

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.



Friday, December 11, 1908.

The "shriek" of the green hat is declared to be the war cry of mankind. But often a war cry "peters out" into a yelp.

See whizz! but the shopping days are getting few. Christmas is coming like a mile a minute. Have you shopped yet?

The earlier Christmas shopping is done the more time left for filling the hole it puts in the purse against the day of real merriment.

Yes, it is action that is needed. It is well to say "I must and I will do my Christmas shopping now." But it doesn't buy any goods. Go and do it.

That football casualty list of over 200 in 1908 goes to prove that head-on collisions pan out in gridiron events much the same as they do on the rail.

It is said that Cannon and Aldrich have ordered congress to do nothing at this session. This is a concession. Heretofore the orders have been to do the contrary.

Cuba's new president, who can speak Spanish, but not English, will find that he must think in English and act the part of Uncle Sam will make him "walk Spanish," too.

Tariff revision in the minds of those in authority consists in the creation of minimum and maximum schedules with the present figures used as the minimum. The real tariff reformers can get no relief from a revision made by the friends of the protective policy.

Abner Ruf, the San Francisco grafter, has been convicted again of bribery after a trial of 106 days. But it does not follow that he will get his deserts. Old Judge Technicality has a crack at the case yet. Consequently the boss hoodler may be once more turned loose to continue to prey and plunder.

Champ Clark says the duty of 5 cents a pound on borax was imposed because a senator from Nevada—would presume this was Stewart—would not vote for the tariff bill unless his state got a rakes-off. This is characteristic of most tariff making. Borax stood in not the least fear of foreign competition, but if graft were going around Stewart was determined to get some of it for Nevada.

The November Fire Loss. The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of November, as compiled from carefully kept records of the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, shows a total of \$15,834,350. It is less by \$3,287,850 than for the corresponding month last year, and \$414,000 less than for November, 1906. The fire loss in the same territory for the 11 months of the year is \$224,503,100, which is greater by \$24,632,700 than for the corresponding period last year, and \$216,205,450 less than for the 11 months in 1906, which included the San Francisco loss of \$292,501,100. If the loss for April, 1906, the month of that disaster, had been normal, the comparison would be favorable to the 11 months of that year by about \$55,500,000.

During November there were 306 fires which caused a loss of \$10,000 or over in each instance. There were nine fires during the month which caused a loss in each instance of \$200,000 or over. The Journal of Commerce says that it is well known in insurance circles that only the heavy increases in security values has saved a number of fire underwriting institutions from going to the wall.

Robbing the Postoffice. The stealing of \$18,000 worth of stamps and currency from an Indiana postoffice serves to call attention to the report of the postal department showing that this kind of thievery has been growing rapidly for a number of years, in spite of the most determined efforts of the secret service to stamp it out. During the last year there were 1,802 such robberies, an increase of 231 over the preceding year. The government assumes losses by robbery of postage stamps amounting to \$72,984; postal funds, \$15,627; a total of about \$102,000.

In the course of the year 372 post-office burglars were arrested and all but a half dozen were convicted. The government never ceases its pursuit of these thieves, who are mostly professionals and make a specialty of robbing postoffices. One feature of the case, always puzzling to the government officials, is the readiness with

which business men of high standing will purchase hundreds of dollars' worth of stamps from persons not connected with the postal service, and without either asking questions or reporting to the authorities. These stamps are necessarily sold through a "fence" and at a liberal discount, and the government secret service men contend, with some show of reason, that merchants who buy their stamps in large quantities from unknown men are making it easy for the postoffice burglars to go on with their work.

The loss in such cases falls on the postmaster, who, while he may be reimbursed by an act of congress, is always compelled to wait a long time for the adjustment of his claim. Recently congress has authorized the postmaster general to settle minor losses, where the facts are satisfactory to the inspectors, but in cases of large loss, like that in the Indiana town, the postmaster must wait for his relief in special legislation.

Commerce Extension. The fourth and last of the series of commercial and industrial conferences that have helped to make the present week a notable one in the national capital was held in Washington when the National Council of Commerce met to elect officers, adopt by-laws and to perfect a plan to be followed by the council in its future work. The sessions were held in the offices of the department of commerce and labor and were attended by eminent representatives of commercial organizations in virtually every state in the union.

The National Council of Commerce, which was inaugurated by Secretary Straus a year ago has aroused considerable interest throughout the country, about 60 commercial bodies from the leading cities of the United States having joined the council since its first meeting. Secretary Straus has become more and more convinced of the practical value of this progressive organization, not only to the commercial activities throughout the country, which can, through the council, be constantly informed of trade opportunities abroad, but to the various departments of the government connected with the business world.

One of the features of the movement is the establishment of a permanent bureau of the council in Washington in charge of a capable man who can keep in close touch with the government departments that have to do with commercial affairs and advise the various commercial interests of important matters that arise from time to time and affect their welfare. Similar bureaus have existed for some time in Germany, England, France and other European countries and have been found to be of incalculable value in promoting their foreign commerce.

SPOTLESS TOWN. Brook, in Holland, is the Cleanest Place in the World.

The housecleaning tools, hung upon the wall in neat lines, were as numerous, as diverse and as handsome as the tools of a carpenter or a chauffeur. There were floor brushes, wall brushes, picture brushes—all sizes and shapes. There were rakes and scrapers for corners. There were polishing instruments of every kind—for glass, for metal, for floors, for furniture. There were sponges, camolins skins, soaps and powders of all descriptions.

"It is a complete set of cleaning tools, isn't it?" said the owner. "It should be complete. I brought it from Holland with me—from Brook—from Spotless Town.

"Brook is the cleanest place in the world. When you enter its gates they give you a pair of new straw sandals yellow as gold to put on so that you will not track up the snowy streets. In the bright sunshine you seem to be walking in a town made of sugar candy. The tree trunks are painted yellow, the garden fences are a bright blue, the tables and chairs before the little inns are as white as though carved out of snow.

"Enter a Brook stable. The walls are scarlet, the mangers are green, the floors are yellow. The cows' tails are fastened to rings in the ceiling so that they may not soil nor be soiled."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Dangerous Operation Is the removal of the appendix by a surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's New Life Pills is ever subjected to this frightful ordeal. They work so quietly, you don't feel them. They cure constipation, headache, biliousness and malaria. 25c at all druggists.

When He is at Home. "He is a heavyweight fighter." "Yes, it is a pity." "What is a pity?" "That he is such a lightweight husband."

Explained. "He isn't worth much, is he?" "No. That's the reason." "What reason?" "He costs so much."

Good of Her. "I never have any doubts." "Is that so?" "Yes. I let my neighbors entertain all such things."

Pert Paragraphs. Sometimes a woman belongs to a woman's club, and sometimes a woman's club belongs to a woman.

If you find it hard work to keep your temper, you would better employ a man to keep it for you.

It seems to make some people positively angry if one insinuates that this world is not wholly a wilderness of woe.

When your conscience wakes up sometimes it is only to let you know that you think you are being cheated.

Beware of temptation. It might not be the brand you think it is.

It is easy enough to have a good time in this world if you have a stand-in with the people who keep good times on tap.

The best way to reform some men is to send them back to the factory and order a new lot in their stead.

The trouble with one's neighbors is usually this: They are usually either bored or scandalized at our behavior.

Danish Americans. Aarhus is one of the oldest towns in Denmark, and there lie the bones of departed Danish kings and queens.

PRESIDENT'S VALEDICTORY. Answers Question "What Shall We Do For Our Ex-Presidents?"

President Roosevelt in his office at the White House recently gave what may be considered his valedictory, with permission to a correspondent to use it. The president said:

"When the people of the country are asking the question, 'What shall we do for our ex-presidents?' tell them that they need do nothing for this ex-president. He is going out to work and to do for himself.

"I have had a first class time as president of the United States, and I have enjoyed every minute of the time I have been in the White House. When I have finished the last stroke I am going out contented and to work."

This statement came from the president after the close of a talk with one of his friends, with whom he had been discussing his approaching African trip.

PLEA FOR PARDON. Butcher Who Mixed Tallow With Lard Confesses Sins in Newspapers.

Frank Spera, a former resident of Akron, Ind., has caused to be inserted in various newspapers in Warsaw, Ind., and vicinity the following announcement:

"I want to make restitution and beg pardon of the people through the newspapers. When I was in the butcher business in Akron I mixed tallow with lard and sold it to my customers. I ask all these people in Jesus' name to forgive me of the offense, and if there are any who are not satisfied with just forgiving me if they will send me a statement of the amount they think they were wronged honestly, between God and man, I will make all wrongs right."

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GIVE US A TRIAL. F. R. Kuschmann, 2207 Fourth Ave. Both Phones.

Humor and Philosophy

THE FOLLOW UP. After Thanksgiving Cometh the hash, Saver of labor, Saver of cash, Pleasant and wholesome, Yet you must fast, Sore if you find it, There every meal.

Served in the morning, Heated at noon, Dished up for supper— That is the time, If you are hungry, 'Twixt meals a lunch Makes you feel certain Hash will be lunch.

Table so proudly Groans with the weight, Heaviest turkey, Kept for the date, White meat or gizzard, Dark meat or wing, Pile up your platter, Turkey is king.

Strictest injunction Says that you must On the occasion Eat till you bust, Every one porging, How can there be Anything over? Just wait and see.

Wait till tomorrow, Wait for the sight, Hash to the left of you, Hash to the right, Hash there in front of you, Greatly I fear It will be weeks Till it's hash in the rear.

Too Bad. "What do you call your cook?" "Polly. But that is not what my husband calls her."

"What does he call her?" "I am ashamed to tell you."

No Cags. "But don't you want to catch a husband?" "What! Me?" "Yes, you."

"Not I." "Why?" "I should not know what to do with him."

My Christmas Girl. She's a winsome little fairy With her manners light and airy And her fluffy hair a-curl, She's as pretty as a picture, In my heart she's sure a fixture, She's my dainty Christmas girl.

She is graceful, she is merry, But of Cupid she is wary, And she sets his head a-whirl, So she's somehow caught my fancy, She's my dainty little Nancy, She's my dainty Christmas girl.

I am happy 'cause I've caught her, Morn and even I brought her, In my heart her wings to furl, 'Cause she's just as sweet and sunny As the golden, herald honey, She's my crispy Christmas girl.

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McCABE'S SPECIALS for SATURDAY

Those delicious fruit buttercups Saturday, lb 15c

High quality molasses kisses per lb 12c

Beautiful Jap and German china cups and saucers, assorted decorations, worth 35c, Saturday 19c

200 assorted card games for boys and girls sold up to 20c, choice 5c

19 inch Golden Oak folding doll beds 15c

9 inch handsome German china berry or salad bowls, 50c value, Saturday just half price 25c

10 inch table Christmas trees special Saturday 5c

Embossed Hardwood A B C blocks 3c

Another book triumph, "The Powers and Maxine," C. N. and A. M. Williamson's brilliant \$1.50 novel, while 40 last at 2:30 p. m. 48c

Holiday boxes, containing fancy soap, sachet and toilet water, very special 15c

Steroptican and 24 views neatly boxed made to sell for \$1.00, Saturday in book department while they last 29c

Two of Alger's most famous stories "Tom the Bootblack" and "The Store Boy," fine cloth bound books at 7:30 p. m. 12c

Men's white metal pocket match safes, in nation department 5c

Large Mission Rockers with arms and Boston Leather Seats \$2.35

Golden Oak Parlor Tables, 24 inch tops, with shelf and shaped legs \$1.40

Velvet and Axminster mitre rugs 1 1/4 yards square 97c

All wool Ingrain Carpet remnants, 2 to 4 yards in piece, values 75c and 85c, yard 35c

A Wireless Message from Santa Claus

NORTH POLE STATION NORTH STAR WIRELESS L. S. McCabe & Company, Rock Island, Ill., U. S. A. Tell the boys and girls all over the three cities to be on hand near your Third Avenue store next Saturday at 2 o'clock. My three big Teddy Bears will be with me. 33-paid-rush.



THIS shows you just where Santa Claus has located his real headquarters. McCabe's is the only store in the Tri-Cities to which Santa brings his pet Teddy Bears.

You won't want to miss these and Santa will want to see you in the crowd with all the boys and girls at 2:00 o'clock sharp, next Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12th.

There'll surely be something doing and you'll not want to say No! when the other boys and girls ask if you were there.

After the roof parade Santa and his bears will hold a reception in the store. Santa will hand out his card to the boys and girls who come to see him. We suggest that all letters for Santa Claus be handed to him at this time.

"Red Letter Day" Tomorrow

FREE—\$1.00 worth of "S. & H." Red Letter Day Trading Stamps absolutely free for the asking to every one who calls for them tomorrow, Saturday, Dec. 12, all day and evening. No restrictions—bring all the partly filled stamp books and get \$1.00 worth of these Red Letter Day Stamps Free. Start as many new books as you wish, each containing 10 Free Stamps in addition to the \$1.00 worth of Red Letter Stamps without cost.

L. S. McCABE & CO., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

The Argus Daily Short Story

KICKING A GOAL—BY LITTELL McCLUNG. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Though it was only an hour before the great football game between Clinton and Darnall, their conversation was not of the gridiron as they walked down Main street bound for Clinton oval.

"There's only one thing that keeps me from becoming engaged to you right now, Thornton," said the girl after a serious pause.

"You'll have to tell me, Leta; I can't guess it," answered the stalwart quarterback of the Clinton eleven.

"Just this," she said. "I am not altogether sure that you really need me in your life. You are a strong, self-reliant boy, capable of fighting your own way over the obstacles that will confront you."

"More than all else put together, I want to know that without my encouragement you would be accomplishing less—that I will always be an inspiration to you, no matter what your aims may be."

For a moment the young man did not reply. Then he looked at his companion, his gaze sincere.

"Leta, you're right," he agreed quietly. "That's the way I want you to feel about it. Deep down in my heart I know that you would always inspire me to strive for the best in life. But I must convince you of this, and I'll do it, too, dear girl, if I get the chance!"

"Maybe you will, Thornton," she replied, "and I hope that you will more than you can guess. Why—why not begin at the game today?"

"That's what I intend to do, Leta," was his prompt response. "I expect to play as I never played before. Just be-

(Continued on Page Eight.)