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.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY

Friday, March 5, 1909.

Mr. Roosevelt has promised to write when he gets to Africa.

Mr. Taft could not rattle around in the presidential chair if he was to try.

Well, the Tri-City Press club has finally succeeded in getting a member in the White house.

Have you stopped to think along with the other good things that it is ex-Senator Hopkins, too?

And that is about the last you will hear of James Schoolcraft Sherman unless the unexpected happens.

The new president got a frost at the outset, which all regret, but let us hope the famous smile will melt it.

Visitors at Seattle during the coming summer will see trees 2,000 years old, grown expressly for the exposition.

A lawyer called a judge a pig, and the jurist politely called the fresh barrister another by consigning him to the pen.

No one ought to object to a raise in the presidential salary. Does it not take a big Bill to run the White house now?

Nearly $30,000,000 is to be expended this year on automobile tires, not counting the value of the wind pumped into them.

If Great Britain doesn't rise up as a nation and have apoplexy when the first covey of airships flies across the channel it will exhibit more poise than is expected of it by its closest friends.

France has sentenced a waiter to four years' imprisonment and after that to five years' banishment for pulling the whiskers of President Fallieres, which demonstrates that the chin adornment in question ranks a close second in sacredness to the beard of the prophet.

Isaac Stephenson, who was re-elected to the United States senate from Wisconsin yesterday on the 23rd ballot of the Wisconsin legislature, receiving 63 out of 123 ballots cast, is a wealthy lumberman, farmer and banker of Marinette. He was first elected senator in 1907 to fill the unexpired term of John C. Spooner, which ended yesterday. From 1883 to 1889 Mr. Stephenson was a representative in concongress. He was born in New Brunswick in 1829 and came to Wisconsin to work on a farm in 1841. In the primary election last fall it was charged that he spent a large amount of money to corrupt voters. An investigation by the senate disclosed that his expenses were $107,793, and that he distributed money to politicians, editors and clergymen.

Knew the Presidents.

General James Grant Wilson, in his Lincoln reminiscences in Putnam's Magazine, refers to a Philadelphia pioneer who had known all the presidents from Washington to Grant. He writes:

"While many have known both Lincoln and Grant, and a few, perhaps, were acquainted with both Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware there was but a single one who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That person was the leader of the Philadelphia bar, Horace Binney, with whom I spent a memorable evening in the year 1874. On that occasion he told his guests that he had known Washington, his mother living in Market street adjoining the president's residence; that he had seen the general almost daily for several years when he himself was a school boy, and was always recognized and frequently spoken to by Washington, who knew him as his friend Mrs. Binney's sin. The venerable man also mentioned the interesting fact, that he had been acquainted with every president of the United States up to the time of General Grant, during whose second administration he passed away at the great age of 95."

The Defeat of the Ship Subsidy Bill.

The ship subsidy bill came up in the house in the closing days only to suffer defeat. Of this, all are glad. There was a strong lobby behind it, actively working on the floor of the house, determined to secure victory if possible.

The measure is a most vicious one, its only purpose being to loot the treasury of the United States. The measure proposed to pay the big mail ships $4.60 per nautical mile outward bound on routes of 4,000 miles or more to South America, the Philippines, Asia and Australasia.

In every session of congress for years this, or some similar bill, has been presented and urged, with all the force that the secret pecuniary interests behind it have been able to impart to it. Fortunately, there are some republicans, as well as democrats, in congress whose eyes are open to the selfish character of the bill, and are ready to unite with the democrats in defeating the scheme to take from the treasury of the country every year a large sum to enrich the owners of big steamships.

The Bleached Flour Ruling.

The department of agriculture is evidently determined to rigidly enforce its ruling preventing the bleaching of wheat flour, in face of the strong opposition offered by certain manufacturers and millers. Secretary Wilson has made this plain in answer to a rule to show cause, in the federal, why a writ of mandamus should not be issued to prevent him from prosecuting violations of the anti-bleaching order recently promulgated by the department.

The mandamus was asked by a St. Louis concern which alleges that it makes machinery used in the bleaching, and that if the order is carried out its business will be entirely destroyed. Secretary Wilson replies by declaring the request for the mandamus a "meddlesome intrusion" and stating that flour bleached by the use of nitrogen peroxide is lowered in quality and is deleterious to health. The process, he declares, is a violation of the pure food law and must be abolished.

Taking it for granted that the department is right about the harmful effects of the bleaching process the secretary will be commended for enforcing the ruling. The millers will not suffer if they are all compelled to abandon the process and all furnish flour of the natural color.

The makers of the machinery for the bleaching process will of course lose, but their profit or loss should not be considered when the question of the public health is involved.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

[Society news, written or telephoned to the society editor of The Argus, will be gladly received and published. But in either case the identity of the sender must be made known, to insure reliability. Written notices must bear signature and address.]

Hostess at Pre-Nuptial Shower.—Mrs. Frank McConnell entertained a party of 21 ladies at her home in Bowling Wednesday afternoon at a pre-nuptial shower in honor of Miss Hattie Kain, whose marriage occurs in the near future. The rooms were tastefully decorated in red and white. The afternoon was devoted to games and music. In the bean contest Miss Millie Wilson received first prize and Mrs. Clarence Liekefett second. In the flower contest, Mrs. Robert H. Johnston received first prize and Miss Hattie Kain second. In the peanut contest Miss Maude Derrick was awarded first prize and Miss Pearl Derrick second. A dainty three course luncheon was served by Mrs. McConnell, and the bride-to-be received numerous beautiful gifts.

Towel Shower for Bride-Elect.—Miss Myrtle Kittilsen entertained a company of 25 young ladies at a towel shower last evening for Miss Lulu Geisberger, whose marriage to Otto Rogers will take place March 25. A progressive bridal game was played, the prizes being awarded to Miss Frances Schafer and Miss Ollie Johnson of Moline. The house was decorated in green and white color scheme and with bells, hearts and cut flowers. A delicious course lunch was served during the evening. Miss Geisberger received 33 towels, each being accompanied by a verse appropriate to the occasion. The Misses Grace Knowles and Ollie Johnson of Moline will entertain for Miss Geisberger March 15.

Organize Chorus.—The ladies' chorus in connection with the Rock Island Musical club was organized at a meeting at the Harper house yesterday afternoon. A chorus will be limited to 50 voices, 40 ladies being present at the meeting. Mrs. Edla Lund will direct the chorus and rehearsals will be held once a week. Schubert's Serende, a lullaby by Mendelssohn, and a lullaby by Brahms were studied. The chorus will be four part, first and second soprano, and first and second alto. It is the aim of the chorus to sing at each meeting of the club. The centenary of both Chopin and Mendelssohn will be celebrated at one of the first meetings of the newly organized club.

Celebrates Birthday Anniversary.—Mrs. William Sehnert at her home, 702 Fourth avenue, yesterday afternoon entertained the members of the N. G. O. club at a party in honor of her birthday anniversary. The house was quite prettily decorated in red, white and blue. Cards were played during the afterndon, prizes going to Mrs. Henry Gear, Mrs. H. Fitzsimmons and Mrs. Jennings. A course lunch was served, covers being laid for 25. The hostess received a number of handsome gifts.

King's Daughters Meet.—In His Name circle of King's Daughters met yesterday afternoon with Miss Mabel Bruner, 1116 Twenty-first street. Miss Mary Simpson was elected as leader of the circle to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Evangeline Casteel, who is out of the city and unable to attend to the duties of the office. The daughters decided to give a St. Patrick's day tea at the home of Miss Edna Carl on St. Patrick's day. Light refreshments were served after the business session.

Surprised on Birthday.—Miss Jessie Flannigan was surprised by a company of friends last evening at her home, 2402 Fifth-and-a-half avenue, on the occasion of her birthday anniversary. The house was beautifully decorated in pink and white. A six course supper was served and the evening spent with games and vocal and instrumental music. Miss Flannigan received many pretty gifts including a two and a half dollar gold piece from each of her parents.

Smith-Anderson. — Miss Florence Christine Anderson of Minneapolis and Charles J. Smith of Torreon, Mexico, were married this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the parsonage of the First Methodist church by Rev. R. B. Williams, who used the ring service. Mr. Smith is a locomotive engineer and he and his bride will make their home in this city.

Entertains for Visitor.—Miss Alice Quinlan was the hostess last evening at her home, 930 Nineteenth street, to a company of 12 young ladies at a party in honor of Miss Ruth Capps of Springfield, who has been the guest of Miss Garnett Warren. A delightful evening was passed with instrumental and vocal music and games of various kinds. A nice course luncheon was served during the evening.

W. R. C. Sociable.—Buford corps No. 66, Woman's Relief corps, will give a sociable in Memorial hall this evening. There will be a good program and light refreshments will be served. The public will be welcome to this entertainment which will begin at 7:30.

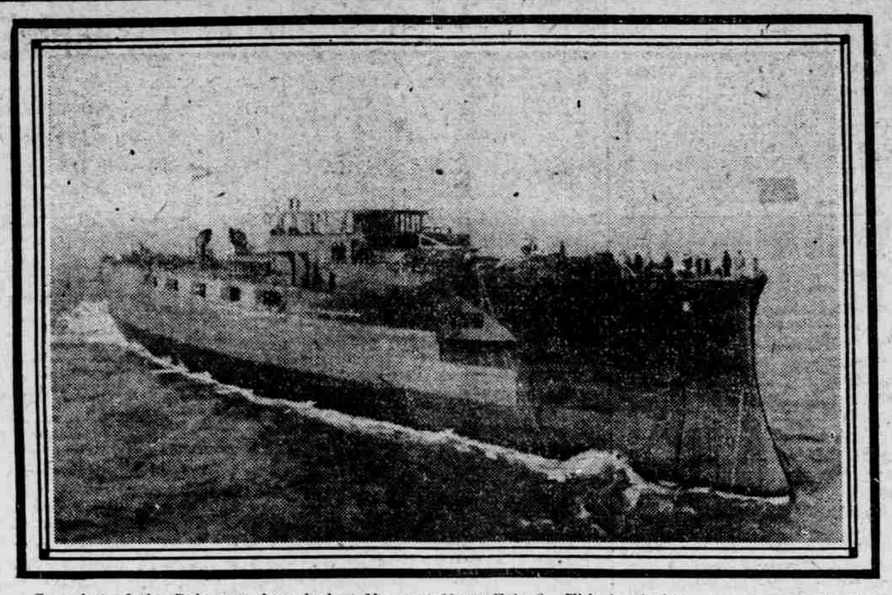
Tax Notice.

Your taxes, real and personal, are now due. You can pay the same at my office, with Schriver & Schriver attorneys, 1712½ Second avenue. Office hours, 9 to 11:45 a. m., and 2 to 4:45 p. m. Open Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

J. B. JOHNSON, Collector.

Please bring last year's tax receipt with you.

MOST POWERFUL FIGHTING MACHINE IN WORLD



Snapshot of the Delaware, launched at Newport News Feb. 6. This battleship when completed will be the largest ship in the navy. It is 518 feet 9 inches long and 85 feet wide, displacement 26,000 tons. It will cost when completed $10,000,000.

The Argus Daily Short Story

IN LILAC DAYS---BY GERTRUDE MANSFIELD.

"Eh, what's that?" Alan Berresford, tall, athletic, good looking, swinging at a rattling pace down the city streets, flung around as an odor, faint, fragrant, delicious, assailed his nostrils. "Lilacs, by Jupiter!"

Lilacs, in truth. The street stand at the corner brimmed over with them—great purple swaying plumes of sweetness among their cool, green, smooth, heart shaped leaves.

"Lilacs, sir?" The swarthy skinned young vender evidently expected a liberal purchaser.

"Yes—no; wait a minute!" And this prosperous man of affairs, whose dictum could shake the board of trade building over on Lasalle street to its foundations, stood looking absently at the flowers, lost in retrospection.

Lilacs! He saw all at once the quaint home in a pretty, peaceful country town. He saw, too, the overgrown old garden where the peonies and gooseberries interlaced silken stems and briery branches, and farther back still, just where the emerald slopes of the orchard came gently dimpling down, a secluded green stretch of pathway. At either side a row of lilac bushes grew higher than a man's head—a way of bloom and beauty, of overwhelming fragrance. Lilac lane they called it. And when the moon rose and set shifting shadows about the place it was a luminous mosaic of moving leaves and silvery lights where he and Elsie walked.

"Lilacs, sir?"

"Yes—a lot." Berresford pulled himself together with a start. Ah, that all seemed so long ago! Had he been letting himself drift into a sentimental dream—here, in broad daylight, on one of the most crowded streets of a great city? He glanced around half guiltily.

Then, with a little cynical smile and shrug of his shoulders, he turned to the Greek flower seller. "Send those to my hotel." He motioned to a great earthen jar full of the beautiful blooms. He penciled name and number on his business card and handed it to the man with a bill.

Then, receiving his change, he walked on, the scent of the lilacs still seeming to perfume the surging city street.

"Hello, Berresford!"

But the man addressed apparently did not hear. In this place of blare and bustle his thoughts had gone astray. He was no longer walking down the street of a western metropolis.

He was walking with a girl in a gown of palest rose and green through the changeful lights and shadows that flickered over Lilac lane.

"Hold on, Alan! What is the matter with you? You'll get run over the first thing you know! Can't you speak to an old friend?"

Berresford swung around. An old friend! All the dreaminess went out of his eyes. His jaws were set—hard. Yes, a Judas friend—one who could and did betray! And that now, just now, in this crowded city street he should loom up—he who had been responsible for such disillusion, such sorrow, such loneliness!

"Ronald!" he cried in scorn. "How dare you speak to me?"

Amazement was apparent on the face of the man who had addressed him. "Alan Berresford, have you gone clean daft? Why should I not speak to you? We who sat side by side in the same school, went swimming in the same creek, went sweethearting together"—

Berresford controlled himself with an effort. Men were passing whom he knew—whose salutations, deferential and admiring, he mechanically acknowledged. The necessity for self control was obvious. "We must not attract attention," he said. "Let us walk on."

And walk on in silence they did. It was not until they had gone several blocks that Beresford could control himself sufficiently to explain his repudiation of Ronald Dever.

"It is a queer coincidence," he said, "that you should have spoken to me just when I was dreaming of the little old town in which we both grew to manhood." He had himself so well in hand now that he spoke almost dreamily.

"Of course I was thinking most of the Rivers' home, where we both used to visit. You probably know that I was engaged to Elsie Rivers when that fortune—which is the cornerstone of

"HER DROOPING FACE I COULD NOT SEE DISTINCTLY."

my wealth today—was left me, and I was obliged to go abroad to claim it."

The other gave a startled glance. "No; I never knew that!" he said.

Berresford pressed his lips tightly together before he spoke again. "It was midwinter when I left—springtime when I returned. And, of course, I went at once to our old home town. Elsie was out, her mother said, somewhere around the grounds. I went immediately to our old trysting place in Lilac lane. There was the same familiar walk, all odorous with bloom and the moonlight falling in a thousand shifting lights and shadows, just as I always loved to remember"—

His voice broke curiously. His companion, a slight, dark man, younger than he, looked at him with frank anxiety in his eyes.

"She was there," went on Berresford. "So was a man whose arm encircled her as they walked. Her head almost touched his shoulder. Her drooping face I could not see distinctly, but the height and walk were those of Elsie, whom I had called my Elsie. I believe," with a sudden chill change of tone, "that is all I need explain, Dever!"

"No," said Dever quietly, "it isn't quite all. Who was her escort? Who was the man?"

A great wrath shook Berresford from head to feet. He whirled around upon his companion, white to the lips. "You!" he cried. "You, Ronald Dever! I saw you distinctly. You were the man!"

Dever spoke in a level and commanding voice. "Come! Let us walk still a little farther. Neither you nor I can afford to invite public comment. I hope to prove to you that you have been mistaken."

Startled, but incredulous, Berresford accepted the suggestion.

"What made you turn, like another Enoch Arden, and leave the place?" Dever asked.

"Because, being supplanted in my absence, I was another Enoch Arden!" came the reply, passionately spoken.

"Listen. After you went abroad Elsie's cousin came to live with her. They were of the same height and general appearance, although when considered together they do not look alike. I fell in love with Laura. She has been my wife for three years, and—a mighty sweet wife she is. Will you dine with us tonight, Berresford?"

Berresford flushed and trembled like a girl. "It was she—not Elsie—that I saw with you?"

"Assuredly, as you might have discovered had you been less impulsive in your flight. He mentioned their address. "We'll expect you at 6."

"No, no; I must go at once to Elsie—if she will listen, if she will forgive me. But there may now be some other person, some other claim."

"There isn't any one but you. I don't think there ever would or will be. But come to dinner at 6, as I said. Elsie is just now visiting at our home."

"What?" shouted Berresford. "Give me that card with your address—quick! Hi, cabby! Double fare if you make good time! Wait until 6, indeed. Well, I guess not!"

Then he was being driven swiftly southward, and for him all the world—the gracious, sweet, delicious, springtime world—was full of the waving of lilac plumes, the prescient fragrance of lilac blossoms.

Plateau Plains of the West.

A phenomenal feature of the desert plains is the plateau plain. Mesas they are called in the southwestern United States and Mexico. These mesas, as their Spanish name signifies, are extensive, flat topped, table-like areas rising abruptly from the general plain to heights of from 100 or 200 feet to 1,000 feet or more. The great Mesa de Maya, in northeastern New Mexico, is 3,500 feet above the next lower plain. The surface of the plateau plain is usually found to be composed of some hard rock layer, as in the case of the vast Llano Estacado, or "walled plains," or staked plains, as it is called by the Texans, or is made up of an extensive lava flow—as, for example, the Mesa de Maya, the Ocate mesa and the majority of the plains of this kind. The surface beneath the lava flows of the mesas is itself a plain worn out on the beveled edges of the strata. The plateau plain thus represents a former position of the general plains level. It is the best example of circumdenudation through vigorous wind scour.—Popular Science Monthly.

Part of the Game.

"I come," said the great actress to the modest lawyer, "to engage you to get a divorce for me."

"I suppose you have a good case," said the lawyer.

"A perfect one," responded the actress.

"And want it got as quietly as possible," said the lawyer.

"Quietly as possible! I should say not! What is the use of getting a divorce, I'd like to know, if there is to be no advertising in it?"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

SEASONABLE.

Spring?
Where have we heard
That name?
Is it a game
Or a season?
Hist!
This is treason.
Spring is the dearest,
The nearest
Perfect creature
That ever came down
The pike.
Doesn't it strike
You that way?
Of course
There is spring,
And then
Again
There is spring.
You cannot pay
Your money and say
Which is your choice.
You have no voice
In that.
With the gentle brand
At hand
You smile,
While
With the other kind
You find
Fault and say
It is a crime
The way that winter
Is overstaying its time
But really could
Anything beat spring
When it is good?
Useless 'tis
For another to enter
When it holds
The center
Of the stage
And is all the rage
As the only season
In the almanac.

"Them Was the Days."

We wouldn't so much mind growing old if we could conceal the fact from friends and acquaintances.

No Optimist.

"You might as well laugh as cry, little girl."

"Why?"

"Because one will do just as much good as the other."

"Maybe, but it feels better to cry."

Their Failing.

"The women in the Balkans are about to take up arms."

"What for?"

"To shoot the enemy, of course."

"That will be hard on the cows in the neighborhood."

The Way He Does It.

"He always fights his own battles."

"Hard hitter, eh?"

"Not so you could notice it."

"What is his method?"

"Long distance talker."

Explained.

"He always goes to his club on Wednesday."

"Always?"

"I wonder why."

"Mother-in-law day at home."

Felt So.

"Oh, dear, I feel so old today!"

"Well, you are older than you ever were before."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

When the man who can tell you all about it is too busy to do so it is your lucky day.

A touch of conceit often keeps the milk of human kindness from getting in a ferment.

It is some satisfaction to reflect that we haven't been foolish every time we have had an opportunity.

Being divorced to a man seems like being burglarized so far as his purse is concerned.

A good financier is known by the loans he doesn't make.

It is easy to keep sweet when everybody is playing to suit us.

The way to be happy is just to be happy without lief or license from anybody.

There are people so careless with money that they use it to pay debts.

Some people laugh at their own expense and then make the audience give them a rebate.

It is somtimes hard to reconcile our ideas of fair play with the way things go with us.