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.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL ROCK ISLAND

Friday, April 30, 1909.

Mehemmed Reshed is a little longer name than Abdul Hamid, but probably it will not last half as long.

Hopkins is a great politician and wire-puller, but in this senatorial deadlock his wires seem to be badly crossed.

Now that the weather has gotten that twister out of its system, it is devoutly to be hoped it will soon learn to be good.

The sultan being deprived of his desirable job it will take some tall hustling on his part to provide for all those wives.

Springfield talks of a handsome new hotel but will probably suspend action until it is determined what disposition shall be made of the proposition to move the state fair to Peoria.

The benevolent expression on Mr. Aldrich's features, says the Terre Haute Star, shows plainly his secret feeling he is rocking the cradle of our teeney weeney infant industries.

It is said that $1,000,000 in gold weighs just as much as $8 worth of pig iron. The Philadelphia North American suggests that any one skeptical on this statement is privileged to get pig iron and a pair of scales and give it a test.

A Pennsylvanian who failed with the usual missiles in dispersing a cat concert rigged up a series of live wires on the adjacent fence. He succeeded in burning up the fence, a barn and a nearby woodshed. But the cats came back.

Some argue that if Standard Oil has to pay more for its crude, it will raise the price of the refined article. Others continue to believe, unless we have been misinformed, that the institution at 26 Broadway is run without any profit, but purely from philanthropic impulse.

So far as a substantial reform of the existing tariff system is concerned, the first day's debate in the senate on the Aldrich tariff bill was anything but illuminating. With great labor and small success the Rhode Island senator undertook to prove that his new edition of the Dingley tariff, with its small reductions of duties in some schedules and its increases in others would yield enough revenue for the support of the government, without imposing fresh burdens on the people in taxes, on incomes and inheritances. This is quite satisfactory, at any rate, to possessors of taxable incomes and to expectant heirs.

The New Sultan.

Mehemmed V. is Turkey's first constitutional ruler.

Abdul Hamid granted the constitution, but he disregarded it and tried to render it null and void, and had he been permitted, he would have brought about its formal abolition.

Mehemmed V. is 65. He is said to be a scholarly man of studious habits and simple life, with a certain dignity of character and a benevolint character and a benevolent disposition. He has been virtually a prisoner for a number of years and has been forced to live an isolated life. He has, therefore, taken no part in public affairs and his practical experience has been very limited.

Early in his reign he will be confronted with difficulties which may be too great for him to overcome, but as a constitutional sovereign he will probably find his work much easier than it would be for such a man to be the absolute ruler of the Ottoman empire. With constitutional government inaugurated in Turkey we see evidence even outside of Christendom, that "the world do move."

The Tariff on Wheat.

Removal of the tariff on wheat would not make a speculative corner impossible. But the admission free of duty of the product of the Canadian wheat fields would make the game of such men as Patten more difficult. However, criticism of the tariff on wheat does not rest solely on the fact that it aids in the "cornering" process. The 25 per cent duty on wheat is far in excess of the difference of cost of production here and in foreign countries. Judged by the president's own standard it is an exhorbitant duty. Moreover, it is a tax on breadstuffs, an essential of life. It is the quid pro quo given to the farmer to secure his acceptance of a tax on the products of protected manufactories which he buys. But it is a tax on every person in the country. Moreover, the Aldrich bill provides for a 20 per cent increase in this tax. Other legislation should be devised to prevent gambling on public exchanges, but good purpose will be served if the Patten "corner" calls attention to the iniquity of the tariff on wheat. The wheat farmer is not benefited and the consumer is forced to pay tribute to the wheat gambler.

A Warning From the West.

Senator Aldrich defines the declaration for tariff revision in the republican platform and means that the revision should be upward. In this connection the following from the St. Paul Pioneer-Press is suggestive:

"The west and northwest are not republican for the sake of the label. The republican party has no mortgage on those sections. They have been patient. But year by year there has been a growing feeling or irritation, which will certainly express itself in open revolt, unless it is recognized as a political fact and given satisfaction. If Aldrich and Payne push their game too far, if they tamper much longer ,there is grave danger of the disruption of the republican party. What would then become of the element that now controls congress is a question which it would be well for Payne, Aldrich & company to brood over."

Senator Aldrich is governed by the belief that his party will stand anything, and that it is so strong even blunders and wrong-doing can not keep it out of power. That may be true of the east but not of the west. The west wants tariff revision downward. If it can not get this from the party in power it will get it from the party now out of power.

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.]

Etude Club Meets.—At a meeting of the Etude club, held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. M. Sherier, 933 Kirkwood boulevard, Davenport, the hearty good will and endorsement of the club members was given the Rock Island Musical club. The majority of the members signified their desire and intention of becoming associated members of the newly organized club in this city, and already some of them have purchased tickets. The study meeting yesterday was devoted to the study of Haydn and Wagner, Mrs. Sherier and Miss Jordan giving interesting readings of their lives. Mrs. Sherier, also, contrary to the general custom of the club, served a nice lunch after the program. The program as given yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Piano, Andante con Varia.....Haydn
Miss Nettie Eckmann.
Violin, Hungarian Dance, No. 5..... ..... Brahms
Miss Stolley.
Cornet, (a) "At Night Fall," (b) "Silver Stream" ..... Rollinson
Mrs. Van Duzer.
Piano, Prelude, G minor.Rachmaninoff
Miss Bertha Dennis.
Vocal, "Lord of Life".Charles Cadman
Master Lyle Utts.
Piano, "Elevation"..... Chaminade
Miss Eckmann.
Vocal, "The Bird and the Rose".... ..... Harrocks
Miss Ruth Benkert.
Violin, "Playful Rockets".....Freising
Miss Stolley.

Entertains for Bride-Eelect.—Mrs. Leo A. Larkin, at her home in the Payne flats, yesterday afternoon entertained a company of 12 ladies as a pre-nuptial courtesy for Miss Anna Oltmann, whose marriage takes place Saturday evening. A guessing contest, the magazine party, was the afternoon diversion, and at 5 o'clock a lunch was served in the dining room. The table centerpiece was a green basket filled with ferns, and extending from the chandelier to the tables were festoons of smilax. Four candles with green shades completed the table decorations. A large cake was decorated to represent a May pole with green and white ribbons, and the favors were cupids. The place cards were hand-painted with cupids and bells. Mrs. Larkin was assisted by Miss Julia Davis and Miss Hattie Larkin.

Entertain Ladies of O. R. C.—Mrs. Thomas Kane and Mrs. Edward Grim were the hostesses yesterday afternoon to the social circle of the ladies' auxiliary to the Order of Railway Conductors at the home of the former, 2848 Eighth avenue. Cinch was played during the afternoon, the gifts for scores going to Mrs. A. E. Small, first, and Mrs. A. B. Curtis, second. A company of about 16 ladies was present, Mrs. Edward Carroll of Bradford, Ill., and Mrs. James Frederick of Peoria being out of town guests. The hostesses served a nice lunch after the games.

Elect New President.—The Ladies' Aid society of the Memorial Christian church held a business meeting yesterday afternoon in the church parlors, for the purpose of electing a president to succeed Mrs. A. W. Tanner, who handed in her resignation. Mrs. W. B. Clemmer was elected to the position of president.

Entertains Co[illegible] [illegible]rs. W. M. Beal at her ho[illegible]enteenth street, was the hostess yesterday afternoon to the members of the Coterie club. The afternoon was pleasantly passed with sewing and music and nice refreshments were served. Mrs. Carl Blankenburg will be the hostess to the club at its next meeting in two weeks.

Ladies of Eagles Card Party.—The ladies' auxiliary of the Eagles held a successful card party yesterday afternoon at the Eagles home. Cinch was the card game played and the prizes were awarded to Mrs. C. Zuber, first, Mrs. Horn, second, and Mrs. E. Bowen, consolation. The games were followed by refreshments. The next card party will be held at the skating rink when 500 and cinch will be played. Refreshments will be served also.

FIELD OF LITERATURE

The May Strand Magazine.—The Strand for May contains an imposing trio of fiction writers—Hall Caine, Conan Doyle, and W. W. Jacobs. Each author has his own peculiar and attractive style, and his contribution will doubtless be enjoyed by a wide circle of readers. Other fiction is supplied by E. P. Bell, Horace Annesley Vachell, Lloyd Williams, and E. Nesbit. Among the articles contained in this number of the Strand is one entitled "My Reminiscences" by the well known artist, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, several of whose pictures are to be found in the public and private galleries of this country. Professor Edward Whymper writes on "Mountaineering Tragedies" and describes a number of hair-raising catastrophes which will interest both the climber and the non-climber. The article is illustrated with photographs showing the actual spots where these accidents occurred. Henry E. Dudeney contributes one of his popular puzzle articles, his subject this month being "Mazes and How to Thread Them." He gives an illustration of the "Philadelphia" maze which was tackled by a Philadelphian who, after endeavoring to "thread" it, but without success, decided that it added another burden to life and put a bullet through his head. There is no probability of a reader going to similar extremes, however, as Professor Dudeney provides the key—or should we say the needle? Harry Furniss continues to write and illustrate "The Light Side of Finance," while the color section is devoted to the London stage. The Curiosities are as marvelous as ever.

The May Strand is an especially good number containing excellent fiction by Hall Caine, Conan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs, and others less famous. The articles deal with such widely different subjects as "Mountaineering Tragedies," "The Whirligig Beetle," "Mazes and How to Thread Them" and "The Light Side of Finance." Alma-Tadema, R. A., the famous artist of Greek subjects, contributes some chapters of "My Reminiscences," which are illustrated with many of his best known pictures. An amusing story by Lloyd Williams regarding a trained donkey is embellished with some inimitable sketches by the animal artist, J. A. Shepherd.

Object to Strong Medicines.

Many people object to taking the strong medicines usually prescribed by physicians for rheumatism. There is no need of internal treatment in any case of muscular or chronic rheumatism, and more than nine out of every ten cases of the disease are of one or the other of these varieties. When there is no fever and little (if any) swelling, you may know that it is only necessary to apply Chamberlain's liniment freely to get quick relief. Try it. For sale by all druggists.

All the news all the time—THE ARGUS.

Central Trust & Savings Bank,

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

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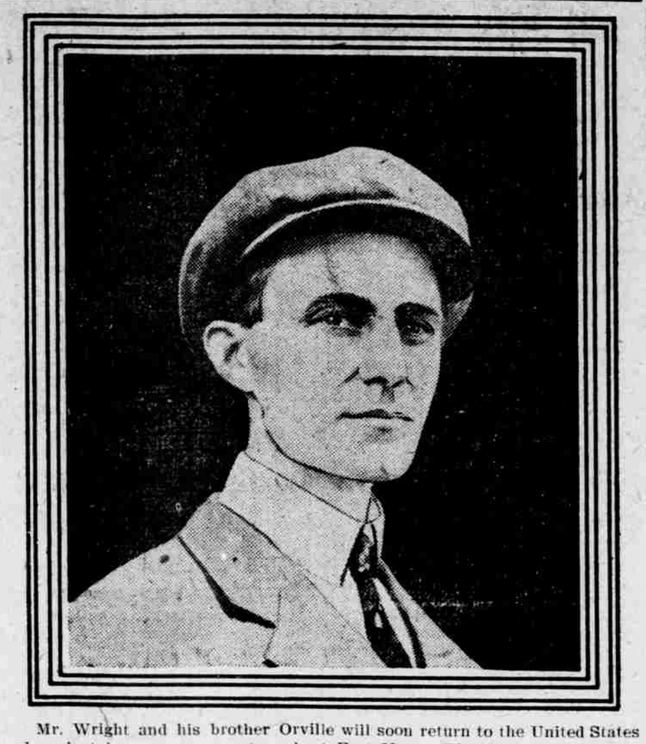

Mr. Wright and his brother Orville will soon return to the United States and again take up government work at Fort Myer. They will be presented gold medals by the Aero Club of America on their return.

The Argus Daily Short Story

Big Clown and Little Clown—By Temple Bailey.

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He was big and burly, a figure in his fantastic dress to make all the little boys giggle and the little girls stare, half frightened.

That was when he was in the ring. But when he was clothed in the ordinary garb of a citizen he was simply a fresh faced boy who could stroll along the village streets without attracting unusual attention.

He liked the little villages where the circus stayed for a day or two and then moved on languidly down dusty roads to the next stopping place.

"Some time," he said to the little clown, "I'd just like to stay behind in one of these little towns and turn farmer and stop being funny for awhile."

The little clown was a woman. When she was dressed for the ring she wore infantile clothes, with a blue sash, and carried a big stick of red striped candy, and all the little girls and boys would almost go into convulsions of laughter when she shook her rattle at them.

"I know," said the little clown, "how you feel. Sometimes I think it would be nice to have a little house and make bread and put the week's wash out on the green grass and have a cat and a fireplace"—

Her voice trailed off dreamily.

The big clown looked down at her. "I've been funny all my life," he said. "When I wasn't anything but a baby my father used to take me in the ring with him. He was a clown, too, and I've just grown up to it."

The little clown nodded sympathetically. "Most of us grow up to it," she said, "and then somehow we can't get away."

The big clown stood up. It was time for him to go into the ring. He twirled his pointed hat in his hand and then put it on. "I am going to get away from it," he said. "I want a home and neighbors. I'd like to be a sheriff in some town or mayor or on the school board"— He smiled till the thick white paint on his face was folded into deep creases.

Then he was off to the ring, and the little clown turned her attention to the contortionist, who was in shining iridescent green like a snake.

"I wish you wouldn't pay so much attention to the big clown," the contortionist told her. "I can't ever get a minute with you."

The little clown looked at him with eyes that went beyond him through the door of the tent to where the apple trees were flinging up pink branches to a sapphire sky.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" she asked, and pointed to it.

But the contortionist had no eyes for apple trees. "I have never seen anything so pretty as you are," he said, "and if you will stop this clown business and marry me I will put you in an act that will give you a chance to show people how good looking you are. You could wear white and your hair in yellow ringlets down your back and a gold crown. And I'd put on red with horns, and we'd give an angel and devil act."

The little clown leaned forward eagerly. "I have always wanted to do something like that," she said. "I've wanted to have an act that would make people do something besides giggle, and I ought to get pretty good pay."

"Well, I should say," the contortionist bragged. "I get bigger pay now than any one in the show, and you'd just about double it after I had taught you what to do. It would be swell business."

"Yes," said the little clown, "it would."

And when the contortionist had gone the little clown sought the bearded lady.

"Which would you rather do," she demanded, "have a little house in a country town, with a fireplace and a cat and a husband that people looked up to, or would you rather be a headliner in the circus business?"

Now, the bearded lady, in spite of her masculine appearance, was a wise woman and a sympathetic one. "I'd rather be the wife of the man I loved," she told the little clown, "whether he was in a country village or the circus. It isn't the place that makes us happy; it's the man."

The little clown nodded her head. "But I'm not sure," she began, and then the bearded lady said, "Well, be sure before you decide."

"How am I going to know?" questioned the little clown.

"You'll know when the time comes," said the bearded lady sensibly. And after the little clown had gone away the bearded lady sat and thought and thought, and when the performance was over she sent for the big clown.

"So you love the little clown?" she said.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Everybody knows," the bearded lady told him. "You can't hide it."

"Well, I do love her," the big clown confessed, "and I want to take her away from all this and live in a little house in a little town and have chickens and a cow"—

"The little clown wants a fireplace and a cat," smiled the bearded lady, "but it all amounts to the same thing."

"Did she tell you?" the big clown asked eagerly.

"Yes," said the bearded lady, "but she is not sure that she loves you, and it's up to you to make her sure."

"But how?" demanded the big clown.

"Leave the show," was the sage advice, "at the next village and see how she takes it."

So the next night when the lights were out in the big tent and the tired performers were packing their belongings into trunks and bags the big clown came to the little clown and said, "Goodby."

"But—but," the little clown stammered, "I don't want you to go!"

"I am going to settle down," the big clown told her, "and have a little house with a fireplace and a cat."

The little clown caught her breath quickly. "And who's going to keep house for you?" she asked wistfully.

"I shall live alone"—the big clown's voice had a note of pathos. "There is only one woman that I should care to have sit in front of that fireplace, and she values fame and fortune more than she values love."

"What makes you think that?" cried the little clown, and just then the contortionist came in. He wore a long fawn ulster and a high hat.

"My automobile is outside," he said to the little clown, "and I have asked the bearded lady to ride with us to the next village. It is much more pleasant than to go in the vans."

"Thank you very much," said the little clown, and held out her hand to the big clown.

"I hope you'll be very happy—all alone in your big house," she said to the big clown, "with your chickens and your cow—and your fireplace and your cat"— Her voice broke, and she ran out of the tent.

The big clown took a step forward, but the bearded lady stopped him.

"Let her alone," she said quietly, "Let her alone."

And presently the big machine whizzed away, and the big clown was left alone beneath the stars of the spring night.

He sat down on his trunk in the middle of the deserted ring and planned how on the morrow he would get his money out of the bank and build a house and begin a new life as a substantial citizen.

But all the joy had gone strangely out of his plans when he could not see the face of the little clown at his table or her slender figure in the big chair in front of the fireplace.

And even while he yearned for her she came to him, running over the sawdust silently, so that he did not know she was there until her arms were about his neck.

"I made him let me out," she sobbed. "Oh, I hate him! He is so sure of himself and of me. And the bearded lady got out, too, and she is coming to play propriety, only she is so much slower than I am. And I want to live in a little house with you and have chickens and a cow"—

"And a fireplace and a cat." The big clown had her in his arms, and there was deep joy in his voice.

"And you shall be the mayor some day," planned the little clown.

"And you shall make bread and hang your clothes on the grass," laughed the big clown.

"And you'll both live happy ever after," prophesied the bearded lady, who just then came up, panting, and gave them her blessing like a very hairy godmother.

The Watch of Wren's Sweetheart.

The betrothed of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's cathedral, accidentally dropped her watch into a bucket of water. Knowing that her lover was an ingenious man, she sent it to him to be repaired. Wren's reply ran as follows: "Madam—The artificer, having never before mett with a drowned Watch, like an ignorant physician has been soe long about the cure that he hath made me very unquiet that your commands should be soe long deferred. However, I have sent the watch at last and envie the felicity of it, that it should be soe neer your side and soe often enjoy your Eye and be consulted by you how your Time shall pass while you employ your hands in excellent workes. But have a care of it, for I put such a Spell into it that every Beating of the Balance will tell you 'tis the pulse of my Heart which labors as much to serve you and more Trewly than the watch, for the watch I believe will sometimes lie, and sometimes perhaps be idle and unwilling to goe, having received so much injury by being in that bath that I dispair it should ever be a Trew Servant to you more. But as for me—unless you drown me too in my Teares—you may be confident I shall never cease to be your most affectionate, humble servant, Chr. Wren."

Unfeeling.

A soft air shook the honeysuckle vine, and puffs of delicate perfume floated gently to where erotic Blenkinsop sat spooning with his girl. Not a leaf stirred. Only the stars and moon above and the green earth below. All around was the atmosphere of lee-ove.

His tone was reverend and hushed. It was as if this slim and beautiful maiden were in his eyes a goddess.

"Darling," he exclaimed, pausing in his ecstatic osculations, "each time I kiss you it makes a better man of me!"

They fell to again.

A voice from above broke harshly on the night:

"What are you by now, then—saint or archangel?"

A burst of ribald laughter, the rattle of a closing window and then once more the holy calm of undisturbed night.—London Scraps.

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Pure Wholesome, Economical.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Occasionally we meet a man whose estimate of himself is so high that he ought to be made to pay taxes on it.

It is hard to believe that anybody would do wrong and not lie about it afterward.

Having to pay for it afterward is what makes saints of sinners—not.

How any woman can bear to have such a careless husband is what the other woman can't understand.

A cheerful liar is often an enduring joy to the erring and downcast.

The world solves its own problems, but very rarely to the satisfaction of those inhabitants of the world who constitute the problem.

Being able to take care of yourself should be a guarantee that you are able to take care of some one else.

Some men are unique in that they make a specialty of believing their own lies.

We would not so much mind not being able to tell what some people will do if we could only be sure what they won't.

Happy Medium.

Are the moments wasted
In a hammock swinging,
Listening to the birdies
Practicing their singing,
Or on the veranda
In a rocker sitting,
Watching summer shadows
O'er the landscape flitting?

Are we truly sinful,
Useful labors slighting,
If we pack our tackle
When the fish are biting,
If we go a-Maying,
Nature's features rubbing,
When the neighbors tell us
We were better grubbing?

Every blessed minute
Working like a beaver
Hands our nervous system
Down to the receiver.
It may bring us treasure,
Lengthen out our purses,
But it gets us ready
For a crew of nurses.

There's an average proper.
One extreme is folly.
Too much of the other
Brings us melancholy.
With judicious mixing
No returns are bitter
Half and half is better,
Neither slave nor quitter.

A Failure.

"She was so disappointed she felt like crying."

"What was the matter?"

"She overheard some one say her hat was pretty."

Contaminated.

"How are your hens doing this spring?"

"I am afraid they have gone into politics."

"How does it manifest itself?"

"Getting so they make enough noise with each egg they lay for a dozen."

Guessed at It.

"Mr. Buyer, won't you please bark for us?"

"What's that, child?"

"Isn't that the way you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Uncle Jake says you talk like a sausage."

The Irresponsible.

"What a pretty jacket! How much did it cost you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nope, but the dealer stands to lose $25."

They Take the Hint.

"Do you believe children can be helped by suggestion."

"It works wonders."

"How do you work it?"

"I suggest a spanking."

Was Watched.

"Walk in?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you take the train?"

"The owner was looking."

Adjustable.

"What tunes does your band play?"

"It plays only one tune. You can call it what you please."