

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Thursday, March 27, 1913.

A week elapsed since Huntington Wilson deserted the ship and the country is still safe. Marvellous!

With Lewis and Sherman on deck in the United States senate, Illinois will attract a new brand of attention from the nation at large.

Incidentally what happened at Springfield yesterday will bring peculiar joy to the heart of Rock Island's honorable citizen, Captain Walter A. Rosenfeld, who is enjoining in Panama just now. Captain Rosenfeld had charge of Judge Sherman's campaign from the first—and to the end.

Abolition of the veto power of the English house of lords by no means completes the promised reform of that body by the commons, voicing the sentiment of the country. The ministry has announced its intention to submit to the next session of parliament a plan carrying complete reform, not the least important feature of which will be the doing away entirely with the hereditary principle. That the lords will oppose this promised measure goes without saying.

Sylvia Penkhurst, suffragist, insists upon being a martyr. In a letter to her mother from Holloway prison, she says she is "fighting, fighting, fighting" five or six attendants as well as two doctors who pry open her mouth for the insertion of a stomach tube through which food is forced to prevent Sylvia from starving to death. The observation of an average man regarding Sylvia's course is that she ought to be laid across a spanking board and trounced instead of fed. Instead, she has been liberated, prison officials being fearful of her death.

The Niagara, Commodore Peary's flagship, after resting at the bottom of Misery bay, an arm of Lake Erie, for almost a century, has been raised to the surface. Four huge chains had been placed beneath the hull, which is 110 feet long, and with a grinding and breaking as if the ice flooring of the bay was breaking up, it was lifted through a huge opening that had been cut in the ice. Pontons were placed beneath the old warship, and as soon as a channel can be cut through the ice it will be towed to the city of Erie. The timbers were found to be in good state of preservation, and it is expected no difficulty will be encountered in its reconstruction.

ILLINOIS HAS TWO SENATORS.

After the long suspense the deed is done. Illinois has two United States senators. Both are brand new. One is a democrat, the first of that political faith since John M. Palmer. The other is a republican. By a bipartisan arrangement the election was consummated in the Illinois legislature yesterday afternoon. The Argus had hoped all along that both might be democratic. That was the desire of President Wilson and it was obviously the wish of democrats everywhere.

Based on the returns of the last election, it should have been so.

No right thinking democrat, believing in the primary law or the theory that the choice of United States senators should be brought as near to the people as possible, could have failed to sustain Colonel James Hamilton's claims to the long or regular term. He won it in the primary election and in the general election. Any course that would have deprived him of his well won honors would have proven an outrage that would have harmed the democratic party and the members of the legislature more than it would Colonel Lewis himself.

If Charles Rosenchenstein could have succeeded to the short or unexpired term it would have been so much the better, and the honor would have been worthily bestowed.

As it is, Illinois will be represented in the upper branch of congress by two senators, each unique and distinct in himself and both as opposite in character as it would be possible to conceive.

Nevertheless, both are brilliant men and representative men, who will bring to the state renown, and it is hoped such renown will bear in full measure the glory and distinction to which the second greatest state in the union is entitled.

DESTRUCTIVE STORMS.

The cyclone season of 1913 has opened with unusual violence. So far from being exaggerations, the first reports of fatalities due to the cyclonic and other disturbances prove to have been understatements.

Telling people how to meet a cyclone is a thankless task and as fruitless as

thankless. People will continue meeting cyclones, or trying to run away from them, in their own way. The rush for the cellar, when there is one, seems to be enough of an instinct to command our respect. Dwellers in houses without cellars, which are a multitude for number, should, however, make such advance study of the nature and movement of these disastrous storms as is possible and aim at having something like a comprehensive plan of action decided upon in advance. To aid them, science has lately made, or has seemed to make, one important addition to the sum of our knowledge of cyclones.

Thinking people, with or without a personal experience, must have doubted the wisdom of closing all the doors and windows of a house when a cyclone is seen approaching. Tightly closed houses are but toy houses when standing directly in the path of a twister.

And now science has told us why. The funnel-shaped cloud, sucking up all the air it comes in contact with, will, when it envelops such a house, create a complete vacuum around it.

Then the air inside of the closed house, seeking an outlet, will burst all of its walls, whether or not the house is set strongly enough on its foundations to resist the impact of the wind.

The moral is: Don't close your houses against a cyclone. The theory is reasonable, but it is to be expected that this season, as in all past ones, the impulse to shut out the approaching danger cannot be overcome.

AS TO COUNTY FINANCES.

If the creditors of Rock Island county should sue for what is due them and obtain judgment, the court house and jail, if sold as they stand, probably would not bring enough to satisfy the claims.

Was this debt contracted for any specific purpose?

It was not. It has been accumulated through an excess of expenditure over income during a period of years. It represents money borrowed from time to time by the board of supervisors from the banks of the county.

Do the people approve of this procedure?

They do not. Three times at regular elections have they been called upon to vote upon a proposition to increase the tax rate to pay off this indebtedness, and each time they refused by a large majority to do so.

Has the board of supervisors heeded the mandate of the people to keep expenditures within income?

Apparently not, for the floating debt is being steadily increased. It is true, some efforts in the direction of economy have been made, but it will be difficult to convince the average voter that the possibilities in this regard were anywhere near exhausted. The attitude of the board in dealing with the present state's attorney is typical of the methods of economy that have been practiced.

After spending \$1,000 in making a strictly partisan investigation of the sheriff's office, and showing a willingness to part with three times as much more of the county's funds for the services of two republican attorneys, hired to do the work that the state's attorney was already being paid for doing, the dominating characters in the county board refused to appropriate enough money to employ the assistance that it was absolutely necessary for the state's attorney to have in order for him to discharge the duties imposed upon him by his office.

The inner circle of men who dominate county board affairs favors economy, of course, but it is perfectly willing to spend a few thousand to keep a wide awake democrat from getting a peep behind the scenes in the fear that he might gather a little glory or possibly something to make political capital of.

In other words, those pulling the wires propose to keep their hands on the levers, regardless. Does anyone remember of any republican state's attorney having been handicapped, embarrassed and even affronted by a coterie of supervisors as Mr. Thompson has been?

THE COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Should the county superintendent of schools be a judge, a sheriff, a political officeholder, or just an educator who knows his business, and gives his whole attention to the schools? He is or has been all of these in different parts of the United States. In Texas it is the county judge who serves in many of the counties as ex-officio superintendent of schools, and in at least one state the sheriff used to hold the office. But Texas expects soon to have real county superintendents in all the counties that are still without them, according to information received by the United States bureau of education.

The new Texas plan is based on the urgent needs of the state's rural schools. Texas has three quarters of a million rural school children. Efficient county supervision is a prime requisite for efficient rural schools, and Texas proposes to maintain efficient rural schools. She is endeavoring to relieve her county judges, who make no claim to expert knowledge of rural school supervision, of their duties as county superintendents of schools, and to select real superintendents whose first claim to the position is professional training and ability.

Not only does Texas desire to have regular county superintendents in charge of all the schools in place of county judges, but she aims to make sure that the superintendents will not be political nominees. The proposed plan puts the selection of the county superintendent in the hands of the county board of education to the end that this officer, like his city

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

AN IOWA wedding couple, each of whom had been married twice before and twice divorced, have sought to insure the success of their third venture by a detailed written contract which surely is one of the most extraordinary prenuptial agreements ever made.

The contract plainly sets forth who shall build the fires, when the husband may bring guests home to meals, when the relatives of each shall visit them, how the spending of the money is to be divided, how often the wife may attend social functions and the theatre, and even fixes the limit to the number of children.

Thus they have arranged, they think, for every possible contingency that may arise in the wedded life of two persons.

Maybe they will find it so.

But it takes no pessimistic spirit to suspect that such a contract contains either too much or too little.

The marriage contract which means the most needs say the least. "To love and cherish one another"—here is a contract that covers more ground than can be definitely expressed in all the words in the language.

If that will not hold good under all conditions and in all contingencies, no other contract will.

HELEN KELLER, THE MARVEL

Miss Helen Keller and her teacher, Mrs. John Macy (Miss Anne M. Sullivan) came for the second time to the music hall, Academy of Music, last evening, says the Brooklyn Eagle, appearing, as before, under Brooklyn institution auspices and having again a large audience. Mrs. Macy had not fully recovered from the attack of grip which was troubling her when they were here on March 6, but she spoke with comparative ease, and her story of the training of her pupil was heard with the closest attention.

When Miss Keller was led in and gave her memorable address, so filled with the spirit of helpfulness, it would have been possible to have heard the traditional pin drop. People leaned forward, anxious to catch the least word and rejoicing in the bravery with which this girl had caused what might have been a stunted life to become a glorious opportunity for doing good.

When she was recalled to the platform after the close of the address, a demonstration was made of the way in which she hears what is said to her, by placing the fingers of one hand on the nose, lips and throat of the person speaking. She is so quick to catch the vibrations that she speaks the word almost as the person utters it and answers as one who could naturally hear, see and speak might do.

Then Mrs. Macy asked if there were any questions. The first one was: "How can Miss Keller tell if there are many people before her?" and the answer was, "By the vibrations of many feet in motion, and then the air is dense and warm if there are many people in the room." Another asked if she found her audience sympathetic, and with a quick smile she answered, "It has always been so."

Then someone asked not unympathetically, but dispassionately, as if she thought had interested him, "Can she describe darkness?" People held their breath and gasped an "Oh!" of pity. It was a tense moment. Mrs. Cannon and others of the old regime.

According to one report, he is addicted to high leather boots with his trousers outside. He wears his hat at a rakish angle and generally has a half-smoked cigar between his teeth. He was born in Missouri in 1845 and has held some sort of public office nearly all his life. He is a graduate in medicine and has been a banker. He was a member of congress 18 years and served one term as governor of Missouri.

RECEPTION BY GOVERNOR.

E. F. Dunne and Mrs. Dunne Entertain at Executive Mansion.

Springfield, Ill., March 27.—Members of the legislature and their wives entertained at a formal reception at the executive mansion last night by Governor and Mrs. Dunne. It was the first social affair at the mansion since the inaugural reception.

In the receiving line with Governor and Mrs. Dunne were Lieutenant Governor Barratt O'Hara and Mrs. O'Hara, Secretary of State Harry Woods and Mrs. Woods, State Treasurer William Ryan and Mrs. Ryan, State Auditor James J. Brady and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Brady, Attorney General P. J. Lucey and Mrs. Lucey and Speaker William McKinley, Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, newly elected United States senator, was a prominent figure at the reception.

Acting as hostesses in various rooms were a number of Springfield women, including Mrs. Stuart Broadwell, Mrs. Anais C. Smith and Mrs. Harris Hickox.

WIRE SPARKS.

Washington—Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, who retires July 31, is to go on the lecture platform. He announced that he had received a number of attractive offers to speak on meteorological subjects and that he had practically decided to accept several.

Boston—Equal suffrage in Massachusetts met with the rebuff when the supporters of the movement in the house of representatives failed yesterday to record the two-thirds vote necessary for the adoption of a resolution providing for the constitutional amendment.

Springfield, Ill.—The appointment of First Lieutenant William A. Cole, Second infantry, as captain, and his assignment as inspector of small arms practice has been announced from the office of the adjutant general.

The ONLOOKER S. E. KISER The Gladdest Time



I like it in the morning when The sun shines in across my bed And seems to kind of whisper then "Get up, you little sleepy head," And just outside my window, where A lamb sticks upward from a tree The sparrows often sit and stare And nod their heads and chirp at me.

I like it in the evening when The sounds all seem so far away, And all the men go home again Who had to work so hard all day. For then my mover always slips And dresses in her nicest gown, And soon we'll hear the train that brings My papa back to us from town.

I like it best on Sunday, when We don't get up till very late, Because the maid's so weary then And has to sleep till nearly eight, And after we've had breakfast, why, My papa doesn't start away, But stays at home, and he and I Keep all the house upset all day.

Louis and Progress of Campaign. "Gentlemen," said the political orator, "it was Louis XIV. who said, 'L'etat, c'est moi!'"

He paused for a moment in expectant attitude, and then spoke again. "It was, I say, Louis XIV. who said 'L'etat, c'est moi!'"

Again he paused and drew himself up impressively. Then a little man who sat down in front near the platform, asked in shrill tones: "I suppose he done it because somebody made a three-bagger for the home team?"

Wherefore the orator delivered the rest of his speech in English.

Trouble With It. "There is only one trouble with your play," said the manager. "What's that?" asked the eager dramatist. "Isn't there enough action in it? Does it lack situations? Don't you find the dialogue bright enough? Or do you find that the moral is not brought out as clearly as you could wish?"

"Oh, it's all right in those respects, but I'm afraid it couldn't be novelized if it should make a hit."

His Tittle. "Do I understand you to say, Mrs. O'Brien, that your husband drinks excessively?"

"No, Judge, yer honor, he don't drink exclusively. It's always whisky."

Serious Hallucination. "Spoonington, I hear, has filed a petition in bankruptcy."

"Yes; poor old chap! Too bad." "What was the trouble?"

"His wife got to believing that his income was as great as she represented it to her neighbors, and thoughtlessly dressed up to it."

Not to Be Intimidated. "Papa, you simply must give your consent. Arthur says his blood will be on your hands if you don't."

"His blood on my hands? Why, that white-livered puppy ain't got enough red blood in him to make a stain on a postage stamp."

Not for Him. "Have you read that novel I was telling you about the other day?"

"No, I bought it and took it home, but my wife got hold of it and liked it."

Signs. When a girl can't make a man make love to her it is a sign that she is very homely or that he isn't feeling well.

Confidence. The surest way to destroy people's confidence in you is to continually question the motives of others.

Theory. If love is blind he must be able to pick out the pretty girls by instinct.

Why it Was Flat. "This story of yours is flat," announced the editor.

"Well," explained the aspiring author, "I read a book called 'Advice to Young Writers,' and the very first thing it tells you is not to roll your manuscript.—Judge."

The Daily Story

A PARIS LANDMARK—BY F. A. MITCHELL.

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When MacKnight Wentworth was in Paris he stopped at a hotel in the oldest part of the city, and the building was so ancient that no one could tell him when it had been built.

That was the year the czar of Russia visited Paris, and every nook in the city was filled with the crowd of visitors who came to witness the festivities attending his reception. Wentworth was lodged in a part of the house that had not been occupied before within the memory of any one connected with the history. His room was a small one and wainscoted. There was no closet in it and no hooks on which to hang any clothing. Every one about the hotel was too busy to pay any exact ordinary attention to a guest, so Wentworth went out and bought a few nails, with a view to driving them into the wall to serve as hooks.

He had driven three nails and was at work on a fourth when the panel into which he was driving it began to slowly slide on rollers to one side. It stopped, leaving a gap just wide enough to allow a person by stooping to pass through. The wall had been cut away, but, since it was dark beyond, Wentworth could not see what was there, and for a time he was too much astonished to make an exclamation. The blows of the hammer had shaken the panel, doubtless unloosening a spring which had held the door shut. This spring was easily found, close to the point where Wentworth had been driving the nail.

Timidity at length gave way to curiosity, and, lighting a candle that stood on a bureau, the American passed through the opening and entered a chamber. It was hung with tapestry and furnished in a style that dated back several centuries. A bedstead stood against the wall, with a canopy above, and the curtains were lowered. The windows had been bricked up. Wentworth pulled aside the bed curtains, and the dim light of his candle fell upon a figure betwixt a skeleton and a body, a woman dressed in a style of the period of Louis XIV.

Wentworth drew back. Again he found it necessary to give curiosity time to overtake timidity. But the former is a rapid mover, and in a few minutes he was examining the body. Taking hold of the dress, it crumbled. There was some jewelry on the body, earrings and a necklace, and the gems were large. Judging by the hair, in which there were no gray strands, the woman, if not young, was at least not old, and her apparel so far as it indicated anything indicated youth.

Wentworth looked up from the gruesome sight and turned his gaze about the chamber. There had been no effort to conceal the spaces where the windows had been, and he wondered if they had been left the same on the outside. He did not believe they had. He wondered if the room had been walled up before or after the woman had been confined in it. He looked about for another egress than the one by which he had entered and in a corner discovered a trapdoor. But there was no means of raising it, not a handle or even a ring. Having a strong pocketknife with him, he put a blade into the crack, but the trap was not to be moved, at least with such an instrument.

Suddenly he heard a sound like the shutting of a door. He started, the idea coming into his head that he might be shut up in this gruesome chamber. Looking toward the opening through which he had entered and through which had come a small quantum of light, he saw that the light had been shut off. With a rapidly beating heart he hurried to the place and found the panel closed. For awhile he was too horror-stricken to look into the matter, but when he did the cause of the shutting of the panel was evident. When the spring that opened it was pressed a weight pulled it back. The cord by which the weight had been held had parted. For years, perhaps for centuries, it had rotted, and the jar occasioned by its recent opening had reduced it to a single strand, which had just given way. Could the spring be worked and the door opened from the side on which he stood? A hasty examination showed that it could not.

Wentworth was appalled. Shut up in a chamber without a single opening, with a candle that would not burn more than an hour, he began to fear he was doomed to the fate of the woman who had evidently died there. He might make a noise to attract attention, but why could he be heard any more than she? When he gathered his wits he bent his ingenuity toward getting out of his dilemma. He first tried to introduce the point of his pocketknife into the lock that held the panel. If he could disengage the catch that held it he could move it back against the force of the spring that closed it. But he failed to move the catch.

He next turned his attention to the trap in the floor, examining it carefully while his candle burned to discover some means of opening it. He could see no way whatever. Then he made an examination of the room to see if there might not be some other opening that he had thus far failed to notice. Holding his candle first high, then low he examined the walls and the floor. There might be an exit concealed under the bed. Lifting the valance, he lay down on the floor on his stomach and thrust the candle as far underneath as he could reach. Finding no indications, he withdrew the candle, raised himself and was moving away when an odor of something burning came to his nostrils. Turning, he saw that he had set the valance of the bed on fire.

The idea of being burned to death or suffocated in this horrible chamber seemed worse even than dying of starvation. Tearing away the valance, he stamped on it. But the curtains had caught fire, and he tore down these

also, exposing the bones that foretold his own probable fate. In this way he succeeded in putting out the fire.

But a new terror was in store for him. One-half an inch of the candle remained, and when it burned away his would be in darkness—in darkness with that horrible thing on the bed! He renewed his search, but was so agitated that he would not have been likely to detect a concealed opening if one were before him. Round and round the room he went, the candle ever burning lower. Thinking there might be an opening in the wall behind the bed, he endeavored to move it, but it was so heavy that it resisted his efforts. Then despair gave him strength for one concentrated push, and he moved it far enough to thrust the now flickering candle behind it. Alas, there was nothing but a bare wall!

His only hope now lay between the panel by which he had entered and the trap in the corner. He kicked upon the former, but it was solid oak. He turned from it to the trap, remembering that if all else failed he could keep up a continued hammering on the panel, so that in case a servant entered his room she would hear him. Once more he scrutinized every point in the outline of the trap, but as before he failed to see any indication of the fastening.

And now the candle began to flare in its socket. An irresistible fascination drew the prisoner's eyes to the bejeweled corpse on the bed. Hideous as it was, it was the last connecting link between him and humanity. Then he covered his eyes with his hands, that he should not see the candle's last flicker, and when he removed them he was in total darkness.

The horror of that moment was never to be forgotten. But hope never dies, and hope inspires action. Feeling the way to the panel, he sat down beside it and began a rapping, which he resolved to renew every few minutes. Hours went by and no response. He did not expect a response—he only hoped for one. Unfortunately his room would not be put in order by the servant till the following morning, and the servants were so busy that it might not be put in order at all, unless he reported the matter at the office of the hotel. Remembering his watch, he remembered as well that he could not see it. Ah, but he could feel. Having wound it, he removed the glass from its face and felt, lightly as possible, for the hands.

It had been about 5 o'clock in the evening when he entered the room, and the hands now indicated 6. He had been there an hour. It seemed twenty-four hours. After all, there would be no use keeping up the rapping, since no one would be likely to enter the adjoining room till the next morning.

He resolved that he would spend some time while waiting in tapping all about the trapdoor in the floor in the hope that he might strike a spring that would open it. He had nothing to tap with, but thought of the heel of his boot and, taking it off, held it by the toe and began his work, pursuing it systematically in order that he might not go over the same ground more than once. He first tapped all around the edge of the trap for a distance of three feet, as nearly as he could tell in the dark. This occupied an hour. Then he began work on the wall beside the trap. He was tapping at a point as high as his head, his back turned to the trap, when he heard something behind him drop. Turning, he felt a current of cold air coming up through the floor and saw a square place a trifle lighter than the rest where the trap had been. It had opened, swinging downward.

Knelling beside the opening, Wentworth explored with his hands and feet narrow winding steps. Without heeding where they led to be descended. The flight was a long one and as dark as one point as another. Finally when he reached the bottom he found himself standing on wood, but there were rotted parts, and, stamping on it, he easily broke it away.

He believed he was over a sewer, and he was. Indeed, he could see into it and that it was nearly empty. Dropping down on to the stones which formed the tube, he went toward a light some distance from him. The lantern also came toward him. It was a lantern in the hands of a sewer tender.

That is the end of the story so far as Wentworth's escape is concerned, but not the explanation of the cause of his imprisonment. He reported his experience to the authorities, and the historical society had the room examined and the record of the building looked up. All they could find out about it was that it had been built in the thirteenth century and during the reign of Louis XV., when private revenge occupied the place of law, had gained the reputation of being a place where certain persons of power were put out of the way. But who the woman was whose body Wentworth found there was never learned. Doubtless she was the last of a number of persons who had been starved in that room.

March 27 in American History.

- 1547—Vera Cruz, Mexico, surrendered to the United States army, commanded by General Vinfield Scott. 1809—James Harper, founder of the famous publishing house, died; born 1795. 1888—Felix O. C. Darley, noted artist, died; born 1802. 1909—Colonel William Lamb, hero of the Confederate defense of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, in 1865, died; born 1836.

All the news at the time—The Argus.

HAS A REPUTATION FOR ECCENTRICITY



Alexander Monroe Dockery.

The new third assistant postmaster general, Alexander Monroe Dockery, is one of the odd characters of the new administration. He probably will become as famous in it as were Uncle