

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; \$3 per year by mail in advance.

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.

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



Thursday, July 16, 1914.

He who fights and runs away has it on a good many of the candidates who personally filed their own petitions.

Instead of blaming the present state of the market for their securities to over-regulation, the railroads, in view of recent revelations, should be thanking their lucky stars that there are even a few investors left.

It turns out that the stand-pat republicans are also blaming the administration for the failure of the Lorimer-Munday banks. This is stretching the credibility of the public even farther than the aforesaid bankers attempted to stretch their securities.

The decision of Messrs. Jones and Warburg to stay in the fight not for personal reasons but because they feel that they owe it to the president, will convince a good many that they are the right men for the places for which they have been nominated.

The Hammond, Ind., man, who, after falling heir to \$7,000,000, hired five of his friends at \$5,000 a year to help him spend it has indicated an easy way out for the Moline man who is said to have had a million or so of Russian wealth suddenly dumped upon his defenseless head.

Those who have never become reconciled to either the antics or the flavor of the cockroach will join with a vim in the swatting campaign which the department of agriculture is trying to inaugurate against this pestiferous insect on the ground that it is a carrier of cancer infection.

Slowly the dignity of the newspaper photographer is gaining recognition. A few years ago when the Duchess of Marlborough visited the United States an attempt to get a picture of her started a riot. This trip over she obligingly stepped out into the sunlight and posed for the camera man.

While the few beneficiaries of Wall street's manipulations have been squealing and crying "persecution," the many who have been feeding the hopper all these years have not been saying much—but, depend upon it, they will be heard from at the next election and what they have to say will not convey much consolation to the captains of finance, either.

Al Jennings, the reformed bandit, is now running for governor of Oklahoma. The other day, in addressing a crowd at Muskogee, he said: "I have done things as a lawyer I would have been ashamed of in my palmyest bandit days. In fact, I have given up the practice of law that I may lead an honorable life." Of course, Jennings refers to the Oklahoma type of lawyer.

With trouble in Santo Domingo, Haiti, the Central American states and Mexico demanding our attention at the present time, it looks as though the United States would be justified in creating a new cabinet officer at the head of a department of revolutions to put down insurrections among our southern neighbors in much the same manner as paid fire departments of cities fight fires. By imposing a reasonable tax for each revolution nipped in the bud the new department might be made self-sustaining.

The French people have always been known for their thriftiness and the present generation is fully up to its predecessors in this respect. A recent government loan was subscribed \$3 times over and more than \$700,000,000 was paid into the treasury. Seven-eighths of this large sum was paid in actual cash and the other eighth in treasury notes and bonds. The present bond issue surpasses all records and is the best possible proof that the French people have every confidence in their government. The credit of the French nation will not suffer as long as its people continue to show such evidences of thrift as this.

Down in Oklahoma they have inaugurated a custom of having "take it back" days. The mayor of a city or other properly constituted head of local government sets aside one day each year when those with grudges against each other are expected to get together, shake hands and forget their differences. It's a sort of clearing house of personal relations. The suggestion is offered that after the present hostilities among county officers is settled, regardless of the outcome, it would be appropriate for the board of supervisors to designate such

a day for Rock Island county. It would at least be a popular move among the many voters and taxpayers who feel that the show which has been put up for the last year or more has not been worth the price of admission.

MISSISSIPPI AND NILE.

The New York Commercial is authority for the statement that the United States government has retained Sir William Willcocks, the distinguished English engineer, who has performed such wonders with the river Nile, as consulting engineer in the work that is soon to be attempted with the Mississippi river, says the New Orleans States.

Of the success of Sir William Willcocks in Egypt there can be no two opinions. The waters of the Nile have been used for irrigation purposes for many centuries, but experts say that in all the history of that ancient country no system was ever devised equal to that recently installed under the supervision of the English engineer.

The statement that the problems of the Mississippi and the Nile are very much the same will, however, be subject to some dispute. The Mississippi is a much more turbulent stream than the Nile, and that it will prove as amenable to the systems that have worked so well in Egypt is something that remains to be proved.

However this may be, the problem of the Mississippi is one that must be taken up and settled in this country and the sooner the better. The views of Sir William Willcocks are to be reduced to writing after a personal inspection of the Mississippi river and its problems, and the plan he proposes will then be considered by a board of engineers from the United States army.

WILSON AND BUSINESS.

There is no evidence that the president has changed his attitude toward business, as is the gleeful assertion of some of his political opponent. It is business that has changed its attitude toward the president, says the New York World.

Mr. Wilson's attitude toward business was revealed in his speeches as a candidate and as president-elect. It was stated with more precision in his inaugural address and in his remarks to congress on the subjects of tariff reduction and banking and currency reform.

On every occasion the president has informed business very frankly as to the nature of the democratic program, and he has never failed to invite advice, counsel and co-operation. If business from long habit understood this to mean dictation, it has discovered its error.

In this respect the recent visit to the White house of a delegation from the Chicago Association of Commerce is noteworthy. For once, at least, important business men addressed the president intelligently and with self-respect. They asked no favors. They made no absurd plea of poverty and helplessness. They had wise suggestions to offer bearing on constructive legislation and executive policy. They bullied nobody and they tried to flim-flam nobody.

This is exactly in line with the president's attitude from the first. He seeks information and assistance. The Chicago men urged him to push the trade commission and securities bills and to let the Sherman law alone. It was good advice and honest as well. It was precisely what Mr. Wilson has asked from business men and it is what he needs.

There is no mystery as to the president's attitude toward business. The remarkable thing is that business, with all its sagacity, could not perceive earlier that a sincere man charged with solemn duties who asked for counsel could not be bluffed or stampeded in the old disreputable way.

THE CARE OF THE HORSE.

These suggestions for the treatment of working horses in hot weather have been published by the New York Women's League for Animals:

Load lightly and drive slowly. Stop in the shade if possible.

Water your horses as often as possible. So long as a horse is working water in moderate quantities will not hurt him. But let him drink only a few swallows if he is going to stand still.

When he comes in after work sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth, and the dock. Wash his feet, but not his legs. If the thermometer is 75 degrees or higher, wipe him all over with a wet sponge. Use vinegar water if possible. Do not turn the hose on him.

Saturday night give a bran mash cold and add a teaspoonful of salt-peter.

Do not use a horse hat unless it is a canopy-top hat. The ordinary bell shaped hat does more harm than good. It is worse than nothing.

A sponge on top of the head, or over the ears, is good if kept wet. If dry it is worse than nothing. If the horse is overcome by heat get him into the shade, and remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs and give him four ounces of sweet spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water, or give him a pint of coffee, warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water; or, if necessary, chopped ice wrapped in a cloth.

If a horse is off his feed, try him with two quarts of oats mixed with bran and a little water; and add a little salt or sugar. Or give him oatmeal or barley water to drink.

Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of heat or stroke and needs attention at once.

It is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, let him outside. Unless he cools off during the night he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

FACTS ABOUT HUNGARY-AUSTRIA

Austria-Hungary, toward which the eyes of the world are now turned because of the recent assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of the dual monarchy, and his consort, the duchess of Hohenberg, is a land of strange contrast, according to a statement issued by the National Geographic society at Washington, D. C.

"In spite of its important position, both geographically and politically, but few people realize exactly what they mean when they speak of Austria-Hungary, and to many the words Austria and Hungary seem interchangeable terms for the same country," reads the statement. "What, then, is Austria, what is Hungary, and why are they always bracketed together?"

"The Austrian empire is a constitutional monarchy formed of three kingdoms, Bohemia, Galicia and Dalmatia, two archduchies, Upper and Lower Austria, and a collection of duchies, countships and margraves of princely rank; all of them united in the person of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The adjacent and entirely independent Hungary proper, includes Croatia, Slavonia and Transylvania, countries formerly independent, but now, through intermarriage, conquest and inheritance, all possessions of the Apostolic King of Hungary, who happens by a purely historic chance to be also sovereign of the empire of Austria. The possession of a unifying link in the person of their common ruler has led to the Ausgleich, or 'compromise,' whereby the two countries, for mutual convenience, have agreed to join forces in maintaining joint diplomatic and naval and military services. Beyond this the two countries are entirely independent, each having its own constitution, legislature and administration.

"No country in Europe, except only Hungary, contains within its borders so many diverse nations and tongues as the Austrian empire. Each of the three great ethnic streaks of Europe is represented—the Latin, the German and the Slav, with the latter predominating, as to it being 15 out of the 25 million people inhabiting the empire. The Hungarian or more properly, the Magyar, is perhaps the keenest patriot in Europe, and he manifests his enthusiasm by seeking to impose his language and customs upon his Slavonic fellow-citizens with a persistence that neither opposition nor passive resistance can dimish.

"In these lands, so mixed in nationality and language, there is no less a variety of religions; Roman catholics predominate, but Greek orthodox, Uniat Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, Jews and even Armenian Gregorians, are found within their borders. The customs-union between Austria and Hungary has rendered these countries a commercial unit; but, roughly speaking, Hungary is the agricultural and pastoral country, while Austria is industrial. Hungary is also the richest country in Europe in mineral deposits, the range of which is singularly wide. Austria is, after Switzerland, the most mountainous region in Europe, more than four-fifths of her vast territory being over 600 feet above sea level. Mountain climbing is the great national game, like baseball in the United States. Old, young, middle-aged, all take a keen interest in it. Even Emperor Francis Joseph is an enthusiastic mountaineer at more than 80 years of age. In his time he has scaled most of the great peaks of his country.

"Vienna, the imperial city, the capital of Austria, owns her own electric and gas light, street railways and omnibuses, ice manufacturing plants, warehouses, stock yards, brewery, wine cellar, all the pawnshops and even the undertaking establishments. Budapest the capital of Hungary, formerly two cities, Buda and Pest, is Paris, Vienna and London in one, a combination of the gayeties of the capitals of the world, with a little distinctive Hungarian paprika spice thrown in.

"Even in the remotest corners of Austria-Hungary the strong arm of the law is ever present, the river stretches and the back country being policed by heavily armed constabulary."

HYGIENE IN THE DESERT

Our Latter Day Methods Were an Open Book to Masses.

Nothing under the sun is new. Facts have proved that even the pitch which hygiene has reached at the present day was equaled and in many instances excelled under the laws of Moses.

The particular and careful manner in which animals are slaughtered according to the laws of the Talmud is acknowledged today to be the most sanitary method possible.

Professor Koch gave to the world the valuable results of his investigations in bacteriology, but several thousand years before that the Mosaic law pointed out the danger to humanity from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid poultry as food. It was not

many years ago that specialists discovered that fowl tuberculosis was harmless to man.

The yearly exodus to the country and seaside is no new innovation. Moses, the great lawgiver, prescribed not only feasting at certain seasons of the year, but the removal of whole families to great camping grounds in the open spaces, where they could live near to nature.—Pearson's Weekly.

The graveyard of theatrical productions is the storehouse. Alas, many productions find their way to the storehouse when they are only a few weeks old. One New York firm is going to sell at auction costumes and sets of scenery that represent a cost of \$400,000, expended upon hapless ventures in dramas and musical plays.

HEALTH TALKS by William Brady, M.D. Beans as Food.

Our esteemed medical predecessor, Galen, wrote that "beans are harder to digest than other foods and give bad dreams." Galen's wife must have been a bad cook. Or maybe the man was too fond of beans.

When properly prepared and eaten in reasonable quantities, as determined by the individual's relative physical activity, beans are not only digestible but highly nutritious.

Flatulence after eating beans is due to bacterial fermentation in the intestinal tract. The use of catsup or other carminative flavors with the beans tends to prevent discomfort from flatulence. Another way to prevent this gas-formation is by soaking the beans in water containing soda and salt and then par-boiling to render the skins and outer layers more digestible. The entire removal of the skins by sieving is sometimes advisable in cases where beans are apt to disagree.

Economy and Energy in Beans. Baked beans form a prominent part of the dietary of lumbermen in the lumber camps. They furnish a large amount of working energy for a very small cost, as compared with other foods. While persons engaged in active outdoor work can assimilate beans to better advantage than indoor or sedentary workers, still the latter class can and should include beans and peas in the larger as a mere matter of economy.

Ten cents will pay for as much available food in the shape of beans as you can buy for 40 cents in the butcher shop. Beef, however, is more thoroughly assimilated in the process of digestion. But even considering that difference, beans are still the more economical.

It matters very little whether you prefer string beans or dried beans, green peas or canned peas, there is no other variety of food more nutritious cent for cent. Both peas and beans are rich in protein, or vegetable nitrogen, which is quite as suitable for working requirements as is animal nitrogen, or lean beef. Dried peas at 2 cents per pound furnish twice as much energy to the body as wheat flour at the same price.

If you don't know beans you should make it your business to get acquainted with them, no matter how far from Boston you live.

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

Questions and Answers. T. W. K. inquires: Is alcohol or the liquor habit a cause of epileptic fits?

Reply. Alcoholism is considered a very potent factor of epilepsy. Children of parents who have been devoted to the liquor habit are more liable to be epileptics than are children of teetotalers. The New York Medical Journal recently had a report of a group of seven cases of epilepsy in the first born child, the disease in each instance being attributed to a single debauch on the part of the ordinary temperate father. If this was coincidence it was a most remarkable coincidence.

A Reader asks: Will morphine stop any kind of pain? Will it stop sick feeling? What is the effect of its use? What is a safe dose and how often can it be taken? What is the difference between ether and morphine?

Reply. Complete reply will be sent if stamped addressed envelope is furnished. Morphine will stop most any pain or sick or other feeling. The effect of its use frequently is the morphine habit. There is no safe dose except in the hands of a physician. Ether is used by inhalation and is very rapid in effect. These are terribly dangerous drugs to experiment with.

W. C. writes: My wife is 27 years of age and weighs 228 pounds. She is gradually taking on more flesh. She has thought of trying some of the "fat reducing" schemes. Will you state whether there is any virtue in these treatments?

Reply. There is no virtue in the so-called "fat reducers." No one but her personal medical adviser can safely treat her for obesity.

Rex asks: Can a disease of blood or skin that has been inherited or caused through vaccination be cured?

Reply. I know of no disease caused by vaccination. Most inherited blood or skin diseases can be cured or greatly helped by good treatment—not by so-called "blood purifier."

One of the preachers has asked the members of his congregation to bring their canary birds to church. Why not try to save some of the parrots?

"A Harmony of Souls" is the title of the latest picture of Bob Leonard and Lloyd Ingraham. Among the features of this one-act drama is an orchestra of 25 artists. In the story Leonard himself had to direct the orchestra. But Leonard's fine musical training stood him in good stead.

The ONLOOKER BY HENRY HOWLAND A WOMAN'S LOVE



A man prefers the one who makes him laugh; The cares that he must carry through the day Are forgotten or diminished more than half. If there's just a chance to laugh along the way! But woman—ah, God bless her— How her heart does ever leap With love—true love and tender— For the man who makes her weep!

I like the maid who gives me cause to smile, I love the child that gives me little care; Men praise the ones who keep them laughing while They bend beneath the burdens they must bear. But woman—ah, God bless her— Her love is true and deep For the child that brings her sorrow And the man who makes her weep.

Couldn't. Mrs. Walsingham laid aside the magazine which she had been reading, and with a troubled look on her countenance said:

"I have just been reading about Sidney Lanier."

"Have you?" her husband asked. "Who is he?"

"He was a poet. It says in this article that he married in haste and repented at leisure. There is something that worries me."

"Well, what is it?" "You married me in a good deal of haste. Have you repented at leisure?" "It has been impossible for me to do that. I haven't had any leisure since I got married."

Not Always. "A little henpecking," he said, "is good for the average man, but it is foolish for anyone to permit his wife to become possessed of the idea that her word is always law. In my own case, I never—"

"Henry," his wife called, "is it going to be necessary for me to tell you again to wind the clock and go to bed?" "No, dear, I'm going. Good-night, boys."

MUCH ALIKE. "You have just returned from a trip to the West, I believe. Where did you go?"

"Oh, to Vancouver, Seattle, Salt Lake and around that way."

"Stopped at Salt Lake, eh? I'd like to go out there. They say there has been a great change there during the last few years—that the Mormons and Gentiles are very much alike now."

"Yes, I heard of a number of Mormons who had afflictions."

A Poor Memory. "Can you remember the names of all the men who signed the Declaration of Independence?"

"No, my memory for names is very poor. The only three that I can recall are John Hancock, George Washington and Andrew Jackson."

From a Lady Contributor. I wish I were a Hotentot. For though he wears what clothes he's got. He's almost "altogether." And when I take off all I can, I've still got on a coat of tan. And oh! it's such hot weather!

Profits of Poetry. "I know a poet who gets two dollars a line for his work."

"That's nothing. I know a poet who got \$2,000,000 for three or four words. He asked a rich widow to marry him."

The Flitting of Tempus. "Tempus fugit, you know."

"Yes, I met a young woman the other day who said her mother had been one of the members of the original 'Florodora' sextet."

Why Not? One of the preachers has asked the members of his congregation to bring their canary birds to church. Why not try to save some of the parrots?

"A Harmony of Souls" is the title of the latest picture of Bob Leonard and Lloyd Ingraham. Among the features of this one-act drama is an orchestra of 25 artists. In the story Leonard himself had to direct the orchestra. But Leonard's fine musical training stood him in good stead.

The Daily Story

The Spot Down Deep—By Oney Fred Sweet. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

The pair had progressed as far from the depot as the farm implement shop when Burke's tall companion interrupted his reverie caused by the sight of the old town again, the dark hour that lay upon it and the thought of the mission on which he had returned.

"I thought it was more of a place than this," the fellow slurred, "after hearing you tell about it. Why, the train hardly stopped long enough to let us off."

"They're all alike, these tank towns in the corn belt," Burke snarled, staring resentfully about him—"a green depot, a red elevator, a Main street, a church, a schoolhouse, a cemetery and a few houses. And don't let me forget—a bank!"

"At that I have an idea the place seems a little different to you from the others, Burke," the tall man went on. "Just think—this was your world all the time that you were a kid. Every one of these two story buildings must have loomed like a skyscraper then."

"Cut the comedy, Slim," Burke broke in, halting his hurried pace a bit to express himself more forcibly. "It's all familiar enough. These towns around here haven't had a new brick in them these past ten years. And the folks in them are as changeless as that statue of 'Justice' up there on top of the courthouse—unless it is that some of the kids have grown up. And if they've grown up very much they've pulled out like I did."

They had reached the center of the town—a point where the main street intersected with the street leading from the depot. "That's the joint," he said as he threw his thumb over his shoulder toward the brick building on the corner. The tall man turned to scan the tin sign, whose lettering,

"How long you going to stay?" the father inquired at length, pouring his coffee into a saucer.

"Oh, I only 'll be here a day or two," answered Burke. "It's pretty dead here after one is used to Chicago."

"Just a day?" his mother stuttered. "Still traveling for that Chicago house?" the father interrupted to inquire, eyeing his son as he cooled the coffee at his lips. "Times ain't been so very good out here."

"I'm still with them," spat out Burke. "It's been a little dull with us, too, lately, but"—he faltered for an instant—"we're expecting quite a big piece of business out this way soon."

"The plaster on the wall back of you's all healed up now. Do you notice it?" the father went on, pointing to Burke to turn around. "You three boys used to lean back so much when you sat together there on the bench that it was always broke off. There wasn't much use fixing it."

The mother entirely ceased with her pretension at eating and nervously scanned the tablecloth.

"Sometimes," she interposed in an effort to appear unaffected by the reference just made—"sometimes your father goes to the hall door and calls to you all upstairs just as if you were all here yet. He calls each of you separate by name. It's time for school!"

Her attempted laugh with the work fell lame, and to keep brave she started in to clear off the dishes.

Burke sought the lounge in the sitting room, the springs of which had been ruined by his acrobatic stunts years before. He could close his eyes and see every unchanged object in the room—the cheap organ, at which his sister had spent many weary hours in practice; the enlarged crayon portrait of his little brother, who had been taken by diphtheria at the time of their quarantine during the awful cold spell, and his father's war relics and encampment badges.

He had planned to get plenty of sleep, but he was surprised to find it dark when he awoke. The lamp in the kitchen was already lighted, and a dog was barking outside. Rubbing his eyes, Burke avoided his mother, but in the pantry, and found his way into the back yard. He had not counted on the apple tree spreading its branches, but he refrained from cursing when it brushed his face in the path. At the alley he found his partner pacing in impatience.

"It's a fine time to be coming," the waiting man complained sarcastically. "I've been waiting half an hour. What was the matter?"

"I fell asleep," explained Burke, "but I'm awake now—clear awake." He paused a moment before going on. "I'm not in on the deal," he thrust decisively.

His companion's chagrin and surprise could not be concealed even by the darkness. For a moment they stood, two shadowy forms studying each other.

"Now, there's no argument," snapped Burke. "I'm not only not going to put off this job, but I'm out of the game altogether. I'll shake hands 'goodbye' if you want to. I suppose you are disappointed."

Burke caught the tall man's startled reply as he started back for the house.

"Disappointed?" he echoed. "I think the agency will be somewhat better my using up two months' expense money in trying to get evidence on just that would stick."

It had been a long time since Burke had tried the door at home in the early morning hours, but he found no lock to prevent his entrance. And he had increased his ability at stealthiness in the years that he had been gone, so that he was easily able to make his room upstairs without being heard.

It was as if he had been gone but a day—the smoky kerosene lamp on the bureau, the varicolored quilt on the sagging bed. Once, on being half aroused, he expected to hear the rattle of trucks and the yell of a newsboy, but, instead, there came only the caw of a rooster welcoming the dawn.

He surprised his mother when she was at the task of getting dinner as he stalked half dressed through the kitchen on the way to the sink.

"There, now, can't a fellow come home once in a while without there being a fuss?" he complained as the woman gave a little startled cry and moved toward him. "Where's pa?" he inquired, forcing the arms away from about his shoulders. "I'm glad to nearly dinner time—I'm hungry."

"I wasn't counting on you," his mother answered apologetically, wiping the tears from her eyes and starting for the pantry. Burke noticed that she limped in her walk. She had spent his mother had.

The door she opened gave a glimpse of the queer shaped and colored dresses such as he had never seen except at home. They were accompanied by an odor that had been peculiar to them too. His mother came back with one of the biggest jars from the row on the shelf—currant jelly.

Burke was wiping his face on the red bordered towel when his father came in. The old man had his right hand in his hand and slowly removed his shoes black hat before he spoke.

"Well," he said, "you've come home." The removal of the hat showed how white his hair had become, and his face was like it in spite of its contact with sun and wind. He came over to wash his gnarled hands in the same basin with his son.

"I've the garden nearly all in again," he continued finally. "I'm going to put in onions again this year. They take lots of work, but if the season turns out just right they bring more than other stuff."

Burke noticed that the table had been shortened up until the checkered cloth touched the floor on all sides, but the dishes were the same, the food cooked the same.

"How long you going to stay?" the father inquired at length, pouring his coffee into a saucer.

"Oh, I only 'll be here a day or two," answered Burke. "It's pretty dead here after one is used to Chicago."

"Just a day?" his mother stuttered. "Still traveling for that Chicago house?" the father interrupted to inquire, eyeing his son as he cooled the coffee at his lips. "Times ain't been so very good out here."

"I'm still with them," spat out Burke. "It's been a little dull with us, too, lately, but"—he faltered for an instant—"we're expecting quite a big piece of business out this way soon."

"The plaster on the wall back of you's all healed up now. Do you notice it?" the father went on, pointing to Burke to turn around. "You three boys used to lean back so much when you sat together there on the bench that it was always broke off. There wasn't much use fixing it."

The mother entirely ceased with her pretension at eating and nervously scanned the tablecloth.

"Sometimes," she interposed in an effort to appear unaffected by the reference just made—"sometimes your father goes to the hall door and calls to you all upstairs just as if you were all here yet. He calls each of you separate by name. It's time for school!"

Her attempted laugh with the work fell lame, and to keep brave she started in to clear off the dishes.

Burke sought the lounge in the sitting room, the springs of which had been ruined by his acrobatic stunts years before. He could close his eyes and see every unchanged object in the room—the cheap organ, at which his sister had spent many weary hours in practice; the enlarged crayon portrait of his little brother, who had been taken by diphtheria at the time of their quarantine during the awful cold spell, and his father's war relics and encampment badges.

He had planned to get plenty of sleep, but he was surprised to find it dark when he awoke. The lamp in the kitchen was already lighted, and a dog was barking outside. Rubbing his eyes, Burke avoided his mother, but in the pantry, and found his way into the back yard. He had not counted on the apple tree spreading its branches, but he refrained from cursing when it brushed his face in the path. At the alley he found his partner pacing in impatience.

"It's a fine time to be coming," the waiting man complained sarcastically. "I've been waiting half an hour. What was the matter?"

"I fell asleep," explained Burke, "but I'm awake now—clear awake." He paused a moment before going on. "I'm not in on the deal," he thrust decisively.

His companion's chagrin and surprise could not be concealed even by the darkness. For a moment they stood, two shadowy forms studying each other.

"Now, there's no argument," snapped Burke. "I'm not only not going to put off this job, but I'm out of the game altogether. I