

THE ARGUS

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1918.

Can Be No Compromise.

According to dispatches coming from Springfield a colored attorney from an Iowa town is in Springfield attempting to have the sentence of Will Carter, murderer, already relieved, but scheduled to be executed in the county jail yard here, Friday of this week, commuted to life imprisonment.

The people agree that Carter should have the benefit of every instrument of the law that insures fairness, but there can be no compromise in his case in the interest of justice. Either he is guilty or he is not guilty. If he is guilty the extreme penalty of the law is none too severe. If he is innocent he should be turned loose and immediately locked up as a self-confessed burglar, for the enactment of which role he has twice done time, being on parole when he committed the murder in Rock Island. In fact he violated his parole in coming to this city.

His case has never, happily, involved the race question, the colored people of Rock Island as a whole insisting that he pay the just penalty for the crime and asking for him only a fair trial. There can be no temporizing in dealing with his case—no half way procedure.

Seven of the major generals of the United States army have been found unfit for field service and have been assigned to less strenuous tasks. It is the determination of General March, the new chief of staff, to make the American army in France a crack force led by young and active officers.

Come on, you Rock Island, with the remainder of that \$185,000. You have never failed yet—and you are not going to start now.

Navy Record Lauded.

The work of the United States navy, for the 12 months past, presents a record of remarkable achievement, according to a report that has just been completed by the house naval affairs committee. This statement will likely occasion considerable surprise in those circles where there had been a disposition to criticize the naval establishment and to belittle such efforts as have been put forth to assist in minimizing the submarine menace in the European zones. The direction and activities of the navy in the war draw the highest praise from the committee. The navy, the report said, had been handicapped at the start of the war by a limited personnel and material, and "was suddenly called on to face many difficult and untried problems, and has met the situation with rare skill, ingenuity and dispatch, and a high degree of success." The committee goes at length into details of naval operations and puts at rest any misgivings that the American public might have as to the efficiency of this branch of the defensive wing of the nation. Secretary Daniels is paid a rare compliment in the findings of the committee.

Harrison M. Kelly, who jumped in Lake Michigan last fall, during the years that he served as secretary of the People's Building and Loan association of Chicago, embezzled about a million dollars. He was a model citizen, one of those men in whom everybody had faith. But he had a weakness for speculation that his acquaintances did not know about. That's how he lost the money. Closer checking of enterprises that handle other people's money is the only way to prevent recurrence of such tragedies.

John Dillon, member of parliament for East Mayo, has been elected chairman of the national party, succeeding the late John Redmond. Mr. Dillon, it is said, dictated the policies of Mr. Redmond.

The Farmer As a Lender.

One of the reasons why the farmer in the middle west has hesitated somewhat in purchasing government war bonds is because he never has been in the habit of lending money. Lending is a new sensation to him; for he always has been a borrower. He was a pioneer, driven to the more fertile west by economic pressure farther east—frequently as far east as Europe. He came to the Mississippi valley with but little more than his broad back and willing hands and his nerve. The land was cheap and rich and he settled here, and, as his needs grew, he occasionally borrowed money from his local banker or a more prosperous neighbor, mortgaging his place.

The money of that mortgage and the notes that kept falling due for years before he caught up with himself and paid it off, still linger with him and he is slow to realize now that he is in a position to lend money, not only to his neighbor, but to a man 3,000 miles across the ocean. The time has come, however, when this nation and its citizens—rural and urban—are no longer borrowers, but lenders.

There was a time before the Civil war when American "clippers" sailed the seven seas and carried New England's commerce everywhere. At the

close of the war in 1865 the American internal industrial structure needed attention and most of the capital was turned toward its growth and expansion, with the result that the nation has built up in the last 50 years the most magnificent economic and commercial structure in the world. This country's commercial invasion of Europe was growing more formidable every year before the great war started in 1914—and that without the aid of an American merchant marine. Then came the war and money flowed into American banks by the million each week, until, a year ago, there was approximately six times as much gold in the American treasury and sub-treasuries as in the Bank of England; and today America is lending millions to England, France, Italy and Belgium—and even picking up an occasional bargain in the way of half a dozen islands some European country wishes to sell in its financial distress.

Europe, where this nation once borrowed millions of dollars by the sale of rail and industrial bonds, has been fighting for more than three years and is no longer able to lend money. It now borrows from America. At the close of this war it will have to continue to borrow here and, moreover, South America, where European countries were investing millions of dollars every year before the start of this war, will, with the conclusion of peace, have to come to the bankers of the United States when it wants to borrow, because Germany, France and England will not be able to lend it money, when they are forced to come to America and plead a loan for their own economic reconstruction.

To sum up, the United States is now permanently established as a money lender and the nation may well get in the habit of buying government bonds, because at the close of this war there will be many tempting offers made every time some South American country decides to build a railway or gas plant or construct a harbor or put up a sky-scraper. And there also will be just as tempting offers of bonds from France and England and Italy and perhaps Russia. Those countries are virtually stripped of their gold and, in the opinion of noted students of economics and finance, must come to this nation for the help they need.

Americans can practice lending money to their government at this time, and they will not be awkward about it when peace comes and the nation will have to lend to others and prosper thereby.

Washington announces that reports of farm labor shortage are exaggerated and are interfering with efforts of the government to locate workers in the agricultural districts. The department of labor advises that any farmer who wants help may obtain an application blank from his postmaster, rural carrier or county farm agent, which will put him in touch with the department. The department has already received a request from Indiana for more than thirty thousand boys for farm work.

In New York a man who shot and wounded a thief he caught in his home was arrested on a charge of assault. From which we are to infer that the thief is not to be molested during working hours in that city?

Just Can't Keep Still.

The Davenport newspapers, it would seem, will never quit harping on Rock Island vice conditions, embracing every instance of official action to editorialize and moralize on injurious effects that are sure to be visited upon the community unless the authorities exercise more regard for law enforcement. The order of the attorney general in dismissing two federal agents for lack of sympathy with the government's program in the liquor and vice zones is published in full, and considerable comment added. The Argus does not object to a preachment now and then from the newspapers of its neighboring city, but it does protest that Rock Island should not be singled out and held up as the worst ever morally without taking Davenport into the reckoning, for the city on the other side has been found, since the government officials have been conducting their investigations, to be not greatly improved over the days when the Second street district was known as one of the wildest spots between Maine and California. The only difference between the old days and now is that the evil is scattered, the lights have been turned off and the pianos have been silenced. One of the Davenport papers admitted as much in its own columns only a few weeks ago.

Harry E. Hull, representative of the Second congressional district of Iowa, has announced his candidacy for reelection. He says his platform for the campaign will be summed up in one word, "Loyalty." Every other candidate who comes before the people for their votes next fall will be expected to pledge himself to the same sentiment. The one who fails to do so isn't going to get very far with the electorate.

Judge Martin J. Wade, in an address at Dennison, Iowa, made a statement with whose truth the majority of the men of this nation will agree: "If the men of this country had 50 per cent of the pep and energy shown by the women our country would be safer than it is tonight."

Billy Sunday has opened his batteries on the preachers of Chicago. He never fails to lambast them during his campaigns, and they seem to like it. At any rate they do not enter protest. Or perhaps it's part of the general scheme which Billy has framed to stir the natives, attacking the ministers just to prove that he doesn't spare anybody.

The income tax which John D. Rockefeller must pay the government totals \$38,400,000. Now wouldn't it make you mad if you were compelled to write your check for that sum?

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE." Somewhere in France! My boy is fighting there. Somewhere in France! World wrongs is righting, Land, sea or Air, No matter where, He'll do his share— Somewhere in France!

Somewhere in France! In thick of battle, Somewhere in France! Midst boom and rattle, Midst lead and shell, In living Hell, They say he fell— Somewhere in France!

Somewhere in France! They found him dying, Somewhere in France! His form is lying, Sweet dreams, and fair, Lie buried with him, His grave is there, "Somewhere in France!" —WILLIAM HENRY DIXON.

OUR ALIBI.

Someone is always taking the joy out of life. Reference to Red Elliott as handsome, smiling and debonaire was merely intended for those who didn't know the village croup. His friends need no description of him. Anyway, I was two-thirds right, for he's smiling and debonaire. And some folks are known to be so ugly they're handsome. E. C. X.

JUST SO, JUST SO.

Our report of the remarkable egg laying record of Dr. Murray's hens brings an unexpected comeback from a neighbor. "I have 12 hens and don't get any eggs at all," he reports. "I live next door to Doctor Murray, and maybe that accounts for the doctor getting so many."—Maysville (Mo.) Herald.

THREE DAYS.

So much to do; so little done! Ah, yesternight I saw the sun Sink beamless down the vaulted gray. The ghostly ghost of yesterday. So little done; so much to do! Each morning breaks on conflicts new. But eager, brave, I'll join the fray, And fight the battle of today.

So much to do; so little done! But when it's o'er—the victory won— Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow Will end in that great, glad tomorrow. —JAMES R. GILMORE.

JABS AND JIBES.

A newly invented automobile fender trips up a pedestrian, then picks him up in a sort of scoop men with a minimum of injury. But not without his feelings badly hurt, we'll warrant.

One touch of kultur makes the whole world Hun. A Kansas City man wanted to break a lease on the grounds that the house involved was haunted. The tenant probably figured that, with expenses as high as they now are, even a spirit boarder should be made to pay something.

The "ties that bind" make many a man swear, while standing in front of the mirror. If it is true force is the argument the kaiser understands, he will soon get tired of "talking" in his own language.

The fattest man we've seen this spring was standing fully two feet away from the street car that knocked the middle button off his overcoat. We were greatly disappointed when we saw Thurston, the magician, come out of a barber shop the other day. We thought all he would have to do would be to say "presto," and away would go his whiskers.

Human nature is curious. In the spring many people become dissatisfied with their homes and move on, of them so other dissatisfied people can immediately move in.—Chicago, Leedy in Youngstown Telegram.

THIS CAME THROUGH THE MAIL.

Rock Island, Ill., March 11, 1918. Mr. Chairman of Sensureship: Dear Sir: I am writing to you to kick about newspapers print things about the war and army without being censured. My woman read the peace about the man in Montana who kudent the excess and asked him to rite to let him off bekos he had 7 kids to keep srit rit in them sayin she was tired of him and he was no good except drinkin lemon esense and bed he took up and ask them to what she rit. Of korse she kudent put any thing like that over on me bekos I no how to rede and rite, but she sed if I didn't go to work she would have them take me, so please don't let them print stuff like that again. Yours truly, OTTO B. GOOD.

ANY LIMIT TO GET OFFICE. J. W. Paschall, candidate for county clerk, in town Monday interviewing the "dear people" regarding his candidacy. He gave a call wearing a look indicative that all's well with him. The knowing ones say that "Ike" is known to the children as a candy date, as he carries around a pocketful of sweets for them and often kisses them. They say he will do anything, saw wood, make fires, milk cows, etc., and he says himself he intends to marry if elected.—Lincoln (Ark.) Ledger.

WILLIAM Jennings Bryan says he wears his hair long on the sides to cover his ears. Evidently he doesn't care what his political enemies say about him.

"THE fellow who is willing to grin and bear it," observed the Democrat-Forum of Maryville, Mo., "is too lazy to work it out." J. M. C.

OUTCLASSED



Shade of Atilla the Hun: "I'm outclassed—I surrender my honors to you, Bill!"

Someone and Somebody

By Porter Emerson Browne. Copyrighted by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

(Continued.)

The simple pleasures that once were yours, you've grown away from. The complex pleasures that have been yours, have ceased to amuse you. Consequently, seeking new sensations and having unlimited time and limitless money to devote to that search, you begin to delve into Forbidden Things. You play with other men's wives; with play men's daughters. They can't say anything because they are playing with yours. You get divorces and things; then you remarried, only to find this woman worse than the other. You acquire indigestion and gout and locomotor ataxia. You hate everybody and everybody hates you. Your hair all falls out and your stomach rejects everything but a slice of toast and a cup of weak tea.

Then by and by you hear the doctor with your whiskers parting in the middle, gold pipe-neck and white spots murmur, "It is the end," while a group of joyful friends try to look sorry. And two days later you take a long ride in a black wagon with plumes on it followed by six or eight carriages, half in them people who are sore because they had to get up so early, and who would be having a perfectly rotten time if it weren't for the fact that they didn't like you in the first place.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

More Concerning the Ups.

Pursuant to his new-found idea of welcoming the great and glorious into his home, our hero had decided to acquire it in other ways is for him hard of comprehension. But at length he thinks of Wilkins. But how to get to Wilkins. There's the difficulty. There's Brooklyn Bridge to stand in one's way.

He concentrates darkly. It is his money, this forty millions. Indubitably. Then Wilkins, sir, is in his employ. Hard to realize, but again ineluctably true. And a man doesn't go to his employ. The employ comes to the man. Again right. Hence, if he needs more money, the proper thing is to send for Wilkins, sir, to bring it to him.

Having thus achieved a definite result that defies his most carping analysis, he goes to his room where he things it won't cost anything, and telephones to Wilkins, sir. Wilkins, sir, says, yes, sir, he'll be up at once, sir, and how much money does he require, sir. Our hero says a lot. Wilkins, sir, wants to know if five thousand, sir, will do, sir. Our hero faintly thinks it will. Anon appears Wilkins, sir, with five thousand dollars. Our hero asks him to lay it on the table. Evidently he vaguely, as one in a dream, asks Wilkins, sir, how much his income is. Wilkins, sir, tells him that it varies, sir. Our hero asks him about how much. Wilkins, sir, says it's about two million dollars a year.

Our hero pinches himself in the arm. Then he sinks weakly into a chair. He asks Wilkins if he will bring him a glass of water. Wilkins, sir, asks him if he doesn't feel well, yes. Then he says no. Then he says he doesn't know. Wilkins, sir, waits a proper interval. Then he asks our hero if

there is anything else, sir. Our hero says he can't think of anything. And Wilkins, sir, goes out backward. By and by our hero gets a pencil and piece of paper. He figures out that his income of two million dollars a year means a million every six months, or a half million every three months, or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars every month and a half, or one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars every three weeks, or about forty-one thousand dollars a week, which is about six thousand dollars a day, or about two hundred and fifty dollars an hour, or forty dollars a minute, or sixty-six and two-thirds cents a second.

That day finds our hero very busy. He buys himself a new suit of clothes and a new hat, and a new overcoat, and some new cuff buttons, and some new underclothes, and a dozen pairs of socks, and four collar buttons. That night he has a dinner of nice steak, and French fried potatoes, and apple pie, and ice cream. And after dinner he goes to the theatre.

So he starts out to be a spend-thrift. Our little row of dots leaves us free for a moment to return to our heroine whom already we have left too long. We left her by the window, bruised of heart, scorched of soul, thinking of the men that so ruthlessly have robbed and slain her father, robbed him in fact if not in means, even as Captain Kidd robbed; slain him as Captain Kidd slew. In the wooden plank on which men walk unto their death in the sea that is of faler more merciful than the financial plank on which men walk to their death in the sea that is of ruin?

Bruised of heart, she sits; scorched of soul. Wide-eyed, she sits, looking out into the night. Not even the moon can she call friend. Cold and cruel her father, marshaling about it the stars, the myriad lance-points of the Mighty Army of the Night. Her eyes close. Her lips part wearily. Her back against the unyielding granite wall of the World, she bares her soft breast. It is only those hard, those flashing points would run her through!

Why? Dear God! Why? Our heroine is hungry, too. Not for her nice steak with the French fried potatoes, the apple pie and the ice cream. Our heroine is poor now—very poor. She has no money. She has no friends. No one, of all the world, cares if she lives or if she dies herself. Though she would a little rather die. And now it is that even we may not help her. . . . no, not even a little.

Not even can we give her one little tear to cool the white-hot suffering of her deep soft eyes. Truths calls. So must we leave her, broken of heart, scorched of soul, breast bared against the myriad cruel lance-points of the Mighty Army of the Night, washing to God only that those flashing points might run her soft flesh through. . . .

We are now back with our hero. It is a week later than when we left him. He possesses now three new morning suits, a dress suit, a dinner coat, a new watch and chain, a pearl stickpin, four pairs of shoes, and is thinking of buying a pair of gloves and a stick. Also he had had demonstrated to him seventeen kinds of automobiles. And is seriously considering a purchase. As yet he has had no more cock-

observed Vernon. It was a week later when Elsie and Vernon met at his sister's home. Elsie was excited and Vernon animated. "I hope," she remarked quite calmly to Elsie, "that your august grandfather likes my record." "Oh, Vernon! how will he take it?" "As a piece of originality, I hope," observed Vernon.

It was a week later when Elsie and her sister and brother joined Mr. Marsh in the library, to give the usual concert on the talking machine. It was always pleasant and soothing to the old man.

"A new record, grandpa," he called "The Wees of Love," and she started the phonograph. The head of the old man came up with a jerk. He viewed the phonograph with a certain interest, for there from its depths the voice of Vernon Ross, in eloquent love language he was proposing to Elsie. Then, sorrowfully, she responded to his fervent appeal. She loved him, but her hard-hearted grandfather forbade their being happy!

She would never marry any other, but her heart was broken! Then, in his natural tone, clear and distinct, there followed a mournful response from Vernon. He would go away and find some lonely Crusoe isle, where he could pine and die unloved. "But I will leave a message for your relative, notwithstanding all his cruelty. He is a member of your family, and as such I suppose I should do good to him. Tell your grandfather that I return good wishes to him, and that I am holding in the Red Panther Mining company and buy Black Beaver instead. This is the last message of a desperate, downcast, disconsolate man!"

"What?" was the only comment Mr. Marsh made, as he arose and went into another room, closed the door and then gave way to animated chuckles and suppressed laughter, leaving poor Elsie to wonder what would become of her darling "originality" of Vernon's. Mr. Marsh, "Smart, too, in finding out that I held that stock; polite in giving me a hint which, coming from an up-to-date broker like himself, really is worth looking into—original?" Say, I've an idea! That idea assumed definite form when she saw a week later. Elsie was startled when her grandfather directed her one day to have Vernon come to the house the following evening. She could not surmise the motive, but the invitation was a concession. When Vernon appeared the old man was courteous and urbane. He suggested the phonograph, and it was soon in operation. He fed the disks himself, reproducing the concert of the week previous. Even "The Wees of Love" was given; word for word the disk repeated the original record, and then a brief pause, and it continued, in the tones of Mr. Marsh himself.

"When the venerable old tyrant heard all this pathetic rubbish, he saw that the love victims were past resisting. Then Vernon, acting on the hint regarding the stock, he saved a loss and made a profit that would generously cover an expensive wedding outfit. So he accepted him, my children, and so—So he had added to the message of the disk and so he answered the appeal of two loving hearts.

The Daily Short Story

"MAKING A GOOD RECORD" By Charles Powers Bannin.

Elsie Marsh stood with downcast eyes before her grandfather. Her lover had just left the house with a dejected mien after half an hour's conference with the old tyrant, and Elsie feared the worst.

"I have told the young man that his case was hopeless," announced Robert Marsh in a brutal cadence. "In the first place, he has no love-making while you are under 18, and no engagement until I discover the merits of the man of your choice."

"Oh, grandpa!" cried Elsie. "Vernon Ross is nothing but a common record! He has a good position, does not even smoke, and he loves me—oh, so dearly!" "Well, I'll watch him and see how he develops. Let him strike out and make a record. Then I may consider him. Originally—that's what I like to see in a young man. Initiative, blaring a new course." Elsie left the room, crying. She declared to herself that her heart was broken. It seemed all mended up, however, when she met Vernon Marsh at the public library the next day.

"Originality," eh?" spoke Vernon, when Elsie had narrated the details of her interview with her uncle. "Don't despair, Elsie. I saw a twinkle in the eyes of that old bear when I was talking with him, and I'm going to make something original." "Oh, Vernon! tell me what it is!" "Well, later. You told me that he liked to have half an hour of the phonograph every evening, didn't he?"

"Yes," nodded Elsie. "All right; I've got my cue. You come to my room at ten tomorrow, and I will reveal my dark and ingenious plot." And Elsie went home, curious and hopeful. "You see," observed Vernon, when he met Elsie next day. "Your grandfather wishes me to make a record," doesn't he?" "Yes, Vernon."

"Well, I am going to gratify his wish, and you are to help me do it." And although Vernon's statement was enigmatical, he looked very confident.

More than once that week Elsie and Vernon met at his sister's home. Elsie was excited and Vernon animated. "I hope," she remarked quite calmly to Elsie, "that your august grandfather likes my record." "Oh, Vernon! how will he take it?" "As a piece of originality, I hope," observed Vernon.

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Two weeks more have passed. Our hero is now the proud possessor of an automobile that looks like the result of a successful cross between a steam roller and a Pullman car.

(Continued tomorrow.)