

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, February 25, 1913.

To the fact that life is held so cheaply in Mexico, may be traceable many of the ills that beset that unhappy country.

When it gets down to robbing the court house, it's going some. The jail has been robbed in Rock Island county for a good many years.

A highbrow up in Minnesota has put Aaron Burr above George Washington for military genius. Benedict Arnold was a good general and didn't give a darn on which side he fought.

THE FLIGHT OF GASOLINE.

While considering the high cost of living, there is one thing that should not be overlooked and that is the soaring price of gasoline. Gasoline has gotten to be one of the necessities of modern business and civilization, and while committees are being appointed by the congress of the United States and other people to figure on the high cost of living, there should be a special committee appointed to look after and prevent if possible the elevating prices of gasoline.

The prices are almost out of sight at the present time, and something must be done to keep the farm machinery and the many automobiles in motion or automobiling and the running of threshing machines and farm engines will become the occupation and sport of millionaires only.

AN HONEST COURT RULING.

Judge Hendrick of the New York county supreme court has made a ruling that shows he is democratic and right, whatever political party he may belong to.

An injunction was applied for in the garment workers' strike to prohibit the strikers from doing what they considered perfectly legal acts. Judge Hendrick promptly and emphatically refused the injunction, and said: "I have decided to try these cases on their merits, and the appellate division has authorized me to sit here for three months, if necessary, to take the testimony. I shall not grant injunctions until I have gone thoroughly into the merits of the cases. I mean to get down to the causes of this strike and clear the atmosphere if possible."

The arbitrary use of the injunction process in ordinary peaceful labor and other disputes has been carried to such an extent that it is high time it should be discontinued. Judge Hendrick has set an example that judges generally might well profit by and follow.

NEVADA BECOMING DECENT.

Nevada, after Jan. 1, 1914, will no longer be a divorce paradise. Governor Oddis of that state has approved a bill recently passed by the legislature which does away with the six months' residence clause, substituting therefor a required bona fide residence of a year for those asking divorce, and otherwise strengthening the lax divorce statute of the state.

Nevada is to be congratulated. It has made itself decent in the eyes of the asterhood of states. Its divorce laws had long been a crying disgrace to the commonwealth and it is well rid of them, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. There remains now no state in the union which permits "free and easy" divorces. South Dakota, once the haven of those who would cast off the shackles of matrimony, was closed to them some time ago, and now Nevada is reformed.

Possibly some of those who might contract "hurry up" marriages may now be brought to give some real thought to the matter and understand that marriage is a serious, solemn and important thing, not an experiment which may be terminated at will.

THE IDEAS OF MARCH.

One week from today Woodrow Wilson will be inaugurated president of the United States. The present congress will retire and the government of the nation will be turned over to the progressive democracy. This is a re-summation that has long been wished, and that will rejoice the hearts of patriotic people who have been dissatisfied with the reactionary policies of the standpat republicans.

The country expects great reforms in the administration of existing good laws and in the enactment of much needed legislation.

The country, irrespective of political division, has faith in President Wilson. It believes that he possesses the faculty of leadership so much needed in the emergency he is called upon to meet.

There are a few reactionary demo-

cratic hold-overs in the senate, but if anyone can persuade them that right is right, then Mr. Wilson is the man. And if he cannot do this, there are some progressives who will come to his assistance.

Ahe idea of March is almost here. Let all citizens give the new administration enthusiastic welcome.

DESTRUCTION NO ARGUMENT.

The British suffragets have gone the limit in their destruction of public parks and gardens and dynamiting of valuable buildings. Scratching, biting and screaming, together with breaking window panes, proved a nuisance, but the masses looked on with more or less amused tolerance. The more violent and destructive forms of anarchy have, however, awakened deep hostility, and the government will have to put over some prosecutions that are real or get out of office. Mrs. Pankhurst has now been arrested for the destruction by dynamite of the country residence of a government official. The penalty for this is 14 years' penal servitude and the public will demand that there be no leniency.

Recent dispatches say that Miss Lillian Lenton, who was detained for trial Thursday for setting fire to buildings in the Kew botanical gardens, was released on the ground of ill-health. She started a hunger strike on entering the house of detention and had not eaten anything since that day.

Public feeling is high against the surrender on the part of the authorities every time a suffraget goes on a hunger strike. Unless the British government announces in the king's speech its determination to introduce legislation to cope with the subject, the opposition will officially move an amendment to the address. It is time for action.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

It is pointed out that Mrs. Cleveland is the first widow of a president to again marry. She was mistress of the White house in a very important period in the history of the country, and the rumor that she may write her recollections is interesting.

If Mrs. Cleveland should consent, in later years, to write out the recollections of her life, it would prove a volume of surpassing interest. Few people of either sex have had such privileges of acquaintance with the persons of prominence in the nation, and of intimacies with its great events for so long a period of time. Men do not reach the White house until middle life. She reached it when only 22 years old.

It is a wonderful book of Margaret Bayard Smith's which remained in manuscript until our day, and has been brought out under the title "The First Forty Years of Washington Society." If Mrs. Cleveland, at a corresponding age in her life, were to descend with equal frankness on the scenes and events of which she has been a great part, the literary product, from its larger range of acquaintance, would prove still more illuminating.

Dolly Madison, in the years of her widowhood, contributed greatly to the romance of early Washington. Her portrait was the first of a woman to be assigned permanent place in the parlors of the White house. The home where she lived for many years as the center of a group of interesting friends, has been sympathetically preserved, and is now the "old part" of the Cosmos club.

Mrs. Cleveland's recent visit to Washington showed that she had lost none of that magnetic charm which attended her first appearance there. At the last reception at the White house she became the inevitable center of groups of admiring friends. The honors everywhere paid to her made her visit the notable event of the Washington winter.

It is understood that Professor Preston, whom she recently married, has been invited to a chair at Princeton, so that she can still maintain her residence in the university town with which her earlier marriage is associated. If she enjoys "the allotted span of life," as may be expected, her later year "recollections" ought to make a narrative comparable in personal charm with any that have been produced in America.

FEEDS THE BRUTES.

London's Restaurant That Caters to Domestic Animals Only.

One of the most interesting restaurants in the world is one in which the only diners are domestic animals. The restaurant is in Westminster, London. The sign on the window reads:

RESTAURANT FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS. ENGLISH MEAT ONLY. FRESH TWICE DAILY.

The restaurant is arranged so that the domestic animals which patronize it may be perfectly comfortable while they are getting their meals. Those that wish to do so may sit down while eating. The women who serve the diners are very fond of animals and know the wants of each particular customer. One of the regular callers at the restaurant, a dog, prefers having his meals in private, so instead of eating his luncheon in the restaurant he walks from his home to the place every day, buys his luncheon and carries it home. He pays his own bill at the end of each week, carrying the money tied in a little wallet around his neck.

Cats, canary birds, goldfish, parrots, monkeys, squirrels and goats are also provided for in the restaurant. There is a branch of the establishment at 123 York road, Battersea.—New York Herald.

Clogs.

Clogs, against which the Lancashire mill girls are rebelling, were at one time worn by women of all classes. The more refined variety of the clog had a thin wooden sole, which was cut transversely in two pieces, attached to each other by a hinge. Daint-

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

PREACHING STRAIGHT AT SIN.

Over-enthusiastic preacher at Springfield, Ohio, delivered a powerful arraignment of people who go on Sunday excursions, and at the end of the service discovered that a part of his audience were members of a special car party from Dayton.

His prompt explanation that he had not known them was not accepted with good grace. His belated attempt to draw a line of distinction between an excursion and a special car was not a success.

But why should they feel offended even if the preacher had been aware of their identity?

And why should the preacher feel called upon to explain?

Why aimlessly shoot sermons into the air?

Why not aim right at the spot and hit hard at the right time?

If Sunday excursions are wrong, why not say so, knowingly and intentionally, to guilty ones caught in the act?

Why should people go 25 miles to hear a distinguished preacher and then expect him to talk on the sins of other people and not on theirs?

Can it be possible that any church-going people want the minister to scandalize the doing of other folk and give no spiritual guidance for their own cases?

BLOODIEST FIGHT IN CIVIL WAR

(Columbia S. C. State.) Current discussion concerning the approaching semi-centennial celebration of the battle of Gettysburg seems predicated in part on the assumption that the mortality percentage in the engagement was higher than in any other important battle of the war between the sections.

Neither at Gettysburg nor at Sharpsburg was the maximum of life loss in proportion to number of men engaged attained. The record for percentage of casualties was set by a battle at Olustee, which is unique also in two other particulars.

In that it was the only infantry battle fought in Florida during the war and was due primarily to political considerations. The battlefield traversed now by the Seaboard Air Line tracks leading from Jacksonville to Tallahassee, lies 13 miles east of Lake City. Chase and Lincoln in 1864 were contending for the republican presidential nomination. Lincoln wrote in January to General Gilmore, stationed at Hilton Head, S. C., asking him to send a force into the interior of Florida to drive out what few confederates there remained, and to issue a proclamation calling on the citizens of Florida to return to the union.

General Gilmore was also to arrange for holding in Florida a republican convention, the hope of and expectation being of course that the state would favor Lincoln over Chase for president. Gilmore, with his gunboats and transports, proceeded to Jacksonville, and dispatched a force under General Seymour into the interior, with orders to destroy the railroad bridges across the Suwanee river. His object was to get control of the lumber and naval stores, for the use of the union army, and to prevent the shipment of supplies to the confederate army.

Florida was at that time largely relied on for provisions by Lee's army in Virginia and the army in Tennessee.

Seymour's force, consisting of three brigades, with a total of 5,500 men, marched west from Jacksonville some 40 miles. East from Lake City to meet him came General Finnegun, confederate, with 5,400 men in two brigades, one of them commanded by General Colquitt of Georgia. General Finnegun selected a position and built some intrenchments, extending from one small lake to another a quarter of a mile distant. It was a strong position against frontal attack, but could easily be flanked so just before Seymour's arrival the confederates left their trenches, and advancing half a mile, formed in line of battle as Seymour came in sight. The federals, instead of attacking in force, sent in one brigade, which was soon routed, then another, which fared likewise, and finally the third, which in its turn was repulsed in disorder.

The country, perfectly flat, and covered with long-leaf pines, carried no undergrowth or other cover, and neither army had any protection, natural or artificial. Both lines were at all times in full view of each other, and the fight was continued until nightfall. The federal losses aggregated in killed and wounded 1,861, which was a little over 33 per cent of their force. They also lost 120 horses. The confederate casualties totaled 800. Seymour retreated to Jacksonville and returned on board the transports. Thus terminated the expedition to bring Florida back into the union.

Lee and Meade each sustained a loss of 20 per cent at Gettysburg, as against the 33 per cent suffered by Seymour at Olustee.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS

The Buffalo, N. Y., chamber of commerce is leading in a movement to organize vocational training and vocational guidance in direct connection with the industrial, educational and social needs of the city. Under the leadership of the chamber a committee composed of business men, school men and social workers is making a preliminary survey of the city preparatory to mapping out a definite program. The work is under the immediate supervision of E. W. Weaver, vocational director of the Brooklyn boys' high school.

Tennessee spent nearly twice as much money last year for high school purposes as the year before, and the actual number of high school buildings increased one-third. Other significant increases reported by the state high school inspector are: Enrollment, 46 per cent increase during the year; daily attendance, 47 per cent increase; length of average term, ten days more than the year before; and teachers, 65 per cent more. In the meantime the average cost of high school tuition has been reduced from \$4 to \$3.96 per month.

Superintendent Joyner of North Carolina is making a strong plea for better educational facilities for that state. Among other things he urges that women be made eligible to serve on school boards, in order that the schools may have the benefit of their peculiar fitness for the work of education. He declares: "By nature and temperament and polished leather appointments gave a finish to the article. Anne Bracegirdle, the most beautiful actress of her day, was a wearer of clogs. Horace Walpole relates in one of his letters that "Mrs. Bracegirdle breakfasted with me this morning. As she went out and wanted her clogs she turned to me and said, 'I remember at the playhouse they used to call for Mrs. Oldfield's chair, Mrs. Barry's clogs and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens.'" —London Spectator.

A Study In Arithmetic. "I don't wonder," said a twelve-year-old to his dad, "that people come to the United States from these outlandish regions beyond the seas, where folks use the Roman system of numeration. Just imagine a kid going to school there and being given this kind of problem: MDVIX is divided by CI how many times? Or, X multiplied by VII minus XIX equals how much? Or, CIV and MVI and DXIX minus MC equals— Say, arithmetic is going to look like a simple one and one are two for me after this!" —New York Tribune.

Education of the Heathen. "Brother Hardesty, can't you make your contribution for the education of the heathen a little larger than usual this year?" "Dr. Goodman, I'm more than doubling it. I have just started that youngest boy of mine to college." —Chicago Tribune.

She Had. "Have you any unmarried daughters, Mrs. De Willoughby?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes, Mr. Vanderboom. My daughter Minnie was unmarried last week by Harper's."

The Real Villain. "Are you the villain in this troupe?" asked the baggageman who was handling theatrical trunks. "No," replied the youth with black curly hair. "I used to be, but the real villain is the treasurer of the company, and by this time he must be about 500 miles on his way to somewhere else." —Washington Star.

The Little Ones. Little bits of trouble Borrowed day by day Make the care that frightens Hopefulness away.

An Expert. "I never have any trouble with my gowns." "How is that?" "You see, my husband belongs to the fire department."

Well. "And he can hook me up in forty-five minutes." —Washington Herald.

The ONCONER S. E. KISER WELL and ILL



When I am well I think with pity Of those who have to work away. As I do, in the busy city. Week in, week out, day after day; It seems so futile to be moping. And I am tempted to rebel Against the ones who keep me toiling Relentlessly—when I am well.

I think with envy of the wealthy Who for their health seek distant climes. And wish that I were not so healthy. So that I might fare sometimes; I long to leave the noise and rattle. To get away from all the strife. Forgetting that the ceaseless battle The toilers wage is all of life.

I see about me wry faces That show the need of change and rest; I wonder why men cling to places. Whose profits are but small at best; "Poor fools," I say, "they are but wasting." Their strength where toil is profusion. When each might far from here be fasting. The frowns of well-earned carelessness.

When I am ill, and cannot hurry With those who have to hustle away to town. To get and mend and scheme and worry I curse the fates that keep me down. It seems a pity to be queer. While there the wheels are whirling still. And thinking of the rush and riot. I scorn repose—when I am ill.

In the Wrong Business. "I understand that Robbworth thinks of opening up a new subdivision." "How can he possibly do that?" "Why, easily. He owns a big tract of land and—"

"I know. But he's such a poor talker."

Why? "I am afraid," said the beautiful heiress, "that you want me only for the fortune which I shall have."

"Do you really fear that?" asked the baron.

"Yes, to be candid—very often."

"But why look on the dark side of things?"

Pleasure. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, "to have missed that dance with you. It was all due to a mix-up in my program."

"Don't give yourself the least concern," she sweetly replied, "the pleasure was all mine."

Fortunate. "I find," said Mrs. Gotter Lotte, "that my horizon has been greatly widened since I have taken up the study of French."

"Indeed?" replied her dearest friend, "how fortunate that it doesn't have that effect on your figure!"

Not Always. "New York has the largest floating population of any place in the country, hasn't it?" "Yes, except when the Ohio river is above the danger line."

Judged by His Words. "Blindson says he always weighs his words before he speaks."

"If he does he cheats himself by giving light weight."

If. If the angels could always be sure there were profits to be gained they would not so often fear to tread where fools rush in.

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"—Washington Herald."

The Daily Story

TWO MAKE A QUARREL—BY DOROTHEA HALE.

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Two of the boys from the Lone Bull ranch were herding a bunch of cattle among the Bow hills, which were not really hills at all, but bits of the prairie lifted into little mounds of herbage. Gabriel and Theron Crane had not spoken for three weeks. The reason for their sudden change from warm friendliness to bitter enmity was a mystery to their comrades and a matter for regret for the entire outfit.

Now they rode a few hundred yards apart, silent, taciturn and moody. It was not for them with hatred in their hearts to rejoice in the sweetness of the spring morning or to feel the pulse of the new season beating strong within them.

A very little matter precipitated the smoldering passions that lay beneath the calm exterior of their sun-browned faces. Gabriel in passing his comrade, who was smoking one of his everlastingly cigarettes, felt the stinging burn of a flying ash against his cheek. Involuntarily his hand sought his hip pocket, but Crane had already drawn and was looking coolly at him from behind his heavy weapon.

"W-e-l-l," drawled Crane after a little startled pause, "did you reckon you could do for me this way?"

"You know better than that. You needn't chuck your sparks in my face," retorted Gabriel furiously.

Crane smiled with a puzzled look behind his honest eyes. "What's eating you, Gabe?" he demanded after a little pause.

"What's eating you, you mean. You been looking for trouble this here three weeks. I heard all about what you said down to the canyon." Gabriel still sat half turned on his saddle, one hand on his hip.

"Looking for trouble?" repeated Crane incredulously. "Why, I been trying to keep our trouble with you. I reckoned you'd lay for me some—"

"Lay for you?" roared Gabriel. "I ain't that kind. When I have a bone to pick I ain't a-going around throwing cigarette ashes in anybody's face. If you got anything against me I'll meet you down to Satan's gulch and we'll fight it out."

"There won't but one go home again," said Crane angrily.

"Sure."

"When will you be there?" "Tomorrow morning at half past 4."

"Without another word they separated. There was a certain air of grim determination in Gabriel's manner that night which caused Harry Barry and Tim Lewis to exchange uneasy glances and later to meet at the gate of the corral. Harry Barry was the first to break the silence.

"Gabriel's cleaning his gun," he remarked with assumed lightness.

"So's Crane," said Tim significantly.

"What do you think they're going to do?" asked Harry uneasily.

Tim Lewis shook his head dubiously. "No telling."

"Nary guess. They've never been the same like brothers as they always were since they came home from that donation bee over to the Forks church."

"Donation bee! I reckon you're meaning the party they give the new minister, where everybody took victuals and then stayed to eat up what they brought."

Harry Barry nodded his handsome head. "I guess I was some mixed up with the quilling bee I heard they was giving to the widder who keeps house for the minister. Whatever made them two geezers get mad at each other? They didn't have anything to drink except milk. They paid some notice to the Widder Padrose."

Tim Lewis shook his head dubiously. "And they was always the best of friends," mourned Harry Barry. "Perhaps a woman came between 'em. He added hopefully as one who had discovered an elusive clue.

"Don't blame everything on the wimmen," chided Tim. "There isn't any use us guessing. We better do what we can to help keep 'em from manufacturing sieves."

"You mean to draw the charges from them guns," observed Harry Barry. "But somehow I don't know as I like the job of taking Gabriel's gun away from him while he's sleeping innocent-like. Why, he'd go into the sieve business right away with me for a sample. Guess again."

"My best guess is that I'll get up bright and early and trail 'em till I'm satisfied they're not out for blood," said Tim.

Long before Harry Barry had thrust his head beneath his blanket Gabriel and Crane had arisen as by mutual accord and, dressing quietly, had gone down to the corral and caught up their horses.

Out in the pale dawn of a new day rode the two men who had been close friends for years. They both knew that one would never come back and the other would be a fugitive from justice. Which one would be the fugitive and which the other thing?

Perhaps they were asking themselves these questions as they rode swiftly and silently across the dewy grass. Large and brown, with strongly marked features they might have been brothers, so close was the general resemblance between them.

All the kindness had gone from their eyes, from the grimly set mouths, and the little muscles about their lips which twitched sometimes in silent laughter were drawn now into taut lines.

The dawn grew paler and then flushed with the coming of the sun. The whole world was alight with the reddening glory, but the two men riding forth to do vengeance each upon the other saw nothing save the flat grim outline of the tall cottonwoods that mark the entrance to Satan's gulch. The trees grew larger and took definite shape as they drew near. The dull gray line which marked the

mouth of the gulch became an opening which finally became large enough for them to ride through into the rock inclosed desolate place.

At the farther end there was a level stretch of sand. Here they could wreak vengeance for their real or fancied wrongs, and the sun would not be in their eyes to dazzle their sight and balk them of their revenge.

Slowly they dismounted, making much delay over the careful staking of their horses at a respectful distance, fussing over the adjustment of saddles and blankets and delaying in every way the crucial moment. At last, when there was no excuse for further delay, Gabriel walked slowly to the farthest point and leaned against a rock.

"I'm ready," he said carelessly. "Same here," returned his enemy briskly.

"There won't but one go back," said Gabriel slowly. "I's s'pose there might be a message to send."

An uncomfortable pause followed. At last Crane spoke. "I ain't heard what it was you was sore about," he said grimly. "I don't mind shooting a man when I think he deserves it. But, confound you, Gabe, I don't know what the matter with you is."

"You lie!" returned Gabriel deliberately.

"That's enough," remarked Crane. "Count ten."

He drew his revolver and leveled its long blue barrel at his erstwhile friend. Gabriel did likewise and slowly counted ten.

There was a blinding flash of powder, with a simultaneous report from the two weapons. When the smoke had cleared away the two revolvers were lying on the sand and the antagonists were each nursing a right arm.

Crane darted forward, snatched up one of the weapons with his left hand and held it close to Gabriel's head.

"If you don't tell me what's eating you," he snarled angrily, "I'll blow some daylight into you."

The other man glared back at him fiercely. "You mean to say you don't know what's the matter?" he demanded.

"Why would I be asking you, then?" Gabriel was about for several seconds; then he blurted out: "It's what you told Mrs. Padrose. She told me what you said the night of the doing to the minister's house."

"What did I say?" Crane's face was scarlet.

"She said you told her I was married and didn't ought to be paying attention to respectable widows. That's what she said you said. And it's a blank lie, as you know I never was married to nobody." Gabriel's hand clasped his wounded arm.

"Of course you ain't married," breathed Crane heavily as he dropped his left hand to his side. "Have I ever told you a lie, Gabe?"

"No," snapped Gabriel.

"Do you believe me when I say that I never told that to the Widder Padrose?" "Yes."

"Then what's your grouch about?" Gabriel looked helplessly about him. He saw the jagged rocks, the tufts of verdure thrusting forth from the crannies, heard the lit of the bluebird and saw the azure sky of the new day. His eyes dropped to Crane's face, pale and drawn with pain, and his own scowling countenance broke into a crumpled smile of anger and pity.

"Dash it all! Did I wing you, you old cherub? Here! Tenderly he assisted Crane to a reclining position, cut his sleeves and bandaged the wound his bullet had made. Then he applied his flask to Crane's compressed lips and watched with concern his comrade's efforts to swallow. Forgetful of the bullet that was in his own right arm, he worked over the other until at last Crane sat up, a thin saturnine smile curving his mouth.

"I'm all right now, Gabe. Get down here and let me fix you up. I reckon I'm just as good a shot as you are!"

An hour afterward the two rode slowly toward the Lone Bull. Each right arm was bandaged stiffly, and each revolver was thrust in a left hand pocket.

"As for that Widder Padrose," began Gabriel, when Crane cut in roughly: "Dash the widders for a meddlesome crew!"

Out of the distance two horsemen rode to meet them. One was Harry Barry, and the other was Tim Lewis. At sight of the two older men riding together in apparent friendliness the youngsters threw up their hats and whooped joyfully.

"What's worrying you two fellers?" asked Gabriel, with his old time gentility.

"Heard the news?" asked Harry Barry, with a desire to avoid personal allites.

"What news?" "The Baptist minister has married his housekeeper, Mrs. Padrose. What do you think of that, eh?"

Crane scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I think I'll call on