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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1920.

Stop Park Betting.
 Since last Sunday's football game at Douglas park a number of persons who witnessed the exhibition have complained to The Argus that betting was openly carried on in the stands before the contest started and afterward; that men were seen to parade in the stands flashing money that they wished to wager on their favorite team. No one questions the right of another to place a money wager on his favorite, providing that there is no organized fixing as happened in big league baseball in the past few years. There is a difference between a bet and organized gambling on the outcome of a sporting event, and it is to be expected that there will be wagers placed about the city on the outcome of the games in which the Independents take part.

But it is a bad precedent to permit open betting in the stands or on the field during the game as was done last Sunday. It gives rise to all sorts of ugly imputations and in the minds of persons not rightly informed involves the home team and the management. The Argus suggests that Manager Flanagan issue orders prohibiting betting during the game at the park. He should do so in the interest of the sport. If Independent fans insist on betting let them put up their money in a less public place than in the park in view of thousands of spectators, many of whom may have doubts in their minds as to the squareness of the play as they recall scandals that have been revealed in connection with other sporting events.

The Independents football team has won a place in the hearts of the lovers of clean sport in this community and the management can't afford to allow anything to occur that might tend to injure its high standing.

Root Warns Harding.
 David Lawrence supplied Argus readers with a scoop yesterday in publishing the views of Ethel Root on the treaty of Versailles, plainly indicating that not all of the Republican leaders are of one mind as to the position the United States should take with reference to a peace league against future war.

Mr. Harding, it is stated, is of the belief that the vote of Nov. 3 should be accepted as a rejection of the proposed League of Nations. Mr. Root takes issue on this point. Mr. Root rather leans toward the position of President Wilson. He holds that abandonment of the treaty of Versailles would bring chaos and disaster. He says that it would be very unwise to declare the league dead. Mr. Root is a man whose counsel on a question of such importance is worthy of serious consideration. He has always been conservative on international questions. He knows the public mind and knows what is best for his nation and its people. It is a mistake to imagine that the people who voted the Republican ticket this month will in doing so that they wanted the United States to reject the League of Nations. If the league proposition were placed on the ballot it is firmly believed by The Argus that two-thirds of the American voters would cast their ballots in favor of the United States joining in the international compact, of course with such reservations as it would seem meet should be enforced.

When to Worry.
 "Man is a creature of sorrow. He is born in tears and never smiles before his 40th day." So wrote the philosopher Pliny, and pessimists in every age before and since have found their way of declaring life a vale of tears and a valley of sadness.

Much that is idle and silly has been written of laughter. Those who forever preach of laughing away sorrow and giggling in the face of catastrophe will find their most proficient students in kindergartens, where children laugh with little cause and in mad houses where the inmates need no cause for laughter.

But, between the two theories of life—morbid pessimism and inane optimism—lies a middle path that the most of folks will find it best to follow.

Worry is the implacable foe of laughter. No one denies the value of laughter, but many deny its possibility at some times. Worry too often conquers laughter.

Divide your worries into two parts. There are those misfortunes which thought and a full appreciation brought by worry will remedy and there are others that no amount of remorse or regret will alter.

The man who worries because his pay envelope holds not enough for the comfort of his family, may, if he keeps his worry within due bounds, increase his salary and the happiness of his brood. Laughter then will follow and be good.

But to grieve forever more for the dead—dead mortals or dead hopes—is simply to shut the door fast on heaven-sent laughter and to make of life a true vale of tears and a valley of distress.

Believe neither the one nor the other; the wall of the pessimist or the forced and tiresome chuckle and grin of the constitutional optimist. Both are fakers and hypocrites—the one denying joy and the other sorrow.

Pressing City Need.
 One of the pressing needs of the present in Rock Island is for additional modernly appointed apartment buildings. There are several of these apartment houses in the city, but all are crowded, with waiting lists. It is said that from an investment standpoint these buildings are attractive. They are in other words and there is no reason why they should not be in Rock Island. Both Devonport and Moline are far ahead of Rock Island in the number of these structures built in both those cities. All of them are said to be bringing a good financial return for their owners. In

ARE YOU A MASON?
 By Miss Gertrude Burnham, Box 27, Grafton Center, N. H.
 (Copyright, 1920, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)
 Al Mason had just received a telegram. He read it while the small group on the store steps watched him with ill-concealed curiosity. "After a moment Al looked up, transferring his attention to a little young man who was swinging around the corner, oil can in hand. Without saying a word he grabbed the newcomer, Jud Dixon, by the arm and led him inside, then thrust the telegram into his reluctant grasp.

Jud read:
 Alvin Mason, Granville, Ky.
 Will arrive Saturday night. Open school on Monday. Let's Mason.

"Well," he remarked calmly, raising his eyes to Mason. "Relative of yours?"

"No," explained Mason, "the new teacher, and she particularly wanted to hear of us because our names are alike. Strong on family names. Now Strong isn't able to have her and Jess wouldn't like it a little bit if a pretty girl came to stay with us."

Jud nodded. "But how does that connect up with me, Al?" he queried. "I'm not a Mason, but I'm a Mason."

"Well," he remarked calmly, raising his eyes to Mason. "Relative of yours?"

"No," explained Mason, "the new teacher, and she particularly wanted to hear of us because our names are alike. Strong on family names. Now Strong isn't able to have her and Jess wouldn't like it a little bit if a pretty girl came to stay with us."

Jud nodded. "But how does that connect up with me, Al?" he queried. "I'm not a Mason, but I'm a Mason."

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

is nearest the school. "Besides," he added with crafty intent, "she's young and pretty."

"That wouldn't make any difference as far as I am concerned," shrugged the cynical Jud; "but I'll take a look at her when she lands tonight."

When a much "sleeked up" although ill at ease Jud saw the trim little person who carried her head so proud and descended from the train he capitulated at once.

Her frank brown eyes singled him out as he approached in the confusion incidental to the train arrival, and she addressed him confidently at once.

"You, of course, are Mr. Mason," she said brightly and extended a friendly hand.

All Jud's carefully prepared explanations died on his lips and he murmured something unintelligible. His thoughts were in a whirl as he mechanically took her bag and handed her into the wagon.

Along the way she chattered of this and that; asked questions about the town; speculated on her future school, and in general revealed herself to the infatuated Jud as a most adorable young person. He gleaned from her remarks that she had been greatly surprised and pleased to find one of her own name and possible kin living there.

"And you," she smiled, touching his watch chain, "are both kinds of a Mason, a real one indeed, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm a Mason," assented

HEAVEN LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY.
WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSS.
DULL CARE, BEWARE!

NOVEMBER.
 Does one have to give a reason For one's feeling rather blue? Well, I ask you—if this season Of the year brings joy to you? Don't you sit down and remember, With a bunch of doleful sighs, When we didn't have November With its sodden, dripping skies?

Do you not feel rather sober As your thoughts go drifting back To those sweet, serene October Days? I do—alas, alack! O those days of Indian summer! Would they might come back again. (But my muse is on the hammer For November rusts my pen!)

Soon December will come shrieking Down on us with ice and snow. But my pardon my plain speaking But—my gosh! I hate it so! Winter tears my very soul, man, For it brings a thousand ills; And the worst of them's the coal man With his never ending bills!

THE United Press, whose correspondents always are more or less interesting, has in Washington one unusually inspired reporter who came to bat yesterday with this: "Justice Clark, in the majority opinion, said that Congress in passing the Volstead act did not contemplate seizure of liquor for personal use." Thus are our dumpy inclined legislators vindicated.

"Lay On, MacDuff! And Damned Be Who First Cries 'Hold, Enough!'" (Bushnell Corr., Galesburg Republican-Register).

There are many reasons why many of our residents do not think much of the innocent larks that boys enter upon and the pranks they play on Halloween night, but when a set of boys as to destroy on their fun and go so far as to start a personal property, this kind of fun should be compelled to cease. This Halloween night just passed a gang of boys entered upon some property of which I am custodian and in their pranks, destroyed personal property for which I will have repaired and the cash for the repairs is within a few cents of \$10. Now such dastardly work as this should cease.

YESTERDAY was a regular field day for the United Press. A sleepy telegrapher, transmitting the speculative story of Pres. Wilson's future intentions, clicked forth the information that the president "hasn't told J. P. Tumulty, his secretary, what he is going to do or where he will March 4th."

SOMEONE else may have mentioned something of the sort, but we can't help wondering whether Corona Remington, who writes short stories for the McClure syndicate, is acquainted with our friend, L. C. Smith.

CHAMBERMAID, French, lately landed; reliable; good disposition; very fond of animals; high references; city or country. Reine, 199 East 76th st.—New York Herald.

Mademoiselle Reine can hope for no employment by ladies who call their husbands brutes.

"The Glory That Was Rome!" (From the Rocky Mountain News).
 Miss Thomas was a lovely picture in rose pink organdy with hat to match. She carried an armful of pink gladiators.

ANOTHER anonymous communique encloses an Argus clipping setting forth that "Harry Brandewyne, 323 Third avenue, Moline, was found not guilty of a charge of sale and possession of intoxicating liquor." Penned on the margin is the query, "How is this possible?" With a name like that it does seem a bit thick, what, what?

MR. ROOT: "A new deal from the beginning by abandoning the peace treaty of Versailles is impossible."

MR. HARDING:
 "O Ethel, say, Ethel,
 Gimme a chew, gimme a chew!"
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After a long interval Jud essayed the plunge desperately and began to explain as best he could.

"You see," he stammered, "when I saw how lovely you were and how proud you were of the Mason name I was so rattled that I didn't have a chance to explain. Then, afterwards, I wanted to keep you so badly that I didn't dare to tell you." His voice trailed off into silence.

"But didn't you know that postponement would only make it worse in the end?" inquired the impersonal, judicious Leta.

"Well, when you're in love you can't seem to reason like that," explained Jud humbly.

"Oh, I see. There was so much of softening in those three small words that he felt further emboldened to plead his cause, with such apparent success that in a few minutes it looked as though Leta would be a life boarder at the home of Jud Dixon.

As they turned in at the Dixon gate Leta smiled a bit ruefully. "Well, Jud, I'll have to change my name, for you never were my kind of a Mason at all."

Then Jud proved that he hadn't forgotten quite all the American which had been hectoring into him at the Pine Hill school.

"No, honey," he drawled, a twinkle in his eye, "but I'm a Dixon and we're both on the same side of the line this time, so I reckon it doesn't make much difference."

Heart of Home
Problems
 by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 17. I have only one girl friend who lives out of town. It seems I can neither make friends with girls or boys. Please tell me what you think the trouble is. I am a good, clean and religious girl.

A VISITOR IN TOWN.
 Probably you think I'm such about what you want and do not try to get the other person's point of view. To have friends you must be tolerant, thoughtful and sympathetic. Never feel that other people are wrong simply because they do not agree with you. For instance, you might meet very worthy people who are not religious, and yet they would make good friends. With such people you should feel that it is sufficient that they are good and should not want them to be religious in the way which seems best for you.

Are you thoughtful? Do you inquire about the welfare of people enough to know when they are sick and in trouble? If you showed interest you would find more people taking interest in you. Only a card to a sick person would make that person your friend.

If you earnestly try to be tolerant, thoughtful and sympathetic, you will find the number of your friends most gratifying.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I met a young lady at a dance and I liked her better than the others whom I met. I am a stranger in town. She seemed to like to be in my company and I asked her if I might escort her home. She said I might. On the way home she asked me where I came from and what my occupation was. I told her the truth. Then she said that she met a young man before who was working at the new plant and her mother objected to her going out with him. I asked her to go to the show

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I would like to get acquainted with the Jazz Babies. Do you think this is possible?
JOHNNY.
 It sounds possible. Do not look to me for help, however.

NEW THOUGHT; NEW VIEW

BY DR. JAMES I. FANCE,
 (Founder of Inter-Church World Movement and Chairman Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.)

There is a religion which mistakes gymnastics for life. It has certain phases it recites, certain views it holds, certain postures it takes, certain forms it follows. These are its pious activities. These are the setting-up exercises of the soul. When it has performed in this way, it imagines that power is harnessed and life equipped for service.

The people who are devout after this fashion bank on precedent. They have great respect for tradition. Formalism sticks to the old track, goes the old gait, and magnifies the old moods. It is afraid of anything new. It looks with suspicion on any change or deviation from the setting-up exercises of former times. It never has a new thought about God. A new view

SUSAN.
 Susan first comes to light as a feminine name in the guise of Schuschannah, meaning a lily. It belonged to one of the holy women of the sepulcher and was likewise in the calendar for two virgin martyrs by the name of Susanna, who suffered in the times of persecution, though they were never commemorated in the western church.

Queen Susanna, "the Lily of Tiflis," also died a martyr in the hands of the Moslems, so Susan and its derivatives may well be said to be a holy name.

Susanna was the beautiful and virtuous wife of Joachim in the apocryphal "History of Susanna." Her chastity questioned by certain Jewish elders, she was condemned by law, but her innocence was proved by Daniel and her accusers put to death.

The name and its derivatives is popular throughout England, France

What's In A Name?
 55 MILDRED MARSHALL
 (Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

MENU HINT.
 Breakfast.
 Cereal with Canned Fruit.
 Egg Vermicelli.
 Coffee.
 Lunch.
 Stuffed Peppers.
 Apple Pudding with Cream.
 Corn Bread.
 Dinner.
 Fried Oysters.
 Escalloped Potatoes.
 Buttered Carrots.
 Perfection Salad. Bran Bread.
 Chocolate Pudding.

RECIPES FOR A DAY.
 Stuffed Peppers—Stuff four large green peppers with mixture of one-half pound round steak, two tablespoons uncooked rice, one small chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly for two or three hours in sauce made of one small can tomato soup with an equal amount of water.
 Apple Pudding—Quarter two large apples and cook till partly done. Add sugar and pour over them a batter made from one-half cup flour, one heaping teaspoon butter, one teaspoon baking powder and one-half cup milk. Bake in hot oven. Serve with cream.
 Perfection Salad—Dissolve one-half package of lemon jello in one cup boiling water. When ready to harden, stir in one-half cup diced cucumber, one-half cup shredded cabbage, one-half cup diced celery and a little shredded sweet pepper. Serve with oil dressing, when chilled. This salad can also be made

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Frederic Haskin's Letter
 (Special Correspondent of The Argus.)
Deadly Dust.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8.—Dust explosions from a bewildering variety of causes and almost all sorts of dust continue to worry manufacturers and the government. Since the method of collecting dust in factories, supposedly a real safeguard, caused an explosion, chemists in government and private laboratories are hunting more anxiously than ever for solutions to the dust danger.

It has for some years been understood that grain dust suspended in sufficient quantities in the atmosphere might cause an explosion if a match were lighted or a spark of electricity released. Lately, however, dust from sugar, chocolate, rubber, fertilizer, starch, paper, and other materials has proved explosive. A campaign against carelessness in dusty grain elevators and flour mills has cut down the number of accidents there, but at a recent conference on dust explosions it was shown that in the 12 months preceding there had been at least seven serious explosions in other kinds of factories, in which at least 80 people were killed, and \$7,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

The bureau of chemistry in the department of agriculture says that it receives many samples of dust from manufacturers who want to know if the particular kind of dust set loose in their plants is dangerous. The prevailing tendency is for the factory owner to think that his plant is immune, but so far from being so, it is a mine of dust, and a single spark, if it is finely ground iron or rock, will explode if sufficiently concentrated, and ignited.

The reason for this is simply explained by the bureau of chemistry as follows:
Why Dust Explodes.
 "We might try for some time to burn a block of wood with a lighted match. If we take a knife and chip the block the shavings will ignite more quickly. We might make a candle and find it would ignite still more rapidly, and then continue by gradual reduction to a degree of fineness until dust is produced, when it is found that the mass will burn rapidly when in suspension and diffused in the air. The rate of burning is so rapid that a violent explosion may result."

In short, anything that will burn as a solid material will burn when reduced to the form of powder or dust. There is no way entirely to eliminate this risk from a product, and scientific tests have shown that a very small amount suspended in the air is sufficient to start an explosion if brought into contact with fire.

The main safeguards so far proposed are to have dust collected by special apparatus, and to keep it from piling up where it can serve as a fuse. Special window construction for factories is suggested by one engineer to allow the plant to be regularly flooded with air in order to remove dust and freshen the atmosphere. Workmen and managers are being gradually taught to safeguard their own lives by observing precautions. Once it was a common thing for a workman in a flour mill to carry a lighted match into a dim and dusty flour bin. When an explosion occurred, it was attributed to spontaneous combustion, and not to the fact of flame and dust being brought together. Now, factory workers are learning never to smoke or carry matches about a plant, to keep dust from accumulating on beams, machines, pulleys and floors, and never to use an open flame in a dusty place.

Even in factories where smoking is absolutely forbidden as a fire prevention measure, an open flame, such as an acetylene torch, is used without thought of danger. How extremely hazardous this is the government explosion experts have difficulty in pointing to workers. But the soundness of their arguments and warnings was plainly demonstrated last fall when an explosion occurred in a mill due to dust being ignited by the intense heat from an acetylene torch.

Electric Bulbs a Cause.
 So light a cause as dust collected on an electric light bulb may start a fire, and then an explosion,

if the heat from the bulb ignites the dust, and the globe breaks. This has happened, and it is the electric light companies to work devising safety globes for dusty factories. Experiments testing the safety of electric light fixtures are still being conducted. A vapor-proof bulb with an unbreakable metal guard is being installed in many factories, as a precaution against the danger from broken bulbs.

Some investigations are still going forward by the government, though the bureau of chemistry has no longer any funds to continue its work in this field. Dr. Albert, chief of the bureau, said at a recent conference that in spite of lack of funds his bureau would give up the work entirely. "We always have a little money that we can squeeze out here or there," he concluded, "but about the best that we can hope during the next year is to keep the work alive and do some of the fundamental research that has to be done, so that if we are ever able to take it up again we will not have marked time."

The campaign waged by the bureau of chemistry, together with the grain corporation, has brought about greater concern on the part of the manufacturers, but explosions still occur. Since last autumn there have been several flour mill explosions, one with \$125,000 property loss, a grain elevator explosion with 14 men killed, and another with 13 men injured. Four firemen, fighting a blaze in a spice mill were killed last winter when a spice dust exploded from the fire, and 13 other firemen were injured.

Six Girls Killed.
 Most terrible of all was that aluminum dust explosion which occurred in the polishing room of an aluminum products factory, and burned five others so terribly that they will be scarred and injured for life. The accident seemed all the more disastrous because it was started by a piece of wire becoming tangled in the machinery for dispersing the dust from the polishing spark was struck and the dust ignited, causing a terrible explosion. Because of this accident, several improvements in the dust-collecting systems were suggested.

The country in general was first aroused to the havoc a little dust may cause back in 1917. An elevator blew up, just after the United States entered the war, and enough grain was destroyed that one explosion to have furnished bread for a year for an army of 200,000 men.

Before that, the wheat farmers of the northwest had felt the destructive force of dust in connection with threshing. The wheat smut which for the last 20 years has cut down our wheat crops was largely responsible for the outdoor wheat explosions. It is estimated that there are 240,000,000 bushels of smut in one bushel of smutted wheat. Sometimes infected wheat is 70 per cent or even more smutted; often the amount is much less, but still enough to cloud of fine dark smut blown about in the threshing to catch a spark of static electricity in the machinery and produce an explosion.

When the cause of the frequent explosions began to be understood, attempts were made to round the threshing machines with wires to prevent static electricity. Then a fan was devised to blow or suck the dust away from the engine. The department of agriculture says that it has never heard of any serious explosion occurring where one of these fans was properly installed, and that the insurance companies, which for a time refused to insure threshing machines at all, have reduced the premium on machines equipped with fan apparatus approved by the government.

The fan device has proved of threefold value. It was found that it cleaned the grain so that the farmer got a better price for his wheat, and then a way was contrived for the smut to be collected instead of blown away, so that it did not spread over the fields to infect the next crop. The threshing machine difficulty is considered practically solved. But the indoor fully realized by industry.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to a question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. No profit. All inquiries confidential, the register being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

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