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EIGHTEEN VARIETIES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GREGORY has submitted to Congress drafts of eighteen new Federal laws designed to cover the various kinds of propaganda and plots developed in this country to further the interests of foreign nations since the beginning of the war in Europe. Under existing Federal statutes the Federal prosecuting officers have found it hard work to draw up indictments for many recent crimes against neutrality.

The recommended legislation, among other things, would make it a crime for aliens other than diplomatic or consular officials and attaches to act here as agents of foreign governments without previously notifying the Government of the United States and obtaining its consent. This cuts the ground from under the busiest and most dangerous classes of propagandists with whom this nation has had of late to deal. In many ways it is the most important of the proposed laws.

Other recommended measures would make it a crime to swear falsely to any document intended for the use of a foreign Government in a controversy with the United States—the affidavits regarding mounted guns on the Lusitania being remembered; would authorize Collectors of Customs to inspect foreign vessels in American ports at any time; would make misstatements in applications for passports plain perjury and their fraudulent use or transfer by alteration or forgery a crime, and would make it a crime to injure property in the United States belonging to a foreign Government with which this nation is at peace.

Events have shown the need of these additions to the Federal statute books. Nevertheless that need was largely forestalled by the recent warning issued by the German Government to German citizens in the United States that "it is their duty scrupulously to obey the laws of the State in which they reside."

Our laws and our neutrality have been but little disturbed by plotters since Berlin was wise enough to pass the word: Drop it.

NO DECISION?

IT IS five days since the great naval battle off Jutland and not even neutrals can agree who won. Is it going to be any different when the final item of the returns has been received, checked and admitted by both sides?

Suppose it is established that Germany lost fourteen vessels, including the powerful Hindenburg, as against the fourteen or fifteen British cruisers and destroyers sunk. In tonnage and number of men Great Britain's losses were undoubtedly the greater. But if we consider the relative sizes of the two navies, Germany was much the harder hit. To have wrought such havoc upon an English fleet at no greater cost cannot fail to seem to Germany a triumph for her hitherto untried sea strength. On the other hand, it does not appear to be denied that the German fleet was the first to get enough and retire.

Even the fact that Berlin is wildly rejoicing while London is in gloom proves little as to what has actually been accomplished. Germany is over-elated at having done so much. The English are dumfounded that their mighty sea weapon did not do more.

There it is likely to rest until a further trial of conclusions: Materially a minor loss for England, but a serious moral setback. For Germany a very costly matter, but a stimulating moral victory.

SPEED LAWS WON'T DO IT.

SPEED laws cannot remove the menace of reckless automobile driving. Motor speeding, as Secretary of State Hugo points out, is after all an offense "commonly looked upon as purely nominal and which is committed by most motorists habitually and probably by all occasionally."

> "Speed limits, in fact, tend to make the driver suspend the exercise of his own judgment and act under the sanction of a supposed authority. The way to stop accidents is not to establish artificial restrictions which cannot meet every case, but to allow the driver free scope for his own judgment and hold him fully responsible for whatever happens in consequence of what he does."
>
> "Relentless prosecution should follow every example of dangerous, reckless and even grossly inconsiderate driving; and for really serious offenses that are proved beyond doubt, the culprits should be imprisoned without the option of a fine and should be prohibited from driving either for a substantial period or perpetually."

This is sense, and everybody, including the motorist himself, knows it. Responsibility—revocation of licenses, are the two fundamental principles upon which any effective automobile regulation must rest.

Yet the nearest the Legislature of the State of New York could come to it was a discriminatory and unconstitutional measure which put a definite responsibility on motorists residing in this city but left automobile owners in other parts of the State under no more restraint than at present.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for the safety societies to get in some publicity work for a straightforward, impartial drivers' license bill which pro-State legislators can be forced by public opinion next time to let alone?

Hit- From Sharp Wits

Persons who will not take good advice usually take each [illegible] it is bad.

• • •

What is called enthusiasm is in large part extraordinary capacity for the production of noise.—Albany Journal.

• • •

Promises made to oneself are just as hard to keep as those made to others.

• • •

Who [illegible] for kindness [illegible] Chesterfield's [illegible] ment.—Albany Journal.

• • •

The belief that he will come back is one of the delusions of the down-and-out.—Nashville Banner.

Our own idea of the acme of human wisdom is knowing when to cash in.

• • •

It's all a mistake about women not being able to take a joke. Just lamp some of the things they marry.—Columbia State.

• • •

Man is so conceited that he will [illegible] about a sure-too [illegible] convenience.—Toledo Blade.

• • •

If Adam's [illegible] could come back to earth and take a look at some of his modern disciples he'd feel like a piker.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Men Who Fail

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel

"I think I'll throw up my job for the summer. I'll get something in the fall."

The Office Force

—By Bide Dudley—

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MISS TILLIE, the blond stenographer, stuck her gum under her desk. "What is this story about the Kaiser asking President Wilson for meditation?" she asked. "I saw it in a newspaper headline this morning."

"He probably wants Mr. Wilson to do some deep thinking on plans for peace," replied Popple, the shipping clerk.

"My! My!" said Miss Primm, private secretary of the boss. "You people are actually silly in your ignorance at times. The Kaiser asked the President for mediation, not meditation."

"Miss Primm is absolutely right," said Bobbie, the office boy, with a twinkle in his eye. "The German supply of mediation has run short and the Kaiser wants a shipment from America."

"What do you think mediation is?" demanded Spooner, the bookkeeper.

"Ah, ha! I thought you didn't know," said Bobbie. "Well, I'll tell you. Mediation is a new kind of breakfast food that"——

"Oh, for goodness sake!" said Miss Tillie. "What would the Kaiser want with breakfast food?"

"I'm pleased to explain," came from the boy. "He wants to plant it and raise a lot of morning meals for the poor, hungry people of his doormain. I understand they have just raised a crop of Chewa-Bita-Wheat and now they intend to plant mediation so as to"——

"Isn't he funny—NOT!" snapped Miss Primm. "Bobbie deserves a prize for his wit."

"I'll give him a piece of butter scotch," said the blonde.

"Oh, that reminds me of the goat the McTavish family brought from Scotland," said the boy, solemnly.

"In what way, Foolish," asked Popple.

"The goat was a butter Scotch. So that you will understand it I'll"——

"Gee whiz! That's genuinely funny," said the blonde. "Bobbie has a real sense of humor."

"Where does he keep it?" asked Miss Primm, sourly. "I'm sure he doesn't display any of it around here."

"Tut, tut, now!" said Spooner. "Let's be amiable this morning. I see by the papers that the Kansas City police brand that alleged attempt to kill Roosevelt by throwing a knife at him as a fake."

"If it had been sleighing time I'd a'believed it," said Bobbie.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'd a' thought somebody was merely trying to give Teddy a cutter."

"Wow!" came from the blonde. "That joke is old enough to vote."

"Speaking of voting," said the boy, "my father went out to hear a political speech last night and got a pain in his ear."

"That's strange," said Popple.

"No it wasn't," came from Bobbie. "The speaker was out election earing."

"I don't think I'll stay in this room much longer," snapped Miss Primm. "Bobbie's feeble jokes are too much for me. I'll ask Mr. Snooks to have my desk moved to the next room."

"Here he comes now," said Popple.

The boss came in and stopped by Miss Primm's side. "I've been thinking," he said to her, "that you'd be better off if you had a room to yourself. How would you like to have your desk put in the next room?"

Miss Primm thought a moment. "If you don't mind, Mr. Snooks," she said, "I'll remain here. I can keep in closer touch with the affairs of the business here."

"All right," replied the boss. Then he disappeared in his private office.

"The poor girl cannot leave her loving friends," murmured Bobbie.

"You know where you can go, young man!" snapped Miss Primm. And, frowning fiercely, she went out of the room, slamming the door.

Fools make feasts, but wise men eat them.—FRANKLIN.

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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A VERBAL passage at arms had taken place in the Jarr household, the details of which would be too harrowing to the supersensitive, and the final words of Mr. Jarr culminated in: "And some day I'll go out and I'll never come back."

It was not the last word, however, as Mrs. Jarr was still voicing the wrongs she endured as Mr. Jarr passed out, and the thought crossed his mind that she still was harping upon the theme as he rode downtown in the subway.

"That's what I get for being too good," was Mr. Jarr's mental comment. "If a man does behave himself and try to do right, his wife isn't satisfied. She'd just as soon rake you over the coals for a little thing as a big one. Doggone it! How did it start anyway?"

He could not exactly remember how it started, but he remembered how it ended, and he wondered to himself what would happen if he did go somewhere for a few months, only he could not afford it, or a few weeks or even a few days, and he would lose his job for that. Anyway he did not know where to go, and furthermore he did not care to go——

Here his reflections were disturbed by Mr. Stryver, his ponderous and extremely wealthy, and also very stingy acquaintance.

"Howdy, Jarr! Where're you going?" asked Mr. Stryver.

"Just thought I'd run downtown," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Come see the new quarters of our club," said Mr. Stryver in a patronizing way. He knew Jarr could not afford to belong to such a club and it might properly emphasize the importance of the rich man to take the poorer one through those palatial and stupidly dull halls. Besides it would cost very little—the price of a highball or two; for Mr. Stryver was one of those men who never bought wine, because he said he did not like it, but he always drank it when somebody else bought it.

The invitation did not appeal to Mr. Jarr. The thought of spending the evening with a dullard like Stryver grated on him in his present nervous condition. "I've a very important business engagement, but thank you just the same," he said.

"How's the wife?" asked Mr. Stryver. "Mine's sore on me about something. It's good to belong to a club in such cases. Ever been driven from home?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jarr, glibly. "Mrs. Jarr is the best tempered woman in the world. I can't make her mad."

Mr. Stryver snorted. "Tell me how you do it?" he asked. "This country is going to the dogs because the women boss too much! Well, they can't boss me!"

"I like to be bossed," replied Mr. Jarr. "Let them have their own way. It isn't worth fussing about and getting mad over. When they see you won't fuss there's no trouble with them."

"Well, I just go out of the house and stay out till I think my wife is in better humor," said Mr. Stryver.

Then Mr. Stryver proceeded to give Mr. Jarr all the statistics about the war, war munitions, and the armies in fighting Europe, which made Mr. Jarr peevish, as he had heard all this at the office discussed by Jenkins, the bookkeeper, and the others, so Mr. Jarr got out at the next station, determined to go back uptown and see if he could get in a pinochle game at Gus's place.

Arriving at Gus's cafe, Mr. Jarr was hailed with great delight, as the hand desired. Whereat Mr. Jarr declared he did not want to play pinochle; he did not feel like it. He also declined to drink, saying he was on the water wagon.

Then he walked out and hurried home. Opening the door of the flat, he stepped in and remarked sullenly: "Go as far as you like, you win!"

"Why, whatever's the matter with you? You're getting to be such a crank," said Mrs. Jarr mildly.

Whereat he insisted they go to the theatre, and off they went in high good humor. You never can tell.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XXII.

AUGUST 18.—To-day I received an anonymous letter.

I never even saw one before. This one, about my husband, was brought to me on the first delivery after he had left the house this morning. I suppose I should not have read it. But what woman could toss aside a letter which began like this:

"Dear Madam: You are being deceived. Although you have been married less than two months your husband is not true to you. He frequently has been seen in the company of his office assistant, Lillian Duryea, with whom his acquaintance is by no means restricted to office hours. He takes her to lunch. He even dines with her and goes to her apartment afterward, when you blindly suppose that he is busy on a case.

"She apparently has a fatal attraction for him, and he for her. He has been acquainted with her for a number of years, and he probably has spoken to you of her 'faithful service.' Because of her association with him, and because she is so blindly infatuated that she will not give him up, most of Miss Duryea's old friends have dropped away from her, although it is one of them who writes you now.

"What my arguments with her do not accomplish you may bring about by letting your husband know that you have heard about his little game, and that you won't stand for it any longer. He probably is fond of you—fonder than he is of her—although that doesn't stop him from making love to her.

"Your trust in your husband may cause you to doubt this, but remember two things.

"First: Men are naturally polygamous.

"Second: It is particularly easy for doctors to deceive their wives. The irregularity of their hours of work, their necessary absences from home or office, and a certain strange fascination which they seem to possess for the opposite sex combine to make the doctor who chooses the role an eminently successful roue.

"I am writing you this letter out of no particular friendship or admiration for you. I have never met you and have never seen you but once. You probably would prefer not to have your eyes opened. You look like that kind of sweet, trusting little fool.

"But I have a very strong interest in Miss Duryea, despite everything she has done. I want to see her drawn out of the snare into which she has fallen before it is forever too late. Therefore I am sending you this letter in the hope that your threat to expose your husband will bring him to his senses and induce him to give up Lillian.

"My name would mean nothing to you. Besides, if you knew it, you might tell your husband and he, in revenge on me, might inform the young woman who still means more to me than anything else in the world. She will thank me some day for having led her out of her fool's paradise, but for the present I must remain UNKNOWN."

It's so melodramatic and hackneyed and absurd, little dairy, that I am ashamed to copy it on your pages. But has it—or has it not—the ring of truth?

Ned, I'm sure it can't be true, sure of your faith as I am of your love, sure that you'd never condescend to that little, sly, pussy-faced girl I met in your office.

But why were you so insistent on retaining her services when I urged you to let me take her place? Why were you so indignant when I tried to make friends with her? Why did you say that she wasn't the sort of person for me to lunch with?

I'm going to talk it out with you, fairly and frankly, when you come home. I can't and won't hide this ugly accusation in my heart and my diary.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET; by Edward Everett Hale.

THE secret service sub-chief came to New York from Richmond, under a flag of truce, in October of 1864. The Civil War had entered on its final, fiercest era. The Federal blockade had shut all imported luxuries out of the Southern States; and there was no money or material for manufacturing such things in the South itself. So Southern women were wearing ancient clothes and plaiting their own straw hats and making coffee out of beans. It was the lack of new clothes they minded most.

So, when the sub-chief went back to Richmond, he took along as a present a dozen of the latest and most fashionable hoopskirts ("skeletons," as they were called) to his wife and mother and daughters. These wondrous articles were received with cries of delight.

Then trouble set in.

Soon after his return, the sub-chief received a set of cipher despatches from the Confederate Navy Department, to be taken by him secretly and at once to Wilmington. These ciphers contained directions for the safe shipping of 83,211 muskets from a Belgian firm to an unwatched Confederate port. The muskets' arrival would have meant new hope of victory to the ill-armed Confederate forces.

The Delayed Despatches.

The despatches in his pocket, the sub-chief entered a clothes closet in his own house in search of a coat to wear on the journey. His feet became entangled in a mesh of wire on the closet floor, and he fell, breaking his left leg. He had stepped on one of the hoopskirts. When he was able to think of business again he remembered the despatches. But then it was too late to deliver them. Thus, because of a hoopskirt, the Confederates lost 83,211 precious muskets.

The sub-chief's wife, in remorse at the damage done by her luckless bit of finery, threw the offending "skeleton" into the James River. A few days afterward a detachment of the Confederate navy caught a group of Federal gunboats off guard further down the river and made a sudden attack on them, an attack which by rights should have cleared the river of the gunboats and left open a route whereby provisions, &c., could have been brought into the besieged city. But, as the assault was about to begin, the Confederate flagship all at once became unmanageable and then helpless. Not only did the daring plan fail, but the Southern flotilla barely made its way back to Richmond in safety.

Investigation showed that the flagship's propeller and steering gear had become entangled in the meshes of a submerged hoopskirt.

Another hoopskirt went by mistake to the junkman and thence into a pile of papers and rags that were to be used in making Confederate money. The scraps of steel wrecked a whole issue of bills.

The General commanding in Richmond learned through spies that a supply train was about to reach Gen. Butler's army, just outside the city. The Confederates planned to make a night sortie, strike Butler's unprepared forces, rout them and seize the supplies. Lieut. Scheff was sent from headquarters with the order for the sortie. As he galloped across a field, his horse stepped into a snarl of wire springs—the discarded remains of one of the hoopskirts—and fell. Scheff was picked up senseless. For more than a day he was delirious. When he regained consciousness the supply train had arrived and Butler's lines had been reinforced.

Richmond fell early in April. President Jefferson Davis escaped from the city. The sub-chief prepared for him a package of maps to guide his flight around the watchful Union armies and to some Florida port whence he could take ship for another country. Too late it was learned that a blundering messenger had left the maps on a table and had carried to Davis a package containing one of the hoopskirts. A few days afterward the newspapers told how the lack of guiding maps and the alleged use of that hoopskirt had aided in the fugitive President's capture. Reviewing the havoc wrought by his "skeletons," the sub-chief mused sadly:

The Wrong Package.

"That fatal present of mine was the ruin of the Confederate navy and army and treasury. And—it led to the capture of our poor President, too!"

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—DEMOSTHENES.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

How a 25-Cent Investment Paid This Salesman an Annual Dividend of $1,000.

"AS every salesman knows, the chances for securing an interview are greatly lessened if one carries his sales material in plain sight," remarked a successful magazine subscription solicitor.

"And, in my case, for some subtle but very potent reason, my own self-confidence suffers greatly if in jockeying for an interview I am laden with literature which I cannot conceal.

"In my work I have to carry a copy of the magazine I represent, measuring 6 3-4 inches by 9 1-2 inches, a folding device which, when spread out, shows the backs of the set of books we give as a premium, a pamphlet of testimonials, and a supply of order blanks. Now, of course, no ordinary pocket will accommodate this assortment. For months I was forced to carry most of my literature where it was subject to the eagle-eyed scrutiny of the men at the gate. In perhaps one case out of three, it resulted in my being denied an interview. And every salesman knows the demoralizing effect of a succession of these experiences. It unfits one for successfully delivering his canvass in the cases where he does break into the private office.

"Finally, an idea occurred to me. I dropped into a tailor's one day—showed him my collection of paraphernalia, and inquired if it were practicable to construct a hidden pocket to contain it. The job was completed within fifteen minutes. It cost 25 cents. The pocket consisted merely of a bag attached to the waistband of my trousers, where it was concealed by the skirt of my coat. This pocket has increased my weekly commissions an average of $20. It reacts favorably in three ways: a, As no one suspects my errand, my self-confidence is increased; b, I obtain two or three times more interviews than previously; and, c, My prospect does not promptly assume a defensive attitude.

"And it is certainly amusing to witness the prospect's amazement as I calmly produce my voluminous mass of literature from its place of concealment. Generally, it raises a laugh and that's a great asset in breaking the ice."

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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A curved razor is the idea of Daniel Goofus, making it easier for the shaver's wife to open a can of tomatoes.

In order to facilitate the transportation of noodle soup a new spoon combines the principle of a pair of scissors and an umbrella.

Being absolutely uncivilized and naked, the Gamboozi tribe of South America have never enjoyed blisters from new oxfords or green marks on their necks from iron collar buttons.

It is the custom in the Mexican army to start in as General and work your way up.

A fly you didn't swat on the third day of April is now a great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather or grandmother, as the case may be.

The eighth wonder of the world is working an old transfer on a new conductor.