

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, December 26, 1913.

The republican and progressives are getting together like gunpowder and a lighted match.

In spite of the fact that she is so much happier in jail, Mrs. Pankhurst continues to wander around outside.

Once more Santa Claus must have retired from his Christmas eve campaign an enthusiastic advocate of good roads.

They stopped Emma Goldman from talking at Paterson, in spite of the fact that she usually runs down within eight days.

One reason why the rebels want to get into Tampico is to renew their acquaintance with fish—or any other reputable foodstuff.

It must have been awfully expensive remembering all the millions of third cousins before Christmas post cards were invented.

It is strange that President Huerta dispersed the Mexican congress, as they would have made themselves very useful blacking his boots.

Mayor-elect Mitchell of New York is obliged to defer his initiation into the "Don't Worry club." He has about 9,000 jobs to dispense around the first of the year.

Hats off to the American duchess "loafing around the throne" of Britain. May Goelet of New York, now the duchess of Roxburghe, has been appointed "mistress of the robes" by Queen Mary. How perfectly charming.

The members of congress of both national houses are entitled to a long holiday vacation. Congress has been in continuous session for nine months, and many of its members have had to remain away from their homes nearly the entire period. All of them will doubtless have a joyous home-coming. The whole country extends to them the compliments of the season.

Zapata, the insurgent leader in southern Mexico, has announced that he intends to enter the City of Mexico and summarily dispose of the Huerta usurpers by hanging them and shooting them without any delay for trial. Such a cackle does not help the cause of the insurgents in Mexico, nor will it win the respect of the American government or its endorsement, should it win.

Once more The Argus good fellow, Santa Claus has made the rounds of the poor children of Rock Island, and the joy that attended the undertaking compensated a thousand times for the pains. To the good hearted women who took charge of the enterprise and gave to their untiring zeal as well as to all who in anyway aided it, The Argus again offers its deep and sincere gratitude.

State and federal supreme courts are carelessly charged with sinister prejudices in favor of the classes in pronouncing certain measures unconstitutional, but a case in Missouri shows where the judges had to do the right thing, although it was pathetic enough to be heart-breaking. The judges were obliged to lift an unconstitutional law aimed at preventing the spread of tuberculosis.

In his hurried preparation to leave Washington for a well earned holiday vacation, President Wilson did not forget the poor and unfortunate of the capital city. Heavily laden auto trucks went all over the city Christmas eve carrying Christmas cheer into the homes of the poorer people, toys and other presents for the children and thoughtful remembrances from the White house for the older people. Not before in years has Washington had such a Christmas.

UNIFORM CURB LIGHTS. Another block, that on Second Avenue between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, is now illuminated by ornamental curb lights. The adornment was a long time coming, due to the hesitancy on the part of some of the property holders to join in the enterprise and to other complications.

But it is now an accomplished fact which speaks for itself. The greater or less difficulty that has attended the efforts of public spirited taxpayers and business men in various sections of the city to install a system of lighting of this kind has awakened a discussion of a uniform plan of municipal control in this respect. Under present conditions one obstinate property holder or one indifferent merchant may block an en-

tire project, regardless of what may be the purpose of the majority interested.

In view of this fact has come the suggestion of the feasibility of an ordinance reposing in the municipal commission the power to lay out certain districts in which curb lights to be placed and provide for the installation by special assessment under a scheme not dissimilar to that pursued in other improvements.

Until some such plan is adopted difficulty to a greater or less extent will be encountered in all ornamental lighting propositions.

In the meantime the citizens who have made possible the improvement of the public lighting of the business section have found their efforts more than worth while.

OVERBURDENED WITH TAXATION—THE CAUSE.

Recently cablegrams from Europe state that the people of Germany are overburdened with taxation, the heavier portion of which is due to militarism.

The increasing demands for larger appropriations for sustaining the army have aroused protests from the people which have assumed an emphasis so full of warning that the government is considering calling a halt and in some ways lessening the burdens.

All the principal European governments for years have been rivaling each other in military display, competing with one another in organizing the most formidable army corps. The results are that the people are impoverished, agricultural interests are depressed, and industry in many lines languishes.

It fares the land that is a prey to militarism. The conditions that exist in European countries should be a warning to the people of the United States.

This country does not need an immense standing army. Patriotic citizens are always ready to respond for patriotic purposes. Never in the history of the republic have more brave men been ready to fight, if necessary, in their country's defense, and that is the only kind of war this country should ever engage in. In the nearly one century and a half of its existence, its battles have been fought by its patriotic citizen soldiers, and its victories on land and sea won by volunteers.

All we need is what we possess—a courageous patriotic people who have inherited devotion for their country from their sires who made and preserved us as a nation. Militarism must be avoided if we shall continue to be the land of the free and the home of the brave. The citizenship that depends on hired soldiers for protection will become enervated. Burdensome taxation will follow and oppression will destroy the patriotism that has given us life and strength as a nation.

THE "MIRACLE" OF IT. Professor Laughlin of the University of Chicago does not seem to have as good an opinion of the ability of senators and representatives at Washington as a patriotic man might well take on. He speaks of the currency measure as a "political miracle." He assigns as reason for this view the fact that the measure contains a great right and saving principle and yet, he says, "not 10 men in congress who voted for the bill understood its fundamental principles."

This saving principle, which the members of congress did not understand according to the professor, is in "the organization of credit provided for" in the measure. It is a "miracle" to the professor that this feature should have been incorporated.

It is a safe guess that a good many times 10 members of congress understood the importance of the credit features of the measure. In fact the member who after all the discussion wasn't a fair understanding of those features doesn't belong in congress.

Nor is it a matter that is tremendously difficult of understanding. It has been tried in an extensive way by other countries for a long while; it has been presented by innumerable publications and writers in this country; it is a feature that was accepted as a matter of course by congress. Instead of this feature becoming a "miracle" through being introduced at this time, the great wonder and mystery is that it was not applied a generation ago. It is simply a point in which we have been far behind other trading nations and it is not so much of a miracle to take a score of years to try to catch up with the procession. Congressmen knew this thing 10 years ago; but for some reason they could not go ahead and act on their knowledge. Instead of flattering ourselves that we have worked a miracle, we would better whisper that we have been slow and stupid for once.

NO WORSE THAN USUAL. Dispatches from Chicago, which state that the number of men out of employment there and in other cities is no greater this winter than in preceding years, are a striking commentary on the truthfulness of Congressman Mann's recent "calamity yawn" in the house of representatives. From his remarks one would have imagined that at least half of Chicago's workers were out of jobs and starving in the streets. Any one at all familiar with the life of large American cities knows that in winter they attract many thousands of men who do not work at all, such as tramps, or whose work is of a kind that cannot be followed in cold weather.

These are to be found in great numbers in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other communities. It should be needless to say their idleness has no connection with the Wilson administration or the Underwood tariff. For republican purposes, however, these unemployed will figure as the sad victims of democratic alleged incapacity.

When they disappear in the spring some other yarn will be devised to keep this stale old lie on its travels.

Capital Comment

BY OLYDE H. TAVENNER
Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Dec. 24.—Will the fact that the American Telephone & Telegraph company has agreed voluntarily to discontinue as a monopoly have the effect of stopping the movement toward the nationalization of the telegraph and telephone wires of the country?

That is what the reactionary newspapers of the country would like to make the people believe. In his fight of the people to gain ownership and monopoly of all the means of verbal communication, those who are defending the private monopolies would now make it appear that government ownership was threatened as a punishment of the telegraph magnates for having attempted to monopolize the business.

According to David J. Lewis, congressman from Maryland, who will take the lead for the people in this fight, the mere fact that one of the wire companies has agreed to be a trust no longer has nothing to do with the merits of government ownership of telegraphs and telephones. Nor will it deter the movement for government ownership.

"How the settlement of the trust case can be brought into the ownership fight as an argument is beyond my comprehension," said Lewis. "After all, the American Telephone & Telegraph company is only one defendant in the case of the people against the wire companies. And the fact that the Western Union Telegraph

company is to be divorced from the telephone system has nothing to do with the question of the wisdom of federal ownership and operation of both systems.

"One of the things government ownership will bring about is cheaper telephone and telegraph rates. The decrease which the American Telephone & Telegraph company is willing to accept says nothing about reduction of rates. No arrangements at all are made for lower rates. About all the agreement brings is the doubtful advantage of allowing the independent telephone companies to use the Bell long-distance lines. A telephone service is a natural monopoly, and competing telephone companies are usually a nuisance and an expense, since it is necessary to subscribe to both services to get complete service."

A New Viewpoint.

Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson is pursuing a novel policy relative to the strike situation in the ore fields at Calumet, Mich. Instead of confining the information he is giving the public to the subject of wages, hours and conditions of labor, he is making public information as to the earnings of the corporations involved.

"The largest corporation engaged in the production of copper in the Michigan district," says Secretary Wilson, "was organized in 1870 with an actual investment of \$1,250,000. "From that time until one year ago that corporation declared in dividends \$121,000,000, and made reinvestments of its earnings of \$75,000,000—nearly \$200,000,000 of actual net profits in a period of 42 years on an investment of \$1,250,000. And then it met only protests against meeting committees of its workmen, but refuses to accept the good offices of the department of labor in negotiating the difficulty."

A TIMELY LESSON

(Quincy Journal.) President Wilson is entitled to the thanks of the nation for having administered a stinging rebuke to a lot of army officers who imagined from their excursions abroad that they were the controlling motives of a military despotism or monarchy. These officers held a banquet a week or two ago at which they ridiculed President Wilson's policy of ultimate independence for the inhabitants of the Philippine islands, and also made all manner of ribald fun of Mr. Bryan's efforts in the direction of universal peace.

This sort of chivalric business will do well enough unofficially at the hands of private clubs or chance bar-room coteries, but not at the hands of military officers holding commissions to carry out the orders of the president.

In old world such business would have resulted in court martial and imprisonment, if not death, to say nothing of absolute loss of rank. President Wilson was very kind in his decision. He deprived no man of his rank and therefore endangered no pension, but he expressed his disapproval in unmistakable language of sufficient vigor to burn itself into the brain of any officer who has any pride in his own reputation as a soldier and a gentleman.

It will be some time before these ornamental government pets get gay again.

THE EVENING PAPER

(Boston Monitor.) United States statistics also point to the growing favor of the afternoon journal, all sections of the country reporting the same tale. Careful reading of a paper issued and bought at hours when labor is about to cease or has just ceased is more likely to follow than if the hour of publication and purchase is when man is intent on getting to his toil and beginning it.

Few things are more disturbing to the self-respect of a conscientious maker of morning newspaper than the increasing contempt shown for his work by the commuting public and the feelingless way in which papers are discarded after most superficial reading.

Quite otherwise is the disposition awaiting an evening paper of merit. To the home circle it may be and often is an educator and friend. Its contents are assimilated, not nibbled at.

Washington—The government's brief against the Mid-West Oil company in a case involving large areas of the supreme court. The suit involves an order by former President Taft, withdrawing petroleum lands in Wyoming and California from an entry to reserve an adequate supply of fuel oil for the future use of the navy.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that traders on the stock exchange were very bearish and she didn't see any use in getting cross about it.

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The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

The QUESTIONING GUEST



He sat alone before his grate And musing watched the leaping flames; The night was cold, the hour was late, The windows rattled in their frames; But warmth was in the room; a book Lay open on his knees; his chair Was deep and soft, and by his look You might have guessed his dreams were fair.

"My ventures have gone well," he said; My profits have been large today; I've caused no man to sit in dread, I've flung no other's rights away; My dealings have been fair and just, I have not claimed more than my right; Nowhere have I betrayed a trust, Or put another's hopes to flight."

His open book slipped to the floor, And presently he was aware, Though no one had unlocked the door, That Some One stood beside him there; The peace that had been in his breast Forsook him as he sat and gazed, At his mysterious white-robed guest; He was affrighted and amazed.

"Today," the presence said, at last, "Success has journeyed at your side; The profits you have made are vast, And in your heart is selfish pride, 'But all my profits were well-won.' The man in trembling tones, replied: 'No single evil have I done, I have not robbed or crushed or lied.'"

"Ay, there was much you did not do; You heard no hungry orphan's plea; The sick, the lame, the widow, too, What thought had you for such as these?" The flames that had so brightly played Tied to a feeble, flickering spark; The rich man sat alone, afraid, Because the night was cold and dark.

CANDID OPINION.

The successful baseball catcher must be a man who takes things as they come.

There is always a crimp waiting for the man who gets to thinking that he is too big for his job.

Temptation is like trouble. It is always easily found if one looks for it.

The world never bows very lowly to the man who depends on his clothes for his dignity.

Given the most depraved man is not likely to want to name his boy after a skinkint.

Inspiration is usually about the parts perspiration.

Real Work. "How have you managed to reduce your weight so much?" "I bought a place with a good big garden attached and have spent at least two hours daily hoeing and spading."

Go! You must have found it pretty hard work. "Yes, but it was nothing compared to the work my wife did in getting rid of about twenty pounds. She rolled on the floor so much that she got corns on her knees and elbows."

HISTORY. "Pa, who was it said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" "Some fellow whose wife thought he was deceiving her every time he happened to look at another woman, I guess. Run along and play with the kitten. I want to read about this graft investigation."

Fate. He wrote a roundabout on her arms, A sonnet on her face; In quatrains he described her charms, In triplets her grace. He wrote an octave on her hair, A couplet on her nose, And then he lost the maiden fair By stepping on her toes.

Dangerous. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones, you know." "And people who operate airships should not be too much given to blowing about themselves."

The Sleep of the Virtuoso. "Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous," says Addison. "Then the virtuous must know of some way to avoid sleeping in country hotels."

Both Affected. She—You really should give up smoking; it affects the heart. He—By that reasoning I ought to give up you also. —Boston Transcript.

Work will hide from most of us much needless worry.

The Daily Story

MY REIMBURSEMENT—BY F. A. MITCHEL. Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Not long before the revolution in Mexico that put Huerta in the saddle I was sent out by the house by which I had been employed for ten years—from the time I was sixteen till I was twenty-six—to establish a branch of the business at the capital of that country.

For awhile I was so busy getting a store, unpacking goods and attending to the various requirements of opening up a new business that the country, the people, their customs, manners, appearance, did not engage my attention, but when all was running smoothly I began to take notice of what was going on about me. Being young and a bachelor, it was natural that the first object to interest me was the señoritas.

It has been said that the women of tropical climates are attractive in appearance when very young, but their beauty soon fades and is replaced by extreme ugliness. But I found that those of Mexico differed much as they do in other countries. Their beauty and its continuance depended largely on their sphere in life. Their long lashes drooping over their liquid brown eyes and their luxuriant hair were to their chief attractions.

The poor in Mexico are very poor, and the most prosperous, except in few instances, are not what we in the United States would call rich. In Mexico, as in other countries, there are ups and downs in families, some acquiring wealth, others sinking into poverty.

Directly opposite the house in which I lived dwelt a family which, from appearances, I judged belonged to the latter class. Not long after I came to live near them I saw a piano moved out, then a handsome mahogany desk. These were followed by other articles, most of them of a very antique character, in such regular succession that it excited my curiosity. I asked the lady with whom I lodged about it and she replied:

"Oh, the Garcias! They have recently lost a great deal of money. For many years the family has owned stock in mines of this country, but since President Diaz has been deposed and our government has been unstable their mines have not been worked. They have been gradually selling off valuable articles that have been in the family many years. Some of them, they claim, were brought over by one of the conquerors from whom they claim descent."

The world may envy prosperous persons during their prosperity, but it sympathizes with them when their prosperity passes away from them. I was at an age to pity this unfortunate family, and my interest was not, I thought, especially since my father had failed in business just as I was about to enter college and I felt obliged to go into business instead.

Concha Garcia was a typical beauty of the tropics. Her face was oval, her complexion olive, with a tinge of red in her cheeks, while she possessed the liquid eyes, long lashes and wealth of glossy hair of which I have spoken. On several occasions when she had not taken the precaution to draw her window curtains I saw her standing before a mirror combing her hair and noticed that it swept the floor.

I had the advantage of the young lady—so far as I knew—in observing her, while she knew nothing about me, for even if she had under ordinary circumstances taken an interest in a young man opposite she now appeared absorbed in her troubles. Though I saw her go and come often from and to her home, I never saw her smile.

One morning I happened to start for my store just as Senorita Garcia left her house. She was unconscious of my presence on the street, though I saw no one else but her. I walked some distance behind her till, coming to the business part of the city, she entered a pawnshop. An impulse moved me to follow her inside. I was not led by a desire to pry into her affairs, but by an intense curiosity. She engaged the attention of the proprietor while I kept in the background. She produced a brooch with a handsome emerald setting and asked the shopman if he would buy it or loan on it. He said he would do whichever she preferred, offering to buy it for a much better price than he would loan. The señorita, remarking despondently that she would never be able to redeem it, concluded to sell it.

As she left the shop she glanced at me, I fancied, to see if the sale had been observed by any one she knew. At all events, she showed no further interest in me. As soon as she had left the shop I stepped forward and asked the proprietor if he had any unclaimed antique jewelry for sale. He brought out, among other articles, the emerald brooch. I bought it, but was obliged to pay him double what it had cost him. Why I bought it or what I would do with it I did not know. Perhaps it was in obedience to the same kind of impulse that had induced me to follow Senorita Garcia into the shop.

Now and again I happened to leave my lodging house at the same time as the young lady left her home, but did not follow her again into a store till one day I saw her enter a building from which hung a sign, "Manuel Gorcon, Dealer in Human Hair."

"Great heavens," I exclaimed, "is she going to sacrifice those splendid tresses?" Having delayed a few minutes, I entered a room in which there were cases filled with switches, wigs and other such articles. The señorita was there in the act of taking down her hair, the proprietor waiting to inspect it. Seeing me enter, she hesitated, and the proprietor led her into a rear room curtained from the other. But I could see between the curtains and hear the man bargaining for the hair. I stopped the proceedings by stepping to the curtain and pulling it aside.

"Senor," I said, "I have caught a glimpse of this lady's hair and would like to buy it. If you conclude to purchase it I will take it off your hands at a reasonable profit."

Both the dealer and the lady were somewhat surprised at my intrusion, but the former said at once: "You are at liberty to make the señorita an offer. I have more stock on hand than I can use in these troublous times." "Very well. Tell the lady what you would pay were you not overstocked." "I would pay the highest price—indeed, more than the highest price—on account of the extreme length." He named a sum that the lady was worth. "If the lady will accept that amount," I said, "I will gladly pay it." "Are you a dealer in such goods, señor?" asked Senorita Garcia. "No," I stammered. "I am not."

"Then may I ask for what you want it?" "I have never been good at white lying. If a lie is excusable I would rather tell a big one than a little one." "I will explain," I said. "I am about to be married to a young lady who is recovering from a fever from which she lost her hair. It is growing again, but very thin. It occurs to me that I could make her no more valuable present than a switch made of your splendid hair."

She appeared to believe the statement, but I could see from her expression that she doubted the propriety of such a gift. However, after a regretful glance in a mirror at the treasure on her head, she accepted my offer. "Will you take it now, señor?" she asked. "No, señorita. I have not enough money with me, but I will pay you a sum to bind the bargain and you need not deliver the goods till the balance is discharged." "I went through my pockets and found enough money to pay 70 per cent on the purchase." "But, señor, you do not know me. You are taking a risk."

"I know a lady when I see her." "I assure you, señor," said the proprietor, "you run no risk whatever; the señorita's family are well known in Mexico. They have in their veins the blood of one of the conquerors." "May I ask when the señor will call for my hair?" asked the girl. "I? Call for it?" I said to gain time to construct another lie. "The date of the wedding is not yet fixed." The wearer of my property said nothing more, but from the curious way she looked at me it was evident that there was something in the transaction she did not understand. Writing her address on a card she handed it to me and left the store. I sent her the balance of the amount of the purchase money the same day, with a caution on no account to cut off her hair till I called for it.

Senorita Garcia, not having any occasion for my address, had not called for it. Since I had no use for her hair and had little time to save it for her, I did not care for it. Weeks passed before we met again. Meanwhile I wondered if she would recognize me at seeing me again. She had merely glanced at me in the pawnshop, and in the rear room at the hair dealer's there was not enough light for her to see me distinctly. Our third meeting was on the street. As I passed her she stared at me, as if uncertain whether I was or was not the owner of her hair. I looked straight ahead. But she stopped me and said: "Senor?" "I beg pardon, the raising my hat. 'Are you not the señor who who—' 'Who what, señorita?' "Bought my hair?" "I was fixing for another lie, but saw in her eye that it would not pass. I smiled." "Come, señor," she continued, with great seriousness. "There is something about this transaction that I do not understand. Several weeks ago you bought my hair for your fiancée, for you said. You have paid the price for it, but have not called for it. It is yours, and I insist on delivering it to you or returning the money." "Senorita," I said, putting a slight tremolo into my voice, "the lady for whom I made that purchase is no more."

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"Oh, señor, how I pity you!" "Do not talk about returning the money. I could not bear it. Let us rather find some other way, if you insist upon it, by which you may reimburse me. Will you permit me to call upon you and talk the matter over with you?" "I can understand your feelings, but I do insist on reimbursing you and will be glad to receive you for the purpose you mention." "You are very kind."

If Senorita Garcia had known that the reimbursement I was after was her own sweet self she might not have insisted on reimbursing me. I called on her, not once, but many times, when I got the reimbursement I desired. She surprised her by turning over to her without any further payment the emerald brooch I had bought from the pawnbroker.

Two Young to Smoke. Kid—How old is that lamp, ma? Ma—Oh, about three years. Kid—Tuesdays it's too young to smoke—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Dec. 26 in American History. 1776—General Washington surprised and defeated the British (Hessians) at Trenton and recrossed the Delaware. 1831—Stephen Girard, philanthropist, founder of Girard college, famous school for boys, died; born 1750. 1886—General John A. Logan, noted Federal soldier, died; born 1826. 1909—Frederic Remington, painter, sculptor and author, died; born 1851.