THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island. (Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879.)

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

Rock Island Member Associated Press, Full Released Wire Report.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island, 146, 148 and 147.

Wednesday, November 15, 1916.

Rock Island—From River to River.

The real Rhodes scholars are put into hammer the moment they wind up.

When you see a man stumbling and looking at ties in the track it means he's looking for the Chairman.

Now that it is all over, we wonder why anybody should have feared that the election would be determined by anything but the American common vote.

As a precaution against any possible legal wrangling, President Wilson has decided to take the oath of office on Sunday, March 4, and on Monday, March 5.

Long used by the natives for chewing their food, the petrographs uncovered of Ecuador have been pronounced by scientists and will be developed commercially.

Dispatch from Mexico says that Carranza has "an army of 125,000 seasoned men, well equipped, disciplined and clothed." If so, why doesn't he do something with it?

The National City bank of New York estimates that our foreign trade this year will be $4,000,000,000, far more than any country ever before reached. The balance of trade will result $1,000,000,000 in our favor.

Henry Ford said yesterday he had plans that when communicated would result in revolutionizing the automobile business. We thought he had accomplished that long ago. We wonder what Henry means.

Senator-elect Johnson of California has a very poor opinion of the "dandy pat bosses" in his state and he has no hesitation in expressing it in words that carry with them the conviction that he knows what he says.

The rulers of Europe have neither cables to President Wilson congratulating him on his reelection. Perhaps Mr. Hughes has been waiting to see what they say and then go them one better. At any rate, there is surely something delaying Charlie.

A movement is afoot to induce Christmas shoppers to buy American made goods. Considering all the money we are getting from Europe and all the trouble Europe is having this year, is it just in the spirit of Christmas to start a boycott on European-made dolls and liquids?

One of the Chicago yellow papers circulating in Rock Island yesterday carried a report that a recount in California had given the state to Hughes by several thousand votes. Many telephone calls were received by The Argus for verification of the story. When there is any change in the vote in California, or in any other state, you may trust The Argus to be first to know it and publish the fact. The Argus has its political faith, but it is first of all a newspaper.

The surest means of holding the cost of living within reasonable bounds is through elimination of the middle man. It is he who steps between the producer and consumer and interrupts the natural and normal transit of the products of the field and farm and other life's necessaries. Only a few days ago you were told how eight men had cornered millions of dozens of eggs in Chicago. They bought them at 20 cents and were getting 45 for them. At Peoria it was found that several carloads of potatoes were dumped into the Illinois river by speculators in order to maintain the $2 a bushel price they had fixed upon the supply they had on hand. It is time for the federal machinery to be getting busy and putting an end to this form of banditry, for it can hardly be otherwise classified.

WEST'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The political leadership of the nation is today within grasp of the west—the trans-Mississippi states. The outstanding fact consequent the election just passed is the tremendous growth, in four short years, of the strength of Woodrow Wilson. His popular vote has increased 36 per cent over what it was four years ago.

Singularly enough, this is exactly the ratio of increase of that vote in the state of Ohio, which, alone of all the great manufacturing states of the north and east gave him his electoral support. The increase of the Wilson popular vote in the east, while general, was much less than this—15 per cent in New York, 20 per cent in Pennsylvania. But the trans-Mississippi region, containing but 22 per cent of the nation's population, yielded 40 per cent of the increase of the Wilson vote over the vote of 1912. The west is thus the region most sensitive to the nation-wide movement toward Wilson and the Wilson policies. Since it is a region of enterprise, of intellectual and moral courage, of vast possibilities of increase both of people and wealth, it becomes easy to say that its political ascendancy is assured. It is easy to say that this is the region to which the president must naturally turn, in the coming four years, for that support in the use of political victory which we of the west have accorded him in the winning of it. But when we say this, do we realize what it means? Are we willing to pay the price of political leadership in the nation? asks the St. Louis Republic.

The reason of the loss of political leadership by the east is so clear that he who runs may read. It results from a sad deficiency both of human sympathy and of political sense. The easterner lives on a narrow strip of land between the sea and the mountains, and his sympathies—like those of all men everywhere—have been unfortunately affected by his geographic grouping. There is nothing continental about him. He has moved on the national politics as a group, to be plaited for the benefit of the east. "You don't mind the dirty sap," said a great eastbrewer to a St. Louisan a few days ago. "Treat them nice and they do what you want them to." But not a few the east has managed to group into one of the west and it is the alleged west of the tariff, with its statesmen largely the tool of eastern interests, and the "need of compensation" represented here. A band of dirty sap, the east began thus the west was a band of farms. The east had money to control the legislative needs of half a dozen states in the country that had sadly fallen.

In the 19th century [illegible] a great deal was said in the east about the "great people" of America. Much of it was flattering to the "sturdy" Yankee, and contrasted favorably with the "degenerate" Europeans. Of late years, however, the Europeans have shown a marked tendency to "make good" in America, and the Yankee has been forced to share the honors with them. The great people, however, have a democracy that may be found in Massachusetts, Texas, Oregon, in various American cities. There is the rather bad Hippopotamus in America, the Savoy, for instance. In Europe it is always the "Grand Savoy." In London, on the contrary, it is the "Savoy Hotel," which is much more sensible.

I am going to move the Hippopotamus to London for a few minutes, however, in order to return to Liverpool.

On the morning of arrival the passengers were required to file into the dining saloon. After we were in, the doors were guarded by soldiers, a trooper was at the entrance and at the exit, and the Allan officer, a captain of the Royal Engineers, accompanied by a corporal of guard and several other officers, sat at two tables at one end of the saloon. We were called before this rather terrifying court one by one, according to the numbers on the landing cards issued to us on visits to the purser.

My number was 78. I waited something like an hour and a half before that number was called and I was ushered across the table reserved for the inquisition of aliens. At the table, Russian subjects were examined at the other aliens.

I first went the against a stern old fellow who demanded my passport. I gave it to him. He regarded it with the expression of a man looking over his office mail. Then he said:

"Was anything said to you about your papers? I had with me. I produced from under a bundle done up in an apron. The stern old man took one look at them, gave me what a London cabin would term "a merry look," and made a motion with his hand in the general direction of the young army officer in command of the military part of the outfit.

Whereupon I was invited by the latter gentleman to sit down beside him and lay my papers on the table. Let me say here that all British army officers in England dress practically alike, in simple khaki with brass buttons, a wide, highly polished belt and a strap over the right shoulder which goes through the belt on the left side to support a leather socket through which sword and scabbard are thrust when in the field.

Dress uniforms are never seen in England these days. Evening clothes are the exception. In a word, Britain is in no mood for frills. The "Johnnie" has vanished. In his place is a grown-faced young officer home on a short leave from the most terrible battleground of all ages.

To return to the officer on the "St. Paul" who was to examine my papers. He gave me an "inquiry" book, and said:

"Why did you bring all this stuff with you?"

"Well, I thought it would help to identify me," I replied, and he gave me a polite stare, which being interpreted might have meant, more nearly than anything else,

"Fiddlesticks!"

Presently he came to a poem which he looked over critically and read a second time.

"You know," said he, "I rather like that. Do you mind if I smoke a cigaret?"

"Not at all," I replied. "Will you give me one? I've been sitting in here without a smoke for two hours."

Whereupon he produced a cigaret case and we smoked companionably together, that young representative of the British empire and myself, while he finished his examination. My landing card was approved and I went ashore.

Liverpool is strongly reminiscent of Philadelphia without the white stone steps in front of the houses, which is such a universal feature of Quaker City architecture. There are no high buildings in Liverpool. It is a city of chimney pots. In fact, England is a country of chimney pots. There are buildings in London which have easily a dozen, hundreds of chimney pots. There is no end to them. Whenever I see a Union duck, hereafter, I shall forever think of the chimney pots of old England.

The men in England—and nowadays nearly all of them are in khaki—are as handsome and upstanding a lot of fellows as there are in any land. It is a country of handsome men. Unfortunately, I cannot say that the physical good looks the English women are a match for them. In fact, I cannot understand how the men can be so good looking, and the general run of the women so plain. It is impossible to admit either that the English women dress as well as ours. Taking them as a class, as one sees them, they lack in general the smartness which is the keynote of the American girl. I am speaking now, however, only of the cities of Liverpool and London, the two places in which so far I have been able to see them. While we are on an unpleasant topic I might as well finish it by saying that until the English learn how to make women's shoes, and until the English women discover the trick of smart hosiery, they will be hopelessly behind in general appearance.

In their favor, however, I register this shining remark: They are more expertly feminine than our women. With all her smartness, the American girl is often spiritually a mineral, whereas the English girl is a flower.

(To be continued.)

GET BEHIND PRESIDENT

The Chicago Post, which was a strenuous advocate of Mr. Hughes during the campaign just closed, says editorially of Mr. Wilson that that paper "is preparing to go through with him for a united America, a country which has closed up its ranks, accepted the men verdict, and settled to the business of maintaining its rights and its representatives in the face of the great war in Europe."

These are strong words and telling ones from a paper which has previously opposed Mr. Wilson. The Post, like other genuine papers, realizes that any administration without the support of the people will so little for the country.

Here is a part of the editorial from the Post:

"Now that the campaign is over, said President Wilson in his first public speech since the election, 'we may all address ourselves to the welfare of the nation without thought of partisan feeling. Let us forget all our differences and unite for the common good.'

"All right, Mr. President, we are with you there! Even the hope of getting a republican administration of the nation has never quite permitted us during the past campaign to the necessity of accepting in silence unfair alien attacks on the president of the United States. We were glad to come to the president's defense when these attacks passed 50 months in the O'Leary and Lodge incidents.

"And now, we believe, that it is on the president's shoulders to return to the country the willingness to sign our sectionalism and partisanship, which he so fairly and wisely asks today.

"Taking Mr. Wilson at his words, as the country has done in the election, this newspaper is prepared to go through with him for a united America, a country which has closed up its ranks, accepted its own verdict and settled to the business of maintaining its rights and its representatives in the face of the great war in Europe."

THE NEW MEMBER

The election to congress of Miss Jeanette Rankin of Montana is found to result at Washington in complications which may be discussed with prejudice neither one way nor the other on the general question of franchise rights.

By the constitution the election of representatives in congress is a matter of state right, subject to certain conditions as to apportionment, citizenship and length of term. But even upon acknowledgement of the sovereignty of the commonwealths comes a provision that the federal legislature itself shall, in each of its houses, be the judge of the qualifications of its own members.

The constitution says the house of representatives shall be composed of "members" elected as prescribed and that no "person" shall serve as a member who does not meet certain requirements. In these terms is no indication of sex. But one requirement for eligibility in a member is that of residence in "that state in which he shall be elected." The issue somewhat is found to raise will hinge upon the intent behind that "he."

Published portraits of Miss Rankin carry their own assurance that her admission would be a distinct gain to the aesthetics of the house. There are abundant guarantees of abilities ranging in their application from the comprehension of grave public questions and the practice of pure politics to the concoction of the perfect lemon pie. These details of qualification, it appears, must be subordinate to the conclusion of a house masculine whether or not a woman is a "person" in the meaning of the constitution.

Good Roads Reduce Cost.

Washington.—Cost of hauling produce to and from the farms of the country is reduced as much as 25 cents per ton-mile by good roads, according to calculations of experts of the department of agriculture.

Abroad in War Time

BY GEORGE V. BACON.

I am in London, and it is more like that most impossible of all things, the realization of one's childish dreams, than anything else I could compare it to! The outstanding feature of the vast city to me is the forest of chimney pots, which our houses invariably lack.

In America, we take a few square feet of ground and build straight up as far as we dare to go on it. In England, men take plenty of ground to build on, and what the London building lacks vertically, it gains horizontally.

All the traffic goes to the left instead of to the right, and the great red busses and rivers of taxicabs travel at incredible speed. I have been dodging in and out like a veritable rabbit.

Besides, when I saw it, reminded me of a Chinese town in the Garden of Peace. West London is a Georgian city amplified into a city of seven millions.

As I have said, the buildings in London cover enormous areas, and they are built on a spacious, heavy, leisurely plan. An office building is never 30 office building and more than apartments are apartments. They are [illegible] "mansions." The smaller hotels are very apt to be called "Mansions," such as, for example, Hchester Mansions. The great hotels, however, have a magnificence that may be found nowhere else. There are various American cities. There is one rather bad Hippopotamus in America, the Savoy, for instance. In Europe it always the "Grand Savoy." In London, on the contrary, it is the "Savoy Hotel," which is much more sensible.

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(To be continued.)

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

TAKING "COLD" AFTER PERSPIRING.

With your last case grandma, mother and all the neighbors will agree that it is dangerous to expose yourself to wind or cold air after perspiring freely. They will insist that this is the surest way to "take cold," and that only a weak-minded person would deny it.

We deny it.

From bitter experience we know that the muscles will become atrociously sore if one works up a free perspiration and then carelessly sits around in a draft or goes into a cold place without extra warm clothing on. But no same person calls this a "cold." It is tameness of the muscles, not an illness. It is prevented by moderate exercise of the muscles, regardless of the exposure, it is quickly cured by forced use of the same muscles at any time.

There is a very clear distinction between this familiar result of chilling after violent exercise and the familiar effects of exposure under ordinary conditions. Let us try to get this distinction clear, for it is a very comforting thing to know that the old grandies are deluded in their fear of exposure.

The cause of the soreness of muscles above mentioned is the retention in the muscles of the by-products of activity—these both or irritating oxidation-products are retained in the muscles because the sudden chilling constricts the blood vessels and prevents the natural drainage of the muscle through the circulation. Perhaps the amount of waste carried off in the perspiration itself is insignificant.

There is a vast difference between the perspiration induced by warmth and that induced by muscular exertion. Warmth opens the "pores" but does not increase the amount of waste matter in the muscles, lymph or blood. Exercise does. Hence it is not injurious to check perspiration suddenly after a hot bath. A hot bath, a hot foot bath, confinement in a very warm place, a Russian bath, or after taking very hot drinks—you simply halt the flow of water from the skin. But when you suddenly check sweating induced by hard muscular work or play you leave up in the muscles waste matter which should be carried away, and so you cause soreness and lameness.

The thought of "taking cold" is really not concerned here at all. Of course you can call a lame muscle a "cold" if you insist. But a better name would be moonlication.

Let me reiterate here that no illness is caused by leaving off the coat or rubbers or underwear or other mollycoddle. A person who imagines he has to wear clothes he doesn't need at all

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Awarding First Prize—a Fine Tin Horn.

I am a girl aged 16. Recently I had my tonsils removed. I am—or was—a sinner with hopes. A woman who conducts a millinery store where I shop told me I could never hope to sing with my tonsils gone, and that I should never have had such an operation performed. Is that true?

Answer—Doesn't your cheerful friend have a fish counter somewhere around the corner? I should like to award her a horn. For the sixteenth time, No, the removal of tonsils never injures the voice and usually improves it. And tomatoes don't cause cancer. And the moon is not made of green cheese. And a person's age is no bar to health. And iron rings, horse chestnuts and rabbits' feet don't prevent disease.

Uric Acid and Sugar in Blood.

Can the blood contain both uric acid and sugar at the same time? (E. L.)

Answer—It does, normally. If you mean quantities considered pathological, yes.

Proud Flesh.

What is proud flesh and how may it be removed? (H. W. A.)

Answer—It is granulation tissue—the natural healing framework—growing too high for the skin to cover it. It is without sensation and hence best removed by scissors.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

"I SEE by my paper," postcards Ignatz, "that one of our prominent actresses has shaved off her eyebrows. She says it will become a fad among women. Further proving that life is daily growing to be more of a skin game."

A YOUNG woman who has been borrowing large sums from Chicago's wealthy social leaders, and who is now facing criminal prosecution, appears to have borne an appropriate name. She signs her mail Annie Sharpely.

A CHICAGO newspaper has been appealed to by a professor in a central west college to find him a wife. He says he hasn't yet been able to marshal sufficient courage to pop the question. He probably is in charge of the crocheting department of his school.

The Course of Education.

School is closed in District No. 7 for a two weeks' vacation for potato digging.—Steuben (N. Y.) Advocate.

ARTHUR Sears Henning, political writer for the Chicago Tribune, has made the discovery, remarkable, it would appear at first blush, that the voters of Ohio were ruled by their "pocket nerve" in the recent presidential election. In previous campaigns they have been ruled by the "pocket nerve" of Wall street. It took an aggravatingly long time to arouse many of our states to their own independence and interest, but the awakening having come, it is better late than never.

Street Car Comedy.

"They have two beautiful oriental rugs in their parlor. I saw them while a visitor in their home last night."

"But how do you know they are oriental rugs?"

"I'm surprised you would ask such a question."

"Well, I hear people bragging about oriental rugs and of their beauty and value over rugs that are differently named."

"My friend, when in doubt, watch for the wiggle. It isn't the wiggle it isn't an oriental."

A Dry Region.

Several from this place will go to Tiskville next third Sunday to witness the unveiling of the town pump.—South Pittsburg (Tenn.) Hustler.

IN London society women have added Zepp clothes to their outfits. These consist of fetching nighties and everything to enhance the attractiveness of the form divine. "Oh, these are my Zepp clothes," one woman is quoted as saying to an American visitor, "I can slip into my gown quite quickly, and I want to look 'it' if I have to dash out of this top flat and go and meet a lot of my neighbors in the cellar, which we have had specially arranged in case any of the gas bags come in this direction. It would be perfectly hateful not to look one's best under such conditions." Wouldn't be perfectly terrible, if, after all this planning by British society, the Germans would decide not to make any further raids over London?

THE starch trust has been ordered dissolved because of alleged unfair methods of doing business. The trust doubtless will consider this a pretty stiff blow.

"FRENCH Charge Is Ever Opener." Newspaper headline. Which somewhat brightens our thoughts of European warfare. We had always been under the impression that those charges were eye closers.

THE Kansas state board of agriculture has issued a book telling all about alfalfa. If the editor hasn't been exhausted, we would suggest that a copy be mailed to Charles Evans Hughes.

DEMOCRATIC candidates are leading in Alaska also. Wouldn't that frost you?

EIGHT more store front hotels are to be erected in Atlantic City. To house the boobs from the west?

THE east apparently has been taught by the election results to be more hospitable to the west. It has even warmed up to the cold wave that traveled there from the Rocky mountain regions.

PAPERS over the state are beginning to mention political workers who are in line for berths under the Lowden administration. The saddest feature of elections is that there are not enough jobs to take care of all those who performed heroic service for the winner. The fact that there are not leaves as the only reward for the majority of the applicants favorable mention by their home paper. Of course there is a grain of comfort in clipping these bouquets and putting them in the family scrap book to be viewed by your grandchildren so they may appreciate what a big man you were in the councils of your party in your active days.

It Pays to Advertise.

Notice—To the owner of the cow that Hugh Phillips keeps in his barn: come pay for the corn said cow ate out of my stock on Feb. 17, 1916. Mrs. Maud Karr.—Adv. in the Gridley (Kans.) Light.

I HEREBY promise to make no further comment on the recent unpleasantness at the polls, despite that I was sorely disappointed over the result, as you may know from the tone of contributions I have made to your cache of calamity, but what I really wished to say is that Peter J. Peel is engaged in the business of reducing human fat, with headquarters in Chicago. Just naturally peels it off, as it were.

GWENDOLYN.

MISS Lotta J. Lee, a Chicago manicure, lost lawsils on the election, she says. "I took all the bets I could get," is her story, "and now I will have to do manicuring jobs for the next year without remuneration." But don't set like the tomer of the story, Lotta; don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

The Origin of Love—By Esther Vandeveer.

It was the month of October. The air was crisp. The sun shone brightly, but not warm. The leaves were all colors, some still on the trees, but most of them on the ground.

Beatrice Thorne and Edgar Swift were walking on this variegated carpet. They had both graduated from college the previous June and their heads were overflowing with knowledge that modern knowledge which tells us that we are a conglomeration of molecules; that we are fortresses against incursions of bacteria; that our brains are a sort of photographic laboratory containing invoices of plates.

"Do you believe," asked Beatrice, "that life is indigenous to the earth?"

"Sir William Hamilton," Edgar replied, "suggested that it came from a neighboring planet. A pretty conceit, that of the vital principle wafted from Venus to earth as the wind carries pollen from flower to flower."

If this dialogue were to continue in the scientific clouds, mention of the planet Venus was unfortunate. While the scientific couple were talking of the vital principle they were really thinking of the love principle.

"Do you believe love," asked Beatrice, "is an entity or simply the result of chemical action within us?"

"I cannot see why love should be different, basically considered, from hate. Two plants, the one containing poison, the other capable of producing curative properties, are built on the same fundamental principle."

The couple had passed from under trees into an open space. An unbroken field blocked their way. Edgar helped Beatrice over the fence, and they were crossing the field when she asked this profound question. Being absorbed in themselves they did not see a bull who stood looking at them with evident interest. They had nearly reached the fence on the other side of the enclosure when the bull began a slow trot toward them.

Edgar, glancing aside, saw the beast coming. Seizing Beatrice by the arms he hurried her to the fence. Before they could reach it she collapsed, and, taking here in his arms, he carried her to it and had only time to drop her on the other side and get over himself when the bull's horns performed his control and held him suspended across the uppermost rail. Fortunately the cloth did not hold, and the man dropped beside the girl.

While the bull was pawing the ground on the other side of the fence Edgar held Beatrice in his arms, his eyes bent on her face. She opened hers and looked up into his. The bull stopped pawing and, evidently satisfied with being left supreme in his domain, walked away.

"Are you hurt, dearest?" asked Edgar.

"No. Oh, Edgar, what a narrow frightful escape!"

His hands were clasped under her shoulders; therefore his face was far distant from hers. She closed her eyes, and, considering that she was not hurt, he construed this to be the granting of an opportunity to take a step which favor he accepted. This revived her to her surroundings, and she sat up while he said a great deal to her in which the word love figured frequently but not scientifically. Then there was a cluster of kisses, after which they arose and, fleeing, hand in hand, the arm, they walked onward. Coming to a large flat stone that formed a convenient seat, they sat down. The place was elevated so they could see the bull quietly grazing at the grass. The man, he had been satisfied with the quantum of scientific love he had quaffed, turned again to its consideration as a principle.

"Let me see," he said, "where are we?"

The girl showed the feminine nature by relegating the origin of love to a minor. Love itself was more pressing to her.

"Oh, Edgar," she said, "how mean it was of you to save me! You could easily have escaped by leaving me to my fate. Suppose the bull had gored you?"

She shuddered and clung to him. He took up his cravat and looked at the rents in it.

"I wonder what it was," he mused thoughtfully, "that prompted me to risk my own life to save yours."

By way of reply she felt for his cravat, took it lovingly in hers and snuggled up closer to him.

And herein comes one of the differences between the male and the woman. Swift had received an education in scientific branches that he was capable of building upon until he might discover that love affinity is the same as chemical affinity, and designate it in some such terms as M 3 M 3 of one part man two parts woman, just as water is expressed as H O 2. But Beatrice, who had also been educated, having once experienced love, had no desire to pursue its composition further. It might be expressed as X Y Z for all she cared. To her it was "woman's whole existence."

"Oh, Edgar," she exclaimed, "was I sick?"

He looked down into her upturned face, her liquid eyes and drew her to him to wear his ex. "Unfortunately I do not know the origin of love in its chemistry." He kissed her, and that was one of her scientific education. He is now the director of an institute of experimental research.

Day in Davenport

Blames Mother-in-Law for Troubles. According to L. M. Fuhs, it was his mother-in-law, Mrs. W. M. Scully, who shattered his fond dreams of domestic bliss, broke up his household, and finally landed him in police court. Mrs. Scully, on the other hand, contends that it is the alleged shiftlessness and worthlessness of her son-in-law that has caused all the trouble. Backed by Fuhs' wife, who was formerly Miss Scully, the mother-in-law told her story to Magistrate Claussen in police court. Then Fuhs told his side of the tale. Then they both declared in chorus that the story of the other was all wrong. It happened in the Fuhs home. His wife left him last Friday, she said. So he started to pack up the furniture to move out. It was in the midst of his moving operations that his wife and mother-in-law appeared on the scene. In some way—just how is a mystery—bitter feelings grew into words and finally blows. Fuhs exhibited numerous scratches on the side of his face which he claimed his mother-in-law gave him as a memento of the occasion. The woman, on the other hand, has a cut at the side of her nose. Fuhs said that this was caused when she ran madly into his outstretched hands and broke her glasses. He was fined $15.

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Committees Named for Show.—Plans are progressing rapidly for Davenport's first electrical show to be held at the Coliseum Dec. 5-9. Committees have been named as follows: Building, L. L. Corry and C. H. Meyers; publicity, G. M. Cummins, Edward Tornquist and H. C. Blackwell; entertainment, Jacob Vögler, J. A. Fornquist and H. T. Schmidt. The coming show will be a surprise to most Davenporters. All the latest inventions and improvements in electrical devices will be shown.

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Charged With Neglect.—Harry Wager, a traveling salesman, whose home is in Davenport, was released from a criminal charge of manslaughter by a coroner's jury in Dubuque. Wager's auto Saturday ran down Herman O'Brien, an aged man, inflicting injuries from which he later died. Immediately following the inquest Chief of Police Giellis of Dubuque filed a charge of criminal neglect against Wager. It is understood that the man will plead guilty to this offense. He has been released on bonds. Evidence was introduced at the inquest to show that Wager did not get out of his machine after striking the aged man. Joan Steffins, who was with him, got out and picked the victim up, the testimony showed.

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Marriage License.—Louis Jorgensen and Viola Spitzmiller, both of Davenport.

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To Combine Offices.—At the suggestion of City Physician W. A. Stoecks, the board of health has decided to combine the offices of food inspector and assistant health officer. Dr. Stoecks pointed out that it was often necessary to employ an assistant with the run of work in the city health department. Because he believed that it would mean a saving for the city, he suggested the combine. It met with much favor from the members of the board. The board decided to recommend to the tariff commission and the police department that a zone of quiet be established for St. Luke's hospital at Eighth and Main streets. Dr. Stoecks claimed that autos have been consistently speeding past the hospital with mufflers open. Repeated [illegible] thrown on the city dump will be relinquished to the poor as the result of a suggestion made by Mayor Joe Rewald. It has been the custom of board of health to prohibit the [illegible] ing away of the bones.

Obituary Record.—Mrs. Anna [illegible] aged 78, and a resident of [illegible] ty for nearly sixty years, died yesterday at her home, 905 West Fifth street. She had been ailing for a short trouble for two years. Deceased was born in Galloway, Ireland, [illegible] and came to America after her marriage to Michael Kelly in 1859. [illegible] resided on a farm in Scott township, Scott county, until after the death of Mr. Kelly in 1907, when she removed to the city and took up her residence at the home where she died. She was an active member in the [illegible] and Rosary society.

Following a short illness Mrs. [illegible] Allen Miller succumbed at her home in Buffalo, Iowa. Deceased was born in Newark, Ohio, June 12, 1854. She came to Davenport with her parents in 1856. She was educated here and was united in marriage Sept. 11, 1879, to W. Miller of this city. Three years later they removed to a farm near Delo which they operated for [illegible] years. In 1902 they retired from farm and moved to town. Mr. Miller preceded his wife several years in death.

Thomas M. Kane, aged 56 and a resident of Davenport all his life, passed away at Mercy hospital following a long illness. He had been confined to the hospital for treatment for one year. Deceased was born here Nov. 29, 1860, and of late years had been employed in construction work until the time of his affliction.

Joyce Shorer, 23-year-old daughter of Mr. E. Shorer of Freeport, Ill., died at Mercy hospital after a short illness. Miss Joyce had come to Davenport early in September to attend the Immaculate Conception academy here. She made her home with her sister, Mrs. Frank Ward of 212 Iowa street. The mother and grandmother are the only survivors.

Guard German Nipple Supply.

Berlin.—To make sure that no shortage of the rubber shortage in Germany, infants will not have to suck rubber nipples on the milk bottles, the Bundesrat has ordered that the entire available supply, nipples and pipes, and all that are imported, be turned over to a certain company that is to be in charge of the equable distribution of this small but necessary article.

Mothers will in future be given a property two nipples per child under the year of age, on presenting the certificates to prove the ages of children, and then will be able to buy nipples by turning in an equal number. A maximum price of 10 pfennigs per nipple has been set on those that are made in Germany.

Daily History Class—Nov. 1.

1775—Lord Dunmore defeated near Norfolk, Va., by colonial forces.

1776—Sir William Howe left Newport and returned to New York.

1880—Iron Dome has experienced no eruption, according to observations from related volcanoes.

1915—Russia captured 250 villages in Turkish trenches on the Galliopoli peninsula.