

**THE ARGUS.**

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Wednesday, August 26, 1914.

**Tavener Speaks to Democratic Friends**

To the Democratic Voters of the Fourteenth Congressional District.

The indications are now that I will have little opportunity to help myself in the primary campaign. A crisis has arisen such as has never befallen the world before, and the uncertainty as to what may happen next has caused President Wilson, Speaker Clark and Leader Underwood to join in urging all congressmen to remain at their posts of duty at least for the present.

A congressman is a public servant who is paid a salary for his time and services. His duty is to be on the firing line looking out for the welfare of those who pay him for that very thing. If there ever was a time when a congressman ought to be at his post, it is now. I may possibly be kept here until after the date of the primary. However, I am encouraged by the knowledge that loyal friends are active in my behalf and favorable reports from all parts of the district convince me of the effectiveness of their influence. I trust that you also will help me with your friends.

The administration has achieved in legislation and national policy results that have never been equaled in history. President Wilson is one of the greatest presidents we have ever had, and it has been a labor of love to me, as well as my duty, to loyally cooperate with the president at all times to bring about legislation to promote human welfare and establish more perfect justice between man and man.

It has been my misfortune not to be able to give appointments to all deserving persons who have been candidates for them. At all times, however, I have tried to be fair to all elements of the citizenship and in no case has my action been based on ill-will toward any person. It is my hope that I succeeded in choosing for the various appointments men who will honestly, faithfully, efficiently, and courteously discharge the duties of the positions they were selected to fill.

I regret that my absence is being taken advantage of by an attempt to make the people believe I have been disloyal to their interests. Untrue statements have been circulated to deprive me of whatever credit I deserve, however small it may be, for the efforts I have put forth in Washington in your behalf. But I do not believe you can be so easily fooled. I have confidence that if the voters believe I have been faithful to them, they will hold up my hand, and knowing that I have tried with every ounce of my energy and every moment of my time to serve you faithfully, I am ready to meet the test.

Very truly yours,  
CLYDE H. TAVENER.

The rise in the price of opera glasses will not cause much concern, at least till after we learn whether we are to have any more opera.

Upon a satisfactory answer to the question, "What do I get out of it?" no doubt depends the success of the coming conference of rebel leaders in Mexico.

Fighting with the solid land under foot or from the deck of a warship seems to still have certain advantages over fighting from the air or from under the sea.

Germany's reply to Japan was that it had nothing to say, which indicated the German position as clearly as could have been done with a ton of correspondence.

The deed of a Whiteside county man who shot his wife because he thought she was a burglar again points to the folly of sleeping on one's arms except on the battlefield.

Better buy your diamonds at once and escape paying an advance of 25 per cent, is the advice given by the National Jewelers' association. Another association, also dealing in a carboniferous commodity, made a statement of the same tenor a few days ago and now the song of the coal shovel is heard in the land.

The assertion by the army medical corps that one-fifth of all regular army men in this country are discharged on account of mental disease sustains the assertion that it is about as hard to be a soldier in time of peace as in war.

With nearly all the rest of the civilized nations at war, it is up to the United States to do the world's real work. And while this may not be as spectacular as fighting, it will be a great deal more important in the long run.

The U. S. geological survey reports a decrease in the grindstone production in the United States last year, which will come as welcome news to those of us whose noses have so long been in contact with this instrument of torture.

Professor Munsterberg of Harvard university makes the prediction that the present war will last anywhere from 20 days to 20 years. Another college professor has made a statement about practical things which is likely to go unchallenged.

**LEARNING HOW TO SHOOT.**

The government might tax the manufacturers and sale of firearms to raise needed revenue to take the place of that cut off by the war, but if this were done and the voluntary use of firearms discouraged it would be necessary to expend large sums teaching the people how to shoot. America's success in all its wars, in the face of the absence of a large standing army, has been based largely upon the marksmanship of its men and boys, to whom shooting has always been a common recreation. It does not take long to teach the raw recruit some sort of discipline, but if he has no knowledge of the use of firearms, making a soldier out of him is a slow and expensive process.

Expecting the boys to learn how to shoot, with firearms taxed out of existence, would be like trying to teach them to swim without resort to water.

**"WITH DUE REGARD TO RIGHTS OF OTHERS."**

With this terrible war which is laying waste the fairest parts of the European continent, slaying human beings by thousands and tens of thousands, piling up huge war debts to be borne by the survivors, reducing great cities to ruins, saddening the hearts of neutrals whose sympathy goes forth alike to the sufferers owing allegiance to all the warring nations—will this most unexpected calamity of 1914 benefit mankind by one useful lesson? Or will it, leaving inflamed and still unshamed the grosser passions of men, prove as barren in useful warnings as it must be bitter in its immediate fruits? Who can say?

War is, and always must be, baneful, abominable. Apart from the great moral question of man's right to slay his brother man—to take away the life which it is not in man's power to give or to restore—war ever cries harshly and in vain for justification or palliation. There is nothing beautiful or poetical about a battlefield. There is nothing more loathsome, more sickening than the battlefield in the searching gray dawn of the morn after the fight is lost and won. The smells, the sights of a charnel house are much more pleasant. Horrible, indeed, is war.

And happy the people who have the good fortune to avoid war—who walk straight along the sometimes difficult path of "peace with honor."

Can wars be avoided, abolished? Could the world have been spared the great international tragedy which has taken the place of proposed peaceful centennial celebrations of fateful Waterloo? Many people are asking and attempting to answer these questions. But this is neither the time nor the place to hazard what, under the restrictions of human wisdom, might seem the best answer.

And yet are there still finger-posts pointing the way to the path of world peace? One was planted not long ago by a wise and just man who presides over the destinies of almost one-quarter of the total population of the globe. This man is Yuan Shih-kai, the president of the Chinese republic, a truly remarkable man and, like Woodrow Wilson of our own United States, a great peace president.

"The true rule of conduct between nations, as between men," said Yuan Shih-kai, "is to conserve our rights with due regard to the rights of others."

There is a world of philosophy in the eight concluding words of this sound, sane and salutary declaration. It embodies the governing principle of the golden rule. It is just.

"With due regard to the rights of others," no issue can arise beyond the pale of arbitration, where the victories are bloodless, the contestants unslain, unmaimed; passions soothed instead of fanned into fresh fury, more unrelenting hate.

When the time is ripe to ask and answer the question, "Could the great war of 1914 have been avoided?" it will be well to recall Yuan's rule of conduct to nations and men. At this time, while America and China are almost alone among the great nations unscourged by war, it is well to bear this rule in mind and live up to its simple but potential injunction.

**Athletes of India.**  
The wrestlers and athletes of India develop great strength by living on milk, a little goat's flesh and plenty of food made from flour.

**Culture.**  
Culture is familiarity with the best that has been done or thought. It is the soul's warm friendship of the great spirit, living and dead.—Hills.

**Effect of War on Supply of Potash Salts**

Outside of Germany there is no known commercial supply of potash salts. With the German supplies cut off during the European war, the agricultural world must either go without potash salts after the meager supply now on hand is exhausted or bestir itself to find another adequate source of supply. Already many inquiries regarding potash have been addressed to the United States geological survey and the fertilizer journals report that small quantities of spot material are changing hands at sharp premiums.

The situation is undoubtedly more acute than it was a few years ago, when national interest was first awakened to the fact that the United States is entirely dependent on Germany for this important class of fertilizer materials. Potash salts are employed in many industries other than the fertilizer industry. A large amount is used in glass and soap making and in the manufacture of a number of chemical products. These include potassium hydrate, or caustic potash, and the carbonate and bicarbonate of potash, used principally in glass and soap making; the potash alum; cyanides, including potassium cyanide, potassium ferrocyanide, and potassium ferri-cyanide; various potash bleaching chemicals, dye stuffs, explosives containing potash nitrate, and a long list of general chemicals.

The needs of the manufacturers and the farmers of the country are well known and keenly appreciated by the geological survey. Since the question of a domestic supply of potash salts has become of public interest, the government has endeavored to locate deposits in this country, and has followed up every clue that seemed to promise results of importance. The survey's work has extended from New York to California and from Michigan to Louisiana, and has covered all branches of investigation where results might be expected, exclusive of

the study of help. Its investigations have been carried out along several lines.

Deep drilling for saline residues has been done at Fallon and, during the past year, in Columbus Marsh and Black Rock desert, Nevada, and will be continued in Black Rock desert this year.

Natural and artificial brines and bitterns have been collected at all the salt-making establishments in the United States and a great many other localities, and examined.

Deposits of alumite and other minerals, containing potassium, have been investigated in Utah and other states. Certain occurrences of igneous rock known to contain considerable quantities of potash salts have been examined.

Much work has also been done by private initiative along practically all the lines mentioned above. The bureau of soils, of the department of agriculture, has investigated the kelps. The work is not yet finished and will be pushed with increased vigor, provided the necessary funds are supplied.

The imports of potash salts, listed as such in the reports of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, include the carbonate, cyanide, chloride, nitrate and sulphate, caustic potash, and other potash compounds. The importation of the above salts in round numbers the last three years has averaged 635,000,000 pounds in quantity and \$11,000,000 in value. These figures, however, represent only a part of the potash salts entering the United States, as they do not include the imports of kainite and manure salts which are used in fertilizers. The quantity of this class of materials imported for consumption in the United States during the last three years has averaged about 700,000 tons valued at \$4,300,000 annually. Thus it is apparent that the annual importation of potash salts exceed \$15,000,000.

**FOREIGN GOSSIP**

London, Aug. 26.—The call to the colors for the continental reservists had immediate effect on London restaurants, hotels and boarding houses. London became almost waterless.

The old fashioned English water is all but extinct. His passing has been deeply regretted by the older generation of English, because of his intelligent service, which he regarded as one of the fine arts, and his respectful demeanor. But he could not withstand the competition of the cheaper living foreigner.

London.—The British Red Cross society can call upon 60,000 persons, many of them highly trained, to undertake field ambulance and hospital work. If there is a serious demand for their services it is estimated that at least 95 per cent of this number will obey the call.

The society is the body officially recognized by the war department, and acts under the direction of the admiralty and war office, in conjunction with the hospital staff. Its present organization and status is due to the lessons of the South African war, when various independent nursing societies, some of them poorly managed and all

interfering with each others' movements, caused the authorities no end of trouble. The result was that all societies were amalgamated and put under one head.

The forms of aid of the society include the provision and equipment of hospital ships and trains hospitals and convalescent homes, clothing, medical supplies, food and comforts for the soldier, such as pipes, tobacco, chocolate, playing cards and stationery.

London.—The traveling public paid the British railway companies \$42,000,000 for excess baggage in 1913, and this notwithstanding the fact that the Englishman boasts that he travels light compared with the average American. The only way that this great amount can be explained is that the Englishman invariably sends his luggage in advance and thus pays for what ordinarily the companies would carry for nothing. Here, as elsewhere, every passenger is allowed a fixed amount of baggage. The rate on excess, like that in America, is fairly heavy, and this together with the big revenue derived from carrying baggage in advance, which has to pay a certain rate, helps to make up the \$40,000,000 that are added to the companies' receipts.

**HEALTH TALKS**  
William Brady, M.D.  
What Is a Specialist?

Most people harbor a vague fancy that a medical man must possess certain exceptional qualifications in order to be a specialist. There is a common supposition that specialists are doctors with a higher education and a better professional training than the ordinary family physician.

As a matter of fact, there is no particular legal standard for specialists that differs in the least degree from the standard of educational equipment laid down by the law for general practitioners. Once a man earns his medical degree and secures a license from the medical examining board of the state in which he intends to practice, then he may set up as a family doctor, a surgeon or a specialist in any branch he prefers.

**Experience.**  
The mere fact that a man is a specialist does not mean that he is any more competent than his colleague in general practice. Naturally, if a physician limits his work strictly to a certain field, as the eye or the nervous system, he would in time acquire more or less expertise from experience. Also, it is natural that a man so limiting his practice would desire to pursue special studies along his chosen line—post-graduate study—and thus attain a wider knowledge of his particular field.

But beware of the fellow who calls himself a "specialist" and treats all comers, no matter what may be their troubles. The honest, reputable specialist will not attempt to treat conditions outside of his limited field, indeed he is usually incompetent to do so, from sheer lack of experience.

**Traveling "Specialists."**  
And while you are beware, beware particularly of the "famous New York (or Chicago, or Philadelphia) specialist who will be at the Grand Hotel Thursday and Friday to meet all sufferers from—"—from all the ailments in the almanac! Your own home doctors may have their frailties—doctors are more or less human everywhere—but at any rate they don't have to go roaming about the country in search of patients, do they?

**Questions and Answers.**  
H. B. W. asks: How should one modify fresh cow's milk for feeding a 6 months' old baby?

Reply.  
Let the jar of milk stand in cold place for four hours. Carefully remove the upper third, by means of a small dipper which will go into milk jar. Of this upper milk take four ounces. Of milk sugar take one ounce. Of barley water take one pint. Mix and keep in clean jar in cool place. Every four or five days increase proportion of upper milk by one ounce, and use an ounce less of barley water accordingly. When you reach the point where you use all the upper milk from the jar, then begin using whole fresh milk instead of upper milk, and gradually increase strength until the baby can take plain milk at eight or nine months.

Mrs. C. J. inquires: What is intussusception in a baby, and how can a mother recognize it?

Reply.  
Intussusception means obstruction of the bowel caused by one length of bowel being drawn into another length. It is the commonest cause of intestinal obstruction in babies. The characteristic signs are (1) sudden onset of colicky pain; (2) repeated vomiting; (3) discharge of blood stained mucus or slimy material from bowel, but no fecal matter. (4) and indications of great prostration or weakness in the baby.

Office Man writes: I understand that many pills used as laxative contain aloes which tends to cause piles. Is phenolphthalein a good laxative for a person habitually constipated?

Reply.  
You are right about aloes in the pills and tablets. Phenolphthalein, ed, is a very harmless laxative. The reason you must masticate it (the drug is tasteless itself) is that phenolphthalein is insoluble, and would not work well otherwise.

**The ONLOOKER**  
HENRY HOWLAND  
**CIVIC PRIDE**



We've made gains at Pumpkin Center, as the census figures show: We have twice the population that we had ten years ago; We have outstripped Cherry Valley and left Podunk in the rear; We are catching up with Binghamton and are crowding Kensaleer; By annexing all our suburbs we have made a mighty stride; So you'll see it ain't no wonder we are full of civic pride.

Yes, our grafters keep on graftin' in the same old busy way; There's another scandal started nearly every other day; Can't, somehow, persuade the voters that it wouldn't be a crime To quit votin' the same tickets that their dads did in their time; Got a council full of scoundrels; gettin' robbed on every side, But we've gained in population and are full of civic pride.

There is rubbish in our alleys and the air is full of smoke; We've a waterworks department, but it's got to be a joke; There is graftin' in the courthouse, likewise in the city hall; The streets are full of mudholes and get no repairs at all; We're in debt and gettin' deeper so the crooks can be supplied, But we've outstripped Cherry Valley and are full of civic pride.

We should have another schoolhouse—studied bonds a year ago; It appears the grafters somehow gobbled up the money, though; We've a law forbiddin' gambin', but the gamblers never mind; And the town looks like the Dickens, but we're not gettin' deeper so the crooks can be supplied, But we've outstripped Cherry Valley and are full of civic pride.

**A Cure.**  
"Yes, sir, I was totally cured of a serious case of dyspepsia during my vacation."  
"Fine! Exercising daily and sleeping in the open air was what did it, I suppose?"  
"No, I couldn't eat any of the stuff they put on the table at the place where I spent my two weeks, and the rest was what my stomach seemed to need."

**Poor Alfred.**  
"What are you worrying about?"  
"I'm afraid the year that's beginning isn't going to be much of a year for me. Here I am without even \$10 in my pocket and in danger of losing my job."  
"Or, come, cheer up. Things might be a good deal worse. Think of poor Alfred Vanderbilt. He's got to pay \$40,000 for a flat this year."

**Success.**  
"The secret of success," says Andrew Carnegie, "lies not in doing your work, but in recognizing the right man to do it."  
Think of the splendid success Thomas Gray might have achieved if he had picked out some good man to write the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

**Failure.**  
He cheated, he schemed and he lied, He wronged the best friend that he had; He thrust all his manhood aside, And profane aloud made him glad.

He cheated, he schemed and he stole, He took what his brothers had earned; He stiffed the cries of his soul, From all that was noble he turned.

He cheated and schemed and he won The wealth he had longed to possess; But he learned, when his scheming was done, That the fates had denied him success.

**Clearly Exaggerated.**  
In a book store window appears this legend: "What's Wrong With the World?" G. K. Chesterton.—New York Evening Post.  
The young man who has just been flitted by the girl with whom he is madly in love will refuse to believe that Mr. Chesterton is solely to blame.

**A Faulty Diagnosis.**  
"The trouble with you," said the doctor, after he had removed his thermometer from beneath her tongue, "is that you have a subnormal temperature."  
"I don't consider that a serious symptom," she coldly replied. "I am from Boston."

**The Daily Story**  
The Bowes Street House—By Lenore E. Chaney.  
Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

While Glider bent eagerly over the quarterly report his agent sat back and watched him uneasily.

He was a big man—this agent—faultlessly dressed and bearing an air of ease and conscious well being very soothing to the senses. Faultless, too, was his manner toward his superiors—suave, deferent, but not too deferent.

Ah, that is a very great thing—to acquire a manner like that. If Glider smiled, Burson radiated pleasure; if Glider frowned, Burson breathed a deprecating regret, and yet he never roused the savage desire to kick that a more suppliant and cringing servant might have done.

For Burson respected himself, in a very modest and unobtrusive way, and thus begat respect in his betters. But for all that he often experienced troublesome days, and one glance at Mr. Glider's lean face had conveyed clearly to Burson that this was going to be one of the most troublesome of them.

"Ahem!" Glider shut his spectacle case with a snap and glared at his agent. "I see profits far below normal again, sir. I notice in the Bowes street house alone the bill for plumbing is over \$200 for the past year."

"I have been wanting to speak to you about the Bowes street place," began Burson, extracting a letter from the file at his elbow. "You see, Mr. Glider, the Bowes street plumbing is in pretty bad condition; there's been quite a little agitation recently in some of the papers about an epidemic of typhoid down there, and this morning I got this letter from the head of the social settlement in the district."

"Lot of nonsense," was Glider's only comment as he tossed the letter down half read.  
"But you see they threaten a health board investigation."  
"You ought to know as well as anybody, Burson, how little we have to fear from the board of health."

"Yes, I know they have been very kind."  
"The point is what are you going to do to bring up this credit balance? At the present rate of decline another year or two may see the balance on the other side altogether," said Glider.

Burson faced himself for a battle, though his manner was as suave, as gracious as ever.  
"I am sorry to say, Mr. Glider, that I can't see any way of stopping the leak unless you are prepared to spend a lump sum on new plumbing. In the Bowes street place alone a thousand dollars ought to be spent immediately. A great many of the tenements remain empty simply because they are not habitable, even for the sort of people who live in that section. We cannot reduce the rents without establishing a very bad precedent, and of course I could not put in any very extensive repairs without consulting you."

"Extensive repairs," ejaculated Glider, now thoroughly aroused. "For heaven's sake, Burson, one would imagine you were letting on Fifth avenue instead of slum tenements! You are dealing with a class that has no business to expect luxuries. It's scum—plain scum, demanding new and up to date plumbing in its dens."

"Of course what you say is true," agreed Burson, "but times are changing everywhere, and I can assure you, sir, the people in the tenements now are not the sort we had there ten years ago. It grows increasingly difficult to deal with them, and in this Bowes street house especially we've had no end of trouble."

"One of my men was pitched down the steps only last week by a burly giant who declared he wouldn't pay his rent until the leak from the floor above was stopped. Of course we set him out, but it's had a very bad effect on the others, especially as the typhoid is very bad in the house, and the settlement workers have led them to believe it's entirely due to the pipes."

"More likely it's due to their own dirt and filth!" snapped Glider, pacing wrathfully up and down. "But I look to you, Burson, to straighten this out. That's what I pay you for, and I expect you to do it."

"I have been doing my best. I intend to go down there myself this afternoon and look the house over. I am having a plumber meet me there to submit estimates."  
At the word "estimates" a sudden gleam of suspicion lit in Glider's eyes. "Estimates—graff! Ah!"

"I think I'll just go down with you, Burson, and we'll look it over together."  
Burson's dismay was evident.  
"Oh, Mr. Glider, I'm sure you wouldn't like that! You've no idea how filthy and vile the streets and people are down there. It wouldn't do at all to go in your car, in the present state of things, and I'm sure you wouldn't relish the ride on the street cars."

This served, of course, to fix the idea only the more firmly in Mr. Glider's mind. He would certainly go; of that Burson might be certain.  
Once having made the resolution he forged calmly ahead, but before he had traversed half the distance from the street car to the entrance of the Bowes street house he had begun to realize some of the difficulties of which Burson had spoken. For one thing it was hot—the middle of September—and the smells were almost overpowering.

Hawkers with cans of lukewarm water, in which floated half cooked ears of green corn, others with slices of watermelon cut in the early morning and now covered with filth and flies, were everywhere in the dusty streets.

Added to these were the roar of the not distant elevated, the screaming of innumerable babies and the shrill whistles of gangs of street gamins, making a very inferno of dirt and confusion. Glider was glad to turn into the

the comparative quiet of the Bowes street house.  
Once inside, Burson took the lead and began at once the tour of inspection. The house had been designed for a far better class of tenant than now found a haven within its walls. It had originally two suits of apartments of five rooms each on either side of the narrow hall which bisected the house. But long ago these five rooms had been divided so that they formed three suits each—two of two rooms and a single room.

The single rooms, dirty and dark as they were, found ready occupancy, for the rent was but half that of the two roomed suits. But, while nearly all of the single rooms were tenanted, many of the two room suits were empty. Glider's reduced dividends were explained.

They were making the last rounds on the top floor when they heard a voice far below hailing Mr. Burson. The strength and assurance of it spoke eloquently of a full dinner pail.

"Ah, that must be Manders, the plumber!" exclaimed Burson, hastening toward the dark and rickety stairway.  
"Harden me one moment, Mr. Glider. I'll bring him right up." Left to himself, Glider started slowly toward the narrow window at the far end of the hall. Suddenly a door was flung open halfway down the hall, and the anxious face of one of the amateur nurses from the settlement peered out. At sight of Glider her face cleared and she sprang forward.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you! My patient is very sick—typhoid. I must have help. The doctor is somewhere in the building, probably with Casey's little girl on the first floor. Bring him as quick as you can." Then as she realized the blank look on Glider's face anxiety again puckered her smooth brow.

"Oh, you don't think you can find him? What shall I do? I must know! You stay here—keep very quiet—he's delirious and won't notice the change. Don't excite him whatever you do!" and before Glider could voice his protest she had pushed him through the door and sped down the hall.

Naused and highly indignant, Glider looked about him. The work of the volunteers from the settlement was apparent here, for the room was far cleaner than any Glider had seen in the house. The patient lay on one of the settlement hospital cots, which with a deal table and one chair formed the only furniture in the room. Glider was a stranger to sickrooms, and a vagrant curiosity stirred him as his glance rested on the form of the sick man. In the dim light his features were barely distinguishable—his thin frame twitched restlessly under the light sheet.

"Glider half turned to go when suddenly the man sat bolt upright and stretched out his arms in the piteous appeal of childhood.

"Daddy—daddy!" he wailed. "Take me up, daddy, I am tired of my bed."  
An onlooker might have seen a curious change in Mr. Glider during this scene. At the first word from the sick man's lips he had stopped, one foot extended toward the door.

The trembling of his form grew until it was like a palsy, and the muscles of his throat moved convulsively up and down. Little beads of perspiration that were not caused by the heat stood out upon his forehead—a great pounding was in his ears. Then he turned.

"Danny—Danny!" the whisper sounded loud and rasping in the little room. "Danny—it can't be you! Danny, boy—it can't be you! It's been a long time—you've changed, Danny. But your voice—it's just the same—just the same!"

When the nurse and doctor hurried into the room a few moments later a strange sight met their eyes. Mr. Glider, the great Mr. Glider, whose wealth and eccentricities furnished so much copy for the Sunday supplements, was on his knees by the side of the tenement typhoid patient, and the face he turned toward them was tear stained and very old.

"Doctor—my son—he is very ill. My son—do you hear? The son of Baldwin Glider. You must work hard—spare no expense—see how he clings to me—my poor Danny, come back to me like this! You think he will live—oh, I'm so glad—so glad!"

Some time later Burson, with his plumber in tow, appeared at the doorway, properly shocked at sight of his aristocratic patron in the midst of such surroundings, but his surprise gave place to wonder at Mr. Glider's first words—the voice was so strangely gentle.

"Ah, Burson, I cannot go with you now. I have more important matters here. I have found my son—yes, my son—lost these ten years. I shall not leave him—he needs me. You will have to look after the plumbing yourself. And Burson—we will put new pipes throughout the house—whatever is necessary for comfort and health. Never mind the expense. You see, Burson—my son is a tenant—that is, he was a tenant—in the Bowes street house."

**Aug. 26 in American History.**

- 1830—First petroleum well begun to flow at Titusville, Pa.
- 1864—General Jubal Early's Confederate force, confronting General Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley, retreated from the Potomac to Winchester.
- 1910—William James, philosopher and psychologist, died; born 1842.

Shears with one blade saw-edged and the other knife-edged have been invented to enable even an inexperienced person to carve poultry neatly.