

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1224 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; \$1 per year by mail in advance.

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Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.



Friday, March 27, 1914.

The man with a drag will be it in Rock Island Monday.

When it comes to boosting good roads if A. E. Nissen can't do it is impossible.

Next Monday is good roads day and next Tuesday is the last day of registration. Get 'em both down on your tab.

Another steel magnate has withdrawn from the giant corporation from which he has reaped millions to devote himself to charity. He ought to.

A Chicago jury has just awarded a young woman \$500 in a breach of promise suit in which she sought to recover \$25,000. Couldn't have had the right kind of eyes.

Women assessors in Chicago have been notified that they are not to discuss with others than their supervisors what they see in wealthy homes while on duty. That will probably cause some resignations.

Billy Mason, long numbered among the has-beens in Illinois republican politics, has pulled himself together in an effort to come back. He says he's going after the nomination for the United States senatorship again.

Mr. Taft takes another fall out of Roosevelt in his recall of judges position in the Saturday Evening Post this week. And he does it dignifiedly and without getting all hot up. Brother Taft surely has a lovely disposition.

"I was raised on a ranch and like corned beef and cabbage," Eleanor Gates Tully is quoted as saying in a discussion of a suit for divorce brought by her husband. Now we breathelessly wait to learn what friend husband was hauled up on.

The calamity howlers in congress must have been sorely disappointed when they heard read the full text of Ambassador Paque's recent English speech. It lacked the ammunition they had hoped it contained. Paque is proving himself a real diplomat.

Rockefeller's rocks are causing more trouble. One weighing 250 tons that he is having removed from Long Island to Tarrytown is obstructing the streets of the former village, and the board of trustees has risen up and demanded a bond from John D. against property damage.

SHOW INTEREST IN GOOD ROADS.

Evidence that the people throughout the county are taking more interest in road improvement than ever before is to be seen in the condition of the country highways this spring. Taking advantage of the good weather farmers everywhere are using the drag more generally than ever before and the result is that the country roads were never seen in such good condition in the month of March. In fact, seldom at any time of year have conditions been more favorable for making long drives in the vicinity of Rock Island than they have been during the last two weeks.

This disposition to make use of the drag augurs well for the success of Rock Island's "good roads" day to be observed next Monday. Speakers who will be heard at the Illinois theatre will support the bond project for permanent roads in the county and will tell how these roads should be built. They will not, however, overlook the fact that not all the roads can be made of lasting material at once and will give their ideas on the care of common dirt highways such as most of those in the county will no doubt remain for many years. Not only will the visitors to the city Monday be entertained and those who take part in the dragging contest well rewarded with prizes but the campaign for road education in the county will be materially furthered.

It is true that the date is a trifle unfortunate in that next Monday will be, weather permitting, the day set by many farmers for the beginning of spring work. A number are busy this week sowing oats and others desire to start early next week. It is believed, however, that the program Rock Island will offer will be worth while, even if it is necessary to postpone the beginning of spring work for a day in order to be present.

CRIMINALS IN THE MAKING.

William J. Kelly, undergoing a sentence of 14 years in a Georgia prison, serves to illustrate one of the many

processes by which organized society turns useful men into criminals, and thus courts their life-long hostility and secret warfare. Kelly was a New Brunswick farmer who produced a good crop of vegetables. Had he, his wife and large family been content to consume the products, all would be well with them now, but Kelly drove a load across the imaginary line to sell them. It is not charged that he even tried to beat on top or turned a decaying side down. A customs officer, hiding in the dark by the roadside, sprang out and caught his horse's rein and ordered him off the wagon. The arrogance of constituted authority aroused Kelly's temper, and he made a hostile rush to release the horse. The officer tried to kill him, and fired twice, one bullet lodging in his neck and the other being turned by his belt. Kelly then gave the officer a thrashing, drove back home, had the bullet extracted, and, it is said, neglected to return it to the owner. Kelly suffered for a time from extradition and other legal proceedings, but these died out and the affair was forgotten.

Six years later some men, who by a fatuous moral strabismus are not only able to retain their own self-respect, but regard themselves as useful citizens, devised a scheme to entice Kelly across the imaginary line. This was deemed a meritorious proceeding because Kelly was a criminal there and a good citizen in Canada. The Toronto Globe gives the story of Kelly's experience and adds, "Whether he was enticed across the line or not, he was seized, overpowered, handcuffed and put into a stone and iron cage, where for 14 years he will be deprived of the products of his labor without compensation, and will be subjected to continuous indignities by small minded men in authority. And in the language of the late Boss Tweed, what are you going to do about it?"

TARIFF EFFECTS SHOWN.

In its monograph annual review of the foreign commerce of the United States, just issued, the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, department of commerce states that the striking characteristics of the import trade of the United States in the fiscal year 1913, when compared with the import trade of earlier years, are: First, an increased percentage entering free of duty, and second, an increased percentage imported for use in manufacturing. The percentage of the imports which entered free of duty in 1913 was 54.47, being larger than in any earlier year except 1892 (56.35 per cent) and 1894 (57.98 per cent), the opening and closing years of the brief period in which sugar was admitted free of duty under the act of 1890. The total value of merchandise imported free of duty in the fiscal year 1913 was \$987,500,000 against \$367,200,000 in 1910; and of dutiable \$255,500,000 against \$482,700,000 in 1900, merchandise entering free of duty in 1913 having formed 54.47 per cent of the total imports, against 43.21 per cent in 1900.

Manufacturers' raw materials form a steadily increasing share of the imports, having been, in 1870, but 12.76 per cent; in 1890, 19.74 per cent; in 1890, 21.62 per cent; in 1900, 32.5 per cent, and in 1913, 35 per cent. The growth in importance of manufacturers for further use in manufacturing was relatively less than that of raw materials, since that group formed 12.75 per cent of the imports in 1870 and 19.27 per cent in 1913. Manufacturers' raw materials imported in 1913 aggregated \$635,200,000 against \$276,200,000 in 1900, and manufactures for further use in manufacturing showed, in 1913, a total importation of \$349,400,000, against \$134,200,000 in 1900.

Foodstuffs in a crude condition formed 11.7 per cent of the imports in 1913 and 11.5 per cent in 1900; foodstuffs partly or wholly manufactured, 10.7 per cent in 1913 and 15.7 per cent in 1900; and manufactures ready for consumption, 22.5 per cent of the total in 1913, against 23.9 per cent in 1900. The principal increase in importations of manufacturers' materials occurred in nondutiable articles of which the imports in 1913 were \$509,700,000 against \$210,400,000 in 1900, while dutiable crude materials imported for use in manufacturing in 1913 aggregated \$125,500,000, against \$65,800,000 in 1900. The above figures relate to general imports, those of imports for consumption differing but slightly from general import figures in total and percentages.

Other notable features of the import trade as well as many interesting facts relative to the export trade of the United States in the fiscal year 1913 are discussed in the monograph, copies of which may be procured upon application to the department of commerce.

Formation of Ice.

The cause assigned for the fact that water freezes only for a comparatively small space at the surface of rivers or ponds is thus explained. Scientists authoritatively declare that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees F.—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night, as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom, therefore the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze. At length it is all cooled to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat, therefore it shuts off the freezing air from the body of warmer water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a greatcoat and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness.

Washington—Charges that the American Sugar Refining company for 23 years monopolized the New Orleans sugar market by a "ruthless extermination of competition" and has depressed the price of raw sugar have been presented to President Wilson.

Capital Comment

BY OLYDE H. TAVENNER Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, D. C., March 25.—"If we must have a huge standing army and a big navy—and all the jingoes agree that we must in the interest of the world's peace—then let's put 'em to work."



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

This is the idea of Representative Warren Worth Bailey of Pennsylvania. He has embodied it in a bill which he has introduced in the house. By the terms of this bill the president is authorized and directed to employ the officers and men both of army and navy in the construction of the Alaska railroads, the reclamation of arid lands, the drainage of submerged or swamp lands, the construction of levees or public highways and the improvement of rivers and harbors.

"We have a very large body of trained men who are not earning their salt," said Mr. Bailey in discussing his bill. "Largely speaking the army and navy are a dead weight on the shoulders of the folks in the poor house or in the asylums. They work of course, but unproductively. They consume without contributing to the sum of wealth. And they are made up in large part of the very flower of our young manhood. Officers and men alike are capable of useful work and if they were not engaged in dipping up water and pouring it back they would be occupied in some gainful employment."

"Now why should all these men be carried on the backs of our toilers in mill and mine, in field and forest? Why shouldn't they get down and do

their share of the world's real work? We are about to build railroads in Alaska. Why not set army and navy on this job? I feel certain that there would be fewer desertions from either branch of the service and much less vice among officers and men if they were busy on a job in which genuine results would be shown.

"We are appropriating approximately \$300,000,000 on army and navy this year," Mr. Bailey continued. "That is at least twice what a democratic congress ought to appropriate, but jingoism has possession of congress. And what are we going to get for all this money? Not a blessed thing actually worth while. We shall get perhaps some more battleships and other fighting craft. We shall get some more boys away from gainful occupations into an occupation morally and economically destructive. We shall pave the way for a lengthening pension roll for the future. And that's all. But my proposal shall be adopted—and it is not a fantastic or impossible one—we shall get for a part of it at least some concrete results in the way of railroads in Alaska, reclaimed lands in the arid west, tillable acres in the new submerged sections and improved highways—all without additional taxes.

"For with the potential labor now frittered away in climbing up a ladder and climbing down again turned into the channels of actual production the appropriations for army and navy to this extent will take on the aspect of an investment or pay for services rendered. The work done will be useful instead of useless; it will make for gain rather than for loss; it will imply prosperity instead of pauperism; it will uplift and ennoble instead of tending to undermine and degrade."

"Colonel Goethals has demonstrated what the army can do," the Pennsylvanian added. "If under his direction a canal could be built at Panama, is there any reason to doubt that under like direction railroads can be built in Alaska and rivers and harbors improved here at home?"

New Home for Bureau of Mines

Plans for the proposed \$500,000 experimental station of the United States bureau of mines to be located in Pittsburgh, Pa., have been approved by the commission appointed by congress for that purpose. The federal government now owns the property upon which will be erected a group of buildings, especially designed and adapted for the carrying on of the mine safety work and other investigations in which the bureau of mines is interested.

Congress a year ago, in the public buildings bill authorized a new home for the bureau of mines to cost \$500,000. It is now expected that congress, in its present session will make a specific appropriation so that construction work may begin. It is hoped that contracts may be let by July 1. The director is hopeful that the buildings may be completed in the fall of 1915, when they will be dedicated with suitable ceremony, including a second national mine safety demonstration, similar to that held at Pittsburgh, 1911.

The commission which has approved the plans consists of J. A. Holmes, D. C. Gingman, chief of engineers of the United States army and O. Wenderoth, supervising architect of the treasury. The state of Pennsylvania has appropriated \$25,000 for cooperation in establishing this experimental station and has appointed a state commission consisting of James E. Roderick, chief mine inspector, Dean W. R. Crane, of the mining department, Pennsylvania state college, and W. H. Caverly. This latter commission has tentatively approved the plans.

The buildings which will constitute the experimental station of the bureau will form a part of a most remarkable and unusual group of monumental edifices devoted to educational purposes. On one side the bureau's buildings will face the great group of structures of the Carnegie School of Technology. On another side is the Carnegie Institute, in which are the art gallery, museum and library. Nearby is the imposing pile of buildings of the University of Pittsburgh. Other nearby buildings are the Memorial hall, Pittsburgh Athletic and University clubs and the Hotel Schenley. The site consists of nearly 12 acres of land, part of it on the higher level of the city streets and part of it on the level of the B. & O. railroad, which railroad will furnish adequate facilities for passenger and freight traffic.

The group consists of three main buildings facing Forbes street and the several street car lines from the uptown district. The central building of the group, the mining building, will be three stories in height, flanked by two main buildings, one the mechanical and the other the chemical building.

Buenos Aires—Counting of votes in the election for members of the chamber of deputies of Buenos Aires candidates are leading with three radicals next. The influence of the socialists in the rest of the country is small.



A FAIRY DREAM

ONCE upon a time, some little fairies hid up in a big pine tree. "I'm tired of this cold gray world," said one, "I wish the sun would shine."

And the fairies? They slept and dreamed that the dingy gray world was visited by a wonderful fairy queen, who waved her wand and by her fairy magic, changed the gray to white!



They slept and dreamed that the dingy grey world was visited by a wonderful fairy queen.

up from a long nap and smiled on the fresh white world. Sunbeams danced and frolicked thru the trees and awakened the sleeping fairies who opened their surprised eyes and found their dreams come true!

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The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND

AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE LIVIN'?



Ain't it splendid to be livin' 'long 'bout this time o' year. With the green things peepin' upward and the mornings crisp and clear. With the children's cheeks a-glowin' and the future lookin' bright. And the gladdened roosters crowin' just for fun with all their might!

Ain't it cheerfuller ain't it splendid to get out and whiff the air. When the winter time is ended and there's a beauty every-where. When the buds are busy a-swellin' and the lambs quit froikin' hardly long enough to get their meals!

Ain't it fine to hear the cackle of the hen whose heart is light. And to have the will to tackle any job there is in sight? Ain't it fine to see things growin' just the gladness that it brings? And to feel the warm wind blowin' just the way it used to blow?

Ain't it good to start the furrow and to smell the new-plowed earth, And to hear the blackbirds chatter, huntin' worms for all they're worth? Ain't it good to hear the ringin' of the distant dinner bell. And to hear the robin singin' just to show that all is well?

Ain't it lucky to be livin' when the blossoms brighten things. And you're waitin' for the summer with the gladness that it brings? Ain't it good to see the gleamin' dandelions in the lane; Don't it kind of start you dreamin' the old boyhood dreams again?

CANDID OPINION

The man who is always positive that he is right loses many bets.

Frequently the worm that turns merely gets itself bruised on the other side.

A poor beginning may lead to a good ending, but it is not likely to do so if one has started to tumble downstairs.

A theatrical producer is a man who had a drawing-room on the limited train last week and is sucking an orange in a common coach today.

Some of the college professors are trying to find out whether the Indian has a sense of humor. After they get through with the Indians they ought to examine the people who like popular songs.

For instance. "The sphere," said the philosopher, "is the first principle of nature. The earth is a sphere, the sun, the moon and the stars are spheres. The rain drop is a sphere; nearly all fruits and seeds are spherical, and what is it that a child learns to play with first? A ball. Our eyes are spheres, and our heads, by far the most important parts of us, are round. In fact, there's hardly anything of any importance that isn't round."

"Oh, yes there is," replied the iconoclast. "What, for instance?" "A sirloin steak."

NO WONDER THEY DISAGREED

"What were the grounds on which your wife secured her divorce?" "Incompatibility of temperament."

"Why was it that you couldn't agree?" "She insisted that her former husband was an abler man than I am because he wore smaller shoes and a larger hat than I do."

The Center of Interest.

I never read the sporting sheet. It all is meaningless to me; I do not care which club may beat Or which the tail-end team may be.

The market page I put aside, Stocks may be high or very low; There may be melons to divide. I do not know nor care to know.

I have no wish to read about The work of congress day by day; I never hunt the book news out, Nor pause to read about the play.

I write the letters which you read Signed "Patriot" and "X. Y. Z." I read them only; they, indeed, Alone have interest for me.

Changed Her Mind. "My husband and I were engaged for five years."

"You must be one of those who believe in long engagements."

"No, I did before we were married."

Unsatisfactory. "Pretty severe snowstorm."

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "Just severe enough to make it disagreeable and not severe enough to prevent a man from going to work."

Ancestors Burned. Bacon—He says his ancestors were cremated. Egbert—Why, I thought years?

"It is. His picture gallery, though, was burned up only a month ago."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Daily Story

Trapping a Crook—By Donald Chamberlin. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

It is generally supposed that we detectives have to deal exclusively with low grade criminals. Most of our small robbers are of that sort, but occasionally we run across either a gentleman or one who is very capable of personating a gentleman.

One of the dangers thieves and robbers encounter is being given away by a pal. It is singular how many cases there are of quarrels taken over the division of plunder taken by rascals who work together, and once a break is made among them it widens indefinitely. Revenge is always within reach by informing, though this course is liable to react on the informer.

One morning the mail brought my chief a letter, badly written and misspelled, informing him that Jim McFarland, alias Slippery Jim and several others, would that evening attend as a guest a function to be given by one of the swells of the place, his object being to get away with certain articles of value. No description of Mr. McFarland was given—indeed, no other information than here mentioned. I was directed to examine the police records and the rogues' gallery with a view to discovering a biography or a photograph of the crook. But I found no mention of any such person, so I inferred that if the information received were genuine he must be a newcomer. I believed that it was genuine, for I could not see that anything was to be gained by sending in a false statement. Indeed, it was apparent to me that thieves had fallen out and honest men were likely to get their dues.

I must attend the function, but I must do so either without an invitation or the host must know that I am a detective. To secure admission as a detective would require taking the host into my confidence and as many others as he chose to confide in. These people would all be looking for the crook, and he would be scared away. I preferred to go to the ball myself incognito. Sometimes a guest will be known to the host, but not to the hostess, and vice versa. Therefore a person without an invitation stands a good chance to attend a function without being questioned. On this chance I relied.

I got myself up as immaculately as possible, parting my hair in the middle in order to give me the appearance of a superior gentleman. In the dressing room I made remarks upon the weather to several different men in order to give the impression that I was acquainted with them and went downstairs chatting with a man who seemed not averse to my advances. I refrained from going at once to salute the host and hostess, keeping away from them purposely while they were together so they could not compare notes concerning me.

I had not been long on the main floor when I began to scan the faces for my quarry, though I expected to find him, if at all, upstairs. I made frequent visits to the dressing room and after the guests had ceased to arrive and the upper stories were deserted took the risk of looking into rooms, sometimes opening the doors in order to get an inside view. In one of these explorations I opened the door of a room where a nurse was sitting beside a child in its crib. I apologized for making a mistake and withdrew at once.

Among the guests I noticed one who seemed to be receiving the lion's share of attention. I asked who he was and was informed that he was the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe, a younger son of a British earl. He seemed to be a quiet sort of person, listening to what was said to him rather than talking himself and not flattered by the attention paid him. While observing him I saw a man presented to him—one in fine clothes, but with a very ordinary face. His hair and beard were of a disagreeable shade of red. Edging near enough to hear him speak, I found that his accent was English. What especially struck me was that, while I could not be sure he dropped his b's, the word "have" sounded very like "ave."

While I am never disposed to jump at conclusions, this red headed individual seemed to me to look more out of place than any other of the guests. At any rate, I resolved to keep an eye on him. Considering that all were moving constantly, this was not easy. Some time after I had first noticed him I looked about for him, but did not see him. Thinking that I might catch him upstairs purloining, I went up there. Returning to my expedient of opening doors "by mistake," I turned several knobs. On one of these entrances I was surprised to see the red headed man standing at a dresser. He had divested himself of his dress coat and had put on a sack. At the moment I opened the door, which I did softly, he was looking for something on the dresser. I recognized him by his reflection in the mirror. His eyes being lowered, he was not aware of my presence. Desirous of preserving this advantage over him, I closed the door without making the slightest noise, hurried to a telephone booth, which I had taken pains to locate early in the evening, and called for a couple of men in plain clothes to come to the house at once. They arrived in exactly four minutes. I met them at the door and directed them to wait there till I called for them. Then I sought the host. I found him chatting with the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe and, calling him aside, told him that there was a crook in his house and that I had caught him in a room upstairs and thought it quite probable he was there still. Would he go with me and either confirm or nullify my suspicions by having a look at the man?

He went with me, I calling in the two men at the door, and we all climbed the stairs together. As we reached the landing above the red headed man came out of the room attired in ordinary dress. "Do you know him?" I asked the host. "No, I've been wondering who he is all the evening."

"Have I your permission to arrest him?" "Yes. Can you do it without making a scene?" "Certainly. We'll take him down the back stairway." The man we were talking about seemed unrecalled. At first he seemed disposed to go back into the room from which he had emerged, but reconsidered this move and came on toward me. I looked an order to my men to follow him, and in a jiffy he was hustled to a rear staircase, down it and out through a door. I told the men that I would join them presently at the police station and they must not let him through anything away, especially the bundle he carried under his arm. Then I went down the front stairs with the host. We met the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe at the foot of the stairs. At that moment the man arrested shouted from the rear of the house, "You fools, you've spoiled!" A door was closed, preventing any more from being heard. "What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Radcliffe. "Only a thief in the house being taken to a police station," replied the host. "I'm thankful that his cry was not heard in the rooms."

"Indeed!" said the Englishman. "I've often thought what a fine chance thieves have to come into houses when functions are going on and steal."

"We've got this fellow, anyway. Going so early, Mr. Radcliffe?"

"Yes; I must be going. You Americans have been so kind to me since I came over that I've been kept up late every night since I arrived here. I bid you good night. I've already taken leave of your good wife."

"Good night, Mr. Radcliffe."

The Englishman went on upstairs. I remained with the host for a time to instruct him in what he should do on the morrow in appearing against the thief, telling him that we should probably find the man's bundle filled with stolen goods. I did not hurry because there was no occasion to hurry, as the gentleman with whom I was talking was constantly called upon with "Good night; have enjoyed your hospitality immensely." Finally, having said all I wished to say and apologized for coming without an invitation, I bade him good night myself and went up to the dressing room for my hat and overcoat. Then I left the house for the police station.

I sallied into the station puffing a cigar I had lighted, feeling that I had done a nice bit of work. The prisoner and his captors were waiting for me, as was the sergeant at the desk.

"Are you sure," said the latter, "that you hit the right man?"

"Why do you ask?"

"This man says he's a Scotland Yard detective come over here to take back a British crook wanted for murder."

"That's what I am," said the prisoner. "I'm here to get Edward Ammonson, charged with the killing of 'Edward' Anderson in Lunnon. I 'ad 'im all right, unsuspectin'. I'd put on plain clothes and was goin' down to wait outside for 'im when you busted in and spoiled my game. He've lost 'im now."

It was like being doused with cold water.

"Did you find nothing on him?" I asked.

"Not a thing except an evening suit in the bundle."

"Who was your quarry?" I asked the prisoner.

"The fellow as called 'imself Clifford Radcliffe."

I dashed to the phone, called up my host of the evening and asked if the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe was still there. The reply came back that he had gone, and I was asked if we had found certain missing articles on the man I had arrested.

Then I knew that I had made the blunder of my life. After the arrest of the man who was laying for him the Hon. Mr. Radcliffe had had plenty of time to help himself to anything handy and walk leisurely away. Moreover, the arrest had given him a warning which he would surely heed. Indeed, I had spoiled the game of the man who had come over the water for him. The culprit made his escape and so far as I know has not to this day been taken.

When I reported the result of my exploit to my chief he paid me my salary to date and discharged me. I asked him if he didn't think it quite natural under the circumstances that I should have made the mistake I did. He replied that I was not hired to make mistakes, but to take advantage of the mistakes of other persons.

I was constrained to leave detective work for some time after this episode, but I afterward drifted back to it and when I did adopted for my motto "to do slow." So in the end my mistake was a blessing in disguise, for I now have the reputation of never clapping the bracelets on a person without being sure I'm right.

March 27 in American History.

1830-357 American Indians, including Colonel J. W. Fennin, prisoners of war, were massacred at Goliad, Tex., by Mexican Indians. 1847-Vern Cruz, Mexico, surrendered to the United States army, commanded by General Winfield Scott. 1888-Felix O. C. Darley, noted artist, died; born 1802. 1900-Colonel William Lamb, hero of the Confederate defense of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, in 1865, died; born 1833.

All the news all the time—The Argus.