

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, June 24, 1914.

If the suffrage movement in England persists, baiting suffragettes may become as popular a sport there as being flogged is in Spain or baseball in the United States.

The plea of the New Hampshire woman that she killed her husband because she loved him would carry more weight had she made an effort to accompany him on his journey.

The nervous collapse of Mrs. Pennybacker, which resulted from the strain she endured in presiding over the long session of the Federation of Women's clubs, serves to remind us that after all she is merely a woman.

The note of confidence so prominent in the announcement of Senator L. Y. Sherman of his candidacy for reelection prompts the Bloomington Bulletin to suggest that possibly he has not been apprised of the existence of a bull moose party in Illinois.

The recent fate of the elephant trainer at Toledo and the lion tamer at Chicago raises the question as to which is the more dangerous, hunting wild animals or training them. The query is respectfully referred to a certain colonel, who has done both.

If any additional argument were needed to convince everybody that it is a good thing to learn to swim it is furnished by the experience of members of the crew of the excursion steamer Waukegan, who, after the boat sank, were able to swim several miles, finally finding safety on an island.

The harassed railroads should take some consolation out of the winning of the suit with the government for possession of \$700,000,000 worth of oil lands. Perhaps they may decide now to replace some of the water in their stock with oil, and if they do it is not likely that anyone will raise objection.

The island of Nantucket, Massachusetts, has taken a referendum on the subject of admitting automobiles, and they have been shut out by a vote of 374 to 224. Unless special regulations are obeyed it might be unsafe to have such a referendum in some other localities, Rock Island for instance.

A novel suit was brought in St. Louis county, Missouri, to test the liability of property owners in permitting insects to breed on their premises. A septic tank in one residence neighborhood permitted foul water to stand on a lot and mosquitoes bred therein, carrying malaria, entered the home of a resident in an adjoining neighborhood, where his son became afflicted with fever. The residents were not made as whining, groveling beings. They were made to stand erect, mentally as well as physically; to labor well and joyously; to take the gifts of providence, whether they be joy or sorrow, and bear them cheerfully and with courage; to add ever something to the world's store of happiness, if it be only a smile.

THE DETENTION HOSPITAL. The Argus has desired to avoid, and in fact has no intention of getting into controversy over conditions at the city's detention hospital as they existed and were made public by this newspaper a couple of weeks ago. The matter is not one calling for any unnecessary publicity, especially outside the city, and in telling the facts care was taken to avoid overstatements and repetitions. The Argus is now glad to accept the official assurance that conditions have been improved and the comfort, health and convenience of inmates provided for so far as is possible at this time.

TAVENNER'S VICTORY. (Streator Independent Times). Congressman Tavenner has entered the opening wedge in his victory in defeating the naval appropriation bill for his ultimate purpose in influencing the government to own and operate its own armor plate factories. Tavenner has shown up conclusively the futile waste of this nation in allowing this tyrant in business to unload its product in this country in the hour of need at fabulously high prices and underselling the same to foreign countries.

He has given figures showing the millions we could save each year in owning and operating our own plant; how such ownership of war supplies would control war preparations, and be largely instrumental in coloring the attitude of public opinion in favor of peace, whereas now the private exploitation of these products inclines

us to war and acts as an inflammatory influence to provoke hostilities. We are not called on longer to pay this colossal bonus to the armor plate factories, and any action to rid ourselves forever of its sinister power is a gain toward business economy in national affairs. Congressman Tavenner does not accept the present slip shod methods of many governmental activities as ultimate, and is keeping alertly conscious of possible reforms which are possible to affect.

TRIBUTE TO MR. McNAMARA. The reception accorded James McNamara, head clerk-elect of the Modern Woodmen of America, by head office employees on his return from the head camp at Toledo was a fine tribute by a great organization to one who has been a member of it for many years and who has now won a place at its head. While there may still be questions within the society on men and policies no one can be found to deny that the man chosen head clerk is exceptionally well equipped for his work both by natural ability and by long years of training. Under his leadership the business of the head office, there is every assurance, will continue to be transacted with the order, precision and dispatch which has made the institution the model for others of its kind the world over.

THE PRESIDENT'S POWER. Senator Cummins says the president has obliterated congress. Of course, the senator, when he makes that assertion, must be regarded as a political opponent of the president, and due allowance should be made for the fact that he will not go out of his way to support the administration in anything, but making allowance for the exaggeration, what is the reason for the undoubted fact that the president is powerful?

One perfectly evident reason, says the St. Louis Republic, is that the president is the leader of a dominant political party. If that party is to accomplish anything it must follow a leader, and the majority is loyally following the president in all party measures. What is interpreted as the power of the president, therefore, has behind it the power of an organized and disciplined party. The dominance of the president's views is none the less galling to republicans and progressives because its strength is really party strength, but it is a very different thing from personal domination. It is also a much wholesomier thing, because in the long run the president cannot command the strength of the party without the assent of the voters who make up the party.

Everyone knows that if the members of congress believed the president was urging a course contrary to the wishes of the people they would not follow him. Their duty and their political futures would combine to force a different course upon them, and if they could not make the president see things their way they would desert him, and the administration would find itself as lonesome as President Taft was in the last days of his tenure of office.

OPTIMISM AS UPLIFT AID. He who thinks the world is full of good people and kindly blessings is much richer than he who thinks the contrary. Each man's imagination largely peoples the world for himself. Some live in a world peopled with princes of the royal blood; some in a world of paupers and privation. You have your choice, says the Christian Herald.

This is a big, busy world. It cares precious little what you think of it, or what faults or troubles you find in it. It is a choice that concerns yourself more than all others combined, whether you grouch in the gloom, the companion of hateful goblins, or stride in the sunshine, seeing smiles and catching shreds of song. Men and women in God's image were not made as whining, groveling beings. They were made to stand erect, mentally as well as physically; to labor well and joyously; to take the gifts of providence, whether they be joy or sorrow, and bear them cheerfully and with courage; to add ever something to the world's store of happiness, if it be only a smile.

WAR GAME IS TO BE VAST. Kaiser Will Ask American Officers to See Maneuvers. Berlin, June 24.—It is expected that a large and representative delegation of United States military officers will receive invitations to attend the September kaiser maneuvers of the German army. The maneuvers will be by far the greatest war game ever played in this country with 300,000 troops in the field, and the kaiser will be delighted if the Mexican complications should be so far settled that General Leonard Wood could come over, General Wood, for the last two years has been on the verge of coming to the kaiser's maneuvers, but has always been prevented from doing so.

MRS. FOLSOM TO ASYLUM. Mental State of Woman Who Slew Husband to Be Studied. Portsmouth, N. H., June 24.—Mrs. H. Folsom of Somerville, Mass., who killed her husband, was committed to the state insane hospital at Concord yesterday for observation of her mental condition.

Thomas M. White Is Dead. Cleveland, June 24.—Thomas H. White, 78, pioneer in the manufacture of sewing machines, died yesterday at his home on Euclid avenue.

FRESH WATER PEARL INDUSTRY

The importance of the fresh water pearl industry is reflected in the annual report which has just been completed for the year 1912 for the southern part of the United States. The report covers activity in streams tributary to the Gulf of Mexico from the Ohio river southward. Almost five thousand people are employed in shelling, the report showing 4,866 as the exact number employed.

The boats and vessels used in the work total 5,326 and their value is rated at \$189,431. The apparatus, such as crowfoot bars, tongs, rakes and dredges, are valued at \$41,202, and the shore accessories are worth \$10,850, making the total amount invested \$241,486. More surprising than this, however, is the value of the product for one year. The report shows that the mussels shelled in the south had a marketable value of \$294,606, while the pearls were valued at \$149,121, bringing the total value of the product up to \$443,727.

Free Glasses to School Children

It often happens that school children are in great need of glasses and yet have not the money to buy them. Perhaps the eyes have been examined in the early fall, by the teacher, according to the printed instruction, and some defect has been found. Maybe the child cannot see the blackboard. Maybe the teacher finds that although the child can see well at a distance, he frequently complains of headache and eyeache, after getting his lessons. Maybe the eyes are red, or maybe the child is cross-eyed. At all events the teacher discovers that something is wrong, so she sends a printed card to the parent, which notifies him that his child's eyes are not right, and advises him to seek competent advice. The mother or the school nurse, therefore, takes the child to the oculist, who discovers that glasses are urgently needed to enable the child properly to receive offered school instruction. Without glasses this cannot be done, and

TALKS ON THRIFT.

By T. D. MAC GREGOR. Here are some ways that people have saved successfully. Perhaps you can adopt one of them yourself.

Save all coins of a certain denomination—pennies, nickels or dimes, that come into your possession. Or save every coin you receive bearing a certain date—1910 for instance. Let the man who shaves himself put away the price of a shave every time he does so; likewise when he shines his own shoes, let the coin saved become a part of his permanent capital. Whenever you make a purchase at a bargain price, save the difference between that and the regular price. In that way bargain sales will have a real meaning to you.

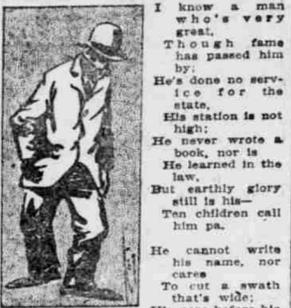
A certain young man gave himself a note for \$1,000, and made it payable in four years. He took a certificate of deposit at the bank for \$20 the first of every month. In less than four years he had his thousand dollars, compound interest on his deposits materially hastening the day. His thousand dollars was invested in a bond, and he is now at work accumulating his second thousand. The interest on his bond will help a whole lot in doing so. Moreover he has the "saving habit" firmly established, and is putting away \$25 a month from his earnings. A school teacher had \$100 saved and bought a lot for \$750, applying her hundred dollars on the purchase price. The owner of the lot was willing to sell on long time, because his mortgage on the lot was drawing interest. It was a good bargain for the teacher, because she had a goal to reach, and she saved for her lot what otherwise she would have spent on luxuries.

Such eminent sanitarians as Drs. Rosenau, Frost and Bryant have been investigating butter, and what is worse still, they have been turning the microscope on genuine, down east New England butter bought in the open Boston market. Next thing we know some daring scientist will be scrutinizing Elgin Creamery! The investigators purchased 25 samples of butter, paying all the prices demanded by various Boston dealers. They found no difference between the various grades, so far as physical and bacteriological purity was concerned. Effect of Time on Butter. Some of the things they did find, however, should be encouraging to the star and minor boarders. For instance, the more aged the butter the smaller the number of germs it contained. Would that we could speak as well of the lowly cheese! By the time butter reaches the venerable age of six weeks there are few if any disease germs to be found in it at all. But in its youth the general run of market butter such as is used by Boston's first families who came over in the Campana is sometimes guilty of harboring desperate or even vicious microbes. Colon bacilli were found in six of the 25 samples tested. When colon bacilli are found in drinking water it is considered polluted and unfit for internal use. Streptococci were found in no less than 14 of the 25 specimens, and streptococci are the bugs that

HEALTH TALKS William Brady, M.D. Butter. Such eminent sanitarians as Drs. Rosenau, Frost and Bryant have been investigating butter, and what is worse still, they have been turning the microscope on genuine, down east New England butter bought in the open Boston market. Next thing we know some daring scientist will be scrutinizing Elgin Creamery! The investigators purchased 25 samples of butter, paying all the prices demanded by various Boston dealers. They found no difference between the various grades, so far as physical and bacteriological purity was concerned. Effect of Time on Butter. Some of the things they did find, however, should be encouraging to the star and minor boarders. For instance, the more aged the butter the smaller the number of germs it contained. Would that we could speak as well of the lowly cheese! By the time butter reaches the venerable age of six weeks there are few if any disease germs to be found in it at all. But in its youth the general run of market butter such as is used by Boston's first families who came over in the Campana is sometimes guilty of harboring desperate or even vicious microbes. Colon bacilli were found in six of the 25 samples tested. When colon bacilli are found in drinking water it is considered polluted and unfit for internal use. Streptococci were found in no less than 14 of the 25 specimens, and streptococci are the bugs that

cause septic sore throat, septic blood poisoning, acute inflammation of joints and all sorts of unpleasant things. Two samples contained the dread tubercle bacilli. Hereafter when you prescribe bread 'n' butter 'n' brown sugar on half an inch thick for the youngsters who need a tonic to build them up and keep them from taking cold when they go in swimming on the q. t. Sunday afternoon, we shall specify that the cream from which the butter is churned must come from a certified dairy or else be pasteurized. Questions and Answers. E. G. C. asks: Is there any special precaution one can take when paring corns to prevent blood poisoning? Ans.—Yes, dip the razor or knife in boiling water first, wash the feet thoroughly in hot soap and water, and as soon as you finish your surgery paint the corn and nearby skin with ordinary tincture of iodine. Then put on fresh clean stockings. Bronchial Billy writes: I am subject to chronic bronchitis with asthmatic attacks. What is best for me to wear for underclothing, wool, linen, silk or cotton? Ans.—Knitted wool, or wool with silk lining. P. B. P. inquires: Can a person have epilepsy without knowing it? Ans.—Yes, many cases of nocturnal epilepsy exist for years before the child or the parents know of it. Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND A GREAT MAN



I know a man who's very great. Though fame has passed him by: He's done no service for the state. His station is not high; He never wrote a book, nor is He learned in the law. But earthly glory still is his: Ten children call him pa. He cannot write his name, nor care To cut a swath that's wide; His nose before his features flares As if lit up inside. He smokes with a snatching gait, And has a brutal jaw. But we must list him with the great: Ten children call him pa. If he has ever bathed, I trow, 'Twas in the distant past; There's very much he doesn't know. But, oh, his thirst is vast! He does not crave the world's applause, And no man ever saw Him working, but he's great, because Ten children call him pa. He said-faced wife goes forth to scrub And slave for others, while He smokes the filthy, cast-off stub In some low haunt and vile. Down in his heart he nurtures hate For order and for law. But let us name him with the great— Ten children call him pa.

His Closets. "Have you seen Billings's new house?" "Yes, he took me through it, the other day." "Pretty fine, eh?" "Very, but it struck me as being strange that he should want so many closets. Everywhere one turned there was a closet, upstairs and downstairs. It looked as if he had given his architect orders to put in half a hundred closets and then let him plan the rest of the house around them."

"Yes, I know; but you must always remember that Billings has a large number of skeletons to hide." Almost Had It. "Mr. Wigglesworth, let me introduce Mr.—ah—Mr.—ah—" "Keep on. You'll get it in a minute." "Confound it, I know your name as well as I do my own, but I can't get it off the end of my tongue." "MacIntosh."

"That's it! I knew it had something to do with wet grounds and rain checks." New to Her. "What I like most about that picture," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is the perspective." "Yes," replied her hostess, "both me and Joshua like it, too. But I never saw one before. What part of the world are them animals natives of?" UNTRUBLED. "Doesn't your conscience ever hurt you when you remember while you are feasting in luxury that thousands and thousands of people lack even the bare necessities of life?" "No. That's one of the beauties of feasting in luxury. A fellow never, when he is doing that, remembers things that might mar his pleasure."

Bearing It Alone. "Wealth is a curse," said the millionaire, "and really his way he want, unwilling that others should have to share His terrible punishment." Justice in Chunks. A Chicago man sued his wife for divorce, charging her with infidelity. She filed a cross-bill, making a similar charge against him. The court found them both guilty and ordered them to remain married. If justice was what they wanted they appear to have secured a large gob of it. Bereaved. Why does Briggs wear that mourning band around his hat? I hadn't heard that any of his family had died recently. "No; but somebody stole his automobile."

Easy. "Japanese children are taught to write with both hands." "That's nothing. If we had the kind of writing that the Japanese have it would be easy enough for most of us to write with both feet."

His Club. "His wife used to say she didn't believe in clubs." "Yet she caused him to join the only one he has ever belonged to." "What club is that?" "The Alimony club."

Literary Note. Some hard never think of reading a book till they run across it under a lot of rubbish when the wife is packing up to move.—Omaha Bee. No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

The Daily Story

Between The Acts—By George L. Gibson. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Stanhope, who believed the world was made for his particular benefit and all the people who composed his part of it were ministering spirits put here for his convenience, was at the bottom of the whole trouble, and if he had but known, lost most by it.

But Stanhope never realized this last fact and only chuckled fatheadedly when he heard of the mess his exhibition of monumental cheek (he called it a perfectly legitimate request as long as Trevis was going over to his rooms, anyway), had got his friend into.

Trevis was good natured—always has been and always will be—but good nature may be carried to extremes, and Trevis was an extremist. Besides, how is a girl to know that a man really cares the world and all for her if he seems so willing to step aside and allow a comparative stranger to take his place by her side just because she seems to fancy him for the moment?

That's the way Marlon Harper looked at it, and I know, for she told my sister—and what those two girls don't tell each other isn't worth telling. When Trevis came back from college (the one decent thing his close-listed uncle ever did for him was to stake him to a part of his tuition fees during the four years) he brought Stanhope with him.

They had chummed it during their scholastic course, and now they got modest rooms together, and each started to carve the figure of fortune out of his own particular bit of timber. Trevis' task was a hard one. His timber was full of knots and weather cracked, as you might say. Stanhope walked into the counting room of a friend of his father's and obtained a good position at once.

Then Trevis introduced him to Marlon. Now, Stanhope was a big, handsome fellow, an athlete of note in his college—just the sort of a man to attract a girl like Marlon. Trevis was so quiet and modest that, although plenty of people liked him, they'd never have raved over him in a thousand years.

They just took him as a matter of course, unless for some sudden reason they happened to stop and think over his stable qualities. Then they told themselves he was really one of the very finest fellows they knew. Of course Marlon and he had never really been engaged, for Trevis wasn't the sort of a fellow to ask a woman to tie herself to him until he was established in some business and had obtained a decent footing. But it had been understood between them for years, and everybody said that it would be one of those foreordained marriages that you read about, but so seldom manage to see in real life.

But it came pretty near not coming off at all, and there's a good deal of doubt in some quarters yet. Stanhope was introduced to Marlon at a little evening gathering at Venables' studio. Two nights after he met her again at a box party at the Gotham. The next afternoon they were automobiling through the park.

After that it was flowers and calls and little dinners with Mrs. Harper as a chaperon. She'd never been called on to chaperon Marlon and Trevis. They seemed too much like brother and sister. Oh, Stanhope was the sort of fellow to carry a girl by storm. He made a regular San Juan Hill campaign of it. I reckon Trevis was the most staggered of all. But he was loyal to Marlon and loyal to his chum.

Trevis stood by him as firmly as ever. He didn't try to go back to the girl again, and Marlon seemed to have broken out of the chrysalis into a veritable butterfly of society. She was on the go every night and began to attract attention from quarters that were not altogether safe. It was whispered that Latell had joined her train of admirers, and she certainly came to the Broughton that night with him and her mother.

It was a shock to some of us. She looked royal as she went down the aisle. We had just come over from Venables' and bought admission tickets and were standing behind the rail on the orchestra floor as the curtain went up on the first act. And there Marlon was sailing past us and down the center aisle, with her mother trailing on behind, looking a little dazed, and Latell in the rear, with his mustache cocked at a most disagreeable angle.

I reckon there are times in a girl's life when even her mother doesn't understand her, especially if the mother has always been a quiet, "homey" sort of a woman like good Mrs. Harper. She never had two strings to her bow in her life, and as for three—Well! The theater was crowded—it was when "Aurora" was having its big run—and the standees were packed in pretty tight behind the railing. It was one of those nights when, if you went outdoors without an overcoat, you wished at once that you hadn't, and if you did wear it you felt that it was in your way. It was warm in the house.

Stanhope took off his coat and threw it over the railing. Of course an officious usher had to warn his way through the crowd and request him to remove it. As far as I could see, Stanhope was quite taken up with the show, but from the moment Marlon Harper had come in Trevis looked disturbed. "I guess I won't stay," he said in a low voice to me when the curtain came down on the first act. "I've seen it before, you know, and I've got some work to do tonight too." Stanhope heard him. "I say, Trevis, if you're going over to the diggings take my coat along, will you?" He had put it back on the plush railing again, and there were several others with it. The usher couldn't watch

all the time. Stanhope turned his back at once and pushed through the crowd to speak to somebody he knew in a nearby seat. "Cheeky lad, Stanhope," murmured Venables, but Trevis picked up the coat and walked out without a word. "Poor old Trevis is hard hit," said I. "My, but Miss Harper is sailing pretty close to the wind!" "To appear with that Latell, you mean?" suggested Venables. "Umph." "She's got queer taste to pick him out after a fellow like Stanhope." "Or Trevis?" "Oh, no! Men never gossip. I noticed that Marlon Harper had risen and was making her way up the aisle, with Latell, looking rather crestfallen, following. There was a long intermission between the two acts. I looked around for Trevis, but he had got out into the foyer. He wore his own coat and carried Stanhope's over his arm. As he passed through the gate and refused the return check he told me afterward that the ticket man looked at him a little odd, but he thought nothing of it until a commotion arose behind him. The audience was pouring out into the promenade, and a man was struggling through the crowd shouting "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice. Well, you can imagine the sort of a stampede that cry creates in a theater lobby. Trevis was so near the door that he thought he'd get out of the crush and let'em fight it out. But suddenly his shoulder was seized by a uniformed employe of the house. "Hold him! That's the man!" yelled the excited individual in the rear. "He's got it on his arm." "Got what?" gasped Trevis. "That's my coat, you rascal!" shouted the man and snatched away the garment Trevis had been carrying. The ticket taker came up then. "I suspected him when he went past me!" he declared, with the air of a Sherlock Holmes. "Bring Officer Brady," he added to the usher. "There's too many of these fellows coming here to the Broughton." "But I assure you this is a mistake," began Trevis. Then he saw a face in the crowd that turned his own scarlet, and sealed his lips as though he had been suddenly smitten with dumbness. It was Marlon. Her mother and Latell were behind her, and Latell was grinning. He appreciated the humor of the thing. The comments of the bystanders would have scorched the self respect of a veritable thief. One woman declared he was "certainly a very villainous looking person," and an old gentleman suggested that "hanging was too good for those sneak thieves." Trevis, who couldn't get his eyes off Marlon's face, saw Latell with a sneer whisper something to her. Instantly the red mounted in a sudden wave from neck to brow. She favored her escort with a glance of scorn, and instantly pushed through the curious crowd. "Marlon! I implore you!" murmured her mother, but the girl did not, or would not, hear. She went straight up to the ticket taker. "There is a mistake here," she said. "I know this gentleman very well. He is Mr. Trevis—Mr. Paul Trevis. It would be utterly impossible for him to have taken this—this person's coat," and she froze the excited man with a look, "except by mistake." Trevis recovered himself. "Don't put yourself to any trouble, Marlon," he said in a low voice. "It will be explained in a moment. Ah, here comes Stanhope now!" The ticket taker had dropped the prisoner's arm. Stanhope saw his chum, but did not realize what was taking place. "Hold on, Trevis!" he exclaimed, pushing through. "Didn't you hear me ask you to take my coat over home with you? You forgot it, and he held the garment up." The crowd began to laugh, and the cocksure individual who had caused the disturbance slipped away. Then Stanhope saw Marlon. "Good evening, Miss Harper," he said with some stiffness. But Marlon and Trevis had been looking into each other's eyes. "I am afraid you will have to carry your own coat, Mr. Stanhope," she said lightly, the smile coming back to her face, "for Mr. Trevis has just agreed to see mamma and me home. I really don't feel equal to sitting out the play tonight." She had turned her back on Latell and did not even look at him again as she went out with Trevis. But I reckon she had reason for so treating him. Stanhope heard what Latell sneered half under his breath, however, and only the appearance of the tardy officer stopped another bit of excitement in the lobby. Afterward Stanhope grumbled some over having to carry his coat himself. He didn't see any deeper into it than that.

June 24 in American History.

- 1494 - Newfoundland discovered by Cabot, English explorer.
1753 - General William Hull, soldier, born; died 1825; surrendered Detroit to the British in 1812.
1813 - Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, noted Congregationalist, clergyman and orator, born at Litchfield, Conn.; died 1887.
1838 - John Randolph "of Roanoke," noted and eccentric Virginia statesman, died; born 1773.
All the news all the time—The Argus.