THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL ROCK ISLAND

Tuesday, March 9, 1909.

Mr. Taft is now very much on the job.

Senator Platt has retired, but has not turned off the gas, as he is writing his memoirs.

Every editor whose duty it is to read the Congressional Record wishes the Hon. John Wesley Gaines a hearty God-speed and hopes that he will never come back.

The rumor comes from Washington that Cannon and Aldrich are in a conspiracy to bamboozle Taft in a make-ship tariff bill. Can such a thing be possible?

Judge R. A. Ballinger and James R. Garfield were classmates at Williams college in 1884 and now the former succeeds the latter as secretary of the interior.

Speaker Shurtleff has recognized the fact that he was elected by democratic votes by giving the minority 14 of the chairmanships of house committees. This is something never before known at the capital, but Shurtleff's election was also unique, and therefore precedents are made but to be shattered.

The special session of congress is called for March 15 and President Taft will let it be known to the legislators that they are expected to make a speedy and genuine revision of the tariff. If they revise it upward he will not hesitate to veto and reprove. That is the tip that has gone forth and having expressed his sentiments the voters of all parties will expect him to live up to them.

A bill putting into effect the Oregon plan of choosing United States senators has been signed by Governor Shallenberg of Nebraska and will become effective in 90 days. An effort to pass a similar bill in the senate of Minnesota failed by two votes, and the democrats charge that republicans opposed it through fear that should he become a candidate for the senate, Governor Johnson would defeat any republican candidate for popular endorsement. The Nebraska bill opens the way for the selection of Mr. Bryan to the senate from that state should he decide to become a candidate, which seems a remote possibility at this time.

The President by Terms.

It is observed that in many news papers Mr. Taft is spoken of as the 27th president of the United States. He is not the 27th individual to hold the office, and the term upon which he has entered is not the 27th presidential term. Before Mr. Taft 25 men have held the office of president, which makes him the 26th. He can be the 27th only by calling Mr. Cleveland the 22nd and the 24th. It is true that Mr. Cleveland served two terms, but so have several other presidents.

The only difference is that his two terms were not continuous and theirs were. But if two terms make two presidents of him, they should make two presidents of the others (Mr. Roosevelt, for example), who have served more than four years.

Hopkins' Successor.

United States Senator Albert J. Hopkins, who is now struggling to get back into the senate for another term, is doubtless impressed with the fact that had he done more in the interest of the people, and less in the interest of himself and his political "machine" while in office, the people would be taking more interest in his re-election, and the representatives of the people in the state legislature would give him more of their votes.

Now that the inauguration is over and Senator Hopkins' seat in the federal senate is vacant, the state legislature of Illinois should proceed to elect Mr. Hopkins' successor.

It is claimed by some who are in a position to know that the seat in the senate is likely to be given to the politician who can hold out the most federal offices in Illinois as bribes for votes.

Some of the legislators are making the pretense that they are "sticking" to Hopkins because he received a plurality of the "advisory" vote, while they blind themselves to the plain fact that the sentiment against Hopkins throughout the state today is so overwhelming, what influence that "advisory vote" might have, is wholly lost. Then, too, everyone knows that the "advisory" vote resulted as it did because the Hopkins federal "machine" alone took interest in it, and got out [illegible] "machine" leader while the voters were wholly engrossed with the Deneen-Yates primary fight.

Others are trying to see what jobs can be swung to their political flunkies in a trade for their votes in joint session.

A seat in the United States senate is too great to be thus measured. It is not a commodity to be auctioned off to the highest political bidder, nor should it be bartered for jobs.

It would be well for every voter in the state to watch the attitude of the legislators on this deadlock problem.

Who shall succeed Hopkins?

Advantages Long Sought.

In common with the public spirited citizens of Rock Island, in keeping with the progressive sentiment upon which Rock Island so largely depends for advancement, and in complete harmony with every move that makes or promises for the permanent commercial development of the city, The Argus stands for the encouragement of interurbans and kindred enterprises. Realizing that the lack of these facilities for reaching the country naturally tributary to Rock Island on the south, is one of the city's most serious drawbacks, it is needles to state that its fullest co-operation will continue to be at all times given to every public undertaking that may insure to Rock Island that which is so much needed—interurban communication with the territory in this and the adjoining counties to the south.

An ordinance is now before the council which promises the advantages so long sought. It contains but one feature to which objection has been raised, in that it permits the operating company to handle freight cars of standard railroad size over the right of way which extends through the business streets of the city, and eventually comes down Seventeenth street from Fifth avenue to First avenue, where it is proposed to connect with one of the steam railroad lines having track privileges there. While it is stipulated that the proposed interurban shall be operated by means of electricity, it is desired to so construct it that it may be used as a freight as well as a passenger line through the streets of the city to be traversed, and it is to the possibility of long freight trains traversing the streets that objection has been raised.

W. C. Lawson, the promoter of the proposed line, maintains on the other hand that the rights solicited in Rock Island are no different from those sought and granted in other cities in Illinois and Indiana which are entered by similar roads, but he says further that his company is willing to waive the right to use the streets stipulated in the ordinance if another route may be pointed out by which he may bring in his road from the south leading to track connections on First avenue. Rightfully, he maintains that it is to the interest of the company as well as to the city to have the passenger cars traverse the main streets, and to pass as closely to the business community as possible, but how is the company to get its freight in, he asks, for freight is as essential as passenger business.

It is sincerely to be hoped that either by another route or other means the objections to the freight haul may be obviated, and the interests of all so safeguarded that all may work together for the attainment of that which the proposed line promises—another link toward a Greater Rock Island.

While every wide-awake citizen of Rock Island should give a helping hand to every proper interurban project, and boost to the fullest extent possible in bringing in every deserving enterprise, it is equally as important that all should do their part in opening the right of way for the bringing in of the freight as well as the passenger business.

Rock Island needs interurbans. Let us find a way to bring them in.

Roosevelt's Life-Long Regret.

Though Theodore Roosevelt has retired to private life, the people still manifest deep interest in him. A many-sided man, he will remain a study until the historian puts the true estimate on him. Of the many things written about this peculiar man, this contrariety, nothing can be more interesting than the following from the Outing Magazine:

"Five or six years ago President Roosevelt visited the Gettysburg battlefield to make a Decoration day speech, and I was one of three press association men to go along on his special train. Coming back to Washington, the president joined General O. O. Howard, General Daniel Sickles, the then Commissioner of Pensions Ware, and the newspaper men, in the smoking compartment, and naturally enough the talk turned to war and carnage, battle, murder and sudden death. Mr. Roosevelt did most of the talking, it is true, but the others got a chance to say something every now and then. Finally it came to Commissioner Ware's turn.

"'Mr. President,' said he, 'I had a most interesting visitor the other day, and never have I regretted so much the inelasticity of the pension laws.

"'This visitor was the most disfigured human being I have ever seen. He had no nose at all, one ear had been shot or cut away, a musket ball had gone through both his cheeks, and he had other marks and scars too numerous to mention. He had been a union cavalryman, and his record was of the best. But he was strong and healthy and the examiners had reported that he was not entitled to a pension. I thought it pretty rough.'

"The president leaned forward until his head was about three inches from the commissioner's. He lifted his arm and brought his closed fist down on Mr. Ware's knee with a good sound thump.

"'Mr. Commissioner,' he cried, 'you take a wrong view of this matter! That man should have been proud of those wounds, those honorable disfigurements; positively happy over them. He should have been willing, if able, to pay the government a bounty for them instead of begging a pension from the government!

"'Let me tell you something, Mr. Ware. I have always been unhappy, most unhappy, that I was not severely wounded in Cuba; that I did not lose a leg or an arm, or both; or that I was not wounded in some other striking and disfiguring way. The nearest I came to it was when a spent ball struck the back of my hand. It merely raised a lump, and even that disappeared in a day or two. Oh, how I wish, how I have never ceased to wish, that it had gone clear through. That would have left some kind of a scar at least.'

"We all sat there in silence; in wonder, too deep for words. If anyone else in the world except the president of the United States, or the occupant of some other office of equal dignity, had tried to get away with any similar statement, he would have been told to run along and sell his papers and not bother grown folks with such nonsense. As it was, General Howard looked dazed. General Sickles gave something approximating a grunt—both being 'honorably disfigured' civil war veterans—and the rest of us smoked away and said nothing."

WORLD'S BIGGEST MAP.

It Will Be 3,724 Feet Long and Outline Long Island.

The biggest map in the world will be constructed on the south side of the Queensboro bridge, at New York, by the celebration committee. It will be 3,724 feet long and extend from the Manhattan shore to the Long Island City shore. This map will be sixty-nine feet in height. The map will be outlined by electric incandescent lamps and will outline Long Island in red, and the location of the principal towns and cities will be by green lamps.

This gigantic map will not be noticeable by day at a distance, but for one week during the celebration of the opening of the Queensboro bridge it can be seen from almost any point on the East river water frontage.

Religion as Handmaid of Health.

The present tendency to cultivate health in cultivating religion is getting many recruits. Even highly conservative clergymen preach sanitation as well as theology. Taking care of the health now forms part of the instruction in convent schools and in private schools which, though nonsectarian, are conducted on a Christian basis. As for the beauty specialists, the first thing they learn is whether the patient lives normally or if certain defects of the skin have not a foundation in the breaking of health rules. The one who cultivates beauty of face and form must live a life near perfection. Leaders of religious thought appreciate the good results apparent from the "religion and health" propaganda.

Unequaled as a Cure for Croup.

"Besides being an excellent remedy for colds and throat troubles, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is unequaled as a cure for croup," says Harry Wilson of Waynetown, Ind. When given as soon as the croupy cough appears, this remedy will prevent the attack. It is used successfully in many thousands of homes. For sale by all druggists.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo. by Lafayette, London

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

The Sweetness and Charity of England's Queen

Queen Alexandra, whom Dean Stanley termed "the angel in the palace," has for over forty years endeared herself to the hearts of the British people since 1863, when a girl of nineteen in her quaint, little, old-fashioned poplin frock and shawl, she landed at Gravesend as the bride of the Prince of Wales.

Her early life was passed in extreme plainness and simplicity, because of the smallness of the family income. When she was born, her father, then Prince Christian, had no hope of ever being King of Denmark, for his relation to the reigning king was so distant. He had nothing but his military pay and his wife's modest dowry. The life in their home, the Yellow Palace at Copenhagen, was pretentious only in name. The daughters, Alexandra and Dagma, who became Empress of Russia, wore garments of cheap material cut in the plainest style.

When Alexandra was seventeen, the Prince of Wales, while speaking to one of his friends, jestingly asked to see the portrait of his sweetheart. Inadvertently the wrong picture was handed to the Prince, and instead of the face of his friend's fiancée, he saw the likeness of "the most beautiful woman in Europe." The future king of England promptly fell in love with the portrait which led to his marriage two years later.

The simplicity of her early years has ever clung to the Queen; though in the court she has not been of it, and for society she has cared little. Her home circle has been her throne, where she has reigned with sweetness and love. Her kindness, gentleness, tact and generosity have been always at the call of need, and since she went to England has been instrumental in raising or causing to be raised over $250,000,000 for charity.

In one of King Christian's weekly letters to her, he wrote that an elderly lady-in-waiting to the late Queen of Denmark was dying, and that her one wish was to speak again to her dear "Princess Alex." At that time it was impossible for Alexandra to leave England, but a long tender message of love and hope spoken by her into a phonograph, was sent by special courier to Copenhagen. Its arrival a short time before the aged lady's death made her last hours serenely happy.

At Sandringham she led the life of a country lady, finding her pleasure in her children, the house, the grounds, her pets, and in ministering acts of mercy. Serene, gracious and beautiful, her life has been quiet, though with a thread of sorrow running through days of seemingly golden happiness.

The Argus Daily Short Story

LOVE AND THE MAILS--BY FRANKLIN TREMPER.

Everybody said she would either give out or give up before the end of the year. It was hard work for an ablebodied man, and Madge was only a slim young girl, so frail that, according to Miss Winter, she looked as if a breath could blow her away. Her father had no business to let her do it.

Madge thought she knew her father and herself better than her neighbors did or possibly could. She listened when they advised, but she said nothing. Duty and necessity had laid out a certain way for her, and she must travel in it.

Her father had never been strong in health or successful in business, but that was no fault of his. After her mother's long illness and death he had found himself possessed of only $100, an old wagon and Pinto.

Pinto was a mustang, clean limbed, wiry and tough as a knot. Drive him fifteen miles a day and he was tractable as a sheep; let him stand in a week and walls and ropes were not able to restrain him. He was not worth $100 to sell, but he was worth ten times that to Madge, who loved him.

She and her father talked over their affairs seriously. Westmore did not offer a variety of paying employments.

"There's the rural free delivery routes," Madge said at last when she had thought of everything else. "Pinto would be a dandy for making time. Dad, why don't you try a route?"

"Why, I will!" cried her father, brightening. "I'll put in my bid this very day."

The bid was accepted. The pay was good, and Pinto could do his share in earning it. All that summer Mr. Hill rode faithfully. His pale face grew brown, and he began to cough less and eat more.

Late that fall something happened. It was at the time of the settled rains, which ought to have been snow, and the roads were hub deep in mud wherever wheels went. Madge's father came home one night wet and shivering. Next morning he was sick, and a doctor had to be called.

"A bad cold," he said. "You mustn't stir out of the house again until I tell you to."

"Don't worry about the route, dad," Madge said when the old doctor had gone. "I'll go in your place. You know I'm perfectly capable."

She would listen to no protest. She made up a good fire and put fuel within her father's reach. And she would try to return on time so that he need not worry about her.

This was the beginning of Madge's winter work. Her father did not improve. Each day she and Pinto went bravely to their task. The work was the only work at her hand to do and she must do it.

One day three miles out of Westmore, on the return of the old wagon, which had been valiantly laboring through the mud at Pinto's unwearied heels, it sagged and sank suddenly at one corner. Madge gave a little cry as she saw the rear axle was broken. What should she do? There was no house near, and it was bitter cold.

As she pondered she heard the sound of a team approaching behind her. Presently there came in sight a buggy drawn by a pair of lively bay horses, which a young man in a light fur overcoat drove.

"Hello! What's the matter there?" he called. Then as he saw Madge's worried girl's face under the man's cap he lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon," he said.

In an instant he was out of the buggy and beside Madge, bending to examine the broken axle. "No use," he said, shaking his head. "It's a goner. Are you the carrier?"

As Madge nodded in a discouraged way he added brightly: "Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll just tack your rig on behind mine and unload your traps. That will make your wagon lighter, and it may travel to town all right. I'll drive you there and help you the best I can with the rest of your delivering."

Madge could scarcely thank him for gratitude. She had never seen the man before, but she thought she recognized the team as one that occasionally careered at full speed through the Westmore streets. She helped him transfer her traps and get Pinto in place. Then she climbed into his buggy and let him tuck her up under his fur robe.

"Pretty cold?" he said, peeping into her face. "Well, I'm going to get you home as quick as I can. By the way, I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Don Cary."

"And mine is Madge Hill," said Madge. She was beginning to feel warm and reassured.

In spite of the delay it was only a few moments past 6 when Don drew his bays to a halt at Madge's own door.

"We've made excellent time," he said. "Now, Miss Madge, if you are willing, I'll just take your wagon round to Tom Wick's shop and leave it to be repaired. I don't think Tom has gone home yet."

"Oh, you're so good! You've taken so much trouble," Madge breathed, "I can't thank you enough."

Her father sighed with relief as she entered the house. He had a good fire, the table set and was frying meat and potatoes for supper. "You dear, brave little girl," he said remorsefully. "If I was only half a man"—

"Now, dad, you shan't say that!" Madge cried. Then she laughed softly. "I've had such an adventure." And she told him what had happened, adding, "Who is Don Cary, dad?"

"Why, he must be one of the Carys up Northfield way," her father said and could tell her nothing more.

Next day, when Madge went to get her wagon, she found it not only repaired, but paid for. After that she often found something for herself in the large box at the junction of the Westmore and Northfield roads—a box of candy, a new book or a pretty basket of figs or dates. There was no sign to tell whence they came, but Madge knew, and the knowledge made her heart wondrous light.

On Sunday morning in church Madge felt the influence of a strong gaze upon her and, turning, looked straight into Don Cary's eyes. After church he walked home with her.

She tried to thank him for all his kindness, but he pretended not to understand. After that he came several times to the church and each time accompanied her home. Miss Winter noticed him.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's worth $40,000, they say, and Don's his only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, your year will soon be up," Miss Winter said a month later, dropping in to chat with Madge, who was busily sewing. "You've held out wonderfully, and I never thought you could. Going to take it another year?"

"No," Madge answered gently.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge Hill's going to be married soon, as her year is up as carrier," she announced that same afternoon to a group of her cronies. "She's going to marry Don Cary, and she's making her wedding clothes. It's a fine thing for Madge. But one thing beats me. How in the world did she ever get acquainted with him?"

But not one of the group could answer her that.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The man who has plenty of friends need never be in any doubt as to his failings and shortcomings.

It often looks like a soft snap until you land on it with a bump.

The less sense the more need for dollars.

For once that joy comes halfway ten times trouble covers the entire distance.

We may know a good thing when we see it and still find our vision imperfect so far as making discoveries is concerned.

People who have entirely clear consciences often have pale responsibilities and limp backbones.

The habit of eating three times a day is responsible for holding many a nose to the grindstone.

When a man feels as if he would like to reform the world it is time to borrow a looking glass.

Our Great Truth Teller.

You may have had your faults, dear George.
We don't know what they are.
They didn't show at Valley Forge
When feeble was your star.
Your honors later would have turned
The head of any dub,
But you were not a member of
The Ananias club.

You had ability enough
To make King George look slow,
And no one ever ran a bluff
On you and made it go.
In war and peace you were the first,
You never turned up shy,
For you could do most anything
But tell a simple lie.

When you had anything to say
Or any scheme to push
You did not shoot a mile away
Or beat about the bush.
Oh, no; you blurted out the truth,
And if it meant a fight
You loafed around and licked the man
To prove that you were right!

Oh, George, I fear we do not raise
Your kind of men today,
Who, whether it brings blame or praise,
Will truth alone display!
The hero medals you deserved
Would fill a good sized tub,
Grand model for all men except
The Ananias club.

In the World of Art.

If pay day came oftener would work come any easier?

Meant Business.

"The world owes me a living."
"Does it?"
"Yes, so I am not going to worry."
"That may be all right for you, but it won't do for me."
"Why?"
"I want an account against a piece of property that can be accurately described in the recorder's book and can be levied against."

Bird Talk.

"Let me sell you this bird for your clothing store window."
"Go 'long! That wouldn't attract trade."
"Sure thing. Hang it up at the door, and whenever any one goes by it will call out, 'Cheap, cheap!'"

Quite So.

"Some things are so difficult that they at once become easy."
"Easy?"
"Certainly."
"Would you mind explaining?"
"We at once give them up."

Unmovable.

"Where is the great hypnotist?"
"He has retired broken hearted."
"Work a failure?"
"Not until he tried it on the office boy of a millionaire."

He Thought It Appropriate.

"She is very much affronted."
"Why?"
"Jack sent her a present."
"What was it?"
"A rubber plant."

Not Mutual.

"I fear I'll have to raise your rent," The horrid landlord said.
"At prices I am getting now
I can't come out ahead."
"Well, you may raise it," said the man,
"But I can't figure how I can."

Wrought the Change.

"What ails old Jabbs?"
"Just a trifle eccentric."
"They used to say he was crazy."
"He inherited money since then."