THE ARGUS

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THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1918.

YOUR RATION

Can you make this *your* honor ration until the food administration asks you to change it?

Meat—1¼ pounds per week.
Fat—1 pound per week.
Sugar—¾ pound per week.
Wheat—As little as possible.

Will you try it?

Work or Serve.

The war department is taking up in earnest the question of putting idlers to work and diverting workers from non-essential to essential lines. Those who have not awakened to their responsibilities and adjusted themselves to war conditions are to be given something stronger than a hint; they must do so now or be drafted into the military service.

Next to the enforcement of the conscription act this is the most radical step that has been taken in connection with our national war effort. It will directly affect the lives of millions of men, and indirectly, of nearly as many women. Men will be called from practically all lines of work that women can do and the latter will fill the vacancies. Industry and commerce will be vitally affected. Amusements will be revolutionized. A new weapon will be placed in the hands of the authorities to combat vice and crime.

The war is now coming home to every one of us, whether we will it or no. As a nation we are compelled to take the same course in regulating our civil life that our allies adopted long ago. They have borne with inconveniences, discomforts and privations. Whatever our sacrifice may be it will still be less than theirs.

We should not complain. We will not complain.

A county judge in Wisconsin required his wife to take before him the oath of allegiance to the United States constitution. The private concessions he probably made before he put on this court scene are not a matter of record.

Former Governor Deneen is not coming out for the Republican nomination for the senate. That leaves it a free pitch-in so far between Medill McCormick and Cowboy Bill Thompson.

The Allies' Handicap.

The Belgian soldiers, whom the tri-cities wish so much to see on their way east, bring home to us the principal reason for the success of the central powers in holding the allies at bay for four years. These men, fighting on the Russian front when the Slav government collapsed, are circling the globe in order to get back to the fighting lines on the western front. They are traveling nearly twenty-four thousand miles and consuming many months in doing so. Through Germany the distance is less than a thousand miles and an equal number of men can be transported from one front to the other in a few days.

Throughout the war the advantage in moving men, munitions and food supplies always has been with the central powers, though in a less marked degree.

If he had not had the advantage of a shorter haul and a better arranged transportation system the boche's hide would have been nailed to the barn door long ago.

Two aerial mail carriers in service between New York, Philadelphia and Washington were caught in electrical storms. One turned back, but the other fought through to his destination. This probably is a better showing than the railroad or steamboat would have made under similar circumstances at a corresponding stage of development.

The Case of Officer Miner.

It is greatly to be regretted that there is not better team work in the management of the Rock Island police department. The manner in which the case of Policeman Miner has been handled shows a lack of cooperation between the chief of police and the commissioner of public safety which is utterly inconsistent with efficient administration.

It was not the business of the newspapers to try Policeman Miner. However, he has now been adjudged guilty of assault and battery committed on the person of Mr. Herrmann, and was fined $50. The trial was before a jury and the fact that it was held outside of Rock Island warrants the presumption that local influences and local prejudices did not materially enter into it. An officer who commits assault and battery is not a safe man to have on the police force, yet Miner continued for three days to wear his uniform and remain on the city payroll.

It was not necessary for the police department to wait for a public trial before acting in this case. There were other ways to get at the truth. Chief Miller took the proper course in suspending the officer pending an investigation. Herrmann's condition when he was brought into the station was ample basis for a suspension order, regardless of other circumstances. Any policeman who presents such a specimen of his handiwork lays himself open to the charge of incompetence. A fair investigation should have been made at once. Instead of conducting one, the commissioner of public safety ordered reinstatement, we are informed. At any rate, Miner, and Miller, who was with him when the assault was committed, remained members of the force, till after the case had been tried in Moline.

Since early in the present administration there have been many evidences of a lack of unity of purpose in the management of the police department. There has been a constant clash between forces that were apparently irreconcilable. The Miner incident is a logical result of such a condition.

The Argus does not presume to say which side has been generally right, or whether either has. Viewed from the standpoint of public service, probably both have been wrong.

When a feud develops in the higher branches of government and efficiency is obviously impaired thereby, usually somebody resigns.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, on trial at Kansas City for disloyalty, is one of those who says this is a "capitalists'" war. She attributes to others the attitude that control of the almighty dollar is the supreme purpose of life, thereby implying personal views of the same nature. Those who say this is a capitalists' war are not safe persons to entrust with power.

America Must Hurry.

Everything which will help impress the American people with the magnitude of the work before them in this war should have the widest publicity. Hence the following statement by Ernest O. McCormick, vice president of the Southern Pacific railroad, made after a visit to the fighting front and just before he sailed for home is reproduced:

The biggest impression I shall carry back to America from war stricken Europe is the immediate need of America knowing the whole truth over here. I will recommend that our government request that a European commission of able men be sent to America at once to tell our people just what the conditions are and what we face in order that America may get down to bed rock and have less claptrap.

I shall go home an optimist, but full of the realization of the herculean task before us. I shall go home and tell America that the trouble is not in the trenches nor on the field of battle, but in the home land's not appreciating what our brave soldiers are facing and doing.

I have been on the British, French and American fronts, and close up to the German line, and nowhere in the whole line is there a pessimistic note. The most encouraging aspect in the allied trenches is the belief that Germany can be defeated. Our men who are doing the fighting have the most superb courage the world ever saw; they are not afraid of anything Germany can bring on. The only big thing we have to fear is lack of cooperation behind the fighting men back home. If we back them up as we should Germany is doomed, and the day is sure to come when militarism and world rule by might will be at an end.

Our people at home cannot understand the terrible sacrifices our allies are making here and when they do and respond militarism will quickly get its death thrust. My message home, after having seen the sacrifices the European nations are making, is to put everything else to one side, whatever the sacrifice, and bring to Europe as quickly as the boats can come the whole resources of the United States.

Tell the United States, for God's sake, to get rid of the claptrap and hurry men, food, guns and airplanes. Germany must be crushed and we can do it if we work quickly.

Our collective effort is merely the sum of our individual effort. Therefore what each one of us does to help carry on the war is of the utmost importance. The fact has been stated many times, in print and verbally. Everyone knows that it is true, but still we are lacking in realization. We still fall a long way short as a people of expressing our convictions in terms of our daily lives, and so the country is unable to make its maximum effort and our allies continue paying for our failure in blood.

Over the cortege which bore Captain Resnati to the grave flew eight of his fellow countrymen in the same sort of an aeroplane with which he fell to his death, dropping red, white and blue flowers. It was a beautifully appropriate tribute. At the same time it impressed the fact that, no matter what befalls, no matter how many go down to death in the cause, the survivors must carry on till the menace of German militarism is blotted out.

Revelations in I. W. W. correspondence made public at the trial in Chicago show more clearly than ever the similarity of the methods the organization has adopted to gain its ends and the system the Germans use in prosecution of the war. The former fell short of the latter in destruction of property and life only in proportion to the limitations of its physical resources.

Iowa is giving Kansas a hard run in the annual tornado tournament.

GERMAN NATIONAL DEPRAVITY SHOWN

Leading Business Men, for Private Gain, Conspired With the Kaiser to Conquer the World.

(From the Manufacturer's Record.)

For its own aggrandizement Germany, after years of preparation, deliberately entered upon a war to conquer the world. Its leading business men were repeatedly called into consultation with the kaiser, and in consideration of the promises made by him and the military leaders of Germany that they would be able to loot the world and enormously enrich themselves if they would uphold the kaiser's proposed war, these men literally sold their souls to the devil, and for personal profit pledged their hearty co-operation in a war which they knew would mean the death of millions of soldiers, in a war which would mean sorrow and woe such as world had never known. They entered into this unholy compact with a distinct promise from the kaiser and the military clique that within one year from the beginning of the war they would be able to reap the enormous profits which were promised to them, and dominate the trade of the world, as Germany proposed to dominate the nations of the earth.

In all human history there is no record so damning and damnable of a nation which definitely committed itself to murder, to outraging, to pilaging, to all the horrors of a world war, for the individual profit of its business men and the aggrandizement of its military power.

This is the blackest story in human history. It indicates a degree of moral depravity of the whole nation which found a fitting expression in the fearful crimes in Belgium and France upon women and children, upon churches and cathedrals, and upon all civilization wherever the accursed army of these free-booters and looters and outrages and would-be world conquerers have marched.

And now that these murderers and outragers and world robbers and looters find themselves balked, and realize that civilization is greater than barbarism, that honor is greater than dishonor, that an enraged and outraged world is making impossible the carrying out of their plans for highway robbery and murder, plans deliberately entered upon after years of study, efforts are being made in many directions, through pro-German activities, and in other disguised ways, to raise the cry of peace; and here and there suggestions are seen that the kaiser was forced into this war by Prussian militarism, hoping in this way to create a sentiment in favor of saving him from the gallows or the firing squad.

It behooves every honest-hearted man and every good woman on the face of the earth to set their faces against this peace propaganda, and to vow before man and heaven that there shall be no talk of peace until the armies of the allies—and this, of course, means our armies with the other allies—have marched through Germany and Austria and by their presence have proved to these nations that right is greater than might; that righteousness is greater than unrighteousness; that the heaven of prosperity based on integrity and honor is better than the hell created by the baseness and the vileness of Germany in which all of its people, from the kaiser to the lowest of its peasants, united for the purpose of looting the world, for their individual enrichment, and the domination of the world under German rule.

Any man in this country, or in that of our allies, who thinks peace on any other terms than the unconditional surrender of Germany and its allies, who thinks peace except on the basis of death to those who have brought this fearful war upon the world, who thinks peace upon any other basis than a penalty through the indemnities imposed upon Germany and its allies which will tax to the utmost of their ability for generations to come, will be a curse to civilization and prove himself to be without moral backbone, without honesty and integrity of character. It matters not where the suggestion of peace without penalty may appear, it matters not in what devious ways it may crop out in church circles, in political circles, in newspapers or in public life—he who yields to the thought of peace, except a peace based upon the righteous destruction of Germany's power, and the righteous punishment of the criminals who have blackened the earth with their crimes, is a weakling, a coward in thought and in act, and is indeed a pro-German, and should be spurned by every man who regards honor and integrity and womanhood.

This country needs now to drive home into every mind in America the conviction that there should be no peace except a peace dictated by America and its allies in Berlin and Vienna and Constantinople; and that this peace shall only be considered when these countries have been beaten to their knees, when they sue for peace on our terms, of the death penalty for the leading criminals and an indemnity in money which to the extent that money can be made to do so will repay to Belgium and France and Servia and Roumania and Italy, all of the wreck and ruin which has been wrought; and which shall repay to England and America the full amount of money expended in putting down these highwaymen, these free-booters, these pirates, these outragers, these would-be world looters, these thieves and scoundrels who have murdered millions, who have sorrowed hundreds of millions merely for their own individual financial profit. By the side of what they have done Germany seems infinitely superior to hell itself in devilitry and to have usurped Satan's power.

Has heaven made peace with hell? If not, then let us not for one moment think of making peace with unpunished, unrepentant and undestroyed Germany.

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

The Irrepressible Child.

All last winter, in a public school ruled by a mollycoddle principal, no open air recess was permitted. The rules of the board of education, however, required morning and afternoon recess indoors, at least, if in the discretion of the principal the weather was "inclement." Any old weather is more or less inclement in the estimation of a mollycoddle, in the winter season. So the indoor recess became a regular habit. The sickness rate was high, of course.

Recess, I suppose, is for the purpose of relaxation. Surely we dare not say it is for the sake of fresh air. It is intended to give the youngsters a chance to relax, which is to say rebound. It removes the children for a brief spell from the stern repression of the schoolroom, to sit still and behave like a grown-up for 90 minutes is a severe strain on the nervous system of a child; the recess is to that child's nervous system what a drink of water is to a thirsty man. Provided it is a real recess.

In the school referred to it was no recess at all. The children were simply marched to the basement and back to their rooms again, and woe to any miscreant who so far forgot the dignity and austerity of childhood as to whisper to a companion on that doleful recess march! Some eagle-eyed teacher was sure to pounce on the unhappy culprit and threaten dire things. That was the kind of recess the children got all winter. And that is the kind of principal and school teacher that ought to be given a good job shoveling coal or raking the fires somewhere far from the schoolroom. Regular old wardens, qualified to guard incorrigibles, but never to teach the irrepressible normal child.

In another public school a supervisor of physical education scowled down any child who dared to laugh above an arbitrary key while playing the supervised games. This born teacher had a peculiar theory that the natural shouting and laughter and activity of children playing a game should be wholly or partly suppressed for the benefit of the nervous system.

Let the child's recess be a respite and not a continuation of the nerve-breaking repression of the schoolroom.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mother vs. Daughter.

I am a girl of 17, and am naturally warm all the time, but mother is cold blooded and so she won't let me change to light underwear now. I just swelter in my heavy winter suits, but mother says it is good for one to perspire freely. Please tell me if mother is right. (One who doesn't enjoy being coddled.)

Answer—Mother means well, but she is wrong. Perspiration induced by play or work is very good for a young lady, but perspiration induced by excessive clothing is good for no one. Mother believes in "taking cold," doesn't she? It is a habit with mothers. If you were our daughter, you would change from light to heavy or heavy to light at your will.

Pulling an Ingrowing Nail.

I have suffered with an ingrowing nail since I was a young girl. Our doctor tells me I should have it frozen and pulled. Is that the only remedy? MRS. P. H. W.

Answer—It is a novel method. Generally ingrowing nail requires operation—removal of a wedge of tissue including some of the nail at the edge. This may be done under local anesthesia except in excitable or "nervous" patients.

The Day in Davenport

Huber to Go to France.—Charles S. Huber, general agent of the Travelers' Accident Insurance company, has been notified of his appointment for Y. M. C. A. war welfare work overseas. He is to report in New York on June 3, ready for embarkation.

—o—

Obituary Record.—The funeral of Mrs. Marie Bowers was held from the home, 1710 West Second street, with services at the St. Mary's church at 9 o'clock. Rev. F. S. Lawler celebrated a requiem high mass and pronounced the burial absolution and officiated at the services at the grave in Cavalry cemetery, Rock Island. The pallbearers were: Charles and Henry Bowers, Edward Stuhr, George Albrandt, John Schaab and John Bancher.

—o—

Start Contract Soon.—Work on the big government contract for 3,000 cars, will be started by the Bettendorf Steel Car company within the next 30 days unless a further delay in the delivery of steel is experienced. At the present time final minor details are being made. According to the plans of the officials of the local concern the work will be started on Aug. 1. Once underway the cars will be turned out with all possible speed. The Bettendorf company was recently awarded the government contract by Director of Railroads McAdoo. Almost three thousand men will be employed at the plant after operations are started.

—o—

Hubby Kidnaps Child.—Because he failed to make good his promise to contribute $2.50 a week toward the support of his wife and child, Robert Stoneking occupies a cell in the county jail at Macomb, Ill., on a charge of wife desertion sworn out in Davenport by Assistant County Attorney Realff Ottesen. Stoneking will be returned to Davenport by Sheriff Henry A. Kuehl to stand trial. Two months ago Stoneking was called into the county attorney's office and threatened with prosecution if he did not support his family. He agreed to turn over the sum of $2.50 a week to his wife. No payments were ever made, according to the story Mrs. Stoneking told the assistant Tuesday. Monday Stoneking visited his wife and child in Davenport and when he took his departure he carried the child away with him. Mrs. Stoneking immediately swore out a warrant for her husband's arrest.

—o—

Endorf Taken to Burlington.—Charles Endorf, former Rock Islander, arrested here Monday afternoon for transporting and selling intoxicating liquor, was taken to Burlington yesterday by United States Deputy Marshal Shephard, City Detective Estes and Officer Sanford. He will stand trial in Burlington. It is understood that he will plead guilty.

—o—

Praise for Teachers.—Prompt and efficient work on the part of school teachers in Iowa in volunteering their services to draft boards put the state in the lead in the task of classifying draft registrants according to occupations. Iowa's showing was reported to the local exemption boards yesterday by Adjutant General Logan along with personal letters thanking the chief occupational registrars and the corps of teachers who assisted them. Vermont won second place, New Hampshire third and Washington fourth. Iowa was first in the number of teachers who volunteered for the work and was the first state to complete the re-classification of the registrants.

—o—

Accident at Carnival.—There was an abundance of excitement at the Great Patterson shows Tuesday night when what might have been a fatal accident was providentially averted at the "Motordrome" where Mlle Loraine, "the girl who dares," and other fearless autoists and motorcyclists ride their machines at breakneck speed on a perpendicular wall. Bobbie Jewell, "Reckless Red Hampton," and another motorcyclist were racing at full speed and while Jewell's machine was at the very top of the wall one of the tires on his machine blew out, precipitating the rider and machine to the bottom. Before Jewell's machine reached the bottom Hampton's machine collided with it, and the third rider also. All three riders and machines were piled in a heap at the bottom of the pit. The crowd looked on awe-stricken, while Mlle Loraine went to the rescue, and assisted the unfortunate riders in getting on their feet. An examination of the riders proved that while all were very badly bruised, not any had broken bones.

The Light in the Clearing

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER I.
(Continued.)

"Don't you say a word about it to Aunt Deel. Don't ever speak o' that miserable melon ag'in to anybody. You scoot around to the barn an' I'll be there in a minute and fix ye up."

He went by the road with the tea and I ran around to the lane and up to the stable. Uncle Peabody met me there in a moment and brought a pail of water and washed my face so that I felt and looked more respectable.

"If Aunt Deel asks ye about them scratches you just tell her that you and Hen had a little disagreement," said my uncle.

She didn't ask me, probably because Uncle Peabody had explained in his own way, and requested her to say nothing.

The worst was over for that day but the Baynes-Wills feud had begun. It led to many a fight in the school yard and on the way home. We were so evenly matched that our quarrel went on for a long time and gathered intensity as it continued.

One day Uncle Peabody had given me an egg and said that there was a chicken in it.

"All ye have to do is to keep it warm an' the chicken will come to life, and when the hen is off the nest some day it will see light through the shell and peck its way out," he explained.

He marked my initials on the egg and put it under a hen and by and by a little chicken came out of the shell. I held it in my palm—a quivering, warm handful of yellow don. Its helplessness appealed to me and I fed and watched it every day. Later my uncle told me that it was a hen chick and would be laying eggs in four months. He added:

"It's the only thing it can do, an' if its let alone it'll be sure to do it. Follows a kind of compass that leads to the nest every time."

This chicken grew into a little spotted hen. She became my sole companion in many a lonely hour when Uncle Peabody had gone to the village or was working in wet ground, or on the hay rack, or the mowing machine where I couldn't be with him. She was an amiable, confiding little hen who put her trust in me and kept it unto the day of her death, which came not until she had reached the full dignity of mature henhood.

She was like many things on the farm—of great but unconsidered beauty. No far-fetched pheasant was half so beautiful as she. I had always treated her with respect, and she would let me come and sit beside her while she rolled in the dust and permit me to stroke her head and examine her wonderful dress of glossy mottled satin. She would spread her glowing sleeves in the sunlike and let me feel their downy lining with my fingers and see how their taut, sung-fitting plumes were set.

I remember a day when she was sitting on her nest with that curious expression in her eyes which seemed to say, "Please don't bother now for this is my busy time." I brought three little kittens from their basket in the wood-shed and put them under her. The kittens felt the warmth of her body and began to mew and stir about. I shall never forget the look of astonishment in the little hen as she slowly rose in her nest and peered beneath her body at the kittens. She looked at me as if to say that she really couldn't be bothered with those furry things any longer—they made her so nervous. She calmly took hold of one of them with her bill and lifted it out of the nest. She continued this process of eviction until they were all removed when she quietly sat down again.

I mention this only to show that the hen and I had come to terms of intimacy and mutual understanding. So when I saw Wills' dog catch and kill her in the field one day, where she was hunting for grasshoppers, I naturally entertained a feeling of resentment. I heard the cries of the hen and ran through the orchard and witnessed the end of the tragedy and more. Away down in the meadow I saw the dog and farther way "the Wills boy," as we then called him, running toward his home. The dog had run away as I approached and when I picked up the lifeless body of my little friend the hills seemed to lift up their heads and fall upon me. Of course that Wills boy had set the dog on her. I shall write no more of that hour of trial. Such little things make history, and it is necessary that the reader should understand me.

One June day of the next summer Uncle Peabody and I, from down in the field, saw a fine carriage drive in at our gate. He stopped and looked intently.

"Jerusalem four-corners!" he exclaimed. "It's Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg."

My heart beat fast at thought of the legendary Dunkelbergs. Uncle looked me over from top to toe. "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Go down to the brook and wash the mud off yer feet an' legs."

I ran for the brook and before I had returned to my uncle I heard the horn blow.

"The Dunkelbergs!—the Dunkelbergs! Come quick!" it seemed to say.

Uncle had tied a red handkerchief around his neck and was readjusting his galluses when I returned. In silence we hurried to the house. As we drew near I heard the voice of Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg and that of another woman quite as strange to my ear—a high-pitched voice of melting amiability. It was the company voice of my Aunt Deel. I had observed just a faint suggestion of it when the neighbor came, or when meeting was over, but I had never before heard the full-fledged angelicity of her company voice. It astonished me and I began to regard her as a very promising old lady. Uncle Peabody, himself, had undergone a change in the presence of the Dunkelbergs. He held his neck straighter and smiled more and spoke with greater deliberation.

Mr. Dunkelberg was a big, broad-shouldered, solemn-looking man. Somehow his face reminded me of a lion's which I had seen in one of my picture books. He had a thick, long, outstanding mustache and side whiskers, and deep-set eyes and heavy eyebrows. He stood for half a moment looking down at me from a great height with his right hand in his pocket. I heard a little jingle of coins down where his hand was. It excited my curiosity. He took a step toward me and I retreated. I feared, a little, this big, lion-like man. My fears left me suddenly when he spoke in a small squeaky voice that reminded me of the chirping of a bird.

"Little boy, come here and I will give you a present," said he.

It reminded me of my disappointment when uncle tried to shoot his gun at a squirrel and only the cap cracked.

I went to him and he laid a silver piece in the palm of my hand. Aunt Deel began to hurry about getting dinner ready while Uncle Peabody and I sat down on the porch with our guests, among whom was a pretty blue-eyed girl of about my own age, with long, golden-brown hair that hung in curls.

"Sally, this is Barton Baynes—can't you shake hands with him?" said Mrs. Dunkelberg.

With a smile the girl came forward and offered me her hand and made a funny bow and said that she was glad to see me. I took her hand awkwardly and made no reply. I had never seen many girls and had no very high opinion of them.

(Continued tomorrow.)

—Buy War Savings Stamps—

HOLD 20 NEGROES.

Rockford, Ill., May 23.—Camp Grant board of investigation has ordered 20 negroes held in the guard house for an attack on Miss Louise Snyder.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

LOVE AND AN UMBRELLA.

By Roy Thurston.

She was a dainty bit of femininity and the casual glance of Walter Brooks appreciated the fact. It was blustery and raining, but grace and beauty appealed to him, especially where their exponent was in distress, and the trim lithe figure ahead of him was having difficulty in holding her poise and braving the tempest.

Suddenly a whirl of the wind tore the umbrella from her frail clasp. It evaded his grasp and went sailing up into the air, came sailing down into the street, and but for his nimbleness it would have been crushed under a speeding automobile.

Miss Effie Dayton with interest and fluttering hope watched the gyrations of umbrella and man. He had rescued the parachute uninjured, and, joining its owner, presented it to her, the courteous and unassuming gentleman complete.

"How shall I thank you!" flashed forth its grateful recipient, and then, hesitatingly: "Will you not share the shelter?"

"You need it most,' responded Brooks, "and I am pretty well deluged already."

"It is quite spacious," observed MissDay ton winningly, "and I fear I am not to be trusted with it in this fierce tempest."

It was cozy, it was heart warming, it stirred Walter quite out of the common to find himself piloting a fair charge who feigned no prudery, but clung gladly to his protecting arm until they reached a side street.

"I live half way down the block," she explained, "and I am Miss Effie Dayton. And the number is 297. I tell you all this because you must keep the umbrella till you reach home, then you may send it to me at your convenience—if there is anything left of it," and she laughed in a free, friendly way that captivated him. She smiled all the way up the house steps and he stood bareheaded and bowing until he had seen her safely beyond the threshold.

A bewitching memory of a charming attractive face got Walter into difficulties. He held the umbrella in his hand dreamily, regardless of maneuvering it, and it turned inside out, the steel ribs snapped and parted.

"Now, what will I have to say!" he reflected. "It comes of borrowing, but what a gracious lender! Of course it's the repair shop now."

He led a lonely life, for he had been in the city less than a month, but the memory of the chance acquaintanceship of the evening seemed to fill the void of his solitariness, somehow. He was glad when he awake in the morning to observe the sky clear blue and the sun shining brightly, as concerned for the comfort of Miss Dayton, as though she were an own sister. On his way to the office he left the umbrella to be mended at a little repair shop. He put on a fresh necktie after supper, and, securing the umbrella, started for the home of its owner. As he reached it, seated on a camp stool on the little porch, was the subject of his interest. She arose with a welcome smile.

"I have brought back the umbrella you so kindly loaned me," said Walter, and she reached through the open doorway and secured a companion camp stool. She listened to his story of the second accident to the umbrella and acted pleased that he lingered. The conversation led to the exchange of mutual information as to their respective work. Effie was a stenographer in the office of a large mercantile house.

Effie thanked him for taking so much trouble about the umbrella. "For it is good as new now," she declared, "and vastly more up-to-date. See, mother, the repairer has substituted one of those tapering sharp-pointed steel tops for the old clumsy one. It would be quite a weapon, Mr. Brooks, in a case of exigency," and they parted in rare pleasant spirits.

Mrs. Dayton had invited Walter to call again, but he was a timid young fellow and a week went by and he put off the call he treasured, fearing an imputation of forwardness or intrusion. Then one day he received a letter. It informed him of an occurrence he had missed in the current public prints. These words were written on a blank card. "I thank you for the armament that put a dreadful enemy to flight." Pinned beneath the brief sentence was a clipping from a newspaper. It told of "the quick wit and bravery of Miss Effie Dayton." Returning from the bank with the pay roll of the establishment where she worked, a footpad had seized the satchel containing it. She had directed the umbrella at his throat, drove him back in pain, and escaped.

Walter felt it quite incumbent upon him now to call upon Miss Dayton. One evening, two months later, a neighbor across the street, an observant old fellow, chuckled serenely as he glanced at the porch of the Dayton home.

It was raining gently and Effie and Walter sat close together, the umbrella over their heads. Suddenly it drooped aside—only for a moment, but long enough to allow the jolly old fellow across the street to see two faces more than close together.

"Such is life!" he chirruped, and then, as though a happy memory of his own earlier life was renewed, he added: "And such is love!"