

THE ARGUS.

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By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Monday, April 23, 1906.

The people are not so easily stirred as they once were by Ranting George of Rantoul.

August Belmont has just paid \$30,000 for a race horse. We hope he will run better than Judge Parker did.

Terrible as has been the fate of San Francisco, pluck and faith will bring order and peace out of chaos and misery in time.

Maxim Gorky thinks America is a hideous place. The trouble with Gorky is that he forgot before he came here to prepare to do as Americans do.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal refers to "those pin-headed statesmen who are chirping about state's right." It looks as if there was no north, no south.

The first thought of the rest of the country is to send relief to suffering San Francisco and stricken towns along the Pacific coast. Always is it so, and always are such outbursts a tribute to the genuine sympathy that leaps into the desire to help. Human nature is, after all, wondrous kind when the need is.

Some friend asked Colonel John Allen of Mississippi whether he approved of the idea of the president favoring the limitation of wealth as set forth in his latest speech. "Yes," said the gentleman from Tupelo with great solemnity. "It has now been all of twenty years since in a public speech in my district I announced that no single human being ought to be possessor of more than \$1,000,000, and I have been carrying out that sentiment by my own personal example ever since."

There are two quakers in the house of representatives, Mr. Cooke of New York and Mr. Butler of Pennsylvania. The latter is known as the "fighting quaker," and it is only when he gets excited that he lapses into the language of his sect. When Mr. Butler is pushed into a controversy on the floor he is very apt to say "thee" for "you." For a man of peace Mr. Butler, who only came into the house in the Fifty-fifth congress, has had his share to do with war. He is still a man of peace, however, but has satisfied himself that the only way to maintain peace is to be so prepared for war that no other power would care to engage in a controversy with us.

Many republican statesmen are having their eyes opened to the prevailing tariff conditions which have been preached by the democratic party for the last 30 years. That is the American consumer pays more for American-made stuff than the foreigner who has to pay freight and duty on the same goods after we export it. It was shown in the senate in a recent speech that Waltham and Elgin watches are sold to foreign markets, then re-purchased by American jewelers and sold from \$5 to \$10 less than other jewelers can buy the watches from the factory. This goes to show what "protection" does for the American—it builds up a trust and the people pay the difference. The same conditions prevail in all manufactured goods on which there is a tariff.

A Noble Act.

In these days of graft, greed and degeneracy, it is pleasing to find an instance of the old time virtue of honor, respect for one's name and fidelity to principle. The Des Moines Capital relates the story of Franklin H. Whitney. He was a leading citizen and active business man of Cass county, Iowa. At an early day he came from New York, and locating on a piece of land, put it in cultivation. He was an enthusiastic believer in the future of Iowa, and was a man of education and refinement. He became a surveyor, and dealt largely in land. When the Rock Island railroad was built through Cass county he bought the town site where Atlantic now is, and gave the railroad a large interest for the purpose of securing a station. He then fought for and secured the removal of the county seat from Lewis to Atlantic. He grew rich and established the Bank of Atlantic. He invested in business blocks in Kansas City, and in Birmingham, Ala. Everything was prosperous until the panic of 1893, and then he saw his fortune begin to crumble. With

abated courage, he faced the inevitable. He saw the depression continue in '94, '95 and '96, until his bank was forced to close, and this broke his heart, and he died.

He had a son, James D. Whitney, who was appointed receiver of his property. He found that his father owed nearly \$700,000. The young man devoted his life to paying this debt, and finally he paid the entire principal. Then he asked for further time to pay the interest, and after 10 years' unceasing struggle, he has paid the last dollar. On the ruins of his father's bank and in the same building he established and became cashier of a new bank. In the same community and in the same building where his father failed. To be sure, he did not make this enormous amount of money himself, but to his everlasting praise, he said, the son handled the property left by his father in such a way as to pay his father's liabilities and vindicate that parent's reputation.

Such an example of honesty, integrity and business management does not often occur, and when it does it is fitting that it should be writ large upon the records of the time for the instruction of men who sigh to accumulate money rapidly and who claim that under present conditions an honest man has no chance.

Simply a Common Blackguard.

In an hour when all the world is mute in the face of overwhelming disaster, the greatest lesson of which is to humble the average man and impress him with his own insignificance, a fellow stood on a wagon in front of the band stand on Market square Saturday night and slandered his fellow men.

That fellow was the mayor of Rock Island, otherwise George Washington McCaskrin of Rantoul, Ill., better known as a perpetual aspirant for office, than as mayor of Rock Island, he it said to the eternal glory of the city.

For two hours, under the excuse of being a self-constituted candidate for congress, this presumptuous upstart indulged in vulgar blackguardism, vilification, and prevarication, involving not only the present council of Rock Island, but the names of men and institutions, whose characters were established before the irresponsible weakling who sought publicly to assail them struck town.

Instead of endeavoring, for the instant at least, to lift himself above the things of everyday strife and turmoil, and to bring himself into accord with the heart throbs of a nation for a stricken city, this fellow averred that the government would make better use of the money it had appropriated for suffering humanity if applied on the prosecution of the railroads.

The address throughout was of the rambling sort of which the people of this city are familiar, and to which they have been accustomed to give ear when they had nothing else to do. It was punctuated with blackguardism and slander throughout, uttered in a spirit of malice and venom that might have startled ordinary men not acquainted with the speaker, whose hitherlings went about among the disgusted audience and vainly attempted to stimulate applause.

Not many months ago the same individual who spoke Saturday night stood among an assemblage in front of the same stand while one of his former political associates was assailing him for ingratitude and betrayal, and it was only through the efforts of people near him that he was restrained from sending police into the stand to remove the man who was talking. He declared such language, "such scurrilous language," as he put it, was an abuse of the rights of free speech that should be stopped. And yet in all that was said on that occasion there was nothing that approached in vile and baseless utterance what escaped the lips of McCaskrin Saturday night.

There is no argument in the slimy tongue that reeks at the root and shrivels at the end. People are more inclined to look with pity upon one so afflicted than to regard him seriously. Hence it is that they take for what they are worth, the mouthings of the man whose chief distinction since his election to the office of mayor has been through his record as a dog tax collector and his riotous acts in lieu of a disposition to preserve the peace. The common blackguard and public slanderer, whose instinct is to knock others and to boost only himself, injures only himself.

WANT AND NEED.

There's a big difference between what a baby wants and what he needs. Deny him the one, give him the other. Most babies need Scott's Emulsion—it's the right thing for a baby. It contains a lot of strength-building qualities that their food may not contain. After a while they get to want it. Why? Because it makes them comfortable. Those dimples and round cheeks mean health and ease. Scott's Emulsion makes children easy; keeps them so, too.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York.

DAILY STORY

THE PRETENDER.

[Original.]

A carriage drew up to a handsome country residence in New England and a young man apparently about eighteen, with a perfectly smooth cheek and a delicate manner, stepped out and entered the house. He was met in the hall by an elderly lady, who received him coldly, though she permitted him to kiss her cheek.

"I will not conceal from you," she said, "that I have brought up your cousin Elton to suppose that he was the heir to this estate, and your appearance is a disappointment to me. However, I will make the best of it and treat you with every consideration."

A man of thirty, with an honest, manly countenance, came into the room and, without waiting for an introduction to the newcomer, went to him, put out his hand frankly, and said: "I am Elton Parmeter, and I suppose you are my cousin Gus. You are heir to an estate I have supposed from my childhood I would inherit. If I bore you the slightest malice I would despise myself."

Augustus Parmeter looked up into the face of his cousin with a grateful but pained expression, and a tear glistened in his eye.

"Come," said Elton cheerily. "I want to show you your possessions." Years before this scene was enacted Ralph Parmeter ran away with and married Martha Redmond, the daughter of a penniless attorney. From the time of his departure till a few weeks before the appearance of Augustus Parmeter Ralph's mother heard nothing of her son. Then one day she received a note from a lawyer presenting the claims of one who purported to be Ralph's son, Augustus. The claim was supported by affidavits furnished by Augustus' mother, stating that Ralph, the father, was dead and Augustus was his son and heir.

Augustus was as delicately made as Elton was manly. Elton tried to infuse more vim into the boy, but his efforts were a failure. Augustus also made a bad return for his cousin's friendly treatment and was always bringing up the matter of the disposssession. When Augustus mentioned the subject Elton would knit his brow or attempt to laugh his cousin out of his dissatisfaction, but never succeeded. As time went on the possessor of the estate appeared to be miserable, while the one he had dispossessed was happy.

"Gus, my dear boy," said Elton one day, "if you don't stop bothering yourself and me about this business I'll leave the place. I confess I don't want to do so, because Aunt Caroline would miss me."

"You think only of Aunt Caroline," said Gus gloomily. "You never think of me."

"You! Why, my dear boy, I'm as fond of you as my younger brother, and if you'll only be satisfied to accept what rightfully belongs to you we may all be happy together as long as we live."

While Augustus was an unmanly fellow, he was so kindly disposed to every one about him, so self-sacrificing, that after awhile the household forgave him for turning up to dispossess their favorite and began to love him in a very different way from what they loved Elton. Indeed, the contrast was very unlike—the one a typical man; the other a sensitive, tender-hearted little chap with a winning way. Elton became much attached to him, the only fault he had to find with him being his constantly bringing up the one unpleasant subject of the dispossession.

One night they were together when Augustus especially irritated his cousin by proposing some ridiculous scheme by which he might turn over the estate to him. Elton laughed, whereupon the boy went to his room, and as he departed Elton thought he saw tears glisten in his eye. Augustus always locked his bedroom door, admitting that he was afraid of burglars, but this time he forgot to do so. Elton finished a cigar he was smoking, then concluded to go to Augustus to apologize for laughing at him and thank him for his proffered surrender. Giving a rap on the door, without waiting for a reply he threw it open.

There stood Augustus before a mirror with an uncovered bosom that belonged unmistakably to a woman. Seeing Elton, she first paled, then the blood rushed to her cheeks in torrent as she seized a cloak and threw it over her shoulders. Elton stood looking at her, thunderstruck.

"I am glad the secret is out," wailed the girl. "I was forced into it by mother, and it's been killing me."

It was some time before Elton uttered a word. He was thinking. Finally he spoke:

"Keep this from the others until I have concluded what is best to be done." Then, turning, he left the room.

One morning Augustus' room was found vacant, a note having been left on the dresser:

My mother was Ralph Parmeter's wife. After Ralph Parmeter's death my mother married William Hoye. I am her daughter, Augusta Hoye.

Elton Parmeter entered again upon the possession of his rights and resolutely declined to prosecute any one who had fraudulently deprived him of them. Mrs. Parmeter died soon after all this happened, and in due time Elton Parmeter announced that he was to be married. There was great expectation in the household and among his friends as to his future wife, who was not known to any of them. The wedding took place abroad, and when the newly married pair returned to their home the bride was at once recognized as the pretender.

HARRY HARKER.

WOMEN NOT TRUTHFUL

This Statement Has Been Unjustly Made, Because Modest Women Evade Questions Asked By Male Physicians.



An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful; they will lie to their physician." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

It is a terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

Is it any wonder, then, that women continue to suffer and that doctors fail to cure female diseases when they cannot get the proper information to work on?

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To her they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients, through her correspondence with them, than the physician who personally questions them.

If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

The fact that this great boon, which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

GIRL'S GOOD FAIRY.

Salesman's Daughter Found Pocket-book and Had a Happy Time.

In the neighborhood of her home, 744 Greenwich street, Philadelphia, Miss Fannie Waldman, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a salesman, is looked upon as a sort of Cinderella, says a Philadelphia special to the New York Herald. The other afternoon she found a pocketbook on Chestnut street and a few steps ahead of her saw a young woman who looked worried. She handed it to her.

"The next thing I knew we were in a cab," says the girl. "We drove to the Bellevue-Stratford, and she took me into a big reception room and asked me all about myself. She said she was Mrs. E. L. Cox of New York. She told me the pocketbook contained \$805 and some rings that she would not have lost for the world. After that we drove to a store on Chestnut street, and she let me choose the prettiest opal ring I saw and a locket set with diamonds."

Miss Waldman held up her hand to

show the ring, and about her neck was suspended the locket. She said they drove back to the hotel and had "a grand supper." The New York woman then left for home.

If health is wealth and money talks, For so the proverb runs, A fortune you may plainly see In taking Rocky Mountain Tea.

—T. H. Thomas' pharmacy.

Worms cause most ills of children. The safest, surest cure is KICKAPOO WORM KILLER

Symptoms of worms are foul breath, picking at the nose, grinding the teeth, bed-wetting, diarrhea, thin, pale cheeks, cold hands and feet, nervousness, disturbed sleep, swollen, hard stomach, fits and convulsions, etc. If your child has any of these, it needs aid at once. Kickapoo Worm Killer will remove all worms and cleanse and tone the system. See-druggists or by mail. Samples and advice free. Kickapoo Medicine Co., Clintonville, Conn.

MY MONEY NEVER RUNS OUT

WHEN IT COMES TO BUYING, SELLING OR EXCHANGING SECOND HAND GOODS I STAND ALONE, NOW THEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN TO KEEP MY WORD, FOR I PLAINLY SEE IT HAS MADE ME MONEY AND FRIENDS. COME FEARLESSLY AND DEAL WITH ME, ALTHOUGH A CRANK I LOVE TO PLEASE YOU JUST THE SAME. I ACTUALLY HAVE PEOPLE THAT TRADE IN MY STORE THAT HATE ME, WHY DO THEY TRADE WITH SUCH A MAN? PURE AND SIMPLE, THERE NEVER WAS A SPOT LIKE IT, THAT CARRIES \$10,000 WORTH OF SECOND HAND GOODS. SO NOW WHEN WE WANT ANYTHING WE WILL ALL GO DOWN TO JONES' SECOND HANDED STORES. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. BOTH PHONES, THE OLD AND THE YOUNG ONE. I DON'T CARE WHETHER YOU READ THIS AD OR NOT. I AM STILL THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN, AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM WANTING TO BUY YOUR HOUSEHOLD GOODS, SELL YOUR HOUSEHOLD GOODS, STORE YOUR GOODS, AND MAKE YOU A LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD GOODS. HOUSEHOLD GOODS SOLD ON PAYMENTS. GOODS SOLD ON COMMISSION. SO COME AND MAKE JUST ONE LITTLE DEAL WITH ME FOR A CONVINCER. I THANK YOU FOR READING THIS.

WILL BUY MORTGAGES AND NOTES. MAKE SMALL LOANS. ON REAL ESTATE. OPEN EVENINGS.

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