

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.



Wednesday, May 6, 1908.

Colonel Henry Watterson's "dark horse" comes up to the post wearing the familiar smile of W. J. B.

Cheer up! There are better days coming. The sun will get there after a while. He never has failed so far.

The young Indiana woman who gave George Ade that impromptu kiss probably discovered that George possesses a pronounced literary taste.

Boiling eggs without the use of water is the latest novelty exploited at one of London's leading hotels, and as the feat is accomplished directly before the customer, the new way of cooking generally attracts attention and comment. The water places a boxlike apparatus on the table and turns on a little electricity, and places the desired number of eggs in the heater. In about a minute and a half, or half the time consumed by the hot water process, the eggs are cooked to a turn.

No inconsequential part of our national wealth for the current year is the prospect that the fruit growers of Florida, which formerly furnished the entire American supply of oranges, will this year yield 8,000,000 boxes. This far exceeds any former crop in that state, where it was formerly supposed 6,000,000 boxes would be such a gift as to fill the market. Oranges, it is stated, will be excellent this year, and sell at reasonable prices. The market is assured of 20,000,000 boxes the coming winter from the two principle sources of supply. This choice tropical fruit reaches an abundance in this country which makes it a favorite in diligence of the great majority of our people.

The Weather Test.

Yes, this is disagreeable weather, but why should anyone surrender unconditionally to unpleasant thoughts, and why make those about him feel unpleasant because of your continued complaints about meteorological conditions?

The weather man doesn't care one whit about all the kicking, complaining and dismal pessimism, and by indulgence in bluntness, discouragement and complaint one makes conditions worse instead of better.

One and all are now being subjected to what may be termed the weather test.

The weakness of temperament, of character, and disposition of will power are now under the weather test.

Pick out the chronic complainer, the constant kicker, and you pick out a person detested by everybody. Don't be one of that class.

What good does it do to "kick"? It does harm, because it makes others unpleasant; so brace up; smile, and make others smile, and live optimistically in contemplation of the bright May days, the sunshine, the flowers, and all the accompanying blessings of nature which are being temporarily delayed, but which are certainly in waiting.

Cheer up; there are better, brighter days coming.

Making Democratic Votes.

Chicago Journal: When the majority of the ways and means committee assumes that the people of America are not yet fully alive to the iniquities of robber trusts, they are laying up retributive wrath against the political party that claims their allegiance.

If the ways and means members imagine that the people of America will bow to the dictatorship of a single congressional committee, in the face of an economic crisis, it merely shows how fatuous and purblind trust servants can become. Their masters, the trusts, with all their wealth, will be unable to stem the rising tide of revolt against tariff robbery.

The trouble with the ways and means committee is that it has become entirely aloof from the people. Its rulings in favor of the trusts are as automatic as a cash register. The majority of its members have apparently become mere lackeys to the combination of trust magnates who have decreed against tariff revision. They ignore the ground swell of popular revolt that is breaking down party lines, and may turn hundreds of thousands of western ballots against their party next November.

If the west is inflamed against predatory trusts, it is due largely to the specific acts of congressional leaders in turning down the pleas of western interests for relief from trust exactions. The arrogance of industrial trusts is a sectional blot. It arrays

the east against the west. The producing west is forced into economic slavery, as real as old time feudalism, and the trust barons maintain their position by owning the nation's law-making body.

The ways and means committee is manufacturing democratic votes for the November election faster than all the orators and spellbinders from Bryan down.

Enthusiastic for Lewis.

Our friend George M. Le Crone, editor of the Effingham Democrat, is enthusiastically for Bryan for president and James Hamilton Lewis for governor of Illinois. He thinks with such a leadership the democrats would carry the state and win a fight that would result in overthrowing corporation control of public affairs. He says in the current issue of the Democrat:

"Over in Nebraska, a republican state which is very democratic because of the fear of the influence of Mr. Bryan, a law was passed reducing the express rates 25 per cent. Of course the express companies are fighting the law. Here in Illinois, however, no effort is made to control or dislodge the corporations. The republican party is afraid to attack them. The men who direct and control the republican party in Illinois are men of great wealth whose interests are in the corporations. Until we elect a man like J. Hamilton Lewis, who, as corporation counsel of the city of Chicago, made the big corporations pay their taxes, we will continue to have such a doleful, do-nothing policy in Illinois. Elect J. Hamilton Lewis as governor and the corporations of this state will know that there is an able and courageous man at the throttle."

RECORD OF COURT HOUSE

Real Estate Transfers.

John A. Holmer to Forrest Donald, part block E, Childs' Second addition, Moline, \$2,000. Rock Island Plow company to Rock Island Stove company, part of Third street Lower addition, Rock Island, \$1. Jane S. Cable to Robert J. Hutchison, lot 17, block 12, Buford & Guyer's addition, Rock Island, \$250. E. H. Guyer to Robert J. Hutchison, lot 14, block 6, Buford & Guyer's addition, Rock Island, \$190. E. H. Guyer to Mathilda Hutchison, lot 15, block 12, Buford & Guyer's addition, Rock Island, \$250. Velle, McCabe & Guyer to James A. Hannah, lot 2, block D, Prospect Park addition, South Moline, \$225. M. E. Sweeney to Rock Island Stove company, all blocks 8, 9, 10, Lower addition, Rock Island, \$1.

ILLINOIS FACULTY MEMBERS

Important University Appointments Announced by President James.

Champaign, Ill., May 6.—President James of the University of Illinois yesterday announced additional faculty appointments. Dr. Raymond Weeks, professor of romance languages in the University of Missouri, is appointed professor of romance languages; Dr. Julius F. Goebel of Harvard university, one of the foremost German scholars in the United States, is appointed professor of German and head of the department of Germanics; Dr. Charles H. Mills of Syracuse university is appointed director of the school of music in place of Mr. Lawrence, resigned. He is a fellow of the Royal College of Organists. The appointments date from Sept. 1, 1908.

BANKERS CHOOSE DENVER

Executive Committee Picks Next Meeting Place.

Lakewood, N. J., May 6.—Denver will be the next gathering place of the American Bankers' association, according to the decision reached by the members of the executive committee of the association who met here yesterday. The session will be either in September or October, the date to be set by the committee.

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A CONVENTION PRIMER

Important Information Concerning Past and Coming National Political Conventions.

THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

Where and when was the first national Democratic convention held for the nomination of both president and vice president? At Baltimore May 20, 1835.

Who were nominated? Martin Van Buren of New York for president and Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky for vice president.

Was a platform adopted? No, nor was there any address to the people issued.

Who were the opponents of Van Buren in the election? William H. Harrison, Hugh L. White, Daniel Webster and William P. Mangum, all of whom received electoral votes.

Who were elected? Van Buren had 170 of the 294 electoral votes cast; but, as Johnson had only 147 (not a majority), the election of vice president was thrown into the senate, where he was elected by a vote of 33 to 16 for Francis Granger.

At what convention was the first Democratic platform adopted? At the convention held in Baltimore May 5, 1840, where Van Buren was renominated for president and Richard M. Johnson was renominated for vice president.

Were these candidates successful? No; they were overwhelmingly defeated by William Henry Harrison and John Tyler, who were nominated by the Whigs in national convention at Harrisburg in December, 1839.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS.

Her faithful subjects ever claim My Lady Nicotine Is really what a man might call A most engaging queen. But if we judge her by the ones With whom she keeps in touch, Her everyday associates, She isn't such a much.

My Lady Nicotine, indeed! You find her hanging out With politicians, red of face, And with the racing tout. Sometimes she trains with gentlemen And persons of that stamp. And farther down the line you find Her flirting with the tramp.

Suppose my lady takes a trip, Goes junketing afar. You find her with the common herd Back in the smoking car. Good cheer may be about the place And solid comfort there, But it has hardly what you'd call A lady's boulevard air.

Of course we must admit she is A democratic miss. The story of the inebriatum pipe Will give her equal bliss. No favorites the lady plays. The lowly and the grand Who come beneath her sway she rules All with an iron hand.

Differentiation. "Is lying ever justifiable?" "Never."

"But I have known some very well respected men to promise one thing and do another."

"Goodness, man, that isn't lying; that's business."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some things have merit because they have merit and some because they sound well.

Empty heads are much to be preferred to blockheads. At least you don't have to excavate before hoping to get results.

A live proposition is worth more than a dead ancestor, no matter how high he graded.

It isn't really so hard to get what we want as to recognize it when we get it.

The only difference between stinginess and generosity lies in the question of the beneficiary.

The best time to indulge in a fast for your stomach's sake is when you are out of cash and there is no pay day in sight.

For that tired feeling try an empty stomach applied internally and persisted in for forty-eight hours.

No sick person should look at the new moon over the left shoulder. He is apt not to feel well when he does so.

The man who has a pleasant way of being disagreeable has the use of a mighty big stick.

A good way to keep from feeling bored is to assume the guardianship of a small boy during vacation season.

To prevent bill collectors from annoying you, pay for all goods when they are ordered.

Question of Methods. An English lady suffragist fresh from the seat of war has been advising the ladies of this country to quit

pleading and coaxing for the ballot and to put on the boxing gloves, as it were with man.

That may be the only kind of argument that will reach the Englishman but in this country in the western states in which the ladies do as an frightened a job of plain and opinionated voting as their husbands and brothers they don't win out by brandishing a club or by shouting out the lights.

As we understand it, the western brother gave woman the light because she was such a dear creature that he couldn't refuse her request. Maybe if the Englishwomen would take a course in being agreeable by mail from the western girls they would be able to wind their man around the smallest of their fingers.



From the Old Man. My son, if you're wise You will not despise A word of advice from your dad If you think you are smart. That thimble impart To no one, to no one, my lad.

Just keep the thing hid And put in your bid For what you are sure you can swing. The chances are fair You'll take in your share Of dollars and that sort of thing.

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The Argus Daily Short Story

"The Lady in the Picture."—By Clarissa Mackie. (Copyrighted, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.)

"It is the portrait of my ancestress, Mistress Elizabeth Mowbray," remarked Dickson to his assembled guests. With one accord the four persons seated at the table in the great dining room turned and looked at the picture.

Framed in gold, it hung over the chimney piece, reaching almost to the lofty ceiling. It depicted the life size figure of a beautiful young woman in a pale gray gown in the fashion of a century past.

A large gray plumed hat rested on her dark hair, and about her shoulders was a loose rose pink cloak caught together by one slender hand, while the other held a plump spray of white lilies.

Dickson arose, glass in hand. "To Mistress Mowbray, always young, always beautiful and"—he paused and added, with a mischievous glance at his wife—"ever silent!"

There was laughter from the men and a merry protest from Mrs. Dickson as they drank the toast and resumed their seats.

"Rather an unfair advantage to take of Mistress Mowbray," objected Mark Randolph, with a glance toward the portrait.

"I am sure that Harry's insinuation is quite unjust," said Mrs. Dickson, with spirit. "Family history relates that Elizabeth Mowbray possessed a very pretty wit!"

"I suppose there is a story connected with the fair lady?" inquired Searles, with a smile at his host.

"There is," admitted Dickson cheerfully. "There is some tale about the ghost of Mistress Mowbray, who is said to step down from her portrait and walk about this room, leaving a fragrance of white lilies in her wake."

"Have you witnessed this apparition?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Never," replied Dickson, helping himself to walnuts, "but I will admit," he continued, with a quizzical glance at his pretty wife, "that I have detected the odor of white lilies in this room."

"When does the ghost walk?" asked Randolph.

"Invariably on the 13th of March," replied Dickson, leaning back in his chair and looking fixedly at the portrait. "We have never seen the apparition, but some of the servants claim to have seen it. It has so happened that we have never been at the hall on the 13th of March since our honeymoon. I recollect that we came downstairs one morning on the 14th of March and detected a strong odor of white lilies. As the conservatory was empty of plants and as there were no flowers of any sort in the house, it was rather a shock!"

"A shock!" interpolated Mrs. Dickson, with decision. "It was a positive shock to smell the odor of white lilies that morning, especially as old Hannah had regaled us with the story the night before."

"And so you have never waited up to see the ghost walk?" queried Randolph as he opened the door for his hostess.

"No. To tell the truth, we always run away," she laughed. "Suppose you come down on the 13th of next month and watch for Mistress Mowbray. Hannah will take care of you, and then you can report to us the result of your investigations."

"Agreed," he said readily, and as she left the room he returned to the table and remarked to the others, "Any volunteers to keep me company?"

"Not I," returned Searles quickly. "I shall be south about that tide."

"And we," said Dickson lightly, "will be in Egypt."

"I had forgotten that," said Randolph. "Nevertheless I shall accept Mrs. Dickson's invitation to run down here and make the acquaintance of fair Mistress Mowbray."

He was looking at the picture with dreamy abstraction in his eyes. "You admire my beautiful ancestress, then, Mark?" Dickson shot a keen glance at his friend.

"Yes," was the low response. "She reminds me of another whom I once knew."

On the 13th of March Randolph journeyed down to the sleepy old New England village where the Dickson homestead spread its comfortable wings behind sheltering elms, now leafless and sighing mournfully in the east wind. Within doors all was cheeriness and comfort, with soft lamplight and blazing fires.

When Hannah had cleared the dinner table and departed, Randolph threw himself into a huge easy chair before the fire in the dining room and looked up at the pictured face of Mistress Mowbray. He compared her face with that of another Elizabeth Mowbray, a cousin of Harry Dickson and also a descendant of the lady in the picture. It was an old story now, ten years old. He and Beth had quarreled, and she had returned his ring and gone back to her home in the south. They had never met afterward, but he had never forgotten her.

Randolph placed not the slightest credence in the story of the apparition of Mistress Mowbray, but the idea of spending an uninterrupted evening before the portrait appealed to him. Unable to longer withstand the glance of the tender eyes, he buried his face in the upturned palms of his hands and gave himself up to unhappy musings.

Hour after hour was tolled by the fall clock in the hall, and when the bell chimed 12 Randolph roused himself with a slight start from the half doze in which he had indulged.

Involuntarily he gazed at the portrait, and a great wonder came into his eyes. He wheeled his chair away from the fireplace and stared. He rubbed his eyes, looked about the softly lighted room and stared again.

There was the same youthful figure, with its gray plumed hat, gray gown and rose pink cloak caught together by one slender white hand. It was all as it had been before save that now there was life in it—life in the soft brown eyes and in a certain tremulous movement of the pink bowed lips.

With white face and unbelieving eyes he watched the figure step slowly down from the frame, and he saw the movement of the purple velvet draperies that formed the background.

She stepped upon the wide mantel-piece, which was devoid of ornament, and made an imperious gesture with her hand, and as she did so he was conscious of the heavy scent of white lilies from the branch she carried.

"My good sir, pray assist me to the floor," she said in a low, vibrant voice, as in a dream, Randolph hastily

fetches a chair and supplemented its height with a hassock. With grave courtesy he extended a hand to the lady on the mantel, and as she gave him the tips of her fingers he felt the warmth of flesh and blood.

Lightly she stepped down, gathering her skirts gracefully about her dainty gray shod feet, and presently she stood beside him, looking timidly at him from beneath the shadow of her long lashes.

"My God!" he muttered, staring from the vision before him to the empty frame above the chimney piece.

With a quick movement the girl slipped the pink cloak from her shoulders and removed the gray plumed hat from her crown of dusky hair. "It is only I, Mark," she said wistfully. "I don't understand—yet." He passed a hand over his dazed eyes.

She stepped forward and pressed upon a carved portion of the mantel. Instantaneously there was a movement, and the painted canvas swung into place with a little click. There was Mistress Mowbray in her accustomed place above the shelf, and beside him was—Beth.

"It is one of Harry's jokes," she explained in a low, breathless tone. "He wrote me a month ago and asked me to come here and enact the apparition of Mistress Mowbray. It was a favorite pastime when we were children, for there is a secret stair behind the chimney, and the portrait is really a door which opens upon it. Harry said that a 'skeptical friend' would spend the night of the 13th here and asked me to play the part. I was reluctant to do such a thing, but Harry has been very kind to me—and I consented. They did not tell me who the 'skeptical friend' would be, and it was a surprise to me when I looked down upon your upturned face."

She leaned against the tall back of a chair with down bent head and quivering lips.

"And you could have gone back—and away from me again—and I never would have known," he said, a vague wonder dawning in his eyes. She did not reply.

"But you stayed—you made yourself known—to me—you came down to me! What do you mean, Beth?"

She lifted her head slowly and looked at him through misty, joyous eyes, and he understood.

Hannah's voice broke crisply upon the blissful silence. "A cablegram, Mr. Randolph!"

Mark tore open the yellow envelope. "It is from Harry," he said, gathering his love into his arms, "and he says, 'Bless you, my children!'"

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