

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, August 10, 1914.

Now is the time to "see America first."

Nations as well as men often insist on committing suicide.

This is a good time for every citizen of the United States to remember what he is.

It is now more than ever that we appreciate the "splendid isolation" of the United States.

Something very beautiful and priceless must be this balance of power that so many men must die for it.

No, gentle reader, T. Roosevelt has not declared his neutrality. He's ferocious everything including neutrality.

Of course Japan doesn't want to get into it, but like the colored gentleman who was asked if he'd have another piece of chicken, "They might if they was fo'ced."

"It makes news for the newspapers," says the reader as he scans the headlines in his morning paper. He little thinks of the millions expended in gathering this news for him.

According to the London Statist, the United States is the richest country, having now some \$150,000,000,000 of wealth in all forms, against \$85,000,000,000 and \$50,000,000,000 for Great Britain and Germany. If this war keeps up long, the disproportion will be even greater.

A FALSE VIEW.

A prominent New York suffragist says that vacations in matrimony would end the divorce evil. She says that she and her husband separate at times so that they will not bore each other. This she claims was the practice from the days of the cave man, yet in prehistoric times no intelligent explanation was given.

Some folks will be disposed to smile when they recall that half of the fashionable divorces have been the result of vacations. While wife has been receiving the ardent attention of some man at the mountain or coast resort, hubby who was left to slave in the city, solaced himself by meeting the chorus girl on the roof garden.

PROSPERITY CREDIT.

Kansas is enthusiastic over an immense crop, and one paper says that "mortgages are going to be reduced, money put away in the bank for insurance against unforeseen events, and improvements made about the farms that will add to their productivity and make life richer and more varied in a hundred ways. Plumbing will be installed in thousands of homes, new lighting systems will be introduced, better clothing and furniture will be in demand and automobiles and planes and talking machines will be called for."

It would be but the carrying out of custom if the democratic party should proceed to take all the credit. That has been the way of the party in power for many years. God has never been recognized in the matter at all.

HANDLING WAR NEWS.

Handling the news of a war is a difficult and expensive undertaking. The present European war situation has given rise to unusual difficulties. The press associations have correspondents at every European capital, working night and day. They have correspondents with each army. They have access to the news service of the daily newspapers of Europe. They keep in touch with the chiefs of the army and navy of every country involved in the present conflict. But the military censorship has been the most rigorous known since the invention of the telegraph and cable and it has been impossible to evade it. When the censorship is restricted to the suppression of military secrets the knowledge of which would be advantageous to the enemy, it is necessary and proper. But the censor is sole judge of the scope of his operations and he often extends it to include reports of battles. The correspondent who attempts to evade the censor by smuggling his dispatches out of the country runs the risk of summary expulsion. But in the present instance there is no method of eluding the censor, since all dispatches must be handled by cable and at present all cablegrams from Europe must pass under the eye of

the British censor, the cable to Germany having been severed. The dispatches from Berlin and Vienna must run this official gauntlet.

That the correspondents are doing their best may be taken for granted. Each has been trained from his youth up to give the news, the whole news and nothing but the news, without color. Every correspondent worthy of the name has a recognized news agency or employment as special representative of a first-class newspaper follows these instructions with fidelity. It is a matter of conscience with him, even as it is the condition of retaining his position. The correspondent who "fakes" loses professional standing and is soon without employment or the possibility of it. His position is insecure even if he is too easily imposed upon. Anybody who is at all familiar with newspaper making knows that the correspondents are doing faithful work. They are not sending out intentionally false information.

HASTEN LEGISLATION.

Now that the federal reserve board is practically complete the United States shortly will take its place and lead the world in finance, as she already leads the world in industry. There is now pending before congress a law to make more available the emergency currency reserves and one to permit the transfer of foreign owned and built ships to American register. Congress has shown its clear sightedness under the illumination of a world crisis by forgetting petty prejudices to expedite the reserve board. It now remains only for that body to continue in the same course by expediting the emergency currency law which will further aid that board, and by passing without unnecessary debate the registry law which will aid in restoring American commerce to the high rank it enjoyed before it was destroyed by the civil war.

All this congress will do, and quickly, for Europe's discord has unified America and politics is being submerged in the old patriotic Americanism which is always for America's welfare first and partisan welfare last.

HAVING ANCESTORS.

Dr. Frank Crane says he hasn't kept track of all his ancestors, but that he is proud of them. Here is the way he puts it:

My father and mother each had a father and mother; that is, I had two grandfathers and two grandmothers, which makes four.

Each of these four necessarily had a father and mother; so in the ascending generation I had eight ancestors.

Calculating in this manner on back to the 56th generation—that is, to the time of Christ—the number is of course raised to its 56th power.

Hence, in order to introduce so important a person as I into the world, there has been the cooperation of some 132,245,915,480,534,878 ladies and gentlemen—possibly also a few blacksmiths and nursemaids.

It is for this reason that I do not lower my helmet, to use the language of the Great Commander, to any man who points to the picture on his wall and brags about his grandpa being a judge. He has nothing on me. I have doubtless had several hundred judges in my line, also many prisoners, attorneys and bailiffs.

The fact is, as Dr. Crane points out, all of us have had lots of ancestors, and he is a poor man who did not have someone to be proud of among them. Some ancestor even of the laborer on the street or the section may have been crowned with laurel way back there in the past. He is not bragging about it, and we may all very well be prouder of what we have done ourselves than of what some of our forebears may have done.

Seasickness. Seasickness comes on oceans, lakes and some rivers. Not every one, however, who travels upon these bodies of water can acquire it, as it appears to come only to those who have a gift for it. It has one great merit not common to all gifts, as it may be acquired without previous practice. Those who are skillful do not have to be taught. Like inspiration and the wonderful one loss shay, it comes to them "all at once and nothing first."

Various cures have been devised for seasickness. One of them is publicity. If you can keep on deck where you will be seen by all men and a few fishes that may be staring at you, it is said to be a great help. The best cure, however, is carefully to remove the water from underneath the particular vessel in which you happen to be passing away. If enough water can be removed the seasickness will be invariably cured.

Seasickness is the only thing you get from the steamship company that you don't pay for.—Life.

Quite Simple. "Mr. Yaleblus, I want to ask you a question," remarked the Wellesley maiden to her partner as they entered the conservatory. "A thousand if you like," replied the gallant collegian. "What is a kiss?" "The young man was taken aback, but quickly pulled himself together and firmly said, "This is."

"Sir," replied the indignant seeker after higher culture, "you misunderstand me. The interrogation I put to you was a mathematical problem which I thought might interest a student from Yale college."

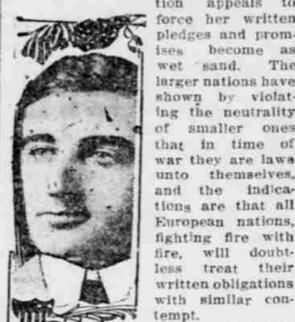
"It does, it does," said the junior as he twirled his light moustache, "but if it's a conundrum I give it up."

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER
Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8.—The clash of arms in Europe will probably demonstrate to the world that when a nation appeals to force her written pledges and promises become as wet sand.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

The larger nations have shown by violating the neutrality of smaller ones that in time of war they are laws unto themselves, and the indications are that all European nations, fighting fire with fire, will doubtless treat their written obligations with similar contempt.

This point is not only interesting as showing the powerlessness of treaties to prevent war or even guide its course, but it has an important bearing on the business future of this country. If our shippers are able to get their ships across the seas this nation is sure to benefit enormously by the misfortunes of Europe, in supplying food and raw material to the armies in the field.

Under written international agreements it will be possible for Americans to engage in this export business. But since there is no guarantee that the warring nations will regard these agreements, American merchant ships are likely to keep clear of European

waters until one set of belligerents or the other can control the sea and protect a lane of safety between Europe and the United States.

The question will arise at once—what is contraband and what is permitted freight to be carried to Europe. Apparently these classes were defined in the London declaration of 1909, but since no great power formally promulgated this treaty, though the delegates of all agreed to it, there is no guarantee that the definitions in this document will be regarded as binding in the present conflict.

But these are some of the definitions given in this international document: Wheat and food products; contraband when destined for a war base of any belligerent; when destined to a country at war but not consigned to a war base, no definition whether contraband or not.

Clothing consigned to a war base or to a contractor furnishing supplies to a belligerent, contraband; when consigned to a country at war but not to a war base—an open question as to its being contraband.

Thus American shippers are likely to be very wary about taking risks in shipping valuable cargoes of food or clothing when guaranteed only by an unratified treaty as loose in construction as the London declaration. The hope of our shippers will be that one side in the European struggle or the other may speedily gain control of the sea, which will allow commerce to start again. Otherwise it is likely that no food products or clothing will leave this country unless our shippers are guaranteed against loss by the nation to which the goods are consigned.

MISFORTUNE NOT A DISGRACE

The specific term "pauper" is gradually passing out of use in connection with the poor, and there has been a marked change in recent years in the attitude of the state and public toward those who are unable to provide for themselves, according to the summary of the state laws affecting the dependent classes in the United States soon to be published by Director William J. Harris of the bureau of the census, department of commerce.

This summary states that in place of the specific term "pauper" there are now used the general terms "poor," "indigent," "dependent," applicable to a great variety of persons; the "pauper asylum" and "poorhouse" are giving place to infirmaries, hospitals, and homes for the aged and infirm. Insane asylums are called state hospitals; state charity with its almost inevitable stigma is gradually giving place to state aid, and it is coming to be recognized that the mere fact of inability to support oneself does not involve necessarily any disgrace.

Thus the laws of the different states, defining dependent, neglected, and delinquent children almost invariably contain the caution and the injunction that they should be interpreted liberally to the extent that the child's best interests may be subserved, and with this in view the child, except as an infant, is excluded from the almshouse

and from the jail, especially in association with criminals, and is to be placed in a good home or well-conducted institution, or, better still, kept in its own home even if it costs the state something in the form of a mother's pension to keep it there. The sick are to be healed, not merely have their suffering alleviated; and hospital, sanatoriums, dispensaries, etc., are being organized on every hand for the benefit of those who otherwise would fail of receiving the best nursing as well as medical treatment in the homes—this is coming to be recognized as part of the duty of the county and town authorities. So also with the insane, the feeble-minded, epileptic, lepers, inebriates, and others who are regarded not so much as drags upon the community who must somehow be taken care of, but as unfortunate to whom the community who must somehow be taken care of, but as unfortunate to whom the community is debtor for service.

The first state board of charities was organized in Massachusetts in 1855, for the purpose of supervising the whole system of state charitable and correctional institutions. It is significant that the only specification and authorization in that act had to do with paupers. Other states followed the example of Massachusetts and in 1913 the number had reached 37.

HEALTH TALKS
William Brady, M.D.
The Specialist and the Plain Doctor.

"What does an ordinary family physician know about the treatment of the ear?" asks one of our correspondents. "Is it not his duty to refer such a case to a specialist?"

The ordinary family doctor is a very variable quantity in different communities and in different times. Until recent years—say the past fifteen or twenty years—physicians were graduated from medical schools with little or no training in the various specialties. There are still men in family practice who are not only unable to examine the nose, throat, ear or eye, having no special ability—but they are incompetent to even diagnose suppuration in the ear, polyps in the nose or a cinder in the corner of the eye. Yet they may be successful in other lines.

The Younger Generation. But your modern family doctor, the younger generation of medical practitioners doesn't leave college to enter practice in a hurry. He spends a year or two as interne or house physician in a hospital, where he works with and for the doctors on the staff, many of whom are specialists. This new order of family physicians is fully competent and usually well equipped to treat the ordinary diseases of eye, ear, nose, throat and other special organs. Indeed the progressive family doctor is often more successful in the management of the common eye, nose, ear or throat trouble than is his neighbor, the specialist. The specialist's proper field is not the treatment of all derangements of organs which interest him in his specialty, but the treatment of difficult or unusual complications in cases referred to him by the family doctor.

In many instances ailments of special organs are only local manifestations of some general disturbance of health which must have attention which the specialist, for want of experience in general practice, is unable to give. If each and every derangement of the eye, ear, nose, throat, nerves, heart, etc., was referred to a specialist there would be no need of family doctors at all. This would be all right enough if patients were able to decide for themselves whether a

headache, let us say, comes from eyestrain, disease of a sinus in the head, kidney insufficiency, anemia, nerve exhaustion or faulty diet.

The mere fact that a man calls himself a specialist or limits his practice to a specialty is no evidence of his expert ability. It must be remembered that the law requires the same qualifications in a general practitioner, a family doctor, which it requires in the surgeon or the specialist. In the individual choice of a doctor you have to use your own good judgment.

Questions and Answers. C. S. writes: Girl of sixteen has had swollen glands for six weeks. She has sore throat a good deal and her tonsils are enlarged. (1) Would it weaken her to have them removed? (2) How much blood is lost in the operation? (3) Would it cure the swollen glands? (4) Should I wait till they disappear as she grows older?

Reply. (1) No. (2) Too little to consider. (3) It would if the tonsils alone are the cause. They may be decayed teeth too. (4) No, because meanwhile the girl's health might be ruined by the diseased tonsils.

B. T. B. asks: Will you kindly repeat the formula given in one of your recent articles on the care of the scalp? I think it contained sulphur and salicylic acid.

Reply. I do not now recall the formula. But a common application is benzoinated lard containing about 20 grains each of powdered sulphur and salicylic acid to the ounce. Whether this does good, I don't know. The massage employed in rubbing the ointment into the scalp may be the thing that helps the dandruff.

R. R. asks: Is it possible for a man who is taking good treatment from a reputable doctor and living right to get well from specific urethritis and marry.

Reply. Yes. But he should wait until a year after every symptom has disappeared and his doctor pronounces him cured.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

The SOUVENIRS



I found her in the berry patch Where she had strayed alone; Her fingers bled from many a scratch Her hair was blithely blown.

Her lips were stained a crimson hue, Her glance gladdened me; The berries in her palm were few, As I could plainly see.

Her figure showed a youthful grace, She seemed to glow with health, I marked the beauty of her face As I approached by stealth.

The berry patch was mine, in truth, But I forgave the maid, For all the luring charms of youth She splendidly displayed.

I sought to free her heart from fear, If fear was lurking there, And, having stolen very near, I hailed the maiden fair.

How oft our good intentions fail; She left with little grace; The top rail was a splintered rail That firmly held its place; I still possess her little pall And seven yards of lace.

Her Advice. "Please, don't tease me to marry you," she begged. "It seems to me you are foolish to want to handicap yourself with a wife now. You ought to wait until you have done something to make yourself important—something that will make the girl you choose to share your lot feel that she is fortunate."

He twisted his hat for a moment and was silent. "I hope," she said, "I have not hurt your feelings. Please remember that I have said what I did only for your own good. I know you have it in you to do things. It would be a pity if you were tied down by matrimony so that you could never come into your own."

"Well," he replied at last, "I suppose you're right about it. A wife might interfere with my progress. Thank you for opening my eyes while it is not yet too late. "Of course," she said, when he was about to start away, "it wouldn't do any harm for us to be engaged. We could put off the wedding for six or seven months, you know."

Swindled Again. "By gosh, there ain't no chance to git ahead of these swindlers," complained Silas Hossbarber. "What's the matter now?" his wife asked.

"I sent a dollar to one of 'em for a receipt to keep hair from fallin' out and what do you s'pose he writes?" "I can't guess."

"Quarrel with your wife and git it pulled out."

INFALLIBLE. "I have an infallible rule for pleasing my wife."

"What is it?" "I always tell her what I would prefer to do and then do the other thing."

One Drawback. The world is growing better. Growing faster every year; Every year we right some wrong, Year by year we move along And old errors disappear.

The world is growing brighter, As the seasons come and go; Every year we move ahead, It is not till we are dead That we birds are honored, though.

When. When a strapping big young man with a constitution of iron meets a fragile girl who might be blown away by a strong puff of wind, but who looks at him with soulful eyes, and tells him that she thinks he is handsome, it is wholly useless to try to convince him that there is anything in eugenics.

One Thing He Could Promise. "Do you think you can get me free?" asked the young millionaire who had shot a man.

"I hope," replied the great criminal lawyer, "that I may be able to do so, but if I can't do that I am positive that I will be able to make you famous on at least two continents."

Easy. "Tell me, old man," said the perennial seeker after useless knowledge, "why is your hair gray and your beard brown?"

"Easy," answered the facetious old man. "My hair 's twenty years older than my beard."—Michigan Gargoyle.

The Daily Story

Asking Time—By Elizabeth Gaines Wilcoxson.

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Valor McGeehe, the boss of the light-erage business, a tenth owner in the Crown mine and owner of the little sawmill up the creek, was a stalwart person of easy manners and the scars of fair fights.

Every day at the same hour he came sauntering in and straddled the bench not far from the sandwich board where Mrs. Taylor was always busy slicing bread and butter.

Her long, oddly slanting, light gray, wise eyes gave him a look of impersonal friendliness as she nodded good morning and briskly lifted two thick sandwiches to a crockery plate and without losing a motion poured a cup of coffee. These she placed before him.

He breakfasted leisurely. As he ate he talked with the cook. "Do you know what day this is?" he asked one morning.

She flicked an inquiring glance at him, drove her knife through the loaf and repeated: "Do I know what day it is? Sure. It's Friday." And she smiled. She had a baffling, secretive smile.

The man smiled, too, watching her face. "Do you know why I call you Mona Lisa?" he drawled banteringly.

"Of course, you're kidding me off?" she offered, another smile lurking in the corners of her mouth. "You've guessed it. She had a smile like yours. It was a ticklish proposition, that smile of Mona's. You could never tell whether it was with you or on you. But what particular Friday is this?"

"The day of the month? The 10th." "Correct," said the man. "Which 10th?"

She caught up a big wooden bowl and began piling up the sandwiches into it with the automatic speed of machinery.

"She shook her head at his question. "Which 10th would you say?" "Two months ago today you arrived to open up this haven for the hungry. That's what happened to turn the 10th into a special red letter day," he explained.

"So I did." "And I was your first customer," he reminded. "So you were." "And I've never learned what your name is," he pursued.

"No." She favored him with a tall eye glance, her hands flying with the motion of closing two slices of bread and butter over one slice of meat. "After my saying it to you so often—" Mrs. Harry Lane Taylor—just like that!"

She threw out her hands in a jaunty, spread eagle gesture and whisked around to the stove to replenish the fire and readjust the jars of baking beans.

The man smiled after her. He had said the same thing sixty times—once every day for sixty days.

In a minute she was back at the sandwich board, her naturally pale face flushed.

"And I am going to ask you something else." "Something new?" she queried and laughed. She had a frank, clear laugh at variance with her veiled expression and secretive smile.

"Are you a widow?" "Seems to me I remember you asked me that once."

"Thirty times," he corrected. "I've a reason for wanting to know." Her long, slanting gray eyes rested upon him for a moment while she answered with mock seriousness: "Have you? Well, I'll tell you how to get out of telling if anybody asks you if I'm a widow. You just say you don't know."

He grinned. "All right for you! I'm going to keep on asking till you answer. I'm coming once an hour and ask till you answer."

"Now, I call that downright persecution," she protested, turning to hagg up the sandwich board.

McGeehe slipped a coin, the price of his breakfast, under his cup, swung his feet over the bench and stood up. "I'll be back in an hour," he promised.

More than half an hour after he was gone a stranger entered, letting the door blow backward and charging the room with an icy wind.

He was ragged and dirty and gave evidence not only of poverty, but of dissipation. His hair was matted with gray, and he wore a sandy moustache and a stubble beard. If ever there was a disreputable character it was he. And yet there was about him something that gave evidence of a better past.

He seemed rigid with cold and stopped a minute as if he needed to relax to breathe, then slipped over the bench, hugging his hands together.

Turning with her customary alertness, Mrs. Taylor mechanically picked up a cup. As her eyes fell upon the newcomer her face whitened, and she automatically put down the cup. A mirthless smile twisted the man's mouth.

"I've got the money to pay for it," he said. His voice was a mixture of groveling, pleading and sullen defiance. "Did you come here on purpose?" she asked savagely, stepping toward him.

"Don't be hard on me, Joyce," he begged conciliatingly. "I own I hadn't ought to have left you when I did, but what else could I do? Under the circumstances I thought folks would do more for you if I was gone than"— "Under the circumstances I accepted charity until I was able to work. The child was buried by charity, it afterward repaid the money, but it was none the less taking charity."

She was gathering compass after her shaken moment. "I wish lightning had struck you before you found out where I was. I was a fool not to get a legal separation at the time, but I learned you'd been sent to prison, and I knew you were out of the way, and I came off here without doing it. You were given a ten year term, I heard. What you're doing out in four years I don't know."

He stared at her, and she read his covering fear with hard eyes. "This country's big, and I want you to move on. This is my place. It's not big enough for us both. You understand? If you'll keep in mind we're perfect strangers and get out of here on the next boat."

The fear oozed out of his face. A sort of whimpering hope took its place. "You are hard, Joyce," he snivelled. "God knows, I've always loved you. I never thought of anybody but you."

"Leave God out of it," ordered the woman contemptuously. "You never thought of anybody but yourself in your life."

"I knew you'd be mad at me, Joyce, as soon as I came in. I'm going right up to the mine and get a job. I'll show you I can work. I won't ever leave you again."

"Oh, yes, you will," she said grimly, "and that right away. Just look at my hands!" she cried suddenly, throwing them out before her with a fierce gesture. They were calloused and rough and stiff. "I suppose you remember what they looked like once?"

The man blinked and licked his lips. "I remember, Joyce," he said humbly. "I thought maybe you'd teach music. You could play right well."

"I tried it for a year and starved." "If you'll just give me one more chance"—

"You can have all the chance in the world—away from this place. I shall not molest you, though I suspect you've got no right to your freedom. But you just get this once for all: You are to move on at once. And meanwhile we are strangers. I don't know you. You are—"

McGeehe entered, and she turned abruptly and poured a cup of coffee, which with food she placed before the man already seated, naming as she did so the price of the meal.

As he passed, McGeehe bestowed upon the presence a glance of curiosity and dislike, then sauntered on to his accustomed place. With deliberation that savored of malice Mrs. Taylor filled a cup and plate and set them before him.

He looked at the food with mingled amusement and protest. "Do I have to eat every hour?" "Folks don't come in here except to eat," she pointed out.

"Oh, very well," drawled McGeehe and began to stir in his cup.

He stirred slowly and sipped the coffee and nibbled the sandwich, but he did not attempt conversation until the presence at the far end of the room was gone.

As the man went out Valor gave him another scrutiny and looked inquiringly at Mrs. Taylor. It struck him when he came in that she and the man were having words, and the thought came back to him.

But the morning was now growing late, and she was getting ready for the noon rush, and somehow, though he could not have told why, the atmosphere seemed subtly against any more half earnest jesting.

So he moodily formed a big interrogation point in the center of his place with breadcrumbs, put a coin, the price of the meal, under his cup, swung his legs over the bench and went out.

He did not come back the next hour, nor the next, as he had promised. The camp was suddenly in a turmoil over the disaster at the Crown mine. McGeehe, with others, gave the rest of the day to caring for the five men wounded by the explosion and burying the three who were killed.

"He claimed he was an expert powder man, just what they were looking for. He died. He hadn't been there twenty minutes before—oh, well, he got his too. But that didn't make it any easier for the rest of 'em. It was that fellow who was eating here yesterday morning when I came in for my second breakfast. You remember him?"

He had entirely forgotten his impression of the day before. "I remember him. It's those he left wounded I pity the most. The others are dead."

Her face looked inexpressibly weary. He noted her unusual expression. "You aren't sick, are you?" he asked, with sudden perplexity.

She shook her head. "No. Thinking of the mine accident kept me awake. That's all," she said.

Valor McGeehe took occasion to observe: "Since I wasted so much time yesterday I guess I'll just stay right here till you tell me your name and if you are a widow."

Her eyes met his, and never had her smile been so enigmistic. "There's a time to ask and a time to answer. My name is Joyce, and I am a widow," she said.

Aug. 10 in American History.