

THE ARGUS.

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Tuesday, September 15, 1914.

With Thanksgiving only about two months away, it is a poor time for the Turk to do his gobbling.

Now that school has started, mother, observes the Burlington Gazette, will also have a well earned vacation.

A French laundress, it has been learned, donned a uniform and went into the army, to help clean the Germans.

The European war differs from the ordinary conflict in that the issue of veracity was not raised till after the fighting started.

These are uneasy days for the gambler who is loaded up with wheat. The farmer who raises it, however, is not much disturbed.

It is not too early for the voter to make up his mind to support the two Rock river bridges and the county jail. We need them all.

The two sons of Lloyd George, chancellor of the British exchequer, are to be commended for joining the army. They might have thought of it sooner, however.

Georges Carpentier, the Frenchman, is looking for fights in America. If he really wants trouble, it would seem unnecessary for him to leave his native land.

Dum dum bullets, if used, can add but slightly to the horrors of the war, which are so great that those who have been on the scene of conflict say the world will refuse to believe the details when they are presented.

The fact that a Danville politician who never consented to hold office died wealthy does not prove anything. Consider the case of another politician from the same city who never in his life passed up an office. He is also wealthy and, furthermore, he is still living.

The direct and indirect cost of the European war for two days would be sufficient to build the 16,000 miles of hard roads Illinois has designated for improvement, while the total cost up to date would build a network of permanent roads all over the United States. But the war, by absorbing a great share of the world's wealth, will tend to make more distant the day when an adequate highway system will be realized on this side of the Atlantic.

A GET-TOGETHER SESSION. Yesterday's meeting of the democratic county central committee was the most largely attended and one of the most harmonious ever held. There were 50 members present. Every element in the party was represented and each received recognition in the passing around of the honors—the naming of the congressional and state delegates. The reelection of T. A. Pender as chairman by a rising vote was a signal compliment to that gentleman.

It was a real get-together session and there was but one purpose expressed—to support the ticket all the way through. To this end other meetings will be held from time to time and the campaign will be waged vigorously till Nov. 3.

CHANCE FOR CEMENT MAKERS.

American manufacturers have not yet made the most of their opportunities to establish greater export trade, according to George Otis Smith in bulletin 699 of the United States geological survey. Statistics show that the export of cement from England, Germany, Belgium, and France not only have been considerably greater than those from the United States, but have borne a much higher ratio to the production in these countries. The quantity of cement exported by France in recent years is estimated to have reached at least 23 per cent of her production, and that of Germany about 17 per cent. There are few cement plants in South American countries, and in the past these countries have been supplied mainly from Europe. There is evidently an opportunity now for the cement industry of the United States to secure this trade.

THE REVOLVER PROBLEM.

A man in Washington quarreled the other night with a woman over a trivial matter and rushed away, procured a revolver and returned and

shot the woman dead. The Washington Star, commenting on the case, says it is easier to buy a killing weapon in that city than it is to obtain a license to run a fruit stand. They might not be so easily obtained if a tax were imposed on the manufacture or sale of such weapons. So far from imposing such restrictions, gun getting is the easiest of things imaginable and there is encouragement for every vicious crank or criminal to have one in his pocket. The Star says:

It is safe to assert that with the right sort of pistol law, which requires the procuring of a permit before buying, and forbids the giving or lending of weapons, Washington's homicides would be cut down by a large percentage. Certainly most of the crimes of impulsive violence would be averted, such crimes, for instance, as that of last night, which resulted in the taking of a human life over a single car ticket.

IN POSITION TO PROFIT.

The administration's efforts to open up South American trade to the commerce of the United States are being appreciated by the American public. It is generally realized that this country now has an opportunity "to get in on the ground floor" in South America. It is admitted too, that the opportunity exists only because the present has so conducted international affairs that the United States is at peace, and that the Latin-American countries are well disposed to enter into closer business relations as the result of the president's considerate and magnanimous handling of the Mexican problem.

"While European artisans, mechanics and laborers are drilling and marching and fighting and killing one another, somebody must supply the peoples of South and Central America with the manufactured products which they need and use in their everyday life," said the Ohio State Journal "Of course that somebody is the United States. The republics to the south buy annually from England, Germany, France and other old world countries manufactured articles which cost more than \$1,000,000,000. Last year Argentina alone bought \$250,000,000 worth of such goods from the nations now involved in war. These buyers can not get what they need from Europe now and naturally turn to the United States.

"There is a wonderful opportunity right now to establish with the Pan-American republics trade relations which will be permanent. President Wilson's wise policy toward these nations, as illustrated by his virtual rejection of three of them as world powers in the Mexican peace negotiations has put them in a friendly frame of mind toward us. Sentimentally, they probably would rather deal with us than anybody else. If our manufacturers are alive to the situation and resist the temptation to charge war prices for their goods, Europe never again will get much of this business, and within a very few years the business will be double or triple what it is now."

FOREIGN GOSSIP

The Hague.—It is learned on good authority that the publication of sensational stories which appeared in German newspapers during the first days of the war, such as the report of a French physician trying to infect a well in Alsace with typhoid bacilli, were secured by the German army officials with a view of bestirring the people to watchfulness.

Stories like that of the infected well were widely published. Lakes all over the country were being poisoned. Russian automobiles carrying a great quantity of gold were trying to cross Germany from France. The whole country was swarming with spies.

The effect that these stories had, for they were generally believed, led to the shooting of many innocent persons, including one German army captain, and great interruptions to the progress of high army personages on important missions. The chief of police in Stuttgart issued the following official statement to his men, showing the effect of these sensational stories:

"The populace is beginning to become crazy. The streets are full of old women of both sexes who conduct themselves in an unworthy manner. Everyone sees in his neighbor a French or Russian spy, and considers it his duty to beat him, together with the policeman who tries to protect him, or at least, to cause a tremendous crowd to collect and hand the supposed spy over to the police. Citizens are mistaken for aviators, stars for airplanes, bicycle pumps for bombs. Telephone and telegraph wires in the middle of the city are believed to have been cut, bridges blown up, spies shot and the water supply poisoned. It is impossible to predict what form these extravagances will assume when the situation becomes really more earnest. As a matter of fact, not a single suspicious thing has thus far occurred in Stuttgart."

"The police should continue cool, brave, and not old women. Do not let yourselves be duped, but keep your eyes open, as it is your duty to do."

Berlin.—One of the accompaniments of the European war which would, under less serious conditions, be a fair subject for amused comment, is the thousand-ways that has manifested itself against everything English, French and Russian. This feeling has reached such a pitch that French and English pictures have been withdrawn from public view at the Berlin museums. In the Kaiser Friedrich museum, priceless old books with wood engravings by Gustave Dore have been withdrawn.

On the days following the declaration of war by Great Britain groups paraded the main streets and made

Germany Relies on Quality of Its Army

(Kansas City Star.)

The German creed of war as explained by the United States army officers is a contest of men. Men start war and men end it. It is the basic idea. American army officers have been close students of the German tactics, and are in position to know it from start to finish.

Artillery, cavalry, signal and engineering and infantry are all bodies of men—the difference is in the means they employ. While the pride of craftsmanship art may produce the perfect rifle, that weapon in the hands of a coward is useless, whereas the lion makes a bar of rusty iron effective.

The spirit of the nation is reflected in its army. Witness a wild impulsive charge on a battle field, and at home you will see hysterical women, frenzied children, wailing old men and decrepits. Look at a stolid, steady advancing army and at home you will see a devoted, almost reverent calmness, or quiet but sustained resignation. The one is a battle of nerves, the other of hearts.

History has shown the effectiveness of both, singly and in combinations. France has admittedly the advantage over Germany in their light armament. They are aroused at Germany and are nerved to a tremendous hatred. Germany is a master of the science of war, and is absolutely indifferent to the identity of its foe. A German is a warrior at heart and trained to the highest degree in the cruel science of armed conflict.

One soldier is the unit of measure in German war. He is the dollar, the foot, the gallon, the figure 1. He is the standard. German science pits his stout heart against new fire, new fortifications, new explosives. Instruments of destruction are measured in terms of the men it will take to offset that advantage.

That the creed is cruel and ghastly matters not to the German. It is the rule.

As the German dreams war, a night attack has no terrors. That he lives war, he expects so to die. Death is used solely in the calculations of German warfare—never in its actual operations.

demonstrations before shops with offending signs. Many American firms which advertised branches in Paris and London suffered. At the corner of Leipzig and Friedrich streets stands the Equitable Life Insurance company's building. Its first two floors sheltered the Equitable cafe, but this became the "Zielka Cafe" on Aug. 5.

The Berlin Messenger-boy company, whose English name had long given of "fence to sturdy patriots, is now the "Berliner Boten-Junge Gesellschaft," and the messengers have been equipped with new headgear to replace the tiny Tommy Atkins hat which they formerly wore on the side of their head.

The movement is being carried to such ridiculous lengths that prominent newspapers are now declaring the Germans should stop saying "adieu" upon parting, a salutation that has been in use since the 18th century.

Paris.—Last night one "cafe concert" in a music hall opened in Paris, the first in three weeks. Not half the seats were occupied. The small audience was quiet, young Frenchmen,

the utter disregard of heavy mortality, and the willingness to sacrifice for glory, has made the German army the wonder of experts. Other nations have evolved tactics, yet there is not a war library in existence that does not contain more treatises of Germany than of all other nations combined.

The Germans center all tactics on a fierce infantry attack. They know the psychology of war and use it, but if every man in line is killed, the flag has advanced that far, and the last dying soldier smiles. It is a relentless attack, where men must wear down the huge power of artificial destructive machines. Yet it is the attack called for. If an enemy's gun is estimated to have a 500 death capacity, 600 Germans charge it, and if 100 survive it the victory is there.

This reputation alone gives Germany the edge of a battle before a gun is fired. Guns are inert, they require men and the guns of the enemy are just as strong as the nerves of the men who man them.

In the current despatches the reports of skirmishes tell of the death of small numbers of men. These men are undoubtedly the advance scouts. A detachment of cavalry sent out to report, is victorious in the German eye if but one man of the 200 sent returns with the information.

The Germans plan ahead and follow that plan alone. Nothing swerves them. The onward march is still made by the plans. They drop off here and there, "countaining" troops assigned to keep a fort besieged—but all this was in the plan. They march with strong front to their goal, and if there is one man alive who can hold the ball there, the touchdown is scored and the game won, in the German eye.

It is said that a messenger awoke the great General Von Moltke at 3 in the morning with the news that France had declared war.

"Thank you, you will find the plan of campaign in the third drawer. Kindly convey the roll to the chief of staff and tell him I will see him after breakfast." Then he went to sleep again.

ence was quiet, young Frenchmen, their mothers whose hearts were in the north, a few Americans, Italians and Englishmen, all joined in the Marsellaise standing. Many women cried freely and unashamed. A few singers, dressed modestly, sang patriotic airs. A soubrette gracefully recited a poem of the glories of France. There was not a risqué or suggestive dress or motion, not a coarse jest. Le Figaro highly approved this morning: "It is the time for the music halls to be made over. Let them bring out all the old French songs, the songs of glory and victory. We must sing them today. Why not in all our music halls?"

The Egyptian government, it is reported, has decided to install 10 pumps, each capable of delivering 100,000,000 gallons of water daily, with the object of reclaiming the delta of the Nile. These pumps will draw out the waters of Lake Mareotis and eight others, it is thought, will be required for further work of the same nature.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND WHEN YOU ARE SAFE



It's easy to be boasting when all your ventures pay; It's easy to be cheerful when good things come your way; It's easy to speak proudly to every one you meet; Except when you are feeling the bruises of defeat.

It's easy to talk bravely when danger is not near; It's easy to have courage when there is naught to fear; It's easy to be boasting when you are safe ashore; That you hear only music when angry billows roar.

It's easy to cry "Coward"—when you have not been tried; At him who runs from danger, forgetting manly pride; It's easy to be telling how fearless you would be; When all is peaceful round you, as far as you can see.

His Past.

"Now," said the man who had called to get his fortune told, "before you proceed to read the future for me I want you to tell me about my past. If you can do that I shall know you will not be merely guessing at what may be in store for me."

The lady with the dark, mysterious eyes held his hand and seemed for a moment to gaze far, far away into some remote region. Then she drew a deep sigh and pushed her chair back from the little table beside which they had seated themselves.

"What you ask," she said, "is impossible."

"Do you mean that you can't tell me about my past?"

"Yes."

"So, then, you confess that you are an impostor?"

"Oh, no. I merely wish to say that no lady could tell you, face to face, about your past."

Self-Deception.

She couldn't bake A Johnny cake, She wouldn't make a bed; Her hand at play, She always bought her bread. Housework she spurned, She'd never learned To make a buttonhole; 'Twas sad to see Her brewing tea, It bored her so, poor soul!

No Doubt of It.

"Yes, he had fought in three wars, only to be struck down at last by a bar of iron which fell from the fourth story of a building in course of erection."

"It seems to have been a clear case of the irony of fate."

REPREHENSIBLE.

"My husband and I lived happily together for seven years." "What happened then?" "He shaved off his mustache and got to looking like a boy again."

Requires Constant Effort.

"Pittson always seems to carry himself with great dignity. What has he ever done that he should hold his head so high?" "Nothing. He is merely trying to live up to his wife's hate."

Diplomacy.

A lecturer who recently advertised that he would "deliver a plain talk to plain people," complains that no women attended. Some people are neither born with diplomacy nor achieve diplomacy nor have diplomacy thrust upon them.

He Has It.

"What is your idea of true gallantry?" "Well, it seems to me that a man who will let his whiskers grow so that he will look older than his wife has it."

According to a new law in Iowa, all packages of food must be plainly marked with the exact weight of the contents. The law applies to package goods and canned goods, and to bottled milk, beer and whisky as well. If the weight is not printed on the label, a rubber stamp may be used.

The Daily Story

Kidnaped—By James Volney.

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Anne had been bored for two days, and she took no pains to conceal the fact.

Since she had joined them at Milan three days before, after a month in Lucerne, Belle, her newly wed sister, and John, her new brother-in-law, had kept an anxious eye upon her, for the family always dreaded those periods when Anne was bored.

Anne did not like Venice. On the plea of writing a letter she had remained at the hotel, while Belle and John visited the shops in the piazza, promising to meet them in front of the cathedral in time for a ride at sunset.

She was strolling leisurely across the great square when she noticed a

look on her face, then shook her head. "No. What have they done now?" she asked.

"It nearly prostrated Ella, although she was to blame in the case of Kate. You know Kate was always high tempered, and one morning, I don't know exactly what she did, but Ella gave her a beating, and she ran away. Yes, it was shocking," he said in reply to Anne's exclamation of horror. "This really thought a lot of Kate, but of course Mamma was her favorite."

"Did Kate come back?" inquired Anne with considerable interest. Henderson appeared puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Never mind Kate, though," said Anne hurriedly. "Tell me about Mamma."

"It was only the next day that Mamma met with a terrible accident," he said. "Ella had ridden out on Long Island with some friends. They stopped at a florist's garden, leaving Mamma at the gate. A trolley car came along, stepped directly in front. She was terribly hurt. There was no doctor near, and no one could do anything for her while she was suffering. Ella saw that the end was only a question of a few hours, and she borrowed a pistol from the florist, and shot Mamma through the head, killing her."

Anne gasped and turned pale. "I don't believe it," she exclaimed. "It is horrible!"

"It is true," said Henderson positively.

Anne was silent for a time. Finally she turned to him and asked:

"Were you at the Turners' garden party?"

He shook his head.

"I suppose you heard of what Lily did there?"

Henderson looked surprised.

"No?" she queried. "It was rather shocking, but Ella shouldn't have taken Lily with her. There were lots of people there and—er—Anne turned her head in embarrassment. "Well, Lily jumped in the lake, just for fun, of course, and swam around it several times."

"I had heard nothing of such a proceeding," said her companion coldly. "I hardly think it could have happened. Even Lily wouldn't do such a thing."

They were nearing the piazza by this time.

"If you are going on to the station I had better get out here," he called to John, and the latter gave the necessary directions to the gondoliers after expressing polite regrets that Henderson had to leave them.

Anne turned toward Henderson.

"You know Lily, of course?" she questioned.

He laughed and then said frankly: "I'll confess that I have been puzzled several times this evening, and one of the puzzles is Lily. Who is she?"

"I'll tell you if you tell me Kate and Mamma are," replied Anne.

"Agreed. Kate and Mamma are Ella's blue ribbon maids. I thought every one knew them."

"Lily is Ella's Pomeranian that always wins the prizes at the beach shows. Her picture's been in the papers dozens of times, and I thought every one knew her. Do you really know any one of the name of Ella?" she asked her companion abruptly, turning and staring him directly in the face.

He was not confused at all as he laughed and replied:

"I can't recall any Ella among my acquaintances just now. Do you know of any?"

"You are to be congratulated on your imagination and nerve," said Anne angrily. "Ella is one of my dearest friends, and I really thought I knew you when I first called to you. When I discovered my mistake we had already started on the ride, and I didn't like to denounce you then."

"Very kind of you," he said dryly. "But the fact remains that I was kidnaped by you."

Anne laughed.

"You were really heaven sent! I would have bored Belle and her husband, and they would have bored me, while we were waiting for the train."

"We are going on to the station now, but I am rather puzzled as to whether I should tell the one we are to meet about this."

It was a sort of question, and Henderson replied:

"To whom would you confide it? Who is it that is coming?"

"The man I am to marry as soon as I reach home," she said gently.

The gondolier had stopped. Henderson shook hands with her.

"I wouldn't tell him if I were you," he said, bending over. "I'm going on to the hotel now to join my wife, and I shan't tell her."

"I knew at once she was trying to make game of me," he muttered as he went along. "I wonder if the little impostor is really engaged to be married, and I wonder if she believes I am married."

"I wonder if he is really married and if he believes I am engaged," smiled Anne as the gondola glided toward the railroad station.

Sept. 15 in American History.

1780—James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, born; died 1851.

1814—The Americans under Major Lawrence repulsed a combined British and Indian attack by Fort Meigs, their Indian allies at Fort Meigs, entrance to Mobile bay.

1857—William Howard Taft, twenty-seventh president of the United States, born in Cincinnati.

1911—Joel Benton, author, poet and critic, died; born 1831.

Fontaine pens were invented shortly before the beginning of the nineteenth century.