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Monday, April 9, 1917.

The Kaiser Bends.

Pretty good evidence that the kaiser has had his ear to the ground since the Russian abdication is contained in an announcement today that he has promised full suffrage in the choosing of representation in the Prussian diet when the war is concluded.

The diet as presently composed is partly appointive and partly elective. It is the pledge of the emperor that the people shall have all the say in selection of the makeup of the house of the lower branch of the German empirical congress. The offer, coming at this time, at least indicates that the house of Hohenzollern does not feel as secure in the affections of the people as it did at the beginning of the European outbreak.

While the emperor's concession may be regarded by some as a gradual winning over to the idea of democracy in governmental direction, still the deeper explanation unquestionably lies in the fact that the German masses are coming to understand that were it not for the dynastical hold of the ruling powers peace would have come in Europe long before now. Germany has nothing to gain by continuation of the war. All of her armies are on foreign territory. Her own borders have never been menaced by the enemy. Thus the people realize that the war is being prosecuted with entire disregard as to the price in blood and resources of the nation that the house of Hohenzollern might score triumph in the eyes of the world. It's a desperate struggle for the survival of the mailed fist.

The latest promise of the kaiser will be received with joy by the German people, but there will be an intermingling of doubt and speculation as to whether he will have the power to deliver the goods when the war is over. There are predictions that daily grow more persistent that it is only a matter of months until the kaiser will be forced to follow the route taken by his Russian brother-in-law.

"The White People."

Men fear death not in the sense that they have a cowardly dread of it, but rather because it is a passing into that "undiscovered country" from whose bourne no traveler has ever returned. If it were possible to visit that country and come back and tell the nature of the life there death might be robbed of all its spiritual terrors. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new book, "The White People," just published by the Harper's, deals with the problem of combating what is referred to as The Fear—that is, the dread of the unknown elements that enter into the life beyond the grave, and the doubt as to the possibility of reunion with those we have loved on earth.

Most of the scenes are laid in Scotland at Muircarrie castle. We are at once brought into an atmosphere of legend amid natural surroundings which breathe into the soul coming under their influence the awed sense of mystery that arises from close communion with nature in her wildest and most rugged aspects. In this wild and remote corner of Scotland, Ysobel, the youthful mistress of Muircarrie castle, dwells alone, cared for by two faithful kinsfolk—her nurse and the librarian. Ysobel grows to girlhood, living a solitary life in her castle, growing up in an atmosphere of romance, and absorbing the spirit of the wild moorland which forms her playground, while reading with avidity the old legendary chronicles with which the library of the castle is filled. Her nurse tells her how her mother in her last moments seemed mysteriously aware of her dead husband's presence. Something of this eerie sense of presences beyond this world develops in the child. One day, on the fog-covered moors, a strange, ghostly cavalcade passes by—a shadowy band of ancient warriors—among them a child, the daughter of the leader, who remains to play with Ysobel. The child, known as "Wee Brown Elspeth," is one of the White People—those who occasionally come back from the life beyond the grave to the scenes and persons they have loved in their earthly life. These White People are visible only to those who, like Ysobel, are gifted with supernatural vision.

Later, when grown up, Ysobel visits London and meets Hector MacNairn, an author. In him she finds a man who sympathizes with her views, and whom she in time comes to love. He explains her powers by the theory that, as there are tones of music too fine to be registered by the human ear, so also there may be vibrations of light which can be seen only by those possessing vision of unusual character. MacNairn and his mother are beset by The Fear. It is the one thing that casts a shadow over the love that unites mother and son in a bond of exquisite tenderness. The coming of Ysobel, with her wonderful psychic gifts, into their lives brings peace to their minds and sets at rest their forebodings regarding the unknown in death.

The character of Ysobel is one of the most artistic achievements in recent fiction. She is spirituelle, but not beautiful—as the term is generally understood. She is quiet—not a brilliant talker; she is a wistful, thoughtful little creature, always dreaming strange dreams and seeing visions that it is not given to others to see; yet she brings to the man she loves the inspiration of her dreams and the happiness and content with regard to the future life that her visions of the White People have given to her. The climax of their romance is as unusual as it is inspiring and beautiful, and we close the volume with the feeling that here is a book which we will take up and read again—a story of abiding interest, and a theme that transcends the reaches of romance.

In People's Interest.

The Rock Island city commission in withholding from the Burlington Railroad company permission to construct tracks along First avenue from Seventh to Seventeenth streets until there is assurance that there will be a continuation of trackage into the factory district further west, is acting for the best interests of the entire community, and is endeavoring, with every prospect of success, to solve a problem that has been a public bugbear for the past quarter of a century, during which period the territory in question has been at the absolute mercy of a single railway corporation.

It was to break this monopoly that the public belt line was agitated a number of years ago. Interest having been aroused sufficiently in the project to induce subscriptions by citizens to promote the undertaking. Its prosecution involved large expenditures of money, chiefly in the acquiring of frontage titles, and the progress that had been hoped for was not accomplished. In the meantime the Burlington railroad saw an opportunity to gain an opening to coveted territory at the west, and its representatives took up the belt line promotion.

The Burlington has obtained frontage rights on First avenue from Seventeenth street west to Seventh street and is prepared to put down its tracks just as soon as a franchise is granted by the city commission. The attorneys of the Burlington stated at a meeting of the commission Friday that they were reasonably certain that they could get property rights that would permit extension of their tracks from Seventh street into the factory district farther west. The answer of the commission was that when this authority was presented in writing together with an agreement from the Burlington that it would lay tracks beyond Seventh street, the franchise desired on First avenue would be forthcoming.

A railroad's verbal pledge is worth little. It will be recalled that it took the Burlington road 15 years to get around to fulfilling its promise to erect a train shed at its Twentieth street depot. What the industrial interests of Rock Island are demanding are adequate and competitive railroad facilities and a positive and binding assurance to that end.

The Burlington Railroad company, while primarily helping its own business, is offering a welcome relief to the community in starting an opener to the west end factory district. But it can and must go farther than Seventh street, that the entire industrial locality in that part of the city may enjoy the benefits that are bound to accrue from increased railroad accommodations. Furthermore, the Burlington should not be given a franchise until there is a written contract secured by the city to the effect that any other railroad entering the city may use the Burlington tracks to the west end of the city on reasonable terms of payment, these to be determined on a basis fair both to the Burlington and the other lines wishing to haul cars over its tracks.

Canada Plans Raid.

Being short of man power on her farms, Canada is appropriating from $150,000 to $250,000 for a campaign in the United States to draw at least 12,500 men to help with the spring crops and 50,000 for the autumn harvesting. This is the statement of R. K. Bonnell, director general of the Canadian national service.

There is a shortage of labor on the farms of the United States, not enough labor in fact for the planting of this year's crops, but Canada probably will succeed in drawing the thousands she desires to her aid.

It is the old story of organized, well planned effort against scattered, disorganized forces.

The American farmer without national organization protecting his interests can have his labor drawn away to the wheat fields of western Canada and then struggle to plow his acres and gather his grain as best he can.

Canada will benefit and America will suffer.

Canada will have larger crops and America smaller.

Canadian railroads will have more freight and American railroads less.

Canadian merchants and manufacturers will have a bigger business and American merchants and manufacturers will not.

-:- America's April -:-

By Mary Aquin

That pure-white coating of the earth's surface in this locality Saturday night seemed an especially appropriate Easter eve'n setting, for rarely has the beautiful snow fallen more charitably over the bleak and ugly deadness of these days when spring is oh so near but not within sight.

Everything indoors and out has had that dishabille appearance that drives housekeepers to tearing down curtains and overturning cellars. Something must be done. We grow impatient at delay, forgetting that one bursting day full of just the right degree of warmth will greenery in less say we than two weeks, all the emptiness of winter's quarters.

Often we are given to envy those sojourners and residenters in climates where no unwelcome guest with chilly freezing blast occupies nigh onto six months worry in fuel and food and all the flannelette accompaniments of winter as the middle west, most of all, experiences it. Along about March 15 we grow extremely misanthrope.

And then, when we feel we can't stand another day of ashen gloom, there springs eternal this time of year when the sun-lit banks along the river show the first tone of a delicate emerald green, when timid shoots of bleedingheart cling close together as they rise for peep at the sky's blueness, when pussy-willow branches feather in creamy-white downiness, when robins and water wrens in couples are out looking over bungalows and summer camps or palatial residences, as tastes go, we begin to wonder if it is not a blessed revival we are privileged to undergo each spring, instead of the discomfort and despair we rave about.

Would we not grow flat-eyeballed if for no season the wonders of a handful of April-dewed, sun-kissed earth were withheld from our surfeited gaze? Are we not, too, constituted to be as diversified and changing as the seasons with which nature has blessed this section of the fertile western hemisphere? Do we grow too used to beauty to seek anew the violets' haunts, the fronds of young ferns, turn over the rock that shelters a latent beetle, do a little hilltop investigation and catch the unfoliaged sweep of wind across the juncture of our river-threaded fields? Have we grown so jaundiced in spirit that liver will not loosen at sight of the Master Workman molding the earth anew? The greatest artist at work coloring the sky, the plasterer troweling the ground into neat sections of further abundance, the April garbage-man, Pluvius, sweeping with drenching fury the debris off roof and curb and hillside and valley.

If we feel no urge to take to the pike, feel no stretch of lung expansion these days of spring in Arcady, then, indeed, we do not have to question friend or Sunday supplement as to our age. We are old, undeniably so, when blood fails to leap at the Easter burst of the only season of the year that sends beauty ahead of usefulness to remind us that love, sweetness, odor, exaltation of spirit are the first essentials of life.

It was in Italy that Browning was marooned when he penned those lines, "Home Thoughts from Abroad," and we think we in our little patch of world so far apart know too what he meant and how his heart yearned as he cried

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elmbole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

Superfluous Hair.

The skin of a woman's face is naturally covered with fine downy hair. At about the age of fifteen she generally discovers this and worries about it.

There is no known way to destroy the growth of hair, excepting the electric needle (electrolysis) and, in certain cases, the X-ray, in skilled hands. All depilatories which are applied in the form of a paste or wash merely dissolve the hair on the surface, but of course do not destroy the hair roots, so that the hair soon grows out as strong or stronger than before.

Barium sulphide is the usual ingredient of the depilatory paste. The powder is mixed with perhaps six times as much starch powder, or zinc oxide powder, or equal quantities of each. When it is desired for use, some of it is moistened and mixed into a thin paste, and smeared over the hair to be dissolved off. It is left till it dries or until a sensation of burning is felt—which will be in ten or twenty minutes usually. It is then washed off with several rinsings of warm water, the skin dried and freely smeared with fresh cold cream or sterile vaseline.

The use of such a depilatory is easier than the use of a razor, but the effect is identical with that of the razor, assuming that no pronounced skin irritation is produced by the chemical.

A safety razor is ideal for removing hair from the armpits or elsewhere. There is no more hygienic objection to the removal of hair from the armpit than there is for stopping excessive perspiration there, provided that the agent employed is not itself poisonous or irritating.

Electrolysis is tedious, demands patience on the part of operator and patient, and a good light. From thirty to sixty hairs may be removed at a sitting every few days. But not every hair removed is destroyed, sometimes the hair follicle or root is not reached by the needle, and the hair will eventually grow again though most of the hairs removed are destroyed for keeps. It takes an hour to remove forty hairs—so it is obviously tedious. There is not any pain worth mentioning but only slight smarting from the needle and the very slight galvanic current employed.

The cause or causes of superfluous hair are unknown, and it is idle to indulge in speculation about it. Leave the hair alone, shave it off, dissolve it off with a depilatory chemical, or have it removed by electrolysis.

Questions and Answers.

Mean Thing.

I have doctored with several doctors but failed to get any relief. My tongue is coated, I have gas and a general run down condition. What shall I do? A. C. S.

Answer.—Dissolve the partnership with the several doctors and consult one of them as a patient. My dear friend, I should gladly help you if I could but a coated tongue, gas, and a R. D. C. might mean a hundred different troubles, so how can I advise you by mail? Your physician must examine you.

Nameless Gentleman Takes an Ear Bath.

It is a poor rule than won't work both ways, writes a nameless gentleman. If a hot mustard foot bath is a good thing for an ear ache, as you claim, how about a hot mustard ear bath for a bad case of toe ache?

Answer.—It would certainly be effective in one with ears as long as yours. In the statement you refer to well established medical proof was given.

Why Remove Adenoids?

Our little girl, aged four in June, has adenoids which a specialist says should be removed. She is very bright and attractive and has no noticeable effects from them, excepting a little stiffness at night when she has a cold. At such times she snores. Would you advise having the operation in such a case or would it be better to wait till she is older?

Answer.—If any operation is to be done, don't wait. From you description I see no reason for an operation. If every child with adenoid tissue were operated on, 100 per cent of children would require the operation. If nasal breathing is the rule when the little girl has no coryza and if no evidences of deafness or ear trouble are present, why have any operation? The open air should be sufficient.

By Other Editors

Usefulness of Canals.

It was announced the other day that the German reichstag was about to vote $132,000,000 for a canal between the Marne and the Danube. Bavaria has already prepared a bill for raising its share of the cost. The canal will be 440 miles long, 120 feet wide, 11 feet deep, and will take vessels of 200 tons. At the Danube there will be a great power house for electric haulage.

During the war Germany has given the world an impressive lesson on the value of inland waterways. By giving them the slow freight the railroads are kept free for passenger and express service. The recent congestion was due to remarkable cold weather which closed the canal, an unusual occurrence.

Since the war began France has built and opened a canal from Marseilles to Lyons and is using it to great advantage.

While Germany and France in Europe and some of the states in this country are constructing canals for heavy freight transportation and for relieving the railroads of congestion, the state of Illinois is neglecting its lake to the gulf waterway project, which the Forty-ninth general assembly provided should be made available and effective by the construction of the link between Joliet and Utica on the Illinois river. Governor Dunne's plan for this canal was approved by the commercial, agricultural and industrial interests of Illinois. Feeling that this canal would be of great advantage to the people of Illinois, it was endorsed by all the commercial organizations of the state, by nearly all the newspapers and by civil engineers of the highest character for skill and efficiency in their profession. All that is needed is for the state government to ask the secretary of war to grant the state the privilege of using the Illinois river for extending the canal's usefulness, which it is understood he is willing to grant on reasonable conditions.

But instead of pushing the construction of the work on the lakes to the gulf waterway a movement has been made to abandon the project altogether. A bill has been introduced in the house by Representative Jones of Sangamon county to repeal the law providing for the construction of the canal. Representative Jones states his bill is in the interest of economy. But the State Register, in view of all the facts and conditions that exist, and in view of the certainty that the canal if completed would be of untold value to all the business interests of the people of the state, and of inestimable advantage to the country in case of war, holds that real economy and good business judgment indicates that the state government should at once put itself behind the enterprise and push it to completion. The state of Illinois cannot afford to let the lakes to the gulf waterways be abandoned. The last legislature provided the means for its construction. The organized business and agricultural interests of the state have asked for its construction. The courts have decided that the law providing for its construction is constitutional. The United States government will not stand in the way of its construction. Its abandonment would be a long step backward. It is the duty of the state government to proceed energetically with the work of constructing the canal from Lockport to Utica. —Springfield Register.

Will Pull Together.

(Chicago Herald.)

Zzzz! Two hearts beat as one to the sweet cadence of the dentist's drill. Among the marriage licenses issued to Chicagoans yesterday in Crown Point was one for "Everett U. Williams, 37, dentist, and Florence Keevan, 19, dentist."

Perfectly Neutral.

(Toronto Mail and Express.)

The champion American neutral, according to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, is the editor of a small paper in Kansas, who at the beginning of the war announced that the absurd fracas would never be mentioned in his paper. He has kept his word.

Just So They Do It.

(New Orleans States.)

During the first year of the war our old friend Czar Nick said he would defeat Germany if he had to sacrifice his last mujik, and now it appears that the mujiks are determined to win the war if they have to sacrifice their last czar.

German Strategy.

(Chicago Post.)

Germany's explanation of her Somme withdrawal is "Aha! he fooled you by giving you what you thought you'd have to fight for."

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

IT is said alarm clocks failed to arouse Simon Thompson, a North Dakota farmer, who slept three months in a Chicago hospital. Tuning up a motorcycle beneath his window would have done the business.

WHAT has become of your old-fashioned friend that bragged to you of the number of eggs he consumed on Easter Sunday?

A CITIZEN whose home is on Twenty-third street upon awakening yesterday morning and looking out the window shouted a "Merry Christmas" to the members of his household. The snow had set his memory back a few months.

ARE you worried over the talk of federal confiscation of incomes in excess of $100,000 a year? Neither are we.

COUNT De Beaufort, who ruined the life of an American heiress, her unfortunate experiences terminating in her self-destruction, has been heard from in England, where he has been doing efficient service as a spy. He now proudly proclaims that he has made good his promise to the American people when he blew these shores that he would some day prove to them that a count can be a man in spite of his title. Most of us will disagree with the count that he has yet proved up, for we never yet have heard of anybody speaking of a man and a spy in the same breath.

HUNDREDS of Chicago young men have been married in the past few days to escape possible draft into the war. "Just like stepping from the frying pan into the fire," observed Gus, the Grouch.

SOME men wear large glasses doubtless because they feel that they need them, while others seem to affect them as a disguise.

Magill's New Society.

Lawrence Magill, former Rock Island county prosecutor, now a resident of Chicago, was buzzing about in these parts last week, partly on legal business and incidentally sizing up the field as a possible home for a branch of a new and rapidly growing fraternal organization of which he has the honor of being the first high mogul. Mr. Magill was averse to discussing the virtues of his clan, claiming that it differs from ordinary fraternities in that it does not beat the bushes in quest of candidates. He says one must seek for admission, and must establish his worthiness before he is accepted within the fold of the brotherhood.

"You may appreciate the high purpose of our society," Mr. Magill said, "when one has received both barrels of our initiatory program he foremost aviators. I might add that when one has received all the barrels of our initiatory program he is is prepared to meet anybody from a gunman to St. Peter with equal confidence. He is equipped for the test, no matter its severity. He is the embodiment of life's fulfillment, spiritually, patriotically, mentally, physically and financially. What more could one wish for? Of course few are chosen. The dues? That's a detail we decline to discuss. Of things materialistic we do not concern ourselves. After one has become a full-fledged member he does not care what it costs him. He is so self-satisfied that he willingly would turn over all his earthly possessions if he thought that by so doing he would let a little sunshine into the domes of others who might not be enjoying the benefits that had been realized by him. Thus you can see that, while the same advantages are within reach of all those who are admitted, not all profit to the full extent attainable in the scope of our mysterious order. It is largely a state of mind whether one absorbs all that is within mental grasp. The bonehead, naturally, is slower of conception than is the high brow. His skull is thicker and necessarily the light does not seep through as quickly as it does in the case of his more intellectual brother. However, all are on an equality socially. There are no barriers, imaginary or otherwise. Everybody stands on the ground floor. In fact the first article of our constitution provides that no assemblage of our order should ever be held on the second floor or a floor above that height, for the reason that in the excitement that accompanies the first thrills of joy that come to the initiate he has been known to be uncontrollably possessed of a desire to fly. With a window conveniently open you can imagine what might happen to a delirious brother if he felt a call heavenward. He would light on the bricks and our society would have a damage suit to meet. No, we do not have any goat-riding. We have eliminated the goat owing to the high cost of mutton. There is another objection to the goat. He wears whiskers and whiskers are tabooed in our noble order owing to fire insurance restrictions."

The name of the society with which Mr. Magill is so prominently identified is the H. L. E. W. O. M. T. U. F. N.

The Last Resort.

"This cost of living proposition is getting fierce."

"I should say so, but what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I have got it figured out for myself. If it gets to a point where I can't pay for what I need I'm going to the islands."

"Which islands?"

"Why, the Sandwich islands, of course."

IF the federal government should decide to close bars within two miles of the arsenal for the duration of the war we'd still have the chaser, anyway, inasmuch as no emergency has been suggested that would require the drying up of the Mississippi.

FURTHER proving that there is nothing in a name, George Luecke of Moline thought he would escape prosecution for a crime by enlisting in the United States navy. He got as far as Chicago in his ambition to serve his country when the federal officials were made acquainted with his home indiscretions and he was returned here to face the music.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Ho wa Regiment Was Saved—By Richard Mackley.

In a little town near the Russian border Colonel Ullendorf was encamped with his regiment. There was at the time no enemy very near him, and he sent for his daughter Sonia, to come from Moscow to visit him. But the pan-European war was on, and there might be fighting at any moment. So the colonel wrote his daughter to come with as little baggage as possible and be ready to get back at short notice.

When Sonia came she was escorted by Paul Schumsky, a citizen.

"Didn't I write you," said the colonel, "not to bring any useless baggage?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then what did you bring that weakling for?"

"Well, he offered to be my protector, and I"—

"Protector! Do you suppose that whippersnapper could protect anyone? Why, he'd need a nurse himself."

"If he needs one I'll take care of him."

The very next day the colonel's attention was diverted from Schumsky to an attack of the enemy. He had barely time to tell his daughter to get back to Moscow as fast as possible when he was called upon to head his regiment in battle.

The Russian position was on a low ridge that rose above the surrounding country. The Germans straightway began to make a pair of pincers of themselves, their favorite strategy, driving in the Russian flanks. When they had their enemy in the shape of a horseshoe they proceeded to drive in the heels and soon cut off the Russian communications. Colonel Ullendorf, realizing that unless he could be reenforced his command would be captured, was in despair. He sent several officers to the rear to beg for succor, but none of them got through. When he was meditating surrender he was told that a man in citizen's dress had come from the rear and desired to speak with him. Then who should appear but Paul Schumsky, his clothes half torn off his back, dirty, begrimed with powder and bleeding.

"Great Scott!" cried the colonel. "How did you get through?"

"Fought my way."

"With a message?"

"Yes, colonel."

"A promise of re-enforcements?"

"No, colonel."

"Then what in thunder is it?"

"I proposed marriage to your daughter, and she referred me to you."

A group of officers standing about broke into a laugh. The colonel looked as if he didn't know whether to laugh or cut the citizen down with his sword. Presently an idea struck him.

"Since you have come through, maybe you can go back."

"I can try."

"Well, go back and send me re-enforcements. If you succeed you shall have my daughter."

Scarcely had the words been spoken when Schumsky betook himself to the rear so rapidly that it occurred to those viewing him that his legs were a great advantage to him. Being on an eminence, they could see him at a great distance. A German horseman saw him and gave chase. The ground was rough, and Schumsky was a better jumper than the horse. Then he sprinted over a field, rifles popping at him on both sides. He fell, but got up and went on, this time with a limp. Uhlans started for him, but he led them into a strip of timber, emerging on the other side, while they remained in the wood. Again he fell, and when he arose he limped some more. Finally he disappeared from view in the distance and was not seen again. The colonel, who had been watching him through a pair of glasses, lowered them and muttered:

"If he gets us succor he can have Sonia, and I'd give him a dozen other daughters if I had them. Thank heaven, night is coming on! The enemy can't drive us to the wall before morning."

Soon after daylight the sound of firing was heard in the Russian rear, and after awhile a force was seen constituting a wedge that was driving apart the heels of the German horseshoe. The approaching line advanced rapidly, and the colonel, mounting his horse, rode to meet it. There he found the officer in command, who was being piloted by Paul Schumsky. Paul cut a ridiculous figure. He wore a derby hat, a bobtail coat and spats over his shoes.

"I've won her, colonel!" he said enthusiastically, waving his hat.

The colonel gave him a look of mingled admiration, contempt and gratitude.

"Yes, you've won," he said in a snarling tone, "but go and get off that toggery and put yourself into a uniform before I go back on my word."

With that he turned to the officer commanding the reenforcements for consultation. The result was that the Germans were driven off and Colonel Ullendorf's regiment was saved from capture.

Before the colonel would permit the marriage between Schumsky and his daughter Schumsky was forced to enlist and was soon after promoted to a commission. It seems that Sonia, who had been bothered with his begging her to say yes, in order to get rid of him, had told him to go ask her father, never dreaming that he would do so. However, her father would not hear of her going back on her word, and she finally willingly married the man who had saved the regiment.

Day in Davenport

Campaign for Red Cross.—The American Red Cross society will open headquarters in Davenport the first of this week when a campaign for hundreds of members will be immediately started. A petition for authorization to organize a branch in Davenport is today on its way to J. J. O'Connor, director of the central division of the association, Chicago. Mrs. E. C. Roberts, 824 East Locust street—who circulated the paper—expects a favorable reply. Davenport's leading patriotic citizens signed the petition. Charles Grilk is temporary chairman. Great credit is given Mrs. Roberts for her persistent and valuable organization work. She is really responsible for the future existence of an American Red Cross body in this city. Mrs. Roberts will be one of the main workers in the campaign. Already many men and women have signified their intention of joining either for active field service or work at home. Nurses with professional experience are among those who desire active service.

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Drops $40 to Shoplifters.—Shoplifters at work in the M. L. Parker establishment Saturday got away with a handbag containing $40, according to a report made to the police Saturday afternoon by Mrs. L. A. Page of Alexis, Ill. Mrs. Page told the police she laid her bag on the counter and turned away for a moment. When she looked again the bag was gone. The police have made no arrests as yet.

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Purchases Stolen Goods.—Isaac Sanders, one of the proprietors of the Sanders Furniture company, 125 East Second street, was placed under arrest charged with buying 33 suits of men's and boys' clothes stolen from a car enroute to LaCrosse, Wis., recently. The police located the stolen goods in the furniture store. Sanders admitted buying them, and said they had been purchased from a Columbus Junction man. He was later released on bonds of $100. It is claimed that Sanders failed to make a report to the police when he purchased the clothes.

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Steuben Society to Aid.—The Steuben society, which has made thousands of bandages, surgical supplies, and clothes for Teutonic soldiers, has ceased sending relief to Germany and has offered its services to Miss Mabel Boardman of the American Red Cross. Since its organization the Steuben society carried on most active work for the relief of wounded soldiers on the European battlefields. The ladies of the society have been one of the most prolific organizations in this country in the foreign relief work.

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Six Regiments Available Here.—If every man of military age living in Scott county should be called to the colors this county could put approximately six regiments of infantry into the field, according to the 1916 census compiled by the assessors and on file at the county auditor's office. There are 9,164 men in Scott county between the ages of 18 and 45 and capable of military service. Of this number more than 6,000 reside in Davenport. This census was compiled in January, 1916. Figures on the census in January, 1917, will not be available before April 15, or May 1.

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Many Are Marrying.—Mars is joining hands with Cupid and marriage licenses are much in demand. Twelve "joy papers" were issued to as many couples at the office of the Scott county clerk. Whether the declaration of a state of war against Germany coincident with the war department's plan to call unmarried men to the colors first served to stimulate plans is not known, and clerks at the marriage license counter declined to hazard any guesses. While the number of licenses issued is not anywhere near a record for the Scott county office, yet the number is unusually large for this time of year, officials said.

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Gash in Scalp.—Pedro Garcia, a Mexican, was picked up at Second and Perry streets Sunday morning with a bad gash in his head. He was taken to the police station and Dr. E. G. Ficke was called to dress his wounds. Garcia told the police that he was assaulted and struck on the head with a board. He was unable to give the police the name of his assailant. It is believed that the fight took place in Rock Island.

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Get 11 Recruits.—Stimulation of national guard recruiting in Davenport as a result of the declaration of war with Germany, has increased two fold, Lieutenant Truitt stating late Saturday night that 11 men enlisted Saturday.

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Marriage Licenses.—Roy Albert Witt, Minneapolis, Minn., and Dorothy Mildred Zeuch, Davenport; C. M. Zeman, Davenport, and Ella Strohbehn, Davenport; Jake Aschbacker, Davenport, and Sylve Anderson, Davenport; William Helms, Davenport, and Helene F. Plambeck, Davenport; Claude W. Busby, Davenport, and Odette Marguerite Branch, Davenport; Otto J. Behrens, Davenport, and Ethel Howard, Davenport; Clifford Mittelberger, Davenport, and Emma Von Ahnen, Davenport; George Freeman, Davenport, and Althea May Hopkins, Davenport; Theodore Roettgen, Davenport, and Maria Wagner, Davenport; Harry Hansen, Davenport, and Estella U. Nielsen, Davenport; Edward Franke, Rock Island, and Tille Firchammer, Hurican, Wis.; Robert G. Gordon, Davenport, and Lulu E. Graham, Davenport.

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Obituary Record.—The death of Mrs. Phoebe Brown occurred at her home in Bettendorf. Death was due to extreme age. Mrs. Brown was born in Pennsylvania March 23, 1837 and came to what is now Bettendorf in the year 1856. She lived in Bettendorf 61 years. She is one of the oldest settlers in Scott county and was well known in this community. Her life was ideal, always a loving mother that thought of every one but herself. Her death will bring grief to her host of friends.

Edward Berry, aged 78 years, passed away at 11 o'clock Saturday night at the home of his son, Emmett Berry, 1020 Farnam street.

Daily History Class—April 9.

1783—Washington received through the British army lines tidings of a treaty of peace.

1784—George III. of England ratified the first treaty with the United States after its independence.

1865—Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, Va. The prisoners numbered about 8,000 armed men and 20,000 unarmed.

1916—Germans assaulted a thirteen mile front at Verdun, using liquid fire, and captured 500 yards of French trenches.