

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No matter how they will be printed over fictitious signatures. Correspondence solicited from every town ship in Rock Island county.



Thursday, May 5, 1904.

The Philippine head hunters saw 200,000 representations of their desire in one day. The presence in St. Louis of the secretary of war restrained them.

The bandits who kidnaped Miss Stone say the money they received as ransom was honestly expended. The Macedonian crafters still have a few things to learn.

Some days ago there was a clamor in the house of representatives for "Uncle Joe" Cannon for president. "Uncle Joe" now snipers at the vice presidency. Ambition fed on noise stops at nothing.

The dispatches from St. Petersburg tell a queer story. They say that the czar shed tears when he heard of the Japanese victory on the Yalu river, and that it was not the intention of the Russian authorities to have any fight there at all, but to retire when the enemy came up. The generals now are severely censured for fighting instead of running away, as they did from Napoleon when they permitted Gens. January and February to whip him after he had been lured inland.

John Sharp Williams, the democratic house leader, was approached by a young Washington reporter, who said: "Your name has been mentioned in connection with the presidency, Mr. Williams. Are you a candidate?" The southern joker looked the young fellow over for a moment and then said gravely: "I was, but I had to give it up. Several districts in Mississippi have come out strong for me—Yazoo, Shaluta, Karketa, Stein's Siding, and others—and things seemed all right until Mrs. Williams came here. She asked me some questions about my presidential boom, and then she laid down the law. 'Now, see here, John,' she remarked, 'I don't want to hear any more about it. You know that with my sick headaches I couldn't possibly live in the White House.' So I passed up the presidency."

Nothing but Politics.

Congressman Baker, of Brooklyn, did some plain talking to the republican end of congress during the closing month when it was giving up about an hour to do a little favor for one man while claiming that there was no time for the consideration of bills which would greatly relieve the burdens of millions of people. Mr. Baker said:

"It is entirely pertinent, but useless, to ask why this unprecedented haste to adjourn. We are told that there is no time to do anything in the interests of those who are demanding legislation at the hands of this congress. There is no time to legislate for the letter carriers; there is no time to legislate in favor of labor, neither the eight-hour bill nor anything else; there is no time to take up the question of Chinese exclusion; no time for currency legislation; there is no time to take the tariff on those articles which have boosted prices and reduced wages; there is no time for reciprocity, although urged by McKinley; there is no time to take up the service-pension bills, but I admit that that was unnecessary, as your strenuous, pyrotechnic, accidental occupant of the White House has done that by executive enactment; but while you can do none of these things, you can take up 40 minutes of time in this house today solely in the interest of one officer of the army. This is, I suppose, what you call the 'competency' of the republican party. Day after day you charge gentlemen of this side of the chamber with incompetency, with inability to conduct the affairs of the government, and this is the evidence of your competency which you present to the country."

An Interesting Session.

There was an interesting session of the bible class of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the other Sunday in the Fifth Avenue Baptist church in New York. There was a cashed preacher on hand with a gun, and he had intent to do young Rockefeller harm.

This brought to light another feature that must be peculiar to that particular bible class. There was a detective, Sergeant Tinker, on hand and he kept crowding the bad preacher so hard that the latter could not use his gun. Incidentally it is mentioned in the press dispatches that there is always a detective on hand to look after the proceedings when young Rockefeller's class is in session. That is a feature of bible classes that most of us would not have suspected.

There was another interesting little

ceremony at that meeting. Lyman J. Gage was made an honorary member of the class. Mr. Gage is the gentleman who addressed the class a few days before and told it that millions of acres are the salt of the earth. That speech was acceptable and Mr. Gage was handed his reward. Take it altogether, it was a very interesting class meeting, and the country at large is pleased to have a report of what occurred.

AT THE HOTELS

At the Harper—H. Smith, Mankato, Minn.; George R. McCandless, Orion; W. C. Russell, New York; S. T. Cook, Cordova; J. H. Belknap, St. Louis; W. L. Steele, J. W. Hammond, L. H. Westman, F. D. Thompson, Galesburg; H. E. Brown, H. B. Hayden, Rock Island; E. G. Johnson, Beardstown; F. A. Towney, H. O. Stovers, Chicago; William Gomort, Rock Island; T. L. Sunse, Beardstown; K. W. Calville, A. N. Willis, Galesburg; F. C. North, Chicago; J. P. Woodard, Detroit; A. T. King, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thomas E. Crane, Chicago; L. D. Hauf and wife, Streator, Ill.; John Coyle, Chicago; D. C. Kirtbridge, Rochester, N. Y.; M. Shirliff, Jr., Chicago; S. Velle, New York; H. J. Crane, Chicago; T. D. Thompson, Cedar Rapids; J. W. Caneh, Louisville, Ky.; C. W. Burrows, Chicago; W. L. Keating, Rockford; C. R. Chadwell, Chicago; W. E. Harris, Chicago; F. L. Gregg, Kansas City; A. Rosenfield, St. Louis; R. Hanford, Rockford; J. H. Connel, Alledo, Ill.; A. H. Johnson, Chicago; J. E. Blayney, Peoria; E. J. Stauffer, Chicago; Amy Cazaro, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. J. Kidd, St. Paul; W. K. Biederbeck, Omaha; J. Rispinger, H. Hitchcock, H. P. Strong, K. K. Lawrence, W. A. Cartwright, L. W. Bolines, Chicago; H. R. Young and wife, Marshalltown, Iowa; G. H. Brooks, Cincinnati.

At the Harms, (European)—J. C. Evans, Chicago; J. S. Farrell, Boston; T. B. Martin, New York; B. E. Sutter, Chicago; A. C. Morgan, Austin, Ill.; T. A. Henry, New York; John C. Kelly, B. E. Drake, M. J. Luther, J. J. O'Connor, F. M. Bowley, B. J. Rice, Chicago; A. L. Dixon, Peoria; B. A. Miller, Cedar Rapids; A. L. Reardon, Chicago; P. J. Thompson, Little Rock; D. G. Murrin, Chicago; B. L. Siney, New York; A. C. Manning, M. C. Dutton, P. J. Peterson, H. G. Wilson, Chicago; J. G. Gully, New York; K. J. Bemis, Janesville, T. W. Gennell, Galesburg; W. E. Harris, Chicago; John Keeley, Hudson; G. A. Williams, Sioux Falls; Thomas F. Mahoney, Chicago; J. Z. Carnes, Knoxville; Ira Stever, M. J. Cramer, M. C. Strong, A. C. Moran, Chicago; F. A. Eggers, Cincinnati; B. D. Kemper, Cleveland; D. J. Cummings, Pittsburg; A. A. Peters, Dixon; G. W. Sampson, E. V. Stewart, New York; C. E. Beard, Des Moines; T. E. Fish, New York; A. J. Biglow, Chicago; A. E. Williams, Peoria; C. E. Parker, Jackson.

At the Rock Island, (European)—M. W. Rotchford, Peoria; N. E. Price, Grand Rapids; L. S. Bowen, George V. Snow, C. K. Miles, Savana; A. J. Crane, E. A. Ahler, E. Grant, Albert C. Guse, Henry Coleman, E. S. Avery, G. E. Warden, P. J. Brown, H. W. Smith, E. C. Young, L. S. Baldwin, F. Snape, T. F. Snyert, R. B. Knight, Springfield, Mass.; Isaac T. Capron, Troy; W. Easley, wife and family, W. H. Firmin, J. A. Smith, F. E. Waman, L. T. Malbin, Springfield, Mass.; A. W. Ewing, Chicago; T. A. Porter, Canton; F. C. Parsons, W. H. Jaeger, Chicago; W. R. Carey, Carbon Cliff; C. K. Leonard, Milwaukee; M. Flaherty, Beardstown; A. J. Davison, Louis Gundersburg, Chicago; T. R. Pitney, Peoria; James Beattie, Spring Valley; Koley Miller, Indianapolis; T. E. Van Sant, Kansas City.

The Stage.

May 6.—Viola Allen, in "Twelfth Night."

May 9-16.—Gibney-Weed Stock company.

Miss Gibney, the leading lady of the Gibney-Weed Stock company, which will commence a week's engagement at the Illinois Monday, May 9, is an actress of unusual ability, not only possessing rare dramatic talent, but she also is a singer, having a rich contralto voice of marvelous strength. Her specialties are one of the many features of the performance.

One member of Viola Allen's company to present Shakespeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night," at the Illinois tomorrow evening, will be of particular interest to the old-time theatre-goer, Zele Tibury. Miss Tibury is the daughter of the famous Impresario, Lydia Thompson, whose company created a sensation in this country a quarter of a century ago. Lydia Thompson, by the way, resides in London, and has promised her daughter, Miss Tibury, that she will come to America during the season for the special purpose of seeing her as Maria in Miss Allen's production. This is not Miss Tibury's first appearance as Maria, by the way. She enacted the role in Boerholm Tree's famous production of the comedy at His Majesty's theatre, London, and achieved a great success. Her Maria was one of the big hits of Mr. Tree's production, and that she should repeat her success in this country is no surprise. Miss Tibury has her mother's wonderful vivacity and charm, and is a comedienne of great ability.

Sick headache results from a disordered stomach and is quickly cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

DAILY SHORT STORY

How He Carried the Message.

[Original.]

"Captain," said the major to one of his officers, "I must get a message through to Fort Wilson, or it is only a question of time that this little garrison will be surrounded by Indians and starved out."

"Who shall go, major? We have none but recruits who know no more about steering through Indians than the navigation of the air."

"Look them over, select the best man you can find and send him to me!"

The captain departed and in half an hour returned with Stiefel, the post sutler.

"Major," said the officer, "there's not a man at the post who will volunteer to take your message except Stiefel. He has one qualification—he has been an Indian trader and knows how to make himself understood by them."

"Stiefel! Are we soldiers to rely for a hazardous duty on a citizen—a sutler?"

"I'm not going to fight 'em, major," said Stiefel. "I'll try to get through in a different way. I've tried my hand at a good many ways of making a living. I might as well try carrying messages."

The major looked at the man in astonishment. "You mean that you would risk almost certain death for money?"

"I'll take your message for \$100." When the major had recovered from his surprise he agreed to pay the \$100 and signed a contract to that effect. He further stated verbally that if Stiefel was successful the amount should be doubled and he should be given the most valuable post in the department wherein to sell his goods.

The next morning the sutler started out to make a journey of twenty miles, which he was confident he could accomplish before evening if not handicapped. His departure was watched by all at the fort, who wondered that he went by day and without any weapon except a walking stick. Stiefel told them that there were more ways than one of doing things, and if he got through it would be by entirely different means from those usually resorted to.

The sutler walked for the first ten or fifteen miles through a wood, from which he emerged at the summit of a hill where he could plainly see Fort Wilson, with the stars and stripes floating above it. He was congratulating himself that he would get through without trouble when he saw a party of Indians at the foot of the hill looking up at him. They had just observed him and a moment later spurred their ponies toward him.

Stiefel stood like a statue looking out on the plain, and as the Indians approached appeared not to observe them, though they were directly before and beneath him. When they came near he put his hands above his head and made a salaman to the sun, that at the time stood directly over the fort. The Indians paused, but soon advanced again. Stiefel stooped, picked up a couple of stones at his feet and rubbed them together, muttering the while. They burst into a flame.

Again the Indians paused, this time in wonder, and Stiefel could hear the Indian words for medicine man repeated from mouth to mouth. Some of them were turning as from a supernatural being that might strike them down by enchantment, but one, evidently their leader, called them back. Again they came on, and as Stiefel did not make any movement in defense they did not even raise their weapons. Just before they reached him Stiefel drew a circle about him with his cane, from the end of which as it touched the ground came fire and smoke, which sputtered and fumed till the circle was complete. Then when lifted from the ground it was again but a stick.

Most of the Indians hid their faces on their ponies' necks; some started to flee; all showed evidence of terror. The chief alone maintained his ground.

Then Stiefel began to make friendly signs to them, asking if they needed food. Without waiting for a reply he stepped up to one of the horses and from his belly drew forth a chicken, from another eggs and from a third a double handful of coffee in the bean. While this increased the superstitious wonder of the Indians, it caused them to look with more favor upon this wonderful medicine man, the like of whom they had never seen. Stiefel gave them the eatables, then marched past them down the hill. It was not long, however, before he heard them coming. Turning, he saw the chief in advance, the rest lagging. Drawing his stick in a half circle before him, it spat fire as before, and the Indians stood still. Stiefel pointed to the chief contemptuously and used the Indian words for chicken heart. Then advancing he thrust his hand under the chief's arm and pulled out a heart which all could see was that of a chicken. Instantly the chief cowered, and the rest began to upbraid him. Stiefel turned and walked slowly away. Once only again he heard them coming. Turning, he tossed a white ball the size of a boy's marble among them. It exploded and scattered them in every direction. Stiefel was not further molested and within two hours delivered his message.

Soon after his arrival at the fort a wagon train loaded with provisions and escorted by a troop of cavalry started to relieve the impoverished garrison. Stiefel went with them and when he had told his story received his reward.

"Where did you learn to spit fire and all that sort of thing?" asked the major.

"I was once assistant to a prestidigitator," replied the sutler.

"You've got the devil's nerve," the major observed. "You should be a soldier." HENRY V. BISSELL.

SURVEYORS COMING THIS WAY MYSTIFY GENESEO

Geneseo is rendered uneasy by the actions of a party of surveyors supposed to be connected with some interurban company that is engaged at work in the vicinity of that place. The cause for uneasiness lies in the fact that the town is cut out of the line as it is being run. It is suspected that the line is being run by the Rock River Traction company, which has not succeeded in coming to terms with the Geneseo council over the matter of a franchise. The surveyors, however, will throw no light upon the question of their employers, and the company above mentioned claims to know nothing of the operations of the surveyors. The latter are running toward Rock Island.

RIVER RIPLETS.

Logs were brought down by the Glennont and Park Bluff, and the Lydia and J. W. Van Sant brought down logs and lumber. The Van Sants and the St. Paul were north. The Wagona was in port and the Dubuque was up from St. Louis.

The stage of water was 8.55. From this time on the Diamond Jo packet Dubuque will ply between this point and the world's fair city. This morning the big boat arrived on its first trip up and this afternoon at 3:30 it left for the south with a fair passenger list and some freight. There is promise the boat will have all or more than it can handle a little later.

RIVER FORECAST. Only very slight changes in the Mississippi will occur between Dubuque and Davenport.

RIVER BULLETIN.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High Water, Low Water. Locations include St. Paul, Red Wing, Reed's Landing, La Crosse, Prairie du Chien, Dubuque, Le Claire, Davenport, Des Moines Rapids, Keokuk, St. Louis, Kansas City.

Quick Arrest.

J. A. Gallardo, of Yorkville, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles, causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed, Ranken's Anemic Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25 cents, at Hartz & Ulmeyer's, druggists.

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Eager to Work advertisement with text: 'It is a joy to work when you are full of life, energy, ambition and strength to endure. Dr. Taber's Pepsin Compound renovates the system and puts the digestive organs in perfect condition. With an appetite and a strong, healthy stomach, man can overcome almost any obstacle. Carlyle says: "Man is a digestive machine surrounded by clothes." TABLETS, 10c, 25c, 50c at drug stores. Liquid Form, 50c, and \$1. FREE To prove its merits, we will send a sample package by mail, free, to any address. DR. TABER MFG. CO., Peoria, Ills.'

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Pensions, New Rulings

Age 62, \$6; age 65, \$8; age 68, \$10; age 70, \$12. MAJ. H. C. CONNELLY, 1719 1/2 Second Ave., Rock Island, Ill. Call or write at once.

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