in which our party had embarked succeeded in getting to the mouth of the river without being intercepted and stood across the channel. Before she was out of the river it was known in London that a prisoner was missing, and no one could tell what had become of the lieutenant of the Tower.

The party reached the coast of France safely. Cameron MacAllister and his daughter marvelled how it had all come about, and Mary was ready to fall on her knees and worship the man who had planned the escape.

They went to Paris, where they found the prince, and Sir Percy announced himself as one of his adherents. But the cause of the pretender, as he was called, was not again destined to trouble the kings of England. Indeed, as the years passed it subsided into not even a pretense. When all danger from it had passed Cameron MacAllister was permitted to return to Scotland, and his estates, which had been forfeited to the crown, were returned to him.

Sir Percy Manning's fault was too great for him to expect clemency, and he never dared return to England. But when the troubles consequent upon the Scotch rebellion had died out he went to the north of Scotland, where he lived in retirement.

He met the reward for which he put his head in jeopardy—the love of Mary MacAllister. They were married soon after their arrival in France and went together to Scotland.

Jan. 27 in American History.

1851—The passenger steamer John Adams went down on the Ohio river, 123 lives lost. John James Audubon, ornithologist of worldwide eminence, died; born 1780.

1891—Jeryls McEntee, distinguished painter, died; born 1828.

Walking down St. James' street, Lord Chelmsford was accosted by a stranger, who exclaimed: "Sir, Birch, I believe?"

"If you believe that, sir, you'll believe anything," replied the ex-chancellor as he passed on.—A Book About Lawyers, by Jefferson.