

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, December 17, 1908.

SHOP EARLY.

Buy your Christmas presents early—early in the day. That will be your biggest gift of the holidays to the workers behind the counters and on the delivery wagons.

You can tell Santa Claus by the smell of burning whiskeys.

Castro refuses to resign. This ought to square him with Platt and Dewey.

Several able gentlemen in Washington are trying their best to look like cabinet material whenever Taft is around.

Buttnski Roosevelt has been told a few things the past two days that he never dreamed any would dare shoot at his imperial majesty.

It is officially denied that there is any tin trust. All that is needed to confirm the denial is the consent of the stand patters to reduce the tariff on tin.

"The town is filled with detectives," says a San Francisco dispatch. At this distance it seems to explain a great deal of the grafting which has afflicted Frisco.

Time is passing rapidly in which to do Christmas shopping. The sooner it is done the more time is left to fill the hole put in the purse against the day of real merriment.

The most joyous moments of some people are those in which they are finding fault with others for not doing—or doing—that in their wisdom should not be done.

Now Joseph Pulitzer, old and blind, is the latest victim to be forced into the Annapolis club by President Roosevelt, and sent there too with a certificate as the chief offender.

President Roosevelt seems to think that he and J. Pierpont Morgan and William Nelson Cromwell are the United States. It is a harmless delusion if it stops with the thought.

With both branches of congress fighting him in the last months of his two-term administration, the president ought to feel exceedingly proud of his reputation as a broad-minded American executive.

The rioting strikers of the New Jersey potteries plead that the advance in wages promised on the election of Taft has not been given them. This plea does not justify violence, but it suggests the impolicy of mixing business with politics.

A Michigan man has been sent to jail for 30 days for swindling the United States out of two cents. Now compute this number of two cents contained in \$20,000,000 and multiply them by 30 days each. No wonder Standard Oil men have put up a fight!

William Howard Taft will be the only president with a middle name since Chester A. Arthur. All but seven of our 26 presidents have been blessed with but a single baptismal name. Cleveland was christened Stephen Grover Cleveland, but his first name was never used.

Not one of the justices of the supreme court who has attained the retiring age of 70—neither Fuller, nor Harlan, nor Brewer, nor Peckham—has any notion of accommodating President Roosevelt by sending in his resignation. Perhaps the president might accomplish something by applying to the venerable justices his walking test.

The tariff testimony being taken at Washington is one continuous wall from the beneficiaries that they are not getting enough from the consumer. Up to this time there has been no confidence in the work of the commission, or that there will be any such thing as real revision in behalf of those who must pay the bills. It is all a republic bluff to appease the public.

The strenuous one in the White house reserves the right to butt into everything that goes on in the country, whether it pertains to a ward caucus or a meeting of a mothers' club, and to give without solicitation his own views on every subject under discussion. But woe betide the one who disagrees on any occasion. The individual so offending immediately be-

comes a publicly proclaimed liar, a scoundrel and a coward, against whom the government should proceed forthwith with all the power at its command.

The most humiliating thrust—humiliating both to the American people and to their present executive—was that handed Roosevelt by Delavan Smith of the Indianapolis News, in reply to the White house screed about the newspapers who have criticized the conduct of public affairs. Smith simply said that it was impossible for him to answer Roosevelt without descending to the use of Rooseveltian language, and that would be beneath the ethics of reputable journalism.

Without going into the merits of the case President Roosevelt in his attitude upon newspaper editors apropos of the Panama canal inquiry, furnished the world with a sample of bigotry, egotism, demagogism and blackguardism never before exhibited by an American executive. He has belittled his great office and disgraced the American people who will be heartily glad of the spell relief—even though it be but temporary—when he disappears into the wilds of Africa.

It looks as if the country had the whole Taft family on its hands. Yesterday at the office of Brother Henry W. Taft in New York, with the advice and consent of William H. Taft of the whole United States, it was decided to sidetrack Congressman Burton of Ohio both for the office of senator and the post of secretary of the treasury, and to send Brother Charles P. Taft to the United States senate from Ohio instead of either Foraker or Burton. And Teddy is in the thick of the plot.

Sending Money Home.

American dollars will furnish Christmas cheer in many humble homes in Europe this year. Since December 1, in 17 days, several million dollars in foreign money orders have been issued by the New York postoffice. The aggregate is considerably in excess of the figure of last year, though not up to the records of some previous years. It is expected that the total, including large sums that will be carried by the steamships sailing this week, will amount to more than \$6,000,000.

There was a time when Ireland received by far the largest proportion of these Christmas gifts from its sons and daughters who had taken up new homes on this side of the Atlantic. In the last few years, however, it has been closely pressed for first place by Italy. A single ship sailing from New York last week carried nearly \$100,000 in money orders sent by Italians living here to relatives and friends in Italy. Large sums are sent to the United Kingdom, Germany, Hungary and Russia, with Denmark, Austria, Sweden, Belgium, Greece, the Netherlands and Switzerland following in the order named.

Watterson Fires Shot.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, breezily takes Colonel Harvey of Harper's Weekly and Editor McLean of the Washington Post into camp when he calls attention to the fact that prior to the recent election they were the bitterest enemies of Mr. Bryan. Now that the election is over they come out with fulsome flattery of the one man they maliciously traduced. Colonel Watterson ends a lengthy editorial in this wise:

"The old Whigs went down under Webster and Clay. Maybe they talked too much and too well. The modern democrats have gone down under Cleveland and Bryan. The two were the same clothes; rode the same horse, but seemed to face in opposite directions. What does this prove? It proves that the last century constitutional government laid in personal liberty was the dominating principle, and that in this century the almighty dollar, seeking markets, is the dominating principle.

"The old Whigs won two elections 60 years. The modern democrats have won two in 50 years. In Tyler the Whigs lost the fruits of one of their victories. In Cleveland the democrats lost the fruits of both their victories. If either Colonel Harvey, or Mr. McLean wishes to take a few lessons in wisdom they each will find a soft knee, at once ample and paternal, for him to climb and straddle!"

The Prince of Peace.

Collier's: All the old troublesome questions of the origin and destination of the Galilee carpenter have passed. All the medieval worriment in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of Him fade away, dogmas on His nature lose their charm. His gentleness has conquered. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the gleam that touched Him widens through the world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization, and makes it kinder every generation. The touch of His hand is on the grief-stricken. Nurse, physician, and nun are the messengers of His teaching. The vestal fires burned out, but never the fires of His spirit, which answer each other from mountain-top to mountain-top across the continents. And deep in the heart of the people they make family life sweeter and ease the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as today—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds, and names, men serve Him. And however far we go in the

conquest of nature, identifying the north pole, climbing the sky, prying open electrical forces, mapping out the subliminal, diminishing sin, disease, war, poverty, ignorance—always in the advance will be that gracious figure of the sinless one, who showed love as the rule of life. One perfect man—ardent and gentle—the race will never tire of Him.

PITCHER MURPHY'S REQUEST

Ball Player Wanted to Hear "Face to Face" Sung as He Died.

"Say, Will, one last favor. Sing 'Face to Face' for me before I"—And as his closest friend ended the song P. H. Murphy, a baseball pitcher, fell dead in the arms of William F. La-hiff at his home in Leominster, Mass. He was twenty-four years old and died from pneumonia.

Murphy started in baseball in his home town, Keene, N. H., having such a man as Hannigan, later of the New York Giants, for a teammate in 1902. Murphy was with Bridgeport when he jumped to the Allentown (Pa.) outlay league team and showed up so well that when things had shaped themselves so he could come back into organized baseball the St. Louis Nationals paid \$2,400 for him to Bridgeport in 1907.

When he regained consciousness just before he died he asked his chum to sing his favorite song, and as the refrain died away he expired.

Makes Brave Men Cowards.

It has been proved that the comparatively harmless bombarding, so far as wounds are concerned, of a besieged town is terribly demoralizing to the bravest men. When a shell bursts near a group of twenty men it may kill one and wound two, while the remaining seventeen escape without a scratch. It will be found, however, that many of these are never the same men again. No matter how iron nerved they were before they are now irresolute and timid, and all their faculties are weakened. Very often they are jeered at by their comrades because of this change, but this is utterly unjust. In fact, their brain and spinal cord have been injured by being violently shaken against the walls of their bony cavities. The same thing occurs in railway collisions. People who were robust become quite feeble and nervous, though they have never received a scratch. This curious state in the case of soldiers is well recognized by doctors under the name of the mental injuries of explosives. The injuries are really quite as physical as a shattered leg, for they consist of a kind of bruising of the very delicate tissue of the spinal cord and brain.

A Roman Fortune Teller.

A fortune teller of a lower order who lives in a dirty and obscure house is constantly applied to by jealous lovers. A girl who has a hated rival sends the latter under the veil of friendship to consult the fortune teller, who is prepared beforehand to frighten her from her pursuit of the man she loves. While the hag mixes the cards and the girl watches three knocks are heard at the door.

"That is a bad sign," says the witch. "It means that you are not beloved."

The fortune teller continues to lay the cards several times, but always with a bad result. The girl is told that the man she loves has no intention of marrying her and is advised to have recourse to all sorts of magic, for which she pays a considerable sum. The rival who has sent her also pays the witch, who thus earns a double fee. The objects told by the witch as charms are many and various. One is a bit of rag, another is a purse containing salt, a bit of hay, some barley and some nails. These charms are said to lose their power after a month or two, when they must be replaced.—Chambers' Journal.

Taking an Advantage.

"Your family seem to enjoy going to Europe."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrex. "Mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make an intelligent inquiry as to the expense."—Washington Star.

And, little Mary, plain of face, Adorned with charms so few, You'll half believe as he protests 'The things he says are true, And when you have been hitched for life

Your dreamings to fulfill You'll ever after happy live, Or let us hope you will.

Not Grammatical.

"Willie, what are the parts of speech?"

"Let's see. Pointing with pride, calling the enemy horse thieves and promising the earth."

"No, no. You are thinking of a political speech."

Too Bad.

"Some people are so disagreeable."

"Indeed, yes."

"As how?"

"Well, I never get a dollar but somebody up and duns me for it."

Baffled.

We are told to hitch our cart to a star. A sentiment truly grand. But what is a fellow to do, I say, If he can't get a star to hitch to?

Answered.

"Our president wants to know why the boys leave the farm."

"That is easy enough."

"Why, then?"

"Because they have car fare."

Quite Musical.

"Do you play any?"

"Just hand me down music."

"Hand you what?"

"A phonograph roll."

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Be cheerful at any cost to the house or company.

When the new wife finds out that John likes corned beef and cabbage better than he likes angel cake one more illusion has gone to swell the vanished myriads.



The man who systematically blows his own horn uses his lungs to such an extent that he is apt to get chesty.

Don't kick. Get some one else to do it. It will conserve your own reputation and be just as effective.

A good, substantial excuse is always desirable, but is apt to be expensive.

Don't speak harshly of your enemies. They expect you to knock them, and if you have them guessing they will cease activities for a time.

To keep on good terms with some neighbors you have to be deaf as a post and blind as a bat and stand for all the ghastly jokes that they spring.

Speak gently to an angry man. He will want to kill you anyway, so it doesn't matter if you do incense him further.

It takes a lot of confidence in your appetite to cause you to order scrambled eggs at a restaurant.



The man who makes a good living hasn't much to complain of unless somebody else gets it.

The days are so short that lots of us don't find time in which to earn a much needed rest.

He doesn't see why his wife should object to being left alone whenever he wants to leave her alone. He didn't take a contract to keep her entertained, not if he knows it, even if he did happen to marry her.

Oh, little Mary, plain of face, With eyes of faded blue, Some day some large, impulsive man Will fall in love with you. Will swear you are the true miss His empty heart to fill, The one and only girl for him, Or let us hope he will.

Some moment when you least expect A lover he will stray Across your path and after that Refuse to go away. Your very presence, he'll declare, Will cause his heart to thrill And make him for the first time live, Or let us hope he will.

And, little Mary, plain of face,

Adorned with charms so few, You'll half believe as he protests 'The things he says are true, And when you have been hitched for life

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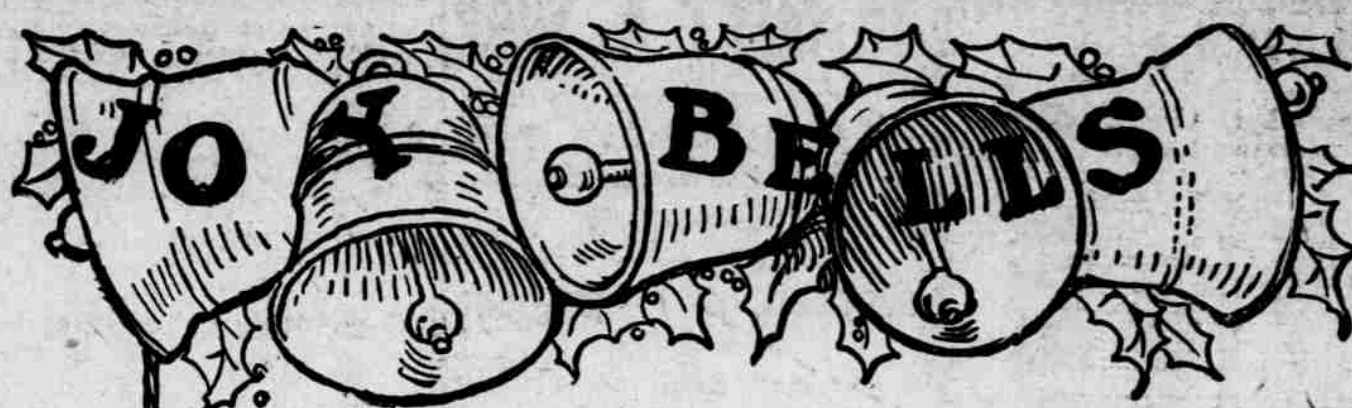
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"Just hand me down music."

"Hand you what?"

"A phonograph roll."



WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THEM RING FOR EVERYONE, ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR, AND WE WANT TO DO WHAT WE CAN TO MAKE THEM RING FOR YOU.

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The Argus Daily Short Story

THEIR CAUSE FOR THANKS—BY CHARLOTTE CARRUTHERS.

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When Dick Waring suddenly married pretty Linda Mills, to whom he had just become engaged, Uncle Henry Waring danced wrathfully on the hearth rug and uttered direful predictions.

"I don't blame you for wanting to marry Linda," he said angrily, "but you should have waited another year before taking a wife and setting up housekeeping. To my certain knowledge, Dick, you haven't got \$500 outside of your salary, and—"

"I have my two hands," interrupted Dick, with a dramatic gesture, "and I assure you, Uncle Henry, my wife shall not suffer."

"Folger!" snorted Uncle Henry. "Your wife has two hands also, and I'll warrant she finds a use for them in a thousand ways you never thought of. Why, if you were to meet with an accident or have a long illness what would you do?"

"I would go to work then, Mr. Waring," said Linda, with spirit.

"We will manage very nicely, Uncle Henry," said Dick haughtily. "I am sorry you feel angry about it, but, as I have explained to you, after Linda's aunt died she was practically homeless, and I persuaded her to marry me at once. It's my fault."

"That doesn't better the matter, you young idiot!" retorted the choleric old gentleman. "Linda could support herself by her music for a year or two till you could earn enough to support a wife. As it is, you will suffer poverty and deprivation and be sick of each other before a year rolls round!"

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, Mr. Waring glared angrily at his adopted son, and Dick, inheriting the same family characteristic to a degree, glared back at him.

Then, tucking his little wife's hand in his arm, he left the commodious and comfortable abode of his boyhood and sought a home of his own.

Uncle Henry, left alone, polished his eyeglasses vigorously and looked up at the picture of Dick's father which hung above the chimneypiece.

"I've done the best I could for him, Jimmy," he murmured huskily. "He'll have to paddle his own canoe now."

The next day he wrote to Dick and offered the two young people a home with him. Linda could assume charge of the household, and Dick might take his old place as the favored son.

Dick made no reply for a week, and then he merely scribbled a few lines to say that they had furnished a little house at 5 Clement street, where they hoped Uncle Henry would come and see them.

But Uncle Henry did not go.

A year later Linda Waring was putting the final touches to her dinner table. It was Thanksgiving day, and Dick was home for the holiday. She could see his dark head bent over a book in the next room.

Presently Linda crept in and sat down on the floor beside his chair. "What is the matter, Dicky?" she asked softly. "Something is bothering you."

"It's Uncle Henry," confessed Dick frankly. "I have felt beastly mean for the last twelve months since we have been estranged. He has been like a father to me, and—well, I'm ashamed of myself." He reddened under her loving gaze.

"Why didn't you say something be-

fore, dear?" asked Linda after a little pause. "You know I spoke to you about asking Uncle Henry to spend last Christmas with us, but you said he would not come, so I gave it up."

"I was a fool, Linda," said Dick forcibly. "Time and again I've felt that I must be friends with him once more, and after the bank closed I would take a walk, intending to stop in and see him, but the minute I got within sight of the house all this cursed Waring obstinacy would rise up and send me past the house like a shot."

"If that is the case," said Linda, arising and bending over him, "I shall put on my things and run around and drag Uncle Henry here by main force. I have laid a plate for him and—"

"It is our place to go to him, Linda," said Dick soberly. "Let us go together."

"But my lovely dinner!" protested Linda, with a wistful glance toward the kitchen.

"Let us take it with us. I want Uncle Henry to taste your pumpkin pies, replied her husband, jumping to his feet.

In half an hour the toothsome dinner was snugly packed in two baskets, and the Waring turned their backs on 5 Clement street and boarded a trolley car.

When they reached the Waring mansion Dick ran up the steps like a boy and pressed the bell button.

After a long wait the door opened, and the displeased countenance of Mary Michens, the cook, was thrust forth.

"Good evening, Mrs. Michens," said Dick pleasantly. "Is my Uncle Henry at home?"

"He is not!" replied Mrs. Michens sourly. "Queer folks I call it when a lady has cooked as fine a Thanksgiving dinner as ever I see for him to set before it a minute and then jump up and order it all to be packed in baskets! And him and William has went away with it and me a promising my sister she should have a taste of that turkey and all!"



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