

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.



Monday, February 6, 1905.

The Hot Springs races were called off one day on account of a frozen track. Possibly the officials desired to prevent the betting favorites from getting cold feet in the stretch.

Thirty years ago today the then projected Hennepin canal engaged the entire attention of the house of representatives. And today we are told the enterprise, all but completed, has scarcely a friend in congress to see it through.

A diamond that has no equal in size was dug up in the Johannesburg mines last week. It weighs 2,939 carats and is said to be worth \$3,500,000. Too bad that Mrs. Chadwick was caught so soon in her financial career—she would have acquired it.

The prospect for the sale of American shoes in China is brightening. It will be some time before any considerable number of the Chinese people will be able to buy American footwear, but the number is constantly increasing, and trade figures show a marked increase in the imports of this article.

Some idea of how the Russian "grafter" does his work may be gathered from a story now going the rounds of European capitals. Prof. Tuxen, the Danish painter, recently handed over to the czar a copy of his picture of King Edwards' coronation, which he had been commissioned to do. The emperor expressed satisfaction with the work and handed the painter an order for 12,000 rubles, the price agreed upon. The order was presented to the proper disbursing officer, who gave Tuxen 8,000 rubles, saying the czar's orders were never paid in full. It happened that the painter had another interview with his majesty, when by accident the latter learned of what had occurred. The czar at once paid the 4,000 rubles.

Virtue of Necessity.

Chicago Chronicle: I. N. W. Irvine, the former priest in the Episcopal church, who was deposed by Bishop Ethelbert Tatol, and who has done all he could for years past to defame the bishop and subject him to some sort of civil or ecclesiastical trial, has come to the end of his tether and published a long open letter abandoning his efforts and giving "a desire to prevent further scandal in the church" as his reason.

This will surprise no one, and the only wonder is that Mr. Irvine got anyone to listen to him and to give him encouragement in his vulgar and revengeful assault on the bishop. Probably there never was a case in church history in which an unfrocked priest did not attempt to retaliate on the authorities of the church through whom he was deposed, and the probabilities that such a character is a slanderer are so great that even if he tells the truth it is impossible to believe him.

In addition to his "desire to prevent further scandal in the church," Mr. Irvine gives as his reason for his resolution his forgiving disposition. The only inference anyone can draw from this tirade is that Mr. Irvine is making a virtue of necessity, that his attempt to annoy Bishop Tatol broke down of its own weight, and that instead of forgiving the bishop he would humiliate him, if he dared to do so. If we are at liberty to advise Mr. Irvine, we would say to him: "Go to south Africa and grow up with the country."

A Boy's Wages.

Cecil Potter Yeargin, of Oakland, Ill., and, by the way, son of "Nixie" Yeargin, a former city editor of The Argus, has been honored by Speaker Cannon with the appointment as chief page in the house of representatives. This boy has charge of 50 pages and draws a salary of \$1,500 per year. That is pretty big wages for a boy, and a beginning in a wage earning career which would ruin the average young man.

Few men of experience and ability draw so large a salary. Many men with well established business institutions of their own cannot get that amount annually. Paying such big salaries to boys as \$1,500 a year or even half that much is often dangerous. Easy-obtained money, wages which require little effort, pay much in excess of the work required to get the same, has ruined many boys in years past. The average boy is better off who earns every cent he gets, who learns to love work

and enjoy the fair return for his efforts and who learns to know the value of a dollar. It is hoped young Yeargin knows enough to stand his prosperity and use it well.

Salaries of Statesmen.

At last a bill has been introduced in congress increasing the salary of the president of the United States to \$100,000 a year. The bill calls attention to the fact that many corporations pay their presidents five times as much as the United States does.

The following comparisons are also drawn: The president of the United States gets \$50,000 a year—the lord lieutenant of Ireland draws \$100,000. The vice president of the United States and the clerk of the British house of commons are valued at the same amounts—\$8,000 each. The chief justice of the United States receives \$13,000; the lord high chancellor of England earns \$50,000, and the lord chief justice \$40,000. We have eight associate justices at \$12,500 apiece—England has four lords of appeal in ordinary and a master of the rolls at \$20,000 each and 27 justices at \$25,000.

The attorney general of the United States, who has to enforce the laws against twenty billion dollars' worth of trusts, has a salary of \$8,000 a year; England pays an attorney general \$35,000 in salary and \$29,500 in fees.

A proper increase in the salaries of the high officials of this government might be money well expended.

Where We Draw the Line.

If Gov. Deneen is really anxious to catch some bootleggers, Missouri will take a day off and let Gov. Folk tell him how to put the stripes on the right fellows—St. Louis Republic.

And when this laudable purpose is accomplished, it is to be hoped the Missouri supreme court will not take a day off and tell the Illinois supreme court how to take the stripes off the right fellows.

THE HOTELS.

At the Harper—N. C. Strickland, Detroit; T. E. Van Sant, Kansas City; J. E. McWilliams, Chicago; J. C. Egin, New York; J. J. Harrington, Kansas City; W. K. March, Philadelphia; H. A. Schmidt, Paw Paw, Mich.; M. D. Rosenfield, Moline; J. B. Cornell, Chicago; F. E. Proctor, Christian, Ill.; D. B. Chandler, Rock Island; N. F. Anderson, Charles E. Sturtz, Kewanee; Benjamin Levy, Danvers, Mass.; J. R. Anderson, M. Silverburg, Chicago; J. W. Peterson, Galena; E. M. Hartyn, New York; F. J. Aston, Rockford; Charles M. Martin, Kansas City; F. W. Creighton, New York; H. R. Holland, I. S. Calender, Galesburg; R. P. Burkboth, Chicago; A. B. Crozer, Detroit; Leo Johnson, St. Louis; S. McAdoo, Pittsburg; J. T. Walker, Kansas City; J. B. Jussman, George Hartford, Chicago; F. A. Griffin, Griffin, Ill.; C. B. Whitney, Detroit; F. James, Chicago; H. McArtlett, A. G. Aherhorn, Rock Island; W. R. Alexander, Miss Wadsworth, Miss French, Rock Island; F. B. Mitchell, St. Louis; Q. D. Bailey, Chicago; Charles Wagner, Peoria; H. H. Holland, Callender City; H. P. McKnight, New York; W. W. Newhall, Kansas City.

At the Rock Island (European)—H. E. King, Bushnell; C. Ferris, Bushnell; Carl Booker, Waynesville; J. W. Ford, Kellough; A. C. Campbell, Rock Island; Robert F. Rose, F. L. Storm, Chicago; H. C. Linck, Trivoli; G. T. Blakeley, Buffalo Prairie; C. R. Case, Rock Island; H. B. "eel, Spokane, Wash.; Charles A. Murray and wife, New York; E. W. Ebey, C. A. Bosen, St. Louis; E. A. Marvin, W. J. Patterson, New York; G. Abelson, Chicago; Dr. E. F. Spalding, New York; C. B. Baker, Rock Island; James Miller, Chicago; H. C. Crandall, New York; H. J. Baldwin, Boston; William Cumens and wife, R. Huhnke, Ed Max Smith, Alfred Latell, R. J. Splan, George Herman, Ernest Sole, Violet Sidney, Daisy Williams, New York; J. E. McGill, Chicago; F. D. Nutting, Chicago; R. G. Shields, Bloomington; C. W. Black, St. Louis; Mrs. N. Patterson, daughter, Chicago; J. R. Pittner, Peoria; M. Tassman, Rock Island; J. D. Simile, Springfield; T. W. Powell, Rock Island; J. W. Baisley, Winchester; M. D. Ullman, Peoria; E. A. Perkins, Chicago; F. P. Price, New Albin, Iowa; L. Hegberg, Rockford; Clarence Warrus, Syracuse.

Fiendish Suffering

is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. William Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for ulcers, sores and cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Soothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25 cents at Hartz & Ulmeyer's drug store; guaranteed.

Chronic Rheumatism Cured.

Dr. H. B. Hettinger, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "For several months after spraining my ankle I was severely afflicted with rheumatism. I finally tried Detchon's Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and in four days could walk without my cane; two bottles cured me sound and well. I take great pleasure in recommending the Mystic Cure to all who are afflicted with rheumatism." Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second Avenue, Rock Island; Gust Schlegel & Son, 220 West Second Street, Davenport.

Hundreds of thousands of people use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea as a family tonic. If taken this month it will keep the family well all summer. If it fails get your money back. 25 cents. T. H. Thomas' pharmacy.

DAILY SHORT STORY

THE KISS OF LIFE.

[Original.]

The members of the household stood about my bed waiting for my death. Not brothers, sisters, father, mother, for these were all dead. My aunt stood at the foot of the bed. My Cousin Eugenia, to whom I was engaged to be married, sat weeping near a window, her face buried in her handkerchief. Laura, whom my mother had left to my care when a little girl of but ten years old and for whom I had provided ever since, stood in the background, crowded away from the bed by the others, and I could not see her face. Laura was now twenty and by my death would be left without a home or support. I had provided for her, but had not been fully satisfied with the new will in which I had made the provision and had kept it locked where it would not be found. The old will left everything to Eugenia.

The doctor came and put his hand on my heart and after leaving it there a few minutes said in a softly modulated voice:

"It is all over."

My cousin Tom turned and with bowed head walked out of the room, slowly at first, but more rapidly as he neared the door, and I could hear him going downstairs with a springy step. Eugenia rose and cast a frightened glance my way. I expected to see in her face indications of a blighted life. I was astonished to discover a look of relief. Aunt Winifred went to her, put her arm around her, Eugenia's head full on her mother's shoulder, and they passed out of the chamber.

One by one those who had been with me in my last moments left me. Laura stood by a window with her back to me. She waited till the last person had departed, then turned. On her face was genuine grief. She had concealed it in presence of the others, but now that they were gone she gave full vent to it. Coming to me, she knelt by my bed, put her face down into her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. But hearing a step without she rose, brushed away her tears and began to busy herself about the room, gliding noiselessly here and there while the doctor, who had forgotten his satchel, came in, put away his medical paraphernalia and went away.

Was I dead?

I didn't believe I was. I had often heard of the comatose condition, in which a person may linger for a long while and concluded that mine was such a case. I was certainly paralyzed. Had I not been propped up with pillows I should not have seen what I did.

During the night I heard a faint laugh in a distant chamber. I recognized it at once, for I had long loved it. It was Eugenia's laugh. I heard a sob in the hall, and in a few moments Laura came in. Softly approaching the bed, she stood looking down at me.

Presently she seemed to notice something in my face—probably a life-like tinge. At any rate, she touched my cheek. She appeared to be disappointed and took her hand away, but not before it had stirred my dormant pulse. Then she bent down and imprinted a kiss upon my lips.

That kiss was like new fuel to a flickering fire. I could feel my heart begin to beat—slowly at first, but quickening every moment. Laura must have noticed the change, for she hastened out of the room, and presently my aunt and my cousin Tom came hurrying in and looked at me.

"Nonsense!" said Tom, but with a look full of fear that I might live. "It's that stupid Laura's fancy," said my aunt.

I hoped to hear more, but after a hasty glance they left the room. Laura came back and stood peering down into my face. I gave a faint sigh. Quick as a flash she put her hand to my heart and felt it beating. Seizing my hand, she clasped it spasmodically, then ran to the door and called over the banister.

"Get the doctor, quick!"

When the doctor came the sun was shining in at my window, and there is nothing more reviving than its rays. Laura had started life anew; the sun gave it strength. The doctor declared that I still lived, but after deliberation decided not to give me any remedy, though he ordered a tank of oxygen for me to breathe. The household again gathered in the room, my fiancée approaching me with a partly concealed dread or disappointment in her face. They crowded about my bed, and Laura, as before, was crowded out. Then, when sure I lived, they went away again.

The time came when I was perfectly recovered. I broke my engagement with Eugenia and turned the rest of them out of the house. When they were all gone I sent for Laura. She came into my study wondering. I had two wills in my hand. I gave her one to read. It left all my possessions to my late fiancée. When Laura had read it, I handed her the other, executed that morning. It left everything to her.

"What does this mean?" she asked, a color mounting to her cheek. "Why am I to have all this property?"

"You won't."

"How?"

"By a kiss."

"What kiss?" The color in her cheek deepened.

"The kiss that restored me to life." She turned away, but I went up behind her and, drawing her face around, kissed her.

"You gave me life; I give you fortune. If you will take me with it, it is yours now."

T. ADOLPH SAUNDERS.

CHRONIC SORES

Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903. Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and severely injured both of my shins. My blood became poisoned as a result, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were healed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated, nor have the sores ever broke out again. Some 12 years have elapsed since what I have described occurred. Having been so significantly benefited by its use I can heartily recommend it as the one great blood purifier.

JOHN W. FUNDIS.

Care Schmulback Brewing Co.

Chronic sores start often from a simple scratch, bruise or boil, and while salves, washes and powders are beneficial, the unhealthy matter in the blood must be driven out or the sore will continue to eat and spread. S. S. S. reaches these old sores through the blood, removes all impurities and poisons, builds up the entire system and strengthens the circulation. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic combined. Contains no mineral whatever but is guaranteed purely vegetable. If you have an old sore write us and our physicians will advise without charge. Book on diseases of the blood free.

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