

THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1524 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS.—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, \$1 per year in advance.

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

Telephones in all departments: Central Union, West 145 and 1145; Union Electric, 5145.



Tuesday, September 5, 1911.

We got the bear—by Gotch.

Improve the streets. Do it now.

We ought to have a warm fall, the way Canada is getting heated up over reciprocity.

A news report says "the last census embraced 17,000,000 women." How'd you like to be a census?

A writer in the Chicago Journal says of "Poetry and Potatoes"—that's all right, but we will take gravy with ours.

All those who met Champ Clark yesterday agreed in one opinion, and that was that he would make an ideal president.

A man recently refused to join a glue club because he did not know how to sing. What difference could that possibly make?

By the time President Taft strikes the insurgent states on his tour he may have need of his arbitration treaties to prevent hostility.

The only disappointed ones in consequence of the speedy outcome of the great meat test are the moving picture people—and the "Rooshin."

If President Taft discovers that by reason of his attitude on the tariff bills the people doubt the sincerity of his motives on reciprocity, he has no one to blame but himself.

Although nominated unanimously for the presidency by the progressives in Mexico, Madero may encounter severe opposition. But at least he does not have to swing around the circle to explain his tariff veto to rebels in his party.

The Argus extends its good right hand to Publisher E. P. Adler and his associates in the office of the Davenport Times on the acquisition of the brand new home of the publication, built entirely for its needs and which in appointments and equipment is undoubtedly the best in the whole state of Iowa and one of the most attractive and complete in the entire west.

The Airship of the Future.

Atwood has broken the record for long distance flight in an aeroplane by flying to New York from St. Louis in 12 days.

If the aviator had not been obliged to stop for gasoline, food, rest, and to repair his machine, in other words, if, under the limitations of human endurance, he could have kept flying all the time at a rate of 60 miles an hour, he could have beaten the time of any railroad train that ever went over the same route.

But the fact is that the trip which took Atwood 12 days to cover is covered many times every week by railroad trains in less than two days because it is supplied with the equipment and the relays of service that make it possible to keep going all the time.

This does not detract from the signal excellence of the performance of Atwood, nor does it prove that the navigation of the air for long distances will not be achieved as has been predicted by Thomas A. Edison and other advanced scientists, but it does suggest that the modern type of aeroplane will have to be modified if this is done and this is just what is suggested by Mr. Edison though his idea of the proper type of machine may not be the final word to be spoken in regard to the matter.

When Is a Man in His Prime?

The old saying that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks is approved, so far as its masculinity goes, by Abraham Teachout, aged 94 years, who declares that a man is in his prime of life at 60. Teachout is a living refutation of the Oeier theory. He works six days in a week in his manufactory, though he is wealthy enough, and, like Edison, he says he enjoys it.

To the average youth, in his exuberance, 60 seems long past prime. Forty fits more with his ideas. But the older he grows the farther distant becomes his notion of prime, provided his health remains good. And when he passes the 60 mark himself he wonders at the errors of youth.

Taking the presidents of the United States as a representative body of Americans, it is found that of the 27, 16 or more than one-half, were elected while they were in their fifties; five were past 60 when they entered the White house, and six were between 35 and 40. In addition of the 16 who were past the half century mark when elected, six

served in office until past 60. Washington was 64 when he retired. If the ages of the presidents, therefore, may be accepted as a criterion and it is a fair presumption that they may, old Abraham Teachout's theory as to prime is well founded, the opinions of some "youngsters" and disgruntled baldheads to the contrary notwithstanding.

Tariff Boom in Spotlight. The spotlight is being thrown on the tariff board from all parts of the country, as a result of the action of President Taft in citing the failure of that board to report as his reason for vetoing the democratic revision downward tariff bills.

What is this tariff board, in which Mr. Taft places more confidence than he does in the 490 members of congress? Here is the answer: The tariff board was created under authority given the president in the Payne-Aldrich act. Originally, it was made up of three members, all republicans, but last March it was enlarged to five members by the addition of two democrats. This board was created for the purpose of ascertaining the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. Following is a brief biography of each member:

H. C. Emery was a professor of political economy at Yale when President Taft made him chairman of the board. His father was former chief justice of Maine and all his life he has been a republican and a high protectionist. All his mature experience has been in the class room, where he necessarily was kept out of touch with the practical problems of life. He has written a number of books on political economy.

A. H. Sanders is the owner and publisher of the Breeder's Gazette. He has been prominent in middle western politics during the last few years, and in his journal he frequently has argued for protection, especially on hides.

J. H. Reynolds was formerly assistant secretary of the treasury and he was accused by Special Agent Burr with having tried to prevent the investigation of the sugar weighing scandals. He was made a member of the tariff board just before these charges were made. He long has been prominent in Massachusetts republican politics, and has made speeches for high tariff.

W. M. Howard, democrat, served seven terms in the house of representatives from Georgia, but was defeated last year. He was one of the 23 democrats who lined up with Representative Fitzgerald of New York in the rules fight and the charge was made by his opponent during the campaign that except for these 23 democrats the house rules would have been revised and the power taken away from Speaker Cannon.

T. W. Page was formerly a teacher of history and political economy at the University of California. Most of his life has been spent in the class room, and he is little known outside of university circles.

At the time President Taft was debating who to appoint to this board an effort was made to get him to name R. K. MacLean, secretary of the wholesale drygoods committee of New York, and admittedly the greatest tariff expert in the country from a working practical standpoint. He had for years led the fight to correct the abuses of the Dingley law and because of his wide knowledge and ability his appointment was strongly urged by all the friends of tariff reform. His appointment was opposed by the cotton and woolen goods manufacturers, however, and these men prevailed on Mr. Taft to keep him off the board.

MONSTER'S GRAVE

The Beast May Have Been "Three Stories" High—At Rest 10,000 Years.

MOLARS SEVEN INCHES

California Mastodon's Teeth Discovered in Earth With Trees Growing Above Them.

Five gigantic teeth, which in some prehistoric period probably graced the cavernous mouth of a mastodon, predecessor of the mammoth and one of the most colossal creatures that have ever inhabited the earth, have been unearthed in the old Doggett mine on the banks of the Klamath river, near Walker, Siskiyou county, Cal. The three largest of these stupendous molars contain four cusps each, each tooth measuring seven inches across from the first to the last cusp and a little over six inches from the tip of the root, or that part of it which remains to the top of the center cusp. The teeth measure four and a half inches in width. In a remarkable state of preservation, they were found in a pocket of sand and gravel eighteen feet under the surface of the earth.

A better idea of the size of the teeth may be gathered from the fact that they are about fifteen times the size of the tooth of the modern horse and about eight times the size of the molar of the lion or tiger. The size of the jaw of this giant creature may be imagined, therefore, to have been eight to ten times the size of that of the lion or tiger and about fifteen times the size of a horse's mouth.

That the teeth were those of an herbivorous animal seems evident from their evenness. They are too large to have belonged to the mammoth. This would seem to indicate that they belonged to the mastodon, which towered in size over the mam-

moth as that creature did over the modern elephant.

THERE WERE MEN THEN, TOO. Close to the teeth was found an ancient stone hatchet which is believed to belong to a period coexistent with that in which the animal to which the teeth belonged is believed to have lived. Indians of the Klamath river tribes on being shown the hatchet declared that they had never seen or heard of anything resembling it, and the medicine men and chiefs stated that the traditions of their people contained no account to show that the hatchet had ever been made or used by them.

In the same pocket where the teeth were found was a horn seven and a half feet long, which crumbled in the hands of the shovelmen when they attempted to take it up. The horn measured at the butt fourteen inches in diameter, but it bore no resemblance to the horn of the prehistoric mammoth. The horn was of the same contour as that of ordinary cattle and contained a core and a thin shell similar to that of the ox.

These relics were found in a stratum of earth which bears evidence of being the ancient channel of the Klamath or some other river from which the Klamath was evolved. The spot is fully 200 feet from the present bed of the river, but runs about parallel to the present channel.

The general formation of the earth gives every indication of having been massed ages and ages ago, and from the trees and the partly petrified trunks of trees which were found at bedrock twelve feet under where the relics were unearthed there is every reason to believe that the teeth had lain imbedded where they were found upward of 10,000 years ago.

The enamel of the teeth is in a splendid state of preservation and is green in color. On the tip of several of the cusps are cavities such as might be found in the teeth of an ordinary animal. Savants at the University of California are to be asked to try to fix the identity of the creature that possessed the teeth.

OPERATION CURED A HEN.

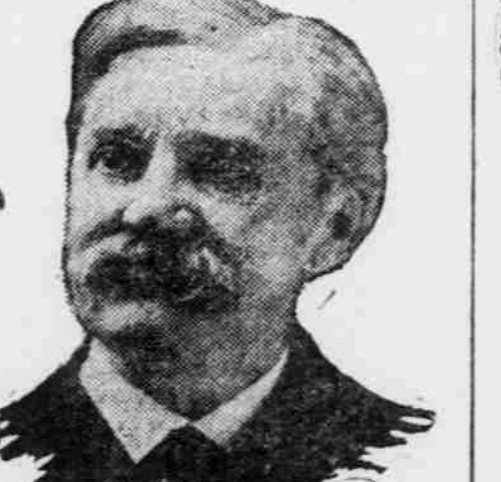
The Owner of Pet Fowl Took Her to a Veterinary. Dr. Craig Schreiber, an interné at a St. Joseph (Mo.) veterinary hospital, has been advised that a Plymouth Rock hen belonging to Edward L. Kiefer, on which Schreiber operated, has recovered from the shock and is again eating a continuous daylight meal.

Recently the hen's craw swelled until she obviously was distressed. Kiefer took her to the veterinary hospital. There Dr. Schreiber, without anesthetics, made an incision in the craw and removed about a quart of grass, corn grit and other substances. "We found the inner lining of the craw ruptured so there could be no contraction of the organ to force the food through the proper channels," Dr. Schreiber said. "After they had been antiseptically cleansed the walls of the craw were drawn together and sewed."

Rate Discrimination Alleged.

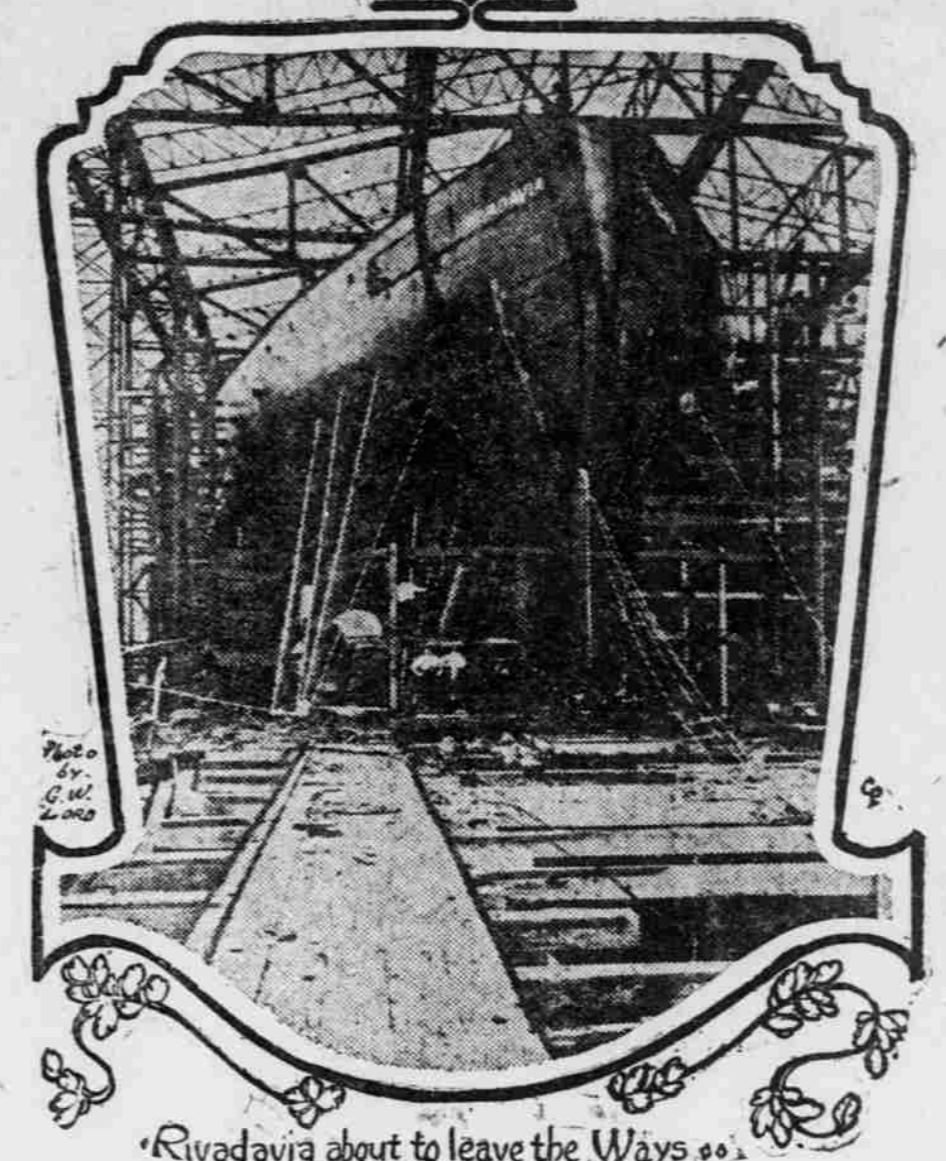
Duluth, Minn., Sept. 5.—Alleged unjust discrimination in freight rates between Duluth and South Dakota points in favor of shippers in Minneapolis and St. Paul will be claimed in a complaint prepared by commercial clubs and the traffic commission which be filed with the interstate commerce commission today.

INSURGENTS CAMP UPON TAFT'S TRAIL



Bristow, of Kansas, and Cummins, of Iowa, are two Republican insurgent Senators who are campaigning on Taft's trail, endeavoring to defeat him for the renomination. Bristow has called the President's speeches "cheap politics." Cummins has endorsed LaFollette for the 1912 nomination, declaring Taft is out of harmony with the party's rank and file.

GREATEST DREADNAUGHT IN WORLD IS LAUNCHED; IT BELONGS TO ARGENTINA



Rivadavia about to leave the Ways. To Argentina, the comparatively little known South American nation, goes the honor of owning the biggest battleship in the world. The Riva Davia, just launched at Quincy, Mass., is 585 feet long. For this vessel and a sister ship, to be called the Morena, Argentina will pay \$11,000,000.

The Argus Daily Short Story

Whimsical Fate—By F. A. Mitchell. Copyrighted, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

One morning Colonel Gustave Garnier of the French—tho' crussiers having been invited to breakfast with his brigade commander, General Marchand, at his headquarters near Paris, the two sat down together in the general's breakfast room. "I am sorry, colonel," said the general, "that I can give you nothing heartier than eggs. My cook tells me there has been an error in supplying the larder." Colonel Garnier failed to repress a look of disappointment, or, rather, repulsion. "You do not eat eggs?" asked the general. "No, general, I do not. But I see quite enough else on your table upon which to make an excellent breakfast."



"That one is bad," I said, putting it back in its place. "Monster should take those at the other end of the basket. They are for the officers. These are for the men. You will find that one very fresh," handling me an egg. "That one will do." The girl walked away, I looking at her as she receded. It seemed to me that her gait was peculiar. At any rate, I never saw a woman with a stride like that. But many of the peasant women in France, as you know, generally do so much field work that except for their petticoats they may well be taken for men. "I had a friend on the staff, Lieutenant Antoine Ducat, who rode up to my tent that evening while I was cooking the eggs. I invited him to sup with me, and he accepted. At headquarters they had not been able to secure fresh supplies, and Ducat enjoyed the eggs so well that when he returned to the general he told of the feast of which he had partaken. Then came an orderly to ask where I had procured the eggs. I told of the girl who had sold them to me, and the general sent his aids, his orderlies and his escort flying all over the limited region we occupied with orders to find the farm and the girl. Each and every one returned with the information that there was no dairy farm within the picket lines and the girl could not be found. "I received a summons to report in person at headquarters, and the general questioned me and cross-questioned me, making me very uncomfortable. He even got out of me the fact that I had tried to look through one of the eggs and found only darkness. "Was it the same weight as the others?" asked the general. "I could detect no difference." "Are you sure the girl was not a man in girl's clothes?" "I remembered her walk and heeled-tated. "Come, out with it. You suspect that she was?" "She had a man's stride." "That will do. By your stupidity you have permitted a spy to pass through our lines and become acquainted with our weakness. Besides, there are small bodies of Prussians on every side of us. If we had not them so separated that they can't communicate, by a concerted movement they could crush us." "But, general, I protested, 'the people hereabout are all French and loyal. This girl spoke excellent French.' "Peasants do not speak excellent French," he replied impatiently. "That will do; you may go."

by my stupidity permitted a spy to walk from one Prussian force straight through our lines to another bearing a communication and the news of our weakness. But though I exposed myself while the fighting was most desperate I was not even scratched. "The remnant of our force surrendered, and the next morning, having stacked our arms, we were marched before the Prussian general who had combined for our destruction. An aid on the staff of one of them, coming up to me with a leer on his face, said in the same excellent French the peasant girl had used: "Hello, comrade. What's the price of eggs today?" "Ah," I replied, "you are the peasant girl who sold me those eggs. Was there a message in the one I tried to look through?" "Indeed there was, and your getting hold of it, I feared, would undo me. Had you held on to that egg you would not now have been here and I would have swung at the end of a rope."

"It weighed the same as the others." "Sand did that." "Where did you learn French?" "At a Parisian school." "We were marching during this brief dialogue, and at this point the man dropped away from me. "To make matters worse I received an offer from the Prussians of an immediate exchange as a recognition of the service I had done them. I replied that the only exchange I would accept would be from earth to paradise." The colonel paused, and his chin sank on his breast. Presently he concluded: "From that day, general, I have been a snubbed man in the army. Whenever a time for my promotion came round some excuse was found for putting another in my place. Unfortunately, since then, France has been at peace, and I have had no opportunity to redeem my stupidity or get myself killed." "Rather call it misfortune," interrupted the general. "No; it was stupidity. At any rate, I shall never forgive myself an egg without cracking it. My failure in the army was my own fault. "Since that episode I have always had a repulsion for an egg. I have never eaten one from that day to this, and the sight of eggs is painful to me. I have disliked to give you the reason why I will not eat them at your table, but have done so that you may excuse my impoliteness in not partaking of what you have provided for me."

Sept. 5 in American History

- 1894—General George Stoneman, ex-governor of California, died; born 1822. 1905—Hezekiah Butterworth, noted author and editor, died; born 1839. 1910—President Taft opened the national conservation congress in St. Paul, Minn. Julian Edwards, composer of music, died in Yonkers, N. Y.; born 1856.

Keene in Good Condition. London, Sept. 5.—James R. Keene, the American financier, who was operated on for stomach trouble yesterday, rallied well, and his condition today is encouraging. There are no signs of complications.

CHIVALROUS MAYOR SHAMES YOUNG MEN



MAYOR GAYNOR. Mayor Gaynor, of New York, gave four stalwart young men a lesson in chivalry while going down to his office on a street car. A woman boarded the car. There were no vacant seats and the four men, who were sitting beside Gaynor, kept right on reading their newspapers. The mayor instantly arose and motioned the woman to his seat. Later a man who knew him gave him a place to sit, but another woman entered; the men all kept on reading, and again the mayor arose. He hung to a strap the rest of the way down town.

Humor and Philosophy

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN the office seeks the man we are inclined to think that the office was coerced. Getting even with the world involves a lot of getting ahead. Ignorance may be very reprehensible, but it doesn't know it. In our own judgment we are all great sufferers. Attending to his own business is the pleasure of a modest man. Love will find its way even if it has to pay it itself. Expert advice is known by its price. When the loafer takes a vacation he doesn't know what to do with it. Some people who pay as they go find the going both rough and slow. If intentions damned or saved, the results would be picturesque. It is best to ask no questions of a questionable proceeding.

Evening Up. In equal parts of work and play we find the true, well rounded day. Too much of either one will not be just the thing to hit the spot. And make you eager at its close. To seek a merited repose. That conscience never has to jog. The while you slumber as a log. The constant and the steady grind Applied to body or to mind. The long and never ending day Of work, regardless of the pay. Will get a fellow in the end. And to an early finish send. The man who never stops to look At nature or to read a book.

Then as for play, if that is quite The only enterprise in sight. The only calling, job or trade. For killing moments, I'm afraid. The man with only that on tap Would be a very lonesome chap. And so glad when he was dead. That not a teardrop would be shed.

No; half and half is just about The mixture that will round men out. Too much of one is wearisome. And of the other none the less. Variety is truly spice. So, if he'd take some good advice. Then let the fellow who would live To both his best attention give.

His Difficulty. "Is he a man of much experience?" "Of great experience." "Then he ought to be valuable." "There is just one thing the matter with him." "What is it?" "He never knows what to do with his experience."

Roller Coaster. "So Jimmy has got to be a dead swell?" "Oh, no." "But you just said he had turned out a high roller." "So he has. Goes to all the amusement parks."



Exercise. "Miss Binks never does anything at all, does she?" "Except athletics." "I never saw her do an athletic thing in her life." "Isn't she always jumping at conclusions?"

Just So. "Small things cause the most trouble in this life." "As how?" "Well, it is a heap easier to possess yourself of a ton of coal than a peck of diamonds."

Some Condensation. "My son has just graduated from college." "And does he speak to you?" "Of course." "How considerate!"

Prescription. "Know any cure for the gout?" "Sure." "What is it?" "Live on 15 cents a day for a year. Five dollars, please."

Looking Ahead. I love little pussy; her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm. So I'll not pull her tail or handle her rough, And when she is grown she will make me a muff.

Thrown Out. "I don't want to butt in, but—" "But what?" "But I was just going to—" "I see. Butt right out."

Executive. "He never made anything in his life." "I thought him great on making remarks." "We aim to please." "Don't you think you need a course of training in marksmanship?" Don't waste your money buying plasters when you can get a bottle of Chamberlain's Ointment for 25 cents. A piece of flannel dampened with this ointment is superior to any plaster for lame back, pains in the side and chest, and much cheaper. Sold by all druggists.