

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, Feb. 9, 1914.

The much boasted open winter seems to have tightened up a bit.

A reformer never believes in himself as much as he wants others to believe in him.

To deny Huerta the revenue of his custom house, is like depriving him of his bread basket.

Here's a revolution in Peru, Haiti and several other interesting places. Where in the world can T. R. be?

Hans Schmidt pretends to be content with his death sentence and nobody else doubts that he deserves it.

After watching the performances of Governor Blease for a while, the South Carolina legislature has passed a bill providing for compulsory education.

The refusal of congress to exclude the yellow races as immigrants should be good for a vigorous revival of something saner than oratory on the Pacific coast.

Woodrow Wilson believes that the United States should adopt a policy of honesty in the matter of Panama canal tolls. As usual, some of the Washington politicians can't understand him.

If the proposal to cut off Congressman Hobson's pay for the time he has been absent from Washington is adopted, Hobson stands to lose at the rate of about \$7,500 a year.

Doc Cook sees no opportunity to invoke the arbitration clause in the treaty between the United States and Denmark any more, since the countries now agree touching his polar claims.

The winter wheat is protected from the cold by a heavy blanket of snow. Everything is moving along nicely for general prosperity. If the republican party was in power it would be taking credit for this desirable condition.

It is understood that General Villa is perfectly willing to adopt civilized methods of warfare, provided it will not interfere with his habit of shooting people he doesn't like and forcibly taking whatever he happens to want.

The Chicago Post sizes it up in this way. Criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy is based on the notion that protection of foreign investments is far more important than all efforts to reduce the tariff, abolish trusts, cut down the cost of living, raise wages, or bother with similar trifles at home.

THE SALVATION ARMY INVASION.

The invasion of England by 700 members of the Salvation army of this country under the command of General Eva Booth is booked for an early date.

This organization of Christian workers is one of the most effective for the betterment of the world that Christianity has developed.

The great assembly of representatives of army posts from all over the world which will be held in London will be a jubilee which will cheer the hearts of all Christendom.

The American representatives of the army, 700 strong, will be the observed of all observers, as they deserve, for their record has been one of continual success in the work undertaken.

The people of this continent wish the American regiment bon voyage, a joyful time, a renewed inspiration and a safe return.

THE LAW IN MEXICO.

Pancho Villa, bandit, has the bandit virtues, if there are such things. He takes money from the rich, and gives it to the poor. When an emissary from his enemy comes to corrupt him—to bribe him to betray Carranza—he stands the emissary against a wall and shoots him.

The wretch, Guzman, whom Villa had shot at Juarez, was one of the worst of the men who betrayed Madero. Afterward he betrayed Felix Diaz. He was a reptile, and merited a fate suited to a reptile rather than the soldier's death that was awarded him.

But these Robin Hood methods, and this hair-trigger justice of Villa's merely call attention to the disordered condition of things in Mexico.

Where Villa is supreme, his will is the only law.

If his will becomes supreme over all Mexico, it must still be the law there, no matter who may be called president.

DUE TO SUN SPOTS.

A French scientist has issued a statement tending to show that the present craze for dancing may not be cured by revival meetings, orders from church dignitaries or action by reform aldermen.

He says it is due to certain spots on the sun, and according to his calculation, will go on unabated until 1924, when conditions will change and people will come back to normal or at least Towanda, somewhere in the vicinity. Without stopping to inquire whether this scientist has been subsidized by the dancing teachers' trust, one has to admit that he has some argument to go along with his theory. He claims that these conditions have happened before, and that the endurance and snake dances of the savages had their origin in sun spots, and likewise the dancing off of the head of John the Baptist on a wafer to the Gaby Deslys of her day.

Until within a year or two, dancing in the United States was coming to be looked upon with indifference, and the ultra fashionable were so blasé as to practically eliminate the pastime. Then came the craze which drew both the lowly and the fashionable into its vortex and there are no signs of abatement despite the fact that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish who is to society what the president is to the nation or the Pope is to the church, has put on the ban.

All indications point to the sun spots being more potent than Mrs. Fish.

LINCOLN DAY.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809, and the anniversary of his birth will fall on Thursday next. This event was observed in many churches throughout the country yesterday as Lincoln Sunday, and in the public schools generally Wednesday or Friday of this week. The Rock Island club will celebrate the event with a banquet Thursday night.

The public schools are never more profitably employed than when engaged in bringing to the attention of the rising generation the deeds of those who have made sacrifices for patriotism or performed distinguished service for their country. Washington was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but Lincoln was of greater value to the rising generation as an exemplar because he rose from humble surroundings, was born in poverty and insured to hardship in his youth, and gained his education chiefly in the school of experience, though he applied himself diligently in his youth to such books as fell into his hands. His is an excellent example to cite to the boy or girl discouraged through apparent lack of opportunity. He practiced and owed his rise to that spirit of self-reliance which the public school aims to impart to every child brought within its influence.

His public career should serve also to remind mature men that wisdom consists in knowing what to do next. Lincoln was never a doctrinaire. He was willing to compromise only for the sake of progress in the right direction. Believing in the emancipation of the negro, he was willing to postpone or to expedite it for the sake of the greater good, the salvation of the union. He knew how to be practical without yielding his ideals. To him a practical man meant not one barren of ideals, but one who served them best by rendering this service on appropriate occasion.

He was the traditional, typical American in both character and experience and therefore an exemplar of which American youth should be reminded at every opportunity.

THE CYCLOPEAN EYE.

It Exists Today In Rudimentary Form In Man's Brain.

The Greeks were, unwittingly, very near an anatomical truth when they ascribed to certain monsters called cyclopes only one eye, a doctrine which was placed in the center of their forehead. The cyclopean eye exists today in the brains of men in a rudimentary form, for in the pineal gland we find the last vestiges of that which was once a third eye and which looked out into the world, if not from the center of the forehead, at least from very near that point. There is alive today a little creature which would put to shame the one eyed arrogance and pride of Polyphemus and Argos and Brontes and Steropes and all the rest of the single eyed gentry who, in the days of myths and myth makers, inhabited the "fair Sicilian isle."

The animal in question is a small lizard called Calotis. Its well developed third eye is situated in the top of its head and can be easily seen through the modified and transparent scale which serves it as a cornea. Many other lacerilians have this third eye, though it is not so highly organized as it is in the species just mentioned.

A true lizard which is to be found in the mountains of east Tennessee and Kentucky has its third eye well developed. This little animal is called the "singing scorpion" by the mountaineers. On dissection the third eye will be found lying beneath the skin. It has a lens, retina and optic nerve.—New York Herald.

Grain and Elevator Burned. El Paso, Ill., Feb. 8.—Fire destroyed the Panola elevator of the El Paso Elevator company in the night. There were 12,000 bushels of grain in the building. The fire was attributed to an overheated stove.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER
Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Feb. 7.—Shall private "detective" agencies in this country be permitted to maintain standing armies for hire to crushing labor disputes? This is the question raised by Secretary of Labor Wilson in his first annual report to congress.

He recommends legislation prohibiting bands of armed men from crossing state lines. Out in Colorado and in the copper district of Michigan a state of actual civil war exists. In each case workers, striking for better conditions in their work, are pitted against armed mercenaries—professional gunmen—recruited by the so-called detective agencies and hired out to whoever can afford to pay for them.

The rest of the country is at peace. But it is actual warfare in these strike zones. In Colorado some 60 or 80 newly-made graves testify to the sanguinary nature of the conflict there. How did the bloodshed start? When the coal companies imported private mercenary troops, supplied to order by detective agencies. These same private soldiers, it is declared, were fresh from other bloody service in West Virginia and elsewhere.

This condition would be tolerated in no other country on earth. Why it can exist in America, whose jealousy for home rule is a chief national characteristic, is almost beyond comprehension. It is probably because the people have not yet awakened to the monstrous sort of business being transacted by these detective concerns. Secretary Wilson has called

attention to it in such a way that popular indignation is sure to be aroused. Every American has a voice in the selection of civil officers, including the officers who maintain the peace and do the police duty. Therefore, as Secretary Wilson points out, when a strike comes in a community and suddenly there arrive strange men, armed to the teeth, blood-thirsty and swaggering, looking for trouble, and assuming an authority which is not legally theirs, the average American citizen, no matter how peaceable he may be, is apt to see red and nourish murder in his heart. Disorder always follows the importation of these mercenary soldiers. It is no wonder that strikers begin arming themselves when the private troops arrive.

After the Homestead strike congress investigated this traffic in private soldiery, and both the majority and minority reports denounced the practice. "Exasperated strikers will not molest or resist the officers of the state, when, under exactly similar circumstances, they will assault the watchman or guard hired by the corporation," was the report. The judiciary committee, at that time, however, did not believe that the interstate commerce act gave the federal government authority to stop the practice.

The authority over interstate traffic has since broadened, Mr. Wilson observes. The Mann white slave law shows that persons as well as property come under the jurisdiction of the government in interstate traffic. Secretary Wilson's conclusion is as follows:

"There would seem to be no reason now why the transportation of private troops, or private police, or armed guards, or armed mobs, whether by employers or strikers, from one state to another under commercial contracts, should not be regarded as coming fully within the scope of congressional authority over interstate commerce."

Will J. Davis, veteran theatrical man and manager of the Illinois theatre, Chicago, will end 30 years of active connection with stage and screen, according to his announcement at a dinner given in honor of his 70th birthday by the Forty club of Chicago at the Auditorium hotel.

There are few men in public life with a wider range of acquaintance and a larger list of warm personal friends than Will J. Davis. He has been connected with the theatrical life so many years and has had such intimate business and social relations with nearly every actor and actress of prominence, that he may be almost considered the dean of theatrical managers. His first wife was Jessie Bartlett Davis, whose magnificent contralto voice was famed far and wide, first in the noted original Chicago Church Choir company, and later for many years one of the big stars in the Bostonians. Every one at all familiar with the operatic stars of this country will recall the supreme beauty of her solo "Oh, Promise Me." The rich resonance and mellow tones of her superb voice made the demand for that song a not-to-be-dented insistence among audiences wherever she appeared. She was required to interpolate it in every opera and concert up to the day of her death.

WILL J. DAVIS—AN APPRECIATION

(Quincy Herald.)

A man of tender heart and kindliest nature, his ripper years only adding to the lovable traits and innate geniality of his disposition. Will J. Davis will enjoy the serenity of a contented and complacent rest with a warmer esteem from every one who knows him than often falls to the lot of any man. He has no enemies.

Every one who ever came to know him as he is will give him the tribute of a benediction and a "God speed" as he seeks the quiet of the retirement to which his active and worthy life work has richly entitled him.

Delhi and its History.

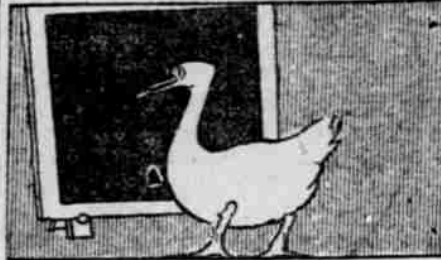
Shah Jehan in 1631 built the present city of Delhi, close to the old Delhi and made it the royal residence. The Mohammedans still call it Shahjehanabad, "the city of the king of the world." Nadir Shah, the Persian usurper, captured it in 1739, massacred thousands of the inhabitants and bore away plunder to the value of nearly \$100,000,000, including the famous peacock throne and the great Kohinoor diamond. The British first came into control in 1803, when the Marhattas were defeated near Delhi by Lord Lake. When the sepoy mutiny broke out in 1857 Shah Mohammed Bahadur, then ninety years old, took command of the city and until the English again triumphed enjoyed the imperial state to which he had long been a stranger.

"The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that the vice president had a sneezer, but she guessed it wasn't very severe as she saw in the paper that he was a ble to make a good many speeches and probably it was nothing more than a hard cold."



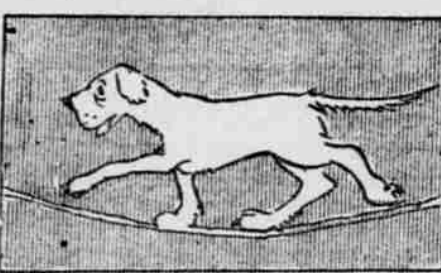
The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND

The Professor



He trained a goose to multiply and add up and subtract.
He taught a spotted pig to wait—it was a funny act.
He coaxed a billy goat to jump through hoops which were aflame.
He taught a chipmunk how to choose the letters of its name.
But he could never learn to cease to use his toothpick where
And when such action gave offense—or else he did not care.

He trained a dog to walk a rope and taught a cat to pray.
He said himself this took hard work which lasted many a day.
He hitched an alligator up and made it pull a cart.
His perseverance was immense, his teaching was an art.
But he could never train himself, somehow, to save his life,
To quit endeavoring to scoop his food up with his knife.



He trained a mouse to dance a jig, he educated fleas;
He had a carriage which was drawn by harnessed bumble bees;
He taught a turkey gobbler how to balance on his head,
And trained a duck to flatten out pretending to be dead.
But he could never train himself—or else he never tried—
To speak good English and to put vulgarly aside.



His Mistake.
"Oh, if I were only a man!" she exclaimed.
He waited a moment for her to continue, and then asked:
"Well, if you were a man what would you do?"
"I should do something to make people notice that I was on earth, instead of wasting my time as you do yours."
"Oh, I thought you were going to say you would quit worrying about the dark fuzz on your lip."

A Failure.
"No, I feel that my life has been a failure."
"Don't say that. You have managed to accumulate a respectable fortune without sacrificing your character, and that, it seems to me, is a good deal of a triumph."
"I know; but I can't amount to anything. Nobody has ever asked me to furnish a testimonial of any kind to be used in a magazine advertisement."

The Importance of Batting.
The Hittites many pennants won
In days of long ago,
They often wallowed Babylon
And beat out Jericho.
—Pittsburgh Post.

There is a lesson here for you,
If in defeat you sit;
Brace up—be like the Hittites, who
Laid stress upon the Hit.

Makes It Embarrassing.
"Why were you so anxious to get away from that man?"
"He's a Socialist."
"I know, but he's a very decent sort. Nothing at all dangerous about him."
"Oh, yes, but I always hate to have to argue with a man who seems to know all about everything."

The Last Word.
"You know that you simple ran after me until you got me to promise to be your wife," she said in a taunting manner.
"Well," he replied, "I didn't have to run very fast to overtake you."
"I was wearing a hobble skirt at the time," she defiantly retorted.

Trying to Save His Life.
"I've decided to buy either an automobile or a motor boat. Which would you advise me to get?"
"If you live near the water get an automobile. If you are located far from the water get a motor-boat, by all means."

A Deduction.
"Would you let people play poker for money in your house, Mrs. Gaddsworth?"
"Why not? Where's the harm in a friendly little game?"
"Oh, then, you're still ahead, are you?"

When Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems and first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery, so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

The Daily Story

THE NEW AUTOMOBILE—BY F. A. MITCHEL.
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I was shopping and had been looking at some laces. Leaving the store, I went out on to the sidewalk, intending to go home, but it was such a bright spring morning that I was loath to do so. Beside the curb stood a new spick and span automobile, the sun glistening on it and the cushions looking so comfortable that I wished I might have a spin in it. My husband was at the time trying automobiles with a view to buying a new one, and I wished he would select one exactly like the car before me. While I was coveting it Charlie Forsyth came along and after greeting me joined me in admiring the machine.

"I'd like a spin this morning," I said to him. "I haven't been out for a week. Our chauffeur has been laid up, and I'm afraid to go out into the



"I DON'T OWN THIS CAR. ISN'T IT YOURS?" country alone, for if my machine should break down I wouldn't know what to do."
"I'll take you out," he said. "Get in." I knew that Charlie was fond of motoring, but was surprised that the car should be his. However, he owned several cars, and I expressed no surprise. The truth is I was thinking that I should decline his invitation. My husband was not at all jealous and permitted me to accept any attentions I saw fit. But I was quite sure that if he would be displeased at my motoring with any one that person was Charlie Forsyth. This was what occupied my mind as I stepped into the car.

"Only a short ride," I said. "Tom said he might be at home at noon today with a new car he is trying and take me out with him after luncheon."
"Just as long or as short as you like," he replied.
I knew Charlie to be a fine driver, and I was therefore surprised that he had some difficulty in getting under way, but I supposed that, his machine being a new one, he had not yet become familiar with it. However, we finally got out from the crowd of vehicles that frequented that part of the city, and it was not long before we were moving on a country road regardless of the speed limit. We had been out about half an hour when I asked Charlie how long he had owned the auto.

"Owned what auto?"
"Why, this one."
"This one! I don't own this car. Isn't it yours?"
"Mine! No. I never saw it before today."
"Well, I'll be jinged! We've stolen an auto."
I began to laugh.
"It's no laughing matter," he added. "The owner can make a lot of trouble for us if he likes."
"I wonder who the owner is?"
"I don't know, but I do know that I'm going to take it back from where I got it as soon as possible. I only hope—no, that cannot be expected—the fellow has been detained so that we can get it back before he misses it."
"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "Turn around and go back as fast as you can."
"It would be better to return by another road. We'll strike a crossroad presently. I'll take it and in a mile or so reach an asphalt paved way that will take us back to the city."
We kept on, but in a few minutes I heard an ominous buzzing behind. I turned and saw an auto coming like the wind.
"My goodness gracious!" I cried. "Suppose it should be the owner of the car coming for us!"
"Quite likely it is," said Charlie grimly.
I can understand the temptation of persons running autos when they knock down or run over some one to try to get out of the scrape by flight. The impulse to make a race for concealment is very strong. The almost certainty of final detection is lost sight of. This is the way I felt, and I fancy Charlie was tempted in like manner. But he never said a word, nor did I. I knew by the spluttering of the machine as he turned on more power and opened a valve to let out gas that he was going to run for it.

But both Charlie and I were fools not to turn about and, if we met the owner of the car we had taken, explain the mistake and throw ourselves on his mercy. As I have said, it was that desire inborn in humanity, and in the brute creation for that matter, for the excitement of a race.
"Don't look back," said Charlie. I knew by this that my doing so would indicate that we were trying to escape by flight, whereas if we paid no attention to those behind us it would appear that we were simply going at high speed. But despite the caution I could not help turning my head. I

could not see who was in the car behind us on account of the dust, and by other evidences of a breakneck speed I had little doubt that the driver was trying to catch us.
"I think they're gaining just a little," I said.
Tom pushed the speed gauge a trifle farther on—not to the limit, for we were already going at a tremendous rate. The telegraph poles flew like the spokes of a revolving wheel. Fortunately the road was good, but Charlie dare not turn when we reached the crossroad without slowing down, and this he did not wish to do. So we shot by it like a cannon ball.

Looking ahead, I saw what seemed to be in the road turn and as far as possible on the side. When we reached one of them the astonished face of the driver flashed upon me and vanished.
Looking back, I saw that we had gained on our pursuers. They were still under full speed, but they surely could not have as swift going a machine as ours. But at this moment something underneath our car began to rattle. Charlie instinctively moved back the speed gauge.
"I'm afraid we're beaten," he said.
"Oh, go ahead!" I cried. "Take the chances."
"If anything should break while going at this speed we'd be mashed into pulp."
Possibly, added to this view of the case, Charlie had had time to consider the folly of our course. The rattling continued, and he took off more power. I looked back and saw that our pursuers were rapidly coming up with us. I think I would have renewed my discretion into him and kept reducing instead of putting on speed.
"When they come up," he said, "don't appear as if we had been trying to get away from them. Brazen it out. I'll declare, till otherwise convinced, that the machine is mine."
So we prepared ourselves for a bluff, and our pursuers, coming near, shouted to us to stop. Charlie obeyed, and the other car slowed down beside us. When I saw what it contained the heavens grew black, all about me whirled, and I sank back on the leather cushion.
I had been trying from my husband. I didn't quite faint away. I was sufficiently conscious to see on Tom's face the look of a man who had caught his wife running away with a rival. The first words I heard came from Charlie, and it was evident that he had not lost his presence of mind.
"Hello, Tom!" he said. "What are you doing out here at this time in the morning?"
Tom made no reply. He was too appalled to speak.
"I met your wife," Charlie continued, "in front of Waterman's store looking at this auto. I thought it was hers, and she thought it was mine. I proposed a spin, and it was only a few minutes ago that we discovered our mistake."
I saw a look of mingled relief and doubt come over my husband's face. He seemed to wish to believe the story, but found it hard to swallow. Presently he said in a reserved tone:
"You are in a car I have been thinking of buying. I left it awhile ago before Waterman's, going in to buy a pair of driving gloves. When I came out the auto was gone. A policeman told me he saw a man and a woman get into it and drive off in this direction."
By this time I had recovered sufficiently to take my part in the conversation.
"We discovered our mistake," I said, "just as we heard you coming for us. Not knowing who you were, but supposing you were the owner of the car we had taken, we thought we would race you for it. Flying from my own husband—ha, ha!"
Tom didn't seem to think it funny a bit, the reason being plain. The idea that I was uppermost in his head was that I was eloping with his rival. However, the fact that we had taken the automobile he had been using convinced him. If we had intended as elopement we should not have been likely to take that particular car. The fact of having been pursued by Tom began to strike Charlie as very ludicrous. The corners of his mouth broke into a smile.
"We've got to get back to town," said Charlie. "Do you want your wife to your car, Tom, or will you trust her to me? I promise solemnly not to run away with her again."
Tom's smile broadened into a grin, and, starting his auto—he had borrowed it for the pursuit—he left us to go where we pleased. We followed him home, and I invited Charlie into luncheon. He and I invited Tom opening a bottle of wine, and before the party broke up we were in a gale of laughter at our stealing an automobile, being chased for thieves and finally my being considered an eloper by my own husband.

Feb. 9 in American History.

1773—General William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States, born; died 1841.
1886—General Winfield Scott Hancock, distinguished soldier, presidential candidate in 1880, died; born 1824.
1913—Revolution against the rule of Madero broke out in the City of Mexico.

The Harvest.
The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—George D. Boardman.