

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.



Monday, May 14, 1906.

The drug trust is next on the list. It was due a long time ago, but at last its case has been called.

By this time it must be apparent to Chancellor Day that his mouth exploded prematurely.

Copper King Helme is another who doesn't believe the people have any right to vote for United States senators.

Vespaian Warner is said to look a great deal happier these days than he possibly could if he were governor of Illinois.

Just for a change, it has been argued, why not call 'em "muck rake sociables" instead of "pink teas." That would be more up-to-date and popular.

The Illinois senate asked for a conference on the Shurtliff bill, and doubtless a word will be changed here and there. In the meantime the \$5 a day goes on for all members, and that is the only important remaining consideration.

Some of them keep on talking "Uncle Joe" Cannon for president, notwithstanding that they have just trotted him out before the entire country and advertised that he is 70 years old. His supporters tell that he is 70 years "young," but that is a little too young.

Henry S. Adams, the veteran cashier of the Boston postal district, yesterday completed 60 years in the United States postal service. Mr. Adams entered the postal service in Newburyport in 1846 and went to the Boston office in 1853. He served as assistant clerk until 1862, when he was made cashier, which position he has held 44 years. He has served under 13 of the 42 postmaster generals. He has seen the rates of postage reduced gradually from 16 to 2 cents and the force increased in Boston from 14 carriers and 56 clerks to more than 2,000 employees.

Senator Bacon of Georgia was active at the war department and White House in protesting against the march of Father Sherman across Georgia on the route taken by General Sherman when he was marching through Georgia. At the Cannon birthday reception, President Roosevelt, in shaking hands with Senator Bacon, said: "Here is the man who stopped Sherman's second march through Georgia to the sea." "That's better luck than I had the first time," Bacon replied. "I tried to stop the first march to the sea by Sherman, but I never got anywhere on the project."

Brooklyn Eagle: From two insurance companies has come the announcement that they will not stand by the combination; that they will do business at the old rates. Their policies will increase and multiply accordingly. They explain that they will not permit this city to be penalized for a fire thousands of miles away, which explanation states the whole case of the combination. Penalizing is precisely what the trust has in mind—no more, no less. It is proposed that the holders of policies in the east shall make good losses incurred in the west. This is about as rank an inquiry as ever was attempted.

The era of the pure and denatured light and fuel appears to be upon us. The agricultural department says that the average amount of sugar and starch which goes to waste in stalks of Indian corn annually would make one hundred gallons of commercial alcohol per acre. The number of acres in corn is about one hundred millions, hence the alcohol that goes to waste in stalks of corn alone is almost beyond the grasp of our conception, but potatoes, beets and various other vegetables can also be turned into this new and exhaustless source of light, heat and motor power.

Roosevelt and Bryan. The Baltimore American one of the strongest and ablest republican newspapers in the east in an editorial the other day remarked:

"The American people have come to the conclusion that between the advanced economic theories of Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt's views on the regulation of corporations by the government, the control of railroad rates and an inheritance tax on wealth, to keep private fortunes within certain

limits, there is no material difference, except as regards the tariff, between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan. It was charged in 1896 that Mr. Bryan's platform committed him to hostility to the courts. But within the last few weeks the country has seen President Roosevelt call a federal judge to account in the strongest terms for construing an act of congress according to his understanding of it. The country has seen the president significantly expressing the hope that no other member of the federal judiciary would follow the example of the judge whom he felt constrained to rebuke. Would Mr. Bryan have gone farther? they ask.

Dismissing the speculative phases of the question, it may be observed that the spirit which animates President Roosevelt is more that of the democratic candidate and platform of 1896 and 1900 than the spirit of his own party platform in the last 10 years. His condemnation of corporate injustice in his public addresses and his messages to congress may fairly be regarded as the result of the seed sown by Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. The attitude of the public toward the insurance revelations, its attitude whenever other great corporations have come into conflict with the interests of the people, has been determined by Mr. Bryan's utterances in two presidential campaigns and the spirit which he aroused then. Mr. Bryan has good reason to feel flattered at the commendation which his economic theories have received from President Roosevelt. Imitation is said to be the sincerest form of flattery.

The president is not only imitating, but he is making no concealment of the fact that some of Mr. Bryan's principles suit him better than those of his own party. Mr. Bryan is now on a second tour of the world. Nothing brightens a man's mind so much as travel. He will be able, no doubt, to take a large-minded and philosophical view of the president's boldness in arraying himself in democratic plumage. Since the president thinks it is for the good of the country, however, Mr. Bryan will patriotically acquiesce. But anything more curious than the present political situation it is not likely he has seen in any quarter of the globe.

Here is about as striking a tribute to the power and honesty of Mr. Bryan as has been stated by any newspaper. The statement is not startling, but only an honest confession from a republican newspaper that we do not often see. The facts only go to strengthen a conviction long since possessed by the public mind, that Mr. Bryan had the courage and ability to condemn the incorporate injustice, when he was vilified, and called all manner of names. We always believed in the honesty of Mr. Bryan and time only confirmed our conviction and are gratified to know that our republican friends are beginning to have the courage to acknowledge these facts. Hats off to William Jennings Bryan, the true champion of the people's cause.

Galveston and San Francisco.

The restored Galveston should be inspiring to the stricken people of San Francisco, who, after all, were not so hard hit as were those of the Texas city.

In the September flood of 1900 not less than ten or twenty times as many lives were lost in Galveston as were destroyed by fire and earthquake in San Francisco, and as the property loss in Galveston was due to water, fire insurance could not be collected for it.

And yet Galveston has already made itself safe against a recurrence of the disaster which overwhelmed it less than six years ago and its business is greater now than ever before.

San Francisco will restore itself. If it cannot be guaranteed against earthquakes in the future it can rebuild so that earthquakes will not hurt it much.

The Dry Dock Dewater.

Sounding through the startled tide, Scattering wavelets far and wide, Rolling like a mighty log, Creeping through the heavy fog, Breasting billows huge and green, Keeping still its haughty mien, Snapping cables now and then, Getting harnessed up again, Holding to its trackless path, Braving all the storm king's wrath, Onward goes the Dewey craft With Old Glory fore and aft.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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DAILY STORY.

KNOCKING OUT A RIVAL.

[Original.]

Frank Edgecombe and I were chums in college and fellow athletes. We fought on the same football team and had our photographs taken standing together in the costume we had worn on the gridiron, I holding the pigskin in the hollow of my arm. Edgecombe married a rich woman and built a splendid country place. He invited me to visit him there in the warm season, and in the party, among others, was Miss Emma Keith, whom I desired to win, and Winfield Larraway, who looked upon Miss Keith with the same languishing eyes.

Larraway and I each knew of the other's intentions and hated each other accordingly. There are women who would like nothing better than to put two men at swords' points on their account, but Miss Keith was not one of that kind. I and my rival both knew that any word spoken against the other by either of us would render the speaker contemptible in her sight. We outwardly treated each other with studied politeness.

There was a cottage on Edgecombe's premises that he had fitted up for lounging. It was a luxurious summer house furnished with costly rugs, divans and other such appropriate furniture. One morning I strolled down there and, going into a room adorned with Edgecombe's college trophies and supplied with magazines, settled myself in an easy chair to read. On the wall hung the photograph of Edgecombe and myself in football costume. Hearing a footstep and a rustle of skirts, not wishing to be interrupted in my reading I moved into an anteroom just as a lady entered the one I had left. The door between the two rooms was open, and I saw Miss Keith go to the photograph, look at it long and steadily, give a pleasurable sigh and turn to the table on which rested the periodicals.

Encouraged by what I had seen I went in and joined her. We chatted, and I ventured to lead the way to giving her an inkling as to my feelings when I heard a man's quick footsteps. There was no impropriety in our being there together, but I saw an anxious glance pass over Miss Keith's face and on the impulse stepped into an anteroom, intending to pass out by a side door. But I found there was no side door. Before I could decide what to do Larraway entered and told Miss Keith that he was going to the city for the day and would be happy to execute any commission she might have. During his brief stay they chatted about the trophies, and Larraway expressed the most unbounded admiration for my physical proportions, also giving my mental and moral endowments unstinted praise.

I knew perfectly well that he had seen both me and Miss Keith enter the summer house and that he had praised me for a purpose. When I rejoined Miss Keith she was somewhat flustered, and I could see that she had been very much prepossessed with Larraway's praise of his rival.

"You are both fine fellows," she said, "and Mr. Larraway especially has had an opportunity to show his nobility of character."

"I am happy to be classed with him in such high praise," I replied and changed the subject.

Larraway had scored one on me, and if I could not turn the tide I feared I should lose the prize. A few days later I was knocking the balls about on the tennis court when he came out on to the piazza. Miss Keith was sitting in a disheveled at a window, the shutters of which were closed, for the day was very hot, thinking that she was invisible from the court. I invited Larraway, who had not seen her, to play tennis, and, putting him in a position where he could not refuse without seeming to be disobligeing, he reluctantly consented.

Now I had taken prizes at match games of tennis and was then a champion. The first ball I served I landed on the tip of Larraway's nose.

There is something painful in being thus hit at any time, but to be struck by a man one hates is too much for any man's equanimity. All the venom that had been long accumulating in Larraway's breast burst its bonds and was poured on my devoted head. This is not a proper place to give his language, which is not fit, especially for a lady, to hear. I saw something white moving behind the window blinds and knew that Miss Keith had departed to escape the unseemly vituperations that were loaded upon me. I calmly apologized to Larraway, even offering him my handkerchief to stop the red flood that poured from his nose. He turned on his heel and went to the house, while I remained on the court, and since I did not care to be seen dancing myself I gave vent to my feelings by dancing the ball on my racket.

When next I met Miss Keith I ventured a remark praising my rival for his rare patience, his kindly disposition, and was passing on to his other adorable traits when she put her hands to her ears. I asked in affected surprise if I had offended her, but I knew she was trying to shut out the remembrance of Larraway's language. I won Emma Keith and the day after the wedding I told her that I had landed that ball on Larraway's nose for the express purpose of putting him out of the field. She maintained silence for some time and I was curious to know what her comment would be. It was this:

"You ought to have been ashamed of yourself. If I had known it sooner I wouldn't have married you."

"So I feared," I replied, "and that's the reason I didn't tell you till the knot was firmly tied."

EDGAR M. WARFIELD.

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