

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, March 2, 1914.

A St. Louis cafe is so discriminating in its advertisements that it promises "music and singing."

The society for the prevention of cruelty to non-dancing husbands has disbanded during Lent.

Most of the people who are crying "On to Mexico" are not thinking of taking the trip themselves.

It takes two to interview John D. Rockefeller—one to ask questions and the other to take the picture.

It is unfortunate that Eleanor Wilson cannot even munch a bun without having the fact telegraphed all over the continent.

Trust Iowa to bring out the perfect watchman. He wasn't even disturbed by the blowing up of the safe of the state treasury.

Teeth extracted to music is a dental novelty from Paris, where the red, white and blue wigs come from. Why not tango teeth for patients waiting their turn?

Jack London is reported to have said he would be willing to stand as the presidential candidate of the prohibition party. After that awful souce, John Barleycorn ought to be ready for martyrdom.

If they are made of the real stuff, they will take more than a stiff fine and jail sentence to force two New York newspaper men to tell the source of the information on which they based printed stories concerning impending graft prosecutions.

The supreme test of Henry Ford's willingness to make sacrifice is the demand upon him to stand as the progressive candidate for governor of Ohio. There are several thousand bull moosers in Ohio who would like to share profits in Henry's bar!

IN "DRY" TERRITORY.

The ingenuity displayed in carrying on the sale of whisky at points where abolition of license laws has made the sale of beer practically out of the question, is most surprising.

In an Oklahoma town the sale went forward at an establishment with great freedom, although none was found on the premises. Finally it was discovered by accident stored in a tank in the ceiling and drawn off through what looked like a gas jet.

This, however, has nothing on the Kansas man who sold thousands of imitation eggs, each containing a drink of red eye.

STATE'S POWER PERVERTED

The manager of a Colorado strike-breaking agency, Felix by name, has admitted to mine strike probers that the machine guns used on the armored trains run through the miners' settlements were given to the state of Colorado by the operators and worked by a lieutenant of militia on pay.

The degradation of a state is complete when it accepts from capital weapons of war as a gift and then turns these weapons, in the name of law and order, but in reality in the service of capital, against the men and women and children who are seeking a little larger share of their own creation that they may live a little better.

Edward Bellamy placed the future of the world in Colorado. We may never have that on larger scale than has been witnessed, but we will have what approximates it so long as the military arm of the state is in the service of those who have and are intent upon holding.

REGULATING BILLBOARDS.

The city of St. Louis has finally won in litigation extending over nine years against the operations of a billboard combine. The statute was moderate, merely limiting the height of such boardings to 14 feet and a maximum area of 500 square feet. If such regulations are not established, there will be no limit to the deformed advertising that will grow up in vacant city lots and suburbs.

If it is constitutional to limit billboards to certain heights and lengths, why can not this limitation be carried indefinitely in the interest of the public good?

To travelers on American railroads, one of the most disgusting sights is the way advertising billboards thrust themselves against country scenery. When one escapes from the routine of home scenes or the restless crowding of cities, one looks with anticipation

for the serene peace of rivers and hills and forests. Yet on almost any line with heavy travel, the coarse appeal to dollars thrusts itself at you in the most grotesque form, shutting out the hoped-for message from mother nature.

On some lines there is an almost continuous succession of these obnoxious and ugly notices. People pay down good money for the refreshment of the country scenes, and are solicited against their will to buy some one's corsets or tooth paste.

A great many people conceive a strong feeling of dislike against the company that chooses this method of advertising. One would think that publicity seekers would begin to think that they are not buying the good will of the public when they choose a method of advertising that is so unpropitious.

Meanwhile the end of this tiresome litigation in St. Louis will encourage a host of improvement societies and civic associations, which have always believed that billboards could be outlawed or greatly curbed through legal means.

SWINGING SIGN NUISANCE.

Damage wrought by the wind of Saturday evening serves as another reminder that a swinging sign is always a menace in the streets of a city. The fastening inevitably wears and eventually, unless replaced, it will give way. In a wind such as that of Saturday evening the hangings are given a severe test, even if in good shape to withstand ordinary conditions. The heavier the sign the more rapid the wear on its fastenings and the greater the damage liable to result if it falls.

In Saturday's storm several swinging signs were torn entirely or partly loose and others were damaged. As it happened nobody was struck, by falling parts. Had any such accidents occurred the city would have been liable jointly with the owners of the signs.

Then there is the matter of sightliness. Any sign which projects over the sidewalk mars the appearance of the street. The more there are and the larger the greater the offense to the eye. A street full of signs might be expected in a jay town but not in a city which has metropolitan aspirations.

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Examinations for 14th District Postmasters

Civil service examinations will be held April 18 to fill 22 fourth class postoffices in the Fourteenth Illinois congressional district.

The fourth class offices to be filled in this congressional district are as follows:

Andalusia, Bardolph, Basco, Birmingham, Cameron, Carman, Coal Valley, Colmar, Colusa, Denver, Elvaston, Ferris, Gladstone, Little York, Lomax, Ledia, Millersburg, New Philadelphia, Pontosseuc, Sciota, Swan Creek, Watertown.

Examination for any of the above offices may be taken April 18 at any of the following cities: Aledo, Bushnell, Carthage, East Moline, Galesburg, Macomb, Moline, Monmouth, Quincy, Rock Island, or Burlington, Iowa.

An applicant for examination for appointment at any postoffice must re-

side in the territory supplied by such postoffice.

The application form may be secured from the postmaster at any of the offices for which the examinations are held, the United States civil service commission, Washington, D. C., or the postmaster at the place at which the examination is to be held, and should be properly executed, indicating therein the examination point at which the applicant desires to be examined, and should be immediately forwarded to the United States civil service commission, Washington, D. C.

Persons who, for any reason, are unable to forward their applications to the commission in time to receive written authority to enter the examination, will be examined, subject to the subsequent approval of their applications, if they appear for examination at a place where the examinations are to be held.

HUSBAND INNOCENT; WANTS HIM AGAIN



Miss Rosebud English.

Americus, Ga., March 2.—What is the legal status of the former wife of A. D. Oliver, now that he has been released by the Mississippi authorities on the ground that he is not L. C. Harding, in whose name he was serving a penal sentence? This is the question that is worrying Miss Rosebud English, the former Mrs. Oliver, now the divorced wife of Mr. James, whom she married after the courts of Georgia had declared her marriage to Oliver illegal on the ground that he was Harding and Harding was a bigamist.

If Oliver is not Harding—and the Mississippi authorities have released him on the ground that he is a victim of mistaken identity—why is she not now his legally wedded wife? The marriage was annulled under the belief that he was Harding and Harding is known to have had another wife. It is now legally established that he is not Harding, although he served a complete term for bigamy under that name. These are questions on which the young woman is now seeking legal advice.

It will be recalled by those who attended the habeas corpus proceedings in Thomasville, when Oliver was trying to prevent the Mississippi authorities from taking him into that state, that he told of a visit his former wife had paid him while he was serving a term for bigamy, as Harding, in a Lee county convict camp. He said then that the bigamy charge had been trumped up against him by a man named James, who was a wildcat mining stock salesman, in order that he,

James, might marry Oliver's young wife, whom Oliver was reported to have given \$30,000.

"After he married her," said Oliver, "James learned that there was no truth in the report that I had given her \$30,000, or any other large sum of money, and after mistreating her cruelly, he left."

Oliver was former president of the bank at Climax, Ga., and a spectacular figure in this section. According to Oliver, it was his half-brother and not himself who perpetrated the offenses that have been laid at his door. He intended to enter the banking business again. His wife, or former wife, has already entered into negotiations to see if he will allow her to return to him.

"I am going to locate right here in Americus," he said, "and I want the people to know all about me before I begin business. I am not going to try to hide my past in the least, for I am not ashamed of it. I am not guilty of the crime for which I was sentenced. It sounds funny for a man who has been mugged up in the courts to say he is going into the banking business, but that's just what I am going to do. I don't ask anybody to deposit a cent in my bank unless he wants to."

Oliver was arrested in November, following the escape from a prison at Aberdeen of L. Charles Harding, whom Oliver resembles. Oliver claims that Harding is his half-brother. The latter is now said to be safe in Honduras. After serving several months Oliver obtained a writ of habeas corpus. He was taken before a chancellor, where he established an alibi. His release was thereupon ordered.

Rudeness About Doors.

Never mind if you do not happen to know the person who is coming behind you. Hold the door or gate open for him just the same. Of course the next in order may be several steps behind, or you may be obliged to save two seconds to catch your train. You may in cases like these feel compelled to slam a door or gate in the face of an innocent fellow being. But in scores of instances recently observed doors and gates have been slammed in the faces of those following by boorish men and women, apparently out of sheer clownishness. Sometimes the person thus insulted may happen to be one whom you may wish to please. It pays to be a lady or a gentleman, even when you think you are among strangers.—Kate Upson Clark in Leslie's.

Men and Jobs.

Appropos of an inefficient manager's resignation, George Gould said to a New York railroad reporter: "It's every man's desire to wobble round in a big job rather than to fill a small one, and that's why so many resignations are by request."

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND

WHAT'S in A NAME?

Smith wields a very clever brush. His canvases are never dried. The slowest man in town is Rush. When bills are due: old Miss McBride. Has lived alone for 50 years. She'll never marry now, they say. We buy our groceries at De Vere's. Our leading pessimist is Gay. Priest runs a barber shop, and King attends to odd jobs here and there. Our brewer thinks that beer's a thing that should be barred out everywhere. Short stands six feet in his socks. Stout is a slender little man. Our banker's name is Poore, and Knox boosts other people when he can. Our painless dentist's name is Pains. And Barber's preaching makes us glad. The oldest citizen is Ladd. Clearwater peddles milk, and Black, who is in partnership with Brown, is always aiding those who lack brains. And is the whitest man in town.

Why He Liked Them.

"Have you ever read the Bible from beginning to end?" "Yes. When I was a boy my parents compelled me to read a chapter every night." "What part most appealed to you?" "The Psalms and Proverbs." "That's curious. Ordinarily a boy would not be expected to understand the Psalms and Proverbs as readily as he would some of the stories, such as the story of Joseph and that of Samson." "It wasn't because I understood the Psalms and Proverbs, but they were cut up into shorter verses than any of the rest of the Bible, consequently I was able to get through the pages faster."

Wasted Effort.

"I want you to subscribe something to the fund we are raising for the purpose of giving Senator Bunk a grand reception when he comes home from Washington. How much shall we put you down for?" "Nothing!" "Nothing? Why you must admit that Senator Bunk has made a great record in congress. He has succeeded in making himself one of the leaders of the most dignified deliberative body on earth." "Yes, but he's got all the offices at his disposal filled, so what's the use?"

SOMETHING REALLY WRONG.

"Doctor, I've come to see you about my wife. I'm afraid there's something serious the matter with her." "I'm sorry to hear that. What are her symptoms?" "Why, the other day, when I was out of town, she had occasion to go to my office, and there she found several letters marked 'private' that she didn't open."

Ruled Out.

"No, I'm sorry we can't use your spring poem. You have violated the rules." "Violated the rules? There is not a faulty rhyme in it; the meter is perfect, and the rhythm is correct." "Yes, but you have neglected to use the word 'jocund.'"

More Effective.

"Do you think bachelors ought to be taxed?" he asked. "Well," he replied, "I haven't thought much about it, but if they merely wish to raise revenue, it seems to me they could do it much more effectively by taxing the grass-widowers."

Apparently Not.

"George has never been away from me a single evening since we have been married." "What's the matter? Haven't you succeeded in inspiring him with confidence?"

Wanted It Settled.

"There's one thing I never could understand," her husband began, but he got no farther, for she interrupted him to ask: "Which one, your first wife or me?"

Strength.

"Carlyle says there is strength in cheerfulness." "What of it? He might have said the same thing about onions."

Sufficient Grounds for a Divorce.

"Man never knows what untold agony woman suffers," exclaimed chatty Mrs. Gabb. "The only untold agony a woman suffers is when she wears tight shoes to be stylish," replied Mr. Gabb.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Daily Story THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND—BY F. A. MITCHELL. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Miss Ledia Rathbone was born a flirt—an unconscious flirt. She didn't know that she was flirting even when she was deliberately drawing some youth into her toils. Nevertheless she was not surprised when she got him there. It did not occur to her that she had anything to do with his being there. All the other fellows got there. Why not he? This commenced when Miss Rathbone was fourteen years old—if not earlier—and lasted till she was double that age. The game was so plentiful that she had no idea that there would ever be a dearth of it.

Miss Rathbone, as I have said, began to bring down youths at a very early age and continued it as long as her heyday lasted, which was about the same duration as that of most girls. She had a comfortable home, and it



"WHAT A LITTLE FOOL I WAS IN THOSE DAYS!"

did not occur to her that there was any reason why she should marry. What did she know of the waning interest in this world's affairs that comes to all who grow old, except in children—children of their own? At twenty she was at the summit of earthly contentment. The woods were as full of game as ever. At twenty-four there was a falling off, not in her attractiveness, but there were not as many men within range. At twenty-eight all the men seemed to have grown backward and were nothing but boys, while on looking in a mirror she saw unmistakable signs of change in herself. The bud had fully opened, and the rose was beginning to pass beyond bloom.

Meanwhile the fifteen years that had passed since she had begun to emerge from childhood had brought changes in her surroundings. She was far more alone than she had been. Social affairs, even tennis and golf, had lost much of their charm. Those of her friends who had married had passed from her to their children. They were as glad as ever to meet her, but she realized that their little ones had taken her place in the hearts of their parents. She began to envy her friends the possession of their children. The parents were still young, and their offspring were still children. Miss Rathbone had not reached an age to understand the value of a grown son or daughter to an old person.

When Miss Rathbone was hearing thirty she was still an attractive woman. Having come to realize what she had missed, or believed she had missed, in not having taken steps to build her own nest, she resolved to make hay during the brief season when the sun would still shine. She remembered regretfully the superfluity of game within range during past years and recognized the fact that the woods for her had been pretty well cleaned out. As after civilization has encroached on hunting grounds sportsmen must go farther for game, so did Miss Rathbone come to think that she must seek new fields. Spring was coming on, and she thought of summer resorts. But she knew that the only game to be found at such places are old men and boys. She had discovered that she had passed the age when a college student had ceased to be something for her to look up to.

Travel next suggested itself to her. When a young girl she had been nearly caught in her own traps while touring in Europe than at any other time. She had found sightseeing in company with young men an admirable field for her flirtations. And as for an ocean voyage, after the wearing off of mad do mer, there seemed to be something about salt water to induce love. Miss Rathbone decided to join the legira of those sailing for foreign ports the next season.

Miss Rathbone joined a party of her acquaintances who were going to make a three months' tour of Europe. How changed were her circumstances from that Miss Rathbone who had often had difficulty in staying off the importunities of several young men, each of whom was bent on receiving an answer to a proposal! Could it be possible that she was going abroad for the purpose of bringing down some bachelor who, having arrived at middle age, had lost much of that spirit which impels a man to tumble head over heels in love on the slightest provocation? But Miss Rathbone remembered that while the older man is not as aggressive he is vulnerable.

During her trip abroad Miss Rathbone met bachelors, but found them confirmed celibates. They seemed to her like wild horses that had never been broken to a bit or a saddle. Their own comfort, their independence, were

their gods. As for giving up any of their privileges, they had no such idea whatever. They were like the crow, which, utterly worthless for game, keeps carefully out of the hunter's range.

During a sojourn at Lake Como Miss Rathbone fell in with a widower, Edw. senior Dudley, who was not much her senior and whose descent into the Avernus of bachelorhood had been averted by marriage. He had played his only child, a boy, at school in Geneva and was taking a holiday in northern Italy, where at the time the minute was neither too hot nor too cold.

Mr. Dudley was staying at the same hotel as Miss Rathbone and first saw her one morning at breakfast on the stone balcony against which dashed the waters of the lake. The situation was propitious. Directly opposite was a high mountain, looming up between the lake and the blue sky. To the right and to the left were cliffs and battlements innumerable, some near at hand, some mellowed by distance, some a velvet green, some brown, some red. Miss Rathbone felt a moody of that spirit of the beautiful that she had experienced in her younger days. As for Mr. Dudley, he looked at her with manifest interest.

Americans abroad are very like a circle of intimate acquaintances at home, with this difference—at home they are hedged about by innumerable conventionalities; abroad they have much of the bonhomie of the old stage-coach days. Mr. Dudley had no difficulty in securing an introduction to Miss Rathbone, and he had scarcely done so when he invited her to go out on the lake with him in one of those rowboats pulled by lusty Italians the stern seats of which are supplied with cushions and canopies.

During this boat ride Mr. Dudley, perhaps following that disposition of Americans abroad to feel on short acquaintance as if they had known each other for years, developed a familiarity which would be accorded only to an old acquaintance. He recalled the lady on not having mated, declaring that it must certainly have been her own fault and wondering why she should prefer maidenhood to matrimony.

To this she replied evasively, but with becoming modesty, throwing the blame on the men. Mr. Dudley treated this for what it was, saying that he did not doubt it so far as the men were concerned, but that he would prove to be more numerous than fish in the lake on which they were riding. To this Miss Rathbone smilingly demurred and declared that she had never had an offer.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Do you suppose that I am stupid enough to believe that a woman of your attractive personality has never received a proposal? I have no doubt that you have received hundreds of them."

"Well, how are you going to prove your assertion? A man refused by a woman will not tell about it." "There is only one who will do that," said Dudley after some moments of silence. "A man who has once been refused and afterward accepted would be proud of his final success and would not be averse to letting it be known." "I don't see how that helps the matter so long as I remain as I am." "Right you are," replied the other. "Nevertheless you may some day yield to one of your old flames. If you marry I shall ask your husband if he was not refused by you before his final acceptance."

"You are quite welcome to do that," replied Miss Rathbone, "but it seems to me rather improbable that you should have the opportunity since the companions of my youth who are living are married." "So be it, but take care lest I prove my assertion." In extreme youth the sexes mate; they know not why. In later life they know very well why. They feel the need of companionship and a home. A man cannot make a home without a woman, and an old maid's home is of best cheerless. Mr. Dudley was looking for a wife just as eagerly as Miss Rathbone was looking for a husband. He proposed to her, and she accepted him.

"And now," he said, "I can prove to you that you mangled the men when you said that it was their fault that you had not married. I have found a man who is willing to admit that he has been refused by you." "Indeed!" said the lady, surprised. "And who may that be?" "Myself." Miss Rathbone's eyes opened very wide. "Don't you remember a scene on the terrace at B. when a boy of twenty told a lass of eighteen that he loved her?" "Are you Ned Dudley?" "I am." There was a silence, at the end of which Miss Rathbone said: "What a little fool I was in those days!" "A fool to refuse me?" "Yes; you and a legion of others."

March 2 in American History.

1788—General Sam Houston, soldier and statesman, hero of Tennessee and Texas, born; died 1863. 1894—General Jubal A. Early, prominent Confederate leader, died at Lynchburg, Va.; born 1816. 1902—Colonel Francis Wayland Parker, noted educator and reformer, died; born 1837.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



Reverting to our discussion of the economic system, we observed to the young lady across the way that we sometimes feared we had not yet got entirely away from the old feudalism and she said she saw in the paper just the other day that a young man in Kentucky had shot another on account of some old family quarrel.