

# NEWS OF THE NEIGHBORS

## DAVENPORT

**Reversal in Rink Case.**—The Iowa supreme court yesterday reversed Judge Bollinger in the case of the state against Charles Rink. Rink, a Davenport saloon keeper, confessed keeping open his saloon on a holiday, and was accordingly enjoined by court from operating. He circulated a new petition from adjoining property holders and other necessary steps to open a saloon, and reopened. Judge Bollinger fined him, holding he could not renege in the saloon business until there had been circulated a new and general county mulet petition among the voters. The supreme court reverses Judge Bollinger, and says Rink had a right to reenter business as he did. The decision of the supreme court comes in the nature of a most important legal victory for Attorney Louis Block, counsel for Rink. After the majority of the saloon keepers and their supporters had given up hope, Mr. Block continued the fight, and although he lost in the district court, he inserted all the more stamina into the fight and has now been rewarded by this splendid victory in the supreme court. A number of other saloon keepers were prosecuted by the Civic Federation on the same grounds as was Mr. Rink and were punished accordingly. Now that Rink has won a decisive victory, it is probable the other saloon keepers will take some measure to obtain redress.

**Keeler Buys Munro Stables.**—Charles A. Keeler has purchased the hack line and livery stables owned by "Brick" Munro, 315-321 East Third street, for a consideration of \$6,000 and will complete these with his own, 315-321 East Third street, Roy Lobdell, who is at present in charge of Mr. Munro's stables, will be retained as manager of that stable and Mr. Keeler will supervise the work in both personally.

**Is Granted Divorce.**—A decree of divorce from Mrs. Sadie Paulsen was yesterday granted to Mrs. Sadie Paulsen from Bernard Paulsen, upon the petition presented to the court by Louis Roddewig, attorney on behalf of the plaintiff. The stipulation is made that neither of the two parties is to re-

marry within a period of one year and the privilege of resuming her maiden name of Sadie Bruhn is granted the plaintiff.

**Reaches 90th Year.**—Another of Iowa's pioneers, Mrs. Cordelia B. Donaldson, completed her 90th year today. Cordelia Borthwick was born Nov. 20, 1919, in Albany county, New York, on the farm on which her grandfather, James Borthwick, settled in 1773 when he came from Dumfries, Scotland. The family later removed to within two miles of Albany. Here Mrs. Donaldson was married and lived until the early 40's, when she and her husband, the late Gerrit Donaldson, came to Iowa and settled in Pleasant Valley, this county, where they lived until 1856, when they moved to Davenport. Mrs. Donaldson retains all her faculties and recalls many incidents of pioneer days, when all of Davenport's business houses were on Front street and but few residences were as far up as Sixth street.

**Obituary Record.**—F. M. Schlichting died yesterday at the county hospital after a brief illness. Three days ago he was taken to the hospital suffering from a severe attack of yellow jaundice, which caused his death. He was 42 years of age and had been a resident of West Davenport. The survivors are his parents, William H. and Mrs. Mary Schlichting; three sisters, Mrs. Agnes Kanisko of El Paso, Texas, Mrs. Clara Biggens and Mary Schlichting of Davenport, and three brothers, Charles, William and Albert of Davenport. The funeral will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the late residence, 2214 Bownitch street, with burial at Fairmount cemetery.

James Trullit passed away Thursday morning at 3 o'clock at the Scott county hospital, where he went Sunday suffering from pneumonia. He was an old resident of Davenport and had many friends in the city. He was 68 years of age at the time of death. Many years ago he came to Iowa, residing on a farm near Buffalo. For several years he had been a resident of Davenport, making his home at 503 East Ninth street. One sister, Mrs. Susan Pearson of Davenport, and one brother, George of Seattle, and several relatives in Muscatine survive him. The body was shipped to Montpelier this morning for interment.

Pinkney let him rage without check. A daring idea had come to the desperate schemer. Perhaps, after all, if Smith attacked Sommers it might not be so bad. It would be up to Smith. He would suffer; no one else. At any rate, Sommers must not see that gun go into the tempering bath. Pinkney decided to irritate his drunken foreman a little more.

"Better be careful, Smith. He's in a position to make trouble for you all. He's an officer of the navy, you know; has a right to inspect the work. We've got to treat him well. Besides, this Sommers is a pretty bad fighter himself. He's got an idea he can lick anybody around these works." That was enough. Smith's fury was keyed to the fighting stage now. If only needed the presence of Sommers and a little provocation to start real trouble.

"Think he's a fighter, does he?" he roared. "Let him come in here—I'll show him who's a fighter. I don't have to treat him well. I don't have to treat anybody well. I'm independent, I am. I don't crawl for nobody."

"Smith, you're drunk," declared the general manager. "You're drunk or you wouldn't talk that way."

"I know I'm drunk," roared the foreman. "But I'm the best man in the outfit, drunk or sober. Just let that navy duck show up."

Inside Pinkney was smiling, well pleased, but he kept a straight, stern face.

"I know you're the best man, Smith," he confessed. "But why do you want to fight with me?"

"Who's fighting with you?" blustered the bully. "There wouldn't be enough of you to carry away if I was fighting with you."

Pinkney laughed powerfully. "All right," he said. "Now, remember, Sommers must not see that gun come out of the furnace. He's sore on us, and he'll make a bad report on the job if he gets a chance. You know what would happen to you then."

"He tried to get my job," roared the foreman. "Try to take an honest man's living away from him? I'll show him."

He turned to the workman near the furnace, yelling, "Here, take that Sommers gun."

Pinkney caught the foreman by the arm.

"Wait a minute; wait, Smith," he commanded. "Here's Sommers now."

The naval lieutenant was coming down the long furnace room, shielding his eyes from the terrific heat and glare of the furnaces as he passed.

Smith lurched out to meet him just as he stepped in front of the furnace which held the Sommers gun. One quick look assured the navy man of the foreman's condition.

"How soon do you take the gun out, Smith?" he asked.

The foreman lurched up, thrusting his face close to the officer's. "None of your business," he retorted. "I take it out when I get good and ready. Maybe at one time, and then again it may be another."

The answer was enough. Every muscle in Sommers' powerful frame set for action. Already he had the foreman's protruding jaw measured for his right hand, and Pinkney's voice checked him.

"I say, Sommers, come here, please, will you?"

The naval man turned without a word and walked over to the general manager.

"Perhaps you can explain this, Mr. Pinkney?" he demanded sternly.

Pinkney smiled apologetically. "I hope you won't mind Smith. You can see he's been drinking."

The officer's eyes narrowed. The fighting look was still on his face. "And that's the kind of a man you allow to be in charge of important work?" he demanded.

Pinkney was still apologetic. "It doesn't often happen, I'm glad to say," he explained. "But Smith is a very valuable man, one of the best I've ever known. I'd hate to lose him. He is thoroughly competent, even though he seems drunk. Liquor only makes him quarrelsome and impertinent. It doesn't affect his ability as a workman."

"He was just the man for this job. That's why I put him in charge and let him stay on even though drunk. You can depend on it, he'll do the work all right."

Sommers accepted the explanation with a shrug.

## MOLINE

**In Memory of Deceased Elks.**—Arrangements have been completed by Moline lodge of Elks for their memorial day service, and the program is in the hands of the printer. Fred Vollmer, a member of Davenport lodge of Elks, will deliver the memorial address, and J. M. Magill of the local order will speak of the absent brothers. The service will be held in the Moline club hall instead of the Barry more, as was first announced. The change is necessary as a result of the booking of an attraction to appear at the theater on the date set for the memorial—Sunday, Dec. 5.

**Employees Organize Benefit Society.**—Employees of the Velle Carriage company are busy this week adding members to a benefit society organized Tuesday evening. Assessments will be levied weekly, and sick and death benefits will be paid. The sick benefit is fixed at \$5.25 a week after the first week for a period of 12 weeks. The death benefit is fixed at \$25. There are 350 employees eligible for membership and the aim is to secure a membership of at least 200. Officers are: President, John Williams; vice president, George Sugant; secretary, George Brown; treasurer, C. E. Ball.

**No Protest Yet.**—Every stockholder who has called this week at the office of Charles S. Kerns, receiver, and investigated the plan to wind up the affairs of the Moline Building, Savings and Loan association, has endorsed the proposed settlement, and signed to surrender stock certificates according to the terms of the agreement. Mr. Kerns published a notice last Monday evening that he would be at his office every day this week to submit to stockholders individually the plan of settlement, and to explain any points that might not be clear in the minds of those holding stock certificates. Stockholders have been calling at his office in large numbers, and roughly estimated those who have signed in the three days represent \$45,000 worth of the stock of the concern. The average amount of stock signed for daily has been \$15,000.

**Considering Postmastership.**—Congressman McKinney spent Thursday at the Manufacturers' hotel consulting with Moline men as to matters of moment in national affairs in which Moline people are interested. Naturally the chief interest centered about the appointment of postmaster of Moline, and several of the various candidates and their friends conferred with the congressman, presenting their claims and reviewing the situation. It was not to be expected that any definite solution of the race would be reached, as this was probably the first time the situation has been so closely surveyed, and several weeks will probably elapse before an appointment is announced. Congressman McKinney wants to study the situation from every point of view and he is seeking to be guided by as clear an understanding as can be gained by fair and frank discussion with the various candidates and their friends.

## Milan

Miss Pluma Boulton and Miss Lenora Nice visited Maud Sealburg of Rock Island Sunday.

Miss Ruth Ruge entertained the Misses Bessie Johnston, Katherine White and Marlan Medill at her home Monday evening.

Miss Una Cullen of Geneseo visited with her mother Saturday.

Miss Marguerite Dawson is unable to attend school on account of illness. Mrs. Tom Willhite received word Wednesday of her sister's death at Chicago.

"Well, you're the general manager, Mr. Pinkney," he said. "If that gun is ruined in your place the Durant works will be responsible. Personally I think, valuable as Smith may be, it would be a good thing to lay him off until he sobers up."

"I understand your feelings," he said, "but I'll stay out here myself to see that the gun goes through all right. Smith's nasty now. It might be as well if you didn't stay any longer. It upsets him to have outsiders about."

For the first time a real suspicion of foul play took hold of Sommers. They were all too obviously anxious to get him away.

"Don't worry," he said shortly to Pinkney. "I'll take care of myself. I've got time to get into my working togs, haven't I?"

He turned away and started back to the office just in time to meet Marsh approaching. He had sized up Marsh for an honest, well meaning fellow, so he didn't hesitate to stop him.

"Oh, I say, Marsh, what time did that gun go into the fire?"

The head draughtsman looked up and down and everywhere but at Sommers' face.

"I don't know, Mr. Sommers, exactly," he hesitated.

"Don't know?" exclaimed the officer. "What's going on here anyhow? It looks to me like there's something wrong. Didn't you tell me that gun went in at 6 o'clock?"

Marsh was thoroughly frightened now.

"Did I say 6 o'clock? I've forgotten, Mr. Pinkney will know. I'll ask him."

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"I'll be back in a moment, just as soon as I get on my working clothes." And, leaving Marsh in a cold sweat of fear, the naval man hurried into the office. As soon as the door had closed after him Pinkney rushed over to Smith.

"Now, Smith, go to it quick," he commanded.

In a moment the roar in the big furnace room had increased tremendously. Smith began to bellow his orders. The men realizing the important time had come went to work with a will.

The hugh traveler was rushed over above the trap furnace as fast as it could be moved. The chains were being lowered into the trap to draw out the gun when Marsh caught Pinkney by the arm.

"Mr. Pinkney, don't—don't try it," he exclaimed. "Sommers suspects."

Pinkney shook off the restraining touch.

"Let him suspect," he exclaimed contemptuously. "What difference does that make? Once get that gun into the bath without his seeing it, I can beat him, no matter what story he tells in Washington."

"But you can't get it in," expostulated the frightened draughtsman. "He'll be back in a minute. He knew you couldn't beat him or he wouldn't have left. He's gone to put on his working clothes."

For reply Pinkney shook himself free and shouted to Smith:

"Here, Smith, Sommers has just demanded that you be discharged. He

(Continued on Page Nine.)



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**VIA WIRELESS**

Novelized by Thompson Buchanan From the Successful Play of the Same Name

By WINCHELL SMITH, FREDERIC THOMPSON and PAUL ARMSTRONG

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

**CHAPTER I.**—Lieutenant Sommers, United States navy, is ordered to the Durant steel works, where a cannon he has invented is being cast. He meets Frances Durant, daughter of the steel mill owner.

**CHAPTER II.**—Edward Pinkney, rival of Sommers for Miss Durant's hand, as superintendent of the mill conspires against Sommers and the success of his cannon.

**CHAPTER III.**—Frances reveals that she has studied wireless telegraphy.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Pinkney decides to supplant the Sommers gun with one invented by an employe, Marsh, and names the Rhinoceros gun by Pinkney.

**CHAPTER V.**—Pinkney and Sommers clash.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Frances and Sommers learn that each loves the other.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Pinkney puts Smith, a drunken foreman, in charge of finishing the Sommers gun.

**CHAPTER IX.**

**CAUGHT IN THE ACT.**

FOR ten minutes Pinkney, suppressing his anger and surprise, managed to talk casually in the office. Then he excused himself on the plea of work and, leaving Sommers, hurried out to see whether Smith had followed directions.

"I'll be out in a few minutes myself," said Sommers as the general manager left. "Expect there is plenty of time, though."

"Oh, yes," Pinkney assured him from the door. "There's plenty of time. Don't hurry. We have our most

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