

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Friday, September 25, 1914.

The colonel once more, for two days at least, is able to give the war a tussle for front page positions on down-state newspapers.

Some newspapers are still getting their "daily fashion hint from Paris," even though they have not been able to get much else from the French capital for some weeks.

One of the tragedies incident to the war was the perishing of the British-German Friendship society, which has been forced into liquidation.

Of course, the gentleman yet firm refusal of Senator L. Y. Sherman to permit Governor Deneen to run his campaign for him will help swell the volume of delightful harmony which is coming from the republican camp.

Prince George of Serbia has been wounded. However, the rate of mortality among those of royal blood in southeastern Europe is, if anything, less in war time than when peace prevails.

Richard Harding Davis insists that the prowess of the French Turcos troops is due to their being a non-meat eating people. When war correspondents are compelled to turn to the issue of vegetarianism for copy it is time the editors recalled them.

The sale of newspapers in the part of Belgium controlled by Germany is limited to those of German sympathies and the penalties for any one disregarding the regulation is death. Under the circumstances it stands the newsboys in hand to know what they are selling.

Mrs. Nellie Higgs, pleading temporary insanity as a defense against the charge of murder, insists on having none but married men on the jury which tries her. They will understand better, she says. There is something in this for men who have so far escaped matrimony to ponder upon.

The complimentary reference by Colonel Roosevelt at Gatesburg to Roger Sullivan, democratic candidate for United States senator prompts the suggestion that if Roger had worshipped at the shrine of the bull moose prophet he would be fit to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord. There in alone lies Roger's sin of omission.

The Springfield News, which is republican, declares that the late river and harbor bill was the "most outrageous piece of legislation that has ever undertaken by a hungry horde of politicians." Tut, tut! The republicans used to pass 'em regularly when they were in power, and this measure was merely built on the model of those which have preceded it.

TOO MANY SOLDIERS. The same circumstances which precipitated Europe into war are operating to prevent peace being established in Mexico. In both cases a large part of the population has come to look upon war as its regular calling and demands an opportunity to show its prowess.

General Villa's disposition may be toward peace, but he cannot maintain a large army without fighting, for he has no revenues other than those obtained through conquest, and if his army disbands, where will Villa be? It is greatly to be feared that the day of peace in Mexico is still somewhat remote.

TEXAS AIDS ITS FARMERS

When Governor Colquhoun of Texas signed the emergency warehouse bill the other day, providing for a system of state-owned cotton warehouses, he gave to Texas the distinction of being the first and only state in the union to aid her farmers by legislative enactment during the present European crisis. The legislature was called together in extraordinary session to consider this one measure and the bill was promptly passed by both houses by more than the two-thirds majority necessary in this state to enact an emergency law. The emergency bill became a law when signed by the governor, but it will probably be substituted by a permanent statute when the legislature meets in regular session next January.

The act is of vital importance to the Texas farmers, as it will enable them to hold their cotton until it can be profitably marketed. Wheat, corn and other non-perishable farm products can be stored, but the law

was enacted primarily to meet the cotton situation, as this staple constitutes 47 per cent of the value of the annual agricultural production of this state and 25 per cent of the world's cotton crop is raised in Texas.

CONQUER ANOTHER DISEASE.

Infantile paralysis, that dread disease which a few years ago suddenly developed into a great menace which threatened to exterminate thousands of lives before its cause and cure could be thoroughly understood, is soon to lose its terrors, even as smallpox, yellow fever and other equally dangerous plagues of a generation ago have done.

In the presence of 700 physicians and health officers at Saratoga, N. Y., recently Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, announced the discovery of the germ of this malady and indicated that, in his opinion, experiments now under way will eventually lead to the finding of a cure.

With the identification of the germ the opening of the way for the finding of a cure, which also means the finding of another germ that will destroy the infantile paralysis bacteria, is greatly simplified.

The purely scientific group of experts now maintained at the Rockefeller institute may eventually achieve a triumph equally valuable in the conservation of health to those of Koch, Pasteur and others.

The spread of infantile paralysis is accomplished in many ways. The common housefly carries the germ which has been made visible under the microscope, and bugs and chickens disseminate it. After the germ has been inhaled a virus is formed which coughing, this soon ascends to the brain and in this way its effects encompass the entire nervous system.

Its appalling power is shown in the number of deformities produced and the number of victims who are crippled. One of the noticeable symptoms is extreme irritability. In 1911 more than 9,000 cases were recorded. Physicians for 20 years have been baffled in their attempts to successfully combat it and the experiments at the Rockefeller institute, which have now resulted in the location of the germ, have been going on for six years. Surely science is the embodiment of patience.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

The American Magazine has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled "The Greatest Man in the United States." The prize-winning letters are published in the October number. More votes were cast for Roosevelt than for any other candidate, and Thomas A. Edison is second on the list. Other famous names are included, but many cast their votes for Mr. Ordinary Citizen, and one of the prize-winning letters sings the praises of the average man. Following is an extract from this letter:

"Who is the greatest living man in the United States today? He lives in your city. He lives in my home town. In fact he and his fellows form the greater part of the population of every city, town, village and hamlet of the United States. He has lived there since the world began, and will continue to live there as long as the world wags. Truly he hasn't much to say for himself. He's far too busy. He is up every morning at 6 o'clock, eats his breakfast and hurries to the shop or office where he wins the wherewithal to support his family. Each evening he comes home, white and tired. The sight of the chubby faces at the window lighten his lagging footsteps. There is a kiss all round, and before he takes off his coat he has to hold the baby a bit.

"In the summer, after he has had his supper, he weeds his pocket-kerchief-garden with its patches of vegetables and flowers. His wife brings out her sewing and sits at the edge of the plot while he works. The children roll on the grass at her feet.

"In the winter he draws his chair up beside the fire and enjoys his pipe while he rocks his children to sleep, one on each arm.

"Mr. Average Man doesn't make a very big salary. His wife and he have many earnest talks about the family finances. They are divided into funds. So much to pay on the little home, so much for food, so much for the life insurance which he carries to protect his family, and so much for the bank.

"Mr. Average Man's life is not so monotonous as it would seem, for his pleasures are very simple. Occasionally he buys a new necktie, or his wife has a new waist or the children new suits—and all of the family enjoy the purchases. There are occasions upon which they all go to the picture show; but they are few, for the baby is apt to become restless. Sometimes, if Mr. Average Man is a city dweller, the family spends Sunday in the park, looking at the animals. If Mr. Average Man is a small town dweller, his wife cooks a big dinner on Sunday and the family spends the rest of the day upon the porch, languishing.

"Of course Mr. Average Man is a common individual. He doesn't know art. He isn't well read, and he's probably only rudely educated. But upon his shoulders rests the future of the country. It is he who does the greatest part of the world's actual work. It is he who builds the skyscrapers, the tunnels, the bridges, the churches, the schoolhouses, the home. He is everywhere in demand, and he lives everywhere. But like the truly great, he is modest to the point of retirement. And no one ever thinks anything about him."

Glazed Tiles. The making of glazed tiles or "azulejos" is the only ancient Valencian industry which has retained its importance through centuries up to the present day.

THE SALUTARY EFFECTS OF MUSIC

To what are the beneficent effects of music due? Darwin, who never rested until he could explain a thing, if it were explainable, could nevertheless no more explain why musical tones in a certain order and rhythm afford pleasure, than we can account for the pleasantness of certain odors and tastes. "We know that sounds, more or less melodious, are produced during the season of courtship by many insects, fishes, amphibians and birds." After all, says The Journal of the American Medical Association, we need go no deeper for an adequate explanation than that influences, such as music is agreeable because its component tones are regular, periodic vibrations, even auditory waves precisely so many to each note, being in this regard unlike noises, which are irregular, dissonant, conflicting vibrations. Sound waves impinge on the hearing sense, whence the perception is conveyed to the brain. The benign influence of music physically is by the transmission of its influence from the cerebrum through the sympathetic system, which directs the various organs. Thus not only is music psychic for the soul, dissipating mental depression, soothing psychic perturbations; but its influence may also enhance nutrition, further digestion (as by the "liver music" of the French) and restore organic equilibrium. Indeed, the entire working of the human mechanism, physical and mental alike, may be lubricated by a stream of music, which art and science should therefore have a place in the medical armamentarium.

Balloons Carry Instruments 18 Miles High

Carrying an instrument to the height of 18 miles, a pair of twin balloons were sent up by the United States Weather bureau observers at Avalon, Catalina island, off the California coast. The object of this unusually high altitude test, says the October Strand, was to ascertain the temperature, humidity, air currents, and so forth of the upper regions. The device registered 45 degrees below zero, but indicated that, instead of growing colder with each ascending mile, the cold was about the same after a few miles had been attained. A needle controlled by a delicate mechanism traces the record upon a smoke-blackened cylinder, which can be read by skilled

observers. The method of recovering the device is unique. The balloons are of the same size and equally inflated, and as they ascend they naturally expand in the lighter atmosphere. The result is that one of the spheres finally bursts, and while the two will carry the basket with the instrument the remaining balloon is pulled earthward by the weight. The outcome is that the descent is so gradual that no harm results to the basket and contents, and, as a reward is offered by the government for its safe return by the finder, it usually is recovered by the weather bureau. A large number of these twin spheres were sent up in the series of tests, the ascents taking place daily for a month.

AFTER THE WAR

There are not lacking in this country those who see in the present ghastly conflict only another reason for military preparation.

"Military competition among the powers," says the Saturday Evening Post, "had been steadily increasing for ten years until the tension had become almost unbearable. Then came a supreme effort. Germany raised her extraordinary war contribution of a quarter of a billion dollars by drastic special taxes on top of the heavy ordinary taxation. France lengthened the term of active military service from two years to three. Russia adopted a scheme of hugely augmented military expenditure. England lifted her naval appropriations to an unprecedented figure. A man can't stand on tip-toe indefinitely.... The real cause of the war was national jealousy, suspicion and hatred—carefully nursed and exploited everywhere by the military class and the noisy few who find a profit in war."

And after the war—what then? After the troubles between the United States and Great Britain a hundred years ago an arrangement was concluded by delegates from the two countries limiting the naval force upon the great lakes to three vessels of not over 100 tons, each armed with one eighteen pound cannon. As the Times

points out, "The disarming of the American frontier disarmed the suspicions. The fortifying of European boundaries has invited suspicion and attack. They are being attacked and the elaborate European preparations as "insurance" against war have made war inevitable. The hundred millions of people this side the Canadian border do not molest the eight millions on that side, not because occasions for international jealousy have not arisen, but because in the absence of brute force reason has prevailed."

Will the European nations be so wise? Or will they painfully erect again the intricate and delicate machine of civilization only to have it again destroyed? Will they realize that preparations for war cannot prevent war? "We had the theory," says the New York Post, "that war was rapidly being made so deadly by its awful modern weapons that there could be no war. Let the heaped dead at Liege answer that! Then it was argued that the immense cost of a great war today would be prohibitive.... When mankind painfully emerges from the commercial destruction and the sea of blood, we may be sure it will not be bold enough to listen again to the grave arguments that the way to prevent war is to spend your treasure and your best brains in preparing to wage it in a way to stagger humanity."

HEALTH TALKS William Brady, M.D. Coddling Cause of Colds.

And we are all children so far as susceptibility goes. The only reason the children have more "colds" than adults is that children are more intimately in contact in play and in school, and in some benighted households, in bed.

Acute rhinitis, acute nasal catarrh, coryza, snuffles, or "cold" in the head, as this much common disease is called, does not seem very important at first thought, but when we consider the thousands of serious and sometimes fatal complications and after-effects of a "simple cold," the idea of prevention becomes at least worthy of attention.

An Old Method Tried and Found Useful.

Our parents and grandparents never heard of germs. They believed as very doctors believed, that coryza, bronchitis, and even pneumonia were simply caused by exposure to cold weather, dampness, sudden changes of temperature or drafts. Accordingly they coddled us and shielded us from every stray draft and shut out the night air from our sleeping rooms. And we caught every "cold" that was going around. If cold air was the cause we should have had no "colds," because we rarely get a full breath of it from one end of the winter to the other. Nowadays, although both doctors and the public are still a bit afraid of fresh air—when it's moving—there is growing up a race of progressive, intelligent people who realize that cold fresh air, moving or standing still, never does any harm. These people are building sleeping porches on their homes. And they are getting along very well indeed without the doctor's help.

No Coddling and No Contact.

The secret of preventing infections of the nose and throat, "colds," in children and in adults is very simple. Don't coddle the child with mufflers, chest protectors or wraps of any kind which are not absolutely essential for ordinary comfort. Don't force him to breathe vitiated, over-heated air all night in his sleeping room, or all day in the school room. Don't let him play with, or sit in school near another child who has a running nose or a sore throat or a barking cough. Keep your child from personal contact with "colds" and he will escape infection.

Remember a draft is necessary wherever you have ventilation. No draft, no ventilation. So forget all about the alleged dangers from drafts and let in a little air.

A child or an adult who contracts a "cold" of even the slightest kind must be particularly careful not to kiss, touch, exchange pencils, handkerchiefs or toys or other personal articles with any one else. He must never forget to keep a handkerchief before his mouth and nose when coughing or sneezing.

Every "cold" is evident that somebody has been ignorant or careless about passing the germs around.

Questions and Answers.

P. L. inquires: What is the cause of enlarged tonsils? Should a person who has had sore throats not very frequently have the tonsils removed? Reply: The cause of enlarged tonsils is overgrowth or hypertrophy of tonsil tissue resulting from infection with disease germs. Every tonsillitis is bacterial in origin and more or less infectious. That is the way the disease is acquired. Sometimes it is wise to have the tonsils removed after a single attack, as a procedure of general health insurance. It all depends on the degree of infection and the local or general condition of the patient. Here are a few of the secondary results of neglected tonsils: Chorea (St. Vitus' dance), multiple arthritis (inflammatory rheumatism), enlarged glands in neck (scrofula), deformities of the face and chest, serious complications in the inner ears—abscess, mastoiditis, deafness.

A. C. inquires: Do you recommend the western or southwestern states for consumptives? Reply: In a general way, though not for every case, the southwestern states offer the best opportunities. But the consumptive who migrates for health must make his new home permanent.

E. G. L.: What is the effect on the human system of drinking lots of water which has been purified to such a degree by chemicals or acids that no life of any form remains in it? Reply: A healthful effect, provided the chemicals are not themselves injurious.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

[WE have it by wireless from the breakfast table at the Colonial hotel that T. R. ate eight eggs yesterday before his Market square appearance. Evidently the colonel was fortifying himself for the worst. Eight eggs behind one's vest ought to put one in shape to spit in a lion's face.

WE may expect another protesting commission to be soon knocking at the doors of the White House. Some one has dubbed the German howitzer shells Jack Johnsons.

THE Colorado summer home of Bath House John Coughlin, the Chicago alderman, is reported to have been destroyed by fire. Origin reported mystery. Probably John left one of his warm vests behind when he closed the place for the season.

WE could never quite see how two ambitious boys like Villa and Carranza were going to agree over who is to be the main squeeze in Mexico. Roll the bones, boys, and save your ammunition, is our hunch.

Hooray—We Didn't Notice It. I want to congratulate you. Your paper was the only one that mentioned the fact that I had returned to the city after an absence of three days. That's a scoop, isn't it? B. F.

A MAN who wears white shoes these days ought to realize that he is taking chances.

Speaking of Ad Writers. (Ad of a Danville Cloak and Suit House).

Initial fall exhibition of authoritative models in outer garments. The marvelous costumes, so full of mystery, radiating their luxuriousness upon their entire surroundings, are most appealing in their supremacy. One garment vies with another in their mute appeal for your approval. Their grace and beauty are surely most bewitching.

Hen Hicks Says—

If yew smile at some folks they wonder what yew are after.

The fellow who laughs his way through life is apt to have a good long laughing spell, by cricky.

We know it's a duty to love all men, but the fellow with an everlasting grouch makes it an uphill business for us many times, by blueberry.

Some people are always ready to fine the procession no matter where it's going or how rough the road.

WIFE'S refusal to live in East Moline has resulted in a man filing suit for divorce. Any remarks?

A BRANCH of the Woman's Christian Temperance union has been launched in Coal Valley. We may next be prepared to hear of Milwaukee erecting a monument to Frances Willard.

DID you notice all of the prominent citizens falling over each other to get on the platform with Roosevelt yesterday on Market square? Neither did we.

Referred by Mrs. Thompson.

I am crazy to be a movie actress. I have studied Shakespeare, have been tried out in a dramatic school and have been told that I have talent that ought to win me recognition. I might also suggest that I am considered good looking; in fact I have been told by more than one man that I am handsome. Could you advise me where I could secure an engagement with a concern producing photo plays?

Answer: Sister, we believe all you say about yourself, but we discount fifty per cent the breezes that have been wafted in your direction by the boys with the soft-hands and the mushy voices. If you are determined to become a movie actress forget Shakespeare and the bouquets you got at the dramatic school, and proceed without delay to learn to be an acrobat, so that you can fall off buildings, mount bronchos on the gallop, dive off high rocks into muddy rivers, etc. What the movie concerns are looking for are not actresses so much as folks who don't care what happens to them.

That Walter A. Rosenfield is spending these afternoons at Springfield playing pinochle with Charles Deneen, erstwhile governor.

We Don't Believe—

By Al Nielander. "Just heard the kaiser has ordered 100,000 watermelons from Muscatine, Iowa."

"What does he intend doing with them?"

"He's going to feed his soldiers on the Rhine."

Kings of Air and Earth.

(Illinois State Fair Program.) Saturday, Sept. 26.—Beachey Day. At 10 o'clock at the swine pavilion, the farm wagon will be awarded for the best pair of pigs under six months of age. Lincoln Beachey will be seen in aviation gymnastics. A race will be staged between Lincoln Beachey in his aeroplane and "Bill" Endicot in his automobile. At the Illinois Live Stock Breeders' tent a special swine judging contest will be held.

IF the women who wear those hats with the extremely tall feathers—just one to a bonnet—could read the minds of the men in a crowded street car; well, they would learn that said men do not particularly admire that style.

MR. CLOSE and Miss Made have just been married in a nearby city. Not much chance of a separation here. J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Thornedale—By Edith V. Ross. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

A young man fashionably dressed alighted from a train at a station in the country and called an auto cab. "Drive me to the Thornedale House," he said, "but first—handing the driver a baggage check—'get my trunk.'"

The gentleman seated himself in the cab while the cabman went for the trunk. The latter was new to the place and, not knowing any such hotel as the Thornedale House, made inquiries of the station agent.

"He must mean Thornedale, the residence of Mr. Edward Thorne. It is up the road about a mile. You'll know it when you come to it. You'll know it place between the road and the river." The cabman nodded the trunk to the gentleman, deposited it therein, then started for Thornedale. On reaching it he pulled up under a porte-cochere, near which on the veranda sat a young lady reading a novel. The gentleman stepped out of the auto. The cabman dumped the trunk on the veranda and drove away. The stranger walked past the young lady through the open front door into the house. Seeing no such place as a hotel office or any one to receive him, he went back on to the veranda, raised his hat deferentially to the young lady and said:

"Beg pardon. Can you tell me where I'll find the landlord?"

"The landlord?" "Oh, yes, this is Thornedale."

"I was recommended to come here by a lady. She is here, is she not—Mrs. Overaker?"

"Mrs. Overaker is expected. She has not yet arrived. You are—"

"Mr. Wingate—John Wingate."

"Oh, Mr. Wingate. I've heard Mrs. Overaker speak of you. Be seated, Mr. Wingate. There's no one about just now but myself. I'll get some one to show you to your room and take up your trunk."

"Please don't incommode yourself. I am in no hurry."

"The young lady, who had half risen, repeated herself."

"Quite likely," said the young man, fishing for the young lady's name. "I have heard of you through Mrs. Overaker."

"I am Luella Humphrey."

"Humphrey," meditatively. "I don't know that I have heard her mention any one of that name."

"Have you known Mrs. Overaker long?"

"Only a few months. She came east last spring and visited some friends of mine—the Grosvenors."

"I was quite surprised to hear that Mrs. Overaker was coming back this season. It's a long journey for her to take."

"It's an equally long journey from here to her home."

An imperceptible smile flitted across the young lady's lips. She knew why Mr. Wingate was there and why Mrs. Overaker was coming there. The former was a bachelor, the latter a widow. A courtship between them had been made easy by the lady, and an engagement was to be expected. But, since it was difficult for Mr. Wingate to go to the widow, the widow had made an excuse to go to Mr. Wingate. She had written him that she would be at Thornedale early in October. The lady wrote an illegible hand, and Mr. Wingate read "the Thornedale." Supposing the place to be a hotel, he had gone there to make her a proposal.

Mr. Wingate was a good catch. The widow was ten years older than he and had set her cap for him. Miss Humphrey was a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and of an age when young ladies are usually on the lookout for husbands. Here was an opportunity—an opportunity that had been enhanced by the widow's bad handwriting in another way than in leading Mr. Wingate to think she was to stay at a hotel. She had written him and the Thornes as well that she would arrive on the 10th of October. He had read it the 1st. Miss Humphrey, if she played her cards well, might have ten days to get a matrimonial hook into Mr. Wingate's mouth.

After Mr. Wingate's remark that it was an equally long journey to the widow's home, Miss Humphrey listened to what he said further, but intent on what immediate action she would take. Presently she excused herself, and a maid came and showed Mr. Wingate to his room. His trunk followed later. While he was making his toilet an automobile pulled up under the porte-cochere and a gentleman and lady alighted. They were Mr. and Mrs. Thorne. Miss Humphrey told them of the guest who had arrived and the mistake he had made, suggesting that it would be amusing to permit him to continue to be deceived. Thorne, who was ready for anything whereby to make his stay in the country endurable, fell in with the plan enthusiastically.

When the guest came down just before luncheon he was received by Mr. Thorne, who said to him cheerily:

"Sorry not to have been here to receive you, sir. Fact is, we have room for very few guests at any time, and now those who have been here are all returned to the city. So I don't trouble myself to stay about the place much. My niece tells me that she took care of you. Do you like your room?"

"Very much."

"Well, come in to luncheon. Since our guests are all gone it would be lonely for you to eat alone, so we will take you in with us."

puzzled him was that both the landlord and landlady seemed to be to the manner born, while their niece was evidently every inch a lady. True, the landlord talked a great deal about the money they had made out of their guests. This seemed to be mortifying to his wife and niece, for during these bouts they both concealed their features behind their napkins. When they had finished the meal and were rising from the table Mrs. Thorne said to her niece:

"Luella, I think you had better take Mr. Wingate out for an auto ride this afternoon. This is a dull place, Mr. Wingate, but we'll do the best we can to keep you from being lonely."

"I shall consider myself under deep obligations," replied the guest.

When an hour later a runabout was brought to the porte-cochere Miss Humphrey took the wheel, and she and Mr. Wingate sped away merrily. They returned only in time to dress for dinner.

"Please charge up all the extras," said the landlord privately, "the auto and any wine I order, and I'll pay when I settle my bill."

"You'll find everything charged," said Thorne, "even the cigars."

Mr. Wingate was so delightfully entertained that he didn't fret about the delay in the widow's coming. He played tennis with Miss Humphrey in the morning and rode in the auto with her in the afternoon. In the evening the four occupants of the house played cards, and the days sped by merrily. One day Miss Humphrey said to her companion:

"When do you expect Mrs. Overaker?"

"Mrs. Overaker? Why, I expected her on the 1st of the month. What's this—the 3d?"

"This is the 9th."

"You don't mean it. I wonder what is delaying her?"

"Delaying her? You don't expect her at all now, do you?"

Mr. Wingate hoped in his heart that she would not come, but he said that something might have occurred to change her plans. That evening it was evident to all except Mr. Wingate that something of importance was at hand. A delicious dinner was served. Miss Humphrey was clad in a costume that the guest pronounced a "blue dream of heaven." After dinner the landlord and landlady excused themselves and left the place, leaving Mr. Wingate and their niece in the drawing room. A perfume of flowers came in from the conservatory adjoining. Mr. Wingate forgot all about the widow, and—well, when Mr. and Mrs. Thorne returned he was engaged to Miss Humphrey.

A supper was set in the dining room, to which the four persons adjourned. Mrs. Thorne and her niece hung back for a few whispered words. Then there was the popping of a champagne cork, and Mrs. Thorne, holding her glass high, proposed the health of the newly engaged couple. Mr. Thorne kissed his niece and, slapping his guest on the back, said vociferously:

"This is no hotel. This is the residence of your humble servant, Edward Thorne, banker. But you've been welcome, my boy, and we give you our little Lu gladly. We've heard lots about you from Mrs. Overaker, and all to your credit."

The expression on Wingate's face was a mingling of surprise, shame and happiness.

"When do you expect Mrs. Overaker?" he asked.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"I regret that my limit of time to be absent has expired and I shall not have the pleasure of meeting her after all. I must go back to the city in the morning."

"So soon?" exclaimed the host and hostess in a breath.

"Don't detain a man from his business," said Luella. "I think Mr. Wingate is perfectly excusable in going and if I don't complain no one should."

"We'll all go," said the host.

The next morning an automobile containing Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Miss Humphrey and Mr. Wingate pulled out from under the porte-cochere destined for the city, Mr. Thorne at the wheel. They had been gone only a few minutes when a train passed on the railway track beside them.

"Supposing," said Mr. Thorne, "that Mrs. Overaker should be ahead of time and on that train."

Mr. Wingate shuddered.

"Such a thing is possible," said Mrs. Thorne. "If Mrs. Overaker is on the train we shall meet her coming from the station."

Mr. Wingate shuddered again.

"It will be embarrassing for me," continued the speaker, "since I agreed to keep her during her stay here."

"I'll turn off by this road," said Mr. Thorne.

He did turn off, and Mr. Wingate breathed a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Overaker did arrive by that train, and when she reached Thorn