

THE ARGUS.

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Saturday, August 2, 1913.

Mrs. Pankhurst is the worst foe suffrage has. Every time she smashes a window she shatters some man's belief in the cause.

The president of Mexico whom President Wilson will recognize must have clean hands. Huerta's are befouled with Madero's murder.

Governor Pons of Massachusetts who ran for office as a republican and democrat, now wants to run as an independent. Why not run as a chameleon?

Some one makes the impertinent suggestion that N. A. M. means "National Association of Malefactors." No, it was not Mulhall who perpetrated that.

Doing good, just like doing evil, also becomes a habit. The most effective way to safeguard one's self against bad habits is to devote all time to cultivating good ones.

Commodore Perry's ship, reclaimed from the bottom of Lake Erie, has revisited the spot where she went down at a moment of victory. She seems well qualified to be the navy mascot.

SUSPECTING THE HELP.

Suspicion, says an account of one of the season's most successful jewel robberies, "naturally rests on the servant," though the woman robbed has implicit confidence in them all and there is no cause to suspect any particular one of them.

This is by no means a solitary instance. It is quite the custom, as newspaper readers know, to suspect the domestics on general principles whenever anything is missed. It's so much more comfortable than suspecting members of the family or guests. The fact that suspected employes are completely exonerated in many cases does not seem to alter the procedure. Evidently in the Narragansett Pier affair suspicion "naturally" rested on the servants for no other reason than custom.

It is convenient, as well as comfortable, to suspect the help. The servants are there. The thieves, of course, are not lingering near with bulging pockets and guilty expressions. The high-priced sleuth, called in to diagnose the case, has his reputation to maintain, his fees to collect. He looks wise, examines the bureau-drawer with a reading glass, cross-questions the household and does his best to browbeat and embarrass the nervous housemaid or the startled footman, because he dares. And behold, the servants are naturally under suspicion.

Suspecting the help just because they are handy and helpless may be a favorite opening with the police, but it is nothing that the rest of us should share or encourage. Passing by the obvious and hideous injustice, it is an unbecoming reflection upon the intelligence. Successful short story writers long ago abandoned the expedient of having the coachman steal the stars with the kind assistance of his confederate, the cook. We should be no less progressive. To suspect the servants nowadays is to betray abysmal ignorance of the ways and means of gentlemen burglars, of the wondrous versatility and marvelous resource of the modern stage crackman and magazine marauder.

BAD ROADS ARE COSTLY.

How states and counties are putting money in the pockets of the farmers by investing in the improvement of public roads is shown by a statement just issued by the office of public roads of the department of agriculture. Definite cases are cited in support of the argument that where bad roads prevail farmers are forced to move their crops, not when the market price is favorable, but when the roads are favorable.

Two farmers living in separate counties but at an equal distance from the cotton market, learned by telephone that cotton had advanced in price \$1 per bale. The farmer living on a bad road responded by hauling one bale of cotton, which was all he could get over the unimproved road, while the other farmer was able to haul four bales, owing to favorable road conditions. The rise in price gained a profit of \$4 to one man and \$1 to his neighbor.

It is shown in the statement that it is common for the farmer to find that he cannot haul his produce to market when prices are highest, because the roads are impassable. When the roads become passable, the time for market has largely passed and produce is compelled to move in

masses, which frequently glut the market and breaks the prices.

Excessive fluctuations in market prices are seldom due to overproduction. They frequently take place in regions where the local production does not equal the annual consumption. There are counties rich in agricultural possibilities, burdened with bad roads, where the annual income shipments of foodstuffs exceed the outgoing shipments in the ratio of four to one. Many such counties with improved roads could not only become self-supporting, but could ship products to other markets.

A farmer in Sullivan county, Tenn., a few miles from Bristol, had 100 bushels of potatoes which he intended to market during the winter of 1907-1908. Owing to bad roads, he was unable to haul the potatoes at all, and they rotted in the cellar. Nevertheless, the price of potatoes at Bristol went as high as \$1.40 per bushel in the meantime. A Bristol merchant stated that during the winter as many as ten carloads of farm produce, including wheat, potatoes and other supplies, were daily shipped in to feed not only Bristol, but the adjacent territory.

All of this applies to Illinois as well as to Tennessee. Not only does the good road bring profit to the farmer by placing him in easy communication with the market, but it enhances the value of his land in the real estate market.

CONSPIRACY TO DISCREDIT THE GOVERNMENT.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has publicly announced that there exists a purpose on the part of the large financial interest of New York City to bring a pressure upon congress to defeat the administration plan of reforming the currency of the country. He sees in the exchange quotations showing a reduction of 5 per cent in the value of United States 2 per cent bonds, a conspiracy to influence the smaller hands of the country to organize opposition to the proposed currency bill now being considered by congressional committees, as these banks hold the larger portion of these 2 per cent bonds as security for circulating notes. He declares there is no foundation for the discrediting of these bonds, and urges that the banks that hold them are amply protected and should not yield to any alarm at the efforts of the coteries of New York financiers who want to continue in control of the currency which has been so profitable to these interests.

The secretary of the treasury is right. His advice to the bankers of the interior is sound and should be heeded. The government of the United States is back of its 2 per cent. There is no intention on the part of the administration to in any way handicap these banks in the conduct of their business. On the other hand, its object is to make it easier and safer for them to conduct a legitimate banking business without paying tribute to the financial wolves of Wall street.

When William H. Seward as secretary of state, bought Alaska for \$7,200,000, his purchase was described as Seward's folly, for it was the general opinion that a country of icebergs and wains and reindeer wasn't worth the money. Today Alaska pays back annually several times more than its purchase price.

Thirty years ago Francis I. Gowen was president of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, which ran through the heart of Pennsylvania's anthracite coal fields. Gowen was endowed with vision and he knew that one day the demand for coal would be so great that whoever should own coal deposits would have the means of acquiring great riches. So Gowen began the purchase of coal bearing lands and invested so heavily of the railroad's money in them that he kept the company impoverished. He had to withstand vitriolic criticism from short-sighted stockholders and hear himself described as a visionary dreamer, but having faith in himself, he bore the criticism patiently and kept on buying.

Today, in consequence of Gowen's purchases, the Reading company is in direct control of about 60 per cent of the entire anthracite coal deposits of the United States and making millions of dollars annually from its coal holdings. It is realizing on the wisdom of a man of vision.

If 30 years ago statesmanship had had the foresight of Gowen and had acquired title to what Gowen got for his corporation there would be no coal monopoly and the nation would be in possession of the natural sources of supply of one of the prime necessities of life. Moreover, consumers would not be paying tribute to the coal monopolists.

The moral of the story, since moral there must be, is that it is a short-sighted government which does not acquire control by ownership of all the natural sources of supply of the necessities of life, and does not give attentive ear to its men of vision.

New Bishop of Superior. Rome, Aug. 2.—Rev. J. M. Koudelka of Cleveland, auxiliary bishop of Milwaukee, was today appointed bishop of the diocese of Superior, Wis. Koudelka will take the place of Schinner, resigned, on account of ill-health.

Manitowoc, Wis.—According to the report filed with the state rate commission the municipal waterworks plant in the 21 months the city has operated it has made a net profit of \$24,253. Of this, however, \$13,700 has been expended in developing a larger water supply.

Saskatoon, Sask.—A member of the Saskatoon militia, who was yesterday court-martialed and discharged from the regiment for tramping an American flag under his feet during a parade, was later reinstated. The rest of the members of the regiment threatened to resign if the dismissal of their comrade was allowed to stand.

SOMETHING TO READ

BY MARY AQUIN.

In a world of books there are still a good many who are not getting the value obtainable through right selection. Although we have Carnegie libraries and sleek librarians galore, the well-informed person is rare. By well-informed we do not mean newspaper impressed or impacted. Even the college bred man and woman commonly misunderstand the practice of books and wear as faded blossoms the scant theory that was meant for seed. Take Ruskin as an instance. The high school graduate and the "over" to college diplomat may remember something about "A Crown of Wild Olives" and "Sesame and Lilies." But what else of Ruskin? Yet the patient reading of the books of this man of large intellect, great heart and abundant knowledge would alone constitute a time-saving substitute for a "five-foot book shelf."

The term sociology is supposedly understood, but how many—current statesmen not excepted—have read one standard work on that subject? The woman question, so ably (?) discussed lately, is obtainable in its truthfulness entirely from Eve upward in one volume by Bebel.

The most frequent objection one meets with is, "I haven't the time to read." This would be a good excuse if true. It isn't. It takes very little time to read. In fact, in reading BOOKS, not novels, one has to have a time limit. The material is so rich and abundant it requires intermission to properly assimilate. Not so with the time-consuming fictionette which carries the reader breathlessly over one love escapade into another. Nine times out of ten the person who hasn't time to read books has plenty of time to read novels. Bok's Buncombe, and the latest on "How to Pucker a Skirt." Time, indeed!

We are not condemning, wholesale-

ly, to limbo light fiction. One needs it in proportion as one may desire chocolates at dinner or nut sundaes as a chaser to corn-beef and cabbage. Too many women are beating the threadbare carpet of the six best sellers, a little manliness in the shape of the "Post" thrown in for weight. Such is the average dosage of reading for woman.

We'll grant that a man engaged in physical labor, having spent his capital in labor, hasn't the means until rested to use for reading. However, the physically tired working man, especially in cities, is forcing himself to burn the candle at both ends and is reading worth while books. An intelligent proletariat with more basic economic information than that possessed by the leisured class is arising to ultimate control. It is the inertiated, soft-padded, office-legged gentleman that has to be entertained by a pink sheet.

We condemn physical laziness but are strangely tolerant of mental laziness. In place of strong, vibrant thought we have a commercialized mushroom plantation, self-explanatory of the dark, dank mustiness beneath. Read something. Quit reading sweet nothings. Include a standard work in your summer vacation kit. In making the change from light to serious reading the first attempts are apt to effect the brain cords in manner like unto one's first horseback ride and the subsequent soreness of muscles. Everyone knows the cure for horseback stiffness is to ride some more and liberate and steel those unused muscles. The same formula holds good in reading and it becomes the most fascinating, pleasurable and profitable exercise.

And as you come out into the field of great and living thought apply a clear vision to, everyday, present day existence to its betterment. Nothing to lose, my friend, but a world to gain.

CONGRESSMAN STRINGER

One of the rising men in congress is Lawrence B. Stringer. The National Magazine has this to say about him:

At home they affectionately call him "Larry" Stringer, but in the congressional record he is styled Hon. Lawrence B. Stringer, congressman-at-large, from all accounts one of the most popular individual campaigners in Illinois, as indicated from the fact that he was elected on the same ticket with Woodrow Wilson and received a large majority lead over the head of the ticket. One cannot meet Mr. Stringer without being impressed first and foremost that he has ability and honesty. He is an orator to his finger tips, kindly and sympathetic, and especially magnetic on the rostrum. Like many of the new congressmen he learned the printers' trade. He was the son of a poor clergyman and had to struggle hard for an education. His work

was blended with his studies, and he laid aside the "printers' stick" on commencement morning, delivered a valedictory that is still talked of by the alumni of his school. He is a member of the Chicago bar and received the degree of LL. B. from the Lake Forest university. He was only 22 when first nominated for legislative office and has had the habit of being elected ever since, although a democratic nominee in a strong republican district. He was democratic nominee for governor of Illinois in 1904, and made a red hot race for senator in 1908, when he learned what it is to go through the Illinois legislative deadlocks. Those who know his record are expecting great things of the new congressman-at-large, and the old state song of "Illinois" is lustily sung by his admirers when "Larry" appears in the political forum.

There are Ferguson's whenever men for mastery contend: You have seen them, you have wondered how they managed to ascend: Even now perhaps you hasten to obey some Ferguson Who is proudly set above you, not for great things he has done, But because somebody merely took him up and placed him there— Just because, to put it plainly, he possessed a pull somewhere.

I have often in those moments when my bitter cup was full: Envied him whose fortune favored with a strong and steady pull: I have lingered in dark corners, left unnoticed and unknown, Hearing people cheer for others who in costly splendor shone. And who, if rewards were never given when they were not earned, Would have been among the millions who must labor undereared.

You and I have often worried of the never-ceasing round, Yet how sweet have been those moments when we gained a little ground— When our honest, worthy efforts have elicited rewards, Bringing pride that unearned glory to no favored one affords: Forward, forward! They are weaklings who are sitting in despair, Thinking no man may win honor who has not a pull somewhere.

Los Angeles—Mrs. Clara Melcher, proprietress of a laundry in Vienna, was interrogated Friday before the United States immigration inspector regarding claims she declares she has against Prince Stanislaus Sukowski, nephew of the Grand Duke of Berlin, a scion of a noble Austrian family. The price last Monday married Miss Marie Frende, daughter of a retired millionaire. It is understood Mrs. Melcher demands \$50,000.

WIRE SPARKS

St. Louis—Two St. Louis parks were thrown open as sleeping places for the women and children of the congested districts. They will be allowed to bring their own bedding and have been assured police protection during the night.

Trenton, N. J.—Daniel H. Tolman, money lender, with a chain of offices recently in large cities throughout the country, was warned by Judge Gnichtel that he must remain out of the so-called loan shark business for three years upon penalty of imprisonment. The court fined him \$1,000.

La Crosse, Wis.—Mary, 7-year-old

daughter of Anton Erickson of the township of Bristow, near here, died from the effects of a rattlesnake bite. The child was attacked by the reptile while she was picking blackberries, and though medical help was prompt it failed to save her.

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"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that they were thinking about establishing a central bank and for her part she didn't see much use in it as long as the dry goods stores were all so accommodating about cashing your checks.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND THE MAN WITHOUT A PULL



You are sick, you say, of working for the few returns you get. When the days are bright you labor, and you toil on when it's wet; Now and then your earnest efforts win a word of praise or two, Here and there some one is gladdened by the things you have to do; Though you might have deeper troubles, greater burdens than you bear, You confess that you are wishing you possessed a pull somewhere.

There is Ferguson, for instance, in authority and proud, Though when talents were divided he was slenderly endowed; He was singled out and lifted to the place he occupies, Not because of any service that entitled him to rise; Others who were more deserving have to take his orders now; In your heart you wish you also might possess a pull, somehow.

There are Ferguson's whenever men for mastery contend: You have seen them, you have wondered how they managed to ascend: Even now perhaps you hasten to obey some Ferguson Who is proudly set above you, not for great things he has done, But because somebody merely took him up and placed him there— Just because, to put it plainly, he possessed a pull somewhere.

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JOY.

"Do you feel any happier since your husband has made a fortune than you used to?" "Oh, yes, lots. The dressmaker never asks me to wait any more because somebody's having a wedding gown made."

A Changed Hope.

"I haven't recently heard you expressing the hope that your rich old uncle might shuffle off." "No. He married a young woman not long ago, and I'm busy hoping he may live forever."

"Got More Than He Expected." "Did your wife turn out to be all you expected her to be?" "More. When I married her she was as slim as a young gazelle. Now she weighs nearly 200 pounds."

A Preference. "Somebody is trying to make people believe that sauerkraut will cause one to live long if one eats plenty of it." "Well, it seems to me that I'd prefer a short life and a gay one."

One of His Charms. "Now tell me candidly," he said, "why do you like classical music?" "Well," she answered, "it's such a help when one wishes to avoid getting into a crowd."

Some of Them Will Sit It Out. "London is to have a ballroom in which 8,000 persons may dance at once." "That will be nice, but I suppose there will be wall-flowers, even there."

Taxation. Nearly every man is in favor of a tax on incomes that are larger than his own.

Go Out and Welcome It. Good luck is an excellent thing to meet about half way.

The Test. "My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late." "Affectation?" "No; investigation."—Boston Transcript.

A man who can laugh at himself can laugh at the whole world.—Balzac.

The Daily Story

AN IDEAL PERSONAGE—BY SAMUEL E. BRANT. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

I grew up under the influence of tales of western life. The desperado of the plains was to me a fascinating person, and the wickedest he was the more I admired him. It is a curious psychological fact that wickedness is attractive because it is wicked. I question if young persons who enter upon a life of crime do not often do so solely from this motive.

As I grew older I began to lay plans for getting out to the wild west, not to make a desperado of myself, but to gratify my curiosity as to what the life out there really was, and after finishing my education I concluded to go to one of the territories, look about me and, if I found a place to suit me, settle and grow up with the country. I selected Arizona, which has since furnished the scene of many novels and plays of western life.

I brought up in Coconino county at a small town from which I proposed to make an observation tour through the surrounding country. I found the region much as it has been depicted in theatricals, barring the stage effects. I got into a little play of my own, and it came very near being a tragedy.

I was riding through the country one day when I met a man on horseback, of whom I asked the way. He was a quiet looking, quiet spoken young fellow and cheerfully gave me the directions I asked for. We were about to part when I noticed him looking at me critically. He seemed to be taking note of my height, weight, the color of my hair and eyes and the shape of my face.

"You look like me," he said. "Do I?" "Except the clothes." "I haven't got an Arizona outfit yet. If I stay here I'll probably adopt the costume of the country."

"I reckon we'll swap."

"Swap what?" "Well, we'll trade hats first." There was something in that cold gray eye of his as he spoke the last words that rendered any enforcement of them unnecessary. Though they were a command, he did not even put his hand to his pistol. He carried also a pair of revolvers in holsters slung across his saddlebow, either of which he could have grasped and used long before I could have got my own revolver out of its case, cocked it and brought it to bear upon him. I understood that I was to change hats with him and, taking off mine, handed it to him. Then I took off my coat and gave him that and such other articles of clothing as he demanded. Lastly, he called for my belt and pistol and gave me all his extensive armament in return. The exchange having been finished, he rode on.

Never in my life have I felt so contemptible. I had submitted to his will without resistance, and now I was riding away armed to the teeth, while he possessed one small pistol that I had brought from the east and considered a plaything in Arizona without making any attempt to regain my own. Was it my being unused to the ways of the region I was in, or the domination of a superior will, or a feeling that my man could kill me as quick with my tiny revolver as with all the various weapons he had transferred to me? I don't know myself, but I suspect I was deterred from putting up a fight by all these reasons.

I rode on as mild mannered a man as the one I had met, but with weapons innumerable. What the fellow wanted with my clothes, why he had given me his arms, was to me an insoluble mystery. But it didn't require a long time to find out. After awhile I met several men riding on the road together. They were chatting and paid no attention to me till I came very near them. Then one of them looked at me and started. We made the usual salute of strangers meeting in a new country, and I thought no more of the encounter. But I had not gone fifty feet before I heard a sharp command from behind:

"Hands up!" I put my hands above my head and waited. The men who had passed me returned and relieved me of my armament.

"Dead easy, wasn't it?" said one of them to the others. "You bet. I never thought he'd be taken without blood spilling." "My friends," said I, "will you kindly inform me what all this means?" "And will you kindly inform us what you mean by being thus taken unawares?" "I wonder if you don't think I'm some one else?"

"We don't think you're any one. We know you're 'Jimmy the Kid,' one of the most notorious desperados in Arizona, and we'll see that you don't do any more murders. What do you say, boys? Shall we string him up right here or take him in and let the sheriff do the job?" I told them of the man I had met and how he had forced me to change clothes and arms with him. The story affected one of the three, but the other two laughed at it. Nevertheless since one of them doubted my identity the other two gave in and consented to turn me over to the sheriff.

Within an hour I was lodged in jail in a small town built on the bank of a stream. The sheriff told my captors that I—er, rather, the man I had been mistaken for—was full of tricks and was doubtless now engaged in playing one of them. He would call the vigilance committee together and have me tried and hanged as soon as it could be reached. Meanwhile he thought I'd be safe in the stone jail back of his house. If I tried to escape he would save the committee the trouble. I heard him say this. Indeed, he intended that I should.

He soon left the place, and I gave myself over to thoughts of no pleasant character. If I made no effort to get out and away when the committee arrived I had every chance of being

hanged. And yet I was appalled by his threat, but not so much so as to prevent my looking about for a loophole.

The jail was an old stone smoke-house, with a door made of iron bars. It was getting dusk when I saw a girl somewhere between fifteen and seventeen years old come out of the back door of the jailer's house and take up an armful of firewood. I called to her. She dropped the wood and came to the door of the jail.

"What do you want?" she asked. "Have you any feeling?" I asked. Instead of replying she stood looking at me, silent, and I went on. I told her my story as I have told it here and asked her if she could and would find a way to aid me to escape, assuring her that if she did not I would be surely hanged by mistake. I saw sympathy welling up in her eyes and had hope.

"I can't. Pop's gone to get the committee, and maw she's gone over to Aunt Sarah's. Pop he's got the key of this door with him."

"How long will they be gone?" "Maw she told me to get supper and have it ready at 8 o'clock. Reckon she and pop'll be home by then."

"Is there any one else in the house?"

"No." There was a good hour in which to act. I asked the girl if there was a crowbar in the house. She didn't remember any such implement, but she thought one of the bars intended for the door of the jail was in the wood house. I asked her to get it for me. She started to do so, and it occurred to me that she would suffer by aiding me, and I called her back to ask her what they would do with her if they knew she had helped me to escape. She said she didn't know, but she wasn't afraid of her pop, though everybody else was. He wouldn't hurt her. Then she went on and brought me the bar.

I worked half an hour with it, prying and bending the bars of the gate near the lock, and at last succeeded in loosening the bolt from the catch. There was also a chain as an auxiliary, but with a thick bar six feet long I got a big leverage on it and broke it. Then I was free. The next question was what I should do to get away from the locality. Of course I would be followed.

"Got any horses here?" I asked the girl.

"Yes." "A horse won't do. I would have to keep an open ground, where I would be seen and his hoofs would leave tracks." "There's a boat. You might drop down the creek. Pop keeps a blood-hound in the barn to track folks with; he can't get the scent if you go by water."

"The very thing. No; that won't do either. The boat would be missed. But I'll take to the creek. How can I get out of here and do it without leaving tracks or scent?"

"I kin carry you."

I looked at her. She was of good size and seemed strong. "If you can you will probably save my life," I said. She turned her back to me, I put my arms around her neck, lifted my feet from the ground, and taking hold of my legs, she staggered with me to the creek, a distance of several hundred feet. There she set me down in the water.

"Goodby!" I said. "Goodby!" I drew her to me and kissed her. "How would you like to go east to a school and grow up a lady?" I asked her.

Her face lighted up. "Can I go now with you?"

"No, but if I get out of this alive and the mistake is rectified I will write your father a proposition to do something for you to reward you for what you have done for me."

I held her hand and felt it turn in mine, indicating the emotion she felt, but did not put in words. I was some time in releasing it, then waded down the creek, turning before coming to a bend to look back and throw her a kiss. Her eyes were fixed on me when I disappeared.

I learned afterward that the jailer was completely baffled at the direction I had taken, since there was no indication of it whatever. I got back to where I was known, and my recent jailer was notified that he had held the wrong person. "Jimmy the Kid," as the real desperado was called, was never captured, but he was shot when not suspecting an enemy was near. My brief experience in the west with my previously admired desperado served to satisfy me, and I left by the first train for the east. The girl who I am almost sure saved me from a nasty execution is now at school in New England. She has been there two years, and you should see the change in her from the wild thing she was when she brought me the bar that pried me out of jail to what she is today. My friends twit me, saying that I am educating a girl to make my wife, but I don't care for their innuendoes, for I am paying her for my very existence. If I only wish there was more that I could do in the same direction, for the price seems infinitely small.

Aug. 2 in American History.

1812—Battle of Fort Stephenson. O. The American garrison, 150 strong, repulsed an attack by 1,200 British and Indians. Led by Major George Croghan, the handful of defenders inflicted a loss of 150 upon the assailants. 1850—Horace Mann, educator, died, born 1796. 1898—President McKinley announced the terms upon which he offered to make peace with Spain. 1912—The United States senate warned foreign nations against the acquisition of naval sites near United States possessions.