

THE ARGUS.

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

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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

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



Tuesday, November 4, 1913.

It's fairly appalling to think what a superb chief clerk of a board of elections is going to waste in Victoriano Huerta.

There are a lot of American and National league players who will either have to pay the income tax or make admission.

It cost a Boston man \$50,000 to call a girl his "boofal baby" in black and white. Looks as if it's about time to try fall sentences.

A careful perusal of the Massachusetts newspapers leads to the conclusion that four men will be elected governor of that state.

Daily are the complications of domestic life increasing. An eastern judge has ruled that husbands and wives have no right to open each other's letters.

A New Orleans man, getting up in the middle of the night, drank yeast instead of water. He undoubtedly arose at least two hours earlier than usual the next morning.

As Mrs. Pankhurst minimizes the distressing effects of militant suffragism it is to be supposed that so far her house has not been burned or any of her plate glass windows broken.

Adolphus Busch was thoroughly American, despite his German birth and lineage. So he cut off his German son-in-law, Lieutenant Scherer from any share in the big estate, if his wife should die.

Enraged at the high cost of living, a Boston man wrecked a restaurant, smashing the tables, dishes and windows. He said he paid 42 cents for a plate of baked beans and only got 42. To cut down any Boston man's beans is pretty nearly a declaration of war.

PRESIDENT READS THE BIBLE. Woodrow Wilson writes as follows in the Pacific Baptist:

"I am sorry for the men who do not read the bible every day; I wonder why they deprive themselves of the strength and of the pleasure. It is one of the most singular books in the world, for every time you open it, some old text that you have read a score of times suddenly beams with a new meaning. Evidently the mood and the thought of that day, bred by the circumstances that you cannot analyze has suddenly thrown its light upon that page and upon that passage, and there springs out upon the page to you something that you never saw lie upon it before. There is no other book that I know of, of which this is true; there is no other book that yields its meaning so personally, that seems to fit itself so intimately to the very spirit that is seeking its guidance."

AN ODE TO THE CARROT.

Why does no poet arise to sing the song of the carrot? The Cleveland Plain-Dealer asks the question and then proceeds to furnish the poem. This is the carrot season, the time of harvesting the hardest worked vegetable in the kingdom. Much is said in favor of the plethoric pumpkin, the gathering of corn is a commonplace theme, but the poor carrot has been neglected, yes, even scorned.

For diversity of use, the carrot has pumpkin and corn backed over the garden wall. Men feed carrots to cattle, increasing the daily output; they feed them to other stock sometimes, improving its temper. A carrot, artificially hollowed with a knife, makes an excellent Japanese vase. Sufficiently hardened by harsh contact with the world, a carrot may be used for a weapon, either operated like a mallet with a handle or hurled like a Russian bomb.

Carrots are sometimes even used for food by human beings. They are a chief ingredient in vegetable soup. Mixed with butter they improve its color. They make better pumpkin pie than pumpkins themselves. Served as Hubbard squash, they make one wonder why squashes were invented. The answer to the high cost of living egg is carrots. Johnson had his Bowdoin; whom will the carrot have?

GOVERNOR DUNNE AND PENAL INSTITUTIONS.

It is insinuated by some of the critics of Governor Dunne that partisan politics entered largely into the Penitentiary reformatory inquiry and report.

There is no ground for such an insinuation. From the inception of his administration the governor has taken a keen interest in these institutions. He has repeatedly refused to allow

these institutions to become a buffer for politicians. He has made "efficiency" his rule and guide of action in dealing with the penal and reformatory institutions of the state.

His determination to prevent atrocities at Pontiac, his interest in having complete exposure made of conditions that have existed there, and his determination to correct these evils and substitute humane for barbarous methods, shows the right kind of interest. All this proves that his purpose is patriotic and not political; that he is opposed to exploitation of the wards of the state for political purposes.

So far as politics has entered into the changes in state institutions, all democrats named have been selected as measured by their qualifications to improve conditions over which they have been given jurisdiction.

In carrying out his pledges to fortify the state institutions against political jobbery and abuse, Governor Dunne has the hearty cooperation of the people of the entire state.

THE CENTRAL BANK PLAN.

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the City National bank of New York (the Rockefeller bank), made a speech in Chicago last week in which he insisted that his central bank plan of currency should be adopted by congress, but feared it would not be because President Wilson firmly opposed it, and the house would not recede from the Glass-Steagall administration plan because the central bank was disapproved by the democratic national convention at Baltimore.

Mr. Vanderlip made an appeal for popular support of the central bank and for pressure to be brought upon congress in its behalf. He asserts that the intellectual sentiment of the senate is in favor of the plan, but for political reasons does not care to drastically antagonize the house and the president.

Mr. Vanderlip's anxiety for the adoption of his central bank plan is similar to the anxiety exhibited by Nicholas Biddle, during the administration of President Jackson, to retain control of the currency of the country through his central bank plan of that day.

Mr. Biddle, who was a "financial magnate" like Mr. Vanderlip, went so far as to threaten President Jackson with the overthrow of his administration and defeat for re-election, if he vetoed the bill to re-charter the central bank which he, Mr. Biddle, had secured the passage of.

President Jackson defied the financial magnate and his allied bankers to do their worst. He vetoed the bill, and made a ringing appeal to the people for support.

The people responded and re-elected "Old Hickory" by a heavy majority.

The democratic party has been consistently and persistently opposed to every central bank plan since the days of Andrew Jackson, and it is not likely that any pressure that Mr. Vanderlip can secure will avail to alter the views of the democrats on the subject.

President Wilson has shown that he is as firmly opposed to the central bank plan as Andrew Jackson was. Like Jackson, he cannot be scared by the loud cries of financial magnates or their threats of securing his political annihilation. He indorsed the democratic national platform when it was adopted, believes in its declarations, and proposes to vitalize and maintain them as far as possible.

Mr. Vanderlip is wasting his valuable time in trying to force upon the country his central bank plan. The people shall rule, not the financial magnates!

HITTING THE RICH MAN.

The law which marked the start of the income tax in this country, the corporation tax law of 1909, subjected every corporation, joint stock company or association to a tax of 1 per cent upon the entire net income over and above \$5,000 received by it from all sources during such year, exclusive of amounts received by it as dividends upon stock of other corporations subject to the tax hereby imposed.

The republican congress sought to save the corporation from paying a double tax—that on its own earnings and that on dividends of another corporation already taxed on its net earnings.

The democratic administration showed no such leniency. It doubled the tax, knocking out not only the \$5,000 exemption, but the provision exempting amounts received from dividends upon stock of other corporations. Here is the provision of the new law:

"The normal tax hereinbefore imposed (the normal tax is 1 per cent) upon individuals likewise shall be levied, assessed and paid annually upon the entire net income arising or accruing from all sources during the preceding calendar year to every corporation, joint stock company or association and every insurance company organized in the United States, not matter how created or organized, not including the partnerships."

This section reaches the holding company, offensive in the eyes of everyone except those having stock in it. In taxing the same money every time it shows itself as profit, the democratic congress clearly intended to use the taxing power to bring about the destruction of trusts and holding companies.

Nogi's Nerve Tonic.

Having been dedicated to the profession of arms, General Nogi was taken, while still a small boy, to see a criminal decapitated and was rebuked for shuddering at the spectacle. After midnight, when all was darkness and silence, he was required to go alone to the burial ground and bring back the culprit's head. The ordeal was designed to strengthen his nerves and teach him to fear nothing, living or dead.—Francis E. Leupp in Atlantic.

Neatly Turned.

Jack—I hear that you called on your girl's father. How did you come out? Tom—So so! I said to him, "Mr. X, I love your daughter." He said, "So do

Capital Comment

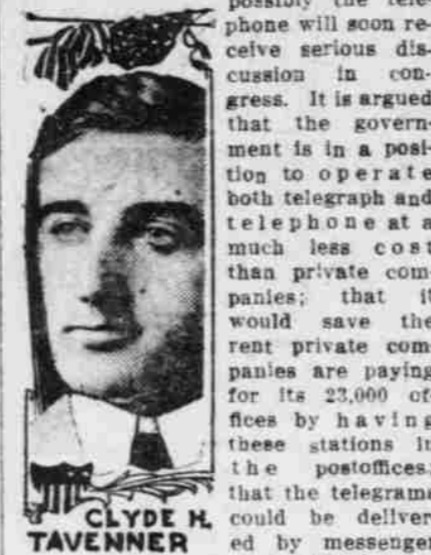
BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

BY CONGRESSMAN CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 1.—Government ownership of the telegraph and possibly the telephone will soon receive serious discussion in congress.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

played by the special delivery department of the postoffice.

The telegraph companies are capitalized at \$200,000,000. It is claimed that only \$50,000,000 of this sum represents actual value, and that the lines could be duplicated new for probably \$20,000,000.

To pay dividends on this estimated \$150,000,000 of watered stock, it is obvious the companies must either hold wages abnormally low or raise rates artificially high. They are doing both.

The great indictment to be brought against the private telegraph monopoly of this country is that it fails to serve the public. The American people have no idea of the possibilities of the telegraph—how it is possible to cheapen the service so that it can be used economically by everyone for social communication.

IN THE COURT OF BIRDS.

Have you noticed, Mr. Reader, that the crows in your neighborhood have been unusually noisy and jubilant the past few days?

Perhaps you do not know the reason. For several weeks Mr. and Mrs. Crow, and the large family of little

fat and slain after he won \$1,000 in a card game.

Washington—Secretary Daniels announced that the question whether the great naval dry dock at Pearl harbor, Hawaii, should be completed would be submitted to congress in December.

WIRE SPARKS

Washington—Secretary McAdoo has awarded gold medals of honor to 16 members of the life-saving service for bravery at the wreck of the steamer Roscreans at the mouth of the Columbia river.

Washington—The overcoat that Lincoln wore the night he was shot in Ford's theatre is in possession of John M. Kirby of this city. After the death of Lincoln his clothes were used by a sculptor who made the statue that now stands in Statuary hall. It was not known what became of the overcoat until Mr. Kirby made public the fact that he had the garment.

Madrid—A firing squad of troops executed Captain Manuel Sanchez, an army officer found guilty of the murder of Don Garcia Jalon, a landowner. The confession of Luisa Sanchez, said to be Sanchez's daughter, who was sentenced to 12 years imprisonment as his accomplice, brought about his conviction. Jalon was lured to a

crow, have been on trial for their lives before the court of birds in Washington. Yes, there really is such a court. It is composed of high-salaried judges who hear all the evidence and then decide whether the bird defendants shall be exterminated or permitted to live out their natural lives.

Some time ago charges were officially filed against the crow family before the court of birds of the department of agriculture, and the crow was officially placed on trial for his life. A verdict of "not guilty" was returned. From the minute study of the contents of the stomachs of a large number of the birds the court concludes that the crow consumes enough grasshoppers, cutworms, white grubs and other injurious insects to offset his one vicious habit, that of destroying young birds and bird eggs. The one positive danger these investigators found in the crow was when he existed in large numbers.

RAILROADS WANT MORE PAY.

The railroads, in their present campaign for more pay for hauling the mails, have neglected to inform the public that in addition to the pay they receive from Uncle Sam for hauling the mails, they are also paid several millions annually merely for the "rental" of the mail cars.

The sum which the government very generously pays the railroads for rental alone in two years would buy the cars outright.

There is no more reason why the government should pay rent for mail cars, in addition to the pay for the hauling of the mails, than that the passenger should pay for a seat in a passenger coach after buying his railroad ticket.

The government should not deal in a niggardly fashion with the railroads or any other concern or individual with whom it does business.

The railroads should be permitted to make a sufficient income to pay high wages to its employees and to make a high rate of interest on money actually invested; but the railroads have no right to expect the government or the people to pay exorbitant rates simply to enable them to pay dividends on the millions of dollars of railroad capitalization which represents only water and air.

Washington—Secretary Daniels announced that the question whether the great naval dry dock at Pearl harbor, Hawaii, should be completed would be submitted to congress in December.

Columbus, Ohio—Governor Cox granted a reprieve until Dec. 12 to Frank Kinney, sentenced to be electrocuted Nov. 6. Kinney's plea for commutation of sentence is before the pardon board.

South Bend, Ind.—Attempts were made to unravel the mystery in the suicide of Edwin P. Allen of Chicago at the Oliver hotel. His brother, Charles D. Allen, who arrived to care for the body, said the decedent was liberally supplied with money. The body will be taken to St. Clair, N. Y.

Dallas, Texas—Mrs. Ellie M. Lake, a widow, held as an accessory in the murder of Miss Florence Brown on assertions made by Meade Barr, who confessed the killing, denied she had any knowledge of the crime. She attributed Barr's attempt to implicate her to revenge for her refusal to accept his advances.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

The CHILD OF YESTERDAY



Pretty little maiden, yesterday a child, Free from affection, merely running wild; Kicking up and laughing, climbing fences, I have found a woman in your place today.

Pretty little maiden, guileless in your gaze, Yesterday you lightly sat upon my knee; Yesterday you kissed me when I went away; I have found a woman in your place today.



Now your legs are hidden and you shout no more; You're a helpless creature—you so lithe before! You must be assisted where you used to climb; You must guard your actions gravely all the time.

You have lost the freedom of the careless child; You no more may ever gallop, glad and wild; Wholly artificial, you must lace and friz And be cold and proper—what a shame it is!

Luck.

"Well, I'm convinced that it's an ill wind that blows good to nobody."

"What has caused you to arrive at your present opinion?"

"You know the Billingers?"

"You mean Horace Billinger, who recently got so badly squeezed in the stock market?"

"Yes, you see, we lived next door to the Billingers for a number of years. Since they have lost their money and been compelled to give up their automobiles and discharge most of their servants, and in other ways get along on as little as possible, my wife has found that we can live on much less than it formerly cost us."

Jack and Jill on the Matrimonial Hill.

Jack and Jill went up the hill— To get a bit of matrimony; While they were on the upward way She was his "ownest ovney."

He helped her where the path was rough, She stilled was young and slender; His words were never short or stiff, His every act was tender.

At last they reached the top, and there A little while they tarried; A preacher said things, and the pair Were then securely married.

As soon as they found out that all Their wedding had been ended They hastily went down the hill, And fought as they descended.

Couldn't Overlook the Chance. "Alas, the leaves are gleaming golden in the sun," said the rich old maid who sometimes wrote poetry.

"Speaking of things golden in the sun," replied her impetuous nephew, "don't forget that, having no son of your own, there is one whose affection for you could be no stronger than it is if you were really his mother. Need I say more?"

Easy. "Captain," the beautiful girl asked, "how did you manage to stop that Central American revolution?"

"It was very simple," replied the naval hero. "I sent six marines ashore with orders to disperse the revolutionary army, and when it saw them coming it jumped on a mule and hurried into an adjoining republic."

Justifiable Hate. "I should hate to live after all my friends were dead."

"I don't blame you. It's always hard to borrow money from strangers."

They Are Wrong. "Too many people seem to think good nature exists only to be imposed upon."

Pride. "Nothing makes a woman prouder than to find out that she had a governess when she was a child."

The Point of View. She—They have been married for ten years and set like lovers yet. He—Heavens, how sickening!

If He Has No Wife. Fate generally gets the blame for what is a man's own fault.

Crushed. "Miss Gladys, can you cook?" Inquired the prospective suitor cautiously.

"I can," she answered sweetly, "but the young man I am engaged to assures me that I won't have to."—Kansas City Journal.

The Daily Story

AN IMAGINARY FEAST—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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They had started out in Jack Henshaw's cabin lunch for a cruise among the islands, with duck shooting as their object. It was a fair day in November, with an Indian summer warmth that did not hint of a sudden change in the weather. There were six in the party—Frank Carew and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hayden and pretty Phyllis Hayden and Jack Henshaw. The three women occupied the cabin of the launch, and the men made themselves comfortable with blankets and sailcloth on deck.

The first day had passed uneventfully, without even a shot at a duck. The second passed likewise, and the third dawned in the same glow of amber haze and ruddy sun.

"It looks very much as though we would have to return without those promised ducks for Thanksgiving day," observed Jack restlessly as he took the wheel after breakfast.

"If it would blow up a bit colder we might bag a few today. If my prophetic instinct serves me right those clouds yonder look like wind and rain." Bob Hayden puffed out a cloud of smoke and leaned lazily over the rail.

"I hope it doesn't storm. If we don't hurry we won't get back to Cromore in time for dinner tomorrow," said his wife.

"What's the matter with Thanksgiving dinner aboard the Nautilus?" asked her owner.

"It would be perfectly lovely, of course, only you know it couldn't seem like a real Thanksgiving feast. Everything is tinned or bottled. All the Thanksgivings I ever remember are accompanied by the aroma of delicious goodies cooking in the kitchen."

"Enough said," returned Jack grimly. "You spurn my invitation to dinner; therefore it is up to me to turn and beat it for Cromore. We will have barely time to make it before nightfall."

"They might have done so easily had not those threatening clouds gradually massed toward the zenith and slowly covered the rest of the blue sky. Then came a thick blanketing fog that blotched out the world and left them isolated in a dense white world of dripping moisture.

There was consternation aboard the Nautilus after that. Those November fogs were very deceiving, and it might be many hours, perhaps days, before the mist lifted. If they could keep in the winding channel among the islands they would be all right, but if they missed their way and nosed around outside in the track of the big steamers there was no knowing what would be the fate of the little craft and her passengers.

They anchored for awhile, and then, impatient of the delay that would prevent them from arriving home in time for Thanksgiving dinner, they started out again, feeling their way. Jack Henshaw at the wheel and Frank Carew blowing the siren at intervals. Bob Hayden and the three women remained in the cabin and played bridge by the light of the lamp. It was very cheerful in there, away from the fog.

Jack Henshaw stared at the lighted windows of the cabin and thought rather ruefully that his task would be more attractive if Phyllis Hayden would come out and share his turn at the wheel.

The little Nautilus felt her way among the hidden rocks in the channel that snaked among the little islands, and it seemed that hours passed before the fog thinned sufficiently for them to glimpse the dark bulk of an island near at hand.

With the lifting of the fog, which was driven before a nasty easterly wind, the channel became unpleasantly choppy, changing to dashing waves as the wind increased.

While they debated whether to go on or to make an anchorage among the islands their fate was decided for them. A big wave rushed along the narrow channel, lifted the Nautilus upon its crest and sent her crashing upon the rocks of the nearest island, where she wedged tightly between two boulders.

It all came so suddenly that the duck hunters hardly realized what had happened before Jack Henshaw hustled them ashore with their belongings.

"She's sprung a leak, a big hole in her port bow. We can't do a thing except to carry a couple of lines ashore and fasten them to some of those large cedars."

He was hurrying them ashore with their burdens of hastily snatched clothing and bedding. He followed with all the provisions he could gather and later sent the small oil stove from the galley. By scrambling over the slippery rocks they could reach the firm white beach where ancient cedars fringed the foot of the sand bluffs.

Here the women waited while the three men made the Nautilus fast in her cradle among the rocks in the manner suggested by Jack. When all was completed the six pleasure seekers gathered ruefully about their possessions.

"Goodby, Thanksgiving dinner," said Carew in a hollow tone.

"And nobody knows how soon we may get to Cromore for any meals," added Mrs. Carew mournfully.

Phyllis Hayden and Jack Henshaw exchanged glances of amusement. To them the adventure savored of romance. To be cast away upon a desert island was a novel experience enough, but to be cast away together, these two, who were in love with each other, made that island a paradise.

"Ah, you're a cheerful lot of Robinson Crusoes!" chided Jack at last. "You may never have the chance to be cast ashore again, and you sit here bemoaning because you can't spend Thanksgiving in the conventional way."

"Can't you be thankful without being annoyed by the smell of un-

kin pie and roast turkey?" demanded Phyllis scornfully.

"Let us contrive a shelter from the tarpaulins, and you four may sit there and play bridge. Miss Phyllis and I will concoct a Thanksgiving feast for you to enjoy tomorrow."

The others shamelessly agreed to this unfair division of labor, and after a very practical shelter had been constructed against the sloping bluff and under the shade of two wind blown cedars the married people made themselves very comfortable with cushions from the boat and by the light of a ship's lantern played bridge.

In the meantime Jack Henshaw and Phyllis Hayden held several conferences, during which they displayed much merriment and a thorough contentment with their lot.

They fussed around a hastily improvised shelter that Jack arranged for a little kitchen, and there they prepared the evening meal with the aid of the oil stove.

A creditable meal it proved to be, though canned beans formed the principal dish, and other canned and bottled delicacies rounded out the menu. Morning brought sunshine and scudding clouds across the blue sky. The wind still blew heavily, but from another quarter, and the waves were dashing over the deck of the Nautilus. The castaways tried to be cheerful, but it proved a dismal failure, except in the case of Jack and Phyllis. Those two seemed to have tapped some resourceful flow of good humor, for they laughed and jested and promised a most inviting dinner for the others, who clung to their bridge playing, now sitting on the sandy beach with their cards.

Jack and Phyllis disappeared and were gone for a couple of hours. While they were gone those left behind heard the report of Jack's gun.

"Ah! We'll have a duck, at any rate," murmured Carew.

"I'm afraid not," said his wife. "I notice that the supply of oil is gone, and the Nautilus is washed over with water. Every stick of wood on the island is too wet to burn. Cold canned beef and crackers and peanut butter will constitute our menu today," she ended drearily.

There was nothing cheering in the sight of Jack and Phyllis returning with a brace of ducks, for there was no fire to cook them by. When this evil news was announced to the young pair they merely laughed and said there was oil enough to boil coffee and heat some beans.

"Dinner's ready!" sang out Jack, and they gathered about the hastily prepared meal.

"I thought it was to be a big dinner with trimmings," remarked Carew as he unfolded a paper napkin and sniffed hungrily at the tinned soup.

To the four older ones of the party it was a ghastly feast. With most unseemly levity Jack and Phyllis insisted on referring to the various tinned foods as though they were delicious viands served at a well appointed Thanksgiving table.

"Do have some more turkey," insisted Jack, passing the tinned beans around.

"And some of the cranberry sauce," added Phyllis, holding up a bottle of tomato ketchup.

"This chestnut stuffing is delicious," commented Jack, nibbling a crisp cracker. "Mrs. Carew, you are not going to pass up the mince pie?"

"I've eaten many a badly cooked meal," observed Bob Hayden bitterly, "and I've partaken of food from Bombay to Bangor, but this is the first time I've ever eaten an imaginary meal. It gives me mental indigestion to think of it."

"Then what we all need is exercise!" cried Jack. And, having disposed of the remnants of the meal by tossing them into the swift waters of the channel, he drove his guests before him up the steep bank and into a plowed field.

"This doesn't look like any of the islands I've met around here," marvelled Carew, gazing thoughtfully around.

"We went a good deal farther than we realized in the fog. I'll lead you to a place. Well, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Cromore!"

A surprised shout went up as they found themselves on the hill back of Jack Henshaw's home. A curl of blue smoke from the kitchen chimney bore witness that dinner might be expected there after all.

They looked at Jack for explanation. "We struck the mainland instead of an island. I haven't been in that spot for years and didn't recognize it till Phyllis and I went out this morning. We shot a brace of ducks, and I believe mother has prevailed upon Chloé to include them in the dinner."

"A real dinner!" yelled Hayden and Carew in chorus.

"Yes," Jack laughed as the two men broke away pell-mell toward the house. Mrs. Carew and Mrs. Hayden looked at blushing Phyllis and happy Jack.

"I believe you two have found something else to be thankful for," said Phyllis' mother softly.

Nov. 4 in American History.

1752—George Washington, then a major in the service of Great Britain, was initiated into Lodge No. 4, Free and Accepted Masons, at Fredericksburg, Va. As Washington was not yet twenty-one years of age, he was admitted by a special dispensation.

1825—First boat through the Erie canal arrived at New York.

1908—Dr. Charles W. Eliot resigned as president of Harvard university.

All the news all the time—The Argus.