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 30

Mondey, December 16, 1907.

DO IT NOW.

The delay of the Christmas shopping to the last moment means a heavy strain on the nerves and strength of the young girl clerks and other employes of the stores—how great a strain is little realized by those who gather around the glittering Christmas trees.

That this condition may be changed is the ardent wish of every charitably inclined person. It can be changed by the buyers of Christmas presents doing their shopping early.

They will not only benefit the clerks and employes of stores by so doing, but will also greatly benefit themselves by avoiding buying in a hurry and getting the pick of the holiday goods.

The Argus' advice to Christmas shoppers is to do it now.

Just so no one wishes Bob Evans "bon-voyage."

Farewell Admiral Bob. Take good care of yourself.

The biggest failure thus far is the Jamestown exposition.

Don't wait until bye and bye but do your Christmas buying now.

After reading the president's latest, Wall street is trying to be happy.

Here's to the big fleet. May it send back good tidings, whate're betide.

Read The Argus advertising columns before starting out on your holiday purchasing expedition. It will pay you.

This will be a busy week in mercantile lines. The clerks as well as the Christmas shoppers will have their hands full.

Now that the president has made his final grandstand play in personally sending off the big fleet, the public will anxiously await news of his next exploit.

While all this fulsome praise is going around about those people who aided in checking the panic, why not say a word for the man who had both the courage and the sense to leave his money in the bank?

When Kansas City has a blue Sunday, a red light district and a great white way, all at one time, it does look as though the patriots might have located the convention there, because of her patriotic colors.

American Fleet From English Viewpoint.

Archibald S. Hurd in Cassier's Magazine says: The United States navy has not only attained the position of the second sea power of the world, as judged by statistical methods, but it has reached a high standard of efficiency, as is shown by the gunnery records. It is one thing for a nation to possess a number of ships of various classes which look impressive when set out in an official statement of strength, and it is quite another for it to spend large sums on pay for officers and men, coal and stores of all kinds to enable those ships to keep the seas and thus enable the personnel to become proficient by continual drill in the essential war duties. It is one of the virtues of the American authorities that they have always recognized the supreme importance of expenditure upon the fleets at sea which are the training centers for war. Consequently, the ships of the United States navy represent actual fighting power and are not inert masses of material, which can be translated into terms of war only after months of delay—even provided the enemy gives sufficient opportunity to put a war edge on the tools which have been provided at so much cost. The ships of the United States stand for real sea power, a form of sea power which is characteristic of the republic, energetic, thoroughly alive and resourceful. It has not the same rule of thumb disciplinary veneer as is to be found for instance in the German navy, but about the whole fighting machine there is an assurance that on the day of battle it will give a good account of itself.

The ships, in fact, are ships of war, and in examining the standing of the navy in vessels of various types, no European fleets whose men-of-war appear more formidable on paper than they will, or can, even show themselves to be in war.

An Optimistic Club.

The city of Aurora is nothing if not original and progressive. The latest thing developed there in a social way is the "Optimistic Club," with a large and rapidly increasing membership. Its basic tenets are as follows:

"There are more people dying for the lack of a kind word than from disease.

"A smile is potential, magnetic and dispels trouble.

"The man who never makes any mistakes never makes anything else.

"Hard luck stores are the overdue notes.

"Before money was invented some people were happy.

"Nobody can really harm you but yourself.

"A smile is God's own medicine.

"In the realm of birds the lark is the optimist, the crow is the pessimist. Why be a crow?

"Clearing house certificates and tight financial conditions have afforded more people who never had a dollar an excuse for their hard luck than anything that has happened since the civil war.

"The optimism of the optimist destroys the last hope of the pessimist.

"A grin is a counterfeit smile and does not pass current because the heart stamp is not on it.

"Any one is eligible to join who will agree to smile every time he sees trouble ahead from now until the close of life.

"Dues are payable in scrip.

"Step in and join now. Don't crowd."

There is room in every community for such an organization and every community would be the better for having one.

November Fire Loss.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of November, as compiled by the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin from carefully kept records, shows a total of $19,122,200, or nearly $3,000,000 more than the sum chargeable against the same month of the preceding year. The following table gives a comparison by months of the losses this year with those of 1905 and 1906:

Jan.	$ 16,278,100	$ 17,723,800	$ 24,064,000
Feb.	25,591,000	18,249,350	19,876,600
Mch	14,751,400	18,727,750	20,559,700
Apr	11,901,350	292,501,150	21,925,900
May	12,736,250	16,512,850	16,286,300
June	11,789,800	13,950,650	14,765,000
July	13,175,250	12,428,050	18,240,150
Aug.	11,425,600	9,641,600	20,248,000
Sept.	11,715,250	10,852,550	11,449,400
Oct.	12,267,000	13,872,450	13,350,250
Nov.	16,178,200	16,248,350	19,122,200
Tl			
11m	$159,919,200	$440,708,550	$199,887,500
Dec.	15,276,600	19,001,450	.....
Tls	$175,195,800	$459,710,000	

During November there were no less than 330 fires where the loss reached or exceeded $10,000. For comparison we give the following classification as to destructiveness:

$ 10,000 to $ 20,000	135
20,000 to 30,000	63
30,000 to 50,000	50
50,000 to 75,000	25
75,000 to 100,000	13
100,000 to 200,000	26
200,000 and over	16
Total	330

The more important fires during November from an insurance loss standpoint were these:

Brockton, N. Y., wine cellars	$ 250,000
Louisville, Ky., stock yards plant	250,000
Muncie, Ind., wholesale grocery	200,000
Superior, Wis., grain elevator and other	2,268,000
Harrisburg, Pa., meat packing plant	250,000
Salt Lake City, Utah, storage building and other	375,000
Peoria, Ill., business block	300,000
Los Angeles, Cal., ice and cold storage plant	250,000
Louisville, Ky., wholesale grocery	195,000

In view of the heavy fire loss of the year, fire insurance companies are not expecting remarkably favorable balance sheets at the close of the present year; still we presume they can and will make the usual dividends to their stockholders from their surplus accumulated in former years.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"Millie's Strategy."—By W. Crawford Sherlock.

(Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.)

"Millie, I have requested Mr. Mitchell not to come here any more." Mrs. Thompson purred rather than spoke the words, but her keen black eyes were fixed intently upon her niece as if expecting the news would provoke a storm. She was not mistaken.

"What do you mean, Aunt Hetty?" demanded Millie, her blue eyes flashing and her voice quivering with anger. "Why should you tell Jack not to call upon me again? I am not a child and can see no reason why you should object to his visits if I don't."

"You forget yourself, Millie," returned Mrs. Thompson in the same soft purring tone. "I am your aunt, your father's sister, and he requested in his will that you should make your home with me until you are either married or have reached the age of twenty-five. That makes me your guardian, morally if not legally, and I deem it my duty to break up your intimacy with Mr. Mitchell."

"Why did you not object to Jack when I first met him? Why did you permit him to call here time and again after we met? Why did you wait until we are engaged to be married before you offered any objections to his visiting me?"

Millie had arisen and faced Mrs. Thompson. Her voice was calm, but incisive, and each question was emphasized by a sharp rap on the ebony table beside her.

"I am not compelled to answer such questions, Millie Gray, especially when asked so disrespectfully," purred Mrs. Thompson, "but I will do so. I thought Mr. Mitchell was a very estimable young man when you first met him. This impression remained with me until lately, when I have had reason to believe him otherwise."

"What is your reason?" demanded the girl sharply. "If any one has maligned Jack, I have the right to know, so I may give him the opportunity to defend himself. What have you heard about him. I wish to know."

"I decline to tell you," replied Mrs. Thompson. Her voice was still soft and low, but her thin fingers twitched nervously as if she was imbued with a strong desire to scratch the girl so boldly confronting her. "Mr. Mitchell shall not come here again. That is all I have to say. Of course, as you are of age I cannot prevent you from meeting him clandestinely, but so far as my own home is concerned I shall endeavor to do my duty."

The suggestiveness of her aunt's words puzzled Millie, but their purport became clearer to her as she reflected.

"I think I understand it all now, Aunt Hetty," she said slowly and scornfully. "You have deliberately planned this thing, knowing that my father, who hated the very mention of runaway marriages, provided that I must be married at your home if I am married before I am twenty-five. If I am married anywhere else, one-half of my fortune will go to you. My father made this strange provision, believing it would prevent me from eloping with any one before I had reached years of discretion. You introduced me to Jack Mitchell and encouraged him to come to see me. Now when we are almost ready to be married you trump up some objection to him in the hope that I will run away and get married, thus allowing you to become possessed of half my fortune. Aunt Hetty, I have never loved you, but I did not think you were capable of such a scheme."

"Believe what you please," retorted Mrs. Thompson, purring no longer, but speaking harshly and discordantly. "Mr. Mitchell shall not come here again. You may do as you please."

"I am going to marry Jack Mitchell," replied Millie quietly, "and I shall be married in your home. That is all I have to say." And, turning, the girl walked to her own room, leaving her aunt to reflect over the last words.

Bolting her door to guard against any intrusion, Millie reflected over the situation. She was now twenty, and by waiting five years until she came into possession of her fortune it would be possible to prevent Mrs. Thompson from obtaining any of the property, but the girl's mind revolted at the idea of waiting so long. She had known Jack Mitchell for two years and been engaged to him six months. Five years seemed a lifetime, and she dismissed all thought of such a plan.

Aunt Hetty should not profit by her marriage to Jack—upon that at least Millie was resolved—but how could she possibly be married in her aunt's home? Aunt Hetty, having been discovered in her scheme to secure a part of the fortune, would spare no effort to prevent her niece's marriage in her home, and Aunt Hetty, small of stature and not overly strong, usually accomplished what she started out to do.

"What a jolly row there would be if Jack and the minister would come here and try to go ahead with the ceremony," laughed Millie as the ludicrous side of such a possibility appealed to her sense of humor. "I can imagine Aunt Hetty taking Jack by the coat collar and putting him out, despite his six feet of length and 200 pounds weight. Aunt Hetty would do it somehow, so I must be married here without her knowledge, but how is that to be done?"

There seemed no way to solve the problem, and Millie arose to take a walk, thinking the fresh air might bring some relief to her troubled mind. As she stood before the mirror arranging her hat she noticed the reflection of men moving about the adjoining house, and she turned to investigate. Men were taking up the carpet and moving the furniture out of the room opposite hers, while others were on the floor below, similarly engaged. Could it be possible that the Jacksons were going to move? If they were the adjoining house would probably be for rent, and— Millie raised her window quickly and reached out her hand. It almost touched the window of the adjoining house. The houses were joined together in front, but in the rear a small space less than three feet wide separated them to admit light and air. A solution of the problem flashed across the girl's mind as she lowered and fastened the window. It might be possible to frustrate Aunt Hetty and not wait five years either.

During the next week Millie spent much of the time at home. Aunt Hetty, always on the alert, viewed this unusual proceeding with suspicion and remained indoors herself to guard against any possible invasion by Jack Mitchell. Instructions were issued to the servant to admit no one, and Mrs. Thompson felt confident of being able to frustrate any attempt on Millie's part to marry according to the provision of her father's will.

Millie smiled complacently, but said nothing, as she noted her aunt's actions. Things were progressing finely, and at last the plan was ready for execution.

Locking and bolting her door, she spent two hours in putting on her prettiest gown. When this task was completed to her satisfaction she raised the curtain and opened the window.

A moment later Jack Mitchell's handsome face peered out of the window of the adjoining house.

"All ready, Millie?" he asked, restraining a strong desire to spring across the intervening space and take her in his arms. "Here's the Rev. Mr. Walker, an old friend of mine, and two witnesses, Bert Latimer and Frank Long. We are all ready if you are."

Millie nodded, and the minister directed them to join hands across the space of separation. The marriage service was read in slow, measured tones, and they were pronounced man and wife. Jack would have come over to join his wife, but she prevented him.

"No, no, Jack; this is Aunt Hetty's house, and she has forbidden you to come here. Just wait for me at the door."

Mrs. Thompson, listening, as was her wont, at the keyhole, had heard the sound of voices and felt that something was wrong. Vigorously and viciously she had pounded on the door of Millie's room, demanding admittance during the ceremony, but the Rev. Mr. Walker, previously apprised of the situation, had not heeded the interruption. As Millie unfastened the door Mrs. Thompson's angry face confronted her.

"Who is in your room, Millie?" demanded the aunt, glancing around in quest of the intruder. She found no one in the room, but caught sight of Jack's face across the way. The bridegroom had waited to see what developed when the door was unfastened.

"What is that man doing in the Jackson house?" continued Mrs. Thompson angrily. "I shall request Mrs. Jackson to forbid him coming there."

Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Thompson were excellent neighbors, and the threat seemed sufficient to prevent any further visitations of Jack Mitchell to the adjoining house.

"Mrs. Jackson has moved, Aunt Hetty," said Millie calmly. "But you have been so busy watching me that you failed to notice it. I, or, rather, we, have taken the house."

"We! What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Thompson excitedly. "I have nothing to do with that house."

"I mean Jack and myself, aunt. We have just been married. I stood in my room and Jack stood in the room of the house next door. I was married in your home and have complied with the condition of my father's will. Good-by, Aunt Hetty. Come over and see us. We will be at home on Tuesdays of next month."

But Mrs. Thompson was too much discomfited by the defeat of her well laid plan to make a reply.

CHICAGO'S POLICEWOMAN.

Kindness and Lace Handkerchief Miss Dorothy Stewart's Only Weapons.

Chicago's first and only policewoman was on duty the other day at the Auditorium theater, says a Chicago dispatch to the New York American. She is Miss Dorothy Stewart, whose motto is, "a kind word does more than a club; patience does what handcuffs can't."

In blue jacket and helmet and gold braided blue skirt, white gloves and wearing a star, Miss Stewart patrols the lobby and foyer of the theater, protecting women and children. She is only twenty-two years old, sweet faced and equally sweet tempered, but fully equipped with official determination.

"I think it is a grand position for a woman," said Miss Stewart, "and as for the costume—well, it's just too dear for anything. Honestly, now, don't you think it very becoming?

"My only weapon is a lace handkerchief. I don't carry any club," she laughed, holding out her hands. "My brief experience has already satisfied me that it is easy to handle women and children at the ticket office and throughout the theater simply by kindness. Women, you know, don't like to stand in line before a box office, and this often angers a policeman. Some hot headed ones are liable to take a woman by the arm perhaps more roughly than they think. That just makes matters worse. But a kind word has the proper effect in every case.

"Here, of course, we are not troubled by flirts, but, then, should one by any chance appear he would find me after him in a jiffy. It wouldn't take me long to hustle him out, I assure you."

This latest acquisition to Chicago's force of peace guardians has thrown an air of mystery about herself. It is said she is the daughter of well known parents, that she is a Chicago girl and has done some private investigating at times, although she never met a real, sure enough habitual lawbreaker in her life.

VOICE OCTAVE ABOVE PATTI'S

Wisconsin Girl Astonishes Musicians by Her Singing.

Striking with ease and sustaining the high F which Adelina Patti merely touched for a second after reaching it by a succession of trills, then ascending purely and sweetly to the F one octave above Patti's and to the G above it, Vilma Schaefer, nineteen years old, of Oshkosh, Wis., is creating a sensation in musical circles, says a Milwaukee (Wis.) correspondent of the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Her remarkable voice, with its range of five full octaves, has astonished Milwaukee musicians, who have refused to believe the claims made for it until they have heard her run the record breaking vocal scale which stops five notes from the end of the piano's keyboard. This voice has been under cultivation only a few weeks.

An Antifog Plan For London.

M. Maggiora, who purposes to abolish fog and has submitted his explosive scheme to the London county council, seems to have no doubt of the efficacy of his method—the shooting of strong and searching currents of air out of huge cannon or projectors, says the London Globe. Eight or ten of these weapons would, he says, be needed as a permanent antifog apparatus for London. "Twenty explosives, costing sevenpence each, will dissipate any fog in twenty minutes," he says.

Belinda's Patients.

[A Washington doctor has all his hospital nurses treat their patients by singing to them.]

Belinda was a gentle nurse who wore a frock of blue
And labored long and lovingly to pull her patients through.
But some were peevish and perverse, and, though she tried and tried
To heal them, just to spite their nurse the ingrates went and died.
And so she brooded night and day upon her grievous wrongs
Until she heard a doctor say, "Why don't you cure with songs?"

Belinda's soul then knew content. She jettisoned her woe,
And everywhere Belinda went a song was sure to go.
Beside the bed, where parting life apparently was laid,
She warbled softly, "Get a Wife!" and, trembling and afraid,
The patient suddenly upsat and, picking up his grip,
Departed through the window at a Lusitania clip.

Belinda next tried timidly the "Merry Widow" waltz
Upon a man whose bones were full of fissures, flaws and faults
Resulting from a fracas with an elevated train,
From which, a badly broken man, they pulled him forth again.
When first the languorous notes he heard he wore a puzzled air.
Then blinked, then, into fury stirred, he went away from there.

Belinda has one patient now; the others fled away
As fast as she could get to them and soothe them with her lay.
To him she croons "My Teddy Bear," "School Days" and "I Love You,"
And he lies quite contented there the tuneful hours through.
She's sung him all the latest hits, and that is going some,
But he appears to like them all, for he is deaf and dumb.

—James J. Montague in New York American.

Wife—Yes, it was I who brought all the money into this household. What did you have before I married you?
Husband—Peace.

RECORD OF COURT HOUSE

COUNTY COURT.
Judge R. W. Olmsted presiding.

PROBATE.

Estate of Peter Tindall. Waiver. In re claim of John Kipping and Thomas and Margaret Quilty, appeal bonds of said John Kipping and of said Thomas and Margaret Quilty filed and approved.

Estate of Edward G. Tindall. Inventory filed and approved.

Estate of John A. Hanson. Inventory filed and approved. Certificate of publication of notice to creditors on file of the date of Dec. 15, 1906. Proof of posting notices to creditors filed. Final report filed. Receipt and waiver of notice by Christina Hanson, widow, of all property in estate under will filed. A. H. Kohler sworn and examined touching heirship. Final report approved as no notice appears necessary. Executor discharged.

Estate of Isabella Kelly. It appears that no lawful hearing has been had on the claim of Bertha Kelley. Hearing on same set for Dec. 18, 1907, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Real Estate Transfers.

Charles A. Wahlgren to Freda Nelson, lot 9, block 1, Frick's addition to Moline. $2,300.

Jane S. Cable to Frank E. Robbins, lot 11, Allen & Fleming's addition, South Rock Island. $275.

Edward Van Hecke to Theophiel Herpelynch, lot 7, block 1, Blackman's addition, Moline. $1,225.

Erika Wahlgren to Freda Nelson, lot 9, block 1, Frick's addition, Moline. $1.

Adair Pleasants to Sophia Regenberg, lot 54, part southeast quarter section 36-18-2w. $1.