

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Thursday, March 12, 1914.

Secretary Daniels believes in marriage for every man in the navy. As a sort of continual war practice, presumably.

Tending a balky furnace ought to cure one of the habit of using the old saw about always finding a fire where there is smoke.

There's scarcely a misfortune without some compensation. The fellow with a wooden leg never feels it when he barks his shin.

A small river in South America has been discovered by Colonel Roosevelt. If it is reported, but a republican contemporary declares there must be some mistake. If the colonel went out to discover a river he would not be contented with anything smaller than the Amazon.

Seven months ago the fire chief of St. Louis warned the management of the Missouri Athletic club that the building was unsafe as sleeping quarters. It took a fire, with the loss of some thirty lives, to convince the club directors that the chief knew what he was talking about.

Domestic and political issues are likely to become too seriously mixed at St. Francisco if the wife of Sheriff Sagers makes good on her intention of following up divorce proceedings by inaugurating a recall petition. Fancy what an upheaval of the foundations of society there will be if suffragists generally make common cause in matters of this kind.

In Chicago there is a municipal moving picture censorship board. Many pictures have either been suppressed or curtailed by these officials, to the accompaniment of loud protests by producers, theatre owners and patrons. If the members of this board would drop in at a few of the "high class" theatres where the performers are live ones they might find something to do of real service to society.

George W. Perkins, the doughman of the bull moose party, is in bad with the rank and file of the party because of his stand in favor of business combines. They can see no progress with such a burden. Colonel Roosevelt, on his return from South America, will be expected to take sides in the matter. In the meantime, we don't imagine that Brother Perkins will experience any sleepless nights, as to what the colonel's verdict is to be.

AS WE KNOW MAJOR HAWES.

"The man doesn't live who can point to a single dishonest act of Major C. W. Hawes, whose integrity as head clerk of the Modern Woodmen of America has been attacked in the heat of a political fight within the society. Major Hawes was born in Rock Island, grew to manhood here and from here enlisted and served through the war of the rebellion. After his term in the army he returned here and has been a resident of Rock Island ever since. If he has faults or weaknesses or worse, his neighbors and associates during a period of 73 years would know them.

Major Hawes stands today the "grand old man" of the Modern Woodmen. More than any other man he has helped to make it the greatest fraternal society in the world. To him, more than to anyone else, Rock Island is indebted for having the society's headquarters here. If he were dishonest or even merely narrow or selfish he could never have accomplished the work he has done. It has been a man's job and not the work of one warped or limited by the mastering desire for private gain.

Major Hawes has handled during his term of office \$150,000,000 or more. If any of it remained with him where is it? He is not rich and he has not lived extravagantly.

Even had he been disposed to be otherwise, the position he has held has been so bedded about with safeguards that he must have remained honest, at least in act.

Reckless charges are often made in the heat of a campaign which are the result of impulse or are expected by those who make them to be accepted with a liberal discount.

There are those who may honestly and earnestly differ with Major Hawes' position in the rate question, and serious exception may have been taken to his course in this regard, involving perhaps charges and counter charges, but The Argus does not believe that those who have reflected upon the

honesty of Major Hawes have at heart really meant it.

WORTHY OF THEIR HIRE.

While not a great amount of sympathy has been aroused for the express companies who find their business dwindling by reason of parcel post competition, justice to the railroads requires that the government give them some adequate compensation for the vastly increased work to which they have been put by reason of the new parcel carrying system, observes the Decatur Review.

The government makes an arbitrary monthly payment to the railroads for transporting the mail on the basis of mail weighing done. In the autumn of 1912 to govern their compensation for four years beginning July 1, 1913. On the last weighing the parcels post had not been put into operation and ordinary mail was running light. Six months later the parcel post went into effect with an 11-pound limit which congress raised to 20 pounds. There is now talk of raising it to 100 pounds.

The postmaster general was empowered by congress to add not to exceed five per cent to the railroad's pay, but no increase as yet has been forthcoming, and five per cent would not begin to be a fair compensation. According to the computations of President Elliott of the New Haven the government is compelling the railroads to furnish without pay mail service worth \$15,000,000 a year.

The American people applaud the parcel post, but they have no desire to see it work an injustice to the railroads which already have lost considerably by the decreasing express business. The United States government is not relieved from giving compensation in accordance with the service received.

THE "POISONED NEEDLE" MYTH.

Popular beliefs on scientific subjects apparently run in waves. Many will remember the interest in hypnotism which followed the publication of "Tribly." Svengali with his "hypnotic eye" at once became a real and possible personage in the public imagination.

The newspapers were full of stories of girls and women who had suddenly been fixed and paralyzed by the hypnotic gaze of some mysterious stranger with piercing black eyes and who had been compelled by his will to fantastic acts which they were powerless to prevent. Fiction writers took up the idea, and stories centering around hypnotic influence became common. It was used as a plea in criminal cases, various culprits alleging that they had been hypnotized and compelled against their will to perform unlawful acts. All this occurred in spite of the fact, frequently stated and known by every scientific man, that the limitations of hypnotism are definite and well recognized, that no person can be hypnotized unknowingly or against his will, and that few persons are so susceptible as to be capable of being compelled to perform acts beyond their own volition and knowledge.

Another popular fiction which later on took the place of hypnotism was that of instantaneous anesthetics. Stories appeared in the newspapers of women who had been accosted by strangers and, under some pretext, had permitted a cloth or a handkerchief to be pressed momentarily over their mouth and nose. Immediate unconsciousness was said to have followed, resulting in a period of insensibility and irresponsibility, varying from a few minutes to hours or even days. Chloroform sprayed into an open window by means of an atomizer, anesthetics tied to a rag on the end of a pole and thrown into a bedroom, instant unconsciousness following the administration of drugs unknown to physicians and pharmacists, were some of the variations of this idea. In the minds of physicians and nurses who see every day the administration of anesthetics, such stories only excite mirth. Any one who knows the difficulty and labor of securing unconsciousness through the use of anesthetics, even under the most favorable conditions and with every possible means of restraining and controlling the patient, knows how absurd such stories are.

A latter-day variation of these popular beliefs, says The Journal of the American Medical Association, may be found in the "poisoned needle" stories which have been going the rounds of the press recently. A woman goes to a moving-picture theatre, enters a crowded elevator, a street car, or elevated train, or is caught in the press of a crowd. Suddenly she sees, close beside her, our old friend the "mysterious stranger," with the piercing black eyes and the compelling manner. At the same time, she feels a sting and knows that she has been stung with a poisoned needle. She immediately becomes unconscious, dazed or irresponsible for a greater or less period of time, during which she experiences a number of marvelous adventures or half-breadth escapes.

It is not possible to say that no woman was ever without her knowledge given a drug hypodermically which produced unconsciousness. It can, however, be said very positively that there is no drug known to scientific men which could be administered in the manner or which would produce the effect described in recent newspaper reports.

One of the laws of hysteria is that when any peculiar phenomenon is reported, similar instances immediately appear throughout the country. We may now expect a spring crop of magazine stories and popular novels based on the poisoned needle as a motive. Scientifically, the thing is as ridiculous and impossible as hypnotism of an unwilling subject or instantaneous anesthesia. Popular beliefs travel in waves, and hysteric and excited imaginations help them along.

The history of popular delusions, from Salem witchcraft to present day vagaries, is full of such instances.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, March 10.—Andrew Furuseth, of the International Seamen's union is making a tremendous fight against the foreign vessel owners before the house merchant marine committee which is now considering the La-Pointe bill. It is just 20 years ago this month that Furuseth first appeared before a congressional committee in behalf of legislation to improve the condition of the American seamen. All the time since he has been fighting, and victory is not yet.



"In that 20 years I have seen the white man disappearing from the seas," said Furuseth to the committee. "In that 20 years on the Pacific the number of white sailors has been reduced half, while the number of Asiatics has doubled.

If the seamen do not get this legislation soon Furuseth said the only recourse of the union will be to admit Asiatics to membership in the union. "Heretofore, for patriotic reasons we have admitted to membership only men eligible to become citizens of the United States," he said.

Furuseth said that the Asiatic exclusion law now works to keep the wages of Pacific ocean sailors at the starvation point. He said that the law keeps Asiatic crews from deserting in San Francisco, where wages are high, and where, in case of desertions, the vessel owners would have to recruit

high-paid men to take the places of the deserters, thus tending to elevate wages on the Pacific.

The Richest Farming Countries.

What is the richest farming country in the United States? That question was recently asked and answered in the house. It is Lancaster county, Pa. The census figures of 1910 show that Lancaster county ranked first among the 12 richest counties in the United States. The county embraces 692,240 acres, of which 550,499 acres are in farms. On this area in 1912 farm products to the value of \$20,767,146 were raised. Of this amount \$13,059,588 was in crops and \$4,037,296 in live stock products.

Lancaster county was not only the banner county in 1910, but it has held this supremacy since 1870. In 1900 it had a narrow victory over the Chickasaw Nation, which was ranked as a single county of Indian territory, but the Chickasaw Nation had eight times the area of Lancaster county. Yet the value of products from the Chickasaw county was \$1,000,000 more than those of the Chickasaw Nation.

The next most productive county in 1910 was McLean county, Ill., with 732,161 acres in farm lands. The production in this county was worth \$18,368,418. Then followed Los Angeles county, Cal., with 757,985 acres in farms and farm products worth \$17,987,382.

Seven Illinois counties were among the 12 most productive counties, ranking being: McLean, second; LaSalle, fifth; Livingston, sixth; Champaign, seventh; Cook, eighth; Sangamon, tenth, and Vermillion twelfth. Whitman county, Wash., ranked fourth among the most productive counties of the United States; Aroostook county, Me., ninth, and Fresno county, Cal., eleventh.

THE MORAL PEST

(Sioux City Tribune.)

Behold the "masher!" He is one of the unemployed. He toils not, neither does he spin. His hands are soft, his muscles flabby, his mind perverted, his soul warped. As a rule he wears good clothes; at least they ape the latest styles, yet no gainful occupation indicates how he replenishes his wardrobe.

Sometimes he is the degenerate son of a worthy sire, the pampered pet of a family who has been permitted to grow up with an idea that labor is ignoble and to be a gentleman, of leisure is the highest accomplishment. Too often he represents the product of years of self denial by parents who have educated him not wisely but too well.

Whatever the processes that have united to bring him to his low estate he is a menace to society. Weeds have thrived in his idle mind; the devil has found use for his vacant hours. He is the raw material from which white slavers are made. He stands on street corners in the shopping districts and ogles women. He begins it because he thinks it is smart. He pursues it because to his mental cesspool all women are susceptible to masculine wiles and to his perverted egotism he embodies all manly attractions. He has lost the power to discern between man the animal and man the image of God. To the pure all

things are pure, but in the mirror of his lewd mind the whole world is debauched.

No woman of comeliness escapes the leer of this leper or the low cadence of his passing insult, but he singles out as his especial prey girls who are just at that age when nature begins to awaken in them the mating instincts, when they are impressionable but not mature, innocent in their actions that in older years would be indiscretions.

There is no excuse for the tolerance of this species of man. He is more of a menace than the sneak thief. He is several degrees lower than the hobo who makes no pretence to being respectable and whose filth is usually exterior and physical rather than hidden in a debased mind.

Clear the streets and corners of the masher! He is a moral pestilence who should be prevented from contaminating decent society.

Salt Lake City—Judge F. C. Loof-bourou sentenced Idellus M. Dye to be shot May 7 and immediately afterward announced in open court that he ask the board of pardons to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. The judge questioned Dye's guilt, but was compelled by law to impose the death penalty.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We asked the young lady across the way how she liked the sabriole style in automobiles and she said the winter was so nearly over now that she was just going to make her old motor coat do the rest of the year.

One ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

Johnnie's Mother



Johnnie scratched his cousin's face. Just to hear her yell. Johnnie's uncle then gave chase. To the little fellow. Johnnie, being out of reach. After lively running. Mocked his uncle with a screech—'Wan't Johnnie cunning?' Johnnie made his teacher and by the way he acted. Into all things that were had. Johnny was attracted. Johnny never seemed to care if his shoes were muddy.

Johnnie's ears hung out in space. And his eyes were ready. Johnnie's nose spread over his face. He was always greedy. Johnnie's mother wondered why. As she worried over him. There were those beneath the sky Who did not adore him.

Good Cigar Wasted.

"Do you know what time the next train will pass through here going north?" asked a man who had been compelled to stay over night in a small town in Arkansas. "There will be one in about twenty minutes," replied the ticket agent. "Bully! Do you ever smoke?" "Yes, sometimes."

"Here's a cigar that I bought in Dallas. You can't get anything like it in this town. I think you'll enjoy it. They charge 17 cents apiece for the thousand for that brand." "Thanks. I'm afraid it may spoil my taste, but I'll take a chance on it, just the same."

"Say, can you fix me out with a lower berth for St. Louis?" "I can telegraph to have one reserved for you on the train that passes through here at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"No, no; I want to go on the train that's coming now. Can't you fix me out on that one?" "Nope. I'm very sorry I can't do it."

"Oh, come on! You can arrange it some way."

"No, it's impossible."

"Well, I'll have to fix it with the conductor, then, I suppose."

"You won't be able to get a berth from him."

"I won't, eh? You watch me. There's a sleeper on the train, isn't there?" "No."

"What! No sleeper? What kind of trains do you run on this line, anyhow?" "Well, this one that's coming is a freight train."

Beneath Her.

"Yes, our daughter married beneath her."

"That's too bad. I had an idea that her husband was a very worthy gentleman. I've heard that he came of a fine family, too."

"Oh, he's a good man, and his family is an old and respectable one, but he's only five feet three, and Luella, you know, is quite tall."

Extraordinary Family.

"Lord Brokeleigh comes of an extraordinary family."

"I have never heard of any member of it who was an eminent statesman or a great soldier."

"No; but there is no record that anyone belonging to the house of Brokeleigh ever married a coryphee."

ART.

"How long has your daughter been studying art?" "Five years, and she has made great progress. She can talk about motifs and atmosphere and such things in such a way as to make you think she knows perfectly well what she means."

The Uplift.

"Have you taken up the city beautiful idea over here?" asked the stranger. "Yep," replied the native, "we're going to pave Main street this spring, and some of the folks are tryin' to have the waterin' trough in front of the courthouse decorated with a statue of Physic."

Impossible.

"Was out at sea; the wind most fiercely blew; He hung across the rail. And people heard him wail As seafolk people do: 'This statement I will make—You cannot eat your cake And have it, too.'"

Appreciative.

"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep."

"Thanks, dear, for your self-esteem."

Cubic Feet.

A cubic foot of water contains one and one-half gallons (1.728 cubic inches) and weighs sixty-two and one-half pounds. One cubic foot of bituminous coal weighs from forty-seven to fifty pounds. One cubic foot of anthracite coal weighs about fifty-three pounds.

The Daily Story

CAROL'S ISLAND—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Carol Atwood watched Captain Hussey as he stowed her suit case and the covered basket in the bow of the little motorboat; then she took her place, while the captain pushed away from the landing steps and grasped the wheel all in one agile motion, born of long experience on the waters of Gull lake.

"Where is the island?" asked Carol after they had fairly started on the blue water.

"Ye can't glimpse it till we turn Pine Tree point; kinder queer that your cousin, or—was Steve Atwood your cousin, did ye say?" asked the captain inquisitively.

"He was my father's cousin," replied Carol, with an air of reserve.

"Well, I was saying it's mighty queer that out of all his money he should leave you nothing but Pine Island here. You can't do nothing but sell it, miss. I hear you're from New York city. Work there?"

"Yes."

"So I heard. It was all printed in the newspaper when Steve Atwood died—how he left Pine Island to a little cousin who was a bookkeeper or something like that in the city. The paper said it was too bad that Mr. Atwood hadn't left a sum of money so his orphan cousin could do something with it, but I dunno—you can sell the island if you want to. There's summer folks would like it for a camp."

Carol made no reply. Her blue eyes were dreamily fixed on Pine Tree point, but her thoughts were far from Gull lake and the odd inheritance left by her eccentric relative, Stephen Atwood, the many times millionaire. How easy it would have been had Cousin Stephen only left her a sum of money instead of the valueless island in this Maine lake! She sighed bitterly as she remembered the clause in Stephen Atwood's will which said that the island was not to be sold within five years after his death.

If he had left her a sum of money she might have given up that office position and gone away to seek the health that was so necessary to her successful future. She was pale and delicate looking, city born and bred, and the struggle to earn her bread and butter was growing more difficult every day. She had craved her allotted vacation. She was taking her annual two weeks' vacation in the month of May instead of August, so that she might look over the property.

The breeze ruffled the placid surface of the lake, pickered leaped now and then, and occasionally from the bushy thicket along the shore a wild eyed deer peered at the speeding boat and its passengers.

"There's Pine Island," pointed the captain as they rounded Pine Tree point into the upper end of the beautiful lake.

"It is beautiful!" cried Carol, breathless with delight, as she gazed at the small green island that was her very own.

It was set like an emerald in the blue of the lake, and from amid the thick growth of pines Carol could glimpse a red roof.

"You be'ant going to stop there alone?" argued Captain Hussey as he brought the boat up to a small stone landing.

"For a few days," said Carol practically. "I'm not afraid up here in this beautiful country. Why, there's more to fear in the big city where I have always lived."

"That's all very well," decided the old man, "but I guess I'll leave old Watch with you. He can have a little vacation here along with you and hunt rabbits to his heart's content. You can bring him back with you."

Watch, the big collie, who had been asleep at his master's feet, pricked his beautiful ears at the sound of his name and leaped ashore to jump around Carol, who had reached the landing without assistance.

"Now, that is kind of you, Captain Hussey," cried the girl, taking his reluctant hands into her little white ones. "I believe that you brought Watch along on purpose."

"The missus made me do it," protested the captain as he picked up the basket of provisions packed by his wife for the young stranger. "She thinks you're crazy to stay here all alone for two weeks, and I ain't telling what I think about it. You know I done all I could to keep you away, but I ain't never found the woman yet that would listen to reason—no, ma'am! But I'll try and run over every day and see how you get along. And now I'll look into the bathhouse and see if that tidy little skiff's still there. If it is you can use it to run away from the island if things get too lonesome for you. Can you row?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Carol. "I've learned to do that on my summer vacations."

"Good! Well, if anything bothers you or you get lonesome you jest pack into the skiff and come over to the mainland. You'll find the latchstring always out on the Hussey house."

"Thank you a thousand times!" cried Carol gratefully.

First Captain Hussey took the bunch of keys from Carol and unlocked the bathhouse. Here everything was in perfect order, the cedar trimmed row-boat, the oars, the fishing nets and poles all arranged with a careful hand.

Captain Hussey dropped the skiff into the water beneath the bathhouse, laid the oars in it and showed Carol how in a moment of emergency she might run down the short flight of steps, get into the boat and emerge through the swinging doors into the lake.

"It's all lovely," murmured Carol as they walked through the pines toward the little log house among the trees.

"It's kind of a tidy little place," assented the captain as he unlocked the front door. "I've heard say that out of all his houses your cousin Stephen liked this best. Ain't that just the way? Millions of money, palaces to live in, and him coming way up here

to live in his log cabin and 'cook his own meals! It does beat all!'"

"I wonder why."

"I've heard that he had poor health for awhile, and he got well up here. And he always said that his relatives wa'n't nothing without health. Seems like he valued health more than money. You look kinder delicate yourself," added the captain, looking with concern at the girl's face, pale in the gloom of the darkened house.

"I'll feel better after I've been here a few days," laughed Carol. "My Cousin Stephen could regain his health here, perhaps I can find mine also."

"Did you ever see your cousin, Stephen Atwood?"

"Yes, once. A year ago he sent for me to come to his office. He questioned me closely, but he made no remark upon my answers. I never heard from him afterward. Two months ago I heard of his death in California, and I was notified that he had left Pine Island to me. I thought it rather a ghastly joke at first, but there is this lovely little house, and Captain Hussey, I've a great mind to stay here all summer!" A pink color flew into her cheeks at the notion.

"Never!" gasped the captain. "How'd you live, miss?"

"Maybe I could take a woman boarder," said Carol hopefully. "I'll advertise at once."

"That ain't a bad idea," muttered the captain. "I think I know of some one right now, Miss Halpin and her nephew. They're artists, and they'd admire a green little spot like this. Want me to speak to 'em? They're stopping at the Benner House, and you know what that is?"

"If you only would, dear Captain Hussey!" cried the delighted Carol. "I'll row over to the mainland tomorrow and find out. If they want to come I'll send in my resignation to the office at once."

"I'll see about it soon's I get ashore," promised the captain as he departed.

Carol felt very much alone as she went all over the little house, with Watch trotting patiently at her heels. She found the log cabin furnished plainly, but with every comfort for snug housekeeping and lazy enjoyment. Soon every window was wide open to the pine scented breeze and a small fire was crackling on the living room hearth just for the very homeliness of its blaze.

It was fun to light the blue flame oil stove in the kitchen and to prepare her evening meal with the dainty aluminum cooking utensils. From Mrs. Hussey's generous basket there came forth homemade bread and butter, preserves, cakes and pies, besides groceries from the store.

The next morning Carol awoke feeling strangely strong and energetic. She found everything so attractive that she was quite bewildered as to what to do first. Should she satisfy her longing to go out at once or remain indoors long enough to prepare at least a semblance of a breakfast? She decided on the latter course and set around doing her light housekeeping, singing all the while. Then she donned a white linen sailor suit and a duck hat and went over to the mainland, leaving Watch on guard.

On the village dock Carol met Captain Hussey with a middle aged woman and a sunburned young man, whom he introduced as her new boarders, Miss Halpin and her nephew, Gerald Lane.

Together they went back to Pine Island, and then began the most wonderful summer in Carol Atwood's existence. The island, which she had at first deemed a white elephant on her hands, turned out to be a treasure land indeed, for during those long days of free life under the pines Carol regained her health—she found new health, for she became round and rosy and sunburned and strong as a young Indian maiden.

She found happiness as well as health. How else could it have ended with a beautiful girl like Carol and a handsome, heart free youth like Gerald Lane living there under the kindly chaperonage of Miss Eugenia Halpin!

And the queerest thing of all was that one day while Carol was rummaging among some books in the living room she found a small tin dispatch box bearing her own name on the outside, and in the box was a letter addressed to her in a crabbed handwriting which proved to be that of her eccentric cousin, Stephen Atwood.

And the letter told her that Stephen Atwood believed her to be a sensible girl and if she fulfilled that belief she would seek Pine Island to regain her health, and in the course of time she would find this letter, which declared that, while health was greater than wealth, a blending of each was desirable in this world, so Carol would find placed to her credit in a certain city bank the sum of \$20,000, and the bank book was there to prove it!

Pine Island is the summer home of Gerald and Carol Lane, and to them each year comes their aunt, Miss Halpin, who loves to tell visitors of the romance woven into the story of the island, while she reproduces its beauties on canvas.

March 12 in American History.

1818—John Lorimer Worden, rear admiral, U. S. N., commander of the Monitor in the naval battle of Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862; born: died 1897.

1864—Lieutenant General U. S. Grant was officially placed in command of the Federal forces in the field.

1888—"The blitzard" prevailed in the north Atlantic states.

1907—United States supreme court decided that corporations must produce their books and papers and answer questions in action at law brought by the government.