

## 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.



Saturday, Nov. 24, 1906.

It is a simple problem: Get the trials and you get the factories.

"The hope of the democracy in this crisis is William Jennings Bryan," says the Boston Traveler.

The Atlanta Journal says that the arrival of the president at Colon was the nearest he will ever come to a full stop.

The president has finally added the royal touch to his dramatic voyage by riding across Porto Rico in the Infanta Eulalie's old automobile.

Boston can relinquish her proud claim as the hub of real Americanism after having named one of her public ways Avenue des Louis Pasteur.

Washington Post: "There is enough gas in a man," says a prominent chemist, "to fill a gasometer of 3,640 feet." Needless to say this conclusion was arrived at during some heated political campaign.

The Trans-Mississippi congress committee at Kansas City first turned down Hon. William J. Bryan's resolutions, one in the interest of universal peace among nations and the other for eternal war on the common enemy, the trusts—and then the congress adopted them. What made the committee hesitate in the first place.

Rev. E. B. Real, an 81-year-old superannuated Methodist preacher of Rogers, Ark., announces his intention to marry Mrs. Jane Salisbury, a buxom widow of 51. His relatives objected to the union on the ground that the old gentleman was "in feeble health and not able to marry." They applied for an injunction restraining Mr. Real from entering into the holy bonds and the court has decided in their favor.

The New York magistrate who soaked the world's greatest tenor, Enrico Caruso, for indecent conduct in the presence of women and children in Central park, and for insulting women, did his duty. The fact that the penalty will be the seclusion and disgrace and the wrecking of a brilliant career, counts for nothing against the debt that has been paid to decency. The duty to society goes before the duty to art.

One crime leads to another. Benson, the man who robbed the Ladd, Ill. bank, says he began his vicious career by being enticed to gamble. The game was poker, and he became a devotee. It grew to a passion and finally a crime. He was drawn on from one villainy to another, until he finally ended up by robbing a bank, for which he will go to the penitentiary. Beware of gambling and gamblers. The gambling den should have painted in plain letters over its doorway, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Governor-elect James H. Higgins of Rhode Island, 30 years of age, is the youngest governor of the smallest state. Higgins is popular in the extreme, and even his political enemies have for him only respect. His habits are exemplary and he uses neither tobacco nor intoxicants in any form. His father died when he was 12, and he had a hard struggle to educate himself and assist in supporting his mother and two younger brothers. He is the first Roman Catholic governor of any New England state.

A respected citizen of Freeport and a man prominent in Illinois history passed away in the death yesterday of Hon. Edward L. Cronkite. He was former mayor of Freeport and for six terms a member of the Illinois legislature, being democratic caucus nominee for speaker at the time of the historic fight between Logan and Morrison for the United States senatorship. Mr. Cronkite was one of the oldest merchants in northern Illinois and was always active in public affairs, serving the community in any position to which he was called. Although he had occupied many important offices, he accepted the post of county supervisor at the request of the citizens and held the place at the time of his death. During the Logan and Morrison contest for the senatorship Mr. Cronkite was a conspicuous figure at Springfield. As leader of the democratic wing and nominee of his party caucus for speaker, he acquiesced in the naming of Elijah M. Haines, an independent for temporary speaker to secure his support. Mr. Cronkite was at one time democratic nominee for state treasurer of Illinois. He was a

member of all the Masonic bodies and was at one time commander in chief of Freeport Consistory. He was also prominent in Odd Fellowship.

## The Pace of Living.

The pace of living in the United States seems to be getting faster. That it is the country's golden age of over-indulgence has been nowhere better illustrated than in statistics furnished by the department of commerce and labor. It is found that the value of luxuries imported into the United States for the fiscal year reached the astonishing figure of \$100,000,000. Tobacco, cigars and cigarettes were brought into the country to the extent of \$25,000,000, which is more than double the importation of 10 years ago.

The same figures show that opium smoking has largely increased, and, to crown this evidence of our running, diamonds worth \$40,000,000 passed through the customs last year, as compared with only \$75,000 worth a decade ago.

Perhaps there may be some of the trials and temptations which the younger Rockefeller advises his bible class must be expected with the flush of triumphant prosperity.

It is encouraging to believe that most of us can be trusted to meet them as mere temptations and overcome them for the general good.

## To Check Fire Losses.

Organized effort on a large scale to reduce fire losses is represented in the International Society of Building Commissioners and Inspectors of Washington, D. C., which has just held its third annual election and issued a report of its progress. Free advice on the subject of fire prevention is offered "to any municipality or individual having their own corporate or personal interest enough at heart to ask for it."

The society is composed of the chief officers of the building departments of the large cities. Nearly every important city in the country is represented, as well as many cities in Europe, some of the members being from England, Austria and Mexico. Its work is directed by one of the best known consulting architects and authorities on fire prevention in the United States.

Through the society's efforts many cities have already been induced to improve their building laws. The society is also trying to get municipalities to lower taxation on fireproof buildings, while placing the maximum assessments on fire traps which are a menace and the protection of which involves big expense to every large city.

Statistics show that year by year half as much property is burned up in this country as is added. The average annual fire loss is now \$200,000,000; this year it will exceed \$500,000,000. The International Society of Building Commissioners and Inspectors was formed to carry on a campaign of education whereby the public will become thoroughly familiar with what constitutes fireproof construction and the need that exists for it.

## IN THE SUBURBS.

## MILAN.

Miss Clara Fisher of Sears returned home last week after an extended visit in New York.

The Misses Margaret Medill, Parrot, and Rice, teachers of the Moline schools, spent Sunday at the home of Miss Medill's brother in Milan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mosher are visiting friends and relatives in Iowa.

C. H. Smith, who has been ill, is again able to be at work.

Both Heath of Davenport was visiting relatives in Milan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Criswell spent a few days at the home of Mrs. Criswell's parents in Reynolds.

Clare Baugh of Cambridge visited friends in Rock Island and Milan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Taylor have moved into one of the Sears houses on West Dickson street.

Mrs. Sandy Bingham of Bowling visited her mother, Mrs. Robert Adams, in Milan the latter part of the week.

Ira Zahn returned this week from a business trip to South Dakota.

Johy Kye, who, with his wife, is visiting friends in Milan and Sears, has been taken sick with pneumonia at the home of E. Crouch, his uncle, in Sears.

Fred Kye returned to his home in Battle Creek, Mich., after being called here by the death of his grandfather.

Gives vigor, strength, vitality to your nerves, stomach, and every part of your body. It's easy to take; swallow a little Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea; it does the business. Tea or tablets, 35 cents. T. H. Thomas' pharmacy.

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It has saved thousands from consumption.

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At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and \$1. Don't accept anything else.

## DAILY STORY

A NEW ADAM AND EVE.

(Original.)

The patient was placed upon the operating table, the surgeon put on an apron similar to those worn by butchers, an assistant administered an anesthetic, while the nurse stood waiting. As soon as the patient came under the influence of the drug the surgeon proceeded to open his breast and take out a rib that had been so forced out of position by an accident that it endangered the man's life.

When the patient came to himself he looked wildly about him. No one was near except the house surgeon and the nurse.

"What's all this about?" he asked wonderingly.

"You're all right," replied the doctor.

"You've had an accident. We've taken out a rib."

"A rib! Out of me?"

"Yes. Be quiet. All depends upon your not exciting yourself."

The patient closed his eyes and began to mutter incoherently. The doctor looked at the nurse and shook his head.

"He's delirious," he said.

The nurse shuddered.

Suddenly the patient opened his eyes and, fixing them on the doctor, said excitedly:

"You say a rib has been taken out of me?"

"Yes."

"Well, what?"

"Where's the woman?"

"What woman?"

"What woman! Why, the woman that has been made out of the rib."

The doctor glanced ominously at the nurse, who said nothing, but looked troubled. Surely the man was badly "out of his head."

"I say, where's the woman?" repeated the patient excitedly.

The doctor whispered some words to the nurse's ear, then, pointing to her, said to the patient:

"This is the woman. Now go to sleep."

The patient stared at the nurse, then went on incoherently:

"So you're Eve, are you? Made of a rib taken from my body. We must be married. By the bye, how in thunder did Adam and Eve get married with no one to marry them? Send for a clergyman at once."

The nurse drew back. The doctor made an effort to pacify the patient, but without effect. Then he took the nurse aside and told her that the man's life depended upon their quieting him, and there seemed to be no way to do so but to yield to his wishes. After some pleading on the doctor's part the girl consented to go through a marriage ceremony which he assured her would be meaningless. An assistant was called in to personate a clergyman, and the doctor led the nurse to the bed.

"Are you a real sky pilot?" asked the patient.

The man proved a poor liar, and the patient began to rave:

"Get out of here and send a real dominie! Do you think I'm out of my head to be fooled this way?"

The doctor sent the man away and suggested that they call a clergyman. After all, there was nothing legal about a ceremony with a man who didn't know what he was doing. The patient raved on, and the nurse finally consented.

A real clergyman was called, and the moment the patient looked at him he seemed to be satisfied that he was what he pretended to be. The patient took the nurse's hand, and the ceremony was performed. The moment it was over the would be groom closed his eyes and lay perfectly tranquil.

"You've saved his life," said the surgeon to the nurse. "Never fear. There's no danger of your getting into a complication. I, a physician, was present, and, knowing that the patient's life depended upon our humoring him, he being delirious, I persuaded you to act a part. All this I will put in an affidavit."

The nurse did not appear either to fear that the mock marriage might bring her trouble or doubt that the doctor's affidavit would be all she would need to ward it off if it came. Indeed, the doctor in speaking of the matter to the matron told her that it was singular what an effect even the semblance of a marriage would have over a woman. The pretended bride, he said, seemed to be as much affected as if she were going through the real thing.

The man minus a rib did not return to his delirium. When the doctor called the next morning and found his mind clear he supposed the patient had forgotten all about the marriage ceremony.

"Doctor," he said, "was I delirious yesterday when I came out from the influence of ether?"

"You were."

"Talked about my lost rib being turned into a woman?"

"You did."

"Insisted on a marriage?"

"Yes, and to humor you I persuaded your nurse to play the part of Eve. But it's all right. You needn't worry. It was only a mock marriage."

Meanwhile the nurse, who was present, had turned away.

"Suppose nurse claims it isn't?" pursued the patient.

"That is ridiculous. But even if she did I would."

"Nurse," interrupted the man on his back, "did you intend to marry me yesterday or not?"

The nurse turned, with a smile and a blush.

"I did."

The doctor stared first at one, then at the other.

"Oh, that's all right," said the groom.

"We're old spoons."

F. A. MITCHEL.

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## Women's Pains

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