

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, April 10, 1914.

Now a shoplifters' trust has been unearthed on the western coast. Combinations more destructive, but bearing more dignified titles, have long been parading under the guise of big business.

Woman has again proved her right to the last word. The Augustana coed debating club has fairly defeated one young man's team and will meet another aggregation of the opposite sex in the finals.

That "comprehensive" subway proposed for Chicago seemed a trifle too "incomprehensive" for the voters. They want a subway, but insist on seeing the preliminaries carried on open and above board.

Time was when a baseball player was satisfied to get his name on the sporting page. But since the Federals came into their own he has been traveling along side the war news on the first page nearly every day.

Here is a grain of comfort for members of the gentler sex who blush when they behold a weighing station: Titti Ruffo, the Italian tenor, holds that only "bees" women are beautiful. He says the sylph-like ones remind him of a piece of macaroni.

Senator Lodge, one of the bulwarks of the republican party, cites the Declaration of Independence in justification of President Wilson's stand for repeal of the Panama canal tolls exemption. That ought to hold the calamity howlers for awhile.

The Municipal League of Rock Island County has reiterated its promise uttered before election that there will be an improvement in the manner of conducting saloons here. To fall to make good is more than likely to have its answer if there is another local option election, as it is declared by the anti-saloon folks there will be.

Once more the nurserymen rise to remark that this has been an ideal spring for fruit. The freezes of the last two nights, they say, were beneficial rather than otherwise, because they will help to retard growth. The trouble with the fruit prospects is that they are too good. They create a feeling of foreboding. Something is almost sure to happen.

Milwaukee has a Merchants' and Manufacturers' association that protects the consumer against the dishonest advertiser. Recently a concern there announced an all wool sweater at a cut price. The concern was prosecuted for fraudulent advertising, and the association won its case. Good tip to every other city in the land. The merchant who tells the truth through the advertising columns of the newspaper is the merchant who eventually meets with the best success.

THE OFFICE OF CORONER.

About a year ago the Journal of the American Medical Association commented on the inadequacy of the machinery in this country for proper conduct of the coroner's office, and stated that thorough rehabilitation along modern lines was urgently needed. It was also stated that so long as the coroner remains an elective officer with a continuous tenure of at most four years, it is not likely that the office will be filled generally with properly trained men. A bill is now pending in the New York legislature to do away with the ancient coroner system and to substitute for it a system of medical examiners. The bill provides for a new officer to be known as the chief medical examiner, who must be a skilled examiner, who must be a skilled pathologist with at least ten years' practical experience in the performing of postmortem examinations, to be appointed by the mayor, and to hold office until he resigns or is removed for cause after a hearing. He will appoint assistant examiners, chemists, clerks, etc., as may be deemed necessary, subject to approval by the board of estimate and apportionment.

The power of the present coroner is limited so that this officer will hold inquests only in cases referred to him by the district attorney, acting as a magistrate. The new law also marks the abolishment of the coroner's jury, a body which is costly, useless and often ridiculous—which might be said also of the petit jury. The medical investigation of crime is to be the duty of qualified medical officers, capable and responsible. The bill is the result of a joint conference of committees

of the New York academy of medicine, trustees of Bellevue and allied hospitals, district attorney's office, professors of pathology in the leading medical schools, City club, Citizens' union and short ballot association. Its passage would result in the removal of a perilous, slow, inefficient system, which is a relic of obsolete social conditions.

IRRIGATING WITH SEWAGE.

A profitable means of disposing of sewage from institutions and small communities in districts where no general system of sewage disposal is available is disclosed by a report of experiments carried on by the department of agriculture at the New Jersey training school located at Vineland.

In the past the sewage from this institution, which has a summer population of about 600 individuals, has been a nuisance, ruining considerable land and creating a breeding place for mosquitoes unless kept well covered with oil. In 1913 this sewage was spread over about twice as much ground as formerly, and this land, instead of being injured, was made to produce heavy crops of alfalfa and silage corn, thus doing away with the nuisance and securing a valuable crop at the same time.

It was possible to run this sewage over a part of an alfalfa field planted previously and compare the yields from the irrigated and unirrigated tracts. The part of the field on which the sewage was run yielded at the rate of 5 tons per acre for the season, while the part of the field receiving no sewage yielded at the rate of but 3 tons per acre.

The yields of corn were not determined, but the yield on the land on which the sewage water was run was so much larger than that on the land not watered that the directors of the school are putting in the equipment necessary to spread the sewage over still larger areas in 1914.

LANE AND CONSERVATION.

It is beginning to look as if the Wilson administration will settle for all time the question of the conservation of natural resources in this country. Secretary Lane's proposal for a conservation commission which shall decide all questions of conservation and settle upon all policies for the development of public resources is the most definite plan for a settled policy that has yet been made, says the Quincy Journal.

Under the present disconnected system any question of conservation is practically a matter for the joint action of the president's cabinet. Public lands are under the jurisdiction of the interior department. The department of agriculture has control of the national forests. The secretary of war is charged with responsibility for the water power still owned by the people. Above all of them is the attorney general, who decides upon the legality of any executive action.

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, reforestation 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.

QUAINT MARRIAGE NOTICE.

William Cullen Bryant Broke the News Gently to His Mother.

The following letter from William Cullen Bryant to his mother, quoted by Professor Chubb in "Stories of Authors," indicates that the author of "Thanatopsis" could enjoy his little joke on occasion:

"Dear Mother—I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me. Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats. The little elderly gentleman with the hook nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistic expressions, which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side and whom I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world."

Washington—Anyone who attempts after May 1 to bring into the United States certain Hawaiian fruits, nuts and vegetables will face a penalty of \$500 fine or imprisonment for a year or both. The products barred are those which might introduce two dangerous pests, the melon fly and the Mediterranean fruit fly. They include tomatoes, squashes, green peppers and string beans.

St. Paul—Minnesota received \$82,538 as the inheritance tax on the estate of Charles G. Gates. Payment was made without a contest.

Chan-Chan, the Ruined Chimu Capital

Chan-Chan, the ruined old capital of the Incas, is not in China, notwithstanding that the name might suggest such a location to the uninitiated. If the Chimu ever lived in oriental lands our archaeologists have failed to discover the fact. They were Americans, just as were the Incas, whose traditions traced back an unbroken line of kings for a thousand years before the Spanish conquest, and whose civilization is so much better known to us; and once upon a time these same Chimu were formidable rivals in all the arts of war and peace, of the Incas. They dwelt along the shores of Peru, as did the Incas on the high Andes, and like the Carthaginians of old, were a seafaring people.

"Mystery abounds in pre-Columbian America," writes Walter Vernier in the March issue of the Monthly Bulletin of the Pan-American union, "and the farther modern research penetrates into the ancient civilizations of Mexico, Central America and the west coast of South America, the more the mystery of their origin seems to deepen. Among the problems presented to archaeology and anthropology none, perhaps, is more fascinating than that of the Chimu people of Peru. What we read of these dwellers of the north coast of the land made famous by the Incas is contained in casual references by the early Spanish chroniclers; what we see of their civilization consists of stupendous ruins near the modern town of Trujillo."

The ruined temples and palace walls of this ancient city, richly ornamented in bas-relief, the vast irrigation works, the sundials containing the sepulchres of once powerful rulers, all indicate that the ancient Chimu were worthy rivals of the "children of the sun" who finally conquered them.

The Incas, so tradition says, came from the south to settle the region, once occupied by an ancient race of cyclopean builders. The Chimu of the coast are said to have come from the north on a flotilla of rafts, and savants are not agreed as to the time of their invasion. Some think there is evidence of two earlier civilizations; others that everything points to a relatively short occupancy of the valleys, extending over only a few centuries prior to the advent of the Spaniards. Racially the Chimu, in common with

Electric Locomotives for Panama Canal

Electric locomotives of a new design will be used to tow ships through the Panama canal. In all, forty of these locomotives are to be built at Schenectady, N. Y., by the General Electric company and the first lot has already been finished and sent to the isthmus. It is expected that all steamships will be able to run most of the distance across the isthmus under their own power. But when they reach the locks they will be handled entirely by electric locomotives. Four locomotives will be used on each ship, two forward and two aft. The Panama locomotives each weigh \$2,500 pounds. They are 32 feet long; 8 feet wide and 9 feet 2 inches in height over the cabs. Each locomotive has an available tractive effort of 47,500 pounds and a windlass rope pull of 25,000 pounds. Four of these locomotives will be quite sufficient to handle all ordinary ships, but in case of the larger war vessels six locomotives will be used. In all cases two of the locomotives will be fastened astern to act as a brake on the vessel's movement and to direct her in the course.



PAWNEE INDIANS.

YEARS ago, out in the part of our country which is now called Oklahoma, there lived an Indian tribe called Pawnee.

These Pawnee Indians were a fine large tribe and from their relics we have learned many interesting things about Indian customs and ceremonies.

Like most other tribes, the Pawnee Indians had many yearly festivals at which time there was dancing and feasting and general rejoicing. One of their most interesting ceremonies was the animal dance of the Pawnee medicine men. The Pawnee dwellings were larger than ordinary Indian wigwags, they were built of posts and straw. The posts were thrust upright in the ground—tail ones in the center and shorter ones around the sides. Strong strips of leather or tough grass braided were stretched from post to post and then the whole big roof was woven thick and firm with straw and grasses. Around the sides, the straw was fitted down carefully to the ground so that the water would drain off well.

As the time drew near for the animal dance, the inside of the medicine men's hut was gayly trimmed with animal trophies. Skins and feathers were hung on the walls, stuffed birds and small animals were hung from the ceiling and shells and bones were strewn around on the floor.

In the very center of the dwelling a large fire was built in a huge turtle shell which was turned upside down and half buried in the dirt floor.

Around that was coiled an immense snake. The snake was of clay—the body about a foot and a half thick, thirty feet long and gayly painted green and blue and yellow. The head was turned facing the entrance and great black fangs were

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND THE MIND THAT OVERLAPPED



He started writing verses that were easily understood. And here and there was some person who told him that they were good; He dealt with themes that were common, his language was plain and strong. And as a few people frankly told him he was blessed with the gift of song. He began to throw in italics, hap-hazard, it may be, but he was the one who read. And here and there was a stanza too deep for the common kind; The people began to marvel at the mightiness of his mind. He dropped the common, adopting an allegorical style. And the critics had to interpret his meaning, after a while. And the people were filled with wonder, not understanding a bit. And the poet had fame and riches and fancied that he was it. His meaning got deeper and deeper, till even the critics themselves were stumped if they read without taking their reference books from the shelves. And his glory kept growing and spreading, he was hailed as a prophet, indeed; Whenever he wrote a new poem six nations stopped working to read. Thus, filled with thoughts of his greatness and scorning the simple ways. He wound and criss-crossed and doubled in a metaphorical maze. Till, clutching his brow, he read slowly his latest, and said with a sigh: "It's so deep that I can't understand it—my God, what a wonder am I!"

Won in Spite of Herself.

"Why is it," he asked, "that the prettiest girls generally marry homely men?"

"Do they?" she replied. "I haven't any idea of ever marrying a homely man, that is, as long as you and I—oh, dear, what am I saying? I mean that I wouldn't care for you if you were homely, and—and—I'm so foolish I—let's talk of something else, please, won't you?"

Being a game young man, however, he spoke right out then and succeeded in persuading her to be his.

IN POSITION TO GET FACTS.

"I think," said the poet, "that I shall turn my attention to sociology. It seems to me that a great book might be written on how the poor live."

"Well," his wife said, with a heart-felt sigh, "if such a thing can be done you ought to be able to do it. But I almost hate to think of your biography going out in that form, after the high hopes we've had."

Why He Was Late.

"Ah," she cried, pointing an accusing finger at him, as he got home shortly after eleven o'clock. "You forgot that this is the anniversary of our wedding! Don't tell me that you didn't! You wouldn't be getting home at this time of night if you hadn't let it pass clean out of your memory."

"You wrong me, Margaret; honest you do. I remembered it just well as I ever remember anything in my life. Honesty, Thash reason 'n' late. I b'n out tryin' 'rget it. Honesh."

The Fitness of Things.

He started as a milkman, in quite a modest way; By using water freely He made the venture pay. Becoming a great magnate, He kept on as before; By making use of water He added to his store. And the doctors gathered Where he was lying dead: "Poor man, he died of water 'Upon the brain," they said.

In After Years.

"You told me once," she pensively said when they met in after years, he being a widower and she a widow, "that you never could learn to be happy without me."

"I know it," he replied. "In those days there was an adage that I had not tested."

"What was it?" "Live and learn."

Safe.

"Don't you ever get to feeling nervous for fear your husband may fall in love with his typewriter lady?"

"Oh, no; not at all. She's my mother."

Evidently Not.

"It is said that Japanese babies never cry."

"Is that so? What's the matter—don't they use pins over there?"

Felt the Power.

Bill—Music has a wonderful influence over us. Jill—I know it. Bill—You ever feel the power of a singer over you? Jill—Sure! I married one! —Yonkers Statesman.

The Daily Story

The Kiss Stealer—By F. A. Mitchel. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

The railroad, like everything else, is a development. The first rails were strap iron on wooden beams. The first car was a stagecoach, then several stagecoaches together mounted on wheels. Then came the passenger car of the present day, only much smaller. When these cars were pulled through a tunnel the passengers were left in total darkness. Indeed, the lighting of railway cars passing through tunnels is a feature of recent years.

When Tom Arnold was about to return to college for his sophomore year he was asked if he would escort a little girl who was going in the same direction to boarding school. Tom didn't like being burdened with the care of a "little girl," but he couldn't very well decline. When he saw his charge he didn't mind taking care of her so much as he had thought he would. Lucy Atwood was fourteen years old, but tall enough for a girl of sixteen. She was very demure and appeared to be utterly devoid of conversational powers. Her protector, having reached the advanced age (to her) of eighteen, probably filled her with such awe as to prevent conversation with him.

But if Miss Atwood was tongue tied she was very pretty. There is nothing more delicate to a young man especially than a pair of pink coral lips. Lucy's complexion was so soft and downy as a peach, and her lips were a combination of beautiful curves. Tom couldn't keep his eyes off them. He was young and a sophomore in college, a combination that can occur but once in a man's life. His thoughts, his arguments, therefore were soporific:

"I have been burdened with the care of a tongue tied kid without recompense. It behooves me to look out for my own reward. I don't know any payment that would suit me better than just one kiss of those lips. In half an hour we'll get to the tunnel. It requires three minutes for a train to go through it, and one can do a great deal in three minutes."

This was the basis of a plan Tom formed. Before reaching the tunnel he would go into another car, first noting the exact position of his charge. As soon as the train plunged into darkness he would re-enter, make his way to where Lucy sat, take the kiss and retire. Some time after the train had emerged into the light he would go back to his seat, yawn, take up a newspaper and begin to read as if unconscious of anything eventful having happened.

It was a very pretty scheme, but more tempting to a youngster of eighteen than to a full fledged man. There was one thing about it, however, that Tom didn't like. The kid had been placed in his care, and he didn't consider it quite honorable to avail himself of the situation to take what didn't belong to him. But the more criminal the act, the more horror attached to being found out, the more attractive the scheme.

Tom sat looking sideways at those lips, before which every vestige of honor faded. Nevertheless as the train approached the tunnel his courage began to fall him. What an awful thing for him to do! But how nice! Suppose the girl should scream and some one should catch him! The very thought gave him the shivers. But he was at an age when the greater the risk the greater the temptation. He felt, and great was the fall thereof.

He had often been through the tunnel and knew the approaches well. Some ten minutes before the train reached it he told his charge that he would go into the smoking car for a while if she didn't mind sitting alone. She said she didn't, and Tom, having noted that the seat was the third one from the door on the right, left the car. He didn't smoke, fearing that the odor of tobacco would give him away. He sat looking out through a window, a prey to numerous emotions.

When the train entered the tunnel, summoning all his resolution, he hurried into the car he had left and counted the seats on the right by putting a hand on each till he came to the seat required. Folding Lucy in his arms, he took the desired kiss. There was a smothered cry, followed in a few moments by the sound of an opening and closing door, then no other than the rattling of the train.

When daylight came again several passengers who sat near Lucy looked in her direction for an explanation of the cry they had heard. She gave no indication of anything unusual. She was wiping the dust from her face with her handkerchief. She would remove a portion of it, look at the smudge it had made on her handkerchief, then rub off some more, scrutinizing it also, especially in one corner.

Some twenty minutes after the train had left the tunnel Tom Arnold came back and sat down beside his charge. Had Lucy looked him in the face she would surely have seen signs of guilt which, despite his efforts, he was unable to conceal, but she was looking out through the window and did not give him a glance.

Tom was delighted with the success of his scheme. It was not the kiss that pleased him, for to have enjoyed that he should have been intent upon it rather than on committing a robbery. It was the fact that he had carried out his scheme without having been detected. He wondered that Lucy made no mention of the stolen kiss, but a very young and delicate miss might feel abashed at communicating such a thing to a young man. When the journey was ended and Tom left his charge at the door of her school he looked scrutinizingly into her eyes to see if he could detect any evidence of her suspecting him. She returned his gaze with a childlike simplicity that reassured him, and he left her feeling very comfortable.

The flowers and especially the roses were in bloom, a young man who had been invited to spend a week end at the country place of a friend entered out on the veranda in negligee summer costume, plucked a rose, sniffed it, put it in the buttonhole of his flannel coat, descended the steps and stroled about the grounds. Having examined the tennis court, the stables and other features of the place, he sauntered toward a hedge, which was just the height to enable him to look over it. In the adjoining grounds was a pagoda, in the pagoda a feminine figure. But whether the lady was old, middle aged or young he could not see. He thought he would like to satisfy himself on this point. Walking back and forth along the hedge, he looked for an opening. At length, finding a place where the hedge was thinner than at others and stooping, he wormed his way through, though when he reached the other side his costume was somewhat disarranged.

Brushing off the dirt and straightening the hang of his clothing, he sauntered toward the pagoda. There was no movement of the figure in the hammock, and the morning being warm, he fancied the occupant might be asleep. He had no business in the grounds, but he was a venturesome fellow, with no end of resourcefulness and assurance, and had an excuse ready in case he met any one. Drawing gradually nearer to the pagoda, he finally reached a point near enough for him to see a lady asleep in the hammock.

She was young—about twenty—and fair to look upon. She seemed to be sleeping so soundly that the young man drew nearer, even to the steps of the pagoda. There was something in the face of the sleeper that seemed familiar to him. He thought that he had seen her before, then that he had not, vibrating between these two opinions, at last deciding that he had not. One feature especially charmed him—the lady had a very kissable mouth.

For a young man to stand looking at a young lady asleep with a kissable mouth is dangerous—not so dangerous to the young lady as the young man, for there is certainly no harm in one being kissed who doesn't know of the fact. But the young man taking that which does not belong to him is liable to the consequences of his rash act. Then suppose the lady is awakened by the process! Such a contingency would naturally strike terror into any sensitive man.

The watcher drew nearer and nearer on tiptoe till he reached the hammock, then, bending over the sleeper, in one of the alternate fistings and bendings finally lightly touched the lips with his. The sleeper slumbered on. Not a muscle twitched. The young man was tempted to take another, but suddenly the abyss on which he stood occurred to him, and, turning, he tiptoed away to the opening of the hedge and passed through. Then he began to wonder at the recklessness, the folly, the awfulness of what he had done.

When he untied his scarf at dressing for dinner that same evening he missed a stickpin surmounted with a horseshoe that he had worn during the day. He wondered how and where he had lost it. Then he remembered working his way through the hedge. He must have dropped it there. He was tempted to go out and look for it, but he had barely time to dress for dinner, so he must needs put off the search till morning.

When he went down to dinner whom should he see but the girl he had kissed in the hammock. He was seized with a terrible fright, but on being presented to her she gave no evidence whatever of ever having seen, met or heard of him before. He was assigned to her for a dinner companion, and by the time they were seated at table he had regained enough of his equanimity to remark that it had been a very hot day, that he hoped it would be cooler tomorrow and that he feared the summer would be an oppressive one.

However, the lady made it easy for him by being agreeable, and he gradually forgot that if she knew how he had robbed her she would despise him. After dinner the company strolled out on to the veranda and spent the evening under the moonlight amid the fragrance of roses. The thief of the kiss quite recovered from any qualms of conscience and was glad he had done it, especially since the girl had not awakened.

On Monday the young man took an early train to the city. When the post-man arrived during the afternoon he brought a small package addressed to Thomas Arnold, Esq. Opening it, the recipient took out a handkerchief, in one corner of which were his initials and a stickpin with a horseshoe mounting.

Arnold sank down in a chair, with a moan. He saw it all. When he had kissed the girl in the tunnel she had snatched his handkerchief from his pocket. She had since grown to be a young lady, and after he had kissed her a second time she had found his stickpin under the hedge.

April 10 in American History.

1806—GARRISON LEARNED TO WRITE. Boston. Henry general, died; born 1783. 1822—John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," died; born 1792. 1903—REV. W. H. MILLBURN, the venerable blind chaplain of the United States senate, died; born 1823. 1911—Hon. Tom L. Johnson, former mayor of Cleveland, O., and political reformer, died; born 1853. AGRICULTURE seldom prospers. Those who need it most like it least.—The Johnsons.