THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, January 31, 1912.

Can you beat eggs at 55 cents a dozen?

Last day of January—and no thaw in sight.

The strenuous one from Oyster Bay reiterates that he has no use for it—but would take it in a pinch.

If Detective Burns has a confession in the Lorimer case, it is time to trot it out and give it to the committee for all it is worth.

Somebody ought to tell the governor of Illinois to hurry up the invoice of his political wishes, for the primary and election are to be held in this year 1912.

When the president of the United States, as a candidate for renomination and reelection, finds it necessary to get busy in his own state, it is a pretty significant sign of the times.

A telegram from away up in Ottawa, Canada, says that it was part of the arrangement of the McNamaras' confession that they would be pardoned within two years. It would be a sad commentary on the execution of the law should this occur.

The self constituted Legislative Voters' League of Illinois is again passing out judgment on the members of the Illinois legislature. The legislative voters' league is about as useful in the censorship of Illinois legislative politics as the Taft tariff board is in the so-called scientific revision.

It is rather pleasing to note that when the final test came 25 republican insurgents in congress voted with the democrats for the passage of the Underwood bill cutting down the duty on iron and steel. Insurgency would not amount to much if it supported no reform that did not originate in the republican party.

Playing the Game.

Governor Stubbs of Kansas and Governor Glasscock of West Virginia called upon Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. Coming from the conference each declares Roosevelt is not a candidate and will not be a candidate, but will be nominated and elected.

Governor Stubbs adds that the only circumstance that would induce the colonel to accept is a spontaneous demand from the people that he is the only man in the land who can solve the great problems of the hour.

Meantime, despite his statement that he is not a candidate, it is worthy of note that the members of his old tennis cabinet and all his old time friends are busily engaged in urging the people to "arise spontaneously."

Why does not Colonel Roosevelt cease playing politics in the shadows and come out and state he is seeking the nomination?

That would be the simple truth.

New Light on Divorce.

"The divorce evil is a sign not of decadence but of transition, the cost of progress, paid in the emergence of a more stable social order," says Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard. "It is a sign of transition because it is a symptom rather than a disease. This symptom is caused primarily by the social disease of restlessness, the excitation of the nerves of motion, the condition which may be described as Americanitis.

"This disease in family life takes the form of rebellion, migratoriness and change. The family is not an accident of modern life, or a contract between the two parties concerned, but an institution of society, the unit of civilization, the type which has survived in the process of social evolution. Thus the break up of the family system means what the naturalists call a reversion of type to conditions of primitive civilization from which the human race has slowly and laboriously emerged."

Professor Peabody says divorce is increasing at a rate three times faster than population is increasing.

Butter and Its Spreading Interest.

Butter—this is a subject which spreads a consuming interest through every home in the land. At present, with butter at 50 cents a pound, a serious household problem is presented. How shall it be met?

In New York a Housewives' league has been organized and has urged a boycott on 50 cent butter. This presents an interesting phase of economic conditions which govern prices of commodities. It would be well if consumers throughout the nation could be awakened to a sense of their responsibility for exhorbitant prices. The blame does not primarily rest upon the consumer, but the middlemen, who corner the supply and manipulate prices at will.

Just whether such a movement as that started in New York by the Housewives' league can accomplish anything depends entirely upon the spirit of cooperation among consumers generally. The present exorbitant price of butter is due, so we are told, to the fact that the storage house men, who put away a much smaller quantity than usual last spring, are now in a position to collect a higher price and larger profit.

And right here is where the cooperative plan can get in its good work. Those who have manipulated prices believe that the demand is incapable of suspension and that their speculation in butter and in some other provisions is sure to bring great profits. But if the consuming public could be brought to a realization of its power and this cooperative plan as suggested in New York carried far enough, butter prices would go tumbling to a reasonable figure for which all we consumers would be duly thankful.

But who is the first to take the initiative, in this locality, for instance? Such an organized effort seems absolutely impractical, but the theory is sound.

Meanwhile we will continue to pay the exorbitant prices.

Honor and "Obey."

Dr. Parkhurst, writing for the St. Louis Star, has taken up the cudgels against women who object to the word "obey" in the marriage service. He says it has always been so, that man has been the head of the family, and always will be, in spite of the many examples to the contrary that must have been forced upon his attention during his long and busy life.

He admits that a certain amount of deference by the husband and wife to each other's desires is necessary to domestic happiness, but when it comes to putting the foot down it must be the male foot—by right, if not in fact.

He says it is an evidence of a growing general contempt for authority, and quotes an alleged expression of a president of a woman's political union, that "it is wicked for children to be required to obey unless some very good reason is given for it." Here, he says, is absolute anarchy. He declares that parental authority must be asserted without reason, simply because it is authority, because it is good for every human being to learn to submit his will to "superior will."

He says that it is for the parent to say to the child, "Do so-and-so, for it is best that you should. You may not know enough to realize that it is best, but it is, and, therefore, go and do it." But is not this giving that "very good reason" the lady asserts should exist? When the parent gives to the child so good a reason as that, it is certainly not "wicked" to require the child to obey, and the lady president doubtless never intended to say it was.

In editorial comment, the St. Louis Star argues that "what she really intended to say was that the fitful, passionate, unreasonable and often harmful commands of incompetent and angry parents were wicked, and in that she holds to the theory better than does Dr. Parkhurst in his support of the absolute right of parents.

"The unrestrained exercise of arbitrary authority over children by incompetent parents is responsible for much of the crime, the ignorance and the brutality of the world.

"Women will probably, with few exceptions, continue to promise to obey, with the mental reservation that they will not unless they want to, and parents will continue to demand and enforce obedience of children to their whims and even their wicked commands, but Dr. Parkhurst will have difficulty in convincing the intelligence of the present generation that such a state of affairs is sacred or by divine authority, even with the support of the archbishop of Canterbury's recent dictum, that the marriage ceremony, without the promise to obey in it, is illegal."

ILLINOIS NEWS

Elope to Escape Ridicule.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Fred Adams, a well-to-do farmer, and Hattie McGill, both of Gardner, Ill., obtained a license to wed in Chicago after having eloped from their home town. Mr. Adams and his bride-to-be eloped because they could not stand ridicule at the hands of their friends. "Those people were 'kidding' us too much," said Mr. Adams. Miss McGill was formerly a school teacher at Odell, Ill. Last spring she and her father, who is a civil war veteran, moved to Gardner and rented a farm across the road from that owned and operated by Adams. Adams soon offered his heart and hand, together with a farm of 240 acres and hundreds of head of fancy stock, to the former school teacher. Neighbors noticed frequent trips made across the road by Adams and a great deal of good natured chaffing resulted. Adams and Miss McGill then decided to elope.

Names Child Welfare Day.

Springfield, Jan. 31.—Governor Deneen has issued at Springfield a proclamation naming Saturday, Feb. 17, as child welfare day. The governor's pronunciamento, a copy of which will be received today by the officers of the National Mothers' congress in Chicago, follows in part: "The necessity for public supervision of the education and training of the citizen has long been recognized by the state in the maintenance of the public school. I join in the recommendation that Feb. 17 be observed by the citizens of the state of Illinois as child welfare day and that it be characterized by exercises, addresses and other suitable means for the advancement of child welfare." The proclamation was issued in recognition of the movement in the interest of children started by the National Mothers' congress.

Loan Associations in Gain.

Springfield, Jan. 31.—The state auditor of public accounts in his annual report on building and loan associations issued says there were in Illinois during the year 1911, 568 associations, a net gain for the year of 28. Forty new associations were incorporated and 10 associations were dissolved. One went into the hands of a receiver and one association, the Cooperative Builders' association, did no business during the year. The total resources were increased by more than $5,775,000, the total investment now being $68,975. On this increase the 214 associations in Chicago gained about $1,800,000. Approximately $15,750,000 on account of installments were withdrawn and matured and $3,000,000 by way of profits were disbursed to stockholders during the year. The earnings receipts of the year totaled $4,765,512; the operating expenses were $467,360. The net earnings were $4,298,151, an increase over those of 1910 of more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

TALKS with Our WOMEN READERS

By EDNA K. WOOLEY

"I am the champion easy mark," announced the father of two strenuous young ones.

"That's strange," exclaimed the person addressed, "I thought I took the first prize along that line."

"Well, I've got you beat," declared the dad aforesaid. "I will elucidate.

"The other day I read an editorial in the paper about fathers paying more attention to their children. It struck me as a bang-up good editorial—said dad should play with his boy and get acquainted with him, et cetera, you know. I began to speculate if I had been a little remiss that way myself.

"Now about that time my oldest hopeful was reminding me, about every time I saw him, that our back yard would make a whackin' good place for a skating pond. He had a pair of new skates he was suffering to wear out and it struck him that there was no place like home for the purpose.

"Therefore dad, with the spirit of that editorial strong upon him, went forth and prepared the back yard. Yes, sir—I ridged up around the edges of the whole space and turned the hose on and it certainly made a bang-up good skating place.

"After that there was no peace in our household. There were skating races and hockey matches and everything else that could move and yell and otherwise make a noise in our back yard. My small daughter gave skating parties there also. However, I thought 'let the kids have a good time. They're young only once.'

"But the thing that proved me the champion easy mark occurred this morning.

"You know it snowed last night. That meant that the family skating rink was covered with about three inches of the beautiful. I did not take particular notice of this until my attention was called to it. It was borne in upon me by both my son and my daughter that said rink was out of commission and that it was up to father to see that it was put in condition for a hockey match scheduled for that p. m.

"At first I was inclined to grouch. But again the spirit of that editorial overcame me and I labored before breakfast and after clearing the snow off that back yard, after which I turned the hose on for another freeze, until the surface was like glass. Then I hustled into my business clothes and got down town an hour late.

"Now, if anybody disputes that I'm the champion easy mark, I'll go to the floor with him!"

"Better be careful about the kind of editorials you read after this," cautioned the other.

SHE WAS IN A HURRY.

A certain progressive young person believes that housework could be made much easier if women would only avail themselves of the various labor-saving and time saving modern inventions. Therefore, whenever she is down town and finds something new along that line, she buys it and takes it home.

In this way she acquired, not long ago, a patent nutmeg grater. It was some sort of a thing where you put the nutmeg in and turn a crank and presto, your nutmeg is grated without danger of skin scraping at the same time.

"I took it home and gave it to mother," said the P. Y. P., "and she allowed that it might work all right. I felt quite proud of having added another time saver to our kitchen equipment.

"Sunday I was helping mother get dinner and was watching her make the dessert. Suddenly it dawned on me that she was grating some nutmeg on the apples in the same old way with the same old grater.

"'Why don't you use that patent one I bought for you?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said mother, 'I'm in too much of a hurry.'

"Now, what do you think of that!" exclaimed the P. Y. P.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

"A man can't stand the slightest bit of criticism about himself or his clothes," said a young matron with a humorous twinkle in her eye.

"Now, there's my husband—ever since I've known him he's made fun of women's clothes. He's ridiculed and he's criticised and I've been expected to take it in good part. But the other day I saw an article which ridiculed men's clothes just about as much as the usual man ridicules ours and I told my husband to read it. It was a very sensible article, I thought and every bit of it true. It seemed quite right that somebody should tell the truth about men's foolishness in return for what we must always be hearing about our silliness.

"But it seems that men have considered it their inalienable privilege, through the ages to monopolize the criticising, and when the tables are turned they get mad. Here's what my husband said when he'd read that article:

"Humph! Of course a fool wrote that. Can't those women writers find anything better to talk about than the way men dress? What do they know about it anyway? Huh!"

JANE ADDAMS AIDS WISCONSIN WOMEN IN PRE-ELECTION BATTLE FOR BALLOT

Miss Jane Addams, the Chicago social worker, has enlisted on the side of Wisconsin women, fighting to strengthen their cause preparatory to the election in that state in November which is to decide whether or not women shall be given the right of suffrage. She met with a most enthusiastic reception when she journeyed to Madison to speak on the subject in the capital's assembly hall.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

MANY people spend more time hunting cross cuts to success than it would take to insure it by going all the way round by the road.

Youth is the hope of the race but the despair of the old folks.

We are likely to regard company manners in much the same way as we do the makeup of theatrical people.

One man's success is often several men's failures.

Some persons get a lot of satisfaction out of the good that they are going to do.

The only young man at a house party has a harder time than a solitary kitten in a houseful of children.

It would lower our esteem of angels' crowns if we saw them offered at a bargain sale.

It is a mistake to say that worry does no good. It has saved many a person from ennui.

The vanity of the world never seems quite so apparent as when one discovers that one's overcoat is becoming shiny.

Same Old Way.

When Adam first made love to Eve,
Although without a chart
To guide him in romantic walks
And tell him when to start,
He did as well as has been done
By peasant or by prince
Or any one on down the line
Who has been at it since.

He stammered quite a bit at first
And acted like a dunce
And said she was the only girl,
Which was the truth for once.
Then he made clear to her how much
He liked her winning ways
Exactly in the same old way
The boys do nowadays.

He promised he would love, protect
And cherish her for life
And do a lot of other things
If she would be his wife.
He said without her by his side
The sun for him would set
In very much the sort of words
The fellows tell them yet.

We have improved on many things
Since Mr. Adam's day;
Inventions have so multiplied
That work is almost play;
We have advanced in arts and crafts
And furnishing a flat,
But making love is still the same—
We can't improve on that.

Their Quarrel.

"Mrs. Green and Mrs. Black seem rather frigid to each other. What's the trouble?"

"Mrs. Green says its Mrs. Black's tongue."

"Been scolding the Black children?"

"They seem to thrive on it, but Mrs. Green says she just won't stand the mean things Mrs. Black says about Fido."

Complacent.

"Didn't the bank failure shock you?"

"No; I am something of a philosopher."

"Did you have any money in it?"

"No, but I believe my divorced wife's second husband did."

Knew Better.

"Willie, you mustn't throw stones at people."

"Why not?"

"Because it is wrong."

"'Tain't either. I don't live in no glass house."

The Pretty Girl.

"That insolent man wants to flirt with me."

"He's perfectly quiet. How do you know?"

"Because he's a man."

Had to Take It.

"It isn't safe to walk in the middle of the street."

"Yes; I had a hint to that effect."

"Did you get the number of the machine?"

The Reason.

"Why do women hate to keep secrets?"

"They don't consider themselves storage warehouses."

Serious Problem.

"Who will do the washing in China?"

"Under the new republic they will all be too proud to be laundrymen."

Steady Diet.

For months the presidential tangle,
From out whose maze will walk the winner,
Must be hashed up from every angle
And served for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

The Argus Daily Story

In a Fog—By Edwin C. Chandler.

Were you ever in a London fog? I have been, and I never knew what a fog was before. A real fog in England isn't the sort we have in America, in which two people may see each other dimly when a few feet apart. Oh, no; it isn't that at all. One may be right alongside another and not be able to tell whether there is any one there unless he hears a sound.

I always stop at a hotel in Charing Cross when in London, and on this morning when the fog came down, buttoning my coat up around my throat and taking a cane in my hand for blind man's purposes, I sallied forth, intending to work my way through Pall Mall to Regent street, thence up to Oxford street and down into one of the parks.

"Beg pardon, sir," came a man's voice, the owner of which had nearly knocked me down, "can you tell me where I am?"

"Piccadilly circus," came another voice through the mist.

"Oh, dear! I thought I was in Whitehall!"

Laughter came out of nowhere like the mockery of spirits.

I was glad to know where I was myself, for I hadn't the slightest idea. However, I had plenty of company, for I could hear the busses and their drivers snarling at one another in a deadlock.

"Who are you?" I asked of one I seized by the arm to prevent my falling backward into the street off the curbstone.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE," I EXCLAIMED, "BETTY ARCHARD!"

"I'm a bobby."

"Oh, I see! No, I don't see. I mean, I know. We call you fellows cops in America. Point me toward Oxford street."

"There you are, sir. Keep right on, and you'll come to it."

I slipped a shilling into his hand and pursued my way. I had scarcely left him when I felt a hand on my sleeve, evidently put there for some such purpose as I had put mine on the bobby's, and, since it was small and gloved, I knew by the sense of touch alone that it was a woman's.

"Oh, heavens," came a sweet voice; "I'm frightened to death!" Then a chuckle seemed to deny the assertion.

"Can I assist you, madam or miss? I don't know which?"

"I wish to go to Oxford circus."

"Then you are in luck. A bobby has just pointed me that way."

"Would you mind taking me under your protection? You are a gentleman, I see."

"You see that I am a gentleman? Then I must be blind. I see nothing."

"I mean I can tell that you are a gentleman from your voice and intonation."

I crooked my arm and felt her hand slipped through it. We walked on very slowly, I feeling the way with the end of my stick. I wondered if she was pretty. How can we men blame women for vanity when we admire beauty and have so little use for homeliness. I judged from her voice she must be young, though I could not be certain.

"Why do you wish to reach Oxford circus?" I asked.

"I can get the tube there."

"The tube! There's an idea in that to please the mole. We humans like to emerge from underground into the light, where we can the better see. You are wishing to get underground where you can not only see, but move rapidly."

She gave another chuckle.

"And yet," she rejoined, "there are cases where it may be better not to see—at any rate, be seen."

"Such as"—

"Why, we women are dependent for our happiness on our looks. I have never on that account been so happy as now. I am on an equal footing with the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Perhaps you mean that a homely woman is in this fog on an equal footing with you."

Another chuckle.

"If it were better that we should see all things," I said, "Providence would have opened up to us the spiritual world."

"There is another per contra in this existence it is better that we should see. As to the spiritual world, it is better that we should remain in ignorance."

"True. You have evidently studied about these things."

"You seem to be of a philosophic turn of mind yourself."

"I have always been so. It seems to me that sooner or later we are forced into philosophy. There is a gradual fading of all things"—

"Don't knock me down!" said a voice of one I jostled, a feminine voice.

"Beg pardon, madam."

"I'm not madam, thank you. I'm miss."

"Why did she resent being called madam?" I asked of my companion.

"I can construct her from that remark as Professor Huxley used to construct an animal from a single bone. She is an elderly woman who has been disappointed in love. Consequently, the bare mention of the married state irritates her, just as the mention of education irritates ignorant persons."

"The fog does not conceal the fact that you are a thinker."

"Any more than it conceals that you are a philosopher. Yet, after all, we are simply using one sense instead of another for communicating, just as the brute would do the same thing. Did you hear that dog bark? That was to let his master, who can't see him and whom he can't see, know where he is. You and I can't see each other. Therefore we use our voices and our ears just as the dog has."

"From all of which I can construct one feature about you, just as you constructed the woman who was provoked that I called her 'madam.'

"She was not provoked. Her retort was simply a feminine inconsistency. But go on with your reconstruction of me."

"You are not beautiful."

"How have you arrived at that truth?"

"You are too intelligent. Beauty and brains rarely go together."

We heard a voice ask, "Where am I?" and another say, "Oxford street," so we knew we were on that thoroughfare.

"Now I think I can guide you to the tube entrance," I said to the lady I was piloting. "Which way do you wish to be transported?"

"To the Lancaster gate station."

I knew which way to turn, and by shouting the question, "Where is the tube entrance?" I might have soon been directed to it. But I was loath to awake from the illusion I had formed in spite of what I had said that the gloved hand resting on my arm belonged to a pretty woman.

"I presume," I said in order to do a little pumping, "that you live near Lancaster gate?"

"I board there. I do not live in London."

"Indeed! Nor do I."

"You need not tell me that. I know from your intonation that you are an American."

"I am. And you?"

"I am an American too."

"I would never know that from your speech."

"That is because my home is in Canada. But I was educated in the United States."

"Where?"

"At Smith college."

"Good gracious!"

"Why do you exclaim?"

"Because I am an Amherst man."

"Tube to your right!" cried a voice.

I was now quite ready to see my companion's face, so I turned with her into the tube entrance and in a moment was standing in a lighted space, where I could see her plainly.

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "Betty Archard!"

There was no surprise on her face, only a pair of dancing eyes and a mischievous smile.

"You were very stupid not to recognize me by my voice," she said. "I knew you by yours at once."

"I thought I had heard that chuckle before," I said.

"Had you?"

"Yes, and if I had heard it anywhere but in a London fog I would have recognized you by it."

"And yet I knew you by the first sound you uttered."

"Oh, women are much quicker than men in such matters?"

"In nothing else?"

"Well, yes; your constructions 'from the hoof,' so to speak, were brighter than mine."

We went down in the elevator they have in a London tube station and took a train. When we reached Lancaster gate we emerged, and I piloted Betty, blind man fashion, again to her boarding house, where she was good enough to keep me to lunch.

It does not require much foresight to construct from this meeting in a fog a continuance of an incipient love affair that had taken place several years before between two college students. And, having gone so far, one may point out the natural result, a girl keeping a man for a long while on the anxious seat and finally yielding just when she had succeeded in making him believe his case was hopeless. There have been a number of strange coincidences in my life, but this meeting the woman who was to become my wife and chatting with her without being able to see her is the strangest of them all.

Jan. 31 in American History

1752—Gouverneur Morris, statesman in the Revolution, born; died 1816.

1830—Hon. James Gillespie Blaine, statesman and presidential candidate, born; died 1893.

1895—Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, noted jurist, died; born 1816.

Sydney, Australia—A general strike of all trades unionists has been ordered in Brisbane, Queenstown, in support of the street car employes who demand that they be allowed to wear union buttons.