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, December 15.

The president's voice toward the south is that of Jacob, but his appointment hand is that of Esau. Selah!—Atlanta Constitution.

Senator Clark, of Montana, is one of the few people in the world who can afford grandchildren at a million dollars a head.

The toy trust was probably organized to educate the younger generation in the advantages of "community of interests" methods.

An Oshkosh (Wis.) jury gave a verdict of $500 to Ida Zacher, who sued M. H. Ballou, a wealthy mill owner, who kissed her three times without asking.

And still the opinion grows stronger that Olney should be secretary of state just now instead of Hay. The people have reason to believe that a costly blunder may be made at any time.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch thinks that President Baer, as the agent of Providence, will certainly be shocked to read of the 13-year-old boy who has been working for four cents an hour to pay to the company rent due from his father, who was killed in the mines.

With Uncle Russell Sage winning a big land suit, Aunt Hetty Green clearing $150,000 on some of her railroad stock, and Mr. Rockefeller making a sweeping profit by advancing coal oil prices, we surely have prosperity from the standpoint of some people in the world, at least.

A few months before Thomas Brackett Reed was attacked by the illness which precipitated his death he concluded that he had made money enough for his family out of his law practice in New York and had about made up his mind to quit active work. It is believed, in view of this fact, that had he lived he might have gone into politics again, but not in New York, for he never liked life in a large city.

The Union of yesterday morning enters into a discussion of possible mayoralty candidates on both sides for next spring, the most preposterous suggestion in connection with which is the thought there is even so much of a possibility of the present incumbent being considered for reelection, or that beyond his own cravings for further honor he is regarded as in any sense a remote candidate. Rock Island is in need of a mayor, regardless of from which party he may come.

Illinois leads all other states in contributing to missionary work, according to a statement made by Mrs. S. E. Hurlbut, treasurer of the woman's board of missions at the second session of a conference held in Chicago. The sum of $24,978.16 represents the benevolence of Illinois mission workers during 1902, and this figure is $1,[illegible]8.32 below what it was last year. Yet even at this it is over $14,000 ahead of Iowa, the next state in the honor list. Other states have increased their gifts this year over those of 1901, however, and the combined contributions for 1902 exceed those recorded in the previous annual report.

The "White Slaves."

Cleveland Press: The facts concerning the situation in the anthracite coal mining region are being tried by the crucible of the arbitration commission. The ore of truth will come out of this smelting. As a sample of some of the evidence going into the hopper, take that of last Saturday.

Andrew Chipple, a 12-year-old breaker boy, "no taller than a yard stick," took the witness chair. In a childish treble Andrew told of how his back ached at his work and of how the "boss" was accustomed to pull his ears and tell him to hurry.

But that was only an incident. This boy, who ought to be in school, testified that his father died, 18 months ago, owing the coal company $50. The boy was working on this account. He had worked four months and had not received a cent.

More. His due bills showed that he was deeper in debt than when he began.

James Gallagher, an elderly miner, testified. Gallagher had worked for his company 17 years and nine months and during all that time had drawn only $50! He was compelled to deal at the company's store. Gallagher explained that half the work he had done in the mines was done on his knees. Explaining the store system, he said provisions and clothes at the company's stores were anywhere from 10 to 20 per cent dearer than in the independent stores.

When President Roosevelt appointed the arbitration commission it was for the purpose of settling the strike. He builded better than he knew. The people want the facts respecting which there has been so much controversy. This commission is collecting the facts. And upon these ascertained facts affirmative legislation for the remedy of wrongs, if any shall appear, may be predicated.

It is very evident, thus far, that the grievances of the miners were not imaginary.

Cheap Politics in the Second Iowa District.

About the cheapest thing in politics that has developed hereabouts for some time is the attempt on the part of the republicans to deprive Judge Wade, of the Second Iowa district, across the river, of the seat in congress to which he was duly elected last month. Objections to the signing of the certificate of election of Judge M. J. Wade have been made to Gov. Cummins, at Des Moines. These objections are based upon the fact that Judge Wade was holding the office of district judge when he was elected. It is maintained by those back of the opposition that he cannot legally take his seat under the circumstances. Think of that for a subterfuge to circumvent the will of the people. It is understood, however, the governor of Iowa will sign up the certificate of Judge Wade, and if there is any controversy further over the matter, it will have to go before the house of representatives, which is the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members, under the constitution.

COUNTY TEMPLE.

Transfers.

Dec. 13.—James D. Long to Y. E. McClendon, e½ lot 2, block 10, Wood's Third add., Moline, $175.

Charles A. Barnard to John B. Cornwall, e 10 feet lot 7, block J, Prospect Park, Moline, $70.

Mary E. Metzgar to Alice S. Metzgar, lots 1 and 2, block 3, Atkinson Park, Moline, $1.

Charles A. Barnard to Charles H. Cornwall, w 40 feet, lot 8, block J, Prospect Park, Moline, $280.

William N. Craig to John F. Schroeder, tract in block 1, W. H. Edwards' add., Moline, $1,700.

DAILY SHORT STORY

Gregson's Policy.

[Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.]

Franklin Howard regarded the group on the porch with a curiosity which was returned with interest. He was the latest arrival at Stony Brook farm, and the other summer boarders looked upon a newcomer with satisfaction.

Howard was a big, clean faced fellow, with clear eyes and an alert air that was lacking in most of the stoop shouldered young men who had left their desks in the steaming city to spend their year's savings at a boarding house where their two weeks' stay was more costly than three months in the city.

Naturally the women regarded him with favor, especially those who had passed the first flush of youth. The only drawback was that he did not respond readily to their overtures. He was courteous, but they excited only amusement.

The only one upon whom he looked with favor was Miss Helen Gregson, and naturally enough she was the most unapproachable. The father, Henry G. Gregson, was rather more disposed to be sociable. A cigar was his overture, and as the two men talked Gregson led the conversation to the city.

"Stay here long?" he asked curtly. He was not given to waste of words.

"Only two weeks," replied Howard. "I wanted four, but the boss said he couldn't spare me from the shop, so I took what I could get."

"Good policy," commented Gregson. "Always do that. I can't stay here fooling. City wants me. You care for my daughter?"

"How do you mean?" asked the astonished Howard. "I admire Miss Gregson immensely, but"—

"Nonsense," ejaculated the other. "I didn't ask if you loved her. You look after her. Keep those infernal small boys away. You are a man at any rate. Box of cigars do?"

Howard intimated that he did not require the bribe to induce him to act as a squire of dames.

"Come over," said the other. "Helen," he continued when they had approached, "this is Mr. Howard. He will look out for you when I go back to town. Get acquainted." And he left them to engage the farmer landlord in conversation as to the crops. Gregson was "carrying" more wheat than the farmer probably realized was raised in one summer.

Howard got on famously with Miss Gregson and by the end of the first week was her inseparable companion. They roamed the country over and at last one day, reverting to childhood, built a dam in the little creek which flowed at the bottom of the meadow. It was not much of a dam as dams go; still it served to break the last barrier between them. They were children again, and when at last they had induced most of the water to run over the top instead of between the stones they regarded their accomplishment with admiration.

He gained possession of her hand, unrebuked till a pressure warned her to withdraw it. It was too late then. Hot from his lips rushed the words of love. Those ten days of close companionship had had their influence upon both. The building of the dam had completed the work. They had controlled the waters of the creek, but their love ran free and unchecked. When the dinner horn brought them back to earth again, they were betrothed, and Helen admiringly regarded the ring which had once been his mother's.

The next three days were all their own. Then Howard had to return to town. He presented himself before the head of the Gregson family, who seemed a little surprised. "Back, eh? Come for the cigars?"

"No," said Howard evenly. "I have come to ask for your daughter." Gregson's face purpled.

"You upstart!" he finally managed to ejaculate. "You mechanic! You want my daughter? No!"

"I am no mechanic," responded Howard.

"You said shop," urged the other.

"Well," retorted Howard, "I didn't say I was a mechanic. You jump at conclusions. I told you that I had to get back to the shop in two weeks. I didn't say it was a machine shop."

"Machinery, dry goods—all the same; one as bad as the other!" Gregson was rapidly reaching the stage described as being too full for utterance. Howard seemed to enjoy the situation.

"I lived several years in England," he explained. "There shop is any place where you work. My shop is the Blue Star Transport line. My father owned two-thirds of the concern when he died. Now I am learning the business, and this is the rush season."

Gregson was appeased, but still unsatisfied.

"All the same, you had no business getting engaged. I never told you you could have Helen."

Howard smiled.

"I admit I should have asked permission first," he said, "but you advised it."

Gregson jumped from his chair.

"I never!" he shouted, then sank back.

"You will remember our conversation of two weeks ago," Howard explained smoothly. "That is evident from the fact that you have already referred to things I said then. I told you I wanted four weeks, but had to take two instead, and you told me to take all I could get."

Gregson was vanquished. "Take her, my boy," he said weakly, a shade of awe in his tones. "You would take her anyway, and I may as well consent. But you make a mistake staying in the steamer business. Be a lawyer and still follow my policy."

FRANK S. CHESWICK.