THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, $1 per year in advance.

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.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY

Wednesday, July 8, 1908.

Past tense, guff; present tense, Guffey; future tense, guffaw.

Bobby Burke could not get into the convention. Now, that is a shame.

The open season for campaign arguments and campaign canards will open this week.

The Houston Chronicle says the national election returns will show the big stick to be a boomerang.

No matter if they have banished the automobile from Bermuda; the smell of the onion will still remain.

Now they are using automobiles as hay wagons. This prompts a smart paragrapher to say that this is really the last straw.

These are the days when the statements in politics of one day are denounced as "absolutely false" the next day. Sometimes they are.

Great Britain has mobilized its giant home fleet for maneuvers. The St. Paul and other liners will please stay away and not spoil the demonstration.

Denver citizens are wearing buttons bearing the legend: "I live in Denver. Ask me." Taking the initiatve, one set of delegates, the Quincy Herald says, will disclose a button bearing this: "I live in Missouri. Show me."

The Chicago Tribune's tainted news service of the Denver convention is being received with open eyes and open mouths by the gullible of the g. o. p. These are the days when to the faithful of the opposition fiction is greater than truth.

Playing tennis at Sagamore Hill, riding, swimming, rowing three miles to a picnic ground, helping the farm hands get in the hay, felling trees to get up an appetite for luncheon—the "corking" time continues in the vacation season.

A great extension of the Siberian railroad is proposed along the river Amur, and as it has met with hearty approval on the part of the present ministry, it is likely to be constructed. It will open up 40,000,000 acres of corn land.

Representatives Charles E. Littlefield's criticism that "trust busting" is a mighty slow process is met with the reply that it is the fault of the law's delay. Certainly. Then, again, if the work had been cleaned up there would be no politics to follow up. Remember the new partner who settled a law suit off of which the firm had lived for years. If the trusts were "busted" and a protective tariff were wiped out there would be no excuse for the existence of the republican party; and do you suppose the republican party is going to legislate itself out of existence? Well, hardly. The republican party is the parent of the tariff and the trusts, and do you suppose it is going to crucify its own children? Well, hardly. It brought these things into existence; it will protect them as long as it lives; and when it cannot protect them it will pass from power.

A Reactionary.

The other day in addressing a large crowd assembled at the railroad station at Staunton, Va., Mr. Taft said:

"This is not a time for me to make a speech. Now that I am a candidate I am responsible to the party and have to be careful what I say."

Is Mr. Taft trying to fool some of his party by keeping mum?

Has Mr. Taft opinions and purposes that he is afraid to express for fear of losing votes? If so what are they?

Has Mr. Taft made a deal with the "interests" to abandon the Roosevelt policies? If not, why has he, "now that I am a candidate," ceased to declare his opinions and purposes?

Mr. Taft is certainly not a man of Mr. Roosevelt's type or he would not refuse to place himself on record.

Is he, Mr. Taft, a "trimmer?"

It looks very much as if he were little better than a reactionary.

Naturalized Citizens.

The federal authorities have instituted the first case, under a law passed two years ago to deprive a naturalized citizen, now living abroad, of his naturalization papers. The law provides that any foreigner who takes out naturalization papers in this country and then elects to live in a foreign country may have his naturalization cancelled, unless he takes the precaution of registering with the nearest American consul. The law was enacted to stop the abuses of American citizenship by foreigners who came to this country merely to become naturalized and then returned to their native land, claiming the privileges of American citizens and the protection of our government.

In the case in question, Abraham Moss was naturalized in this country in 1892. He left in a few months after securing his papers and has since been living in Pretoria, South Africa. He became involved in serious trouble with the South African government recently and promptly appealed to the state department at Washington for protection. The authorities, after investigating the case, began suit in the Pennsylvania district, where Moss has been admitted to citizenship, for the cancellation of his naturalization papers. Abuses of this kind have been numerous in the last few years and the government has made the commendable decision to put an end to them.

The Issue in the Illinois Election.

Chicago Journal: The political machine which is responsible for the scandals in state charitable institutions may realize the intensity of public feeling when it sees that the democratic party is going to make those scandals the issue of the next campaign.

Not only did democratic editors from every part of the state, in session at Springfield a short time ago, pass resolutions calling attention to the brutality in asylums and demanding that politics be eliminated from state institutions, not only are they now arousing the public in their districts to the shocking conditions that prevail, but democratic political leaders in all sections are telling the people that only through democratic success next fall can the present system be altered.

Unless the republican party promptly and vigorously disavows the methods that have been used in charitable institutions, condemns the men responsible for them and pledges itself to banish politics from future appointments, it will have difficulty in maintaining control of Illinois.

The people's patience is exhausted, and they demand that hereafter unfortunate citizens shall be treated humanely and not be turned over to the mercy of brutal, conscienceless, money-grabbing political workers.

The Passing of Betsy.

Is Betsy Ross going to join the company of exploded historical beliefs, asks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

William Tell, Romulus and Remus, to say nothing of the wolf, Achilles, Agamemnon, Aeneas and the widow Dido, were robust historical personages 50 years ago. Now they are figures of speech, representing what Max Muller called the degeneration of language.

How can we say that a thousand years hence some learned professors will not tell us that Napoleon and William Pitt, Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were versions of the sun myth, which has dissolved so many historical facts and personages into thin air of pretty fiction?

NEWS OF THE NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page Two.)

Ridge attended the recital given by the pupils of Miss Lindsay Oliver on Thursday evening and remained over night with Miss Jennie McConnell.

Miss Sturgeon, head milliner at Wait's store, has closed a successful season and will leave shortly for St. Louis.

Fay Schoonmaker and Harold Minteer returned from a short visit in Bradford last Thursday evening.

Rev. Mr. Rigg and family of the Baptist church left for their new home in Casey, Ill., last week. Their many friends here regretted to see them go. As yet the church has not called a successor to Mr. Rigg.

Misses Clara and May McConnell expect to spend next week with relatives in DeKalb, Ill.

Mrs. Milo Cooper has been spending a few weeks at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McAdam.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Olson and family visited over Sunday with friends in Rock Island.

Miss Catherine Farwell spent several days last week with her aunt, Mrs. Henry McCaw. Mr. McCaw has been at Hot Springs, Ark., for some time with the hope of improving his health.

The baseball game which was announced for the Fourth at Sherrard, in which the Reynolds nine expected to participate, was called off on account of the wet weather.

Dr. C. C. Johnson spent Monday in Rock Island.

George E. Davison of Jacksonville joined his family here, who have been spending several weeks with Mrs. Mary Sperling. Mrs. Sperling expects to dispose of her property and return home with them.

Mrs. Sadie Mayall and Miss Emma Johnston went to Davenport Monday with their niece, Verna Vance, who underwent an operation for throat trouble. Dr. Banning performed the operation, which proved very successful.

L. O. Hollopeter has sufficiently recovered from the injuries he sustained in a fall from the elevator, to use a wheel chair.

Mrs. Brookman of Iowa is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. O. Hollopeter.

Miss Stella Cooper returned home Monday after spending a week with friends near Milan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Nixaorf of Aberdeen, S. D., are expected to arrive here about July 10 for a visit with friends in this vicinity.

Charles W. Haifele of Chicago intends to spend the latter part of this week with home folks and attend the Orangemen's picnic on Saturday.

James Irwin lost his favorite driving horse last week.

Kenneth Ferguson of Rock Island is the guest of his friend, Russell Olson.

HAZEL DELL.

John Powell is building an addition onto his residence. Baker & Ellsworth are doing the work.

The celebration held at Mardock's grove July 4 by the M. W. A. camp of Eliza was well attended. A good program was given. Rev. Mr. Elliott of Muscatine delivered an excellent address and several selections were well sung by the Men's quartet of Eliza.

Miss Bertha Littlejohn of Beatrice, Neb., visited Wednesday and Thursday with her cousin, Mrs. Ross Kennedy. Miss Littlejohn is on her way home from Cleveland, Ohio, where she has been attending school. Mrs. Kennedy returned with her to Beatrice, where she will visit relatives for several months.

Miss Hazel Hays visited Saturday evening and Sunday with Mrs. Frank Vanatta of Foster.

Several of the young people of this neighborhood attended the graduation exercises of the Muscatine business college held in Muscatine.

Mrs. Thomas Searight and daughter of Fruitland, Iowa, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Barlett.

Cassie and Perry Crittenden of Blairstown, Iowa, are visiting friends and relatives near here and at Eliza. They expect to remain about four weeks.

TAYLOR RIDGE

Everett Crawford of Davenport is spending a few weeks with his grandfather, W. F. Crawford.

Mrs. Frie and niece, Miss Moore of Iowa, were visitors at the home of Sam Carothers.

Mrs. Rouse and Mrs. Thomas were passengers to Rock Island and back Friday.

Mrs. S. O. Heath was a Rock Island caller Friday.

John Miller accompanied his aunt, Mrs. Huelitt, to Rock Island Friday.

Miss E. M. Shannon of West Liberty is visiting with her friend, Miss Hilda Carlson.

Joe Heath, wife and child of Harlan, Iowa, were visitors over the Fourth at the home of James Miller.

W. F. Crawford left for Chicago Tuesday with two cars of hogs.

Miss Abbie Huber of Rock Island is spending the summer months at home.

Mrs. Cora Brookman and daughter Doris of Center Point, Iowa, returned home Tuesday after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Brookman's parents.

RECORD OF COURT HOUSE

Real Estate Transfers.

James H. Green to Sarah Ellen Bruner, lot 5, block 20, Brigham's addition to Cordova, $125.

Frank S. Cool to S. W. Bruner, lot 4, block 20, Brigham's addition to Cordova, $50.

Willard L. Velie to Nestor L. Anderson, lots 133 and 134, Emma D. Velie's addition to Moline, $1,100.

Albert G. Cramer to Harry H. Cleaveland, part lot 19, S. J. Aiken's subdivision to South Rock Island, $300.

M. B., S. & Loan association to Marie R. Sorensan, lot 3, Candee's sub-division, outlot 2, Candee Grove, Moline, $850.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and $1. Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second avenue, Rock Island; Gust Schlegel & Son, 20 West Second street, Davenport.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

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Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

GOOD CATCH.

In cool, sequestered country glade
Beside a babbling brook
A maiden sat upon the bank
And angled with a hook.
She didn't get a single bite,
But little did she care,
Because, if you must know the truth
Her thoughts were far from there.

Young Johnny Jones came swinging down
The path that led to where
The maiden sat beside the brook
And caught her unaware.
He paused. She looked at him and smiled,
And Johnny understood,
And then he asked her if she found
The fish were biting good.

Then one thing to another led,
As one thing always will,
And Johnny Jones sat down to watch
Her fish insnaring skill.
The finny folks were kind and did
Not try to interfere,
And soon he moved up close where he
Could whisper in her ear.

His arm stole slyly round her waist.
She didn't mind a mite,
For she was rather fond of him,
And no one was in sight.
To catch a pretty string of fish
Alone had been her plan,
But she was more than satisfied
Because she caught a man.

Ought to Get Himself Copyrighted.

The man from Mars came down to the earth on one of his regular periodical visits. He had been coming so often of late that a policeman recognized him.

"What now?" asked the policeman. "Studying sociology?"

"Nop," said the man from Mars, who had fallen into the vernacular.

"Going to look at the foolish things we do and make sarcastic comments?"

"Not this time."

"What then?"

"I am going to see the comic magazines and collect royalties from them. They have been using me long enough without pay."

Different.

"What did he say to you?"

"Not a thing; that's the trouble."

"Why?"

"He didn't do a thing to me either."

Trial Order.

"Department stores that claim to handle everything should have husbands displayed on their counters in plain figures."

"So you could leisurely look them over and make a choice?"

"Not that so much as it would give an opportunity to return them if they did not prove satisfactory."

Accomplished.

"So your girl has gone away."

"Yes; she took French leave."

"How could she do that? I thought she didn't speak anything but German."

Slow, but Sure.

It is not always what we say
That makes us great and good.
The winner often patiently
Says nothing and saws wood.

In Danger.

"What is her name?"

"Kittie."

"Does the rat in her hair know it?"

No Cold Storage Mothers.

"Are these strictly fresh eggs?"

"They are. The hens I deal with don't lay any other kind."

Not His Fault.

"Did you know that the body was two-thirds water?"

"Well," said the misguided one, raising his glass, "I am trying my best to overcome that."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

When a girl begins to learn how to bake bread and do the family marketing there's apt to be something doing in the matrimonial market.

An engaged girl thinks flirting is cruel as well as silly.

If a college youth were able to do all he knows he can do, the sudden growth of the universe would cause an explosion of the whole.

Lots of girls are sorry for the dukelets and princelings because the girls have no money.

Sometimes being violently opposed to a man is the highest compliment to be paid him. It all depends.

The strange noises heard around in various parts of the country might be the office calling to the man, and then again it mightn't.

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Soda Crackers with *snap* to them
Soda Crackers with *taste* to them

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The Argus Daily Short Story

The Taking of Lorena.—By Anne Heilman.

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Although it was the second week in May, there were sudden and chill whiffs of wind from the north, accompanied by flying particles of ice and snow, grim warning that winter had not yet renounced its sway in the northland.

Floyd Jordan, striding down the steep mountain trail, halted irresolutely near the abrupt turning at Farrell's bluff. He appeared to be meditating deeply. Suddenly he threw up his head, squared his shoulders and hurried on, not in the direction of the boarding house in the gulch, but toward Farrell's cabin.

Farrell's cabin consisted of two log houses joined together and chinked with mud. There were other cabins of the same simple architecture scattered over the mountain side and nestled in the gulches, but white curtains hung at the Farrell windows, and the windward side of the living room was hung with gay Navajo blankets.

The brown fur of a mountain bear was on the floor, and its mate was spread luxuriously beneath the red pillows of a couch. And, set like a torch in the south window, a geranium, potted in a brilliant Indian basket, lifted its scarlet bloom.

But Jordan felt without seeing this harmony. He was looking into the face of the girl who had opened the door. It was a face of light and shade which spoke the swift thought before the voice found words, a face to hold a man's glance in a crowd. Closing the door, she resumed her seat by the fire without replying to Jordan's genial greeting.

He seemed to fill the room. Six feet two and broad shouldered, he looked even larger in the clumsy canvas coat, corduroys and high laced boots of the prospector. He whipped his hat against his knee, evidently disconcerted by the girl's hostile attitude.

"That you, Floyd Jordan?" inquired a voice from the inner room.

"Yes, Mrs. Farrell. How're you feeling?"

"Some better, I'm glad to say. Set down and warm yourself, Floyd. 'Tain't to be wondered at that people have rheumatism in a land where there is ten months' winter. If you'll shut the door, Lorena, I'll get up and dress."

Lorena closed the door.

"Floyd Jordan, what are you coming here again for?" she burst out suddenly.

"Wouldn't be very neighborly not to drop in with your mother sick and your dad away, would it?"

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you?" she said fiercely, taking a few steps toward him. Even in that critical moment, with her eyes blazing unjust and unreasonable anger, the miner's heart throbbed acknowledgment of the tall, pliant, reedlike grace before him.

"Yes, Lorena, but I have just a little hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I mean it when I tell you I've heard how you bragged to the boys at the store that you could take me whenever you got good and ready?"

"I never said it in that way. Some one has garbled my words to suit their own purpose. Why, I've loved you from the first time I ever set eyes on you. I've been thinking of building a cabin on my claim—if you'll have me, Lorena. If you won't I'll sell out and go to the States."

"You can't go any too quick to suit me," answered the girl, her voice tense with scorn. "And you can tell them loafers at the store that I'm not to be taken so easily, I'd rather die than marry you, Floyd Jordan."

"I reckon that settles it," said Jordan, rising and buttoning his coat. "Please tell your mother goodby for me," and he was gone.

"Lorany Farrell, what have you been and done?" demanded her mother, limping into the room in her stocking feet. "You know's well as I do that Floyd never said nothing to nobody about you! The Blake girls made it all up, jealous 'cause you'd caught the likeliest young feller in the camp. You've driven him away for good this time. "He'll keep his word—he always does—and go to the States."

She re-entered the bedroom for her shoes, and Lorena stealthily opened the door and looked after her lover's retreating figure. He had almost reached the bluff. If he passed it she knew she would never see him again. Something stirred in her throat. The long stretch of trail that ran away through the dreary landscape seemed like her life, and Floyd was going out of it. Her heart yearned for him. What would her life be without him?

"Lorany, where are you?" called Mrs. Farrell, emerging from the bedroom fully shod. The girl was not in the room. Her mother opened the door and looked out, but a wall of whirling white met her vision.

"My God!" she gasped. "The child's gone after him."

She knew the risk. All morning the storm had been brewing, and now it thundered by, a veritable blizzard, the sort that swoops down on the northwest territory as late as June and as early as August. It compels the settler to string a wire from house to stables; it sets men circling in the snow; it catches little children coming home from school and buries them in monstrous drifts.

A knock sounded on the door, and Floyd entered, noisily stamping the snow from his feet.

"Thought I'd come back and have another talk with Lorena," he began.

"Oh, Floyd, she's gone after you!" cried the distracted woman, wringing her hands. "I saw her footprints pointing toward the bluff. She got sorry right after you left."

"I'll find her," said Floyd quickly. "Don't worry." And he dashed back into the storm.

When Lorena softly closed the kitchen door she could just see Floyd rounding the bluff.

"Floyd! Oh, Floyd, come back!" she called, all her reserve gone, her fierce pride thrown to the stormy winds that blew the fringe of her shawl into her eyes.

Realizing that he could not hear her, she started after him, but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from view.

She hurried on, calling his name repeatedly, but the furious wind tore at her breath and walled her about with fleecy clouds. She never even made the bluff.

And when she found that she had missed it and tried to retrace her steps the drift had filled her tracks. If she could only strike the trail! In desperation she turned to the right and turned to the left, but one turn offset the other.

Thus she struggled on and on and still on until in spite of the biting cold the perspiration burst from every pore. This was well enough as long as she kept moving, but when the time came that she must stop she would freeze all the quicker for her present warmth.

This, being born and bred of the northland, Lorena knew, and the knowledge kept her toiling, toiling on until her tired limbs compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She leaned panting against a rock, all unconscious of a pair of eyes which glared from a willow thicket near by.

While she rested the green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked the grinning jaws hungrily, and forth from his covert stole a lank, gray wolf.

Lorena uttered a frightened cry. This was no coyote, to be chased with a stick, but a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, strong as a mastiff. He emitted low snarls as he slunk in half circles across her front. He was undecided.

So while he circled, preparing for a spring, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Lorena fell back—back toward the bluff, keeping her white face always to the creeping beast.

With sudden inspiration she took off her heavy shawl and threw it, blanket-wise, over the wolf's head and then fled desperately. Once clear of the shrub she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling, to rise again and push her flight.

Of direction she took no heed. Her only thought was to place distance between herself and the famished brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused to rest, out of the drab drift stole the lank, gray shadow.

With a terrified shriek Lorena ran and ran and ran as the tired doe runs from the hounds. At last she stopped, spent, unable to take another step. Looking around, she saw the wolf, licking his hungry jaws, crouching for the final spring. With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees and closed her eyes.

Just then two shots rang out in quick succession. Looking up, she saw Floyd Jordan, with his smoking revolver in his hand, standing over the prostrate beast.

"Floyd, oh, Floyd!" she sobbed as he came to her with eyes tender and anxious. He picked her up from the snow, wrapped her in his coat and held her against his breast.

The storm was lifting. Farrell's cabin could be plainly discerned not a quarter of a mile distant.

"I'm dead sure now I'll build that cabin on my claim," Floyd said as they started homeward.

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