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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918.

A Cure for Tuberculosis.

At the recent North Atlantic tuberculosis conference it was stated that the white plague has taken 800,000 lives in this country in the last four years. Reading this item thousands of people once more will be prompted to say "Too bad they can't find a cure for it," thereby unconsciously revealing one of the main reasons why the disease continues to take such a heavy toll of human life.

Of course there is a cure for tuberculosis—early diagnosis, rest, sufficient food and fresh air—and usually the results may be made permanent if the patient has the means and the will to discard wrong habits of living.

What people have in mind, however, when they speak of a "cure for consumption," is a specific—preferably something bought by the bottle and taken with a spoon and which will work its wonders automatically, the patient's responsibilities being limited to following directions and paying the bill.

Of course there is no known cure of that sort and it is doubtful if one ever will be discovered. And it does not really matter so much as many think whether or not one is found.

Educational efforts so far made seem to have largely failed of their purpose to impress the popular mind with the fact that there are certain very specific causes of tuberculosis which, when understood may be avoided almost as easily as taking medicine with a spoon. The disease has been referred to as the result of a condition of physical bankruptcy. Those who fall victim to it do so because their bodily resistance has been weakened most often by overwork, starvation, excesses or a combination of similar causes. Tubercle bacilli seldom or never flourish in a normally vigorous individual.

As a matter of fact, human responsibility, individually or in the mass, is involved in the causes of physical bankruptcy to about the same extent as it is in the causes of financial insolvency, and trying to find a specific remedy is about as futile in one case as in the other. There are and probably always will be individuals who waste their vitality as recklessly as others waste their material wealth. Not always are they to blame, for some in both classes are victims of circumstances which they cannot control. Responsibility then falls on society.

When a state of physical bankruptcy is created disease, most often tuberculosis, comes to put an end to the debauch. Thus is the limit marked no less definitely than the laws of the land and business practice fix the status of the financially insolvent.

The best safeguard against tuberculosis is a thorough appreciation of its dangers and knowledge of how to avoid them. The sort of a cure that many people long for might save those already afflicted, but it would certainly tend to lessen the wholesome fear that impels the unafflicted to take care of themselves. In the long run it is doubtful if the percent of mortality would be greatly reduced. It is too much to hope for any cure which will give permanent immunity in the face of continued wrong habits of living. Even if one were found it would only defer the day of reckoning, for the white plague is merely the outpost of an endless chain of ills, one of which inevitably will claim the individual who persistently disregards nature's laws.

Evolving a cure for the white plague might be quite an achievement for science, but from the standpoint of practical benefit it certainly would be disappointing.

The war has proved that age is not a bar to the attainment of efficiency in a new trade. The man past 50 has come back to renewed usefulness in lines of work never previously tried, and from all parts of the country reports are proving his great possibilities in adding most lines of essential industry.

The Physically Uneducated.

Declaring that a comprehensive system of physical education for the children and youth of America, by cooperation between the federal government and the state governments, is an essential part of any sane reconstruction program, Dr. Edward S. Small, director of school hygiene, United States bureau of education, told the national child labor conference, in New York recently, that 30 per cent of the men in the first draft were rejected as physically unfit and that nearly all the men who came to the military training camps were "physically uneducated"—"many of them were physical illiterates." He said:

Approximately 1,000,000 young men each year reach military age. If the war had lasted, each year we would have been handicapped by a like percentage of rejections and of physically unconditioned men. But "military age" is essentially the same as economic age. We are economically handicapped. There are 25,000,000 boys and girls of school

age, 6 to 18 years, marching along the great highway of youth. Numerous investigations show that at least 50 per cent of these have defects and ailments that impede normal development in greater or less degree; that they live, at home and at school, in conditions more or less unhygienic; that they lack the positive physical education—play, athletics, gymnastics, work—necessary to realize their potential man and woman power. A majority of the defects are remediable or preventable; the unhygienic conditions are not ordained of God; the physical education can be provided.

Dr. Small said that the legislation needed should interpret physical education in a broad way. It must assume physical activity as the basic thing, but conditioned upon and integrally related with wholesome physical environment, individual physical examination and record, medical supervision of schools and school children, development of health habits and instruction in health knowledge. It must provide for boys and girls alike, and for the physical education of children in industry between 14 and 18 years of age. Dr. Small advocated federal money aid to enable the states to carry on effective systems of physical education, leaving to the states entire freedom of initiative and administration.

William Hohenzollern is distressed by climatic conditions in Holland. Even if free to go and come probably he would have a good deal of trouble finding a climate suited to his particular case.

Chicago waiters are demanding from \$7 to \$12, plus tips, for their services New Year's eve. But then New Years comes but once in 12 months, and who would want to be a waiter then, anyhow?

Americans may, let us hope without being accused of lack of modesty, subscribe cordially to the belief of Viscount Grey that forming a league of nations without America as a member would be like leaving out the well known Hamlet.

It takes a lot of common sense to get a man out of the trouble that a little nonsense got him into.

With Other Editors

Prosperity Is Again at Hand.

For several years prior to the entrance of the United States into the war the manufacturers and the farmers of this country stretched traces almost to the breaking point to raise production to the demands of consumption in Central Europe.

For a year and a half the producers of this country have strained every nerve—have worked day and night—to make munitions as fast as the allies could burn them up and raise enough foodstuffs to supply the armies fighting the Hun.

Sacrifices have been made by the people of the United States as to food, clothing, fuel and the necessities of life. Luxuries have been tabooed, and the entire nation has worked as one man to help the grand purpose of the war and bring victory to our fighting men.

Victory has been achieved. The war is over. Our gallant soldiers and sailors are on their way home and our armies are being disbanded.

After achieving so much, after having driven the last nail in the coffin of autocracy and having given to the world a better democracy, shall we prove ourselves incapable of readjustment? Are we competent as to war and incompetent as to peace? Have we the ability to make spears and not the ability to turn them into pruning hooks when the time comes?

Never was a greater industrial opportunity spread before any nation. Our shelves are clear of goods, our storehouses empty, our people have money and are anxious to buy. The world is clamoring for our wares and starving for our foodstuffs. Wages are at the top notch and raw materials correspondingly high. Why get downhearted? The worst is over, prosperity is again at hand.—Manufacturers' News.

Father's Clothes.

The discovery made by the bureau of statistics that in New York men spend more money on their clothes than women do tends to dissipate an old aspersion respecting feminine extravagance. From a study of the household budgets of 100 families possessing average incomes of \$1,500, the bureau found that father's wardrobe costs \$73.17 a year, big brother's \$70.41, and sister's \$62.13, while mother's allowance for suits, dresses, hats, coats, underwear, gloves, stockings, etc., is only \$52.04.

These are disillusioning figures. In the good old days when men wore velvet and silk costumes with lace trimmings their attire naturally matched women's in costliness. In modern England the masculine wardrobe, what with sports clothes, clothes for formal and lounge wear, silk hats and all, has been assumed to cost as much as the feminine wardrobe. In Berlin, tailors' bills before the downfall of the military caste were more than the equal of dressmakers'. But the American husband and father has not been commonly regarded as a bird of plumage. If he is spending more for clothes than the women of his family the reason must be found in the necessity of presenting a neat appearance at the office and in the higher cost of material for men's clothing. Mere man, alas! cannot make himself presentable in a shirt waist and a duck skirt.

But are families with incomes of \$1,500 spending \$257.50 a year, or 20 per cent, on clothes? On this scale a family with an income of \$5,000 should spend \$1,000 for clothes, which is believed to be above the average. If the figures are correct they illustrate anew the disadvantage under which people of moderate means labor in keeping up appearances in the face of a mounting cost of living.—New York World.



ARMENIA'S WOE

By WALTER CARRUTH

The Niobe of Nations, Byron wrote,
With Rome to point the moral, long ago;
Figure more fit for wrong'd Armenia's woe!
From cities thronged and villages remote,
From wide-fung plains to pastoral use devote
And vales 'neath peaks of everlasting snow,
Rose anguished cries as fell the dastard blow,
That the fell Turk and treach'rous Teuton smote,

The wasted remnant of this ancient race
Implore our aid in their most bitter need;
Bread, to keep life, is all they humbly ask,
Lacking were we in very truth all grace
If we respond not with the utmost speed,
And count the aid a truly joyous task.



HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

Cleanliness Is No Virtue.

Soap and water are the most efficient and practical disinfectants we have against disease. Give me a cake of soap, but I cannot specify what kind of soap, but I can say it isn't scented, colored, medicated, or otherwise mal-treated—plenty of water, a few clean towels and things, and all the fresh air and sunlight I can get, and I am prepared to handle any kind of case in the province of a physician, surgeon, obstetrician or sanitarian.

Every intelligent mother knows that a baby is healthier and hence happier, or if you prefer, happier and hence healthier, if he has a bath every day. But it does not follow that the baby should have a daily bath all his life long. When the baby is old enough to take care of himself, then a bath twice a week in winter and as often as desired in summer is all that health demands.

The habit of daily bathing, whether you need it or not, is just as absurd as the habit of bathing once a year whether you need it or not. I know, because I have examined them, stripped, all kinds and conditions, and I know cleanliness when I see, feel, and smell it. Cleanliness of the body is determined by more things than just soap and water and towels and underclothing. Those who overeat and under-exercise are never clean. Those who overdress—wear more clothing than physical comfort demands—cannot keep clean.

Nature covers the skin with a perfect emollient beauty cream, the sebum or oil secreted by the sebaceous glands. This oil serves to keep the skin naturally soft, pliable and clean, and does it much better than soap and dope. If you think you can improve on nature, and with that idea in view proceed to wash your sebum away with too much soap (water doesn't destroy it so easily), you are just making a huge mistake, that's all. Too much soap—and that means daily soap and water bathing—ruins the skin, renders it susceptible to all sorts of diseases. The sebum opposes germ invasions—it entangles the germs, prevents them from getting so speak, much as you might drown a bug in your ear in oil.

Wash away the sebum with too much soap and you make yourself more sensitive to cold—mind, I do not say "colds," for I am no mollusc. The sebum is a poor heat conductor, just as is the oil or fat in wool. It keeps you nice and warm. Don't wash it away any oftener than the law requires.

Don't be a monomaniac on bathing. They do it every morning in England, but in England it is just to flatter American plumbers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. No Post-Mortems.

Dr. Brady once more begs to be excused from performing long-distance post-mortem investigations. It is hard enough for the doctor on the ground to determine, after death, what had been the matter with the patient and whether he had been correctly treated in his lifetime. It is utterly impossible for Dr. Brady to reach a conclusion in such cases, and so he begs that readers will not present the data to him after the patient's demise. Necropsy, after all, is not within the province of his column.

Cure for Gallstones. Would you advise an operation for gallstones in a woman 46 years old? (G. J. C.) Answer—Operation is the only cure we have for gallstones, and most such operations are done on

The Daily Short Story

THE LONG QUEST.

By OTTILIA FRANCIS PFEIFFER. On a particularly bright day of her young life, a natal celebration and the second anniversary of her marriage, Lottie Downs faced a double catastrophe that nearly drove her witless. She had lost little Charlie in her cradle asleep to run down to the corner, hoping to meet her husband, who had arranged to come home earlier than usual. She was disappointed and had returned to the house to find the cradle empty.

Upon a table lay one hundred dollars in bank bills, pinned to a note that read: "You will receive this amount during the absence of your husband and child, and whom you are held as hostages pending the execution of a certain contract on his part. Both will be cared for comfortably unless you raise a hue and cry. Be patient and submissive and both will be restored to you with the time that you would receive in his position as a government engraver."

I, who came into the mysterious case two weeks later, felt the flame of a vivid pity as I gazed upon the face of Lottie Downs. Her eyes were worn with weeping and in their weary depths shone a suspense and suffering that was infinitely pathetic. I had a wife and child of my own and clouded as was the hope of restoring to this poor tortured soul her loved ones, I exerted the best that was in me. I had been out of work for weeks and my engagement as a detective by the Sterling agency presented an entirely new field to me.

Brady Downs had vanished as completely and suddenly as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. The little child had been kidnaped in the full glare of day and no neighbor had observed the daring abduction. Not a trace could be found of either. I visited every friend of Downs his wife named, but there was a blank complete after he had left his work upon the day of his disappearance. I had a perfect description of him and a photograph of the little child. When it was stolen it wore a blue sailor suit, his mother had made from an old pattern that had been in the family for over a century, a peculiar Scotch pattern of distinctive tribal origin. Mrs. Downs gave me a sample of this.

I ransacked the city. For two months I penetrated obscure slums, haunts of the criminal, mysterious dens where blackmail and ransom experts were likely to live. It was of no avail and my employers were beginning to grumble at my lack of success when, quite accidentally I stumbled over a red-inked notice of a group of little tots playing in a sandheap. One of them wore a ragged bit of bright color about her neck—a blue sailor suit. I got close to the group, I consulted the sample scrap Mrs. Downs had given me. They were a piece of it. I enticed the child into a conversation. Half a dozen nickels secured the sash, which she told me she had found on a rubbish heap behind a big old building she pointed out to me.

Within an hour Mrs. Downs had identified the sash positively. With in two, I disguised as a common rag picker, with bag and hook prowled about the building the child had pointed out. A court yard off from the alley and I reasoned that the sash had been thrown out with the rubbish from some apartment in the gruesome old building. I poked about various rubbish heaps, hoping to find some further evidence of the proximity of a child. As I was about to leave a heavy door opened in a hallway and a man came out carrying a huge clothes basket piled full with odds and ends of paper. He built a large and piled the heap together to burn rapidly.

Just then a dash of rain came up and he went back to shelter, leaving the almost conjoined heap to smolder and smolder, apparently satisfied that most of the scraps had been incinerated. I was poking about the debris with my hook when I came upon a roll of paper half burned out. As I pulled it forth, my eyes bulged. It was evidently a proof sheet of one side of a bank note plate. I seized and pocketed the treasure. In a flash I blocked out a theory—there was a nest of counterfeiters in the building. Had they kidnaped Brady Downs? I force him to assist them in their designs? I could soon know. I hastened to headquarters.

We raided that building within an hour. We found in one part of it an old woman in charge of the kidnaped child, and a half dozen notorious criminals and, in their midst, a captive, rudy Downs, forced to work upon a bank note plate under menace that otherwise his wife and child would be done away with.

"The last plate would have been finished in a week and I would then probably have been set at liberty," Brady Downs told us after his rescue. "I outwitted them, though. Any bank expert noticing the McArthur signature would have detected something wrong for I botched it up purposely."

Out of my humble efforts came the disruption of a dangerous criminal clique, the restoration of a worthy man to his family and a generous reward that set my little family and myself on our feet in a substantial way.

MENU HINT

- BREAKFAST: Ham Omelet, Canned Fruit, Berry Muffins, Coffee.
- LUNCHEON: Clam Chowder, Crackers, Plums, Iced Tea, Wafers.
- DINNER: Broiled Chicken, Rice Timbales, Green Peas, Creamed Swiss Chard, Stalks, Romaine Salad, Plain Ice Cream with Crushed Fruit Sauce.

The Roll of Honor

SECTION ONE.

Washington, Dec. 27.—The following casualties are reported by the commanding general of the American expeditionary forces: Killed in action, 74; died of wounds, 86; died of accident and other causes, 12; died of aeroplane accident, 1; died of disease, 180; wounded severely, 567; missing in action, 270. Total, 1,150. Casualties from this vicinity: Died of Disease. PRIVATES: Carl E. Johnson, Prophetstown, Ill.

Wounded Severely. SERGEANTS: George A. Boggs, Marseilles, Ill. WILLIAM M. DOWER, 1006 First Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. Missing in Action. PRIVATES: CLARENCE BERGLUND, 149 Fifth Avenue, Moline, Ill.

Wounded Severely. SERGEANTS: Tressler V. Lane, Carthage, Ill. PRIVATES: OSCAR L. HUMPHREY, Des Moines, Iowa.

Household Hints

The Fish Dish. Codfish Tidbit—Flake cold boiled codfish into small inch squares and dip in beaten egg and Indian meal. Have some bacon drippings in a deep frying kettle. Dip small squares well. Fry with a half a cupful of the flakes in the basket and immerse for a minute. When a delicious brown, remove and do the rest. When all are ready, drain them on a sheet of brown paper and serve individually on little plates with a sprig of green. Lemon juice, if you wish, and salt.

Halibut Steaks and Potatoes Francois—Have the halibut in steaks about two inches wide and six inches long. This size will cook in ten minutes. Fry in butter and dredge with bread crumbs. Again, to give a thick coating. Fry in deep lard till a rich brown. Peel the potatoes which have just been boiled and cut them in large cubes. Place a layer of potatoes in a shallow pan, a sprig of lemon. For a sauce for the fish use a dash of thick mayonnaise seasoned with mixed English mustard. Serve slices of sour or dill pickle and hot biscuits.

Codfish Fritters—One pound codfish, one pint mashed potatoes, four eggs, one-half cup butter, two tablespoons cooking oil, one-half teaspoon salt, one saltspoonful pepper. Wash and soak the fish over night, pick it into flakes, scald it, drain and dry. Put the potatoes in a saucepan, add the fish, oil, salt, pepper and milk. Stir until thoroughly mixed and work in the eggs, well beaten. Drop by tablespoonfuls into hot deep fat.

Fish Salad in Green Peppers—Cut lengthwise three or four green sweet peppers, remove seeds and set away to chill. Discard all skin and bones from cold boiled fish and pick apart. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with a little lemon juice. When ready to prepare the salad, mix the fish with enough mayonnaise or cold hollandaise sauce to cover it well. Fill the peppers with this mixture and garnish the top of each with a slice of hard cooked egg.

Luncheon Sandwiches. Combination—Equal parts of dates, raisins, apples and chopped very fine. Powdered sugar moistened with extracts of vanilla. Lettuce—White bread or rye; mix ideas are probably as sound as yours.

You are super-sensitive and probably imagine that people criticize you for your clothes. Acquire the habit of co-operating with people in their plans and do not disagree. You will be more deeply loved and your views will be given greater consideration.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have twenty-five years old. I have two brothers who are good boys but I can't always get along with them. I want them to have nice jobs and go with refined people who can help them to build up and get a start in life. My mother joins them and that makes it still harder for me.

I also have a step-father who is very mean to mother and me. He has a good job, but mother never gets a cent of the money he makes. The boys pay board and that is all she has. I don't like to have that. He watches what mother and I eat until I can't sit at the table with such a man. He even counts my bites. I think. My older brother pays the house rent and buys the wood. I do the washing and iron. My mother joins them and that makes it still harder for me.

I can't leave home to work and so I do not dress as well as some girls. I have a sister who is above me because I can't dress as well as she. She is married and has everything she wants. She came after me in her car one day and invited me to go riding with some of her friends. As soon as I got into the car I saw I had done the wrong thing. I was not wanted.

She also told some one that I was too fond of my friend. I have a friend whom I love very much, my whole heart and he is the best man I have ever seen. He also has a good name in business. As to father, would you take your mother and get out, or would you try to live with him?

Your loyalty to your mother seems to be waning as long as you permit your step-father to remain in the home. Since your brothers are standing the expense of the home, they should tell the man to stay away, and if he will not, force him to do so by law. Of course it is wrong for you, mother to give him any of the money which she receives from her sons for board. You must try to be more tolerant of the opinions of others. Let your brothers live their own lives and choose their own friends. You ought not to hurt yourself by interfering. As business men they know something of the world, you know, and their

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been going with a boy for over a year. He is a boy from a little town. He was very dear to me and he told me he loved me and was happy. Last July he went into the army and asked me to marry him before he went across. But my father told me to wait until he came back home. When he reached France he called me that he arrived safely. His mother is old and writes to me once every week. She asked me to spend Christmas with her, but I refused.

All that time I was writing to another man in this country. He is eight years older than I and told me he loved me. Last night I received a letter and it said he would be home soon. Please tell me what to do.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am engaged to a girl and wish to make her a present of either a watch or a necklace. Which do you think would be the better gift for her? If she has not a watch I think she would prefer the most convenient accessory a woman could have.