

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, May 22, 1914.

Time to get out that last year's straw hat.

A Muscatine man named Courtwright is being sued for divorce. Most anyone can fashion a pleasanter out of that.

Kansas has sent out word that 40,000 men will be needed to harvest the grain crop. This is fair warning for the unemployed who do not want to work.

The fact that Senator Penrose won out in the republican primary for re-nomination means that he has been giving members of his party what they wanted.

Henry Ford's liberality with his employees threatens to cut his personal profit down to a bare million this year. Will some one please pass the hat for the poor gentleman?

With the council evenly divided and compelled to cast the deciding vote in the elimination of 21 sailors, Naylor Mueller of Davenport is probably ready to confess that his office is no place for a politician.

The fact that a former American football star succumbed to the attack of a lion will occasion some surprise. Must have been out of commission, but at that it will be noted that the beast did not attempt to eat him.

If manifestation of symptoms of wanderlust are grounds for imprisonment in California, as one young Chicagoan claims, it is difficult to imagine any normal being reaching manhood there without a prison record.

American editors have long known just how a war ought to be conducted, but, as the Chicago News says, Secretary of the Navy Daniels is the first of his profession who has had the opportunity of demonstrating the knowledge.

A department of commerce bulletin notes that much of the lower grade olive oil imported into the United States is obtained from Greece. It is suspected that some of the other grades come from a source of identical pronunciation.

Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the British admiralty, is suspected of having looped the loop in an aeroplane rather with a view of steadying his nerve for future meetings with militant suffragettes than in the hope of discovering anything to add to the military or naval prowess of his country.

Commenting on the fact that Congressman Clyde Tavenner has announced that he is a candidate for re-nomination, the Burlington Gazette says: "Mr. Tavenner is a hard working public servant and he has started certain legislation that it will be profitable for his constituents to see that he is returned to congress to finish."

The method of killing the dandelion by cutting it and putting salt on the roots, as suggested by the U. S. department of agriculture, is about as sensible as catching birds by the well known salt system. While one is doing the cutting, as a man who has had experience points out, he might as well cut a little deeper and avoid the necessity for the use of salt.

ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS.

One of the largest and most successful firms in the country has the following to say of local newspaper advertising:

"The local newspaper is a strong factor in every community. A well written advertisement in your newspaper is sure to be seen and read by the people, and they will believe it because they see it in the paper and because they have confidence in you."

"The local paper with a circulation of 3,000 goes into that many homes every issue. The rate of a paper with this circulation is about 10 cents per inch. A nine-inch triple column advertisement occupying a total space of 27 inches will cost you \$2.70. If you printed this same ad in the form of a circular to be mailed into 1,000 homes, the postage alone would amount to \$10 and the circular would probably not attract as much attention as the same advertisement in the newspaper."

"So, you see, the newspaper offers you the most economical as well as one of the most effective means of reaching the best homes in your territory regularly."

"If your past advertising in the newspaper has not produced results, don't blame the paper. What you say in the space you buy amounts to a lot more than the size of the space you buy."

newspaper has not produced results, don't blame the paper. What you say in the space you buy amounts to a lot more than the size of the space you buy.

"Talk to the people in your advertisement; just like you talk to them when they are in your store. Make your advertisement reflect the policy of your institution. Give news value to your ads and be personal and truthful. Your newspaper advertising will produce results."

"But don't expect to advertise in the local paper two or three times and get results. You must plan a consistent campaign. A 10-inch triple column ad every week is better than a full page once a month."

ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION.

Enormous progress has been made during recent years in the science of illumination. This has not only been of great value in safety and convenience in trains, boats, factories, streets, stores, theaters and churches, but it is a distinct benefit in conserving the eyesight of the human race. The development of the tungsten lamp is probably the most marked improvement in artificial illumination that has recently been made, for it not only increases the light capacity but decreases the cost of consumption. Most electric companies will, on request, furnish tungsten lamps free to consumers, just as they have heretofore supplied the now old-fashioned carbon filament lamps. As an illustration of the superiority of the tungsten lamp over all other lamps, it may be said that the United States government has issued an order that all carbon filament lamps shall be abandoned in its buildings and that 25-watt tungsten lamps shall be substituted in their places.

One of the best lights for illuminating such places as railroad sheds, foundries and blacksmith shops is what is known as the "flaming-arc lamp." It has been improved so that the fumes of the arc are condensed and do not escape into the air nor become deposited on the globe. It is a cheap lamp to maintain as one set of carbons will burn from 100 to 120 hours without attention.

The proper natural and artificial lighting of school rooms has a most marked effect on the health of the schoolchildren. One interesting fact disclosed by these investigations is that most legends are usually worse than boys' eyes. This is accounted for by the fact that girls are taught to sew early in life and oftentimes with insufficient illumination. Sewing lessons should not be given to little girls before 7 years of age; good light should always be assured; and discrimination shall be shown between girls having good eyes and those having poor eyes.

On account of the effect on children's eyes, the size and style of types, the quality and color of paper, the illustrations, the angle and the position in reading and writing, the color of blackboards and chalk should always be taken into consideration in selecting school books and school supplies. Black type on a yellow background is the most legible of all combinations, especially for distance, while black type on a white background comes sixth in order, out of 13 specimens.

The work of the railway clerk is one of the most trying occupations on the eye. The United States postoffice department has recently taken up the matter and is preparing to equip all our postoffice cars with the best and least injurious methods of illumination. Several of our state governments are taking active steps to regulate the lighting of cars and the headlights of locomotives and automobiles. The blinding result of excessively powerful lights on locomotives and automobiles is well known. While such machines should be abundantly lighted, to insure safety to all concerned, excessive illumination should be condemned and forbidden.

The indirect lighting of theaters, churches, restaurants and cars has produced a revolution in interior illumination. This method is most restful to the eyes, and when sufficiently abundant, is an ideal method for the lighting of interiors.

Street lights should be protected by glazed or opaque globes. When properly installed and placed, such lighting is sufficient and is much easier on the eyes than the old unprotected style of lights. The glazed or opaque globe seems to be coming into general use and its use should be encouraged, not only in public places, but in houses as well. Clear globes or lamps should never be used; they are very trying on the eyes. The nearer artificial lighting can approach daylight, the more nearly perfection is reached.

In Germany they are experimenting with marble globes instead of glass globes. The marble is placed down till it is thin and translucent and the light produced is almost the exact counterpart of daylight. One investigator has shown that a screen coated with an aluminum powder, placed in front of a light, will produce an illumination exactly like daylight by means of which even colors can be judged with perfect accuracy. The day may not be far distant when artificial illumination will become a perfect substitute for daylight. In Holland women and children are forbidden to work in factories or workshops where artificial lighting is necessary before 9 o'clock in the morning and after 3 o'clock in the afternoon. These questions are being discussed in England, France, Holland, Austria and Germany. In this country, New York and Wisconsin have taken up this question, and it is to be hoped it will soon receive serious official consideration everywhere.

Girl Hungry, Ends Life. Charleston, W. Va., May 22.—Because they were hungry, Mrs. Kelly Harmon and her daughter Fay agreed to commit suicide. The daughter took poison, but when she fell the mother dashed her portion to the floor and called a physician. The girl died.

The Report of the Balkan Commission

A commission of inquiry was appointed in the summer of 1913 to investigate the conditions in the Balkan states and determine how far the shocking reports of massacres and atrocities were actually true. The commission was international in character, being composed of representatives of Great Britain, France, Russia and the United States and was absolutely independent of all political prejudices. Its report has been drawn up and is now ready for circulation.

The contents are sufficiently horrifying. Atrocities have been committed in the Balkan states and outrages have taken place. The commission has been able to give a more accurate and detailed account of the situation and to fill in the vague reports given out by the press, but it has not found that these reports were without foundation, although they were, of course, in many cases exaggerated. "War under exceptional circumstances," said Mr. Brailsford, "produced something worse than its normal results." Women and children were brutally massacred, villages reduced to heaps of ruins and the countries absolutely impoverished. "The Turkish war and the war of the Allies constituted a ghastly chapter of horrors. Both among the regular troops and the irregular bands, there were many of low, criminal and even bestial type, with no human feeling and no care for civilized standards, who were ready at all times to do atroc-

ious deeds. . . . There is evidence to show that in some cases these acts were committed by soldiers acting under orders.

"When a band of soldiers or commandos, either under orders or, as was many times the case, under the impulse of hatred, greed and lust, surrounded and attacked a village, the very doors of hell seemed to be opened. No language can describe the tortures and griefs which followed. Repeated instances of death by fright of girls and young children attest the horror of the orgy of crime which was enacted. In one house in Doxato, to which fifty persons had fled for safety, all but one little girl, Chrysanthie Audom, were slaughtered like beasts in the shambles. In the same town a well-to-do family of thirteen owned and occupied one of the best houses. After extorting \$3,000 from the head of the family on the promise that they would be spared, the soldiers proceeded to kill them all. These are typical instances of the many which are found in the depositions contained in the appendices." There is also a long series of reports of the torturing, mutilating and slaying of wounded soldiers and instances of ill-treatment of prisoners.

The report also contains an account of the ethnography of the Balkans and a history of the causes of the war. In its entirety it constitutes an important historical document as well as a revelation of the horrors of war.

Abolish Food and Drug Guaranty Label

The legend "Guaranteed under the food and drugs act" is held to be misleading and deceptive, and the use of a serial number on food and drugs is prohibited after May 1, 1915, by a food inspection decision signed May 5 by the secretaries of the treasury, agriculture and commerce. The taking effect of the new regulation is postponed until May 1, 1915, in order to give manufacturers an opportunity to use up their present stock of labels.

After May 1, 1915, "guarantees of compliance with the law should be given by manufacturers directly to dealers and should be incorporated in the invoice or bill of sale specifying the goods covered. This guaranty should not appear on the label or package of the product."

The reason for the action of the three secretaries, as given in the decision, are as follows: "It having been determined that the legends 'Guaranteed under the food and drugs act, June 30, 1906,' and 'Guaranteed by (name of guarantor) under the food and drugs act, June 30, 1906,' borne on the labels of packages of food and drugs, accompanied by serial numbers given by the secretary of agriculture, are each misleading and deceptive, in that the public is induced by such legends and serial numbers to believe that the articles to which they relate have been examined and approved by the government, and that the government guarantees that they comply with the law, the use of either legend, or any similar legend, on labels or packages should be discontinued."

"Inasmuch as the acceptance by the secretary of agriculture for filing of the guarantees of manufacturers and dealers and the giving by him of serial numbers thereto contribute to the deceptive character of legends on labels and packages, no guaranty in any form shall hereafter be filed with and no serial number shall hereafter be given to any guaranty by the secretary of agriculture. All guarantees now on file with the secretary of agriculture shall be stricken from the files, and the serial numbers assigned to such guarantees shall be canceled."

Many reputable manufacturers have used the legend and serial number in good faith solely as a convenient way of notifying a dealer that they assumed full legal responsibility for their goods. Other manufacturers have employed this legend in such a way as to lead the public to believe that their product had been passed upon and certified by the department of agriculture. The widespread deception of the public resulting necessitated abolishing the department's practice of accepting guarantees for filing and issuing serial numbers.

The food and drugs act does not prescribe any guaranty legend or serial number, nor has any manufacturer ever been required to file a guaranty or to use a serial number or the legend. The appearance of the serial number and the guaranty legend on the products, moreover, has been of no practical assistance to the government in detecting or prosecuting violation of the food and drugs act, nor has it promoted the manufacture and sale of pure foods or drugs. The presence of the number and legend on an adulterated or misbranded product does not enable federal officers to secure any heavier penalty for violations than if the goods were not so labeled, although in many cases it made deception of the public more certain.

The only mention of a guaranty in the food and drugs act is section 9, which provides that where a dealer can show a guaranty from the maker of goods that they comply with the law, the manufacturer, and not the dealer, shall be amenable to prosecution.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

A True Fish Story

SEVERAL little tiny fishes were playing in a creek just west of town. They swam deep down in the two feet of water and they darted up to the surface to nibble at a spider. They played tag and amused themselves as all little fishes do. Suddenly the leader decided to swim farther up stream, so away they all trailed after him. Quite a little way up the creek two little children were playing sail boats. Only they didn't have the boats at all—they were sailing big catappa leaves, and splendid boats they make, too. There are so many ways to play with them. First, they started two at the same time and watched them race; then when those were out of sight they started a whole row across and named each leaf for some friend and watched to see which would beat down stream. Just as this fleet of leaves was rounding a corner out of sight it was met by the leader of the fishes. "Dear me," he exclaimed, looking at the six dark shadows on the bottom of the creek, "what is this, I wonder?" And he looked up and saw the big green boats. They seemed very large to him for he was only a young fish and couldn't imagine that such big things could be leaves! He swam around them very carefully and finally got brave enough to touch his nose up to one leaf, but they seemed very harmless and inclined to mind their own business, so he gave his tail an extra wag and swam on up the creek. In the meantime the two little children were playing house boat party. A big green leaf supported by two flat chips was the house boat and three tiny dolls were the passengers. The dolls were gaily dressed and seemed to enjoy their sail very much till the boat struck a rock and overboard went the dolly in the red silk dress. The children waded in, but they stirred up so much sand and mud that they couldn't find the doll. Later, after the children had gone home, the leader of the fishes came swimming up the creek, his brothers and sisters trailing behind him. He saw the big leaf that had been the beautiful house boat, rocking gently against a big stone. And down underneath was a queer little object covered with red silk. He sniffed it and he hit it, but it didn't hit back. It had eyes, but paid no attention to him, a mouth but never swallowed—what queer animal could it be? All the rest of the day he and his brothers swam around and watched, but the queer little creature in gay red silk never moved so much as a finger.



A big man's hand reached down and pulled the doll back to land.

Then finally just before dark one more strange thing happened! A big man's hand reached down in the water and took out the queer little creature in gay red silk. And the fishes took a big breath, wagged their tails and swam on. But the little children on the bank clapped their hands and were so happy to have their doll safe again. Tomorrow—Queer Fairy Boats—A New Plaything.

The ONLOOKER by HENRY HOWLAND HER SUCCESSOR



She was so gentle and so fair That I was glad-danced when we met; She had a modest, pensive air. In fancy I behold her yet; She moved with such unstudied grace That she appeared to float along; The beauty of her youthful face Was such as urges words to song. Again I saw her: 'Twas a year had passed; Alas, she had been wooed and won; A listless look at me she cast. Then went on mending for her son; She wore a wrapper that was red, A knot of hair, uncurled and small; Her beauty and her grace had fled— She didn't seem to care at all. And then he came who once, maybe, Had deemed her earth's most lovely thing— Had gladly held her on his lap— And she had passed him by; He passed her with a grunt, no more, And then forgetting she was there, Got down at full length on the floor And gambled with their son and heir.

Wronged. "I have good reasons," said the head of the establishment, addressing the cashier, "for believing that you are living beyond your means." "You are mistaken, sir. I am willing to have a thorough inspection of my accounts at any time." "How does it happen, then, that you are able to have a big automobile?" "Oh! Ha, ha, ha! That comes of having a wife who can write poetry." "Poetry! Bah! Who ever heard of anybody earning enough writing poetry to have an automobile?" "That's all right. She won it in a Himerick contest."

Men Hate Flattery. "I wonder why it is that the men are always attracted to Mrs. Dangleworth? As soon as they get into a room where she is they begin to flock around her." "Haven't you ever guessed the reason?" "No. What is it?" "Her rich old husband is so deaf that he can't hear the nice things she tells them about themselves."

ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.

"Do you think it ever is possible for a man to be satisfied with a wife that he gets by advertising for one?" "I don't see why it shouldn't be. I once advertised for a typewriter and got one that gave me better satisfaction than any other machine I've ever had."

To Bed Unwashed. His little hands are folded now And peace 's in his breast. There where a curl lies on his brow His mother's lips were pressed.

'Twas but a little while ago That he so gladly played, And was it I that fretted so About the noise he made? How calmly, peacefully he lies, Not knowing I am near! The lids are closed upon his eyes, My sighs he does not hear.

His little hands, alack! Lie on the spotless spread, And, oh, but they are soiled and black— He went unwashed to bed.

Too Commonplace. "What's your act?" asked the vaudeville manager. "I have trained a couple of apes to dance the tango. It's a great novelty and ought to go big."

"Novelty nothing. You can see apes dancing the tango almost anywhere."

Ready to Listen. "Is there any last wish that you would like to make known?" asked his best friend. "Any last wish? What do you mean?" "You're about to be married, you know."

Not to Be Disturbed. "Pa, what's a carlatrice?" "A young swan, I think. Now, go away and don't bother me. I'm busy trying to decide whether to buy a \$5,000 automobile or whether to get along this season with an ordinary \$2,500 machine."

Foolish Question. "If you could have your life to live over would you do any differently than you have done?" "What a foolish question to ask a man who has spent almost a fortune trying to find something that will restore hair."

Simplified. "I don't believe in helping people who won't help themselves." "Well, that simplifies it. Other people don't need help."

His Standard. Young Bride (to waiter)—Waiter, my husband has been here very frequently lately. I hope he's all right, eh? Waiter—Oh, yes; he never has more than three glasses of beer. If he were not happy he'd surely drink six.—Fleegende Blatter.

The Daily Story

A Revelation—By Donald Chamberlin. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

As I was brought up with Agnes Atherton as my girl chum, for I believe that boys may have girl chums as well as boys chums. When we arrived at an age at which the sexes mate there was no change between Agnes and me from friendship to love.

This state of affairs continued between us until I became smitten with Lillian Gray, and the first person—the only person, in fact—to whom I confided the matter was Agnes.

"When I told her of it I noticed a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"You don't approve?" I said. "I neither approve nor disapprove," she replied.

"Well?" "A choice made by one in love is a love choice, not the result of judgment. You have, I dare say, chosen through love, and even if I knew Lillian Gray well enough to make a judgment choice for you it would avail nothing, for you would not think of abiding by it. Indeed, I would not expect you to abide by it."

"Nevertheless I perceive that you are not especially pleased with the girl who has charmed me." "Nor displeased with her. You have not asked me to pick out a wife for you."

"If I had you would not have picked out Lillian."

"There is nothing to her discredit in that. Suppose I should fall in love with a man, then ask you to pick out a husband for me. Do you suppose you would select the man I had chosen?" "No, I wouldn't," I snapped.

I could not define even now exactly what it was in her question that caused me irritation. I supposed at the time I was miffed because Agnes did not show any enthusiasm over my sweetheart. My words ended the discussion, and we proceeded to other subjects.

The withholding of Agnes' approval—or disapproval, for that matter—caused me to defer a proposal of marriage for some time to the girl who had enthralled me. I did not relish marrying any girl over whom my chum was not enthralled. Indeed, I would have liked Agnes to love her as well as I. In a subsequent conversation with Agnes on the subject after I had become engaged to Lillian I told her this, and her reply was that there was no more reason why she should love any particular girl because I loved her than that I should love any particular man because she loved him.

"That's all hosh," I exclaimed. "Men don't love men."

This was the second time that I was irritated at a remark of Agnes concerning my affair, and a second time it ended a discussion of the subject.

Another matter troubled me. I was not approved by Lillian's parents. But there was an especial reason for this. They wished their daughter to marry a wealthy man. I was doing pretty well and had some prospects, but that did not satisfy Mr. and Mrs. Gray. Their aim for Lillian was an establishment. She had an excellent position in society, which they desired her to keep up after marriage, and they were well aware that this would require a fortune independent of anything they could give her.

I did not blame Lillian for being distressed at their opposition. A very strong love for me on her part was required to induce her to give up a life to which she had always been accustomed, in opposition to her parents' wishes. I saw plainly that a struggle was going on within her, and after deliberation I offered to release her. She declined to be released. I told her that if she felt a reluctance to leave the gay world she would serve her own interests as well as mine by accepting a release, for no couple could be happy together when one was pining for the unattainable. She replied that she could not and would not give me up.

But the matter dragged. Her parents would not give their consent to our marriage, and since Lillian did not like to marry me without it there seemed to be no prospect of any outcome. At last I told her that she must do one thing or the other, either marry me or break with me, and after much deliberation, in which I detected as much unwillingness to give up the fashionable world as to act contrary to the wishes of her parents, she decided to marry me. But she stipulated that our wedding must be without the knowledge of her parents. We would go to a clergyman, be married; she would return to her home, confess what she had done and secure forgiveness, after which we would live together as man and wife.

I did not like this plan at all. I urged Lillian to do nothing secretly. She replied that she knew her parents better than I and could better judge what course was best to pursue with them. I told her that anything clandestine was foreign to my nature and frankly confessed that I would prefer to give her up than act underhandedly. She burst into tears. Every one knows what a woman's tears will do with a man. Smiles will draw him to the edge of a moral precipice; tears will drag him over.

One afternoon I called with my car on Lillian, ostensibly to take her for a drive, really to go with her to a clergyman and be married. She had confided her intention to a bosom friend of hers, a Bessie Angell, and desired that she be present at the ceremony. She claimed that there should be witnesses, so I asked my friend Arnold Brown to be of the party. These two were to meet us at the parsonage.

Lillian was trembling when she entered the car. On the way I said nothing to me, and when I spoke to her she replied by monosyllables. I realized that she was not in a condition of sufficient equality to take the most important step in a woman's life.

"There is yet time," I said, "to re-trout from this step."

"No," she replied faintly. "I'm going through with it."

I was half minded to stop the motor where it was, but when we were half minded we are as liable to decide wrong as right. I drove on to the parsonage and pulled up before the door.

"Go in," she said, "and see if they are all there; then come back for me." "Hadin' you better go in with me?" I asked.

"No; I won't be married without Bess."

Always persuaded to what I did not approve of, I went to the front door, rang the bell and was admitted. I found Arnold Brown waiting for me, but no Bessie Angell. Stepping to the telephone, I called up her home and asked for her. She came to the telephone, and I asked her why she was not at the parsonage. She replied that she had not been certain from what Lillian had said to her when they had last met whether the wedding would come off or not. To this I expressed surprise. After a dialogue, very unsatisfactory to me, it was agreed that she should hold the wire while I went out to Lillian, and if I returned with a request from her friend to come to the parsonage she would come at once. Setting down the receiver, I ran out to the car.

It was where I had left it, but no Lillian.

My heart went down like lead. I looked in every direction, though not expecting to see her. Flight was a fitting climax to the vacillation she had shown. I stood on the steps, wondering what to do.

When we are in a hole we naturally turn to something or someone to pull us out. I thought of Agnes Atherton. My own judgment had been led so far astray by Lillian that I could not at once get it in working order. I didn't know what to do about Arnold Brown. I shrank from telling him I had been left in the lurch by one I was about to make my life partner. Returning to him, I said:

"Arnold, there is a hitch; wait here till I straighten it out."

He saw that I was flustered and told me to go slow; he would wait for me there till the crack of doom. Hurrying out, I drove to Agnes' home, and fortunately I found her there.

I told her the whole story. I had thrown myself on a sofa, and she sat down beside me, taking my hand in hers soothingly.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is nothing for you to do but tell the truth to your friend, Mr. Brown, and that will end the matter."

I dare say you're right, but I would rather do a six months' term in state prison than confess to him that I have been such a fool."

I stopped short, and for a few moments there was silence between us, at the end of which Agnes asked:

"Has Mr. Brown ever seen?" "Lillian? No."

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You seem all cut up, and I would like to help you out. My law of action is the intent. I will go with you to the parsonage, marry you, and we will have the marriage annulled at our leisure."

Never in so short a space of time was a revelation made to any human being. Here was a woman, worthy of the devotion of the best man living, whom I had turned down for the weakest. It all came upon me with sledgehammer force. Clasp Agnes in my arms, I said:

"I will never be annulled with my consent."

Hastening to a phone, I called up the parsonage, got Arnold and said:

"The tangle is unraveled. I and the bride will be with you presently."

In less than half an hour Agnes and I were in the parsonage. I introduced her to Brown; then the clergyman was called from his study and performed the wedding ceremony, neither he nor the single witness suspecting that in a twinkling there had been a change in the bride.

After the ceremony there were still several hours before the end of the day, and I drove my wife into the country. What passed between us could not be condensed within a few words. I would not care to give it if it were possible. We settled our mutual affairs to the satisfaction of both, Agnes confessing before our return that when I told her of my engagement I gave her a shock since she had always wished me for herself. And so it turned out that instead of getting a girl who was not worthy of me I got one of whom I was not worthy. We arranged our affairs so that no one would be shocked at the hastiness of our marriage and in due time appeared before the world as man and wife.

Lillian Gray is married to a very wealthy man. Whether or not she regrets me I don't know, but I doubt if she realized the weakness she displayed in her relations with me. Agnes says that Lillian is so wrapped up in the world of fashion that she doubts she will ever return to the satisfaction of a row escape from a very foolish move, a move that would have condemned her to a humdrum life.

May 22 in American History.

1782—General Washington spurned a hint from the army that he "assume the crown of America."

1807—The trial of Aaron Burr, former vice president of the United States, for high treason began at Richmond.

1856—Assault on Charles Sumner in senate chamber by Preston Brooks of South Carolina.

1858—Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," "Equality," etc., died; born 1850.

All the news all the time—The Argus.