

THE ARGUS.

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Monday, September 25, 1916.

Rock Island—From River to River.

The democratic ticket in Maine polled 17,000 more votes than Wilson polled when he carried Maine in 1912.

In September, 1892, the republicans won the governorship of Maine by a plurality of 12,500 votes—and Cleveland was elected.

Perhaps the Turks are rushing to the eastern front to help the Germans because they fear the Russians in Armenia—taking the lesser of two evils.

The republican candidate has completed his trip across the continent, but if he has created any special political earthquakes, the democratic campaign has failed to register them.

Chicago bakers have determined to raise the price of bread to six cents and Chicago women threaten a riot. Did it ever occur to Chicago women that many women prefer to make their own bread?

"To maintain our national honor by peace if we can, by war if we must," is the motto of the president of the United States, and all the efforts of his detractors haven't improved upon it.

If you will go to the trouble to look him up you will discover that, nine cases in a dozen, the fellow who is constantly knocking on his own door is his failure to progress at a pace to his liking buys his clothing and food from mail order houses hundreds of miles away.

Charles B. Hawkins went to his grave in Chicago today without a mourner. Fifty years ago he had a nation laughing. He was a star comedian of his time. At the height of his fame he was the funny man in "Tennessee's Pardner." He had served his time, passed along and was forgotten. That was all. He died in poverty.

The 79 republican members of the house who voted for the eight-hour railroad law should be grateful to Mr. Hughes for attacking the course they pursued. If he were elected, with a republican congress back of him, would they promptly reverse themselves in order to justify his campaign attacks upon the great body of republicans in the present house who ventured to act on their own judgment?

You don't have to be so old to recall that by now in former presidential campaigns the republican torch bearing clubs were seen in nightly parades and the speaker was shouting at every corner, warning the people against the calamity that would befall the nation in the event of the triumph of the democratic ticket at the polls. Where are they now? The most significant feature of the present campaign is the lack of excitement among the folks who are to do the voting. True, the campaign orator is abroad, but the procession and the red fire are missing. The democrats never were much for elaborate demonstrations; they did not have the barrel. The display was on the part of the republicans. Doubtless the latter have as much money this year as in previous campaigns, but they are blowing it in other directions. They have come to the conclusion that you can't bewilder the voter with red fire and bands and parades. He refuses to believe that the country is going to the bows-rows under a democratic administration.

THE COUNTRY TEACHER. Harry Lamb of Golden teaches a little old-fashioned one-room country school near Golden and he receives \$100 per month for his work. He is the best paid country school teacher in Adams county, Illinois, and perhaps there is no other teacher in the state who has charge of a one-room building where he is his own assistant and janitor, and receives so large a salary. No doubt the young man will achieve something akin to fame. When some of the dissatisfied talk of the miserable wages paid to rural teachers, the answer will be: "Why, there is Harry Lamb, down near Golden, getting \$100 per month for teaching in the one-room school." And that will be supposed to excuse other schools, where the teacher is paid the lowest pittance that he or she will accept.

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the year, and at present prices seven or eight months at \$100 a month will not make blighted bondholders of teachers even though they reach a ripe age. The teacher is something like the actor in this respect, that the actor is very happy when he can figure on 30 weeks of employment in the year. Many never have that. But the teacher, while drawing pay seven or eight months in the year, has to live 12 months, and eventually there is little left, even where the teacher is quite saving, and the salary is comparatively large. The teachers have been and still are in a peculiar position. They are not supposed to organize, that is to combine for the purpose of improving their income. They have organizations that have never been of the slightest benefit to them in this respect and probably never will. The teacher is looked upon as a professional person, and probably considers himself as such. But when it comes to a comparison with the salaries on earnings in the other professions, the resemblance ceases. In reality the teacher, the average teacher, is no better paid than common labor, perhaps not so well. Even that \$100 per month man, the best paid man in his class and line of work in the great state of Illinois, got a miserable wage as compared with his neighbor, who shovels coal into a locomotive. And yet, Harry Lamb of Golden is a man of note. He is one to be remembered. He seems the first one who ever broke into a \$100 position teaching a rural school in Illinois. He may be a pioneer and there may be many like him in the years to come.—Burlington Hawkeye.

THE MANN LAW.

Arrest of blackmailers who have been taking advantage of the stringent provisions of the Mann white slave law have become so frequent in recent years that the question of repealing or revising the law must be considered at the next session of congress. Intended to prohibit and punish commercial vice, the law has been interpreted so freely by the authorities that criminals have seized upon it as a cover for conspiracy and blackmail. The arrest of a group of men and women who are reported to have mulcted prominent persons of more than \$250,000 in the last few months has naturally drawn the attention of the crooks are taking advantage of this much discussed law. There is hardly a district attorney in any part of the country, however, who has not obtained convincing evidence that the Mann law is being used more for the purpose of blackmail than for the prohibition and punishment of commercial vice. There should be a law similar to the Mann statute, but it should be framed in such a way as to remove the danger of blackmailing or conspiracies. The punishment for blackmail, which derives in secret and is made possible by the natural aversion of the victim to publicity, should be fixed in the revised law in the light of the experience of the authorities under the existing law. Doubtless the officials of the department of justice would be able to cooperate with the committee of congress in preparing a revised form of the Mann law to meet the conditions with a view to safeguarding the processes of justice.

Daily History Class—Sept. 25.

- 1775—Colonists from New England attempted to capture Montreal. Ethan Allen, leader of the Green Mountain Boys, was captured by the British.
1857—Lucknow, India, relieved by a British outside column and saved from massacre.
1914—German invaders of Russia led by Von Hindenberg were disastrously beaten near Grodno, on the river Niemen.
1915—Drive of the allies from the sea-coast to Verdun was opened. The French around Souchez and the British in the Loos section penetrated the German lines on wide fronts.



HOW TO LET ALONE A COUGH. Mardering coughs is a popular sport in America. Drug salesman called the other day. I do not want the medicine, but this fellow was paying his bill. He observed rather facetiously, that he'd have to start out and sell a couple hundred gallons of cough dope to even up. "What is your brand?" we inquired. "Hero-morpho comp.—a dash of heroin and a little jigger of morphine and a dash of two other ingredients (on the label)." The man was speaking frankly, knowing we could never do business. "Do you mean to say you sell the doctors gallons of ready-made cough syrup dope with both heroin and morphine?" "See it? Why, five-gallon orders are the usual thing. And that stuff—say, you could put in your eye all the other ingredients than the two business-like dopes, but the doctors do buy it. What they can do with it, I don't know. Suppose everybody who comes in with a cough gets a little bottle of the stuff."

responsibility and judgment of a doctor. When tempted to "try" a specimen of hand-me-down cough medicine with its "joker" ingredient, just say, "No, I'll let it alone"—meaning the dope and the cough, too. Coughs let strictly alone pass off more promptly than coughs tinkered with. Cough is nature's cure for various ailments, and when you interfere with nature's plans you are taking tall tales. Many a simple coryza, pharyngitis or laryngitis is converted into bronchitis or pneumonia by the ill-advised checking of the cough in the early stage of the trouble. If you would shoot a fly on his forehead, he might escape serious harm, but he would not be credited with good judgment. A tablespoonful of flaxseed meal, or a teaspoonful of tragacanth powder or a teaspoonful of powdered saccharin, added to a quart of water; add two tablespoonfuls of glycerin, two tablespoonfuls of citrate of soda, licorice to flavor and as much sugar as desired to sweeten. Take a tablespoonful every two or three hours. It will aid the cough and do no harm. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Distilled versus Sterile. Is not distilled water sterile? Answer—It is not, except immediately after distillation. Distilled water is steam condensed to water, and hence sterile. But it may easily become contaminated. Hence, to be sure it is sterile, you must freshly boil it. The Sacro-Iliac Joints. Please tell me where the sacro-iliac joints are. Answer—Place your hands on your hips, the tip of the index finger on the "hip bone", your thumbs will then just touch the sacro-iliac joints behind. Druggists Meet at Baltimore. Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25.—Leading druggists of the country are attending the annual convention of the National Wholesale Druggists' association, which opened here today.

Selected by Tavenner

INTERVIEW WITH MOTHER OF PATRICK H. PEARSE.

By Eileen Moore. (An interview with the mother of Patrick Pearse, president of the short-lived Irish republic.)

Dublin, Aug. 6.—Balancing myself on the side seat of an Irish jaunting car, a distinctly novel and exhilarating sensation, I drove from Dublin to Rathfriland to interview Mrs. Pearse, the mother of Patrick H. Pearse and his youngest brother William, who were condemned and executed in Kilmalkoy, near Drogheda, on the 16th of the Irish rebellion. Had the rebellion been successful Patrick H. Pearse would have been president of the provisional government of Ireland.

As we drove up the picturesque avenue leading to St. Enda's college, where I had arranged to meet Mrs. Pearse, she jarvey—they call the car drivers javeys in Ireland—said to me in a hoarse whisper, "A lot of the boys came home this mornin' from prison in England." This place is full of Sinn Feiners. Are you from America? he asked curiously. "What do they think of the rebellion out there?"

St. Enda's, the famous college founded by Patrick Pearse, is of historical interest from the fact that it was in this very house that Robert Emmet used to meet his betrothed, Sarah Curran. At that time it was the residence of a family called Campbell, and was one of the show places of the neighborhood. The lovers' walk, where Emmet and his pretty sweetheart, famous in song and story, loved to linger, is pointed out to the visitor. It is near a picturesque waterfall surrounded by shady trees. Recent events have excited increased interest in the historical reputation of the old house.

I knocked at the door of the college. There was no sign of life about the building—it seemed deserted. I had to knock several times before it was opened by Mrs. Pearse herself. Mrs. Pearse is a small, slender, white-haired woman of middle age, with large blue eyes and the rose-red cheeks of a girl. She is swift in her movements and full of energy. The only outward trace of sadness about her was her black dress. Her first thought was hospitality. "Wouldn't you like a cup of tea, after your ride?" she asked. "I can make it quickly. I am all alone"—her voice trembled a little.

Not wishing to lose any of my precious time—every moment of which had been mapped out for its own particular work, I assured her I was not thirsty and only wanted to talk. We were seated in a large, lofty room in front of the house. St. Enda's had been raided twice by the soldiers. The house had been looted, and valuable documents, books and furniture destroyed, but fortunately for history, Patrick H. Pearse's latest manuscripts had escaped through an oversight of the raiders.

Speaking of this incident, Mrs. Pearse said: "Thank God, my son's work was spared. I had hidden his manuscripts in that bookcase and locked it. The officer in charge thought it a pity to destroy the bookcase, and was valuable and very old. Besides the key could not be found and the books in it looked innocent, so the bookcase was not broken open and searched. I am busy getting my boy's work published; it keeps me from thinking of history. Mrs. Pearse shows no sign of the nervous strain she must have suffered during the tragedy which was the immediate cause of the rebellion—the shooting of both of her sons.

"What do they think of us in America?" said Mrs. Pearse, who writes a little—it was the same question the Irish jarvey had asked me. Evidently American opinion counted for much in Ireland. I assured her that American people sympathized deeply with her in her double bereavement—that our newspapers had carried columns of sympathy about the rebellion, the liberty end of which appealed to Americans.

"My boys loved America and Americans," said Mrs. Pearse. "Patrick thought it the greatest country in the world. He had a warm admiration for George Washington. He modeled his own course here on the American revolution. But we hadn't a Lafayette or a Steuben to step in and help us. Oh," she said suddenly, "I don't wish to talk about my boys. I want to keep busy. If you only had known them—my brave lads, whose only crime was loving Ireland." "I heard your son, Patrick, speak once at a meeting in New York," I said gently. "He was a brilliant orator." "Did you know my boys' father was an Englishman?" asked Mrs. Pearse. Before I could answer she continued: "My sons imbibed their love of Ireland from me. I heard that General Maxwell said 'that the blame lies with their mother' when speaking of their arrest and death. I was proud to hear it." She rose from her seat and her large blue eyes flashed and she said decisively: "If I had two more sons I would gladly give them for the same cause—the freedom of Ireland. "But it is hard to realize that I shall never see my boys again," continued this Irish mother. "Patrick used to sit there—that was his favorite seat." She pointed to a chair near the open fireplace. "Will sit opposite to him. Willie was my baby," she added, her tears rolled down her face—"a mother clings to her baby," she added pathetically. "Both my boys consulted me in everything they did. I was in all their secrets.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The Daily Story

A Bally Lover—By Elinor Marsh.

IF your mental pulse is all awry, take a 95-mile walk, recommends a New York educator. We know a remedy that has that beaten, and you don't have to do so much footwork. Take a bold plunge every morning before breakfast. It will not only revive you, but it will waken everybody else in your home. It is advisable to have all the windows closed, as you are sure to give forth shouts that may result in the neighbors summoning the police.

DEAR SIR: The funniest thing I ever saw in my life was the biscuit my wife baked at the first home breakfast we had after our marriage. It was such a wonderful thing I had it photographed. I have preserved the picture all these years. It—the biscuit—was never made to be eaten. It was rather a weapon of defense. P. W. L.

Lively Bank Account. Newspaper men as a class are not noted for their affluence, and during the trying period from pay day to pay day reporters have been known to run the whole gamut between wealth and poverty. They tell about one such man in Lorain, Ohio, who lived up to the best traditions of the business. One day, however, he chanced to have a real surplus, and, being a close friend of a Lorain banker, decided to open a checking account. But during the next few weeks that checking account went through a course of deposit-and-withdrawal gymnastics that he and the banker met the newspaper man on the street.

When you see two white shoes drying on a window sill in this town and a girl hanging out of the same window to dry her hair, you can bet she isn't going to eat raw onions for supper.—Renick (Mo.) Enterprise. K. A.

DOWN in Texas a man of 85 has taken a 23-year-old bride. It is said he does not look nearly as old as he is. They never do. He'll probably begin to turn with the next crop of Christmas jewelry. STOLEN Iowa automobiles were deserted in a corn field six weeks ago and has just been found, the stalks having grown so high above it that it was entirely hidden from view, the story going that it was detected by an engineer of a passing train. That's nothing. A farmer residing near Coal Valley came to Rock Island one Saturday recently. When he returned Monday he couldn't find his own house.

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"I do think," said Mrs. Harkaway, "that the young fellow who is coming to see Maria should either propose to her or be told not to come to see her any more."

"How do you know that he hasn't proposed to her?" asked her husband. "Because when I went into the parlor last evening after he had gone I asked her, and she said he hadn't."

"Does she want him to propose?" "Of course she does. Do you suppose she would let him come and sit with her twice a week—sometimes three times—unless she expected that he would ask her to marry him?"

"Maria is a good girl. Do you know whether he is a good man?" "Maria says he is as steady as a clock and has money laid up. "What do you suppose he's waiting for?" "Maria says he's a natural putter off of things."

"Well, I reckon we'll have to find some way to help her out." "What do you mean?" "Why, don't you remember when we were engaged how I was waiting to get a certain sum laid up to be married on, and your little brother one day flatly asked me why I didn't marry you or take myself off? I know very well that he had taken off from your father's mouth, and it brought me to the scratch. We must lay some such plan for this young lover."

"That's easier said than done." One evening when the usual sparking was going on in the parlor there was a ring at the front door bell. Maria went to the door and reported that an Italian was there with a parrot. He said the gentleman had asked him to bring to him. The man was admitted to the living room, and Mr. Harkaway said to him: "You think you have found a bird that will talk, eh?" "You betta I have."

"What is he worth?" "Fifty dollars." "Why don't you hear what he can do." The Italian took the parrot from his cage and by talking to him elicited many wonderful sayings. When he had done so Mrs. Harkaway said to him: "I wish you would let my daughter hear him talk. Come this way."

She led him out into the parlor, where Maria's young man was sitting beside her. "Maria," said the lady, "I wish you to hear this wonderful parrot. He says queer things." "Maria, give me a kiss." Maria colored, and her young man started. Then followed some rambling talk, during which the parrot seemed to have forgotten the lovers. They were recovering from his pertinent remark when he broke forth anew: "Maria, will you marry me?"

By this time Mr. Harkaway had come through the hall and stood in the parlor door, evidently desirous of satisfying himself that the parrot was worth the price asked for him. He was in time to hear the last words. "Of course I'll marry you," were the parrot's last words.

Harkaway, pretending that he supposed the proposition and acceptance to come from the lovers, marched up to Maria and congratulated her. Then, turning to her young man, he said: "You've got a mighty good girl, and she'll make you a mighty good wife." The young man, instead of looking disgruntled, seemed pleased. He was not much of a talker, and a smile was his only response to the congratulations. It is quite likely he felt grateful to the bird for relieving him of making a proposal.

Mrs. Harkaway hung back for a time, not pretending that she had mistaken the parrot's voice for that of the lovers; but, seeing that the young man was disposed to avail himself of the bird's proposal, she went to Maria and offered her congratulations.

The Italian was sent away with his parrot and a five dollar bill to pay for his exhibition of ventriloquism, for he had been hired and coached by Harkaway to bring about what had occurred.

"What an absurd scene!" remarked Mrs. Harkaway to her husband. "I almost gave it all away by laughing." "But it was effective." "Nothing would have made it effective but your unmitigated assurance. After that Maria's young man began to make preparations for the wedding. Maria being with a fever, the wedding was held by her mother. The nuptials were celebrated quietly, though Mr. and Mrs. Harkaway were present, the former giving away the bride.

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Day in Davenport

Bootleggers Plead Guilty—Three of 26 bootleggers taken in raids last June pled guilty in hearings before Judge P. D. Letts and paid fines of \$150 each. Those who pled guilty were: J. P. Burnester, John Sobin and Henry Greve. Each paid costs amounting to \$11.10. Information, originating at the office of the attorney general at Des Moines was filed by County Attorney Henry H. Jebens charging them with selling liquor in violation of the state law. Others of the bootleggers are to be brought to trial.

Dove of Peace Reigns at City Hall—The dove of peace, snowwhite, bearing in its beak the olive twig, hovers over the council chamber. Mayor John Gervase scores two important triumphs. One was the repeal of the purchasing agent ordinance. The other was the appointment of the two police and fire commissioners whose appointment he had sought to have approved for many weeks. It was the vote of Alderman Gervase, who made it possible for the police and fire commissioners to be appointed. And it was the vote of the mayor that carried the adoption of the purchasing agent repeal. The purchasing agent matter was brought up by Alderman Lindholm, chairman of the ordinance committee. He stated in presenting the ordinance for its second and last reading that he did not feel that he could support it. Alderman Gosch characterized the proposition as "one of the most dangerous before the council today," inasmuch as it gave the mayor too much control.

Transfer Company to Have New Building—Joseph Schick, president of the Merchants' Transfer and Storage company announced that arrangements have been completed by this company for the use of the new fireproof warehouse being erected at Perry and Front streets. This structure is being built by O. C. Woods, is of modern construction and includes three stories and a basement. The tentative plans of the transfer company are to use the building for the storage of sugar. This is the fifth warehouse in Davenport occupied by this expanding establishment. Growth of business has made the four warehouses now in use inadequate to meet the extensive business and the added room will make the storage facilities of the best in the city, offering complete protection and thoroughly modern equipment. "The amount of merchandise handled since the first of the year has been enormous," said Mr. Schick. "Five hundred cars of merchandise have been transferred, and the amount of business is other evidence of the progress of this transfer company is the purchase of a new auto truck with plans to motorize the entire transfer department should the performance of the truck warrant such steps. The aim of the plans of the transfer company are to give the best service possible in expressing, moving and storage."

Universal School Manager Dies—Dr. W. E. Carter, who for the past year and a half has been general manager of the Universal College of Chiropractic, died from an illness from which he had been suffering for six months. Death occurred at his home in the Courtland apartments. The deceased was born near Chapman, Kans., March 11, 1881, being at the time of death 35 years of age. He spent his youth on a

farm and graduated from the Chapman high school and the Avilene business college. He entered the Palmer School of Chiropractic and graduated in 1910 being a member of the Upsilon Chi Beta fraternity. Following his graduation he attended the Schroth College in Chicago, and received his license to practice. He successfully practiced in Kansas for two years and was united in marriage to Miss Alexia Dell McBoyle, Sept. 11, 1912. The couple came to Davenport in 1914, when Dr. Carter became dean of the Universal College of Chiropractic and six months later was made general manager. He was also editor of "Progress," a quarterly organ of chiropractics. He was a thorough Christian. Surviving are his wife, two brothers, Daniel of Kansas and Peyton of Wapahon, S. D., and three sisters, Mrs. David McCollough of Solomon, Kans., and Jeannette and Dora Carter of Kansas. His father, in Kansas, also survives.

Obituary Record.—The Seattle Spokesman-Review notes the death of Mrs. Leonard Paddock, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. Lanier, in that city. They were remembered by older residents. Mrs. Paddock was 90 years of age, and came to Davenport when a young girl, her father erecting one of the first log cabins here. Mrs. Paddock cast her first vote when 86 years old, under the suffrage law in Washington. She had gone to Spokane at the age of 59, to make her home with her daughters, Mrs. Lanier and Miss Mary Paddock. She was the widow of the late Philander Paddock.

Mrs. Emma Regina Otto passed away at Mercy hospital following an operation. The deceased was born in Muscatine county near Moscow, Nov. 25, 1875, being 40 years of age. She was reared in that county and was united in marriage to Adam Otto Sept. 27, 1899, at Muscatine where they resided until 1901, coming to this city in that year. The deceased was a member of the Davenport Court of Honor, No. 359. Surviving are her husband, Adam Otto, one daughter, Lillian Otto, her mother, Mrs. Anna Miller, of Moscow, and nine brothers and sisters—Mrs. Otto Kruger, Mrs. Clarence Lake, Mrs. Edward Miller and Mrs. John Kemper, all of Muscatine, Miss Lillian Miller, Frederick Miller, C. Miller and Miss Edna Miller, all of Moscow, Iowa, and Mrs. Anna Desmond of Davenport.

Following an illness of several years' duration, Christ A. Willumsen passed away at his home, 105 Warren street. Mr. Willumsen was born Sept. 10, 1848, in Copenhagen, Denmark, and came to America in 1878, settling in Davenport. Thirty years ago he became engaged in the baking industry in Moline and was proprietor of the only bakery in that city at that time. Twelve years ago he returned to Davenport and has since resided here. On Dec. 11, 1883, he was united in marriage to Miss Nellie Hansen. Five children survive. They are: Christ A., William C., Nellie, Cecelia and Mrs. A. W. Schreck, all of Davenport. Two sisters, Mrs. Minnie Schmidt, of St. Paul, and Mrs. Klingstrom, of Denmark, and a niece, Mrs. C. Peterson, of Davenport, also survive.

Building Permits—Three unusual permits were issued by Building Inspector Ralph C. Graham. They are as follows: Fred Glass, Belmont and Schricker streets, two-story frame dwelling, \$2,000; Dr. W. D. Carroll, 1512 Harrison street, remodeling, \$150; O. Verker, 1645 Taney street, remodeling, \$300.