

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, March 20, 1914.

It's a poor major league team this year that hasn't at least two highest-salaried players in the world.

Governor Hadley of Missouri is a traitor, declares Giff Finchot. We imagine Hadley's come back would not look well in print.

A Kansas City judge has ruled no plumber may rightfully plead poverty. The judge probably had some frozen pipes during the past winter.

One gathers, from intimations in Gotham's latest divorce scandal, that Bobbie Goeliet did not stick around home 'o nights late enough to put the cat out.

Jay Gould having won the tennis championship of the world, we all may now turn our attention again to ordinary affairs, such as the Mexican situation, etc.

Muscataine county is negotiating for the purchase of a tractor set of dump wagons and other machinery to use in working the roads. Time for Rock Island county to wake up.

Mr. Siegel of New York has been selling goods for so many years at about 20 cents on the dollar, that his creditors now propose to sell Siegel stock so low as 23 cents on the dollar.

University of Illinois co-eds are being taught to swim in ordinary street clothing. Those you have observed at the seashore, of course, never had such advantages—therefore they leave their clothing at the hotel.

The loss of Murphy as head of the Chicago Cubs apparently did not disturb Owner Charles P. Taft's faith in the team as a profit-producer. He has refused to sell for a million. Some fan and business man is Brother Charley.

It will be observed that down in New York the I. W. W.'s broke into the churches where they were certain they could find no work inside. When they break into the factories and insist on taking a hand in the work that is in progress, there may be some hope for them.

Cook county, Dupage county and Kane county are expecting to construct about 40 miles this season of the permanent highway across the state of Illinois. In Cook county they are preparing to expend more than \$12,000 a mile on the roadbed. That means that the country highway is beginning to take on a new meaning, and that it is developing at a fast pace. One good example leads to another.

DECLINE OF LYNCHING

Writing to the Outlook, Booker T. Washington states that in 1913 there were 51 lynchings of negroes. Heretofore lynchings averaged 119 annually. The decrease is gratifying and is greater than the figures indicate when the gain in population is considered.

The decline is due to several things, chiefly to the fact that the negro in the south is showing a marked progress.

The young are better educated and manual training schools are becoming numerous. There is also better administration of the law and the southern press is advocating fair play for black and white. The future of the negro, north and south, is in his own making. Education is open to him and the opportunity for learning a trade is broadening. The well-disposed negroes of the country are hindered in the work of elevating the race as fast as it might be done by the fact that there are so many dissolute and reckless negroes in the cities who seem to care nothing for the progress of their race. There is work for good negroes in reforming this numerous class.

They might think a little of the murdered man and his family and the general welfare of society instead of forgetting all this in their sympathy for a defendant whose sorrow is of the worldly sort, that worketh not repentance to salvation.

"Bob" and "Cob" in Money. Most people would know what was meant by the term "bob" when speaking of money. But would they be able to say offhand what a "cob" is or was in a similar connection? It was used in polite circles in the seventeenth century, for it occurs in a letter from the Earl of Essex—"So my wife gave her a cob, for which she seemed very thankful"—printed in the new volume of the "Camden" series, the editor of which gives the information that the cob was "a piece of money the value of which varied from 4 shillings to as much as 6 shillings in 1675."—London Chronicle.

OTHERS USING OUR RESOURCES.

Farmers on Muscatine Island have taken preliminary steps to secure electricity to light their buildings and furnish power to operate their machinery and run pumps to drain their swamps and irrigate their truck fields. The electricity is to be furnished them by the Muscatine Light and Power company, which in turn secures its "juice" from the water power plant at Sears.

Rock Island county has swamps to drain and land which needs irrigation. It has farms on which electricity could be otherwise used with profit, and yet the electricity which is gener-

ated here by natural forces is carried elsewhere to find a market. No individual, perhaps, is to blame for these conditions. The situation has developed as a result of modern industrial organization. Electricity, like any other commodity, is made where it can be manufactured the cheapest and sold where there is the most advantageous market. This community is merely failing to make use of its natural resources.

Manifestly, it would cost less to deliver power nearer the plant where it is generated, for there is some loss in transmission and power lines are expensive to build and maintain, but when the Sears power plant was developed the electrical needs of Rock Island were pretty well provided for. There was not sufficient industrial development to use the power by day and the expansion of illumination did not absorb the night product. Muscatine offered a market for the power output night and day and so the line was constructed and the "juice" diverted to that city, the power plant there being closed.

The same situation probably would develop should Rock Island rapids in the Mississippi be harnessed. Much of the power developed probably would be sold to distant towns and this community would fall to experience the anticipated industrial impetus.

Water power facilities of the Mississippi and Rock rivers will always be an asset to the three cities, but the fact that they exist will mean little unless a way is found to make use of them at home. We need more factories; we need more people, and we have the best of inducements to offer to both.

Above all we need intelligent, consistent boosting—the sane, conservative and truthful kind—the sort which exerts a steady pull for the town and the tri-cities.

HER DEFENSE.

Mme. Caillaux, wife of the minister of finance in the French cabinet, in recounting the story of her killing of the editor of the Figaro because of articles reflecting on her husband's official conduct, said that she called on the editor and was most politely received. The editor asked what he could do for her and she replied: "It is needless for me to pretend I am making a friendly call." She continued her narrative: "And then, losing all control of myself, I drew my revolver from my muff and fired all the cartridges." She afterwards expressed hope that her victim might recover, a vain wish.

But Mme. Caillaux has laid the foundation for her defense, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is that she lost all control of herself. That is the description of what is called "emotional insanity," "dementia Americana" or "dementia Parisienne." It is very effective when pleaded by a woman, particularly a woman with a "past." A lawyer of but ordinary ability will be able to picture her past colorfully. He will refer to her early matrimonial experiences and her later happiness, which she thought was about to be destroyed by her second husband's political enemy. The matter preyed upon her mind until it unhinged her intellect. She went to the editor's office with a vague hope that she might persuade him to abandon his cruel persecution of her husband, but finding herself unable to begin the interview with the editor, in view of his mock politeness, she lost control of herself. It will probably be easy to have the jurors in tears by this time, if the lawyer's argument be reinforced by hysterics from the defendant. It may be necessary for her to faint, interrupting the trial. It may be necessary to temporarily send the jurors from the room, one of the absurd theories being that when jurors are sent out at critical times they escape the influence of sensational scenes or improper testimony. In fact, the sending of a jury out often raises a suspicion that creates the "reasonable doubt" which looms so much larger to an inexperienced juror, oppressed by the obligation of his oath, than to court officials and spectators.

It will be no trick at all for Mme. Caillaux to impress the jury that she is a broken-hearted and ruined woman. The fact that she called on a defenseless and unsuspecting man, carrying a deadly weapon, concealed in her muff, will be quite forgotten. But a few hours before the Paris scandal the state's attorney at Chicago gave out an interview declaring that "the manner in which women who have committed murder in Cook county have been able to escape punishment has become a scandal." Men jurors can not withstand the beautiful woman who turns on the floodgate of tears, whether they are in Chicago or in Paris. It might be well to use women jurors in trying women charged with murder.

It was freely discussed by diplomats in Copenhagen three years ago that an arrangement had been made between Russia and Germany under which the former was to have a free hand in the north in exchange for granting the latter a free hand in regard to Denmark. This, however, is mere guess work.

In Sweden there are plenty of socialist papers advocating a republic, but the king himself is personally popular with the people. They admire his strength and courage in maintaining his own opinions, and his queen, the German Princess Victoria of Baden, has made a place for herself in their hearts. The Swedish socialists could not easily establish a republic as long as the Queen of Sweden lives.

In Norway the situation is different. Norway is hostile to its king in every part of the country, and particularly hostile to its queen. Queen Maud refuses to patronize Norwegian shops or to encourage the Norwegian industries or encourage her subjects to do it. Norwegian ladies ambitious to bask in royal favor follow her example and go to London and Paris for their clothes, for their Christmas presents, even for the food served at their balls and banquets, importing everything at ruinous expense, to follow the fashionable lead.

Queen Maud apparently is tired of the "king business" up here, so remote from her beloved England, and the world need not be surprised to hear any day that she has persuaded her husband to abdicate. After that it will be a republic, if the people are able to get what they want! In Sweden the monarchy may last much longer, and King Gustav may, with the help of his queen, who is not yet ready to lay aside her crown, remain on the throne for the rest of his life.

DISCONTENT IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN; CZAR AND KAISER HOPE FOR TROUBLE



King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway (top) and the King and Queen of Sweden.

Christiania, Norway, March 20.—Events of far-reaching importance are likely soon to draw the attention of the world to the Scandinavian peninsula. Both Norway and Sweden are seething with political unrest and the abdication of the kings of both these countries in the near future would not surprise close observers.

Should political unrest here find expression in civil dissension, two nations, Russia and Germany, would watch developments with greatest interest. It cannot be doubted that either country would grab a part or all of Scandinavia if this could be done without serious objections from the other great powers.

To those who are familiar with what Russia has been doing in Finland, her clear purpose of aggression has been quite evident.

Within the past few years the gauge of the Finnish railways has been altered so that Russian trains can run on them; the former need of crossing the river by ferryboat at St. Petersburg in order to take train for Finland has been abolished by the construction of a bridge; large supply depots and barracks have been erected at suitable points along the Finnish railroads; and, finally, Russia has gradually placed an army of approximately 50,000 men in Finland without any reason connected with the state of that country.

The deduction is obvious. Russia intends to seek its ice-free port in one of the northwestern fjords of Norway; and in order to do this she is prepared to seize such territory in Norway and in Sweden as will give her an uninterrupted land route from St. Petersburg.

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Everett, Wash.—The wife of Rev. Albert Dahlstrom, a new sect founder, who is in jail awaiting sentence for violation of the white slave law, obtained a divorce, the decree carrying all the property of the couple, including a tract on which Dahlstrom planned to found a colony of polygamists.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We asked the young lady across the way if she knew any extreme feminists and she said a few of her friends still wore rather queer clothes, but she thought the new styles were much prettier and more sensible on the whole.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

The GLORIES of WINTER

I met him on the corner where I saw his breath congeal. And he spoke from a fur that covered him almost from head to heel: "Ah, but this is lovely weather! Stir a fellow's blood, you know; it could I think I'd always have it ten degrees below: Take a cold bath every morning, sleep out on the porch at night—Nothing like it if you're anxious to keep feelin' fit and right." In the hovels people shivered, children who were hardly clad. Heard the frosted windows rattle and neglected to be glad; Through the storm the doctors hurried, wearied from long lack of rest. Many a weeping mother vainly clasped a dead babe to her breast; Through the city Death went stalking, striking down the young and old. And the gaunt cab horses shivered as they stood out in the cold.

I met her in a parlor, where she lolled in luxury: "Ah," she said, "this is the season that brings greatest joy to me; How I love to hear the creaking of the wheels upon the snow; What a joy there is in living when it's Springtime brings its fragrant blossoms, but I feel supreme delight When the wind blows from the northland and the world is clothed in white." By the curb an old man tumbled; at his side his shovels lay. And his poor, thin coat was fluttered by the wind that howled away; Paired children crouched where sadness could not be induced to leave. In the hovels women shivered and forgot all but to grieve; Through the city Death went stalking, maddly striking right and left. Where the little, gloomy coal bins of all contents were bereft.

CANDID OPINION. There are no lamp posts along the straight and narrow path. Friendship goes out the window when envy enters the door. A wise man never pretends to know all about everything.

Putting confidence in a cheap man is an expensive experiment. The happiness that comes over a bar is always very brief. Since she cannot put her hands in her pockets it is a lucky thing for woman that her back hair needs constant fixing.

How, indeed? "Do you love your papa?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," said Willie. "And do you obey him?" "Yes, sir." "And now comes the most important question of all. Do you honor him?" "How can I if he is the kind of a man ma tells him he is every little while?"

BLOWING SOME. "Have you an Ananias club in this town?" "Yes, sir. The president of it is a fellow who claims that during the recent storm here the wind blew the blacking from his shoes without doing any other damage to his property."

The Disturbing Poet. "There is no death," the poet said. "What men call death is only sleep; The husband whom you mourn as dead But lies in slumber sweet and deep." The widow heard the poet speak And wonder seemed to fill her eyes; A tear dried on her dimpled cheek. She sighed some very soulful sighs.

"Not dead? Not dead?" she said at last; "Ah, sir, why will you scare me thus? The courts have thrice within the past Objected to divorcing us."

Did His Best. "But why in the world did the poor fellow wish to go about barefooted in cold weather? He ought to have known it would cause his death." "Somebody once called him an eccentric genius, and he was trying to make good."

Praise. "What," asked the proud young author, "do you think of my new novel?" "I must admit," replied the heartless critic, "that you afforded the artist an opportunity to make some fine illustrations."

Useless Bother. "But haven't you ever saved up anything for the rainy day?" "No, what's the use? I expect to go to Arizona as soon as I find that I'm down and out here."

No Chance to Elope. Girls in New Guinea have little chance to run away. Their parents force them to sleep in a little house on the topmost branch of a tall tree, then the ladder is removed and the slumber of the parents is not disturbed by fears of an elopement.

The Daily Story

An Easter Gift—By May C. Etheridge. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

One April morning a postman in a ramshackle buggy drove up to the box of Henry Swift in free rural delivery No. 5 and, having deposited a letter, drove on. A girl ten years old ran out, with her hair flying, for the mail and, opening the box, took out the letter and read the superscription. As she did so her eyes opened wide and she exclaimed, dancing up and down: "Why, it's for me!"

Without opening it she ran into the house, crying: "I've got a letter! I've got a letter!" The family gathered round her, and she broke open the envelope. The contents proved to be a piece of thick brown paper and a letter. Folded in the paper was a new crisp five dollar bill.

"Oh, Dolly," exclaimed the child's mother, "some one has made you a present! Open the letter and see who it is from." Dolly unfolded the letter and read: My Dear Little Niece—Easter is coming, and I invariably give away a certain sum on that day for some charitable purpose. This year I want you to give a portion of my Easter offering for me to some needful person. Your affectionate UNCLE JOSH.

Dolly's brothers and sisters turned away somewhat disappointed that the money had not been given her to spend for herself, thinking that they might have shared in what it would buy, but to Dolly herself came a new sensation. She was proud at having been made the agent of her uncle for his donation and much pleased to think that she would make some one happy.

But to whom should she give the money? There were many who needed it—indeed, so many that Dolly found it a difficult matter to decide. But she had a week before Easter came to decide, and she was sure she could reach a decision much earlier. Nevertheless on the Saturday night before Easter Sunday she had thought of so many deserving cases, each needing the gift, that she was bewildered.

When Easter came it brought with it one of those hot, unseasonable temperatures that sometimes occur in the month of April. Dolly, dressed in her prettiest spring clothes, with the bill rolled in her uncle's letter, went out on the road to walk a mile to the village to give the money to a poor woman with many children whom she had finally chosen as the most needful of all the persons she knew. But Dolly had changed her mind many times, and her father said to her as she departed: "I hope you won't meet some underserving person on the way, Dol, and be tempted to place your Easter gift where it will do no good."

"Never fear, pappy." And the child sallied forth. While walking along the road Dolly suddenly stopped. Beside it in the shade of some high bushes lay a boy asleep. His clothes were ragged, his face pale, and even in slumber there was a hungry look on it. Dolly's heart was touched. If she hadn't decided irrevocably as to where she would place her gift she would bestow it upon this poor boy. Then, too, she remembered her father's caution. But Dolly was young. The woman she knew to be deserving was not present, and one who evidently needed assistance was before her. Moreover, there is something touching in a suffering slumberer.

Dolly succumbed to what was present. The palm of one of the boy's hands was open, and she laid her uncle's letter in it; then, going to the other side of the road, she hid behind a fence in the high brush and waited to observe the boy's surprise and pleasure when he should awake. His awakening was occasioned by a passing wagon, but he would have slept again had he not seen what was in his palm. Sitting up, he opened the letter, and when he saw the bill enclosed his eyes grew big. So did Dolly's, and every feature in her face, every nerve, every muscle in her body, was alive with delight.

The recipient did not have the envelope in which the letter had come to Dolly, so he did not know who "Dolly" was, but at the head of the letter was printed "Joshua Stammer & Co., Importers," with the street and number at which it had been written. Moreover, the city was but a dozen miles distant, and the boy was on his way there.

Now, Dolly did not know what was passing in the boy's mind. She saw him look from the bill to the letter back from the letter to the bill. Then he read the letter carefully and seemed to be studying it. Finally he got up and, putting both the letter and the bill in his pocket, set off toward the city.

Dolly went back home. Surprised to see her return so soon, the family gathered round her to learn the result of her mission. When she told them that she had bestowed her uncle's gift on a ragged boy lying asleep beside the road there was a universal cry of disappointment. Even her parents, who supposed that the recipient was some farmer's boy who would not work, believed that the Easter donation had gone astray. Tears came into Dolly's eyes, whereupon her father took her in his arms and said: "Don't cry, dear heart. Only the Lord can tell when our gifts are well placed."

On Monday morning after Easter Sunday Joshua Stammer was sitting in the office of his warehouse in the city when he was told that a ragged boy wished to see him. Mr. Stammer was easy of access, especially to persons of low degree, for he was interested in charitable work. He gave an order that the boy should be admitted. The youngster, who was in his fifteenth year, approached the merchant's desk holding out a folded paper. Mr. Stammer took it, opened it, and a five dollar bill dropped on his desk. Then he read

the brief letter he had written to his niece.

"Where did you get this?" he asked the boy. "Yesterday morning I left the farm where I was working to come to the city to get a position. The day was hot. I was tired and hungry and lay down in the shade of a tree. I fell asleep, and when I woke up I found this letter and the bill in my hand."

A curious but pleasant expression came into the merchant's face. He was conjuring up a picture of his little niece dropping his gift into the boy's hand. Whether she had run away or had hidden to see its effect upon the boy he did not know. He was delighted with the success of placing his Easter offering through the little girl.

"Why did you not use this money?" he asked the boy. "You certainly need it, and the letter explains that it is an Easter offering."

"I thought I would bring it to you, sir, so that if you wished me to have it you could give it to me and thank Dolly, whoever she is, for leaving it with me."

Mr. Stammer handed the bill to the boy, keeping the letter. "You came to the city to get a position?" "Yes, sir."

The merchant tapped a bell and called for his manager, whom he directed to set the boy to work, but clothing him properly and attending to his other wants.

The next day Dolly when the postman had dropped some mail in the box went out for it and was surprised to receive another letter addressed, as before, in her uncle's handwriting. Taking it into the house, she opened it in presence of the others and found enclosed a check for \$100, payable to her order. The letter said that he had decided to give to charity another amount through her, but she was to keep half of it for her own use. The writer made mention of his previous gift or its result.

Ten years passed. Joshua Stammer had given away a great deal of money for charity, but it seemed the more he gave the richer he grew. Dolly meanwhile had grown to be a woman and was made her uncle's agent in distributing a large portion of his benefactions. Shortly before the tenth Easter since the one when he had sent her the five dollars he wrote that he would spend the day at the farm and desired her to have ready a list of all the poor and deserving persons she knew, that he might relieve their wants.

Before making this visit Mr. Stammer called into his office a young man whom he had recently taken in as a junior partner and whom he intended to make his successor and said to him: "You remember my letter to your niece that was dropped in your hand ten years ago?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Stammer. I'm not likely to forget it."

"Well, you may get ready to go with me on a visit I intend to make on Easter Sunday, and I will introduce you to Dolly, from whom you received my gift at that time."

When Joseph Kimball was introduced to Dolly Stammer she was surprised at the expression of intense interest she saw on his face. But he gave her no explanation of it. Her uncle gave her a check for \$10,000 to distribute among the families of whom she had made a list, and young Kimball gave her \$500 for the same purpose. A pleasant day was spent by the party, after which the two men returned to the city.

The happenings of the next two years must be condensed into a few words. Kimball, who had resolved, if possible, to win Dolly for his wife, visited the farm frequently. He made every effort to induce Dolly to consent to marry him, but they were all unsuccessful. She told him that she respected him and liked him, but she was so foolish—not to say romantic—as to carry in her heart one whom she had seen when a child. Kimball pressed her to tell him about this dream of the past that interfered with his present happiness, and at last she told him of the poor boy into whose hand she had dropped her uncle's Easter gift.

"That boy shall be my rival no longer," said Kimball, "for he and I are the same person."

But he was obliged to bring Mr. Stammer to witness the truth of his statement before Dolly would believe it. When, however, her uncle confessed to a romantic resolve made ten years before that he would marry her, if he proved worthy, for the express purpose of giving his niece a good husband, Dolly yielded, saying: "Why, uncle, you have shown sentiment enough for a woman."

In a frame hanging on the walls of Joseph Kimball's residence is a five dollar bill. Since there is nothing unique about it, persons who are admitted to the room where it is are apt to ask why it is thus carefully preserved. The answer is that it was the Easter nest egg of the Kimball family.

March 20 in American History.

1687—Robert Calvert, the first settler and explorer in the Mississippi valley, murdered in Texas by disappointed followers.

1782—End of the long administration of Lord North, noted for the loss of American colonies to Great Britain. It began Jan. 28, 1770.

1906—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author-ess, best known by her stories for young people, died; born 1824.

Considerate Parent. "What are you doing these days?" "I have joined the sons of rest."

"How can you do it?" "By having a father who don't."