THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week, by carrier, in Rock Island.

Complaints of delivery service should be made to the circulation department, which should also be notified in every instance where it is desired to have paper discontinued, as carriers have no authority in the premises.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Telephones in all departments: Central Union, West 145, 1145 and 2145.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY 20

Thursday, June 5, 1913.

SO LONG, BILL

The Cincinnati man who has offered $1,000 for a cure for snoring should turn over.

An authoritative definition of what constitutes legitimate lobbying seems now to be in order.

Thinking it over, was any man ever known to get drunk or at least to swear to it, if he did?

Within the past year $13,000 new books were published in the United States, scarcely one of which will be remembered another year.

Colonel Roosevelt's confession that he drank an occasional julep with mint from the White house bed ought to soften the hardest heart in Louisville.

Chicago with two sets of grand juries, two special prosecutors and two judges at odds over the election fraud case, the ensemble should carry the whole matter to the supreme court of horse sense.

Of course, when we refer to the June brides, it is always well to remember that there are also June bridegrooms. They don't amount to much, but they are quite indispensable. And having thus called attention to this important matter, the bridal procession can proceed.

CAPTAIN WHITNEY.

Captain A. J. Whitney, one of the old time steamboat men on the Mississippi and contributory streams, has crossed "the river of life that flows by the Jasper sea" into the unknown country.

The captain was a typical steamboat man of those other days. He had owned and commanded fleets of his own. A familiar boat on the upper Mississippi bears his name. He was known from the source to the mouth of the great father of waters and despite his brusque exterior there beat within a stout and kindly heart.

For many years he had been in port, his health failing, calmly awaiting the signal from the Great Captain.

PIETY AND HAIR.

The cruelest blow that has ever been struck at the front row of the vaudeville is contained in the following letter to a New York paper:

"Worry causes uric acid in the system, which acts upon the roots of the hair, said uric acid being formed principally around the brain tissue when one is depressed or worried. Complacent individuals and those with unruffled spirits always have plenty of hair. Also all who have and always have had deep religious convictions. . . . I would hazard the statement that 99 per cent of the sincere religious leaders have full heads of hair, and I have never seen an old religious missionary who was bald."

In the name of all the bald headed ministers of religion, and all the exemplary bald heads of families whose gravestones testify that they were indulgent husbands and fond fathers, the Philadelphia Record protests against this confusion of hair and halos, this notion that a man is drawn to heaven by capillary attraction, and that sin denudes the skull of its natural protection.

It was to one of the greatest of the Hebrew prophets that 42 bad little children shouted derisively, "Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!" Is Elisha to be branded as a miscreant, whose worry and lack of faith in Divine Providence distilled uric acid around the roots of his hair? There have been times when the saints wore hair shirts, but we should like to know when it was ever recorded that they wore more hair on their heads than sinners. Did not Elisha have "deep religious convictions that we are only responsible for our own motives and acts, while the result lies in the hands of a supreme being, and that whatever the result, it is sure to be the best that can happen to us, and that in the vast eternity that lies beyond we will fully understand what now we cannot comphehend?"

Elisha is not to be brushed aside as a mere exception to a nearly universal rule. Did anybody ever have a finer head of hair than Absalom, the unfilial son, the insurgent subject? Who will look at Elisha and Absalom and pretend that luxuriant locks are a proof of piety?

Nay, we may go beyond individual instances to general propositions. In Leviticus xii, 40, it is stated explicitly:

"And the man whose hair is fallen off his head, he is bald; yet is he clean."

Here is an authoritative definition of baldness and a clear demarcation between baldness and badness. According to holy writ the man whose hair is fallen from his head is bald, but "yet is he clean."

The bald headed man needs no better vindication than that, but the Christian church has always sustained the law of Moses in this respect, and the pictures of its holy men show many of them to have been bald.

Now comes the Quincy Herald to earnestly repudiate the pernicious notion that hyacinthine locks are evidences of a profound religious faith.

ELUSIVE LOBBYISTS.

The first day's senate committee investigation to discover the lobbyists infesting Washington resulted in the unearthing of one lone suspect, a man named McMurray. The second day's testimony was more productive, but the lobby remains well concealed.

It will be remembered that President Wilson declared a few days ago that a brick could not be thrown in Washington in any direction without hitting a lobbyist. What has become of them?

Perhaps the senate committee didn't throw a brick. If so, it is no wonder none was discovered. For lobbyists don't wear labels, but dress like ordinary business men, and conceal their identity by professing to be engaged in one kind or another of very innocent occupations.

It isn't expected that senators and representatives shall be acquainted with lobbyists. That would be a grievous mistake. A member may know Mr. Jones, a respectable constituent, who is at the federal capitol attending to business in the supreme court. He may have met and talked with Jones at one of the hotels, and incidentally sugar, wool or steel may have been mentioned. But Mr. J. is not a lobbyist. Neither are Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, Mr. Johnson—all are respectable attorneys or ex-congressmen, or neighbors attending to some more or less important personal business in Washington. Of course, these are not lobbyists! No senator would suspect Jones or Smith or Brown or Johnson of being interested in sugar, wool, steel or any other tariff protected industry, and whatever remarks may have been made with one or all of them on these subjects were merely friendly opinions, giving their personal reasons for not favoring putting these on the free list.

It would be ungracious to call them lobbyists.

And yet, if the truth was known, Jones, Smith, Brown and Johnson are employed lobbyists, working skillfully to warp the mind of their friend, Senator So-and-so.

The lobbyists are an elusive gentry. Looking from the direction of the White house they can be seen in droves; but by the time a fast taxicab can take one around to the capitol side of the city, they have all disappeared, or have disguised themselves so as to be unrecognizable to senators and representatives.

There are those who doubt the ability, not the desire, of senators to discover lobbyists in any great number, either hovering around the hotels or in the capitol corridors. They are built so as to elude discovery when searched for. When wanted they cannot be found.

When not wanted they are so thick that a brick thrown in any direction is sure to hit one.

There is no doubt that President Wilson spoke by the book in his declaration. There was no serious exaggeration in his statement that a brick could not be thrown in any direction in Washington without hitting a lobbyist. And there is no doubt that the senate committee on its first day's investigation could find only one little lobbyist.

Lobbyists are so elusive! Like the juggler's trick of "now you see it, and now you don't see it," the lobbyist's appearance is a trick in magic that only experts can perform.

WIRE SPARKS.

Lincoln, Neb.—The federal court in Omaha has refused to grant a temporary injunction sought by the Western Union Telegraph company against the operation of the Stebbin bill, passed by the last legislature, fixing a maximum charge of 25 cents for a ten-word message.

Peoria—Seven Industrial Workers of the World, who went on a "hunger strike" in the city jail here and broke up the dishes which were given them, were fined $200 and costs by a jury in the city police court and sent to the workhouse for six months each. They have abandoned the hunger strike.

Los Angeles—Official returns from all but eight precincts yesterday confirmed the election of Police Judge H. P. Rose, independent, as mayor of the city over City Attorney John W. Shenk, municipal conference candidate, by a majority of over 7,000. His election marks the overthrow of the reform organization.

Eau Claire Wis.—Fancying she heard her pet dog whining as if in distress Miss Vera Brooks, prominent in local society, arose from her bed and taking a kerosene lamp went to investigate. As she reached out to unlatch the door the lamp slipped from her hand, exploding when it struck the floor. Her clothes became ignited and she was fatally burned.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—A warrant was issued in justice court here for Warren E. Cottrell, former general secretary of the Young Men's Christian association of Council Bluffs, charging him with attempting to burn the Y. M. C. A. building here.

Henderson, Ky.—A reign of terror is threatened by "night riders" against the tobacco growers of this district. During the last week almost nightly there have been minor depredations by organized bands, and threatening communications from the "riders" have been received by William Elliott, president of the Stemming District Tobacco association, and Leigh Harris, editor of the Henderson Daily Journal.

Weary of Strike; Hangs Himself.

LaCrosse, Wis., June 5.—Weary of a strike on which he has been out for three months, but fearing the odium of deserting his fellow unionists and returning to work, Joseph Chuta, single, a union cooper, hanged himself at his father's house here.

The Genial Cynic

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

A "TWO-SPOT" FOR HONESTY.

"Postal 1462" is the only name he is known by among his fellow messenger boys. That doesn't indicate any very marked individuality.

Nevertheless, "1462" has attained to fame that would add luster to many a proud name. He has shown that mere "1462" may stand for more real character than many a conventional name stands for.

"1462" picked up on the street a bank messenger's wallet containing $40,000 in drafts and so many $100 bills that he didn't have time to count them. He took it to the bank where it belonged, and the president gave him a homily on honesty and an order on the cashier.

"He handed me a lot of fine dope," says 1462, "and when he gave me the paper I t'ought it was all to the good. When I took it to the window a little bloke with whiskers shoves out a two-spot. What d'you t'ink of that for a lemon? Did I take it? Say, I've got more'n that for fetchin' a curb-broker's rubbers. I just t'rows me chest out an' says: 'I can't do it; I t'ink you need the money; keep it and go buy yourself a shave.'"

It is easy for some people to forget, if they ever knew, that one who finds $47,000, with $7,000 of it in currency, and promptly returns it to the owner, is apt to have some fine feeling. Such honesty is not for sale or rent.

CAPITAL COMMENT

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER.
CONGRESSMAN FROM THE FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.
(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., June 3.—Washington is the wealthiest city in the United States—it is also the worst governed. The per capita wealth of the citizens of Washington is about $3,000, in spite of the fact that a full one-third of the population is negroes, most of them wretchedly poor. Even New York, with its horde of millionaires, has a per capita wealth of only $2,000. Washington's per capita wealth is from three to five times that of the smaller industrial cities of the middle west.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Yet these same industrial cities are so far in advance of Washington in municipal government that there is no comparison.

I do not charge graft or inefficiency against Washington's municipal institutions. Simply, the city government is further removed from a sense of the real needs of the real population—which in Washington's case is government clerks and laborers, struggling with a terrible problem of earning a bare living—than that of any other American city.

Let a recent illustration serve to prove the truth of this observation.

Some time ago there was created for Washington a public utilities commission. Great things were predicted for this body. There seemed to be a fertile field for it.

Telephone and electric light rates are sky high. Each year the gas company asphyxiates a score or so of citizens, but nothing is ever done about it. Washington has that city curse, the double street car system—two traction corporations which refuse to exchange transfers and run their cars at all hours of the day just often enough to insure plenty of profitable straphangers.

So the public utilities commission, with a good deal of ponderous importance, took hold of things. And with all of Washington's crying needs confronting it—shades of Tom L. Johnson, Mayor Pingree and other municipal pioneers—what was the first referendum which this enlightened body tackled?

It ordered an investigation of taxicab rates!

The average citizen of Washington rides in a taxicab about once in a lifetime; and yet the rate charged for this ride seemed the burning question of the hour to the public utilities commission. To anyone who knows the burdens which are put upon the poor of Washington by the other public utility corporations, the thing passes the outrageous point—it simply becomes laughable.

But this is only a sample of the way things go in Washington. There is no public spirit. The people are submissive to all slights and insults. For they have no votes in their own government. The municipal government is prescribed for them ready-made by congress.

The people have no votes. Consequently, influence at the capitol is what counts. This influence has in the past been swung by the millionaire population of Washington—the real estate and banking ring, the rich merchants, and the millionaire owners of the insolent public service corporations.

The newspapers are servile to this ruling group. No Washington journal ever raises its voice against any of the glaring abuses to which the population is subjected. Oh, yes, the newspapers carry on their "crusades," but they confine them to safe subjects. If it's a swat-the-fly campaign, or cleaning-up day, or tag day for the boy scouts, the Washington newspapers take it up with great enthusiasm. But they never say anything about 5-cent fares, or universal transfers, or a poisoned gas supply, or extortionate rents.

The millionaires aren't even grateful for this submissiveness. Recently a society undertook a "whirlwind campaign" to raise $300,000 to enlarge a hospital to which poor accident victims are taken. A large clock was placed on a public corner, and it was announced that the big hand must swing around to the $30,000 mark in two weeks.

The campaign "fell down." Any other city with a spark of gumption would have raised the money once it had undertaken the task. But in Washington the millionaires contributed their pitiful $100 apiece, and at the expiration of the two weeks the hand of the clock stood only at $125,000.

Slumming has recently become a fashionable hysteria in Washington. The cleaning up of the slums is an excellent enterprise, but it must be followed up with the providing of places for the poor to go to after they have been driven from their quarters in the alleys. That the alley population will be driven to districts where rents are higher is little concern to the city beautifiers. The working system of the slumming parties is typically Washingtonian. Not one word has been said about the fact that the poor of Washington are charged higher rates of rent than are collected from the inhabitants of any other slum districts of the United States. Washwomen, many of them widows, supporting families of children, are mulcted $15 per month rent by Washington landlords. Moreover, the poor of Washington are subjected to a rental extortion which for refined cruelty has no counterpart in America that I know of. In many slum houses, if the rent is not paid by the fifth day of the month, it goes up a certain percentage. The rent of a $15 house is $17.50 after the fifth of the month.

Of course, nothing is said about rents by the slumming parties. Not in Washington. The whole idea is to make a beautiful city. And Washington is beautiful—beautiful as a tomb enclosing a dead public spirit.

Some day congress is going to enfranchise the citizens of Washington and give them self government. And when that day comes I fancy the public utilities commission will find something more vital to investigate than taxicab rates.

THE COLONEL'S CUNNING GONE

(Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.)

Colonel Roosevelt got a verdict, but it is in the record by the admission of the colonel's witnesses that he has a wine cellar in his home.

The "Roosevelt wine cellar" will have just as important bearing on the political future of Theodore Roosevelt as did the "Fairbanks cocktail" on the political fortunes of the former vice president.

The colonel may feel that a judgment in his favor is a vindication, but it is only technically that. If he read aright the temper of the "drys" he would know that one drink is just as abhorrent to them as a dozen too many.

The colonel's cunning clearly is gone, or he never would have started what is now, apparently finished, far from being ended.

The Onlooker

BY S. E. KISER

The Intricacies of Finance

Finance is something that appears
To be away beyond my ken;
I've studied it for years and years,
In common with my fellow men;
But there are things about it which
Are deeply mystifying yet;
How is it that some men are rich
And at the same time far in debt?

My place in life is rather low,
And I may never cease to strive;
I'm poor, although I do not owe
A cent to any man alive;
The luxuries that come to me
Are very few and very small;
Things may be as they ought to be,
But I can't understand at all.

They say that old man Billingsworth
Owes money almost everywhere;
His people travel o'er the earth;
And never seem to have a care;
With eighty thousand dollars less
Than nothing he is living high,
And looks with splendid haughtiness
Down on such humble ones as I.

He has a long, low, rakish car
In which he proudly rides about;
He smokes a large and good cigar,
And always has his chest pushed out;
The house in which he dwells is grand,
His wife wears gems that cost a pile;
His son has never turned a hand,
His daughters dress in queenly style.

He does not labor day by day,
As I and those around me do;
He's very deep in debt, they say,
And always sinking deeper, too;
Yet, worse than merely penniless,
He shines where I would have no chance;
The simple truth must be, I guess,
That I can't understand finance.

A Tiresome Job.

"Well, this is the first time you've been back to the old town for several years, ain't it?"

"Yes, this is my first visit here since 1907."

"What you doin' up to the city now?"

"I am in the railroad business."

"Railroadin', eh? Brakin' or conductor?"

"No, I am in the office of one of the trunk lines."

"Oh, I see. Gosh, don't you git purty tired sometimes handlin' all them trunks that come into a large city?"

On the Branch Line.

"Father, why do they call this an accommodation train?"

"Because it accommodates every cow that gets on the track by stopping until she is ready to get off."

The Bright Side.

"I can't understand how you ever were able to bring yourself to marry a man who was raised in an orphan asylum. Why, your children never can know who their grandparents were."

"I know, but there is a bright side to it. He will not be wanting to do something for his folks every time we give assistance to any of the members of my family."

She and Revenge.

"Do you know," he said, "that every time I look at you I have thoughts of revenge?"

"Why?" she gasped.

"Because," he answered, "revenge is sweet."

Then she told him she thought tomorrow would be as good a time as any to see papa.

Her Preference.

"I would rather be right than president of this club," exclaimed the long, lean lady with the bearded mole.

"Yes," snapped one of the sisters behind her, "and I guess you'd a good deal rather be married than either."

After which the question before the house was lost in the general confusion.

As to Mills.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, you know."

"Yes. The divorce mill is not one of the mills of the gods."

S. E. Kiser.

A Girls' School.

"We have 500 girls at our school, and today we vote to decide who is the prettiest girl."

"How many votes does it take to elect?"

"The decision usually goes to any girl who can get two votes."—Kansas City Journal.

The Daily Story

The Man Who Felt—By F. A. Mitchel.

Copyrighted, 1913, by Associatel Literary Bureau.

I have never been among mountains without experiencing a sense of the vastness of inorganic things. And we can never contemplate this material immensity without making a step onward, realizing the wider scope of the spiritual. To us living beings soul must always be placed far above matter. Why then should a man, superior to these senseless though awe inspiring mountains, die among them and pass into oblivion while they go on for ages?

The consensus of opinion has always been that he does not. The belief that he mingles in the affairs of beings still in the body has—as a superstition—largely died out, but scientific investigation has taken its place, and research goes on in the supernatural as well as in the natural, though there is probably no dividing line between the two.

The Alps are my favorite mountains, though I do not consider them superior to the Canadian Rockies. But the former are in the center of a civilized continent, while the latter are still solitary and not so easily reached. Mountain climbing has always been a passion with me, and in the Alps one finds every facility for the purpose. Before I was twenty I had stood on the summit of the Jungfrau and a year later made the ascent of the Matterhorn.

My favorite Alpine region was that about Mont Blanc, which I climbed several times and always with the same guide, Otto Marx, though ascents are not usually made without two guides. Marx, though possessing the wiry, close knit build of the typical mountain guide, had a spiritual countenance. He climbed mountains not so much from a love of encountering their dangers as for the contemplation of the splendid scenes to be found among them. He was a silent man, not easily drawn out, but it is my fancy to dive into the inner depths of such persons because I expect to find there treasures not to be found among the more garrulous. So whenever while climbing we reached a convenient spot for resting and looking out upon the broad expanse of mountains and valleys and cliffs, peaks here and there extending far above the clouds, I would begin my pumping.

He told me that he was born among the mountains and he could not believe that he would ever leave them. "All things must have a beginning," he said. "My beginning is in my body. I can only propel myself on my legs, helping myself up steep heights, at times helping with my hands. When I die I shall be free from such contemptible methods. Though we sometimes retrograde, in the main we progress. Man first could only walk on his legs; then he made an animal carry him, and now he goes rapidly by steam. When he dies he makes a much greater advance than from the flesh to the iron horse. Once I have cast off the body I shall not be subject to gravity. I shall pass over this broad valley to yonder mountain by some such means as the electric current. I cannot conceive of the mechanism by which I shall move any more than half a century ago one could conceive of talking to another hundreds of miles away by means of a telephone or of flying among the clouds in an aeroplane. Do you suppose man can make such progress as this, clogged with the body, to accomplish nothing at all when freed from it?"

Sitting there, looking out upon the terrestrial grandeur, I was deeply impressed with his reasoning. I did not stop to inquire whether or not it was logical, and it does not appear to me now to matter whether it was logical or whether it violated every logical principle. There are deductions that only appear to us through the feelings, and this feeling that we shall live again after our present life is perhaps the most important of all such deductions.

Many were the talks in this vein I had with Otto Marx while we were resting above the clouds. When we had descended into the valley he would be again shut up like an oyster. Sometimes when we were alone together in Chamounix I would endeavor to get him to converse on these subjects, but never once succeeded. Sometimes I fancied that he saw these sights of what he would be in the future only from a great height and when inspired by the peaks. And yet this did not destroy his faith in them.

The last climb Otto and I made together we started one morning from Chamounix to ascend the mountain and stopped for the night at the Grand Mulets, the cabin erected for the shelter of climbers. We had our supper before dark and sat looking out over the succession of mountains and gorges and the great ice river pouring with invisible slowness down into the valley. I tried to induce Marx to talk, but failed.

"What is the matter with you, Otto?" I asked.

"Herr," he replied, "I feel something."

"What do you feel?"

"That this trip will be my last up the mountain."

"Nonsense, Otto! You have a fit of blues. Your digestion is bad; your liver is out of order."

"No, herr; I shall not go back to the valley in my body."

Awed by this tone, I was silent. All at once the scene spread out before me seemed terrible as well as grand. As soon as darkness fell I said I would turn in, and, wrapping myself in the blankets, I went to sleep.

The next morning we started at dawn and had no trouble whatever on reaching the summit. In the afternoon we stopped again for the night at the Grand Mulets.

"Otto," I said, "you gave me the dumps last evening talking about your not getting back to the valley. You see that your forebodings were without foundation."

"We are not yet in the valley, herr."

"But we have passed over the greatest danger."

He made no reply to this, and I did not mention the matter again.

The next morning we were descending over a path about a foot wide, on one side of which was a precipice and on the other a slide over slanting snow for hundreds of feet, then a gradual rise. Marx had the lead. Suddenly the snow gave way under my feet, and I fell on the side of the gradual decline. Marx, seeing that the only way to keep us both from going down the decline, threw himself on the other side, the side of the precipice. The rope broke, and I went, sliding with accelerating rapidity, down the ice coated snow.

During that slide I thought only of Marx, who had gone to his death, for there was a chance for me and none for him. Presently I found myself shooting upward, at first as rapidly as I had been shooting downward. I went slower and slower until my momentum ceased altogether. Then, there being nothing to hold on to, I began to descend again. But this time the incline was not so steep, and when I reached the bottom I was able to stop myself.

I made my way down the mountain as best I could. Fortunately the path by which we had been descending crossed the depression in which I found myself a few hundred yards below, and, having once struck it, I found no difficulty in reaching the village. I kept my part of the rope to show that it had been broken as proof that I had not saved myself at my guide's expense.

The tragedy ended my climbing career for years. Indeed, it did not seem to me that I would ever wish to ascend a mountain again. It was not the danger to be encountered, but the death of Otto Marx, who had lost his life in my behalf.

Ten years passed, during which I devoted myself to mercantile pursuits. Then I decided to take a rest in a trip to Europe. It was summer, and Switzerland is the camping ground for tourists in that season. I hesitated about going to the region where I had received my shock, but finally decided to go among the Alps, though not where it had occurred. Instead of Chamounix I went to Interlaken.

Roundabout Interlaken there is fine scenery. There are the Eiger, the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn. There are Lauterbrunnen, Murren and Grindelwald. I stayed awhile in each of these places, combating a desire to go to Chamounix. While at Grindelwald I fell in with a party of Americans who were devoted to climbing. They were composed of both men and women, and, though they made no regular ascents of the larger mountains, they spent much time far up on their sides.

One of their trips was up the Wetterhorn, and I could not resist a temptation to go with them. We had a party of six persons, conducted by two guides, the one in advance and the other in rear. The day was fair when we started, but during the afternoon when we were well up on the side of the mountain it clouded over and began to snow.

A snowstorm on a mountain not only covers the path, concealing pitfalls, but since one can't see about him he can have no idea of direction. Our guides, who were both young and not over-experienced, lost their heads and showed plainly their fear, and they did not know what to do. It snowed incessantly and so thickly that one could not see a dozen feet from him. We stopped where we were, on a ledge, when it began and waited.

We remained there huddled together for three hours. Some of the women, who at first had not appreciated the danger as the men did, were becoming very much frightened. A cold wind was blowing, and exercise for the purpose of keeping warm was impracticable. The snow, instead of abating, was growing thicker. Thinking I might find a less exposed position, I started, walking cautiously, for the purpose. I had not proceeded far when I heard or thought I heard a familiar call:

"Herr!"

Was that Otto Marx's voice? No. Otto was dead. I knew that he was dead.

"Komt."

At the moment I saw something through the flakes just dark enough to distinguish from the snow. It was vibrating like heated air. It moved away from me. I called to the others to come to me, but when they reached the place from which I called I had gone on, but they followed me.

I in the lead, following the shade, we proceeded over freshly fallen snow. I felt no fear as to where I should place my foot—why, I know not. We had proceeded in this way for a short distance when we came to a chalet. As soon as I saw it I lost sight of that which had guided me. In a few moments our party were sheltered and warmed by cheerful flames on a hearth.

June 5 in American History.

1851—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," Harriet Beecher Stowe's anti-slavery novel, began publication as a serial in the National Era at Washington.

1910—William Sydney Porter (O. Henry), story writer, died; born 1867.

Brings the Friends.

"A man never knows how many friends he has until he experiences real sorrow."

"Oh, I don't know! Did you ever have it known that you had shot and brought home a deer?"—Detroit Free Press.