

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.



Thursday, Feb. 14, 1907.

We all know what would happen if Senator Tillman lived in California.

If there should be a war with Japan, San Francisco should be asked to do the fighting.

Thomas A. Edison has left his workshop to play the rest of his life. He certainly has earned his vacation.

Give aid and encouragement to every project that will contribute to Rock Island's advancement. That is the duty of citizenship.

The aldermen who tackled that Central Union telephone ordinance in defiance of public sentiment, may and may not have been surprised in finding it loaded.

State Senator Colby of New Jersey, who brought about the defeat of Senator Dryden, used to be captain of Brown university football team. "We need," he said, "to make the game more open, abolish interference and do away with coaching from the sidelines by corporations."

Another batch of land grabbers have been unearthed in California, "involving men of wealth, influence and high social standing." This will make another hole in the republican majority in that state, so no wonder the democrats approve the course of Secretary Hitchcock.

It will cost the American taxpayers \$81,500,000 to support the army for the fiscal year beginning July 1, which is an increase of over \$10,000,000 from the present year, so the discharge of the three companies of negro soldiers in consequence of the Brownsville shooting affair does not appear to have made any saving.

There is probably only one man alive who can claim to have banished King Edward. This is the Earl of Wemyss. It need hardly be added that the blow was a pure accident and the incident took place some time before the sovereign ascended the throne. Speaking one day in the house of lords, Lord Wemyss brought his clenched fist down on the silk hat of the then Prince of Wales, who happened to be sitting in front of him. He stopped in horrified amazement, but the prince merely removed his crushed headgear and smiled encouragingly, whereupon Lord Wemyss finished his speech as though nothing had happened.

There is a statue of Roger Sherman of Massachusetts in statutory hall at the capital. It is said to be a good likeness of the distinguished son of the old Bay state, but it also bears a striking resemblance to Champ Clark of Missouri. A party of Missourians were taking in the sights at the capitol and paused before the Sherman statue. "Why, there's Champ Clark," exclaimed one of them, "I thought that they only put dead ones in here. Wasn't Champ re-elected last fall?" Mr. Clark happened along just then and explained the situation. "I have no ambition for a place in this hall of fame," he said. "That is, right away, at any rate. It suits me just as well to be represented by proxy."

Marshall Field's Taxes.

John R. Thompson, treasurer of Cook county, has gone into the probate court and is asking for \$2,097,796 from the Marshall Field estate. The treasurer reminds the court that this sum will be in liquidation of personal property taxes that Mr. Field neglected to mention during the last eight years of his life. The treasurer has an array of stiff looking figures to back up his petition.

The executors of the estate are willing to admit and pay the taxes for the last year of the eight, but back of that they ask that the court do not go. They mention that previous to 1906 Marshall Field himself was alive and that he was entirely competent to have looked after his own taxes, and there is a hint it is to be presumed that as good a business man as he did this very thing.

It is true there is no record that these taxes were ever paid, that the property was even listed for taxation. But Marshall Field may have mislaid the receipts, for he had a great multitude of papers; and the man who collected the taxes may have forgotten to turn them in. This is as reasonable an assumption as that Mr. Field should

have neglected to pay an obligation that stood against him.

And the executors of the will can point to old files of newspapers in Chicago, in which it is related a hundred times that Marshall Field in his lifetime had a passion for paying the last cent of taxes that could possibly be charged against him. Plainly, it is a badly mixed case.

The Blue Pencil and the Thaw Case. Dubuque Telegraph-Herald: Mr. Roosevelt, ready regulator, with no messages of his own to edit, has seized the blue pencil and threatens to use it on the copy of the Thaw trial before it goes to the printer.

Secretary Cortelyou has been instructed to inquire into the matter and determine if its nature is such as to justify the exclusion from the mails of newspapers publishing what Mr. Jerome called "tenderloin tattle."

The newspapers will rejoice that the president, through a cabinet officer, is to decide a question which, being a party in interest, it might be suspected they could not judge impartially.

Suppose this newspaper should tomorrow omit the "tenderloin tattle." There would come from almost every quarter vigorous protests and demands for the "news." The newspaper can not well say to its readers that it can not serve the news. It is willing that the ready regulator shall decree that it shall not serve any more testimony of the description already published. It is willing to abdicate the editorial chair and permit T. R. to occupy it and answer the calls at the subscription windows and from the news stands.

Cannon, the Czar.

The speaker's secretary in Saturday Evening Post says: "The late Thomas B. Reed of Maine, when he passed out of public life left behind him a reputation for being a czar. He was celebrated then and is celebrated now as an iron-handed despot who ruled the house of representatives as if it were his own personal belonging and not the great popular branch of the legislative government, as the orators are fond of saying.

"Admitting that Mr. Reed was something of a dictator, a fairly good journeyman emperor, as emperors go, the record of his accomplishments in the caring line, when compared with those of our national uncle, Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, who is now speaker, reads like Paul and Virginia as against Boccaccio. Uncle Joe is a czar with all the trimmings and all the trappings. Beside him, when their careers are compared, Reed looks like the second cousin four times removed of the grand duke of Monte Carlo."

ABOUT THE COURT HOUSE.

Real Estate Transfers. William Prater to James A. Donahoo, lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, block 7, Donahoo & Cosner's addition, East Moline, \$1,200.

Henry Augustson to Emil Augustson, part east half, northeast quarter of northeast quarter of section 3, 17, 1w, \$200.

Joseph Frayman to Alphonse Frayman, undivided half of lot 21, block 15, First addition to Sylvie, \$780.

Fred H. Cooper to Chas. Alfred Carlson, lot 12, C. H. Deere's addition, Moline, \$600.

John A. Miller to Christian King, part of west half, southwest quarter, fractional quarter of section 15, 17, 1w, part northwest quarter, fractional quarter, section 21, 17, 1w, and part east half, southeast fractional quarter of section 14, 17, 1w, \$7,000.

Dora Maria Mordhuyt to Frederick O. Anderson, lot 15, block 1, Whitelock's Third Fifteenth street addition, Moline, \$1,500.

Jeremiah Le Quatte to Mary Auger, tract in southwest quarter of section 3, 16, 5w, \$100.

William A. Le Quatte to Raymond J. Rickerts, et al., undivided half part southwest quarter lots 1, 3 and 4, section 3, 16, 5w; west half of southeast quarter, and northeast quarter of southwest quarter, and east half of southeast quarter, southwest quarter, part lot 1, section 3, 16, 5w; and part south west quarter of section 3, 16, 5w, \$2,150.

Charles H. Pope to John W. Sanders, lot 22, block 180, town of East Moline, \$200.

John A. Johnson to Mary D. Handell, lots 11 and 12, block 24, Brigham's addition, Cordova, \$1.

Charles C. Johnson to Mary D. Handell, lots 11 and 12, block 24, Brigham's addition, Cordova, \$1.

Caroline Rake, et al., to Mary D. Handell, lots 11 and 12, block 24, Brigham's addition, Cordova, \$1.

Advertisement for Kemp's Balsam, 25c. bottle, 40 doses. Contains 40 DOSES. And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be. Remember always that KEMP'S Balsam is the Best Cough Cure. It has saved thousands from consumption. It has saved thousands of lives. At all druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1. Don't accept anything else.

DAILY STORY.

TRAVERS & CO.

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The mercantile house of Travers & Co., New York, had a branch in Paris for twenty years, when Travers himself, after looking over old accounts, noticed something wrong.

The next steamer sailing for Havre carried with her Thomas Agnew, the firm's bookkeeper. He was provided with all proper credentials, and his instructions were to give the Paris books a thorough overhauling. He was to interview the head of the French firm first. This he did soon after reaching Paris.

"I hardly expected you, but I am glad that you are here," was his greeting. "It is true that the business has fallen off, and it has been a source of anxiety to me. We seem to be doing as much as ever, but the sales show less and less. I cannot suspect any of the employees. The bookkeeper is the only one who could juggle the figures, and he is probably itself. He has been with us for ten years past and is as steady as a church. I might as well suspect myself."

"Nevertheless, if there is anything wrong it must be in his department," suggested Agnew.

There were two or three interviews, and then it was suggested that Dubois, which was the name of the bookkeeper, be given leave of absence for a couple of weeks. He refused to take it. Then Agnew called for instructions and was told to go ahead. He was taken to the office and introduced and his errand stated. To his agreeable disappointment Dubois gave him a cordial welcome and offered every assistance in his power. He would be only too glad to have his books looked over and verified. His frankness and eagerness were a setback to Agnew, but a day was appointed for the commencement of the work. No man could have set out to render himself more agreeable than the French bookkeeper did.

He first invited Agnew to his home to dinner. It was a modest little cottage, plainly furnished and evidently economically managed. There were a wife and two children, and the family appeared to be happy and contented. Agnew had made up his mind that Dubois was certainly living on his income and was a man of steady habits when his wife happened to mention during the momentary absence of the husband that she would be entirely happy if Claude did not have to remain at the office so late three or four nights in the week. As a matter of fact, the office always closed at 5:30 p. m., and Agnew was made uneasy by the remarks. Dubois made arrangements to show the American certain sights the next evening, and they were together for several hours. At a cafe where they stopped for a last drink Agnew, who had taken very little during the evening and who called for a milk glass on this occasion, suddenly found the room whirling round and round with him and finally pitched forward on the floor and became unconscious. When he came to some time during the next day he was ill and found that he had been robbed and was clothed in the garb of a workman. He was also a prisoner in a cellar so dark that he could not see across it. There were a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread beside him. He drank of the water and slept for hours.

When he awoke again the effects of the drug were gone, and he explored his prison, to discover that it had only one small window, and that looked out on a back yard and was heavily barred. There had been stairs leading up to a door, but they had been removed. No sounds reached him from above, and the noises from the street were muffled.

An hour later a man thrust a ladder down and brought more bread and water. He was armed with a knife and refused to answer any questions. The American coaxed, threatened and tried to bribe, but the man was firm. Three times a day for the next few days he brought bread and water, but never anything else. Then one evening he left the ladder behind him when he ascended, as if by an oversight, and after waiting for an hour Agnew crept up, to find the door open. He had to trouble in leaving the house, which was without tenants and situated in a slum street. The man hadn't a penny in money, and his suit was old and ragged. When he ascended a grand dame he was ordered to move on. He moved on and told his story again and again and at length was arrested and locked up. In the morning the police judge was about to commit Agnew as a vagrant when he asked that the head of the firm be sent for. This was done, and of course the prisoner was soon at liberty. He could not guide the police to the street where he had been held prisoner, but a visit to the home of Dubois explained everything. He had abandoned his family eight days previously. In a day or two it was shown that for five years he had maintained three separate establishments, and in two of them he had passed for a single man. Instead of being a man of steady habits, he was a regular rouler. In proof of being a man of probity, a brief examination of his books showed that he had stolen \$30,000 from the firm in six years. Had an expert been put on his books at any time his frauds must have been discovered in half a day.

It took the police a couple of weeks to secure a clew, but the embezzler was finally followed to South Africa and up the country to the diamond mines. When arrested he was all bravado, but three days later he committed suicide under the officer's nose, and the case against him was closed.

M. QUAIL.

A GOOD CATCH.



Nell: "Oh, Jack, I wish you could have seen Milly this afternoon. She literally threw herself at Frank Wright." Jack: "Oh, well, she knew he was a good catch."

A REAL FISH STORY.



First Fish (telling a story): "There I hung some twenty feet above the cruel and surging rapids below. At that moment I realized that my life hung but by a thread, and"— Second Fish: "And then, I suppose, the line broke!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.



Mr. De Swell: "You look like a victim of the liquor habit." The Tramp: "Dat's right, boss, but it ain't no fault uv mine. I wuz driven to drink." Mr. De Swell: "Indeed! And did your wife drive you to it?" The Tramp: "No, boss. It wuz me coachman."

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