

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, January 8, 1913.

New Hampshire can now boast of its first democratic governor since 1874.

You cannot send a hog by parcel post unless you cut him up into 11-pound packages.

Somebody should get the hook for that college professor who declares angle worms have reasoning powers.

Having put an end to the last vestige of serfdom, Russia is only held back by an antiquated "nobility" of unpronounceable names.

Criticism of Judge Anderson for the sentences imposed on the labor leaders is not well based. "The certainty of punishment," not its severity," he said truly, "is the important consideration."

State's Attorney Floyd E. Thompson is desirous of the cooperation and assistance of the best legal talent that can be provided in the conduct of his office, but he does not propose to be a figurehead. And he is right.

There should be no backward step in Rock Island street improvements. Had the city hesitated in the past, it would have been lost to all the benefits and advantages of progress. On with the good work wherever needed.

Arthur Burrage Farwell announces he has written Governor Wilson requesting him to exert influence upon Mayor Harrison of Chicago to law and orderize Chicago. Arthur Burrage Farwell apparently doesn't know anything about Woodrow Wilson's capacity for minding his own business.

THE CAR ROUTING PROPOSITION

Commissioner R. R. Reynolds is absolutely correct in maintaining that in the car routing proposition the patrons as well as the interested property holders and merchants should be taken into consideration. This is the same idea that was originally advanced by H. E. Casteel, when, as president of the Rock Island club, he gave his views on a former occasion when the subject was under consideration. Brought down to the final analysis, the whole question may best be solved on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number, and such a solution can only be reached by broad-minded, unselfish action on the part of all interested.

It is a matter that pertains to Rock Island in its entirety and what is best to contribute to the growth of the city as a whole, and the consideration of the people as a whole, should be the sole guiding motive. There is no occasion and no justification for the arraying of one class of property or one class of merchants against another and no present good or lasting benefit can come from such a procedure.

Let us have a big business center as well as a big city—the bigger the better in both respects.

THE LAST '13 YEAR.

In the year 1813 the 13th congress of the United States assembled. That portentous conjunction did not bring evil to the nation in which we are all most interested. It is true that the republic was then in armed strife with Great Britain, but the year witnessed a succession of American triumphs on shore and sea—Commodore Perry's victory was one of them, giving us control of the Great Lakes—which prepared the way for the treaty of Ghent in 1814, and the glorious peace that has now endured for almost a century between the two great English-speaking peoples—may it never be broken or sullied by fault of ours.

James Madison was inaugurated in 1813 for his second term, as Woodrow Wilson will be inaugurated in 1913 for his first term.

Europe was at war. That year saw the inception of the alliance and the mighty operations which resulted in the overthrow of Napoleon. The "battle of the nations" at Leipzig forced old Waterloo and a long period of peace and prosperous development.

In that year Argentina threw off the yoke of Spain and established her independence.

The resources of the printer's art were enriched by the process of stereotyping. There were born that year, among millions of others who exercised more or less influence on the resultant line of human progress, Richard Wagner, Henry Bessemer, David Livingstone, Isaac Pitman, Stephen A. Douglas, Admiral Farragut and John C. Fremont, the pathfinder.

Such is a part of the record of a

thirteen year that did not turn out very badly on the whole for the world we live in. There is going to be a lot happening between now and New Year's day of 1914; and we violate no confidence when we announce that the planet is going to be better off at the end than at the beginning of the 12 month.

ILLINOIS IN THE CABINET.

Word comes from New Jersey that Governor Wilson has a friendly feeling for Illinois, and that the state may be represented in the cabinet if a proper democrat is presented to him.

Illinois has plenty of good democratic material—men of brains and character who would honor their position in the cabinet and serve the country with distinction.

President Cleveland selected one of the ablest chief justices of the supreme court of the United States from Illinois. He appointed a first assistant postmaster general from the state, and he made a special record in that position, established the first rural free delivery in the country in Sangamon county, and acted for the postmaster general in cabinet meetings on many occasions.

President Cleveland also selected a secretary of state from Illinois.

Illinois has furnished presidents and vice presidents, democratic and republican—men who have honored their country.

William J. Bryan, who has led the democratic party for 16 years, although living in Nebraska, is a product of Illinois.

Illinois has many great democrats, some of them not in public life, who have the brains, the character, the wide information in public affairs, the appointment of any of whom to a cabinet position would add strength to President Wilson's administration and make an unsurpassed if not an unequalled record for service in the interests of the common good.

The Argus hopes that President Wilson will select one of these able democratic democrats to be a member of his official family.

OF THE RIGHT METAL.

State's Attorney Floyd E. Thompson demonstrated before the board of supervisors yesterday afternoon that he is of the right metal and calibre. Although young and inexperienced in the office of public prosecutor, he knows the law governing his duties, and he proposes to be guided absolutely by it. Not only willing, but anxious, to have the advice and cooperation of the board of supervisors, and pledging his entire acquiescence in all that the board may desire, he nevertheless does not propose to be run out of office, or be stripped of his rights, or even ignored. He will not consent to be made a mere figurehead in the office to which the people have elected him. He feels that he owes something to the people, to his office, to the law, and, not the least perhaps, to himself. By his calmness in the presence of the board, before whom he had been summoned; by his knowledge of law governing the conduct of his office, by his fair-mindedness, but determination to stand unreservedly on his rights in the premises, he surprised the members of the board, who imagined that in the new state's attorney the people had elected a youth who does not know his business or who may be ignored or displaced without warrant or occasion.

The people feel that the new state's attorney is entitled to a fair show without prejudice, politically or otherwise, and by his course in this procedure he has strengthened public confidence in him.

THE TREATY AND CANAL TOLLS.

The government of the United States bound itself, in the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, to give to all other nations both in peace and in war, exactly the same rights in the use of the Panama canal that it reserves for itself.

When by law adopted several months ago it exempted vessels engaged in the coastwise shipping trade from the payment of tolls and forbade the operation through the canal of railroad owned ships, the British government protested against the discrimination in favor of American coastwise shipping interests, no other nation being permitted to engage in this trade.

The British foreign office raised the point that the law regulating tolls is in conflict with the treaty, and that the exemption of certain vessels from payment of tolls exacted from vessels owned by other nations was discrimination to the prejudice of un-American shipping interests.

The point made by the British is conceded by many American statesmen to be well based, although President Taft takes the view that there is no conflict between the treaty and the law. He is encouraged to say that the thought in the mind of Mr. Hay, who drafted the treaty, and in the minds of the senators who ratified it, was that the United States government was simply guaranteeing in the treaty that there would be no discrimination in favor of or against any foreign power to the profit or prejudice of another foreign power, and that there was no thought that this government was granting the right of any other power to have voice in the conditions governing the operation of the canal where our private interests are concerned.

This condition is a very good afterthought. But it is no more than that. The truth is that this nation bungled in its diplomacy when it gave assent to the treaty as drawn. If now it repents of its bargain rather than nullify it would be better employed in repealing the law exempting American coastwise traffic from payment of canal tolls. This exemption will profit not the country but the coastwise shipping trust.

Domestic Science DEPARTMENT



CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk

ANGEL AND SPONGE CAKES.

There are many housekeepers who can make good cakes with butter and fall utterly with sponge or angel cakes. Their method of making and baking is entirely different, and should be considered separately when studying cake making and baking. While most rich butter cakes are improved by beating, those without shortening are put together with as little beating as possible except eggs and sometimes eggs and sugar.

They are the very easiest cakes to make when one has once learned how to handle this particular batter or dough. They may be made in loaf or layer cakes, or a combination of the yellow and white in layers or as a marble cake, dividing the angel cake dough and adding two or three well beaten yolks.

Remember, all sponge cakes have flour or sugar "cut" or "folded in," and one stroke too much only toughens them.

ANGEL CAKE.

Material—Whites of eggs, one cup; granulated sugar, one and one-half cups; pastry flour, one cup; cream of tartar, one teaspoonful; almond flavoring, one teaspoonful.

Utensils—Large platter, flat wire beater, measuring cup, loaf pan.

Directions—Separate the eggs, measuring the whites in the cup; turn on the platter, sift flour and sugar together three or four times; have the pan and flavoring ready; beat the eggs until very light; add the cream of tartar and beat until stiff. This is all the beating necessary. Now cut and fold in the flour and sugar, and last the flavoring. Bake in an un-buttered pan 50 minutes in a very slow oven. It must raise to its full height before browning. Remove from the oven when done and invert the pan while cooling and let stand until perfectly cold.

LEMON SPONGE CAKE.

Material—Eggs, five; granulated sugar, one and one-fourth cups; pastry flour, one and one-fourth cups; juice and rind of lemon, one.

Utensils—Measuring cup, lemon squeezer, flat wire beater, platter, grater, bowl, cake pan.

Directions—Beat the whites of the eggs on the platter until perfectly dry. Beat the yolks in the bowl very light, and gradually beat in the sugar and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Cut and fold in half the whites, then half the flour, then the remaining whites and flour. Bake in a loaf cake pan in a moderate oven 50 minutes or until done. Be sure to let the cake raise to its full height before browning.

SPONGE SQUARES.

Use the above recipe for any of the small cakes, which are nice used with fruits for dessert.

MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN TO PRESERVE TROPHIES OF YANKEE NAVAL VICTORIES



Mrs. Fowler at work on one of the flags.

Waltham, Mass.—To preserve the trophies of many a hard fought naval victory and to save from destruction by moth and age the stars and stripes that waved over victorious Yankee ships of war, Mrs. Amelia Fowler of Waltham has been selected by the government to supervise the expenditure of \$30,000, recently appropriated by congress for the preservation of the collection of his original battle flags now in storage at the naval academy in Annapolis.

Some of these flags were taken in battle as long as a century ago. Others are of historical value because of the world-famous seafighters over whose battles they waved. All of these, numbering 136, are now almost destroyed by the ravages of time and the inroads of the ubiquitous moth.

In the collection there is the battle flag used as a signal for opening fire at the battle of Lake Erie. Another is a British royal standard, captured at York, Canada, in 1813, by a squadron under Commander Chauncey. The ensign taken on the Alert in 1812 by Captain David Porter is one of the most interesting flags in the collection. Other notable standards that are fast going to rack and rula are the flags flown by the Spanish squadron in the battle of Manila Bay, the flag of the governor-general of the Philippine Islands, taken by Admiral Dewey in 1898, and the ensign hoisted in Japan by Commodore Perry at the time of his interview with the Japanese commissioners at Uraga, in 1854.

The deplorable condition of the old flags was not known until the great wooden boxes in which they are stored was opened in the spring of 1911. It was discovered that, besides the natural decay of age, the moths had gotten in and had eaten many of the flags to shreds. Commander W. C. Cole of the academy immediately began a search for someone who knew how to save the valuable relics in his care. The Smithsonian institute was consulted, but to no purpose.

Then the curator of flags at the Massachusetts state house was asked to offer some suggestion as to the best method of bringing the precious trophies back to a semblance of their former strength and beauty. Former Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., hearing of the urgent need of an expert, at once recommended Mrs. Fowler, and the government requested that she examine the tattered flags and make some

estimate, if possible, of the expense required to place the damaged fabric in such condition that the colors might again be staffed and placed on exhibition.

Although the officers of the naval academy had considered \$3,000 sufficient to perform the task, Mrs. Fowler, after carefully examining each of the 136 flags, fixed the minimum at \$26,000. She based her estimate upon the probable time required by a corps of experienced seamstresses to perform the work under her direction at a daily wage of \$1.28.

Mrs. Fowler insisted that the only method practicable in the restoration of the flags would be that used in the making of the Bayeux tapestries by the Duchesse of Burgundy more than 1,000 years ago. This method is known today by no one but Mrs. Fowler, and it was by this process that she made practically indestructible the many stands of colors that are now shown in the hall of flags in the Massachusetts state house.

The fame of Mrs. Fowler's work hitherto has been confined to Massachusetts, where her skill has made the collection of battle flags at the state house one of the most remarkable of its kind in the world. Originally the work was taken up as a pastime, but her skill could not be long unknown. At first her attention was given entirely to the making of new flags and banners. She has embroidered colors for every state regiment and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, besides many banners for civil bodies. An original sketch has enabled her to place a design on one side of a piece of silk different from the design on the other side. She revived a method of work that was supposed to have been lost.

The flags already made by Mrs. Fowler are embroidered upon white silk imported from France at a cost of \$16 a yard. The embroidery silk was made in the United States especially for the purpose and was subjected to every known test for fast coloring. Military shades have been used. The coat of arms of the state has been followed exactly.

"Oh, Ye of Little Faith!" Anxious Customer—Are you sure that you have that medicine mixed right? Druggist—No, I am not, but I've got it mixed the way the doctor ordered it—Judge's Library.

The ONCOOKER S. F. KISER VANISHED DANGERS



He used to hate the idle rich. And often spoke with dread About the fearful dangers which Were looming up ahead; He saw a time when blood would flow, And anarchy be rife; But that was when his funds were low, He had the luck a year ago To get a wealthy wife.

He used to say the millionaires Were blinded by their greed; He thought the world and its affairs Were managed wrong, indeed; He saw the time when class and mass, Would wage a bloody strife, When chaos would prevail. Alas! Since then a change has come to pass: He has a wealthy wife.

He cannot understand today Why those who toil complain; The ill he feared are cleared away, No signs of strife remain. Content to let things drift along, He lives an easy life, Forgetting, if sometimes the strong Oppress the weak, that it is wrong: He has a wealthy wife.

Financial Genius. "Do you think there is any such thing as financial genius?" "I am sure there is. I know a young man who has it in a marked degree. After he had persuaded the beautiful daughter of one of our most prominent jewelers to become his wife he went around and induced the old man to let her have an engagement ring at the cost price."

"I don't see any indication of remarkable financial genius about that." "Wait. When he and the girl broke their engagement he took the ring back to her father and got him to pay 8 per cent. interest on the money that had been invested."

Her Preference. "After all," said Mrs. Oldcastle, as they were returning from the picture gallery to the drawing room, "I think my preference is for Boticelli."

"Well," replied her hostess, "I can't say that mine is. For me it doesn't seem that there's anything to beat good old-fashioned rawsberry Jam."

Knew the Public. "In this play of yours," the critic col. Janned, "you have violated all the rules governing dramatic art."

"Yes, I know it," replied the playwright. "That must be one of the reasons why it is having such a long run here and drawing better than ever."

Her Reason. "How did you ever happen to call your little daughter Dagmar?" "My wife found after careful inquiry that it was about the only thing we could call the little one without running the risk of naming her after some relative of mine."

B-r-r-r! "I feel a hundred years old this evening," she said. "You don't look it," the other woman replied.

"Thank you." "Not by at least sixty years."

To Be Remembered. "Shakespeare says, in 'Hamlet,' I believe, 'There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.'"

"Yes, but the sparrow doesn't fall because he slips on a banana peel."

Easy. "It is hard," says Colonel Henry Waterson, "to lose the savings of a lifetime."

"We know people who have done it without half trying."

His MSS. Always Comes Back. "I suppose you are writing for posterity?" "No, I seem to be writing merely for the purpose of increasing the postal revenues."

Imitative Host. The trouble with too many people is that they are unwilling to try to do a thing until they have found out that some one else can do it.

Never. Consistency is a jewel on which the customs inspectors never levy duty.

Wanted No Favorites. She—I will have no smoking in this house. Do you understand? He—Yes; please extend this prohibition to the stove.—Baltimore American.

Vessels large may venture more, but little boats should keep near shore.—Franklin.

The Argus Daily Story

A Divorce Case—By Donald Chamberlin.

Copyrighted, 1912, by Associated Literary Bureau.

The first transition that came over Burrage, is "Le kind of man to mistreat a woman?"

"Such is the allegation, your honor." "And who's the plaintiff?" "My client, the plaintiff."

"All right, you shure there ain't no other allegator in the case?" "At this point one of the defendant's particular friends interrupted the dialogue.

"Judge," he said, "I reckon my wife can tell you who's the real allegator behind this case. My wife says she overheard Mrs. Burrage's next door neighbor, Mrs. McGuire, pumpin' fight in'er."

"I object, your honor," interposed the plaintiff's counsel. "This is not only evidence coming through a second person, but is not properly brought forward. It is not yet time for the witnesses for the defense to testify."

"Judge," Mr. Harkness spoke up, "as prosecutor's attorney of this yere town, I want to say—"

"Your honor," Mr. Cartright interposed, "this is not a case requiring a prosecuting attorney. The defendant is entitled to counsel, and if Mr. Harkness represents him he should be heard; otherwise—"

"It don't matter what you call him," interrupted the judge. "He's an officer of this court, and I don't want you to try to run him out by slingin' these law names at him. Cy Harkness, what was you goin' to say?"

"I was goin' to say that as prosecutor's attorney or counsel for the defendant, or whatever I am, I want to object to a citizen of yere town in good standin' like John Burrage, who gives good measure and has never been known to pass a counterfeit bill, been called names even if they be law names by a stranger who has come among us to throw dust in our eyes by his law talk. Ef he's a mind to come down to plain American language and tell us what John Burrage's wife has got ag'in John Burrage let him do it; otherwise let him ever after hold his peace."

"This ain't a weddin', Cy," said one of the jurymen, pulling the speaker's coat aside; "it's a divorce. You got the marriage service in the wrong place."

"Your honor," said the plaintiff's counsel, "we're making no headway with this case. If you will allow me to give you a bit of posting, I would say that in courts of law the plaintiff's testimony is brought forward, then the opposite side is introduced, and the rebuttal!"

"I want you to understand, young man, there'll be no buttin' in yere in this court. You needn't try it neither. But we ain't gettin' no row. There's too much city law in the case. Everybody's talkin' but the pussen as ought to talk. You, Susan Burrage, stand up and tell the court what you got ag'in yer man."

Mrs. Burrage arose. The toothache had subsided, and she was in an excellent humor.

"It is not my intention to put my client on the witness stand," Mr. Cartright interposed.

"Well, it's my intention to put her there," replied the judge, "and if you interfere with any of your law lingo I'll put you out. Now, Susan Burrage, fire away."

"Well, judge, it's this way: My husband comes home when I wasn't feelin' very well, and I sasses him. He didn't sass back, and that made me mad. The most exorcinatin' man is one as won't sass back. Ef he'd stayed a minute longer I'd 'a' thrown a plate at his head. But he got out, and I was tellin' my troubles to my neighbor, Mrs. McGuire—"

"The allegator?" interrupted the judge. "I dunno, Mrs. McGuire, she introduced me to Mr. Cartright to find out what could be done between me and John. The first informanishun he give me was that he wanted a restrainer fee of \$20. Well, I went to John's stockin', where he keeps his money, and got the \$20 and tuk it to the lawyer, and he talked a big streak, and when my tooth stopped achin' I found myself in a divorce suit."

"What?" "What could I do but go on with it or lose my money? If I don't get my divorce I'll be out \$20."

The effect of this evidence on the court and spectators was such that Mr. Cartright turned pale.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "it bein' my duty to instruct you as to the law in this case, I'll tell you that it's all on the side of John Burrage. You got nothin' to do with no divorce. What you got to do is to bring in a verdict returnin' Susan Burrage her \$20 restrainin' fee. Then you want to put the costs on Cartright, with the request that he make himself scarce before sundown tonight with all his law books and sich. This yere town is not to be improved by city law, and we don't want none of it in Harmony."

The judge's instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Cartright was escorted out of town, and John and Susan Burrage went home together, feeling that they had escaped the horrors of a divorce by the skin of their teeth.

John Burrage was much astonished on returning to supper to find his wife gone, the lawyer waiting for him to serve a notice upon him that she had left his bed and board and would sue for a divorce with alimony. He couldn't quite make it out. The disagreement that had bloomed into a divorce case was a mere bagatelle compared with past squabbles that had been weathered without any unpleasant result. But there was the lawyer, and there was the document with red tape and red ink embellishment. The wife was evidently under other influences, and John believed that an attempt on his part to dissuade her from following the course injected into her would be unsuccessful. He therefore decided to let the case go to trial.

Judge Jim Simmons not having a judicial gown did the next best thing to putting one on by wearing his coat and refraining from putting his legs on the table before him. It had been found necessary to appoint some one to counteract the effect of the lawyer, so Cy Harkness had been made prosecuting attorney, with instructions to content himself with protesting his opponent from obstructing justice to horse thieves, but on no account to interfere in any other case. When the court was ready to try the Burrage divorce case the plaintiff's counsel stated her reasons for applying for the separation. He did so in legal phraseology, coinciding with the words, "The said John Burrage, her lawful spouse, had by his cruelty rendered her life miserable and utterly unbearable." While the lawyer was making the statement the judge showed considerable feeling, changing his position in his chair several times. When it was finished he said:

"Young man, do you mean to say that our respected fellow citizen, John Burrage, is 'Le kind of man to mistreat a woman?'"

"Such is the allegation, your honor." "And who's the plaintiff?" "My client, the plaintiff."

"All right, you shure there ain't no other allegator in the case?" "At this point one of the defendant's particular friends interrupted the dialogue.

"Judge," he said, "I reckon my wife can tell you who's the real allegator behind this case. My wife says she overheard Mrs. Burrage's next door neighbor, Mrs. McGuire, pumpin' fight in'er."

"I object, your honor," interposed the plaintiff's counsel. "This is not only evidence coming through a second person, but is not properly brought forward. It is not yet time for the witnesses for the defense to testify."

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"Your honor," Mr. Cartright interposed, "this is not a case requiring a prosecuting attorney. The defendant is entitled to counsel, and if Mr. Harkness represents him he should be heard; otherwise—"

"It don't matter what you call him," interrupted the judge. "He's an officer of this court, and I don't want you to try to run him out by slingin' these law names at him. Cy Harkness, what was you goin' to say?"

"I was goin' to say that as prosecutor's attorney or counsel for the defendant, or whatever I am, I want to object to a citizen of yere town in good standin' like John Burrage, who gives good measure and has never been known to pass a counterfeit bill, been called names even if they be law names by a stranger who has come among us to throw dust in our eyes by his law talk. Ef he's a mind to come down to plain American language and tell us what John Burrage's wife has got ag'in John Burrage let him do it; otherwise let him ever after hold his peace."

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