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Tuesday, October 28, 1913.

Among those who are not worrying about the new tariff is the man who won't work.

Ajax in his palmy days never defied the lightning more defiantly than Victoriano of Mexico.

Talking about women's rights, that Vassar girl who threw a baseball 205 feet has a good one.

What is going on in Mexico can hardly be called war. Yet it is what General Sherman said war was.

Having relieved his mind fully, there is perhaps some hope that former Ambassador Wilson will now consider himself a cured incident.

The New York legislature might partially retrieve itself and fill an obvious want by appointing a committee to feel sorry for Suiker.

Seems as though the first thing Governor Foss does every morning is to flip up a penny to see what party he will belong to during the day.

Senor Huerta seems anxious to hasten the day when the United States will no longer be content to "view with displeasure."

Senor Huerta's threat to set the Monroe doctrine aside comes near being the one best stream since King Canute told the sea to back up.

There is going to be a wedding in the White house and the Wilsons don't want any gush about it. How strangely unaristocratic are these Wilsons!

The municipal commission is to be commended, and is everywhere commended for tolerating no foolishness in the matter of the Fifth avenue advertising boards. Only by a prompt and determined course in the face of defiance and smart tactics such as were manifest in this case, can the city expect to have its mandates respected.

ACCOMPLISHES NOTHING. The reign of anarchy growing out of militantism of the British suffragets is spreading in England. Bristol university students, whose sports pavilion was burned by the women, proceeded to wreck the suffraget headquarters and make a bonfire of the furniture.

The suffragets will probably contend that this is just what they desire, yet common sense should teach that every overt act postpones the realization of hope.

The present campaign of lawlessness is not one that has in the least frightened the government, as in case of some semi-revolutions of other days that forced reforms.

HONOR TO CLEVELAND. The dedication of the Cleveland memorial tower, which is a part of the graduate college in Princeton, afforded ex-President Taft an opportunity to pronounce a just and discriminating eulogy upon Mr. Cleveland. "Mr. Cleveland," said the speaker, "was not a great lawyer; he was not a great economist; he was not a great orator; but he was a great president and a great man, and he was these because of strong mind, clear intelligence and wide knowledge of affairs. He had the character, honesty and courage and sense of public duty which enabled him to meet great and critical issues. When he was nominated for the third time for the presidency, he was nominated against the will of the politicians and by a popular uprising in the ranks of the party."

That does justice to Mr. Cleveland, and it does justice to the common people of this country. The election was a perfect landslide.

FATHER NUGENT'S APPOINTMENT. On the recommendation of Secretary Bryan, President Wilson has tendered Father Nugent of Des Moines the post of minister to Jerusalem.

So far as known, this is the first time in the nation's history that the government has designated a Catholic priest for a ministerial office.

Father Nugent and Secretary Bryan are old-time friends. There was no more ardent advocate of the Nebraska election in 1896 than he, and no orator more powerful on the stump, priest and publicist, they have been like brothers for 17 years, often sharing the same bed.

Whether Father Nugent accepts or declines the tender, there will be warm appreciation of the breadth and tolerance that take no account of a

man's religion or his priestly office as bearing on his fitness for public service, and only of his patriotism.

HOW DIFFERENT.

W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central, says there is a slight falling off in business over the country due principally to a partial failure of the corn crop and also agitation of tariff and banking legislation, but he does not regard the situation as at all serious and says the slowing up is only temporary.

President Brown's talk is in pretty sharp contrast to utterances of a few years ago by men in similar high position. In those days any hint of tariff reduction or legislation regulating Wall street meant panic.

And the mere mention of currency legislation was considered treason, not to be tolerated.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE STRONGER THAN EVER.

The Monroe doctrine is not dead, dormant or even sleeping under President Wilson's administration. It is to apply with stronger force than ever on this continent. Friendship and morality will be the guiding motives in dealing with the South and Central American republics. Human rights will be respected; there will be no more exploiting of the Latin-American republics, and the United States is through with wars of conquest.

In his speech before the Southern Commercial congress at Mobile yesterday President Wilson defined in terms full of significance the policy of his administration in dealing with all questions in North, South and Central America. The interests which have been seeking to force this country into war with Mexico, in order to seize the country, and falling, have enlisted the efforts of Great Britain in a manner very offensive to the United States, are warned by President Wilson that humanity and morality are the objects of concern in the course this nation is to pursue.

Foreign powers will not be allowed to oppress, and this nation will under no pretense become involved in a war of conquest. What happened in the Philippines at the close of the war with Spain will not occur on this continent. The United States is done for all time with the greedy policy of territorial aggrandizement by force of arms. Henceforth, according to the teachings of the fathers of the republic and those who put its star in the firmament of nations and set its course, the mission of the United States will be one of justice, unselfishly desiring to contribute to the betterment of all peoples on the American hemisphere.

President Wilson declares American republics have suffered long from the hard bargains forced on them by concessionaires seeking "material interests" in the countries affected. The president maintains that through motives of morality and not "expediency," the United States desires to help the Latin-American republics to have "emancipation from the subordination, which has been inevitable to foreign enterprise."

The president's speech was uttered with a confidence which bespeaks the dominant part the United States expects to play in the future of the Latin-American republics, not through any idea of "material interest," but through a love of the principle of constitutional liberty.

"The United States will never again seek to obtain one additional foot of territory by conquest," President Wilson declared amid applause. President Wilson's Mobile speech is the most patriotic, the most hopeful that has been uttered by an American executive in two decades. It arouses new faith and confidence on the part of the American people, for their eyes are opened to the fact this nation is what it started out to be, a government of peoples, not entirely in theory, but in action; a government of peoples among peoples, not only within our own confines, but everywhere on this great continent.

Capital Comment

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

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Oct. 25.—Andrew Furuseth, the Swedish sailor whose efforts resulted in the passage of a seaman-ship bill in the senate, is a man without schooling but not without education. His school has been on the decks of driven vessels, "before the mast" in biting gales or tropic suns. But his naturally keen mind has educated itself. Just before the senate took up consideration of his bill Furuseth wrote a brief addressed to the senators. As an example of writing of almost terrible intensity, this document is one of the most remarkable ever submitted to congress.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Into the space of a few hundred words Furuseth compressed the struggle of his whole life. He told of the decadence of seaman-ship and he did it in passages of English as majestic as a chapter from Jeremiah. Here are reprinted portions of the document:

"The Caucasian is leaving the sea; the oriental is filling the vacancy. Sea power is in the seaman; vessels are the seamen's working tools; tools become the property of those who handle them.

"This is not a prophecy; it is a fact. If the reader needs proofs, let him visit the docks where the ocean cargo carrier—the tramp—is taking in or delivering cargo. He will find that while the officers are white, the sailors and firemen are very largely from the races which inhabit Africa, Asia and the Malay islands. If he be told that the tendency is sporadic, let him ask the boys along the seacoasts of Europe and America, north of the Mexican line, what they are going to be when they grow up, and the answers will be truly illuminating. Let him ask the seaman if he will accept a job on shore, and he will find that seamen are willing to accept anything to get away from the sea. The men are leaving the sea; the boys are shunning it.

UNFRIENDLY AND DANGEROUS

(Chicago Tribune.) It is true, no doubt, that the disagreement between the United States and Great Britain over Mexico will minimize itself, but it contains all the elements of the most serious and mischievous misunderstanding which has arisen between the two governments since the Venezuelan controversy.

We can leave the political morality of the British action to the British conscience. We are not the keeper of the one nor the guardian of the other. The aptest remark on the subject has been made by the London Globe, which suggests that the "over hasty recognition of Provisional President Huerta was in marked contrast to the dignified delay in recognizing King Peter of Serbia."

Peter did not kill Alexander and Draga; he was not the military hand of the murdered king; he merely succeeded to the throne, surrounded by regicides, but the offense was one against monarchy, and even in democratic England there remains some of the ability to shudder when the person of royalty is touched. Great Britain was the only European nation not represented at the coronation of Peter. For three years it had no relations with Serbia.

away from the sea. The men are leaving the sea; the boys are shunning it.

"The compelling cause of this drift from the sea is a great wrong, which can only be cured by legislation. Seamen have sought proper legislation in vain for more than 20 years. Congress after congress has been appealed to, but without substantial results. The seamen are poor; they are lowly; few of them are voters; fewer still can vote, being at sea; they have nothing with which to quicken sympathy and induce action except their plainly told tale. And yet the cause of the drift from the sea is simple; the remedy easy, if honestly applied.

"When a citizen becomes a seaman he surrenders all rights of citizenship; voluntarily places himself outside of the protection of the thirteenth amendment to the constitution." Furuseth then described the bondage of the seaman, who now is held in peonage until the end of his contract, forbidden to desert under pain of arrest and punishment. A century ago his lot was easy compared with that of seamen ashore, and the sea developed a strong and hardy race of sailors. But while economic conditions ashore improved, those at sea remained at the status of a century ago, with the result that seafaring no longer attracts men.

"More and more men come to sea as does the sewage," said Furuseth. "Abolish the fugitive-slave law now operating upon the seamen, cease being the slave catcher for foreign nations. Give to the seamen, while the vessel is in port, the freedom that has been given to other workers; give them half of the money due to them (others get all) in such ports in order that they may have the means to exercise and protect their freedom; provide a standard of skill in the men employed (and thus make it possible for them to save life at sea, their own included); provide such regulations as to working hours as shall keep a week available (they work 7 days a week and 12 hours a day at present); make the freedom, the standard of efficiency, and the right to one-half of the money due applicable to foreign vessels coming within the jurisdiction of our laws, and the drift from the sea will cease."

The offense of Huerta was one against democracy in a faraway land where democracy is a weak, crawling infant. Peter of Serbia was made to feel that he was a pariah and Great Britain helped to convince him of his condition. Huerta is made to feel that he is a patriotic Mexican, and Great Britain accepts him as such.

If this morality did not have the most hurtful effect upon the United States it would be no affair of ours, but Mexican disorders are the closest and gravest perils to our peace. Our small army has been concentrated against Mexico for a year. Two administrations have prayed that they might exercise the wise diplomacy which would keep American soldiers out of this southern country, knowing the hateful and wasteful work which might have to be done if insanity south of the Rio Grande and folly north of it prevailed for a single day.

Our government has been firm and as tactful as it could be without compromising not only justice, but the best material interests of the United States and Mexico. Without compromising not only one but both, it cannot recognize the work done in Mexico when Madero and Suarez were deposed and butchered. We cannot have Mexico constantly threatening us with war, and it is ludicrous to think that the sort of government now existing in Mexico, set up as it was, and threatened as it is, promises anything else than constant menace.

Great Britain's reply to our protests against the encouragement given Huerta is a statement of its belief that Mexico requires a strong dictator who will maintain peace, and that Huerta so serves. In what manner has he served? He has no control over the northern states, and has not had from the day he killed Madero, Mexico has not had a moment of peace or quiet under him. When lawlessness breeds law and assassination succules good government, Mexico, with military adventurers fighting for control, will have peace.

It is suggested, by British wisdom, that the difficulties in Mexico are created by rival oil interests; that the American capitalists have not been able to control Huerta, and, therefore, the American government withholds the light of its countenance from the provisional president. This amiable suggestion defeats itself. If concessions to American capital could bring the support of the American government to Huerta, the American minister would have presented his credentials to the Mexican government long ago. Huerta will trade concessions for help.

The Pearson syndicate is favored by Huerta and British recognition follows. If there be an oil controlled diplomacy, it is British.

The disposition of the British government toward Mexico is revealed in acts unfriendly to the United States, acts which support the man whose retirement is need for the reestablishment of peace and the restoration of constitutional processes without which we cannot have a pacific neighbor.

Great Britain cannot hope that the United States will be patient when it discovers the increase in its own difficulties caused by the efforts of the British foreign office to aid British capital abroad.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

Top HERO



They got a norphun boy next door; he come there yesterday. And he has six toes on one foot and double joints, they say. They brought him from the 'syium and his hair is the color of red. And he hasn't any parents, for his ma and pa are dead.

When we were up in Johnson's bar this afternoon—I 'spos You'll not believe it—but he hung head downward by his toes. And he can skin the cat and give a jump up in the air. And turn a flip-flop and not touch a finger anywhere. And he can wriggle both his ears and look cross-eyed and play the jewsharp, or, at least, he says so anyway. And all the girls think no one else can do what he can do. I almost wish sometimes that I would be a norphun, too.

CANDID OPINION.

Charity begins at home, and in the vast majority of cases it never ventures out of the house.

The milk of human kindness gets sour if allowed to stand too long.

Some men who mingle freely in company without worrying over their lack of brains would be terribly mortified if they were to discover that they had no cuffs on.

No man ever fell into the snares of a temptress if he didn't want to be snared.

The man who loudly yells "I want you to understand that I'm no fool," would probably have hard work to prove it in court.

It is more profitable to bet on a fool who has luck than to put your faith in a sage who can't make connections.

To Make Her Pale and Interesting. "Henry," she said, "did you get those shoe buttons for me today?" "Yep," he replied. "What did you do with them?" He felt in his pocket and presently fished out a little round box. Then a scared look overspread his countenance, and the lady wanted to know what was the matter.

"Did you take any of those complexion pills you asked me to bring home for you?" he asked. "Yes, one," she answered. "Why?" "That was a shoe button. Here are the pills."

The Higher Duty.

Give us wisdom, if you can. You who fit yourselves to teach: Make each man a better man. If you may, you men who preach: Make us see that sin is vile. But please also make us smile.

Show us how we may progress. You that build and you that write: Mark the highways to success. Help to keep the goals in sight; But that is not all by half. Kindly give us cause to laugh.

Peer Object Lesson.

"My! My! My!" said the little girl's grandmother, "you mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl I had my hair combed three or four times every day."

"Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it!"

Absolutely Sure.

"Yes, but wait now. You've only known her a few weeks. You haven't had time yet to be sure that you really love her."

"Yes, I'm absolutely sure of it. Last night I was happy to be sitting besides her even while we were listening to a male quartet."

Stolen Bait.

"You wouldn't believe, to look at her," said the one who was all made up, "that she and I were schoolmates once, would you?"

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "I suppose she started in just about the time you were getting through, eh?"

Sugar is Dear in France.

People in France when they dine at restaurants frequently appropriate the sugar they don't happen to use. Sugar in France is dear, and what is served with the coffee belongs by right to the purchaser as much as the coffee itself. So why not take a lump or two home to little Jeanne or Pierre!

The Daily Story

ADELIA YORK'S PRIDE—BY CLARISSA MACKIE. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Adelia York looked very despairingly around her immaculately clean and quite bare pantry. Cooking utensils were arranged in orderly neatness, and the everyday china was shining on its particular shelf, but of provisions there were none to mention.

The bread box was empty as well as the cake box and the cookie can. The tea canister held only a dust of tea on the bottom, and the coffee jar had been empty for two weeks.

This was the day that Adelia had held out against for weeks. A little by little her store of ready money had dwindled until at last there remained only 15 cents in her little beaded purse. Adelia was proud, and she was now poor, since she had received a letter from New York saying that the railroad stock whose dividends provided her modest income was quite worthless now. Without the semiannual dividend, which was due now, Adelia was penniless. She owned the little house where she lived, for she had inherited it from Aunt Rebecca York, whom she had nursed through an irritable and eccentric old age and whose death did not bring to light half of the securities which her will had named as Adelia's portion.

"I must go to Mr. Brown and see if I cannot get a loan on the house," sighed Adelia as she closed the pantry door and sank weakly into a rocking chair.

To her dismay, the office door was locked and a card on the door said that Mr. Brown had gone to Albany on business and would return two days later.

Adelia smiled bitterly as she turned away. Mr. Brown had been her last hope. He was the principal business man of the little village, and to none other would she have confided the desperate condition of her affairs. Foolish she might have been, absurdly proud she undoubtedly was, but the Yorks were at that way, and Adelia was a York to the very marrow of her delicate bones.

She stepped slowly up the brick paved street toward her little home, now and then pausing to give greeting to some friend or neighbor.

Miss Cherry Downs popped her head out of the door and urged her to come in and stay for supper.

"I'm all alone, Adelia," she insisted. "I'm going to have some warmed over succotash and a peach shortcake. I feel too mean for anything eating it alone."

Adelia flushed warmly, but she shook her head. "I'm sorry, Cherry, but I put some biscuits to raise, and I must get home at once. Thank you just the same," she ended, hurrying away.

Adelia hastened home, conscience stricken at the untruth she had spoken about the biscuit. Her pride was at the bottom of it all, she told herself remorsefully as she entered the house. Her mouth had watered at Cherry's invitation to supper, but pride had risen like a wall before her.

"I wasn't too proud to tell a lie," she lashed her conscience with this thought.

She felt faint and cold and almost ill from lack of food. The hens had suddenly ceased to lay, and she was glad of it. She had revolted against eggs, but they had kept up her strength.

Adelia went out to the back porch to bring in her bread and tea which the grocerman must have delivered by this time. There were some cans of fruit in the cellar left over from last winter. She decided that she would have a cup of tea and some bread and beach plum jam for her supper.

On the wooden bench on the back porch was a big basket, and it was generously heaped with packages and parcels of groceries.

Adelia gasped. The new man had made a mistake. He had left somebody else's order, and her miserable pittance of bread and tea had gone elsewhere.

She lugged the basket into the kitchen and locked the door. Then Adelia York did a strange thing. She put all the packages away in her pantry and hid the basket in the cellar. When she panted up the stairs once more she looked into the pantry and made inventory of the provisions. There were flour and sugar and butter and baking powder, tea and coffee and crackers and rice and cereal, jars and cans of dried beef and codfish, and wrapped in a separate paper was a fine porterhouse steak.

Adelia stood with locked fingers and compressed lips. These things belonged to her neighbor, Mrs. Mason. The Masons were generous livers. What would Mrs. Mason think of her? What would any one think of her?

Adelia's pride forbade her giving to her pleading conscience. She stepped briskly around, her red lips closed in a tight line of resistance, preparing the evening meal. When she sat down to it she ate heartily, eating the juicy meat and drinking the fragrant coffee until her hunger was appeased.

It was not until she had washed the dishes and put them away and sat down with folded hands that Adelia actually realized the enormity of her offense.

The next morning she arose very early, and without eating a morsel she went to the china cupboard in the dining room and took down Aunt Rebecca's britanna teapot. This teapot was Adelia's most cherished heirloom and had belonged to her grandmother before Aunt Rebecca possessed it.

Mrs. Mason had admired the teapot more than once and had hinted that if Adelia ever desired to sell it she would like to have an opportunity to become its owner.

"It will hurt me more than anything else to give this up," said Adelia to herself as she wiped off the shining treasure, "but I guess that pride of mine will have to pay for it. I shall give it to Annie Mason right now in exchange for those things, and I shan't accept anything more than the value of that food. I've often seen grand-

mother pour tea from it, but Aunt Rebecca never used it that I remember. It's odd how she asked for it the day before she died and went to sleep with it in her hands. Poor Aunt Rebecca! She was so eccentric. But she meant well, I'm sure."

Wrapping the britanna teapot in her little red shawl, Adelia went through the orchard to the little gate in the fence that opened into Mrs. Mason's vegetable garden.

Annie Mason was on her knees pulling beets. Her rosy face grew rosier when she saw Adelia standing there, pale and ill looking.

"What is it, Adelia?" she asked quickly. "Is anything the matter?" She sat back on her heels and shook the earth from a monster beet root.

Adelia's voice trembled with emotion. "I've got to see you alone, Annie," she said hurriedly. "It's very important."

Mrs. Mason arose with difficulty, for she was very stout, and with a troubled expression on her comely face she led the way to the house and into the sitting room.

"There ain't a soul to home this morning. They're all gone off, Adelia. What on earth's the matter?" She dropped into a chair and waved Adelia into another.

Adelia unwrapped the shawl and set the britanna teapot on the table before she spoke.

"Annie Mason, I've got a confession to make," she said in a low, stammered tone. "I've been short of money ever since the railroad went to smash and they stopped dividends. I was too proud to borrow money on the house or to get in debt, and I've been hungry—just plain hungry. So yesterday when I got home I found a big basket of groceries on the back porch and—and I was so hungry I kept them!"

She paused tragically.

"Well?" gasped Mrs. Mason.

"Well, they're yours, Annie Mason. I'm sure they are. All I had ordered was a loaf of bread and 10 cents' worth of tea, and I've kept your provisions, and to pay you back for them and to punish myself for being so wickedly proud I've brought over the britanna teapot. It's for you!" Adelia sank back in her chair, and her lips were very white.

Mrs. Mason said not a word then, but she drew around and brought a pillow for Adelia's head and a little glass of blackberry wine. When the color came into Adelia's cheeks Annie Mason leaned over her frail neighbor and spoke impressively.

"Now, don't you dare say a word, Adelia, till I'm through. I want you to know that I haven't forgotten how you helped me when the children had the measles last winter and all the kind and neighborly things you've done since we've been here. And somehow I knew that you was having some temporary trouble, and yesterday morning when I was giving my grocery order I said to the new man, 'My neighbor, Miss York, forgot to tell you all she wanted this morning, and you can just add these things to her order.' And then I made up a list, and those you found on the porch were your own, Adelia York. I won't hear a word against it! What's the use of having neighbors if they can't help each other out? 'Neighbor' means to be 'near to,' and the time to be near to is when we're in trouble. Don't you dare cry, Adelia York!"

Mrs. Mason was crying herself as she spoke, and after she and Adelia had mingled their tears and had grown a little calmer the older woman suggested that they drink a cup of tea made in the britanna teapot.

Adelia dried her eyes and smiled, and Annie Mason went to the kitchen sink to wash out the teapot.

"The spout's all stopped up, Adelia," she called. "Just bring me that knitting needle off the table, will you?"

"I declare, it's stuffed with paper!" she exclaimed as she pried with the needle. "What the land!" She drew forth the needle and with it a wet and crumpled roll of paper.

Adelia opened it carefully. "Aunt Rebecca must have put something in it," she said in a dazed tone as she flattened out the engraved certificates of stock.

"I'll bet it's those missing securities!" cried Annie Mason excitedly. "Well, your Aunt Rebecca would be likely to do that. Didn't you tell me she had the teapot in her room the day before she died?"

Adelia nodded. Her eyes were heavy with tears. "It's all so wonderful, Annie. I mean my awful pride and then my yielding to temptation to take your provisions, not knowing you had given them to me, and then my punishing myself by giving you the teapot and finding the securities. But there's one thing I value more than all the money, Annie Mason," she ended wearily.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Mason cheerily.

"The understanding what 'neighbor' means—being 'near to' each other," replied Adelia.

Oct. 28 in American History.

1776—Battle at White Plains, N. Y., between Continentals under Washington and British under Lord Howe. Washington was defeated. 1863—At Washburne, Tenn., near Chattanooga, General Joseph Hooker's troops repulsed a Confederate night attack. Hooker's victory secured control of the fords of Tennessee river, over which rations were hauled for the Federal army in Chattanooga. 1893—Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago, assassinated. All the news all the time—The Argus.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We asked the young lady across the way if she thought it would be all right to base the new currency on ordinary commercial paper and she said the kind they used now with silk threads in it seemed to wear pretty well and for her part she saw no reason for making a change.