THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 20

Thursday, February 26, 1914.

Little children are about the biggest problem there is in this world of ours.

And when Murphy left the Cubs, he left advertising from which $100,000 should be reaped during 1914.

It bothers a lot of people because they can't find out a lot of things that they know would hurt their feelings.

"Good! Let's shoot them," said Mrs. Villa. The softening influence of woman isn't doing much for Mexican conditions.

Reno, Nev., had an earthquake the other day, but it didn't disturb her much. It takes a good deal to shock Reno.

Felix Diaz denies that he intends to array himself with Carranza and Villa. It is highly probable that he has not been invited.

When one accidentally forecasts a shower an hour or two in advance of delivery he usually thinks the government ought to give him a job weather forecasting.

And now if California talks as it usually does about its accomplishments, that flood out there was great enough to cause the waters of the ocean to rise a couple of feet.

Two cat clubs in Portland, Ore., got into a scrap over the use of the name "Oregon Cat Club," which both have appropriated. It has been suggested that the matter be referred to the kennel club for adjudication.

Austria has just put in operation an income tax with a lower exemption than ours. All incomes of $2,000 or over are subject to the tax and bachelors pay 15 per cent more than married men. The American income tax law is as gentle as any yet promulgated.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford railway officials and magnates who have been forcibly brought in court on charges of wrecking the road financially by stock manipulation and wrecking the trains and killing scores by greed to get cash are trying to get the sympathy of prayerful people by prohibiting the sale of liquors on the dining cars.

CALIFORNIA VS. ILLINOIS CLIMATE.

Just when the newspapers of southern California had begun to assure easterners there that they had made no mistake in migrating, that "the cold and cruel winter" held up shivering in its grasp, along came the floods to complete the havoc to the fruit orchards the frost of last year did not finish and to make the tourists wish themselves anywhere they could keep their feet dry.

It's one dashed thing after another in California. When it is not floods, it is frost and snow and blighting winds. Here we know what to expect and are prepared for it, even to the point of harvesting 75 bushels of corn to the acre, and taking cold air as a substitute for liquid "bracers."

RIGHT SORT OF PHILANTHROPIST.

Joseph Fels, the soap manufacturer, whose death from pneumonia occurred in Philadelphia recently, was the sort of philanthropist the country needs.

Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie and other large givers of money are unlike Mr. Fels in that they seek to cure the effects of social conditions while he sought to remove the cause.

Mr. Fels early recognized the truth in the teachings of Henry George. Becoming convinced of the soundness of the single tax doctrine, he propagated it with untiring zeal and with prodigious expenditures of his own money. He traveled to every part of the world to advance it and was the financial backbone of the movement here and in England.

Mr. Fels made his money in legitimate industry without crushing rivals in unfair competition and without the aid of sheltering tariff schedules. He competed in the world's market and believed that with equal opportunity every man's chance of success would be as great as his.

The passing of one who sought to set men free by opening to them the doors of opportunity and who devoted his life to that end, inevitably leaves a void. It was refreshing to turn from the recital of other men's benefactions, effecting not at all to promote justice as between man and man, to the benefactions of Joseph Fels, all made with the idea of pushing the rich off the backs of the ambitious and industrious poor.

THE SUCCESSFUL TAFT.

The sale of the National league holdings in Chicago reminds there is a rich man in the Taft family, one who is always ready to take a chance and at the same time is able to take care of himself.

Reporters asked Charles W. Murphy what he got for his 53 per cent interest in the Chicago club. He answered that he got more money than he thought was in the world, but the exact amount would have to be given out by Charles P. Taft himself.

And the sale was made by telephone. Taft called up Murphy and told him he would pay a certain price; Murphy told Taft that he had bought something. That's all there was to it. It wasn't necessary to say anything about terms of payment or security; it was a big deal that went through in a moment after the principals got themselves in motion.

Will Mr. Taft make money on this deal? The chances are he will, for with him the thing has become a habit. And they tell all along the line that it will help pprofessional baseball to have Murphy drop out and make room for Taft. This reminds one that there is a large and varied assortment of talent in that Taft family—and Charles P. is having just as much of a good thing as any other member.

WOODMEN REMOVAL TALK.

The publication in an Indianapolis paper of a movement among Woodmen of the state looking to the transfer of the location of the head office from Rock Island to Indianapolis has naturally occasioned considerable alarm in Rock Island, regardless of the issues in which the members of the order, locally speaking at least, stand divided, and there is talk of meetings to bring to bear upon the county convention to be held in Rock Island April 1, the adoption of some action as will not only hold Illinois in line of resistance against any design loking to the removal of the head office out of the state, but exert every possible influence among the other states in the same direction. Conceding, as The Argus does, that all Rock Island county Woodmen are loyal to Rock Island and will fight as quickly for the interests of the city as any other class of men, it ought not to be a difficult task to have a consistent course of action mapped out and adopted.

According to the Indiana source of information, the effort to move the society outside of the state is based on the taxation question. It has not been decided as yet whether the funds of the society are taxable in Illinois, and even if the supreme court should so decide, there is a simpler and more economical way to avoid paying the tax than to abandon the present building, erect a new one in a state where funds of fraternal societies of this sort are not taxable, than go to the trouble and expense of removing employes and equipment.

It is recalled that the proposition to compel taxation of the funds of the society in this county failed, the board of review deciding adversely to it. The taxing body in the home county of the head banker in Illinois, however, took a different view of the matter and the question was thrown into the courts.

If the funds of the society are taxable at the home of the head banker, why not elect at the coming head camp a banker who lives in a state where funds of this character are not taxed? That would obviate the difficulty as it is now presented, and by the way, the head banker has not always resided in Illinois, and there is no likelihood that the new one will be an Illinois man.

The Modern Woodmen have a plant here worth, roughly, half a million dollars. Removal would involve the abandoning of this establishment and the erection of a new one costing at least as much and probably more. A million dollars would be the approximate cost of the change. Certainly the membership, which would have to pass upon any matter of this kind, would ponder a long time over the sacrifice of that sum of money, particularly when the organization is operating under rates which are conceded to be inadequate, despite the fact that there have been honest differences of opinion as to what extent they should be advanced, and all funds collected will be needed from now on to meet legitimate and unavoidable expenses.

That Indianapolis would like to secure the head office may readily be believed, and no doubt Woodmen of that city and of Indiana are alive to the advantages of having the establishment in their territory, but even they, on sober second thought, will hardly be over-anxious to involve the society in another big fight and the ruinous expense removal would entail, while members in other states assuredly can be counted upon to line up against a change.

There are those alive who remember the difficulties that attended the removal from one adjoining county to another in a single state.

Convicted of Manslaughter.

Ottawa, Ill., Feb. 26.—John Stangus, who stabbed Frank Moran Sept. 20, was found guilty of manslaughter.

Washington—At the request of the British government the state department asked the department of justice to inquire into the proposed establishment of a negro kingdom on the gold coast of Africa by Chief Sam of Oklahoma. It is not believed the American government can prevent emigration of negroes. British officials suggested Chief Sam's followers might find the gold coast unsuitable for their kingdom.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Feb. 24.—Did you know: That Seattle, Wash., is nearer Maine than it is to the extreme western point of Alaska?

That the mean annual temperature of Sitka, Alaska, is about the same as that of Washington, D. C.?

CLYDE H. TAVENNER

That Alaska has numerous deep, landlocked, ice free harbors, and a coast line 26,000 miles long?

That there are 6,000 miles of navigable rivers in Alaska, and that the present population of that vast domain is now but 55,000?

These are facts brought out by the latest bulletin of the department of agriculture concerning Alaska. The bulletin's chief purpose is to discuss the agricultural possibilities of the territory which Uncle Sam is about to open up by the construction of a government railroad.

The new bulletin describes the extent of this wonderful country, its mountains, its climate, and its soils. You can get this bulletin by writing to the department. The bulletin is No. 50.

There are great possibilities for farming in Alaska, but the department points out some of the dangers that must be avoided and some of the disappointments that will meet those who seek Alaska with too enthusiastic a spirit.

There are about 100,000 square miles of area on which there are possibilities for farming and grazing, according to the bulletin. The larger part of this area is in the interior, in the Yukon drainage basin. Along the coast the climate is very mild, but the arable land is scarce because of the proximity of the mountains to the shore. Homesteaders are allowed 320 acres free under the usual requirements, but the department warns that little of Alaska has as yet been surveyed, and it will be imposible to get title to homesteads until surveys are made.

As the population increases a market for farm products will be developed in Alaska. In fact, a good market exists today, since many of the vegetables consumed in Alaska are imported from the United States. Currants, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, blueberries and cranberries are plentiful in Alaska in the wild state, indicating the possibility of the development of small fruit growing. The department has four experiment stations in Alaska, and has never failed to grow matured crops of wheat oats, rye, barley, potatoes and many other vegetables. Chicken raising is all proving feasible.

But winters are long and cold. Homesteaders must build frost proof buildings. Travel in summer is virtually impossible until corduroy roads shall have been built, because the frost never entirely leaves the ground, but continues to rise to the surface all through the summer, making the black soil like muck.

Until roads are built, farms should be located close to navigable water. The swampy character of the ground almost everywhere in Alaska results in great swarms of mosquitos and gnats, which are a great worry to settlers.

ILLINOIS NEWS

Drifted Snow Causes Death.

Decatur, Ill., Feb. 26.—John Brockamar was hurled 100 feet and killed by a Wabash train near Morrisonville yesterday. Snow drifts banked high at the crossing prevented him from seeing the train. After having been tied up in snow drifts for nearly 36 hours passengers on the stalled Illinois Traction system and Wabash trains reached Decatur yesterday morning. They amused themselves during their long wait by giving amateur theatricals, and were rescued when their food supply had dwindled to six eggs. All steam lines out of Decatur were re-opened during the day.

Extinguish Fire With Milk.

St. Louis, Feb. 26.—Sixty gallons of milk served as a means of saving 3,000 more gallons, when a milk train of the Illinois Traction system took fire at Edwardsville, Ill., near here. The train was in open country and there was no water available when the fire was discovered. The crew for a time tried snow as a fire extinguisher. When this failed, they turned to the milk, and with six cans extinguished the blaze.

Recluse is Burned to Death.

Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 26.—Mrs. J. H. Ballard, aged 83, who lived alone in the country near Leroy, was burned to death when her house was destroyed by fire.

Held Guilty of Bribery.

Dupo, Ill., Feb. 26.—John Peters, a saloon keeper, was convicted of giving $20 as a bribe to a reporter of a paper that was conducting a graft investigation. The evidence was that Peters thought the reporter was a representative of the state's atorney of St. Clair county and sought to have the prosecutor drop charges against the saloonkeeper.

Hospital Shifts Announced.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 26.—Announcement was made of several changes which will be made in the personnel of state hospital assistant superintendens. They will include Dr. Eugene Cohn, from Peoria to Kankakee; Dr. C. F. Read, from Kankakee to Chicago, and Dr. Hiram J. Smith, from Chicago to Peoria.

Priest Is Sued for $10,000.

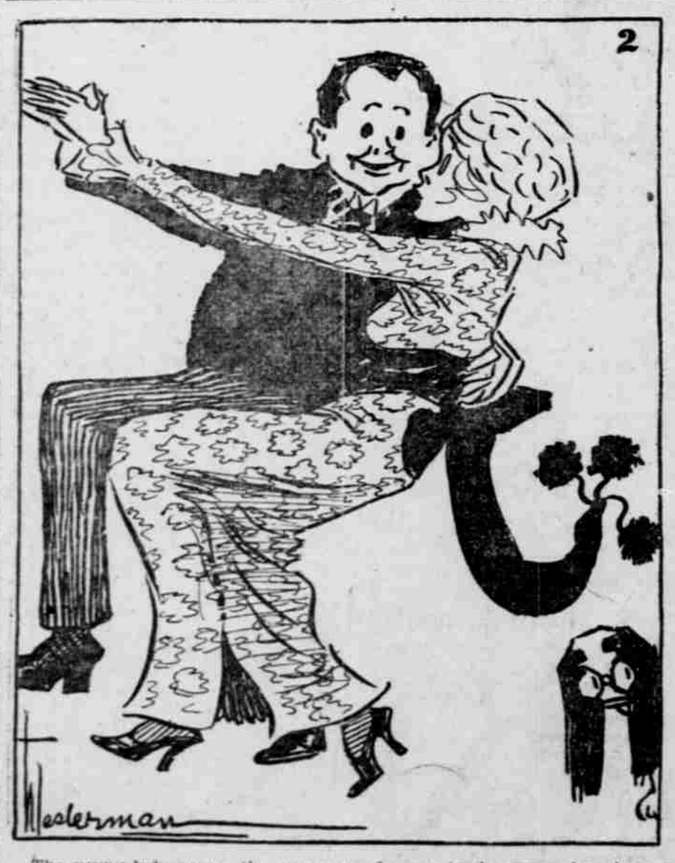
Ottawa, Ill., Feb. 26.—Rev. A. J. Kastigar, pastor of the Austrian Catholic church in La Salle, has been made defendant in a $10,000 slander suit started by Mrs. Barbara Marchek. The plaintiff asserts that the priest accused her of stealing $50 in his house.

Babe Swallows 23 Buttons.

Elgin, Ill., Feb. 26.—Blanche Hoover, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoover, of 320 Park street, yesterday swallowed 23 buttons and was apparently none the worse for her experience. The child's mother returned from a shopping trip and placed a card of three dozen buttons on the table. Soon she discovered the child had them on the floor and 23 were missing.

Christiania—The centennial of the separation of Norway from Denmark was commemorated, with services in every church in the country. King Haakon attended a Thanksgiving service. In all schools a pamphlet explaining the events of 1814 was distributed.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the congressman from their district was addicted to nepotism and while she knew he took a glass of beer occasionally she had always supposed he was a man of too strong character to yield to the temptations of social life in Washington.

The Onlooker

BY HENRY HOWLAND

AFTER LONG YEARS

I

After long years he had turned back again
Had turned back with honors that proudly he bore;
After long years he stood in the lane
Where he had loitered barefooted of yore;
After long years he paused by the stile
Glad to be there and forget for a while.

II.

After long years he ceased to be proud,
Ceased to think riches were splendid alone;
After long years, far, far from the crowd,
He gazed on the scenes that in youth he had known;
After long years he dreamed for a while
Of a maid he had kissed as they stood by the stile.

III.

After long years he was glad to be there,
Glad to forget that his boyhood had flown,
Glad to be dreaming alone, unaware
Of a ram that considered that realm all his own;
After long years he rose for a while
And fell with a grunt far, far from the stile.

Her Ability.

"Do you think a woman can help to engineer a universal suffrage movement and have time to attend to her duties as a wife and mother?"

"Yes. My wife has been helping alo g a universal suffrage movement for the past six weeks, looking after her sick mother, doing the housework because it happens that we are unable to get a maid, caring for the children and—and—"

"And what?"

"Keeping watch of me so strictly that she'd know it immediately if I even politely picked up a bundle in the street for another woman."

The Bright Side.

"Let us look on the bright side of things. Nothing is ever as bad as it might be."

"You're right. Take the coats that women wear, for instance. They, too, might be made to button down the back."

Ready for It.

"Young man, have you made any preparations for the rainy day?"

"Oh, yes," replied the son of the prominent millionaire. "In addition to my roadster I have a corking good limousine that will easily hold six girls."

His Brand of Foolishness.

"Are you one of the foolish people who think Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays?"

"No, I'm one of the silly asses who think Wellington could have won at Waterloo even if it hadn't been for Blutcher."

Vain Regret.

"In Italy one may buy the title of count for from $4,000 to $5,000."

"My gosh!" exclaimed the retired coal baron. "I'm sorry I didn't know that before my wife died. It would have made her so happy, and I loved her—in a way."

AFTER THE DIVORCE.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" her mother inquired.

"Well, yes — tentatively."

"Tentatively? What do you mean?"

"He is engaged to another, but has said that he would enjoy having me for his second wife."

Bravery.

The bravest man I ever knew
Was not a man who laughed at fear;
His daring deeds were very few,
And people never paused to cheer,
And never hung their banners high
When he went by.

He merely did the best he might
Wherever duty bade him go,
And, being scorned for doing right,
He still found joy in doing so;
He never laughed when cruel jokes
Pained other folks.

A Hard Looker.

"Could you help me a little, mister? I've been out of work all winter."

"Where did you look for work?"

"In every glass eye factory in this town."

Of No Use to Her.

"Hilda, if you leave me now I shall refuse to give you a testimonial."

"Ay tank ay not need testamonial. Ay got Bible now and ay skoll get husband next week."

How He Accounted for It.

"John, I smell liquor on your breath. How do you account for it?"

"There's only one way in which it can be accounted for, my dear. You're standing too close to me."

Boston—The Henry Siegel department store was turned over to the newly elected trustees by the receivers on order of the federal court. The receivers, however, retained $130,000 to meet claims. The trustees are Louis A. Frothingham, Charles B. Jopp and Charles F. Weed.

The Daily Story

SINGSONG PETE—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

The lower rim of the sun rested on the edge of the horizon, a huge orange ball against the background of copper red sky.

Nancy Barton watched it slowly sink below the flat Texas plain until all at once it was gone and the weird twilight was about her.

With a little sigh she turned her horse to the low hills that bounded the northeast. Her black Judy skimmed over the ground with velvet feet, and the passage of the graceful girl and the beautiful animal were almost like shadows fleeing before the light western breeze.

Then as they passed into the deep gloom of a walnut grove Nancy heard rough voices in discussion. For a moment her heart thrilled with terror, for the Barton ranch was very near the Mexican border, and in these uncertain days there was a growing spirit of lawlessness among the rough characters that invested the neighborhood.

The voices came from a little hollow on the left of the trail, and Nancy was glad of the protection afforded by the great trees that surrounded her.

She pulled Judy to a standstill and listened sharply.

Five minutes afterward she had emerged from the grove and was tearing down the trail toward home.

Her appearance in the yard brought her father into the porch and the cook into the doorway of the bunk house.

"That you, Nan?" cried her father relievedly. "I've been wild about you for the last hour. I know you can take care of yourself,, but remember what I told you about staying out after dark. Why, what is it, child? You are trembling." Mr. Barton lifted the girl from the saddle, and she sank limply on to the steps.

"You no see men, Miss Nancy?" shrilled Hep Loo across the yard. He waved a spoon toward his waiting supper table in the bunk house.

"They will come later, Hep Loo," said Nancy faintly, and as the Chinaman returned muttering to his kitchen she said to her father: "Dad, what shall we do? I came home through the grove, and I overheard our men here plotting to burn the ranch and run the cattle across the border."

"You are sure, daughter?" demanded Barton sharply, for he had trusted his cowboys to a man.

"Yes. I heard all their voices. Singsong Pete seemed to be the leader. It is planned for tonight."

"I wonder if they are coming back to supper," mused Barton.

"No. They planned the raid, and after it is accomplished they are to rush in and appear to rescue me. Oh, dad, they said they would finish you, and you know what that means—and"— Nancy's voice broke a little, and her father knew that when his brave daughter's courage wavered there was danger indeed, and he guessed that she had not told him all she had overheard.

"We need help. How shall we get it?" he muttered.

"Let me go, father. I am safer riding than I am here," she shuddered.

"Where will you go, child? You could never ride to Fenby's in time, and"—

"I will go and get Roger Dare," said Nancy.

Mr. Barton started.

"Roger Dare?" he repeated. "He would never come after the way I treated him. I can't expect it. No man with red blood in him would do it."

"Roger would do it, dad," said Nancy quietly. "Just because he has got red blood in his veins would he forgive an injury and help. He's a man!"

Barton stared down at the girl.

"Nancy! I believe—I believe you really did care"— He stopped short as Nan lifted her gloved hand.

"Dad, you can believe almost anything of a foolish girl," she whispered. "Give me a cup of tea and let me go. They are cowards, and they will not shoot me if I run across the gang, but I will go the lower trail if it will lessen your anxiety. You and Hep Loo remain in the house and protect the place." Nancy arose and ran into the house, where Aunt Hepsy, the stout negress, was waiting impatiently to serve supper.

Nancy drank a cup of tea and ate a few mouthfuls of food; then, with a last close embrace from her father, who had protested even while he saw that her pistols were loaded and that Judy was ready at the door, she swung into the saddle and vanished into the night.

Then James Barton worked swiftly. Within an hour the house was closely shuttered and loaded weapons placed at all the upper windows.

Silence fell over the ranch. Hepsy lumbered uneasily about her room, while Barton, kneeling in an upper window, watched the entrances by which the enemy might be expected. While he waited he thought of Nancy flying for help and asking Roger Dare, of all men!

In the darkness Barton blushed. When Roger Dare had first come to the cattle country the finger of suspicion had pointed heavily at him in a

By this time Julia had been admitted to the bar. The first problem that came up for her to solve after becoming a lawyer was whether she should better practice awhile independently of her fiance or form the expected partnership with him at once. Underwood urged her to be married and enter his office as his assistant for one year, with the partnership in view. This she rejected as incompatible with her ideas of equality between the sexes. She demanded a partnership, and Underwood yielded.

Singularly enough, before consummating the arrangement she wished to ask her former lover what he thought about it. Why she should wish for the opinion of a man she had discarded because he was not intellectual enough for her does not appear. She could probably not have explained the matter herself. It had been agreed between her and Edgar that they should remain friends. She did not, therefore, hesitate to ask him whether she would better remain for awhile independent or enter upon a partnership at once.

Edgar looked at her stupidly for awhile before replying. She was about to turn away from him disappointed when he said:

"Before tying yourself professionally with any lawyer meet him in court as his opponent."

There was something far down at the bottom of this advice that appeled to her, though she could not exactly explain what it was, since she didn't exactly see how such a situation could be brought about. Edgar, who was connected with a corporation having considerable law business, said he would watch for an opportunity. It was not long after this that his company proceeded by law against a man for a debt. The defendant's counsel being Mr. Underwood, Edgar Marston secured the appointment of his former fiancee as counsel for the company.

Mr. Underwood was a lawyer—not a jurist, but a practical court lawyer—from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Miss Spingler opened the case by stating the company's claim against the defendant, showing conclusively wherein he had acted with intent to defraud and how he had laid himself criminally liable. She had studied the law in the case carefully and made an excellent presentment of both the law and the case. There was no doubt but that the defendant would be worsted unless his counsel could either throw dust in the eyes of the jury or work upon its sympathies.

When he arose to speak he referred admiringly — somewhat patronizingly, Julia thought—to his "young opponent," as he called her, and to the ingenuity she had displayed in making the law appear to be on the side of the company, while he was prepared to show that it was all on the side of his client. He would also show that the facts in the case favored the defendant. As he warmed up he began to whirl both the law and the facts over the heads of the jury, at the same time appealing to the prejudices of the twelve men in what he called an octopus corporation sucking the blood out of an innocent man whom it had purposely ruined for the sake of sucking the little business he possessed into its capacious maw.

Miss Spingler, who had considered Mr. Underwood to be full of the dignity of the law, was appalled at what she considered an attack on plain justice. Mr. Underwood, who had won success by such handling of his cases and had fought his male opponents with far more defiling weapons, breaking a bottle of wine with them after the trial, was oblivious to the fact that his opposing counsel considered his statements untrue, that he knew they were untrue and, moreover, that he was personally attacking her from the opening to the close of his speech.

The next matter that occupied the court was the examination of witnesses. Miss Spingler's indignation at the treatment she had received was so great that she could barely settle herself to the work of drawing out the facts. While she was doing so her opponent further antagonized her by apparently paying no attention to her. When she had finished Mr. Underwood in cross examination destroyed every point she had made, proved her witnesses perjurers and turned all her efforts to ridicule. His summing up was rather an attack on corporations than a statement of his side of the case. The jury acquitted his client without leaving their seats.

"Come, dear," said the defendant's counsel after all was over and they were gathering lawbooks and putting them in green bags; "let's go to lunch."

To his surprise, Miss Spingler swept out of the courtroom without replying to his invitation or otherwise noticing him. Then for the first time it occurred to him that a woman might not be constructed to stand the browbeating he had been accustomed to visit on his male opponents. He looked after her with a troubled expression and wondered how he could have been so stupid. He must call in the evening and undo the damage he had done.

But before leaving his office that afternoon he received a note from his fiancee stating that, whereas she had considered him a jurist and found him a pettifogger, she felt constrained to break her engagement.

The subsequent career for a year of Miss Spingler was one of indecision. What other women may be fitted for, she was not adapted by nature for a lawyer. She gradually fell back into a reliance on plain matter of fact Edgar Marston. It never occurred to her that in the only advice he had given her he had hoped to show her the true situation in her own individual case. She finally married him, and after the birth of her first child, instead of concerning herself with the meshes of the law, she gave herself up to the best treatment of babies during the tooth cutting period.

Feb. 26 in American History.

1864—General G. A. McCall, a Federal leader conspicuous in the battles before Richmond, in 1862, died; born 1802.

1885—General Charles Robert Woods, a noted Federal soldier, died; born 1827.

1897—David L. Proudfit, well known poet and author, died; born 1842.

1909—Rev. Theodore Cuyler, noted minister and author, died; born 1822.

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as are harrowing and planting to obtain those of the earth.