

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 such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Saturday, August 17, 1907.



If the strike lasts long the operators can live on current pie.

Of course the messenger boys walked out. They never run.

Now they say Uncle Sam is after the kodak trust. The combine will negate his efforts.

It is gravely announced that Wall Street operators "have lost all patience with money." Now, what do you think of that?

There must be something more than small success to keep the strike operators keyed up to the proper point in the present crisis.

In Pittsburg they are killing snakes on the public streets—or they think they are. We feared it would come to this! Riches and indulgence!

In Chicago flaring billboard advertisements warn against drink. Curious that some well-intentioned people don't know what drives one to drink.

The partial report of the bureau of corporations more than confirms all that the democrats charged against the Standard Oil trust which the republicans as strenuously denied.

John D. Rockefeller has been a republican and a liberal contributor to his party campaign funds, so the republican party fixed it up in the Elkins bill that there was to be no imprisonment for rebating.

It is too bad that Harry Lehr did not think of the Teddy bear stunt so that he could again be declared the wizard of the social world. If Harry does not make good before very long, some one will be mean enough to say that his originality has been harried out.

Now that three Deneen men have been discovered wandering aimlessly around in this country, there is a lurking suspicion that they will bolt and establish a new party. The sum and substance of their platform would also require only three words: "Hurrah for Deneen."

It was a singular election they had in the Philippines the other day. It was so manifestly fair that there have been no cries of fraud and no demands for a recount. No wonder the republican leaders consider it an evidence of the total unpreparedness of the Filipinos for self-government.

If the newspapers of the country do not wield sufficient influence to "bust" the paper trust that is already standing over the publisher with one hand on his throat and the other on his pocket book, they might as well feed the theory of power of the press as well as the cash earnings to the hogs.

Another rod with which to make the Standard Oil trust be good is the suggestion to knock out the tariff tax of something like 150 per cent which keeps oil from the Caspian region out of this country. It is true that this tariff is in retaliation for a similar one against our oil, but, coupled with rebates, it has enabled the oil trust to do about as it pleases in this country.

The following advertisement appears in the Oxford, Iowa Mirror: "Having tired of my business my meat market and slaughter-house are for sale. People have used me rough, and I want to leave Oxford Junction, therefore my business is for sale. Also please eat and settle for the meat you have already eaten and haven't paid for. Come and pay your accounts, and if you want to buy the business, come at once.—August Tech."

There is going to be a big business show in New York City, and it will bring to the attention of the public several new and important inventions. There will be cash carriers, cash registers, loose leaf ledgers, and a thousand other things more or less familiar to the business public. One man, how-

ever, proposes to go further than anybody else has attempted, by showing an automatic typewriting machine in operation that will do away with stenographers, typewriter girls and all the employees of an office that are now considered necessary in carrying on the correspondence of a great establishment.

Bountiful Crops Certain.

The last government estimate as to growing crops for this year—since the next report will deal with certainties—has been issued. It shows that winter wheat will yield nearly as much as last year, the estimate being 99.5 per cent, and the estimates are usually too low rather than too high. Spring wheat is not so favorable, showing only 79.4 per cent, a falling off from the 87.2 per cent reported last month, which is now explained.

Corn is estimated at 82.8, while the 10-year average is but 83.2, and the average corn crop is rather greater than the farmers could handle to advantage. The yield indicated this year is 2,648,673,000 bushels, which is certainly enough to avert any shortage. Oats, rye, barley and buckwheat all average high, while that important staple, the potato crop, is above the 10-year average.

On the whole, the indications are that all the crops will be good, and the greatest uncertainty about them is whether enough labor can be secured to harvest them without loss. Already money is going west to move them, although this is not so important as formerly, since the west now has almost enough money to move its own crops.

The outlook is distinctly favorable. As in other branches of business, farming, which is largely the basis of all, is prosperous this year, and promises continued prosperity all around.

Some Legal Rhetoric.

Again we have abundant evidence that the art of the rhetorician is not forever lost. The English language deftly woven into capacious combinations still has its subtle, persuasive effects. The deeds of the nation's heroes can be extolled and the spirit of patriotism aroused only when the cogic is allowed to flap its wings to the accompaniment of its own shrill scream.

Even the legislature of Illinois, dulled by politics and its higher sensibilities ruined by sordid routine, is not immune to the shafts of vituperation and forcible English. The legislators, slow to appropriate the people's money, hastened to vote \$6,000 for a monument to General George Rogers Clark after the following bill, every word of which breathes the truest patriotism, was submitted for their consideration:

"General George Rogers Clark, with prophetic vision, was enabled during the revolutionary period of our history to see in that great region lying between the Ohio, the great lakes, and the Mississippi, a territory of most strategic value, boundless wealth and wondrous opportunity, and who, by the authority of the council of Virginia statesmen, composed of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, and George Wythe, at almost inconceivable peril to himself and his followers, swept it free from marauding band and lurking foe, and organized it as a county of the Old Dominion, through the munificence of that commonwealth, and by the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, drafted by Jefferson, it became the northwest territory, a portion, in 1809, was made the territory of Illinois, and from this conception was born, in 1818, Illinois, fairest of the sisterhood of states. More than a century has gone by, and as yet no fitting tribute to the memory and achievements of this remarkable man. Therefore, be it enacted, etc."

This was the territory of Illinois wrested from the grasp of Great Britain.

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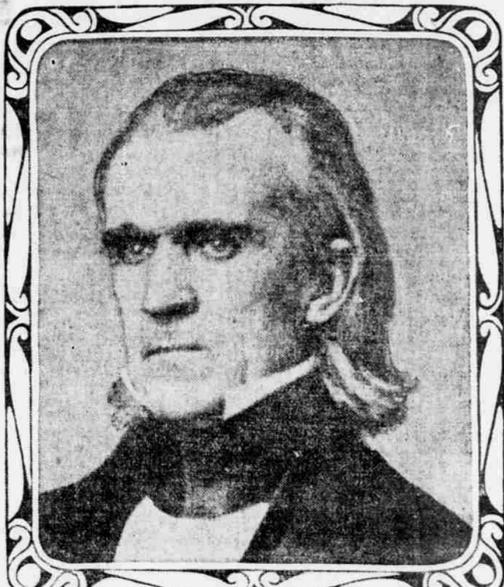
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OUR AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.



JAMES KNOX POLK.

The eleventh president of the United States was a native of Mecklenburg county, N. C., but spent most of his life as a citizen of Tennessee. He served fourteen years in congress, was speaker for two terms and was elected governor of Tennessee in 1839. He was elected president in 1844, defeating Henry Clay. Polk was a Democrat. During his presidency the Oregon boundary dispute was settled and the Mexican war was fought. In private life President Polk was unostentatious, frank and courteous. He died at Nashville, Tenn., in 1849, a few months after his retirement from the presidency, at the age of fifty-five.

DAILY STORY

OUR SUMMER OUTING.

(Original.)

I dread the coming round of the vacation season. All the world takes its vacation in July and August, and to secure rooms one must set about it when the beautiful snow is melting. Then you must fix your thoughts on forest or field, mountain or ocean, when you would prefer to stay at home and struggle up to the fire. If you don't act then, when the thermometer stands at 97 degrees in the shade you must stay at home and roast. Molly loves the mountains. I the ocean. The consequence was that this year when we sat down together to fix on a summer resort we disagreed. I am sorry to admit that we quarreled. The end of it all was that Molly said that since I was so unreasonable I could go where I liked; she was going to the mountains. And so she did. I went to the seashore.

I reached my place of rest when a cold northeaster was blowing. The guests in the house where I stopped were huddled together in the sitting room, grumbling at the proprietor for not giving them a fire. I strolled out on to the beach and stood looking on the dreary waste of flying clouds and rolling waters. The only happy thing in sight was a sea gull sailing between both. I went back to the hotel, sat down in my overcoat and smoked—smoked all day, smoked till my nerves were in the condition of the tumbling waters. That night I didn't sleep for two reasons—immoderate smoking and the cold. I slept under a sheet and a light blanket. I couldn't get any more. There was another reason for my insomnia—I was homesick without Molly, but I would never have admitted it to her. Molly, I pined for the dry mountain air.

The second day was like the first, at least till noon, when I boarded a train and started to join Molly in the mountains. I spent the afternoon trying to think of a reason, not a trifling one, to give her for doing so. I reached her habitation at 10 o'clock at night, alas, to learn that she had gone away from it that morning. "You see," said the landlady, "we've been having steady weather here, and your wife got to thinking of the bright sun shining on the sands and the waves, and she said she couldn't stand it here. She must go to you."

Well, there was nothing to do but go to bed and take the train back the next day. But in the morning the sun rose bright and beautiful, gilding the peaks and leaving the valleys in contrasting shadows. The air was crisp and bracing. After all, Molly was right. My obstinacy was melted by the sunshine. I sent her the following telegram: Am here. You were right. Come back. About 11 o'clock I received one: Am here. Will wait for you to come back.

"I wonder," I remarked sotto voce, "if that infernal sun has taken it into his changeable but head to come out at the seashore as well as here."

What was I to do? What would Molly do? My experience with my dear wife gave me to understand that her reasoning would be something like this: "My husband is a man, and men are all obstinate. I'm not going to give in to him. I'm here, and here I'll stay. If he had been sensible at the outset, this wouldn't have happened." The reader may not understand this last statement, but I do, because I'm used to woman's logic—that is, Molly's logic. Thus thinking, I took the next train for the seashore, first telegraphing, of course, that I would do so. I struck a change in the weather during the aft-

noon. The sun went back under the clouds, and by the time I reached the ocean I was greeted by the most dismal sound in the world, a fog horn. At the hotel I found my telegram to Molly (temporarily) but not Molly. She had gone to join me in the mountains. "You see," said the landlady, "the sun rose clear this morning, and the air was very soft. Your wife decided to stay here and telegraphed you. But by 10 o'clock the fog came in, and she went right away."

"It was the fog," I remarked. "Nothing else would have done it." Well, I was mad. I was mad from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I was mad mentally, physically and in my very soul.

"What's the next train for the city?" I growled. "In an hour."

"Send that trunk back to the station right off—right off," I said; "not a moment's delay."

"That night at 10 o'clock I was sitting in my comfortable den at home, with a cold supper and a bottle of ale before me, a cigar ready in a box on the table, when I heard a carriage stop at the front door, then a latchkey turning. I stood on the landing looking downstairs. It was Molly.

"You here?" she said. I could tell from her tone that she was very angry.

"Yes. You too?" "Of all the stupid, obstinate, incorrigible men I ever knew you are the worst!"

"Are you hungry, dear?" "Starving!"

"I picked up some cold tongue and other things on my way home. Come up."

She came up (not smiling; oh, no, she didn't smile), but when she had finished half a tongue and drunk some ale she felt better and remarked:

"This is the last summer I'm going to make myself uncomfortable by going away. How nice the house does look!"

"Just so," I remarked, lighting a cigar. "You see, my dear, it wasn't that I was so obstinate, but that the weather was so changeable."

E. A. MITCHELL.

New Ships Not Up-to-Date.

British naval experts regard retooling engines as out of date and express great surprise that the United States is laying down two big battleships to be fitted with this kind of engines instead of turbines. Instead of experimenting with unknown remedies for ailments of the stomach, liver and bowels, why not get a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at once? It has been the recognized standard among medicines for all such disorders for over 54 years, and as it always pays to get the best—insist on having Hostetter's. In hundreds of cases it has effected a cure when all others had failed, so that you need not doubt its ability in your case. Try it if you suffer from poor appetite, cramps, diarrhoea, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, indigestion, female ill or malarial fever. It is pure and will do you a world of good.

Diarrhoea Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

C. I. 10 CENTS C. I. THAT'S ALL IT NOW COSTS TO GO TO THIS BEAUTIFUL RESORT. TAKE THE RED LINE CAR (THIRD AVENUE) TO END OF LINE IN MOLINE AND CHANGE TO RED OPEN CAR GOING EAST. A GRAND RIDE OF NEARLY 15 MILES AND IT ONLY COSTS A DIME. TOMORROW—SUNDAY—THERE'LL BE MUSIC, DANCING, BASE BALL GAME, BATHING, BOATING, AND MANY OTHER AMUSEMENTS. MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS SERVED AT THE "HOUSE IN THE WOODS." MOTHERS—BEFORE SCHOOL STARTS HAVE A PICNIC OUT HERE AND LET THE CHILDREN HAVE A BIG ROMP ON THE GRASS AND THROUGH THE COOL WOODS. TAKE THE TROLLEY TO CAMPBELL'S ISLAND C. I.

UP TO THE FINALS.

(Continued From Page Three.)

ful sample of golf. They played from scratch and made the round in 75, six under bogey, which won for them the medals awarded for this event. The record for the course is 74, which makes this two-man exhibition the more creditable.

Egan, in speaking of the play, gave Edwards a good share of the glory. He said that out of the six mistakes made Edwards was responsible for only two. Egan played as few as he himself is capable of doing, and Edwards put up a fine game and gave a splendid exhibition on the putting green.

Leon and Arlo Mitchell played as a team with Egan and Edwards and carried in the second gross score—80.

Their playing was good but they continually fell short on the putting green. Had it not been for the mistakes made there, the twins' score would have been but little inferior to the Chicago boys.

A peculiar incident occurred on the pasture, where Leon made a putt of about 15 feet. The ball stopped on the very edge of the cup and it seemed as though it would never go in. However it was noticed that it was moving and after a breathless watch of at least 30 seconds, the ball sank into the hole.

Score of Two Teams. The score card of the two teams follows: Out: Egan-Edwards 4 4 4 3 6 5 5 3 4—38. Leon & Mitchell 5 3 4 7 4 5 4 4—41. Bogey 4 6 4 4 6 5 3 5—42.

In: Egan-Edwards 6 4 4 5 3 5 3 3 4—37. Leon & Mitchell 7 4 5 5 3 4 4 3—29. Bogey 6 5 4 5 5 5 4 3 4—29.

The rest of the field played well. Many good scores were made which are noted in the accompanying table.

For those who do not know the difference between "two-ball foursome" and the ordinary game of golf it may be stated that in the former two men alternate in driving the same ball in stead of each individual using a separate ball. Usually two teams of two men each play together.

Egan a Worthy Champion. Chandler Egan is a youth of 23 years. He graduated from Harvard university when only 21 years of age. He is in business now with Samuel T. Chase of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance company of Chicago. He is a very



FOR BUSINESS OR OR DRESS WEAR our fabrics are ready for your selection for your fall suit. Our styles are ready for your choice also, and you can have your early fall suit under way and ready when you want it if you come in now and be measured at E. F. DORN, 1812 Second Ave.

CHANGE HOUR OF LEAVING

Elks Leave for Outing at 9:30 in the Morning.

At the meeting of the Elks last evening, arrangements were made for the steamer Pearson, which has been chartered to take the Elks to Peterson's Island tomorrow, to leave at 9:30 instead of 8:30 as was at first planned. This change was made because many of the local "Hills" like that late sleep too well. The boat will depart from the east Seventeenth street landing. The outing will be a stag picnic for Elks only. Big doughs have been planned, and a train load or so of provisions has been secured by the committee.

Guests. A wedding dinner and reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Shunning will make their home in Milan where a home has been prepared. Mr. Shunning is employed by the Tri-City Railway company.

Milan Young Lady Married in Clinton.—Miss Dessie O'Neal of Milan and Cecil Leroy Jackson of Oregon, Ill. have just announced their marriage which took place in Clinton, Iowa, Aug. 7 at the parsonage of the First Methodist church. Rev. T. M. Evans officiating. Mr. Jackson is employed in the Schlier Piano factory at Oregon having been formerly employed with the Artista Piano Player company until last winter when he removed to Oregon. His bride has assisted her uncle R. E. Little in the Milan postoffice. They will make their home in Oregon.

Celebrate Silver Wedding.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Holdorf of 412 Fourth avenue last evening celebrated the silver or 25th anniversary of their marriage, at Turner hall. A company of about 150 couples was present. A number of toasts were responded to, Mayor Olson of Moline acting as toastmaster. An elaborate dinner was served and an orchestra furnished music during the evening for dancing, which continued till a late hour. An unusually large number of handsome silver presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Holdorf. From out of town the following guests were present: Mrs. Pendergrass and daughter of Rockford, Miss Emilie and Margaret Holdorf of La Grange, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. George Norton of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. All of St. Louis, Mrs. Gibson of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Rounline of New York city and a large number from Davenport.

A San Francisco Physician. Uses Herculid Successfully in Treating Sycosis of the Beard.

He says: "I recently treated a case of sycosis (similar to barber's itch) of the lower lip with Newbro's Herculid. There was an extensive loss of beard with inflammation extending well down on the chin. The result of the application of Herculid was most gratifying. The loss of beard ceased and a new growth of hair is now taking place over the once inflamed area." (Signed.) Melville E. O'Neill, M. D., 845 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

Herculid kills the dandruff germ and permits the hair to grow abundantly.

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to the Herculid company, Detroit, Mich. Sold in two sizes, 50c and \$1. T. H. Thomas, special agent.

"Regular as the Sun" is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by W. T. Hartz, druggist, 301 Twentieth street, 25c.

DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by all druggists.