

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1914.

You probably enjoyed the auto ride yesterday, anyway.

Hobson's oscillatory proclivities apparently did not win him many votes from the democrats of Alabama.

A German aviator took a man up 18,050 feet and he wasn't trying to get him to do something either.

Large hip pockets will no doubt be the fashion in naval officers' uniforms as a result of Secretary Daniels' order abolishing liquor from the war vessels of the United States navy.

Here is another cause of tears. Seventy-five per cent of the coal operators of Illinois are broke, according to one of their number. Now, let's hear from the loamen.

Chicago finally admits having been shocked by stage vulgarity. One theatre there has been forced, by order of the mayor, to withdraw several nauseating plays. A hopeful sign, at least.

The mayor of New York is going to establish a permanent bureau for the dia. Everybody thought from reading of New York that every bureau there is an idle one.

Miss Flora Drummond, the militant suffragist who was arrested Sunday, insisted on doing all the talking when arraigned in court. Miss Drummond was but exercising the prerogative of her sex.

While the republican national committee is seeking to bolster up hope of a merger with the progressive party, we read daily newspaper stories of moose conventions disavowing any intention of even getting close to the G. O. P. wagon.

Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman says the democratic national administration has failed and that republican success is assured. Perhaps Larry has got hold of one of his old speeches. He should have his glasses brought up to date.

Foreigners who come to the United States are protected in every way, given employment, encouraged in business and permitted to return to their native land with well-filled purses. An American who goes into another country takes a lot of chances, has a hard struggle to live and finally returns home to obtain a new start.

John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, believes that it pays to make good, even at the expense of his own purse. The other night he was due to give a lecture in an Indiana town, where a favorite relative had secured his services gratis to help a church fund. John missed his train out of Chicago. So he chartered a special, for which he paid \$300 out of his own pocket. McCutcheon enjoys a ride, though it may be on himself.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

People are weary of the cheap victories of partisan politics, the commercialism of nationality, the degradation of great principles to the depths of mere selfish expediency, observes the Independent Times of Streator. The future party, whatever it may be, whatever label it may wear, is bound to be the party which challenges the moral support and pleads for a new and vital idealism in politics.

The democratic party is waging this war right now in Washington; the rebels of greed, corruption, and selfish partisanship in all parties, republican, democratic and progressive, are trying to concentrate in a deadly opposition to a man who embodies the spirit of statesmanship and is trying to act for a nation instead of a few individual politicians.

If the democratic party lives on it will have to do it through the enlightened awakening of a larger national purposiveness. If the republican and progressive parties ever come into power it will be through this new vitalism. The old order is dead, never to be resurrected. And to the extent that the idealists in all three parties uphold the great leader who is now struggling valiantly against the foes of his own household, who would sell the national honor for a mess of pottage, will they develop the capacity to act under party labels when their turn comes in history.

The present is a test of what principles mean to men of all parties, irrespective of their labels. The reactionaries are all massed today against President Wilson in the Panama tolls matter, but there is a grow-

ing conviction that the people are fully aware of the dangers of blatant jingoism and will refuse to be swept away by passion and prejudice, demanding of their leaders the largest, sanest national purpose, which will give us honor not only among ourselves but among the nations of the earth.

AFTER THE LOCAL OPTION ELECTION, WHAT?

If half the energy, half the concentrated energy, and no part of the money that has been expended in the local option fight had been employed in proper regulation of Rock Island there would have been no occasion for another test of the issue such as Rock Island has just passed through.

Three defeats of the prohibition proposition, while showing beyond question a liberal policy on the part of the people of Rock Island, should not be taken to mean that they are for a wide open town in all that it carries. The outcome of the third hotly contested election does carry with it license to debase and defy popular sentiment. If conditions such as existed last fall are resumed, if the gambler comes back and the disreputable, white and black, that have been driven out, return, there will be just as powerful a revival as occurred a few months ago.

If the saloon keeper who has been put out of business in some other city by reason of yesterday's election imagines that Rock Island offers a haven for him, he is mistaken. Instead of wanting more saloons, Rock Island wants less of them. It wants better regulation, with special privileges to none. It wants the saloon licenses in the hands of responsible people.

It was currently reported yesterday that an agreement had been entered into in which representatives of the liquor interests agreed that if the town went wet there was to be a new form of regulation of the traffic here, and that this had the effect of changing a large number of votes from the dry to the wet column. At any rate here are what are supposed to be some of the propositions considered:

Limitation of the number of saloons to one to every 500 people. A higher license fee.

An earlier closing hour uniformly observed.

Strict and impartial enforcement of the Sunday closing law.

Absolute and permanent elimination of dives and joints operating under the name of saloons.

Such a program would doubtless improve conditions here, and lessen the agitation in the future. If the liquor interests are disposed to get together on the proposition so much the better.

MINERAL WATERS.

The intelligent individual eager to avail himself of the best aids that modern medical science affords cannot help being baffled by the conflicting claims made regarding mineral waters. He sees numerous cases in which relief has unquestionably been obtained by patients who have visited one of the many springs in this country, or Europe; but when he considers the possibilities—including rest, change of diet and environment—the result is a hopeless confusion of ridiculous claims. The added question arises of the relative value of the different uses of the same waters. At some of the widely known spas—for example, Saratoga—the internal use of waters takes precedence; at Mount Clemens, White Sulphur springs and others the baths are chiefly relied on; at Hot Springs and French Lick the combined method prevails. In view of the diversity of practice and the impossibility of measuring the consequences in any precise way, the Journal of the American Medical Association agrees with Dr. Guy Hinsdale, secretary of the American Climatological association, in scouting the claims of the specific virtues of particular mineral ingredients in the waters, except in such obvious instances as in the case of the absorption of dissolved iron salts. If we assume, writes Hinsdale, that approximately equal results are achieved by a course of bathing in waters so dissimilar, we cannot avoid the inference that the chemical constituents of these different springs are not per se the active therapeutic agents. That certain baths may be used with good results in a case of gout, ought to suggest that the hydrotherapeutic methods employed are more potent than the fact that the waters employed have a special chemical composition.

If the cultivation of the rational use of mineral waters involves an accurate knowledge of their contents, information regarding their nature must have some guarantee of accuracy. For the past 20 years it has not been possible in France to advertise any mineral water as such, or to exploit a mineral water station, without the favorable recommendation of a commission under whose direction the analyses are made. If such rules were in force in the United States, fake "lithia" waters would long ago have been driven out of the market.

Hildebrand's Gate. St. Paul by the Tiber, last of the Roman basilicas, which has been restored, has a great bronze gate laid with silver, presented in 1070 by the Roman Consul Pantaleo. His agent in ordering the gate was the archdeacon and the abbot of St. Paul, who happened to be in Constantinople, where metal inlays alone could be found. The agent's name is inscribed on the gate, "Hildebrandus Venerabilis Monachus et Archidiaconus." In 1070 the "venerable Hildebrand" did not mean much, but he became Pope Gregory VII.—Exchange.

Washington—President Bordas of the Dominican Republic has left Santo Domingo City for Santiago, to take the field against the insurrectionists. The government troops have driven the rebels under General Arias from Santiago.

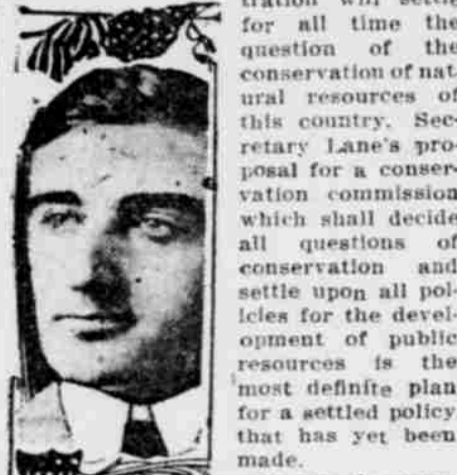
Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The ARGUS.)

Washington, April 6.—It is beginning to look as if the Wilson administration will settle for all time the question of the conservation of natural resources of this country.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Secretary Lane would centralize conservation within a commission composed of men expert on the subject and carefully selected so as to be beyond the influence of those who would exploit the public resources for private gain.

A subject allied with conservation, as it is popularly understood, is the control of floods in American rivers. The Newlands bill, which by means of reservoirs, forestation at headwaters of streams, dredging and diking, aims to keep our unruly rivers under control, has been referred by the president to a committee of cabinet officers, who are about ready to report favorably on it.

Senator Kenyon has called attention to the fact that numbers of men on the roll of the department of agriculture are actually paid salaries by the Rockefeller Foundation. The fact is that the government for some years has cooperated with the general education board in various forms of agricultural education work.

There is good reason to believe that the Crosser bill, providing for government ownership of the traction lines of the city of Washington, will be reported favorably by the committee. If this bill comes before the house it is almost certain of passage, since the members of congress are disgusted with the sort of public service rendered by the privately owned trolley companies, while the financial records of these corporations are none too savory.

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The Anglo-American Peace Centenary

Great Britain and the United States are preparing to celebrate this year the conclusion of a century of peace between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. The celebration will take the form of a great Anglo-American exposition to be held in London. The Shepherd's Bush section of 150 acres has been laid out in a park-like city, comprising many very imposing buildings. In these will be exhibited the achievements of the epoch of peace showing the progress making in education, science, literature, inventions, productions, and in the betterment of the conditions of working men and women.

All nations have been invited to join in the celebration. The invitation has been extended in order that both by the participation of governments and by the cooperation of men of good will in every land this celebration may be so carried out as to mark not merely the close of one hundred years of peace between English-speaking people, but the opening of what we sincerely trust will be a fresh era of peace and good will between all the nations of the world.

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Senator Norris believes that the sentiment in the senate will favor the passage of the bill, and there is no question that if the bill comes to President Wilson from congress he will sign it. Municipally owned street cars in Washington would attract the attention of the whole country.

President Wilson has literally taken the Alaska railroad problem to bed with him. One of the great questions which his administration must decide is that of routes to be followed by the 1,000 miles of rails authorized by the bill which recently passed congress. Mr. Wilson has hung in his bedroom a map of Alaska and he studies it continually. On this map are drawn the various routes which have been proposed.

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The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

HER RESPONSIBILITIES



And in the things that make for good, When multiply, day after day, The triumph of her womanhood.

CANDID OPINION.

A man hates to be caught looking at himself in a mirror. Women are seldom caught doing anything else.

When a woman feels that it is necessary to cut down expenses she wants to begin by getting her husband to wear cheaper clothes.

Many a man would be discouraged if he knew how homely his wife appears to some of the rest.

The man who does his work just to get it done is generally kept pretty busy wondering why they don't raise his salary.

Virgins always wastes valuable time when she gets to bothering over what Vice thinks of her.

No girl ever permitted a man to hold her hand expecting him to stop at that.

How to Avoid Failure.

"What's the matter, Silas?" "Confound them rascals that's always advertizin' in these weekly papers from down in Maine. I sent two dollars to one of 'em the other day to find out how to be a successful business man. It's got so it seems there ain't nothin' any more hardly that ain't a swindle. Here's what he wrote to me: 'Start at the right thing at the right time in the right way.'"

An Exasperating Fence.

"Did you know?" exclaimed the angry farmer, addressing the automobilist, "that that was my calf you just ran over?" "Ah, no. I hadn't noticed it. I've been so busy wondering ever since I got here why any fool should want to build as strong a fence as you have out there along the road. I wouldn't be surprised if I had broken something coming through it."

Upright Always.

"I believe that policeman is leading an upright life." "It's encouraging to think there are such men on the force." "Yes. He sleeps so much on his feet that it doesn't seem as if he could possibly want to ever lie down to rest."

Her Threat.

"Mr. Nozleton," she said, "if you try to hug and kiss me again I shall call papa." "Where is your father?" he asked. "He's in the Yellowstone Park and will be beyond mail or telegraph communication for three weeks."

PUZZLED.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" she asked. "It is said," replied the amateur scientist, "that Nature permits nothing to go to waste, that there is a purpose for everything she has given us. I was just trying to figure out why there is dark meat on the chicken."

The Foolish Ant.

Seek not to learn a lesson From the busy little ant That works away forever And never says "I can't." For oh the ant is foolish— If it had proper wit Instead of laboring away A thousand other ants each day Would have to work for it.

As Others Knew Her.

"She seems to be a natural flirt," he said. "Natural?" the woman impatiently replied, "there's nothing natural about her but the framework."

Not Worried.

"I should think you'd be afraid to let your little boys run your automobile." "Oh, no; I have it insured."

"However did you hear such dreadful things about Mrs. Huber?" "You forget she was once my dearest friend."—Fleegende Blatter.

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.—Maunah Mero.

The Daily Story

Te Green Satin Coat—By Clarissa Mackie.

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"An express package for you, Nell," cried Grace Lane as she met her friend at the door of the room they occupied together. "Do hurry and open it. I'm dying to see what it contains. It must be precious," she rattled on, "because it's registered and stamped with all sorts of odd foreign characters."

Nellie Hilver laughed as she tossed her hat and jacket on the bed and carried the interesting package to the window.

"It's from my Uncle Dan. You remember, Grace, I've told you about him—how he has lived for many years in China and is as rich as rich can be." Miss Lane nodded her golden head and frowned. "Yes, I've heard all about your rich Uncle Daniel, and I think he's a stingy old thing. Nell—so there? If he wasn't he wouldn't permit his niece to witter away in this perfectly respectable but terribly gloomy boarding house or to continue the nerve racking occupation of teaching grimy youngsters their A B C's."

"What would you have him do, Grace?" smiled Nellie. "I would have him send you a perfectly enormous draft on New York, enough to enable you to buy a rose howered cottage in the country and to raise chickens for the market. And, Nell, I could go and live with you and be your right hand man. Wouldn't it be great?"

Nellie sighed profoundly. "If it would be lovely, Grace, but I'm afraid he won't do a thing. You see, he quarreled with my mother years ago because she married my father, and we never heard a word from him for years and years. Then mother died, and still never a word from Uncle Dan. After father's death, a year ago, you know I was left entirely alone and quite poor—those long illnesses simply devoured the money—and now it seems Uncle Dan has remembered my birthday after all." She looked dreamily down into the grubby back yard of the city block.

Grace jumped up and pulled down the yellow window shades and lighted the gas jet.

"Now that he has remembered, dear, suppose you open it and see what it contains," she urged. "Perhaps he has sent you the rose howered cottage after all."

Nellie untied the heavy cord that bound the package and broke the red seals that spotted it here and there. When the outer paper was removed she found that there was layer after layer of oiled yellow paper, and at last there was revealed a flat box covered with brocaded silk. The silk covered box was tied with golden cords, and when these were removed the lifted cover brought to light a most wonderful garment of green satin, stiff with embroidery and glistening with gold threads.

Nellie held it up for her friend to see. "A mandarin's coat," she said with a little choke in her voice. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Grace was examining the coat with critical eyes. On the broad back of the garment was embroidered a garden scene, and the fronts were equally splendid. On either flowing sleeve there blazed a golden sun, and as she twirled one of the sleeves aside there sounded a faint crackle from its voluminous folds.

She plunged her hand into the pocket-like cavity and drew out a rice paper envelope addressed to "Miss Nellie Hilver."

Nellie opened the envelope and took out a thin sheet of rice paper. Across the top of the sheet her uncle Dan had written a few words: "To Nellie, on her twenty-second birthday, from Uncle Dan." Then he had added: "Below is a fairly good sample of Chinese poetry. Are you fond of poetry?"

Grace read the poem aloud: "The day is fair, like other days; I stroll in my garden. Through rose bordered paths I stray, Seeking always for happiness and peace of mind. At last I walk straight into the heart of the sun dragon—I am swallowed up and turned into a glowing jewel of delight!"

"How odd!" commented Grace when she had finished. "It is without rhyme or meter, and—"

"But not without meaning!" interrupted Nellie excitedly. "Look, Grace! She pointed at the outspread mandarin's coat that was on the bed before them. "I've been looking at that. I really think the poem applies to this garden scene on the back of the coat!" "Fiddle-de-dee!" scoffed Miss Lane as she knelt beside her friend before the green satin coat. "I never yet saw the Chinese poem that ever appeared to express anything save the utter topsyturvydom of that upside down land."

"Read the poem again while I trace out the story," urged Nellie, her finger on the beginning of the embroidered brown path that trickled over the green satin garden.

Grace laughed and obeyed. It was rather fun to indulge in these pretty fancies after a hard day's work in the schoolroom.

"The day is fair, like other days," she began. "See, Grace? The sun is shining. That shows that the day is fair." Interrupted Nellie eagerly. "Strolling up this brown path—see, my finger travels through the rose bordered paths—seeking for happiness and peace of mind. Those are represented by the lotus blossoms away off on another path. He misses the turning and goes on, on, straight toward the sun dragon. The brown path goes right into the heart of the sun, and my stroller is swallowed up in the heart of the sun. Greedy fellow! He must have a hard hat, Grace." She laughed as her pretty finger prodded the gold embroidered planet.

"That's because you're turned into a glowing jewel of delight," retorted her friend gaily.

"I wish it were a glowing jewel of

delight instead of a very ordinary sun," sighed Nellie as she arose and folded up the gorgeous coat. "There's the supper bell, and I am so uptidy! Do let's hurry or we won't get a bite to eat."

After supper it was a long, dull evening. Though both of the girls were apparently reading, each one of them was thinking of the beautiful green satin coat and how utterly useless it all was under the present circumstances.

Nellie carried her sober thoughts to bed with her, and for many hours she lay awake, wondering why Uncle Dan had sent her such an absurd gift when he knew that she was obliged to work for her living and that the mandarin's coat must be an extravagant accessory to her simple wardrobe.

"I can't understand it," she murmured sleepily. "Mother always said that Uncle Dan was eccentric, but she said he was hard headed, practical and scorned useless extravagance, so— Oh, I wonder, I wonder!"

Now she was wide awake and sitting up in bed. In a second her feet were on the floor and she was pulling the mandarin's coat from its place in her dresser. She pulled down the shades and lighted the gas. Grace sat up in bed and stared dazedly at her friend.

"What is the matter?" she demanded drowsily. "Are you crazy, Nellie Hilver?"

Nellie turned her head away from the blazing sun, at which she was daintily snipping with her embroidery scissors. Her face was pink with excitement, and her eyes shone.

"Grace Lane, I believe there really is a jewel hidden under this embroidery," she cried eagerly.

Miss Lane opened her blue eyes wide and yawned. Then she hopped out of bed and sat down on the floor beside Nellie.

Out of the raised interior of the embroidered sun there rolled a large stone that caught the sordid gashlight and reflected it in javelin points of flame. Now it glowed redly, palpitating; now it was a still, crimson pool of flame. It was as large as a hazel-nut.

"It is a ruby!" gasped Grace faintly. "It certainly isn't glass," admitted Nellie. "So the poem did have a meaning after all, Grace. Isn't it wonderful? Uncle Dan was trying to see if I was clever enough to read the story on the back of the coat. Grace, do you know what this ruby represents?"

Grace nodded cheerfully. "Vine wreathed cottage—chickens—pony cart—everything that we've dreamed about and never really expected to come true!"

Nellie was looking thoughtfully at the mandarin's coat. She turned it over and examined the blazing suns on the sleeves and on either front of the garment.

"Grace," she said quietly, "there are four smaller reproductions of the garden of roses, and in each blazing sun I believe we will find another jewel!"

"Let us get to work, then," cried Grace, fetching her own scissors.

The hands of the little alarm clock on the bureau pointed to 3 a. m. when the last blazing sun was despoiled of its jeweled heart.

The sleeves had given up two enormous pearls of great luster, and the fronts had contributed two blazing diamonds.

"I take back everything I ever said about your Uncle Dan," quavered Grace Lane as she went to bed with the gems hidden under the pillow. "He's a dear!"

"I think I'll say a prayer for him," murmured Nellie from the depths of a garmented heart.

Without a word Grace slipped from the bed and knelt beside her.

In faraway China an elderly man was dreaming of his home country, from which he had alienated himself for many years.

He was thinking of the secret contained in the green satin mandarin coat which he had sent to his unseen niece in New York.

"If she's clever enough to read the secret she will write me a letter of thanks, and if the letter is the sort of letter that shows her to be my sister Eve's daughter in disposition, why, I'm going home to spend the rest of my days with her."

One day the letter came, and it was the right kind of letter, for Daniel Drake severed his connections in the home and took the first steamer for home, and when he arrived there he found the rose covered cottage and his niece, as well as another glowing young specimen of young womanhood who was also willing to be adopted into his family. The green satin coat has been made into a beautiful screen, and it is one of Nellie's most precious possessions.

"It not only lifted us from poverty," she told her adopted cousin, Grace, "but it really brought Uncle Dan to us. And while one can get along without a whole lot of money it's nice to have some own folks belonging to you."

1732—David Rittenhouse, eminent mathematician and astronomer, born, died 1796.

1907—Rev. Dr. John Johnson, survivor and principal historian of the Confederate defense of Fort Sumter, died, born 1829.

1900—Helen Modjeska, Polish tragedienne, died, born 1846.

1913—President Wilson read a message before congress in joint session, receiving a custom followed by Washington and Adams.

All the news all the time—The ARGUS.

Bed Time Tales by Clara Ingram Judson. Illustration of a child reading.

STAR WORDS. DID you ever see your name printed in the sky? Well, it is there—only perhaps you have never thought to look for it. It is up there printed in stars, and if you look you will surely find it. Some evening when the sky is clear and the moon isn't up yet, (the moon pales the stars so you can't read while it is shining) step out doors before you go to bed and notice how many stars there are and how brightly they shine. Don't you think there are more than enough to make a whole alphabet? Of course you want to find your own name first, so hunt for a group of stars that will make your first letter. Maybe your name is Susan—find some stars that are so arranged you could place a letter S on them and they would fit to the letter. Of course you won't find ten stars just in the shape of an S, but you can easily find five that will give you the beginning and end of the letter and three for the middle curve. There is a very good S in the southern sky. Having found S hunt for U just a little to the right—there you may be sure and it's for you to discover it. Or maybe your name is Ella—there is a fine E up in the northwest sky, right where you can find it from your own window. Then there is a big M in the east and an A in the warm southwest. Or maybe your name is Tom or Dick or Harry—you can find it, if you only trouble to look. And while you are hunting for your own name you will stumble across the names or initials of many of your friends, and also words and sometimes whole sentences can be read, if the night is clear. If you want to make a game of star reading, set a certain time, say ten or maybe fifteen minutes, and see who can find the greatest number of letters in that time. Then after you are used to hunting letters and can find them quickly, take words and see who can find the most words in ten minutes. If you have planned to read stars and the night is cloudy so you can't take a piece of paper, put dots all over it like the stars, and draw over the heavens and take a pencil and connect the dots that will make letters. Then when a clear night comes you can more easily find the letters in the sky. After you have hunted and found your name and some other names, look in the southern sky, up over the tops of the houses and you will see, in big letters, for all to read, a single word: BEDTIME. Tomorrow—The Fall Festival Fairies. (Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)