THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 20 THE CITY

Thursday, January 2, 1913.

Old Father Time, we see, continues to do business at the old stand.

The gold brick, however, cannot be sent through the parcels post.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat recommends a society for prevention of prevention.

The parcels post has skinned the express companies at the start. Well wasn't it put over for that express business?

The Chicago papers bid fair to harp for several days on the big New Year's eve orgy which that city indulged in. As if it was anything to harp about.

The men at the head of the Rock Island Three Eye league baseball team who declined to have anything further to do with an association that made Al Tearney its life president seem to have been pretty thoroughly vindicated, in the light of late events.

SHOULD BE HONORED.

Recent dispatches from Washington state that it is proposed to confer promotion upon Colonel Goethals for faithful and efficient work in connection with the Panama canal. The progress he has made in bringing the canal to completion is worthy of recognition by the government, and the people of the United States will be pleased to see him honored in any appropriate way. If the governorship of the canal zone is the recognition Colonel Goethals wishes it should be given him. While it pays some $5,000 less than his present salary as the chief engineer in the construction work of the canal, it is a position of honor and responsibility.

The splendid work done by this army engineer suggests again what a fine lot of talent the country has in the graduates from West Point. Colonel Goethals was put in charge of the building of the canal when high-priced civilians who were thought to be past-masters in the art of accomplishing big things, failed to measure up to the undertaking.

He deserves the thanks of the country for the skill and efficiency he has exhibited in the greatest work of construction ever undertaken by the United States.

He should be appropriately honored.

WOULD BE A HANDSOME RECOGNITION.

Among the cabinet possibilities that are being discussed throughout the country, none is more pleasing to the democratic editors all over the land than that which includes the name of Colonel Josephus Daniels, the brilliant and aggressive editor of the Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer.

The newspapers of the faith democratic, know of Colonel Daniels' service to the party; they are familiar with his untiring zeal for the party cause and his devotion to democratic principles and candidates, and they realize that no honor that President Wilson might see fit to offer could be more worthily conferred, while no more fitting recognition of the party press could be bestowed.

In two great national campaigns, in the one just closed in particular, Colonel Daniels did wonderful service as the chief of the press bureau in connection with the work of the democratic national committee. In this connection he did more than prepare the material for the newspapers of the party. He rallied the press as few men are capable of doing. He won the cooperation of democratic editors, inspired them with fresh enthusiasm day after day, and brought about the most magnificent oragnization of newspaper workers that has ever graced a national campaign. The work he did was tremendous and the great ability demonstrated in this connection attracted the attention of the national leaders as well as the national committee.

Apart from his distinguished services in the campaign, Colonel Daniels is regarded as one of the foremost democratic editors in the south, and is a man of acknowledged capacity and ability.

ed that $9 was the lowest possible wage on which girls could live in security against the pitfalls and temptations of the world. "Not only a living wage, but a decent independent living wage is the ideal of the company."

In the next column of a newspaper to the one containing the information of the action of the New Jersey Public Service corporation, an item appeared, saying that the garment workers in New York had voted 5,000 to 2,000, in favor of a general strike for an increase of wages, which their employers had refused to grant. A minimum wage of $9 would look like affluence to the average girl employed in that industry.

We are not informed as to the comparative merits of these two cases. But we do know that the minimum wage fixed by the New Jersey monopoly is no greater than that required to provide a living wage in the great metropolis and the territory surrounding it. The garment worker is entitled to and should receive a living wage so she may not become a victim of the pitfalls and temptations of the wicked metropolis and suburbs where the cost of living is so great compared to what it is in rural communities and the smaller interior cities.

The two cases referred to furnish grounds for the suggestion that in rooting out the evils of monopoly, which should be done, the regulation of oppressive industries that are not monopolies should not be neglected. "The song of the shirt" is still applicable in certain quarters of the metropolis, if reports are true.

THE MINES AND THE MELON.

It has become known recently with greater clearness than ever before that the price of coal at the mine is no positive indication of the profit that comes to the mine operator, because the mine operator's profit-sharing does not cease when the product of the mine is shipped. In fact, it seems that it is here where profit really commences. The mine operators are also coal railroad shareholders, and the statement that it costs more to market products of the soil than to raise them may be truthfully paraphrased into another statement, equally as important to the consumer, namely, that it costs more to haul coal than to mine it. If the mine operators in most instances turned over the product of the pit free to the coal railroads they would still receive their handsome dividends from the profits on hauling. Not only that, but evidently they would still be invited periodically to participate in the cutting of melons.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad company, for instance, is about to divide $12,000,000 among its shareholders. By the sale of new stock at par to this amount, the directors of the road will be able to carry out their plan of distributing among the stockholders, $140 per each share held, and this is pronounced "one of the largest melons in railroad history." It works out this way: Outstanding Lackawanna stock amounts to $30,277,000. Each present stockholder will be entitled to subscribe at par to 40 per cent of his holdings, or to one share of new stock for every two and a half shares of present stock held by him. The present price of Lackawanna stock is 580.

The Lackawanna's business is not confined wholly to coal carrying, but its total transactions in coal in 1911 amounted to 9,891,111 tons valued at $22,499,470.37; its profit on coal handling for the year was nearly $3,500,000. Figures covering its coal operations for 1912 are not yet available. They will probably exceed those of 1911. This profit, taken from the coal consumer, helps to make possible the cutting of the $12,500,000 melon.

In the face of the hardship imposed upon the coal consumers of the country by the imposition of prices running toward $10 a ton, is it not inopportune just now, to put it mildly, for a coal-carrying railroad to go into melon cutting on such a scale?

If a melon must be cut, in view of the exactions to which the public is subjected by private monopoly in general, and in view of the public temper in consequence, would it not be wiser as well as fairer for the coal interests to invite the consumer to participate in the profit sharing? Surely, the consumer cannot be expected much longer to contribute toward the success of magnificent melon cuttings in which he is not permitted to participate.

OPEN OUT YOUR HAND.

Then Note the Effort It Requires to Keep It From Closing.

Many thousands of years have elapsed since the ancestors of man lived in trees. (It is never to be forgotten that though ape-like forms, they were not apes.) Yet, in spite of these tens of centuries that have passed by, man has not yet forgotten the instinct of self preservation in the forest. As he was a tailless creature he was compelled to depend for his safety on the grasping power of his hands and feet. For many ages, however, he had gradually been going on the ground more and more and in the trees less and less so that his feet became more adapted for walking and his hands exclusively for grasping, with the result that the grip and muscular strength of his hands became immense. This is still most powerfully evidenced in a young baby, which, without muscular development, can within a few days of birth hang by both hands to a stick for as much as five minutes at a time and by one hand only for two or three, a task beyond the power of any adult except an athlete and gymnast.

But a fact which is still more remarkable is that to the present day there is not one of us that can hold his hand open without discomfort and absolutely no one whose hand will stay open at all unless the will is exerted to that end. Try it! Hold your hand open for three minutes by the watch and see how tired you will be! Lay your hand on the table, the palm on the wood, the fingers over the edge, and see how, in spite of yourself, they will curve round and grasp it. Look at the hand of a sleeping person and think if the fingers are ever shown to be out straight.

When the anatomy of the hand is taken up it will be found that on the palm and on the under side of the fingers are numbers of nerves sensitive to touch which respond as readily as the nerves of the eye do to color or the nerves of the ear drum to sound. These were the principal protection of our tree living ancestors, for an immediate clutch at a branch was necessary in rapid travel in the lower branches of great forest trees. The sensitiveness is being lost, but it is being lost slowly. Yet even today we can no more prevent responding to the stimulation of the sense of touch in our hands than to the sensation of light in the eye or sound in the ear.

Disregarding the thumb, the human hand is really nothing more than an adjustable hook. It is at rest only when in the position of a hook. When any one loses a hand the best substitute is a stout metal hook.—New York American.

EGYPT'S GREEN SUN.

A Phenomenon That Was Commented Upon by the Ancients.

The appearance of a green light at sunset was noticed and commented upon by the ancient Egyptians and more particularly so because in the clear air of Egypt the tints of sunset are peculiarly distinct.

As the sun there descends nearer and nearer to the horizon and is immensely enlarged and flaming it suddenly becomes for an instant a brilliantly green color, and immediately a series of green rays suffuses the sky in many directions, well night to the zenith. The same phenomenon appears at sunrise, but to a smaller extent. Sometimes, just as the last part of the sun's disk vanishes, its color changes from green to blue, and so also after it has disappeared the sky near the horizon often is green, while toward the zenith it is blue.

This was alluded to in Egyptian writings. Day was the emblem of life and night that of death, and the nocturnal sun, being identified with Osiris, thus rendered Osiris king of the dead. The setting sun was green; therefore Osiris, as the nocturnal deity of the dead, was painted green. The splendid coffins of the high priests of Ammon frequently depict the green sun, and the funeral deities are all colored green.

There are innumerable instances in the Egyptian relics of representations relative to death being colored green. The practice undoubtedly arose from the green tints of sunrise and sunset. The green sun disk is referred to 5,000 years ago in Egypt. This is the earliest known human record of an astronomical phenomenon.

LABOR DEFENDANT WHOM JURY FREED

Herman G. Seiffert.

Herman G. Seiffert of Milwaukee, was one of the two defendants out of forty in the "dynamite conspiracy" trial at Indianapolis whom the judy freed. He was charged with aiding the conspirators in their work in Wisconsin. The other defendant to be declared "not guilty" was Daniel Buckley of Davenport, Ia.

Domestic Science Department

CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk

To Select a Turkey—It is often wise to allow a dealer to make a selection among his choice turkeys for a holiday dinner. If a small one is required, a young hen turkey is usually very satisfactory, otherwise a cock turkey will furnish better eating. In either case the bird should be plump, with dark smooth legs and the cartilage at end of breast bone should be soft and pliable.

To Clean a Turkey—Hold bird over a flame (from gas, alcohol or burning paper), constantly changing position until all parts have been exposed to the flame that hairs and down may be removed; this is known as singeing. Cut off the head and draw out pin feathers, using a small pointed knife. Make two cuts three-fourths of an inch long on under part of each leg, introduce a steel skewer and remove tendons, drawing out one at a time. Cut through the skin around the leg one and one-half inches below the leg joint, place leg at this cut over edge of board, press downward to snap the bone, then pull off the foot.

Make an incision through the skin below the breast bone just large enough to remove the entrails, gizzard, liver and heart. Care must be taken that the gall-bag is removed with the liver and not broken, for the least bit of the bile which it contains would impart a very bitter flavor to any part with which it came in contact. Next remove lungs and kidneys. By introducing first two fingers under skin close to neck the windpipe may be easily found and withdrawn, also the crop which adheres to skin close to breast. Draw down neck-skin and cut off neck close to body, leaving the skin long enough to fasten under the back with a skewer after the stuffing has been put in. Remove oil-bag, thoroughly wash bird, wipe inside and outside as dry as possible.

To Truss a Turkey—Draw thighs close to body, insert a steel skewer under middle joint, running it through body, coming out under middle joint on opposite side. The drum-sticks separately with a long string and fasten to tail. Turn tips of wings under and fasten with a skewer.

Roast Turkey—Dress, clean, stuff and truss a 15-pounds turkey and rub well with salt and pepper. Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour together. Spread this well over the turkey. Put into the baking pan on a rack breast side down. Cover and place in a very hot oven 15 minutes; lower the temperature and continue the baking 15 minutes to the pound. During the last half hour, turn the turkey on its back, have off the cover and brown, basting with a little butter and hot water or stock. When well browned remove string and skewers and place on a hot platter and garnish with cranberries and celery tips.

Bread-and-Celery Stuffing—Remove hard outside crust from a stale loaf of baker's bread and break in pieces. There should be three and one-half cupfuls. Pour over bread one cupful of boiling water and let stand 20 minutes, then squeeze out all the water that is possible. To bread add one tablespoonful of poultry seasoning, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth of a teasponful of pepper, then add three-fourths of a cupful of finely cut celery and one-half cupful of melted butter.

Potato Stuffing—Mix two cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, two cupfuls of bread (white) crumbs, one-third of a cupful each of melted butter and sausage or bacon fat and one-half cupful of cooked giblets finely chopped. Moisten with hot water and season with salt, pepper and sage.

Origin of Panic.

No word has moved with the times more than "panic." Long ago in ancient Greece it was a mild fear inspired by mysterious sights and sounds among the mountains and valleys by night, which were attributed to the god Pan. Nowadays it has a by no means supernatural significance on the stock exchange. "Panic fear" was the original expression, and in shortening it to "panic" we have all really been as slipshod as the small boy who calls his "comic paper" a "comic." Shaftesbury 200 years ago would have used the word for any contagious feeling that seized upon masses of men. "There are many Pannicks in Mankind besides merely that of Fear. And thus is Religion also Pannick."—London Mail.

A Merchant, Not a Beggar.

An American lady in Rome bought some matches from a little match vender. They were wax matches in little decorated boxes. She handed the boy a five soldi piece and expected to have two in change, but the little fellow shrugged his shoulders and held the change tightly in his hand, with a begging expression on his face, signifying that he wished to have it given to him, whereupon a second American lady who was accompanying the first straightened herself, looked sternly at the boy and said, "Mercante, non mendicante!" (You are a merchant, not a beggar.) That was an appeal to the boy's self respect, and it so inspired him that he actually laughed and pressed the change upon his customer.—Christian Herald.

All Fortune Tellers.

"You are accused of swindling people on a fortune telling game," said the district attorney. "Can you really read the past?"

"No."

"Well, I can."

And he proceeded to read the culprit's rather stormy record.

"Can you read the future?" inquired the judge.

"No."

"Well, I can to some extent. At any rate, I can tell you where you'll be for the next two years."—Kansas City Journal.

The Onlooker

BY S. E. KISER

The Other Man's Chance

How smoothly everything would go,
How nicely all things would be run,
How sweetly all the winds would blow,
How fairly all things would be done,
How quickly we should do away
With every evil that distresses,
If each man might possess today
The chance some other man possesses.

How suddenly the skies would clear,
How quickly sorrowing would cease,
How soon our ills would disappear,
How fast our fortunes would increase,
How quickly from earth's broad expanse
The thing called failure would be driven,
If each man could possess the chance
That to some other man is given.

Serious Mistake.

The arresting officer said he didn't know just how the trouble had started; but it seems, according to the testimony offered in police court, that Mrs. McTigue hit Mr. McTigue over the head with a rolling pin.

Mr. McTigue was staggered, but being game, he came up smiling and knocked his wife against the ropes, with a half-arm hook.

After sparring for an opening, Mrs. McTigue got hold of the rolling pin again, feinted with her left, and then soaked her hubby over the right eye.

He was still dreaming when the policeman arrived.

After the testimony had been taken and Mr. McTigue had stepped down from the stand a stranger arose and said:

"If the court please, I would like to ask for the dismissal of these people. Their detention is interrupting my business, and the policeman who made the arrests deserves to be severely censured."

"I am unable to fathom your meaning, sir," the judge returned.

"Then I will explain," said the stranger. "I had secured the kinetoscope privileges on this fight, and unless it can be resumed at once, I'll sue the city for damages."

A public apology was then made by the authorities, and the affair went on to a finish without further interruption.

Her Liberal Dad.

"My father is trying to get me to promise not to marry until I am thirty years old," she said. "In any event, he says he will give me a thousand dollars for every year that I wait."

"Gee," he replied, "if you hold out till you're thirty you'll have a couple of thousand dollars, won't you?"

He Found Out.

"What is that ugly-looking building across the square?" asked the visitor.

"That is our city hall," replied the chairman of the reception committee.

"Heavens! Whoever could have designed such a monstrosity as that?"

"I did."

More to the Purpose.

"Are you in favor of a ten-hour day?"

"I don't care anything about the days," replied young Rounderley, "but it would be a jolly good thing if we could have twenty-four-hour night."

Artistic Temperament.

"Your daughter seems to have such an artistic temperament."

"Yes. She slapped the cook yesterday morning because the coffee was bad."

Skeptical.

"Do you really believe George Washington never told a lie?"

"I sometimes doubt it. He was a property owner and must have had to fix up a tax schedule."

Long Time.

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Sylphlike?"

"Three years."

"Dear me! Why?"

Wasn't His Fault.

"Pa, where was Washington born?"

"In Virginia, my son. You must remember that Ohio was not then in the Union."

Poor and Puny.

What a poor, puny, shriveled figure
Merit always appears to Conceit.

His Half.

A wife after the divorce said to her husband:

"I am willing to let you have the baby half of the time."

"Good!" said he, rubbing his hands. "Splendid!"

"Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

The Argus Daily Story

His Last Stake—By Edith V. Ross.

Peter Orloff was a young Russian who inherited an estate and 200,000 rubles, into the possession of which he entered when he was twenty-one years old. He concluded before settling down on the estate to take 5,000 rubles and visit Rome, Berlin, Paris and other continental cities. So as soon as he had arranged his affairs for his absence he started for Berlin, from whence he went to Rome, then Naples, where he sailed for Genoa, and a short time after his arrival at that port was in the attractive winter resort, Nice.

He had left behind him a fiancee, Sonia, the daughter of a neighbor, and long before the time set for his return he felt inclined to go home. But his betrothed was spending some time in St. Petersburg, and if he went home he would find her absent. He felt that it would be better to remain away for the appointed term, at the end of which the wedding was to take place. Therefore, tiring of Nice, he concluded to run down to Monte Carlo.

On the evening of his arrival he dined, then sauntered over to the pavilion where gambling was going on. At that hour but few persons were playing, and there was little to interest him. He felt bored. He had a mind to go back to Russia. He would find Sonia at St. Petersburg and might enjoy himself there with her far better than spending his time alone in foreign lands. He came to a resolution to start on his return trip the next morning. This would give him but one evening to get away with.

He asked one of the croupiers at the gambling table at what hour the play would be in full swing and was told it would not be for another hour. To pass the interval he concluded to bet a few francs. He covered several of the numbers and won on two and lost on one. He repeated the bets and again won more than he lost. When he had gained on his third bet he began to be interested.

At 10 o'clock he had quite a pile of winnings before him. He looked up from it to the faces about him and saw that while he had been playing the throng had been gathering. So intent had he been on the game that he had not noticed their coming. He counted his winnings and found enough to pay his expenses to St. Petersburg and keep him there till it would be time to return to his home and the wedding.

Then it occurred to him that it would be nice to win enough more to buy a present to take with him for Sonia. He would go by way of Paris and doubtless see many pretty things there from which he might select something to please his betrothed. He laid 10 francs on the table and won. Then he lost. After that he won quite a good deal, when he struck bad luck and lost nearly every bet he made. At 2 o'clock in the morning he had lost all the ready money he had with him.

The next morning instead of starting for home he drew 1,000 francs on his letter of credit and went to the gambling pavilion to recoup. He played all day and when evening came had won back his losses to within 20 francs. Then another streak of bad luck struck him, and by midnight he had lost the 1,000 francs he had drawn in the morning.

Within a few days Orloff had sunk what remained of the 5,000 rubles he had put aside for his journey and had drawn on his funds at home for 100,000 more. With this acquisition he won and lost considerable, for he played high. Week after week passed while he was seen constantly at the gaming table.

Meanwhile the time for his return and his wedding came round, and he did not appear to claim his bride. He wrote her that he would be unavoidably detained. Not having the heart to give the real reason, he said that he was ill and that his doctor had advised his remaining in the genial climate of the Riviera till spring had appeared in Russia. In order that his sweetheart might not know that he was at Monte Carlo and suspect the true cause of his lingering abroad, he sent his letters to Nice for mailing.

Sonia was naturally very much troubled. Had she any one to attend her she would have gone at once to Nice. It would not be considered proper for her to go alone to join her lover, so for awhile she waited, hoping that his health would improve and his doctor would consent to his return to Russia.

Then one day she heard that Peter had been making heavy drafts on his funds at home and had mortgaged his estate. She delayed no longer, but started at once for the Riviera. These drafts had caused her to suspect that her lover had been caught in the maelstrom of Monte Carlo, and she determined at starting that if she did not find him at Nice she would go at once to the gambling resort.

One night Orloff staggered into the pavilion with 50 francs ($10) in his pocket, the last of all he possessed in the world. He had drawn and lost all the money he had inherited and had mortgaged his estate for all it was worth. He was really ill from disappointment and despair, if from no other cause. After playing a couple of hours, in which he had won and lost, he found himself with two gold napoleons, these being the original $10 with which he had sat down in the beginning of the evening. He placed them on a square which, if it won, would bring him in five times his stake; then, placing his elbows on the table and shading his face with his hands, he waited the loss of his last coins.

He won. Without changing his position he left his winnings ($50) on the same place and won again ($250). A third time he won, and a fourth. He showed no excitement, sitting perfectly still, his hands covering his face, so that it was not plainly visible. When he had four times left his stake and his winnings on the same square and won every time the fact attracted the attention of every one at the table. At the fifth winning all present left off betting, every one watching the pile before him with intense interest. When he had won six times in succession the manager called upon him to take up his winnings, for the bank would not accept the risk another time.

At this juncture a lady appeared at the main entrance to the room and hurried to the table. She approached it on the opposite side to which Orloff was sitting and, hurrying around, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Peter!"

No reply.

"Peter!"

The gambler sat mute, immovable. The game was stopped. Every eye was turned to him and the lady standing over him. Taking his head in her hands, she raised his face so that the light shone upon it. It was ghastly.

"He is dead!" came from several of those standing about the stable.

The girl gave a shriek and would have fallen on the floor had she not been caught in the arms of a lady beside her.

"A doctor! A doctor!"

A gentleman who had been watching the game advanced to Orloff, who still sat in his chair, held upright by one of the croupiers. A way was made for the gentleman, who took Orloff's wrist between his fingers, then put his hand on his heart.

"It beats faintly," he said.

Meanwhile the girl, who had fainted, revived and, seeing the unconscious figure before her stiff and stark, was about to pass again into a swoon when the lady who held her said to her:

"Courage, my child; he lives."

This enabled the girl to get a new hold upon her faculties and, throwing her arms about Orloff, she pleaded with him to live for her sake. Presently he opened his eyes and, seeing the girl in whose arms he was clasped, said faintly:

"Sonia!"

Orloff was carried from the pavilion, Sonia walking or staggering, supported by another, beside him. The two were then driven away. A heap of money lay upon the table, which neither of them seemed to remember. The proprietors of the gambling house gathered it, counted it and sent it to Orloff's hotel, where it was delivered to the landlord, who gave a receipt for it and locked it in his safe. Orloff was placed in charge of a nurse, though Sonia also attended him. Just before dawn she retired and sought sleep.

The next day Sonia went in to see the patient and found him stronger, but very gloomy.

"Return to Russia," he said. "Our wedding can never take place. I have lost all I possess."

"Oh, Peter, but you live!"

"Yes, I live. It would be better had I died."

There was a long silence between them. They knew that a marriage under the circumstances could not be. In Russia in the circle of landed gentry among whom they had lived the property settlements before marriage were indispensable.

There came a knock at the door, and the landlord entered.

"Is monsieur," he asked, "sufficiently recovered to attend to a little business?"

"Yes," was Orloff's reply. "You refer to your bill, I suppose. You must give me time."

"Not at all. Last night I receipted for 781,250 francs on monsieur's account. I do not care to keep so large an amount in my safe over another night and would be obliged if monsieur would have it removed to a bank."

"What do you mean?" cried Orloff, staring at the man.

"What does monsieur mean? It is known to all at Monte Carlo that he won six times at 5 to 1, the amount of his winnings being as I have stated."

"Why do you mock me?" cried Orloff, starting up.

"It may be that monsieur became unconscious after placing his stake on the table and is not aware of the remarkable run of luck that followed. Had he won once more his winnings would have been between three and four million francs. The bank was wise not to permit another such bet."

"Great heavens! Is this true?"

"Monsieur may see the funds for himself."

"Surely I will see for myself," said Peter. Springing from his couch and following the landlord downstairs, he stood with him before the hotel safe. The landlord swung open the door, and there in the bottom of the safe was a pile of gold pieces that filled the young man with wonder and delight.

"Take it," said the landlord. "I do not care to be responsible for so much money. A bank is a better place for it."

A fortnight from that time Orloff had removed the incumbrance he had put upon his estate, and there was a wedding at the home of his fiancee, made doubly joyful by the escape he had had from ruin. The story of his loss and gain is one of the wonderful episodes of Monte Carlo related there.

Jan. 2 in American History.

1862—End of the battle of Stone River, Tenn. The Confederates were repulsed in a desperate attack to capture the key to the battlefield; total losses in the battle, 11,000 Federals and 10,000 Confederates.

1919—Agnes Booth, widow of Junius Brutus Booth and at one time a star actress, died; born 1845.

Maids or Moods.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"

"We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental, and Zaza is intense."—Pittsburg Post.