

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Wednesday, June 3, 1914.

Mount Lassen, on the Pacific coast, is in eruption. Joined the suffragist movement, evidently.

A new altitude record for tenors is said to have been established when Caruso went up in an aeroplane the other day.

Being unable lawfully to buy beer or receive it as a gift in Muscatine, a West Liberty man tried stealing it, and was fined \$50. It's a pretty close-fitting lid they have down there.

This concerted republican attack on the Wilson administration has been sprung a little late unless it is meant to play into the hands of the progressives. The colonel was engaged in handing out the same line of bunk a week ago.

Sir Conan Doyle is busy denying that he ever advocated lynch law for suffragets. Even the creator of Sherlock Holmes hardly feels capable of dodging the consequences of such rash statements as the interviewers quoted him as making.

Even the power of Overseer Voliva is not sufficient to compel complete disregard of the fashions by the women of Zion City, but he can prescribe shawls to supply the deficiencies of low-necked gowns. He has recently ordered fifty for this purpose.

Even though the fallacy that there was a law on the statute books against driving through a funeral cortege has been exploded, it is to be hoped that the attitude of drivers of vehicles will not be changed. Wouldn't it make you mad to have someone butting into your funeral?

Governor Hodges of the Sunflower state is made defendant in a damage suit, being charged with assault because he interfered to prevent a woman from carrying away papers she had seized in his office. Verily, upholding the dignity of the state is a thankless task, even in Kansas.

It is announced from Washington that the republicans are going to raise a campaign fund of \$250,000 for the congressional elections next fall. That ought to help some in relieving the terrible stringency to create which the party organ are now being bombarded with canned calamity-howling editorials.

FREE VS. CONVICT LABOR.

Comparative efficiency of free and convict labor is strikingly shown in the report of the United States geological survey of the coal production in Georgia for the last year.

Prior to 1904 the principal labor employed in the coal mines of Georgia consisted of convicts leased from the state government. An act of the legislature prohibiting further leasing of convicts to industrial enterprises caused the gradual withdrawal from the coal mines of this labor as contracts expired, and operators in the somewhat isolated region where the mines are located were not at once able to supply the deficiency by free labor.

The influence of free labor on the efficiency record is shown by the fact that in 1907, when the principal labor was performed by convicts, it required 208 men working an average of 262 days to produce 362,401 tons, an average of 449 tons per man for the year and of 1.71 tons for each working day. In 1913, with 590 men working 261 days, 255,626 tons were produced, the average per man being 511 tons for the year and 1.95 tons a day.

GREATEST COKE PRODUCTION.

All records in coke production were broken in 1913, according to a statement by Edward W. Parker, of the United States Geological Survey, the output being 46,311,389 short tons, valued at \$128,951,430. This is an increase over the 1912 output of 2,327,770 tons in quantity and \$17,146,317 in value. Of the 1913 production 33,696,669 tons was made in beehive ovens and 12,714,700 tons, or 27.4 per cent in retort or distillation ovens where all the by-products—tar, gas, ammonia, etc.—are saved. The increase in production of by-product coke was over twice as large as the increase in beehive coke.

The principal increase in by-product coke production in 1913 was in Alabama, where the gain was nearly 50 per cent, from 1,549,797 tons in 1912 to 2,322,959 in 1913. The increase in Pennsylvania was nearly one-third,

from 1,974,619 tons in 1912 to 2,828,680 tons in 1913. Indiana showed an increase of 110,886 tons, and Illinois of 94,609 tons.

A large part of the coal used in by-product ovens in states that do not produce coking coal was obtained from West Virginia mines. Mr. Parker estimates that the quantity of West Virginia coal made into coke outside of the state was 7,800,000 tons. The quantity of coal made into coke in West Virginia was 4,034,251 tons and the quantity of coke produced therefrom was 2,472,752 tons. If all the coke made from West Virginia coal were credited to that state it would amount to about 7,750,000 tons.

SPREADING GOSPEL OF DISCONTENT.

The Bloomington Bulletin is disposed to take a philosophical view of the present united attack by the republican press upon the democratic administration by means of canned editorials and other campaign matter sent out from headquarters to be used in the hope of having some effect on the results of the congressional election next fall. Discussing the speech of Attorney General Wickersham at the republican meeting at Bloomington last Friday night the Bulletin says:

"Secretary Wickersham had nothing beyond the old time junk which the democrats used for a quarter of a century in trying to oust the republicans from power. That is to say, wall and distress and calamity howls of hard times and charges of incompetency of the ins, with dark hints of sinister designs upon our cherished institutions.

The Bulletin is able to receive these assaults in perfect good spirit by reason of having been for many years of its early existence a locally conspicuous example of the partisanship of the outs whose only hope of getting in lay in discrediting the ins and impugning their motives and even their personal honesty.

"This is an example of the shoe on the other foot. In the days of night onto twenty years ago, when the democratic party was split like the grand canyon of the Arizona on the gold and silver question, we were wont to hold love feasts and deplore the perfidious work of the villains in the saddle.

Times have changed to large degree and it is no longer the fashion to appeal to party prejudice, and there is in fact comparatively little of the thick and thin partisanship among the rank and file, yet the only way to oust a regime that is in general favor and has not scandalized itself by an overt act, is to diligently sow the seed of discontent by speech and pen.

"While it is no longer possible to make any considerable number of people believe that a public servant is wholly bad because he is of the opposite party, yet persistent reiteration of hard times will make people discontented and eventually make times hard. Eventually, who not now? made famous by a well known advertisement appears to have been Mr. Wickersham's slogan in his propaganda of discontent."

THE YOKE OF MAN.

A league has been formed in France to emancipate man from the starched collar—that instrument of sartorial collar—that instrument of sartorial collar—as one of the leaders of the league puts it, that imprisons our Adam's apple.

Once again France points the way to freedom. Is there a man anywhere in Christendom who will not hope that this cause may prosper? asks the Philadelphia Press.

Time was when men at the most stately functions and on the most ceremonious occasions dressed comfortably and becomingly. In the days of Beau Brummell women might in the exercise of their divine right resolve to go corseted, but men refused to confine any part of him in anything that chafed. He wore many colors; he wore knee breeches—buckles on his shoes and lace at his neck and his wrists, but never did he look any the less a man than he has looked since what grace he had was condemned to be disguised in the habiliments that have for the better part of a century made him an eyesore to all artists and a prey to those twin tyrants—the collar makers of Troy and the laundrymen of all the world.

Back to comfort and back to grace. Surely this is the final step in a movement that has been subtly, slowly but surely gathering headway for the last ten years. Increasing interest in life out of doors—in devotion to all sorts of sports and exercises—has helped it. The informality of country life, now in these days of the motor car within the reach of so many more people than in the old days when men had to live so much nearer their places of business and of work, has helped it. A man may now even wear a soft-boomed dress shirt at dinner and still retain his membership in his club and the respect of his fellowmen. Surely, we repeat, it is not too much to hope, thanks to France, that the day when a man shall shake off the steam laundry's badge of servitude from his exorciated neck is at last at hand.

Argentina Humor.

On the prairies of Argentina, where the chief mode of travel is by horse back, the ranchers often make use of the Spanish expression, "comprá tier ra." The literal translation of that phrase is "to buy ground." The South American rough riders think that when you fall off your horse you occupy the ground where you land almost as if you owned it, and if you make much of a hole in the earth where you strike, as you are very likely to do when you are riding a fiery Argentine mount, they say that you have bought the ground and begun to dig the cellar for a house.—Youth's Companion.

Missouri school teachers average \$37 a month salary.

Shows Bond of Concrete and Steel

"Tests of Bond Between Concrete and Steel," by Duff A. Abrams, is issued as bulletin No. 71 of the engineering experiment station of the University of Illinois. This bulletin furnishes one of the most exhaustive studies of the amount and distribution of the bond stress between concrete and steel which has appeared. The results of tests of about 1500 pull-out specimens and 110 large reinforced concrete beams are given. The tests covered a wide range of ages, mixes, size of bar, length of embedment, condition of storage, method of applying the load, etc. Both plain and deformed steel bars were used.

Bond resistance may be divided into two principle elements, adhesive resistance and sliding resistance. In all of the tests measurements were made to determine the relation of slip of bar through the concrete to the bond resistance at different stages of the tests. A considerable bond resistance is developed before a measurable slip is produced. It was found that after slipping begins there is a well defined relation between the amount of slip of bar and the bond resistance for small slips. For plain bars slip begins at about 60 per cent of the maximum load; with further slip the bond resistance increases rapidly until a slip of about 0.01 inch is reached, which represents the maximum bond resistance. The amount of slip corresponding to a given percentage of the maximum bond resistance is remarkably constant for a wide range of ages, mixes, conditions of storage, etc. Slip of bar begins at a bond stress

equal to about one-sixth the compressive strength of cubes made from the same concrete. The maximum bond resistance is equal to about one-fourth the cube compressive strength.

For deformed bars the relation of slip of bar to the bond resistance was not materially different from that of plain bars during the early stages of the test; during the later stages of the test the bond resistance varied widely with the type of bar and was found to depend on the area and slope of the bearing surfaces presented by the projections of the bar.

Twisted square bars were found to be inferior to plain round bars on the basis of bond resistance per unit of area of the surface of the bar.

The usual method of computing the bond stress in a reinforced concrete beam does not take account of all the phenomena of bond action. Slip was first observed in the middle region of the span at loads producing a tensile stress in the reinforcement of about 6,000 lb. per sq. in. As the load was increased slip of bar progressed through the outer thirds toward the ends of the beam. In the beams reinforced with plain bars end slip began at about 67 per cent of the maximum load; for the beams with certain types of deformed bars the value was 51 per cent. In the tests of reinforced concrete beams it was found that a very small amount of end slip represented critical conditions of bond stress.

Copies of bulletin No. 71 may be obtained gratis upon application to C. R. Richards, acting director of the engineering experiment station.

CARELESSNESS WITH FIRE

The property loss caused by fire in the state of Illinois for the month of April, 1914, totaled the enormous amount of \$1,500,000, and indications are that the fire loss for the month of May will be considerably in excess of a million dollars. Yet, this tremendous property loss pales into insignificance when compared with the loss of life.

Starting fires with kerosene seems to have caused more fatalities recently than any other one cause, and reports similar to the following are being received at the Springfield office of the state fire marshal day by day and week by week: "Body becomes a torch when kerosene can explodes; woman attempting to start fire with kerosene fatally burned." "Pours kerosene oil on fire; fatal accident results; woman attempting to start fire burned to death." "Burns prove fatal after night's ordeal; was burned while trying to light fire with kerosene." "Kerosene in stove fatal for a woman; pours kerosene oil into a cook stove." "Woman badly burned, dies; set on fire with kerosene."

Early in February Dr. J. G. Woker, coroner of Stephenson county, issued a warning to the people of that county relative to the danger of starting fires with kerosene. The following is the substance of Dr. Woker's warning, taken from a Stephenson county paper:

"Dr. J. G. Woker, coroner of Stephenson county, sounds a warning not to use kerosene or any other inflammable substance with which to stimulate a fire in a stove or furnace. The horrifying fatality Wednesday night near Pearl City, by which Mrs. Henry Brinkmeier and her baby girl were burned to death, brings a full realization of the danger of using kerosene or anything else of like nature. The terribleness of the death, of its accompanying pain, and the distress it brings not only to the family and immediate relatives, but the public in general, is a matter which should be

considered by a person before he or she attempts to use any kind of oil.

"Dr. Woker has been coroner of Stephenson county since a year ago in December, and during that time he has had five inquests where death was due to burns from kerosene cans exploding in the same manner as the Pearl City case. Dr. Woker said that his observation is that people generally are careful in the use of gasoline, but they show a total disregard of caution in the use of kerosene, feeling safe that it will not explode. That he has held five inquests in less than 15 months in cases of this kind he regards as a warning that should be heeded.

"People should give heed to the warning. The papers chronicle death from this kind of explosion, and yet people continue to use these inflammable substances for purposes for which they are not intended. Several persons said they have used kerosene hundreds of times to give more life to fires in stoves and furnaces, but now they fully realize the danger and they will discontinue its use."

That this warning should be observed is brought to mind forcibly by three fire reports received from the chief of the fire department of Freeport, of fires which occurred on May 7. Each of the fires was caused by attempting to start fires with kerosene, and two of them resulted fatally. Joseph Gallagher attempted to hurry a fire by pouring kerosene on it. There was an explosion and he died shortly afterward in a hospital. Mrs. Rhoda Townsend also used kerosene in building a fire, was frightfully burned, and died in the same hospital. The toll of death in this state, resulting as it does from almost criminal carelessness, is awful to contemplate.

These accidents happen almost daily, yet people will continue to use oil to kindle fires. If one is determined to start fires with kerosene, let him pour the oil on the kindling before it is placed in the stove. This will remove very greatly the element of danger.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

A Moonlight Party

ONCE upon a time some fairies decided to stay up all night and have a party.

Usually, of course, fairies sleep in the night time, tucked up tight in the flowers. But these fairies wanted to stay up and watch the moonlight and count the stars and really see what a night was like.

So they planned to have a party. "I wonder where we had better have our party?" said one. "Maybe the garden would be a good place for it."

"Oh, no indeed," said the fairy queen, "the garden will not be a good place for the dew comes there, and dew will dampen our wings and spoil our pretty dresses. We must find a better place than that."

"Let's go by the lake and hold our party on the sandy beach," said another fairy, "that is dry and clean."

"Yes, the beach is dry and clean," answered the queen, "but it will never do for our party, for the waves might dash up and wash us away."

"Then let us go to a meadow," said a third fairy, "that would be a good place for a party."

"No, not the meadow," exclaimed the queen, "for at night the grasses seem tall and we might get lost."

The fairies sat very still trying to think of a place that would do. "Oh, I know," exclaimed the queen happily, "I know the very best place for a fairy party; let's have it up in a tree."

That seemed the very best possible place, so every one set to work making plans. "Let's choose this big sycamore tree," said the queen. "It is so big and the broad leaves will shelter us from the dew."

And more moonbeams came and more—all the whole tree glistened white in the night.

Finally the fairies grew tired and the party was over.

"This has been such a jolly night," said one fairy as they prepared to go, "the fun, the moonbeams and all—I wish we could leave something in the tree to remember it by, for always."

"Perhaps we can," answered the fairy queen thoughtfully, "perhaps we can make this tree different from all others—in memory of our happiness."



With a wave of her magic wand, she melted the moonbeams into the trunk and branches of the sycamore tree.

With a wave of her magic wand she melted the moonbeams into the trunk and branches of the sycamore tree.

It was no longer brown and green as other trees, but glistening white as the moonbeams.

And to this day the trunks and branches of all sycamore trees glisten white in the moonlight in memory of that fairy party—long ago.

Tomorrow—A Bear Story.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

The DAY'S WORK

THE SLAVE. With weary brain and aching heart He greets another day; He sadly stumbles forth to start Upon his weary way; The sun may shine above his head and scented breezes blow, But what mean fair blue skies to him that need compel to go To labor where no sunshine falls, Shut in by cheerless, dingy walls, Estranged from all but woe?

"The day is done," he sadly sighs; "What has it brought to me? The pleasure that I sought in the skies— Why should I turn to see? I am condemned to live and toil the heavy hours away; Tomorrow I shall still be where I started yesterday; By circumstance to service bound, I must pursue a cheerless round, And hurry to obey."

THE LOVER.

The sunbeams play across his way, And blossom that are sweet Come drifting from the trees to stray About his eager feet; He hurries onward hopefully where duties claim his care, And claims the pleasures that arise from faithful service there— And in his heart he binds along A little of the West Wind's song, And all his world is fair.

"How fair the day has been," he cries, "When evening's shadows spread; How rich a glow is in the skies, How fair the way ahead! Sweet songs have sweetly haunted me through all the splendid day, And hope is calling bravely while I hurry on my way To smiling lips and loving arms— My path is through a land of charms Where friendly fairies play."

Hopeless. "Don't look so blue," she said, after she had told him that she could never be his wife. "There are plenty of other nice girls. In a year from now you will never give me a thought."

He sadly shook his head and drew a long, deep sigh. "Please don't be so sad," she pleaded. "I can't stand it to see you suffer so. And promise me something."

He looked up at her and hopelessly asked: "What do you wish to promise?"

"I want you to promise me that you will not do anything rash when you leave here tonight. Don't go and jump in the lake or try to drown your sorrow in a saloon. Be strong—be brave."

"All right, I'll promise."

"Thank you, Billy. Now try to look cheerful again."

"I can't. I was doing this on a bet and you've made me lose \$5."

In No Danger. "Shakespeare says, you know, that some rise by sin and some by virtue fall."

"Well, what about it?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. I was merely going to say that you needn't ever be afraid of getting a fall of that kind."

FORCED TO COMBINE. "So you and your former wife have decided to get married again?"

"Yes."

"Found out that you loved each other, after all?"

"No, she can't get along on the all-meat and I can't make ends meet on what I have left after I pay her."

Which? Grunch is worth a million dollars, but he craves a million more; He has no respect for scholars, And thinks scholarship a bore, Goodwin's mind is cultivated; With an income that is small, Viewing what God has created, He finds pleasure in it all— Which is rich?

Grunch is jealous and suspicious, Money's all he dreams about; He believes all men are vicious, Judging by himself, no doubt, Goodwin, with no guarded treasure, Finds men worthy still of trust, And is even filled with pleasure Studying a grain of dust— Which is rich?

A Mere Supposition. "I understand that Willoughby's wife makes him toe the mark."

"Yes, it is evident that they have a working arrangement of that kind. I see that their telephone is in her name."

Saw chicken hawk in flight, which suggests the motion of a motorcar. No flapping, no soaring, but a series of quick, explosive beats of the wings, each sending the bird forward in a leap of several yards. The flicker gives five strokes, then a jump.—"A Farmer's Notebook."

The Daily Story

The Skeleton in the Closet—By F. A. Mitchel.

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The city of New York was founded on the southernmost point of Manhattan Island and first grew to the eastward. Later it started up Broadway, and the east side, as it is called, fell into decadence. But till after the beginning of the nineteenth century the handsomest residences were in the neighborhood of the East river.

Some years ago workmen engaged in tearing down an old dwelling near Franklin square—in which Washington lived when first inaugurated president—came upon a closet built in a wall in which was a skeleton. How it got there was a mystery, for there was no opening to the closet, it being enclosed within four thick walls. The find was referred to a historical society, which appointed Heileger Bogardus, an antiquarian, to investigate the whole matter and report. The following is extracted from the papers filed with the society:

"The fact that the skeleton was found within four solid walls is easily explained. The house was repaired and altered during the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the wall wherein was the door to the closet was made whole. The apartment inclosed was of such size that workmen would not necessarily have seen what it contained, especially since there were no windows to admit light in that part of the house.

"As to there being such a closet at all, the story connected with it is a sufficient explanation, for the opening, which was walled up, was closed by a sliding panel. What has not been satisfactorily explained is the use for which the closet was designed. At the time the house was built such secret chambers were not unusual, especially in the homes of those who were in constant danger from some enemy. But in America, when the country was first settled, avenues of escape were rather tunnels through which the settlers might save themselves from besieging Indians. It seems probable that the house in Franklin square was thus provided by its builder, Meinheer Van Vranken, simply because he had a similar closet in his residence in Rotterdam, for it appears that his ancestors were prominent officials in the Netherlands during that period when the bloodthirsty Duke of Alva held the country in his grip."

But to the story I have unearthed concerning the skeleton found in the closet. Meinheer Van Vranken came to America in 1653, bringing with him what was in those days a fortune. Soon after landing he sent to Holland for bricks with which to build his residence and completed it in 1662, modeling it after his home in Rotterdam, even to the secret closet. When it was completed the house was the finest in the city, which was then a Dutch town and called New Amsterdam.

Now, it was in 1664 that the city was captured by the English, the Dutchmen refusing to make an effort to defend it despite the protestations of their governor, Peter Stuyvesant, who stamped with his wooden leg and swore by St. Nicholas that they were an ardent set of cowards, unworthy of the protection of their patron saint.

This change in the government was also a bitter pill for Meinheer Van Vranken to swallow. He was Dutch from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and his ancestors, who had been sailors, had fought the English when the Netherlands were a power on the sea. Now, meinheer had a very pretty daughter, Anneke by name, who much more readily adapted herself to the new country than her old father, who could be content in it only so long as it was Dutch. When the English landed many of the inhabitants of New Amsterdam went down to the Battery, where the aquarium now stands, to see them come ashore. Among them was Anneke Van Vranken, buxom and with eyes as blue as the heavens above and two ropes of flaxen hair hanging down her back.

One of the boats which brought supplies ashore was commanded by Ralph Eggleston, a midshipman, nineteen years old, three years Anneke's senior. Though six feet in his stockings, he wore the jacket of a middy, decorated with brass buttons, that shone resplendent in the sun and added to the attractions of his handsome person. His eye lighted upon Anneke, who stood among those looking on, and Anneke's eye lighted on him. To her this young man giving orders to a dozen stalwart men, who obeyed his slightest command, was little less than a god. But the young man was on duty and, having unloaded his boat, set off for his ship, lying out in the Hudson river.

Busy as he was, however, young Eggleston found time to give Anneke Van Vranken an admiring glance, and in return there was a rapture in her eyes at what was to her a heavenly vision. It was but a few days after this that while walking under the guns of the fort, whereon the English had replaced the Dutch flag, Anneke met the midshipman, who was on shore leave, strolling about with a brother officer.

This meeting seems to have resulted in an acquaintance between Ralph and Anneke, but how it was brought about is not known. First sight lovers are not apt to be kept apart through the want of an introduction. Be this as it may, the two went together down to the southernmost point of the island (when the midshipman's leave expired), sitting on a rock making love with that rapidity which can only be attained by persons in their teens.

Eggleston wished to visit Anneke in her home, but she told him that the sight of an Englishman was enough to throw her father into a fit, and if he knew that she had made the acquaintance of one of those who had taken the city and changed its name from New Amsterdam to New York he would

call back to Holland with her by the first vessel going there. Therefore, not being able to meet the girl who had charmed him in her own home, he made an appointment to meet her elsewhere.

The next meeting between the Englishman and the Dutch girl was in this wise: Anneke was standing on the shore of the East river just north of the wall that gave the present name to Wall street, not more than five or six minutes' walk from her home. A boat pulled by a single oarsman was coming round the southern end of the island and approaching the shore where Anneke stood. She went down to the water's edge, the boat's stern was swerved to the shore; she stepped in, and the boat continued its course in the direction of the islands lying to the eastward.

It is unnecessary to mention that the oarsman was Ralph Eggleston, who had pulled around from the Hudson river to meet his new found sweetheart to take her for a ride on the East river, where they could make love without being interrupted. Instead of pulling across the river and thence south on the opposite shore and returning by Governors island, they very foolishly went directly past Anneke's home. True, the house was some distance from the shore and perhaps she thought that she might not be seen from there. She did not reckon on the fact that the house was on a hill and that her father had brought to America the very spyglass with which his father, Captain Van Vranken, had discovered a British ship that he had attacked and sunk. Meinheer happened at the time of this boat ride to be strolling about his grounds. Unfortunately for the lovers the sunlight was reflected from the gold trimmings of the officer's uniform. Meinheer Van Vranken, wondering what one of these hated naval men was doing out on the water with a woman—who must be Dutch—went to the house, took down Captain Van Vranken's spyglass, brought it to bear on the occupants of the boat and, to his horror, discovered his daughter there in company with a British officer.

I know not what immediately followed the revelation. The next link in the chain of the story is that Meinheer Van Vranken determined to shake the dust of Manhattan Island off his shoes—since it had become English soil—and go back to Rotterdam with his family. By this move he intended to separate Anneke from the English midshipman who had crept into her affections while her father was drinking destruction to the English fleet in drafts of schnapps.

Anneke was put under a strict watch during the period in which the preparations were being made for the return to the Netherlands, for there was much to be accomplished. Even the heavy four post bedsteads required the strongest horses on the island to drag them to the landing and a lighter of extra size to take them to the ship. Anneke was in charge of Katrina Lemke, an old maid who had no sympathy for young lovers and hated the English. This woman was enjoined not to let her charge out of her sight for a single moment, and since the father feared the young midshipman might, under pretense of searching the house for arms, bring a party of men to take away his sweetheart's six pound cannon was mounted at the only gate in the high wall surrounding the place.

The day the family were to sail for Holland Katrina Lemke and Anneke were left in the house till the last minute, while Meinheer Van Vranken superintended the hauling of the last of the household goods to the landing. When he had finished his task and seen his family and goods put on board the ship he returned for his daughter and her duenna.

He found the house vacant. From this point the story is vague. It does not appear that Katrina Lemke was ever found. The next heard of Anneke Van Vranken she was living in England, the wife of Captain Sir Ralph Eggleston of the British navy. The loss of the duenna and the escape of her charge are to be accounted for only by conjecture, though there is an unsubstantiated tradition that it was explained by Lady Eggleston. This explanation accords with the recent discovery of the skeleton in the closet.

The tradition is that while the two women were alone together in the Van Vranken home Anneke broke away from her jailer and hid in the closet. The duenna followed her and entered the closet, and Anneke slipped out and shut the door. Anneke, thinking only of flight, left the place and communicated with her lover, who came ashore, married her and took her to his ship.

Anneke did not know—what I now suppose to have been the case—that in closing the door of the closet it had been held by a spring lock. The panel closed automatically with the closing of the door. My theory is that Katrina Lemke was caught in the closet, could not release herself and perished. Doubtless the skeleton discovered there was hers. This theory is borne out by the fact that it is the skeleton of a woman.

June 3 in American History.

- 1780—Thomas Hutchinson, royal governor of Massachusetts 1770-4, died; born in Boston 1711.
1861—Stephen Arnold Douglas, noted Democratic contemporary of Abraham Lincoln, died; born 1813.
1864—End of the battle of Cold Harbor and Grant's direct attack on Richmond. After losing nearly 6,000 killed and wounded without results Grant recalled his troops. Total Federal loss at Cold Harbor, 12,000 Confederate, 1,500.
All the news all the time—The Argus.