

THE ARGUS

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TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1920.

From The Argus of March 31, 1920—'The Argus heretofore will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unbiassed by partisan ties, ever free and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare.'

Exploding Campaign Bombs.

About the time the munitions makers in the factories were laid off for want of something to do the munitions makers of congress started working overtime preparing their supplies for the presidential campaign. A Republican congress has made the most of exceptionally fortuitous circumstances and probably now has stored away more implements of destruction than any party ever assembled for the battle for votes.

Monday morning when news sensations are usually scarce the opposition field marshal touched off a mine under George Creel that was supposed to blow him and all his works to the moon. It was a scoop for the morning newspapers and they made the most of it.

The official Bulletin was not transferred to Roger Babson or to any one else. It was discontinued by the explicit order of the attorney general on the ground that I had no right to sell the property at public auction.

To Senator Smoot, chairman of the joint committee which conducted the investigation he paid his respects in a letter containing the following passages:

'The war is over and I am no longer compelled to sit silent under your malice. Better than any one else you know the utter falsity of your charges of irregularity in connection with the Official Bulletin. You did not have the decency or the courage to call me before your committee, but sneakily worked in se-

cret to frame the indictment that my testimony would have made absurd.

'I am sick and tired of this long distance lying. Your recommendation to the attorney general to bring action against me is lunatic and you know it. A better and quicker way is to have me appear before your committee, or any other senate committee, and make full answer in open session to this Official Bulletin charge.

'Ever since the armistice it has been your steadfast attempt to shame the American war record and to besmirch every man connected with that record. To defile these congressional investigations have cost the taxpayers \$2,000,000, but failure to develop a single instance of graft still forces your group to rely upon the activities of individual liars.'

George Creel is a capable and honest newspaper man. His only crime as chief of the war publicity bureau lay in trying to turn the best side of things out to the public view. He has merely followed the universal practice in time of war and the country was at war, technically, if not actually, throughout his term of service. Possibly he continued his efforts longer than was necessary. That is a matter of opinion, since there was no definite line to determine when the handling of news should pass from a war to a peace basis.

Like other departments the publicity bureau had to work under difficulties, the chief one of which was that it couldn't please everybody.

Enforcing the Industrial Court Law.

The spectacle of Alexander Howat, head of the Kansas miners, in jail for contempt, being permitted to make a speech denouncing the governor as a "skunk" was not particularly edifying for those who respect law and believe that the interests of all the people ought to take precedence over the interests of any class. The sheriff who gave the privilege probably was moved by a wish to avoid trouble rather than a sense of duty or out of sympathy with the stand that Howat has taken.

From the size of the majority by which the legislature passed the legislation creating the industrial court it is fair to assume that the people of Kansas are very much in earnest in their desire to avoid a repetition of conditions last winter when volunteers were compelled to man the coal mines to keep the people from freezing. It is likely that they will not look with favor upon extension of special privileges to those who have undertaken to thwart their will.

It will be hard to convince the public, at the present moment at least, that there is any denial of justice in compulsory arbitration where a supply of anything so vitally necessary as fuel is involved. Interests of all the people surely are paramount. As for the parties to the dispute they can ask no more than justice and orderly adjudication is far more likely to result in justice than an appeal to force. That is a principle too long recognized in adjustment of the rights of men to require any defense now.

If the miners of Kansas can show where the industrial court act discriminates against them doubtless they will be able to get an adequate remedy through the regular channels of good faith. In numbers they are comparatively few and they can hardly hope to gain anything by setting themselves up against the will of the many. Individually their rights are not infringed upon in any manner. No law can prevent them from changing their occupations or removing from the state if they do not like the conditions of employment.

Minister McMillan says there is no reason for the uprising in Guatemala. The revolutionists haven't got that far yet. The Latin-American custom is to revolt and look for a reason afterward.

The Tombstone

Here lies man's ancient enemy, Dull Care. Who disinters the unlured cuss, Beware!

Peace and Politics. Do you remember 'way back when We strummed a tuneless lyre? We had a war to sing of then. With pathos or satire. We panned a kaiser, bad and bold, And all his hunchish clan; But now our muse is stony cold— Still are the Pipes of Pan.

Do you remember 'way back when Our lads sailed o'er the sea? And fought to make the world again Safe for de-moc-ra-see? With pride our heart was like to burst: At blessings they would bring Unto a world from war accursed? Now, look—at—the—darned—thing!

The world, we mean; the world at peace! Though millions sheathed their swords Twice millions more deny surcease— They war with vocal chords! Do you recall—just think a bit— The days of auld lang syne; Those dear, damp days when one small jet Annexed the brimming stein?

W! a' his faults they lo'e him still— Puir auld John Barleycorn; But gin a man's kent by his swill John's friends maun cease to mourn. For statercraft's drunk on politics— Bitch-fou w! de'il-sent greed! Ah, John; for a' yer donnie tricks Ye ne'er matched sic a breed!

IT occurs to us that upon occasion we may desire to refer to our estimable container, The Argus. To refer to our parent sheet by the proper name seems to us too dignified—we do not carry dignity with any success to speak of. Let's see: we, The Tombstone, are a sort of offspring of The Argus; hence, in a m. o. s., she's our Ma. So what happier thought than that we should rechristen her "Ma Soleum"?

'PORKER SELLS FOR \$40,000; PROBABLY A RECORD PRICE.'—Headline. It may be a record for a whole porker, but it hasn't taken many ultimate consumers very long to buy \$40,000 worth of porker—in small pieces.

Imagine the Ladies' Feelings if Those Two Quilts Had Slipped.

The ladies of the aid society furnished dinner for the people that attended the election Tuesday and sure received a nice sum of money for their efforts, realizing \$71 after all expenses were paid, and Mr. Withrow, the assessor, presented them with a check for \$10, which was very nice of him. They had two quilts on and the ladies not busy at the dining hall put in their time in quilting, and persons desiring a quilt quilted will do well to consult the ladies of the society, as they are boss hands at the work.

You Won't Forget the Date, My Dear!

Dr. William Fitzgerald announces the marriage of his daughter Margaret to Mr. Andrew Sturton Pirnie, Wednesday, April the seventh, one thousand nine hundred and twenty, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

'FRENDS DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM.'—Quincy Journal. Perhaps he doesn't recognize "friends."

BRICKLAYERS have made Mayor Hyman of New York an honorary member of their union.

At this distance it appears the art of laying brick is not so much needed by a Tammany hall leader as the art of throwing bricks.

MRS. MURPHY of San Francisco won a divorce from Mr. Murphy on the plea that Murphy "loved his dog more than he loved me." A good dog DOES take hold on one's affections.

BERLIN dispatches report Paul De Meit, American newspaper man, was shot and killed while attempting to escape from government officers. He was under sentence of death for alleged participation in communist revolts in the Ruhr basin. IF guilty spell it De Mutt. R. E. M.G.

HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

Unromantic Hygiene—2 Breakfast Food.

The force of practical psychology constrains many people to take their pancakes, biscuit or rolls triced. If they prefer carbohydrate in that form, well and good. Perhaps it serves to keep more money in circulation. At any rate, it encourages the psychologists and saves the cook some labor. But poor folks should lose no sleep worrying about the amount of money in circulation. Let people who buy gasoline, fancy cars, \$12 shoes and such things take care of that. Poor folks should rather contrive how much money they can keep out of circulation without injury to themselves.

Long ago a young woman told us, on the occasion of her 75th birthday, how to use plain wheat, the kitchen cabinet grow, you know, as a combination breakfast food and preventive of the great American ailment, constipation. We printed the young woman's contribution here, our more desperate readers may recall. She advised that the family purchase from some farmer a bag or bushel of plain wheat, the natural stuff which farmers manufacture with the threshing machine. This wheat was to be rinsed in cold water, and then cooked in a double boiler three hours, or an hour on three successive days, or four or five hours in a fireless cooker, and served as breakfast food. Besides its wholesome, appetizing character, the dish is economical, since the honest farmer does not mix any larders carbohydrate or other decorations in the wheat. Personally, I take my breakfast food in the form of bread and butter or toast and coffee. But once in a while or as often as you like this crude wheat makes a real treat.

Speaking of breakfast food, ham and eggs, mince pie and other favorites save only coffee must give washing machines a good deal of trouble. All such foods, namely, fresh fruit. Fresh fruit should be the beginning of every child's breakfast, the

Five Minutes a Day With Our Presidents

BY JAMES MORGAN XV.—The Last of the Virginians.



Elizabeth Kortright, wife of James Monroe.

1817—James Monroe, inaugurated fifth president, aged 58. 1821—July 4, died in New York, aged 73.

Monroe's administration was the most serene and yet one of the most important periods in the life of the nation. It was an eight years crowded with glorious and lasting victories of peace, such victories as swords never can win.

By a mere exchange of notes between the United States and England, those two jealous neighbors pledged themselves to disarm forever on the Great Lakes. After more than 100 years of peace on that long watery frontier, this simple "gentlemen's agreement" of 1817 stands before the world today the most successful example of disarmament. By a common-sense business transaction, Florida, which was of little use to Spain, but of much use to the United States, was bought over the counter in 1820, a peaceable conquest that ranks second only to the Louisiana Purchase.

By a civil notice to the old world, in 1823, the whole new world was set aside under the Monroe Doctrine as an immense preserve of international peace. By give-and-take in the Missouri Compromise of 1820, north and south were bound together and the quarrels of factions. Those four acts of constructive statesmanship, to the credit of Monroe's administration, cannot be matched by any other presidency.

Monroe's two terms cover what is known as "the era of good feelings." The old Federalist party having given up the ghost, he succeeded to the presidency as the last of the Virginia dynasty almost as easily as an heir apparent receives the crown of his father. With the exception of Washington, he is the only president who has been unopposed at the polls, and his second election would have been entirely unanimous had not a New Hampshire elector cast one dissenting ballot.

Yet that "era of good feeling" really was filled with many bitter feelings aroused by personal ambitions and the quarrels of factions. But Monroe formed one of the strongest cabinets in history, and with John Quincy Adams, William C. Crawford, John C. Calhoun and William Wirt among its members, he succeeded in reconciling to his administration the most divergent elements. In his desire for harmony he would also have included Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, but they declined.

One day the British minister glared across the White House dinner table and shouted to the French minister, "Are you biting your nails at me, sir?" The Frenchman responded by drawing his sword and the two diplomats rushed at each other. But as they were about to

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What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL (Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Antoinette. To the average person, Antoinette and Annette are regarded as closely related—the former is thought to be merely an elaboration of the latter. But such is not the case. Annette, which will be discussed later comes from the Hebrew, while Antoinette is of Roman extraction. It means "inestimable" and is said to have originated with Antius, a son of Hercules.

Several distinguished Roman families bore the name of Antonius and its first famous exponent was Mark Anthony, avenger of Caesar and lover of Cleopatra. It received a reputation for sanctity through St. Anthony, the great hermit of the fourth century. The feminine form Antonia made its appearance in Italy, also, and in Spain, where it is still popular.

The Germans opted it as Antonie, but the French are responsible for the charming Antoinette, which is first and prize recorded in history through the fate of lovely Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis XVI. The French later contracted Antoinette to Toinette, a popular form throughout the country. Toinon is also sometimes used as a diminutive. Italy has an Antonietta and an Antonica. Antonia Antonetta the favorite equivalents in Sweden. The garnet is Antoinette's talismanic stone, whose flaming cart is so closely imitates It promises its wearer courage, a dauntless heart, and success in every ambition. Friday is her lucky day and five her lucky number.

Heart and Home Problems

by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married woman 25 years old. My husband is 21 years my senior. We have been married three years and I don't love him. Life is just a misery to him and he says he doesn't love me and wishes he had never seen me. I want to work and buy myself some decent clothes, but he won't let me.

I was engaged to marry a man nearer my own age and a misunderstanding arose between us and our engagement was broken, but I dearly love this man. We pass as strangers and never speak and haven't for three years. I am miserable for days after I see him to see what a fool I was to marry a man I didn't love.

I would love to work and then the time would pass more quickly. We haven't any children. His wages are barely sufficient to get what we eat and pay our debts. Neither of us have decent things to wear. I think I ought to work anyway whether he wants me to or not. It is only jealousy that he doesn't want me to go where anyone will see me. ANXIOUS.

I admire your husband for not wanting you to work. It is pride rather than jealousy which makes him feel this way. Your only course seems to be divorce. This is not fair to your husband, but since you cannot love him it is useless for you to try to live with him; you cheapen yourself and make his life unhappy. Since you have no children your problem is easy, because you will only hurt one by leaving.

It is a pitiful thing when either a girl or man enters into marriage without love. It is the lowest kind of cheating. Be honest to your husband now and ask for your release. Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 17 years of age. I dearly love a young man who is rather tough and my parents won't consent to my marrying him. He is all the world to me. I have chances to go with nice young men, but refuse because I do not enjoy their company. I can't get him out of my mind. Don't tell me that it isn't true love, for it is. It seems as if my heart would break. I ease tell me what to do.

A DROOPING FLOWER. If the young man is tough, he has qualities to excite and thrill you, but not to make you happy. He would be a constant worry after marriage. Besides, he would not

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Baskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Five cents a copy, enclosing two-cent stamp for return postage. No brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. In what state is the per capita contribution toward the support of clergymen greatest? J. D. P.

A. Nevada leads all other states in supporting its Christian ministers. The per capita contribution to pastors' salaries averages \$11.12 a year for each church member.

Q. What is the formula for the paint used on the White house? D. V. V.

A. It consists of 70 per cent of white lead, 30 per cent French white zinc. Sufficient raw linseed oil is added to get the proper consistency.

Q. How long is an ex-service man protected by government insurance after he fails to pay the premium on his policy? P. L. X.

A. The war risk Bureau says that he is protected for one month after he allows the policy to lapse. This is called the period of grace.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A HARMLESS FLIRTATION.

By Beatrice Trahan. (Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A small, timid hand on his arm arrested the restless pacing of the tall, refined-looking gentleman who had been walking to and fro in the waiting room of the Grand Central station. He turned with a welcoming smile, but his expression altered slightly as he perceived the person who had accosted him. She was a pretty girl, neatly dressed in a trim, tailor-made blue serge suit. Her age might have been anywhere between 25 and 30. Smiling quizzically, he raised his hat and said: "I beg your pardon?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a shy, timid little voice, which was hardly in keeping with the roguish gleam in her eyes. "Oh, excuse me, I thought—"

"You thought I was someone else?" he concluded, smilingly, as she paused, apparently too embarrassed to finish her sentence. "Yes, I thought you were Dick—"

"I was so glad! My purse has been picked—I became aware of it only a moment ago, when I was about to buy my ticket for home—and when I saw you I rushed right over."

She did not vouchsafe any further information about "Dick." He might have been her brother—most probably was, if one could judge from the matter-of-fact way in which she said the name—but at any rate, perhaps because of her excitement, she seemed to take it for granted that this stranger knew all about this particular "Dick."

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed fervently. At this, they laughed merrily; but a sudden thought sobered him, and he glanced at her speculatively. Then:

"I wonder if you'd be offended at a proposition I'd make to you?" Suspiciously, she quickly looked up at him, but was apparently reassured by the expression in his eyes.

"Well, that depends on a good deal on the proposition," she answered noncommittally. "I'll be absolutely candid with you," he said. "To tell the honest truth, when you approached me I was wondering what on earth I could do to while away the evening. I happen to have tickets for tonight's performance at the Palace, but there isn't much fun going alone, is there? Now I thought—"

"I would not care to go with a perfectly strange man!" At her words he looked crestfallen—"but I'd love to go with you."

"You will? Fine!" he exclaimed joyously when he realized that he would not be refused, after all. Linking his arm through hers, he leisurely escorted her out of the station. He halted on the curb outside, and made a motion as if to hail a taxi which was standing not far from them, but she stopped him.

"Do you mind if we walk instead?" she asked him. "I love to walk, and it is such a fine night."

"All right; I feel the same, too, but I didn't have the courage to suggest walking."

Slowly they made their way back toward the station. "Let's go in here and have supper," he suggested as they were passing a cafe.

"As you like," she assented. An obsequious waiter, on their entrance ushered them to a table near the dancing floor. He then took their order, and departed. While awaiting his return, the man and the girl chatted together. Occasionally, when he thought that he was not being observed, Dick's glance roved about the restaurant and then rested approvingly on his companion as though he thought that she compared favorably with the other ladies in the room. The waiter soon reappeared, bearing the steaming dishes.

A few minutes later the orchestra crashed into the opening bars of a popular "jazz" one-step. As with one accord their eyes met. "Oh, boy!" he exclaimed. "I wish I was young again." A disinterested observer would have given him about 30, as his age.

"Don't you know the saying, 'A man is just as young as he feels'?" she asked, demurely. "In that case, I must be about 20 again," he laughed, boyishly. "I declare I do feel as if I could dance—provided of course, you'd consent to risk yourself on the floor with me."

"You never can tell—why don't you ask me?" she said, roguishly. Without a word he laid down his napkin and rose from the table; she followed his example, and together they glided smoothly on to the floor. A moment later they were whirling in and out among the other dancers. After the dance they returned to their table and finished the supper, which had become cold by that time. Then they left.

Back in the station—once more, he gravely asked her: "Well, young lady, do you still insist that your home is in California, or shall I buy a ticket for some other part of the union?"

ONE YEAR AGO Eugene V. Debs began serving his 10-year sentence for violation of the espionage act. University of Virginia alumni in Paris unveiled a tablet to mark the site of the former residence of Thomas Jefferson.