## THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 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.

Complaints of delivery service should be made to the circulation department, which should also be notified in every instance where it is desired to have paper discontinued, as carriers have no authority in the premises.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 20 THE CITY

Saturday, October 4, 1913.


That was some quake in Panama, but the canal is still there.

Even after the currency bill passes one dollar bills will not grow on trees.

The Chicago man who murdered a tango teacher may have to dance in the air.

The poet who sang of the rare days of June evidently never lived where they have Indian summer.

It is reported that Secretary Houston of the agricultural department will do some weeding out in his section of the administration, after which he hopes, it is understood, by intensive cultivation to produce better crops.

A French engineer rises to announce that the Panama canal is too small. And yet it proved too big for the French company which tackled the job and gave it up.

Billy Sunday has signed up for a series of revival meetings at Des Moines next September. Billy has outclassed about all the old favorites of the baseball world except Comiskey, Jennings and "Muggsy" McGraw. Sensational pitchers come and go, but the debate on the question of whether Billy's sensational methods as an evangelist are legitimate must continue as long as Billy himself, since individual taste is the only criterion by which these methods may be judged.

### THE MAN WORTH WHILE.

The man worth while is the man who is ready at all times to give his hearty assistance to the men who are helping to build this city. He is the man who is not deterred by slight and temporary reverses. He is the man who speaks a word for the good of his city whenever the occasion presents, who will help wherever he can to promote his city's interests, who comes up cheerfully to give his services when they are in demand.

The man who isn't worth while for a town is the man who knocks on the first and also on each and every occasion presented.

The man worth while is the man who makes the town. The man not worth while is the man who makes it harder for the man worth while to boost his home city.

### MOVING PICTURE CENSORSHIP.

The mayor of Denver proposes a board of censors for moving picture shows, the board to be composed of two men and one woman. Immodest scenes are to be excluded, also brutal ones, such as the killing of animals, and representations of drunken men are to be forbidden.

This is about as far as the public censors could go. Yet the main evil of the moving picture shows is its subordination of the instructive to the dramatic. Rather it is the free use of cheap, false sentiment to produce dramatic effects and the giving over of a whole evening to purely artificial productions with reproduction on the moving picture film as the essential purpose. These have their attractions for many. Indeed some make it a point to dodge the moving picture show on the night given over to pictures of what is actually going on in the world.

So the practical thing is not censorship, but competition that will give the public opportunity to choose between sloppy affairs and representations of things worth seeing.

### THE MORGAN MILLIONS.

The J. Pierpont Morgan estate has paid an inheritance tax of $2,500,000, the estate having been appraised at $63,000,000. This is exclusive of the art collection, which will be exempt from taxation if it goes to the city. The $2,500,000 was paid for the purpose of taking a discount of 6 per cent on inheritance taxes paid within six months of death. Mr. Morgan died March 24. If the estate inventories over $65,000,000, an additional inheritance tax will be paid.

The confidence of others in his integrity, judgment and experience was indispensable to the accumulation of Mr. Morgan's fortune. But this is not the sole nor the chief explanation. Other business men of ability and character who commanded general confidence have failed to accumulate a million. Mr. Morgan owed his success primarily to his control of credit. This gave him power to determine whether this or that particular enterprise should be financed or not and how it should be financed, if at all.

He used this power as others might have used it had they possessed it, to control the market in his own interest and to enrich himself.

Legislation that would destroy such control without impairing credit generally would be a triumph of statemanship.

### THE EXPECTED HAPPENS.

What was feared, what The Argus repeatedly warned would prove the inevitable consequence of permitting an undesirable element of the colored race to be harbored in Rock Island, has happened—another tragedy in the black belt district.

The murder of the Mexican laborer whose body was found in an alley between Second and Third avenues and Twenty-second and Twenty-third street early yesterday morning, shot and beaten, has been traced by the police to a bad negro who has been captured and who has made a confession.

A few weeks ago, following a series of exposures of the conditions existing in Rock Island as a result of tolerating the worthless and depraved of the colored race, there was a hasty exodus of the gang, men and women, from the city. The Argus stated at that time only constant vigilance would prevent a return of this element. Whether or not the vigilance has been exercised is not known, but at all events some of the bad ones came back.

The result of it all is another crime, a cold-blooded murder, and the natural inquiry that will now come is whether the city will be rid of the element once and for all. The only way to accomplish this is to suppress the dives where these negroes congregate, and make Rock Island an unattractive place for them to stop. They are of no use in any community and sooner or later they will commit depredations, such as have so often happened in Rock Island.

Included in Rock Island's legitimate population are plenty of law respecting, decent colored people who are as anxious to see the dangerous and unrul of their race driven out, and kept out, as the white people are, and the best thing for the authorities is to heed the warning afforded in what has occurred and clean up the city.

And keep it clean.

### SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

Socialism in Germany has undergone a wonderful change in the last 10 years, as was shown at the recent annual convention of the social democratic party at Jena. The radicals introduced a resolution in favor of a universal strike for the purpose of extorting franchise reforms from the government, but it was defeated by a majority of nearly two-thirds of the official representatives of the party. The moderates declared that such methods would only retard the progress of socialism and that the socialists would be playing into the hands of their enemies if they attempted to introduce the methods of French syndicalism, such as the universal strike, into their program.

This conservatism was most unexpected, but can probably be explained by the fact that for several years past the Germans have prospered and the socialists are not as discontented as they formerly were. They are not ready to take the bread and butter out of their own mouths and those of their families by inaugurating a universal strike.

The social-democratic party of Germany appears destined to undergo a still greater transformation in the future and we may expect it to reject a good many more of the visionary theories on which socialism was founded. In fact, it seems destined to become a people's party, working conservatively for the betterment of the working classes and for more democracy in the form of government.

When it reaches that stage it may accomplish some good. It would be a blessing for the world if all its socialists would follow the example of those of Germany.

### HITTING THE FOOD FADDISTS.

One can scarcely take up a newspaper these days without glancing at advice as to what one shall or shall not eat. The United States department of agriculture has done something in this line at times, but now it sends out a bulletin warning people to beware of fakers calling themselves food experts and encouraging all to eat whatever they please as long as it is wholesome. Can it be that all the erudite treatises on scientific feeding are pure rot? If so, a great deal of gray matter has been wasted.

"The truth of the matter is," says the bulletin, "that man's chances of health are best when he eats with moderation a diet made up of clean, wholesome, ordinary foods, prepared in the usual ways." Well, that is what our ancestors used to do, and they seemed to thrive pretty well on the diet. The department sharps hit the mark when they add: "If the deductions of many food faddists accepted as facts were really operative, it would be difficult to explain how the human race had survived."

This knock at the food faddists is timely and deserved, but at the same time there is something in the teaching of the relative nutritive values of standard foods. The department would be doing a good work if it issued a reliable statement along these lines, for there is no question that thousands of families in this country whose incomes are limited could thrive as well on a diet that would cost very much less than what they are accustomed to.

## SAVE A TOWN FROM FIRE

### Young Women Form Bucket Brigade in Winnebago, Ill.

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 4.—A bucket brigade of young women saved the business district of Winnebago, near here, from being destroyed by fire yesterday. The fire was confined to two buildings by the exerton of practically the entire male population who were kept supplied with buckets of water by lines of women. The Rockford fire fighting appartus made a ten-mile cross-country run and arrived in time to aid in saving the town.

New York—Edward J. Nally, formerly vice president and general manager of the Postal Telegraph and Cable company, has been appointed to the same position with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph company of America.

# Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., Oct. 2.—A million miles of good roads in five years. That is the goal set by Representative Dorsey W. Shackleford of Missouri, chairman of the new house committee on roads.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER

That the roads committee is to be one of the most important committees of the house no one who follows the trend of affairs can doubt. And now for the first time Mr. Shackleford, after a long study of the subject, gives his idea of what the general road policy of the government should be.

Mr. Shackleford is opposed to the idea of the government building great trans-continental boulevards — "joy rider roads," he calls them. The government will do nothing of the sort, if congress adopts the Shackleford policy. Mr. Shackleford contends that to improve the roads of this country on that plan would cost billions of dollars, and by the time the living generation is in its graves, not more than two per cent of the people of the United States would be receiving any direct benefit from federal good roads.

"No, the government will not build road," says Mr. Shackleford, "it will stimulate the construction of them. Some of the states are doing it now with phenomenal success. If the government as an incentive to road building should agree to pay an annual maintenance appropriation of $15 per mile of good roads, it would cost the government $15,000,000 for aid to 1,000,000 miles of good roads." And Mr. Shackleford says that congress will not appropriate more than $25,000,000 per year for roads. That would give aid to the building of 2,500,000 miles of good roads, the total road mileage of the country, he says.

"Those who want the government to build 'national highways' are rich automobile owners reinforced by manufacturers of road machinery and road materials who regard Uncle Sam as 'good pay,'" said Mr. Shackleford. "Those who believe in business roads, for cheaper transportation and lower cost of living, believe that the proper function of roads is not to connect antipodal oceans, nor the distant capitals of far away states, but to make easy communication between the farms and the towns and railway stations—to the end that the farmer may market his crops at less expense and the town dweller may get farm products more easily and at less cost.

"The 'national highway' scheme is a dismal delusion. It would require 40 years to complete the construction of the 50,000 miles of boulevard proposed by the National Roads association. It is not a road, nor yet a few roads that we want. What we must have is a general system of good roads extending throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"Road construction and road maintenance are problems for the states and their civil subdivisions. The control of roads should remain with the states. Where the states construct roads of such degree of perfection as to supply the federal government with highways over which to perform its functions with reasonable facility, then the government should contribute to their upkeep. Congress should provide general standards of roads for which contribution would be made. The government could then protect itiself by inspection and a refusal to make payment for any road falling below specified standards. Such a system would not require much federal machinery to administer it."

Speaker Champ Clark received a tremendous ovation when he closed the tariff debate preceding the vote on the tariff conference report. He was cheered on both sides of the house. Speaker Clark is the idol of the house of representatives. There is no doubt about that.

"There has been a good deal of talk first and last about President Wilson's action with reference to this bill," declared the speaker. "I congratulate him for the part that he has taken in this legislation. If I had been elected president I would have gotten a good tariff bill through this house sure as you are alive. He has simply discharged his duty in the open.

"One great thing that this bill will do, and I congratulate the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Hull) on that most cordially, is that it will introduce into the taxing system of this country the proposition that we will tax what a man has instead of what he has to buy to live on. I refer to the income tax. I will debate that proposition with any man living, with the absolute certainty of coming out on top.

"I believe as firmly as that I am living that on a sealed ballot, so that nobody could ever find out how you gentlemen over on the republican side would vote, nine-tenths of you would vote for the income tax proposition in this bill.

"I will tell you what else I believe. I believe if you had a plebiscite, as Louis Napoleon used to call it, or secret vote, 95 per cent of the people of the United States would vote for the income tax proposition in this bill. Just as certain as you live that is coming to stay, and the people will magnify the name of Hull in the days to come. If you gentlemen on the republican side ever get into possession of the government again, you will no more dare to repeal the income tax than you would attempt to jump off the top of the capitol. The people will not have it. Some people seem to think it has never been tried. The English have tried it, and except for two years they have had the income tax ever since the Napoleonic wars, and they have worked it out with mathematical nicety. I do not believe there will ever be another high tariff bill enacted into law in this republic.

"We stand today justified by our works. The old rule, 'By their works ye shall know them,' is wholesome. We are willing to be judged by it. For 16 years we wandered in the wilderness. We were demoralized and disheartened. Gaining one victory after another gives us courage, and I believe this day is the beginning of a quarter of a century of unbroken democratic supremacy in this country."

## "The Young Lady Across the Way"

The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that he had been obliged to mortgage his property, but she guessed it didn't amount to much as he said it was just a second mortgage.

# The Onlooker

BY HENRY HOWLAND


We dream of peace and we plan for peace,
For peace we pray when we kneel at night,
And not for a day do we ever cease
To watch for a fair excuse to fight;
We agree that war is a thing to dread,
Its cause a crime and its cost a shame,
But we place a wreath on the captain's head,
And we grant the conqueror deathless fame.

We speak of the useless waste of blood,
Of the bitter woe and the sinful strife,
But we mount our guns by the roaring flood
And devise new schemes for destroying life.
Our envoys linger in foreign lands
Inspiring trust and allaying hate
But our ships are manned, and with ready hands
We grasp our weapons and watch and wait.

We hear the sighs of the ones who bear
The terrible cost of armament—
Who toil and give but who never share
The glory for which their years are spent;
We shudder when innocent blood is shed,
War is the world's most ghastly shame;
But we twine a wreath for the captain's head,
And we grant the conqueror deathless fame.

### It Has Its Use.

"Papa," said little Arthur, endeavoring to correct the head of the household, "you mustn't say 'busted.' Our teacher told us the other day that there was no such word, and when we mean busted we must alwayr say 'burst!'"

"Oh, she did, did she!" the child's father exclaimed. "Well, the next time she says there is no such word as busted, you tell her for me that if the water pipe ever freezes up in the basement and floods things for her she'll discover that there is such a word, and that no other word'll fit in where it belongs, either."

### The Count's Mistake.

"You should feel highly honored, count," said the beautiful heiress' mother, as she looked significantly at the glass beside the nobleman's plate. "As an especial mark of favor for yourself and out of respect for the manners of your country, I have permitted wine to be served upon my table this evening for the first time in all my life."

"Ah," replied the count, "eet eez ze gr-r-reat honaire. You call heem wine? I sought he was ze what you call heem wataire zat you have boil."

### Another Cry for Reform.

The kidnaper frowned.

"What's the matter?" asked the old pal whom he had not seen for years.

"I expected," the kidnaper answered, "to find $25,000 in the sack I had hung by the chimney of the deserted cabin, but all I got was a note saying the boy was only a step-son. Curses on the man who declines to be a father to his wife's other husbands' children! We must move to have our divorce laws amended!"

### Revised Opinion.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "whom do you consider the greatest man in the world?"

"I ust to think it was pa," he replied, "but since ma held him up in the hall when he got home from Uncle Tom's stag party last night I can't help thinkin' she's it."

### Then She Had to Explain.

"How does it come," she asked, "that you haven't named any of your sons after a great man? You have no George Washington or Henry Clay or U. S. Grant in your family, have you?"

"N-no," he answered," but you know our oldest boy is named after me."

### So It Is Seted.

A lady who deftly croched,
A horrible temper displeted
On finding, when through
That a dropped stitch or twough,
Had spoiled the contrivance she's meted.

### Appearances Against Him.

"He has great gifts as a moneymaker."

"You must be mistaken. He has comparatively few friends."

How many kinds of fairy were there? A good many. For an elf differs from a troll, who must not be confounded with a pixy. Then in addition there was the kelpie, the gnome, the brownie, the kobold, the nis and the urisk (a hairy Scotch spirit).—Chicago News.

# The Daily Story

ON THE LONG TRAIL—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.



Beth Cushman was riding home by way of the long trail. It was a yielding to sentiment that Beth herself despised, but she could not help it when she came to the crossroads.

The long trail had been her favorite ride with Miles Hill, but that handsome cowpuncher had ceased to call upon Miss Cushman.

From the trail she could look down into a little canyon through the middle of which rushed a frolicsome stream. On the bank of the stream there stood a horse and rider, a girl on a cream colored pony.

Beth drew a jealous breath, for she could see that the girl was lovely in a blond, golden haired, pink and white way.

As she gazed down there, the white pony lipped the stream and, out from the rocks of the canyon, there dashed a horse and rider. It was Miles Hill, riding black Poncho. Beth caught her breath as the man rode rapidly toward the girl, bent swiftly to kiss her and, with his arm around her slender waist, the two forded the stream and rode rapidly up the canyon and disappeared from view.

Entirely heartsick, but with a brave smile on her lips, Beth sat down to supper that night.

Her uncle, a morose, taciturn man, ate silently and swiftly, and rising, went away on some official errand, for he was sheriff of the county.

Mrs. Colt and her two daughters breathed a little easier after his departure and began to talk to the two cowboys who ate with the family.

"Pa hasn't said anything, but I reckon he's off on that Tinkerman case," observed Mrs. Colt.

"I reckon he is," returned Link Paterson, buttering another biscuit.

"Some one said Miles Hill had disappeared from the range," went on Mrs. Colt, with a side glance at her niece.

"Jameson hinted that Miles was mixed up in the Tinkerman raid," put in Louise Colt eagerly.

"Jameson better try again. There ain't a squarer fellow nowhere than Miles Hill," muttered Link.

"Where is Miles, then?" demanded Cora.

"Miles? Why, I can't say exactly. It's sort of a secret, you know, ma'am." Link grew very red and looked at Beth's pathetic face.

Beth lifted her head haughtily. Her eyes flashed splendidly.

"I don't know why his whereabouts should be a secret," she said nervily. "I saw him today."

"Oh, you did?" queried Link, relieved, and Sammy Smith asked quickly:

"I reckon it 'twan't far from Little canyon, Miss Beth."

"It was right there. He was riding with a girl, a very pretty girl," said Beth bravely.

There was nothing more said concerning Miles Hill, and after supper Beth went to her room and rested her weary head on the sill, letting the cool, sweet air caress her flushed cheeks and dry the tears on her lashes.

Link and Sammy rode away, and from the overcrowded bunk house came talk and laughter and song as the cowboys prepared themselves for some merrymaking in the town, five miles distant.

After they, too, had clattered away and Sam Soy had ceased to rattle dishes in the kitchen silence fell on the ranch house and its inhabitants.

From the veranda below Beth caught the drift of voices now and then through the confusion of other sounds, but after it grew very still the voices came up sharply penetrating.

"I think your pa was too severe with Miles Hill," said Mrs. Colt. "He sure was plumb set after Beth, and it showed he was honorable to speak to Henry about it first."

"Miles isn't poorer than any other cowpuncher around here, and plenty of them marry and settle down," agreed Cora, who was fond of her little cousin.

"I heard him tell pa that if he'd name the sum he thought he ought to have before he asked Beth to marry him he said he would have it," put in Louise.

"How much did pa tell Miles he must raise?" asked Cora.

"Five hundred dollars," laughed Louise. "I heard poor Miles telling him it would take him a whole year to do that out of his pay and then his clothes would be so shabby Beth wouldn't look at him by that time!"

"What did pa say to that?"

"He just laughed, and then Miles got angry and said he'd show him a thousand dollars before he'd ask him, and he went off in a rage, and I haven't seen him since."

"Beth, poor child, said she saw him with another girl," worried kind Mrs. Colt.

"It's a shame!" cried Louise. "I'll just scold Pa Colt when I get hold of him! See if I don't."

Beth withdrew from the window and went to bed. There was a singing in her heart because Miles Hill had loved her, whatever his wandering heart was doing now. He had asked her uncle for her hand, and Uncle Henry had refused, but there was a measure of comfort in the thought that Miles had not been deliberately faithless. He had been turned away, and the blond girl had tempted him.

The girl fell asleep to dream of her lover and the pretty girl who had waited for him in Little canyon and who had received his kiss upon her lips with airy nonchalance.

It was perhaps a week after that Beth Cushman once more rode home by the long trail. This was not from desire. Stern necessity demanded the change of route because during a severe windstorm there had been several trees uprooted along the short trail and a landslide had completed its destruction.

So it happened that Beth rode slowly along the familiar way, her eyes fixed on the little space between Bonnie's brown ears.

She had passed Little canyon without a glance into its green depths and was climbing the hill when she suddenly came to the top, where a thrilling scene was taking place.

Riding straight toward her was a most villainous looking Mexican, and in the curve of his left arm he carried the slender form of the beautiful blond whom she had seen with Miles. Shouting down the distance came Miles, bending over his horse in vain pursuit of the Mexican.

While she paused there, startled at the scene, a shot rang out from the bushes bordering the trail, and Miles threw up his hands and fell to the ground. The horse cropped the grass undisturbed by the still form of his master lying so near.

All this happened in a breath. When Miles fell the Mexican was still coming toward Beth. A great rage filled her soul with a mad desire to kill, to avenge the life of her old sweetheart.

A word to Bonnie, and Beth dashed into the scene, her revolver thrust into the face of the frightened Mexican.

"Give her to me! Let go! I'll kill you if you don't!" she screamed in his ear.

He released his hold on the girl, and Beth clutched her in strong arms and swung her across her saddle; then she dashed past the Mexican and guided Bonnie to where the prostrate Miles lay on the ground.

"You're safe now," assured Beth as she helped the girl to the ground and then dismounted. To her surprise the girl stared at her rather impudently until a smile crinkled the corners of her rouged lips.

"Say, Miss Buttinsky, what do you mean by queering this picture?" she asked sharply. "Wait until old Fennell gets up here. I guess you've spoiled thirty feet of perfectly ripping film."

"Picture?" faltered Beth. "Film? I don't know what you mean."

The girl laughed gleefully and clapped her hands at a stout, red faced man who came panting toward them.

"Don't have a fit, Fennell," she said saucily. "It's only another tenderfoot taking a movie picture for the real thing."

But Mr. Fennell was grinning with enthusiasm.

"It was great—great—Flora!" he cried. "Young lady, I must have you in this. What say? Could you do that stunt again?"

Beth looked at him in a bewildered way, and her blushes deepened when she noticed that Miles Hill had risen quite unhurt and was regarding her with grave interest in his brown eyes.

"Perhaps you will explain it to me. I've never been called a tenderfoot before." Beth smiled at the girl called Flora, and the girl nodded back in a friendly way. The Mexican had approached and was nonchalantly rolling a cigarette, while from the underbrush there crawled another actor of the cowboy type. It was this worthy who had fired the blank cartridge from ambush at Miles Hill.

Mr. Fennell explained all about his company of moving picture actors and how this particular film was to be a star production if it turned out well. And he wanted Beth to help them out by repeating her rescue of Flora from the dark browed Mexican, who in real life was her husband.

So the camera man threaded up his machine again, and the scene was repeated to the great satisfaction of Mr. Fennell and all concerned.

At last the company separated, the actors going back to their headquarters at Red Ford and Miles Hill riding slowly home with Beth, who had so unexpectedly come into her own again.

"You thought I was dead, honey?" he asked after awhile.

She nodded. "And I saw you and Flora in the canyon the other day," she added.

"You mean where I kiss her and ride upstream?"

"Yes—I—er—believed it was true, Miles."

He laughed tenderly. "It couldn't be, dear, because there's only one girl in the world for me, and she's so fine that when she saw the girl she thought was mine being carried off by a no 'count greaser she just naturally would not stand for it, but rushed in and rescued the girl for me."

Beth blushed hotly, but her eyes were very happy.

"I heard about your asking uncle," she said. "Is that why you are acting in this moving picture company, so that you can raise a thousand dollars?"

"To marry you at once," he smiled down at her. "You see, I'll have the money saved up in three months. Fennell's going to get out four more of these wild and woolly western plays, and I'm going to be in every one of them. I guess you might as well begin on your wedding clothes, dearie."

"And I thought it was the blond all the time, Miles," she whispered tearfully.

"Don't pin your faith on blonds, honey," he cautioned. "They always do the contrary things. This time it was not the blond; it was all for you."

## Oct. 4 in American History.

1777—Washington's army defeated by British at Germantown, Pa. The Continentals lost 1,000 men and the British 600, including prisoners.

1822 — Rutherford Birchard Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States, born in Delaware, O.; died 1893.

1904—Frederick Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor and donor of the statue "Liberty Enlightening the World" in New York harbor, died; born 1834.

All the news all the time—The Argus.