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TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1918.

United They Stand.

The question is frequently asked as to the location of the American navy. The answer was in a very large measure given by Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, in the course of an address delivered in London yesterday.

"At the present time," said Mr. Roosevelt, "there are 250 American war ships now based on this side of the Atlantic in French and British waters, and," added the secretary, "this number will increase faster in the future than in the past."

"I have just," continued Mr. Roosevelt, "visited Queenstown in company with Sir Eric Geddes of the British admiralty and I am glad to say that we have found things there working just as was confidently expected. A keen unified energy of British and American forces alights at a common end."

Germany is evidently fearful to meet these combined naval forces, but something is pretty sure to happen ere long.

We are surely living in record making days, reference was very recently made to a world's record established by a Pacific coast shipbuilding yard, in the construction of a destroyer. Now the United States Ordnance department announces that 7,000 rifles were turned over to the government by one plant in a single day, thus constituting another record. This speeding up is highly commendable and indicates something of the devotion of the American workers to the great cause for which our boys are so bravely fighting.

A Big Trip.

Harry Lander told the American club in London that he had just returned from an American tour during which he traveled 35,000 miles, visited 98 cities and addressed 2,000,000 people on the subject of "The Truth About Germany."

"I believe," said the famous Scotch singer, "that the soldiers who were fighting, and the people who were undergoing sacrifices were the people who would dictate terms of peace. Germany was heaping up for herself mountains of sorrow. When the war was over they would never be able to build across the chasm which they had made for themselves. Before the war the English speaking peoples thought the Germans a most superior race, and fell into the trap of buying German cheap goods, which had many a mother who had lost a son at the front knew was the dearest market in the world."

Harry you have hit the bull's eye and America will heartily welcome you among us again.

The directors of the California Wine association in their last annual report advised their members to dispose of their stock and prepare for prohibition; yes and they had better do so quickly.

Large Demands.

Some idea of what it means to feed an army is revealed in the department of agriculture army estimate for August. The requirements include 25,000,000 pounds of potatoes, 2,000,000 pounds of onions. The government also calls for one-third of the output of canned tomatoes, 25 per cent of canned peas, corn and beans, 60 per cent of the season's salmon pack and 50 per cent of canned cherries and dried peaches.

If this means—as it probably will—a serious shortage at home, there must be no complaining; the boys deserve the best we can send them; and the statement made by one who had spent some weeks with the American forces at the front which was to the effect that Uncle Sam's soldiers were well fed and well clothed, must be true all along the line.

The Exceptions.

The practices of the German soldiers in their captured territory have been so invariably cruel that it is refreshing to have instances recorded indicating a spark of humanity burns in a few of the boche's breasts.

Among the prisoners taken in the Chateau Thierry-Soleons sector was a man who stood out from the others and became the center of attraction. This German bore a tag attached by his captors and it read: "This prisoner gave water to the American wounded." It was a simple deed, but it showed a humane feeling even in a Hun soldier.

Coningsby Dawson in his great book on the war entitled "Carry On," tells another story somewhat in the same strain which is true to the holiest ideals of

chivalry: "During one fierce engagement a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful yet he still hung there unscathed. At length, the British officer could stand it no longer. He said, quietly: 'I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer.' So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders, and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the commander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron cross, and pinned it on the breast of the British officer."

Though such instances may be—alas—few and far between, they nevertheless deserve ample recognition, primarily for the reason that it is so contrary to what has been the practice of the Hun soldiers and so at variance with the teachings they receive from the imperial military system.

The shortage of rubber in Germany is acute and the Germans are up to all sorts of tricks to get it. The latest is to tamper with letters from prisoners and to introduce bogus requests for footballs. The imitation of the prisoners' handwriting is cleverly done and deceives all but the experts. For this reason the war department will not allow footballs to be sent to prisoners. Whatever will they think of next.

Many men in our country strive with might and main to increase their weight so as to pass the army test. Some of the practices they resort to in the effort are amusing. An English recruiting board had a man before them recently about whose weight they had no reason to hesitate. Stepping on the scale he was found to weigh 476 pounds. Surely this must be a record.

Revision Needed.

The kaiser's dentist, who happens to be an American, is giving to American readers a story of the inner life of his majesty. It is somewhat interesting reading. Here is the kaiser's comment on the part America would play in the world conflict:

"As a matter of fact, Dr. Davis, your countrymen would be very willing no doubt to fight for their country to protect it from invasion, but I don't believe you will ever get many of them to leave home to fight abroad. America will really be a very small factor in the war. We underestimate no one. We know exactly what we are doing."

Dr. Davis adds that the kaiser knew of the plan to sink the Lusitania, but the kaiser is just beginning to realize that America produces good soldiers, as well as good dentists.

A Difficult Task.

Judge Landis of Chicago, in addressing a number of soldiers who had just become naturalized, said: "I hope you will before long have the opportunity of bagging one or more of the kaiser's sons."

The desire to accomplish such a feat is no doubt uppermost in the minds of many of the allied soldiers. All things are possible they say in love and war, but this achievement will not be by any means easy. The Hohenzollern princes are not often—if indeed at all—in the real danger zone and it may be with them as with the kaiser if the following story is correct: "It is reported that there are in Berlin 18 men fixed up to look exactly like the kaiser and only a very limited number of court attaches know the false from the true."

Though Chicago voters had not the opportunity of recording their votes on the wet and dry question at the spring election, it is satisfactory to know that conditions are improving. Not only are the 1,000 jess saloons than in the previous year but drunkenness is considerably cut. The bridewell returns indicate that the number of drunkards has decreased to approximately one-third of last year's number.

The Stars and Stripes, the American soldier newspaper published in Paris, announces that it will abandon its sporting page until an allied victory brings peace. Is this because they want the entire thought of the soldier to be concentrated upon the serious business now on hand? If so the plan will be heartily approved.

With Other Editors

The Ruin of Belgium.

The utter wantonness of the treatment of Belgium by the Germans in arousing a sense of indecency in the souls of those who bear allegiance to the flag under which the grimmest of revenges is being taken.

Maximilian Harden, discussing the Belgian question in Die Zukunft, concludes his article by saying: "Intentional law forbids Germany to retain even one pebble of Belgian streets and commands Germany to return Belgium to the condition before invasion. Is Belgium, as a chancellor, a state secretary and an ambassador have confessed, an innocent victim of German self defense? Then we have to ask its forgiveness and not force conditions upon it. This is a question of the decency, morality, and honor of a nation."

The demands which are being made on Belgium by her military masters now amount in taxes to 50,000,000 francs per month, or about 750 francs per person. The economic ruin of the country has been determined upon and is being forced to the limit.

One thing must stand by itself when the time for settlement is reached, and that is the demands of Belgium. Full payment for her anguish cannot and must not be made a matter of negotiation; it must always be a matter of demand, with the arm of every ally behind it.—Washington Times.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

THE GOLD STAR IN THE WINDOW.

There's a tiny gold star in the window. Where for months a blue one hath shone, The tears dim my sight, in the fast fading light.

For little mother and I are alone. It seems but a day since he left us, So brave and so manly and true, Yet the story is told, in the bright star of gold.

There's a tiny gold star in the window. And the night gathers round me alone.

A life story is told, in the bright star of gold, Where the blue star in past days hath shone. They tell us he died fighting bravely.

He went down as the brave one of old, Yet the tears dim my sight, in the fast fading light. As I gaze on the bright star of gold.

There's a tiny gold star in the window. It may not mean much, friend, to you.

Just the loss of our lad, he was all that we had, A manly boy gallant and true; There's a tiny gold star in the window.

Where in glad days a blue one hath shone, All the story is told, in the bright star of gold. And little mother and I are alone.—WILLIAM HENRY DIXON.

FIRST it's reported that Von Hindenburg is dead. Next we are told that he is not dead but that he is critically ill. Now we're officially advised by the German army headquarters that he is neither dead nor ill and that in fact he is in the best of health. For our part, we prefer to still believe the first report.

These Censors Will Do It Every Time.

(Sherrard, Ill., Bulletin.) Mr. and Mrs. George Hallen have just received a letter from their son John who is "over there," in France. The letter bore plain evidence of having passed through the censor's hands as there were some omissions on it.

FRED Bergert of drug store fame has painted one of the wheels of his automobile a light yellow. He likes it so well that he is said to be thinking seriously of touching up the other three wheels a little too, but so far as we can learn it is nothing more than an unconfirmed rumor.

Reason Enough to Be Peeved.

(Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph.) Editor Pantagraph: Please put in your valuable paper I wish to have a correction of such radicalism doctrine of some person who is willfully wrong of me ever selling or giving away any liquor. (Signed) Mrs. Eva Burglund.

YOU probably have not heard that Knox Price is the youngest four-minute man in the country. Well, he is, and while we cannot say whether he is related or not we felt that you would be interested in hearing about him, inasmuch as you are all so well acquainted with Boosts Price.

WHILE speaking of high prices and that sort of thing, we refer you to an optimistic account or not we speak of the present value of money thus: "A dollar does not go as far as it used to, but it goes faster while it is going."

You Say She Did!

(Seaton, Ill., Independent.) Mrs. Bertha Christie lost a fine calf, Saturday.

OUR idea of advertising that fools nobody is that put out by a restaurant which advertises "home cooking" and by the department store that puts articles in its windows bearing two price marks, one of them crossed out, thus showing the "reduction" in the price of the article.

Why Advertise, Most Folks Just Borrow Them.

(Allentown, Pa., Call.) Wanted—Books to keep. Address Accountant, care this paper.

Just Then, Unfortunately, It Closed.

(Joplin, Mo., News-Herald.) John Malang, Jimmie Bronson and Mal McGilvery were admitted to the bar Saturday night by the Jasper County Bar association. They went in to admit a few more, but just then the bar closed.

"INSANE on one point, a fixed idea of intense patriotism," was the finding of two alienists who examined Timothy Crowley, a sailor, who was being tried in Chicago for assaulting a man.

The alienists and possibly the defendant's lawyers thought they would get that kind of an insanity plea by easily in these patriotic times, but the judge was equal to the occasion. He replied, after the report had been given: "No, man, in these days with a fixed idea of intense patriotism and mentally healthy in every other way will be adjudged insane by me. In fact his patriotism is convincing proof of his sanity."

ACCORDING to reports the sultan has broken a tie with the kaiser. With these good mornings whetting up the appetite of the already famished stricken Germans and Thanksgiving drawing nearer every day, we imagine those Hun folk are going to be considerably peeved to think of

LOSING their turkey.

(O. D. K.)

HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY MD.

Teething.

So far as the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of children are concerned a knowledge of the period or program of the cutting of teeth is as superfluous as a porter on a parlor car. I have worried along in private and hospital practice for several years, with no more than my fair share of grave diagnostic errors, yet I can't tell for the life of me just when a baby is supposed to cut any particular part of his masticating machinery.

A baby is cutting teeth from the age of 1 month to the age of 29 years, and there is no particular reason why he should be annoyed by the fact at one time more than at another.

There is no special occasion for denying a baby a little peevishness now and then over the cutting of a tooth. So long as he isn't really sick it is immaterial; you can do him no harm by attributing his irritable state to "teething" if that makes you any happier; provided you avoid every alleged remedy but cleanliness in all things. But as soon as that baby begins to get ill in any way, then it would be as justifiable to withhold his bath or to put his feeding nipple in your own mouth to test the temperature of his food as it would to attribute his illness to the physiological process of cutting teeth.

In the darkest depths of ignorance, carelessness and immorality, teething is conjured up to explain away most of the misfortunes of infancy. As you ascend the scale of intelligence the crime becomes less and less popular, until you attain the height of enlightened motherhood, where it is never committed at all.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Taking Them By and Large.

How few doctors render really efficient scientific service to their patrons. It seems to me that physicians as a class do not measure up to the standard of good service one expects nowadays.

Answer—Nevertheless, as you mention any other line of human endeavor, in business or profession, in which the general average of service is more satisfactory? I should really like to know if there is any business or profession giving better service than medicine gives today.

Bad Case of Camouflage.

I have a bad case of catarrh of the throat. I wish you would give me a little of your sound advice, and I will promise to follow it strictly.

Answer—There is no such disease, symptom or condition as "catarrh." What you mean is that there is something the matter with your throat. Find out what it is the matter by having an examination by your physician. Perhaps you have been told by some charlatan that you have "catarrh." If so, remember that I have assured you there is no such condition. The term is employed merely as camouflage, to conceal indifference or ignorance. When a doctor uses the adjective "catarrhal" he is simply talking through his hat—it means nothing, and he knows it, when he stops to think.

Now, See Here, This Is No Beauty Parlor.

Dear Miss Brady, writes a back-lashed young woman, who uses a scented paper and stamps her letter in the left hand upper corner, please tell me what will be good for an oily complexion.

Answer—We don't mind being called an old woman, and a general pest, but we draw the line on being confused with a beauty parlor. Take a piece of cotton, or a handkerchief, or a towel, moisten it with your favorite toilet water—which I imagine would be lavender or lilac—rub the oil off your face, then dry, and powder with about twenty grains of zinc stearate.

The Day in Davenport

Give Rousing Sendoff.—With the newly organized Liberty chorus of 150 voices singing patriotic songs, a band playing national airs and popular melodies, Davenport and Scott county tonight will give a rousing sendoff to 131 selectees who leave for Camp Forrest, Ga., at 10 o'clock. The usual parade through the business section to the Burlington depot where the men will entrain will be held.

Club Raps Carnivals.—A committee that will push the movement to discontinue the bringing to Davenport of carnivals and circuses is reported by the Rotary club at the regular weekly meeting at the Blackhawk hotel yesterday noon. The committee will act on the question at once and no doubt will back the movement started here several weeks ago by various organizations.

Promise 12,000 Acres.—"We must feed those who fight for us!" Twelve thousand acres of winter wheat will be Scott county's patriotic answer to the government's appeal for a bumper acreage this fall. This was the promise of the Scott County Farm league at its regular monthly directors' meeting at the court house Saturday afternoon when resolutions were adopted promising the heartiest cooperation for a record yield next year.

Destroy Gardens Again.—Some unknown person, presumably of pro-German tendencies, is back at work in Davenport destroying war gardens. Henry Wichelman, 500 North Pine street, yesterday morning reported to Chief of Police P. J. Phelan that several stalks of corn in the garden back of his house had been cut Saturday and Sunday nights and left lying where they fell.

In Role of Rescuer.—Two men, one of whom gave his name only as Allen, owe their lives to the presence of mind of A. J. Soeder,

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

By Augustus Goodrich Sherwin. "There's the girl—she smits me. There's her father's money, which is a further consideration. I'll bag the pot."

Thus Jess Barton, typical Tennessee mountaineer, living by rifle and fishing rod, booty ostensibly, but not adverse to "moonshine" adventures, and a feudist and a raider to boot.

He referred to a Mr. John Wardell and his daughter Madge, who had recently come from the east and had purchased the Eagle's Nest, a small but picturesque estate looking over a bewitching maze of varied scenery from its lofty perch.

Mr. Wardell had settled in this snubrious spot on account of falling health. Had Jess Barton glanced at Dan Sterling as he spoke in the crowded bar room. They had been rivals for a while in the supremacy of the county. Dan had dominated, however, and more lately had leaned to the side of law and order. He fixed a sidling glance upon the speaker and said:

"You'll leave Mr. Wardell and his daughter all to themselves, or Walters county won't be big enough to hold the two of us at the same time."

"Oh, you say so do you?" challenged Wardell. "Do emphatically. As to the young lady, she is going to marry

The Light in the Clearing By IRVING BACHELLER Copyright 1917, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XVII (Continued.)

Rate met me at the door when I went back into the house and kissed me cheek and again I heard those half-spoken words, "My boy." I ate my breakfast with her and when I was about to get into my saddle at the door I gave her a bug and, as she tenderly patted my cheek, a smile lighted her countenance so that it seemed to shine upon me. I have never forgotten its serenity and sweetness.

CHAPTER XVIII. I Start in a Long Way.

I journey to Canton in the midst of the haying season. After the long stretches of forest road we hurried along between fragrant fields of drying hay. At each tavern we first entered the barroom where the landlord—always a well-dressed man of much dignity and filled with the news of the time, that being a part of his entertainment—received us with cheerful words. His housekeeper was there and assigned our quarters for the night. Our evenings were spent playing cards or backgammon or listening to the chatter of our host by the fireside. At our last stop on the road I opened my trunk and put on my best suit of clothes.

We reached Canton at 6 o'clock in the evening of a beautiful summer day. I went at once to call upon the Dunkelbergs and learned from a man at work in the door—before they had gone away for the summer. How keen was my disappointment! I went to the tavern and got my supper and then over to Ashery Lane to see Michael Hackett and his family. I found the schoolmaster playing his violin.

"Now God be praised here is Bart!" he exclaimed as he put down his instrument and took my hands in his. "I've heard, my boy, how bravely you've weathered the capes an' I'm proud of ye—that I am!"

I wondered what he meant for a second and then asked: "Here is Bart?" he explained as he put down his instrument and took my hands in his. "I've heard, my boy, how bravely you've weathered the capes an' I'm proud of ye—that I am!"

"I wondered what he meant for a second and then asked: "Here is Bart?" he explained as he put down his instrument and took my hands in his. "I've heard, my boy, how bravely you've weathered the capes an' I'm proud of ye—that I am!"

"Swift as the weaver's shuttle," he answered. "Sit you down, while I call the family. They're out in the kitchen putting the dishes away. Many hands make light labor."

They came quickly and gathered about me—a noisy, bappy group. The younger children kissed me and sat on my knees and gave me the small news of the neighborhood.

How good were the looks of those friendly faces and the full-hearted pleasure of the whole family at my coming!

"What a joy for the spare room!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Sure I wouldn't wonder if the old bed was dancin' on its four legs this very minute."

"I intend to walk up to the hills tonight," I said. "Up to the hills!" he exclaimed merrily. "An' the Hackets yin' awake thinkin' o' ye on the dark road! Try it, boy, an' ye'll get a crack with the ruler and an hour after school. Yer aunt and uncle will be stronger to stand yer comin' with the night's rest upon them. Ye wouldn't be routin' them out o' bed an' they after a hard day with the hayin'! Then, my kind-hearted lad, ye must give a thought to Michael Henry. He's still alive an' stronger than ever—thank God!"

So, although I longed for those most dear to me up the hills, I spent the night with the Hackets and the schoolmaster and I sat an hour together after the family had gone to bed.

"How are the Dunkelbergs?" I asked. "Sunk in the soft embrace o' luxury," he answered. "Grimsshaw made him; Grimsshaw liked him. He was always ready to lick the boots o' Grimsshaw. It turned out that Grimsshaw left him an annuity of three thousand dollars, which he can enjoy as long as he observes one condition."

"What is that?" "He must not let his daughter

marry one Barton Boynes, late of the town o' Ballybeen. How is that for spite, my boy? They say it's written down over the will!"

"I think that he must have seen the flame of color playing on my face, for he quickly added: "Don't worry, lad. The will o' God is greater than the will o' Grimsshaw. He made you two for each other and she will be true to ye, as true as the needle to the north star."

"Do you think so?" "Sure I do. Didn't she say as much as tell me that here in this room—not a week ago? She loves ye, boy, as true as God loves ye, an' she's a girl of a thousand."

"Her father is a bit too fond o' money," I've never been had struck with him. It has always seemed to me that he was afflicted with perfection—a camellia man!—so, invariably neat and proper and conventional! Such precise and wearisome rectitude! What a relief it would be to see him in his shirt-sleeves or with soiled boots or linen or to hear him say something—well—unexpected! Six shillings a week to the church and four to charity, as if that were the contract—no more, no less! But did ye ever hear o' his going out o' his way to do a good thing—say to help a poor woman left with a lot o' babies or a poor lad that wants to go to school? No, I'm sorry, but I give four shillings a week to charity and that's all I can afford."

"Why did they go away? Was it because I was coming?" "I think it likely, my fine lad. The man heard o' it some way—perhaps through yer uncle. He's crazy for the money, but he'll get over that. Leave him to me. I've a fine course o' instruction ready for my Lord o' Dunkelberg."

"I think I shall go and try to find her," I said. "I am to counsel ye about that," said the schoolmaster. "She's as keen as a brier—the fox! She says, 'Keep away, don't alarm him, or he'll bundle us off to Europe for two or three years.'"

"So there's the trail ye travel, my boy. It's the one that keeps away. Don't let him think ye're anything up the sleeve o' yer mind. Ye know, lad, I believe Sally's mother has hold o' the same rope with her and when two clever women get their wits together the devil scratches his head. It's an old saying, lad, and don't ye get out an' cut the rope. Keep yer head cool an' yer heart warm and go right on with yer business. I like the whole o' them yer remarkable courtship o' yours."

"I guess you like it better than I do," was my answer. "Ah, my lad, I know the heart o' youth! Ye'd like to be puttin' yer arms around her—wouldn't ye, now? Sure, there's time enough! Ye two young colts are both broke an' bitted. Ye've a chance now to show yer quality—yer faith, yer loyalty, yer cleverness. If either one o' ye fails that one isn't worthy o' the other. Ye're in the old treadmill o' God—the both o' ye! Ye're both weighed an' tried for the great prize. It's not pleasant, but it's better so. Go on, now, an' do yer best an' whatever comes take it like a man."

A little silence followed. He spoke it with these words: "Ye're both weighed an' tried in Cobleskill an' I'm glad. Ye didn't know ye were being tried there—did ye? Ye've stood it like a man. What will ye be doin' now?" "I'd like to go to Washington with the senator."

He laughed heartily. "Ye was born," he said, "ye was born with that," he went on. "Well, boy, I think it can be arranged. I'll see the Senator as soon as he ever comes an' I believe he'll be glad to know o' yer likes. I think he's been hopin' like that ye would propose it. Go up to the farm and spend a happy month or two with yer aunt an' uncle. I'll do ye good. Ye've been growin' plump down there. Go an' melt it off in the fields."

(Continued Tomorrow.)