OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

INVENTOR OF THE FOKKER

Mijnheer Fokker, the inventor of the monoplane that bears his name and that for several months has been greatly disturbing the adversaries of Germany by its speed and destructive powers, is a native of Holland, and is said to be not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years old. He has spent the greater part of his life in Germany, but would appear to be thoroughly familiar with the French flying machines. A number of the devices on the Fokker are claimed by the French to be outright copies of their own.

About five years ago Fokker made his appearance in the German flying corps, and his first monoplane was received with such small enthusiasm there that the invention was offered to the British government. Some English experts examined it, recommended it as being uncapsizable, but so badly constructed that it made the flyer's life anything but secure. They, therefore, declined to recommend its purchase by Britain.

Nothing more was heard of Fokker, except in a general way, until his formidable new monoplane entered the field last December and speedily captured, for the time being, the honors of war.

The chief value of the Fokker is its speed, this being over one hundred miles an hour and to exceed by twenty-five or thirty miles an hour anything which the British or the French monoplanes can accomplish, and Fokker himself seems to be responsible for this unique feature of his machine. The gun is stationary. The flyer has only to steer the monoplane.

WRISLEY BROWN'S PLIGHT

Among the bright young lawyers attached to the department of justice at Washington is Wrisley Brown. Not long ago he was sent to a town in the middle West to investigate quietly the condition of a bank there. In order not to arouse any suspicions he used an assumed name in registering at the hotel.

All day long he busied himself about the town and went to his hotel at night tired and footsore.

"Let's see, what's your room number?" asked the proprietor, when Wrisley went to the desk for his key.

"I forget," said Wrisley.

"What's your name, then? I'll look it up."

For the life of him, Wrisley couldn't remember what name he had used when he registered that morning, and the register had been put away.

"I forget—er, that is—" began the usually self-possessed Wrisley.

"What, you don't know your name?" shrieked the hotel proprietor. And he looked scared half to death. Nor would any amount of explanation go down.

"I'd be afraid to have such a fellow in the house," said he.

And as there was no other hotel in town, Wrisley Brown was obliged to tramp the streets all night like an outcast.

WHY UNDERWOOD DECLINED

Senator Underwood, who for many years was a member and chairman of the house committee on ways and means, and who is the author of the present tariff law, declined a position on the finance committee of the senate, the tariff-making body of the upper branch. Asked why he refused the proffered appointment, Mr. Underwood told this story of an old Alabama shoemaker:

"This old chap used to sit all day pegging shoes. Once a month he bought a ticket in the Louisiana state lottery. Finally his persistence was rewarded, and he was notified that he had won the $25,000 prize. He closed his shop, bought an outfit of new clothes and went up to New York, as he had always dreamed of doing.

"Two years he spent in the metropolis, doing all the things he had wanted to do for many years. But the pace was too fast. He went back to Birmingham with the little money he had left and reopened his shoemaker's shop. As before, he began buying tickets in the lottery. Just as he was becoming contented with his life as a cobbler, and beginning to enjoy his meals once more, an official of the lottery company came to the shop and told him he had won the $25,000 prize for the second time.

"The old man looked at the lottery agent blankly, and then exclaimed: "'My God, have I got to go through with all that again?'"

"COUSIN BOB" BROUSSARD'S HOLD

Down in his state of Louisiana Robert F. Broussard, United States senator, is generally addressed as "Cousin Bob," and, indeed, he seems to be related to most of the people in his district, if not most of those in the state. He speaks Louisiana French, which is a language entirely distinct from young-ladies'-finishing-school French, or learn-to-speak-French-for-eighteen-dollars French. Speaking their language as he does, "Cousin Bob" has a strong hold on the people of his section of the state, and their main religion is to vote for Bob Broussard without question and without stint whenever he runs for anything.

When Broussard was running for the United States senate, Representative James B. Aswell was seeking election to the lower house of congress. Aswell was talking to a man in the section where Broussard is best known, and asked him for his vote.

"No, I'm going to vote for Bob—Bob Broussard," said the man.

"That's all right. You can vote for Bob and for me, too," Aswell explained. "We're not running for the same thing."

The man shook his head. "No," says he, "I'll vote for Bob. Then if you're entitled to have an office, Bob can appoint you to it."

DOES NOT CONVINCE

Speech of Ex-Secretary Root Is Fallacious.

His Arraignment of the Policies of the Democratic Party Adroit but Easily Answered by Any Thoughtful Person.

It is trite to remark the distinguished ability of Hon. Elihu Root of New York. Political friend and foe alike recognize his intellectual preeminence and his keynote speech before the New York Republican convention was adroit in all respects and a plausible arraignment of the Democratic administration.

To those who are constitutionally at enmity with the Democratic party his utterances will no doubt be regarded as a masterpiece.

But Mr. Root was quite as fallacious as ever, as may be seen by all who will analyze his speech.

If he tells us that the Democratic party is late in realizing the necessity for greater armament, why does he not tell us why it is that in the half century since the war that the Republican party was in control 40 years without an adequate naval program being adopted until a Democratic administration came in?

The Wilson administration had to repair the neglect of the Republican party with respect to the army and navy, as it had to repair it in respect of the banking system and currency system and the revenue system.

Mr. Root might answer, of course, that during the Republican administrations there was no need of a greater army and navy. Even if that be true, he must admit that the Democratic president was quick to recognize the need when it appeared, and proceeded to evolve a plan to supply it.

As for the business mixup to which he alluded, Mr. Root is almost ridiculous, in view of the existing business conditions. The thoughtful people of the country are not going to be caught by Mr. Root's fallacies.

Poor Explanations.

It was Pennsylvania manufacturers who spoke of business as "trembling in the presence of the Democratic party." Now Senator Penrose, observing the same sensitive barometer, and compelled to admit a certain general prosperity, remarks that "much of the hopefulness is based upon the assumption that the Wilson administration and its policies will be defeated and protection will be restored to the nation." So used is Senator Penrose, like Representative Mann and others, to whistling to keep up his courage, that when he perceives business in a whistling frame of mind he can think of no other explanation. The psychology of business, according to these Republican diagnosticians, is a fearful and wonderful thing. In 1907, beyond any doubt, it was some prevision of 1912 that caused a panic. The depression of the last two years arose from the consciousness that, whatever happened, business was in for Democratic misrule till 1917. But business can reach an almost unparalleled pitch of prosperity upon the mere hope that such misrule will not extend beyond that year. One puzzling aspect of these "explanations" is that their authors should admit so much virtue in a mere frame of mind—virtue able to triumph over the hard facts presented by Democratic measures. Another lies in the circumstance that a multitude of manufacturers confess to doing well at the same time they contemplate the probable re-election of President Wilson.

Not in the Omniscient Class.

Mr. Wilson's western speeches clearly show that he is utterly lacking in ability to forecast the future.—George W. Perkins.

We know of many captious grudges and of some legitimate grievances against President Wilson, but our loftiest flights of the imagination never conceived the possibility of his being indicted for failure to usurp an exclusive privilege of the Almighty.

Missouri Safely Democratic.

Republican disaffection and the fact that the Democrats have selected St. Louis as the place for their national convention will give Missouri to the Democrats in the next election, in the opinion of Harry P. Hawes, a leading Democrat of St. Louis, who is at the Willard, Mr. Hawes generally is credited with having won the convention for the Mound city.

Puerile Arraignment.

The Wilson administration destroyed established government in Mexico.—From the New York Republican Platform.

If Huerta had lived he might have been one of the delegates at large from New York to the Republican national convention.

Country Would Choose Quickly.

The Progressives deserve all the aid the Democrats can give them in urging Roosevelt upon the Republican party. In this delicate situation of all our foreign relations, giving Mr. Roosevelt the presidency would be very much like giving a boy a knife; something would get whittled. Persons who recall 1912—and vast numbers do—and have heard Mr. Roosevelt's continuous and indecent attacks upon the man who defeated him, will not be long in making choice between the president and the ex-president.

SMILES

CURSE THOSE ODD JOBS!

"I sometimes feel that I am called upon to do great things," remarked Mr. Dubwaite in the early hours of the morning, as he looked about for a clean collar.

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Dubwaite, in the negligee for which she is locally famous.

"Quite so, my dear."

"Well, while you are waiting for a repetition of the call, I wish you would go down to the cellar and demonstrate your versatility and grasp of detail by putting some coal in the furnace."

Starting Early.

"That youngster of yours whacks his drum with surprising energy."

"So he does," replied the proud father. "I hope it will develop his right arm."

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, I'm looking to the future. Something tells me that I'm destined to be the father of a famous baseball pitcher, and I want my boy to get all the preliminary training he can."

But She Roasted Him.

Sapleigh—I was—aw—weading the othah day about a twibe in Afwicka that—aw—eats wosted monkeys, doncher know. Beastly dweadful, doncher think, Miss Knox?

Miss Knox—Yes; but why should you care; you are not thinking of going to Africa, are you?

Now and Then.

"Gadson tries to create the impression that time is money with him."

"I see. Does he succeed in creating that impression?"

"Only when he pawns his watch."

Found.

First Co-ed—I've lost a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations.

Second Co-ed—Here's your thimble. —Medicine Man.

HE WAS WISE.

"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hats?"

"Yes, the funnier they seem to me the more convinced she is that they must be in style."

Yea, Verily!

A girl may consider Friday
An unlucky day on which to wed,
And she may not; it depends
Upon her age, 'tis said.

Not a High Brow.

Bacon—It is said the giraffe is said to be the only animal in nature that is entirely dumb, not being able to express itself by any sound whatever.

Egbert—It's just as well, for if it could speak it would talk over everybody's head.

A Compromise.

Wife—But why don't you want me to buy your neckties any more?

Hub—Well-er-I'd rather buy them myself than have you go to all that trouble.

Wife—But I like to do things for you.

Hub—Oh, in that case I'll let you look after the furnace this winter.

A Knock.

He—Yes, I once thought of going on the stage, but friends dissuaded me.

She—Friends of the stage, I presume.

Mean Thing.

She—After all we've been reading in the papers, don't you believe now women could fight?

He—Oh, I never doubted it, if it came to the scratch.

What They Have.

Traveler—In China the statesmen have yellow jackets.

Politician—That's nothing. In this country they have presidential bees.

Gone.

The Man—And have you the heart to refuse me?

The Maid—No, I gave it to another man.

Getting a Line on Him.

Father—You want to marry young Quitter, eh? Well, what's his batting average?

Daughter—Why, pa, I didn't know he was a ball player.

Father—Oh! I don't mean that. How many days per month is he on the bench?

PARAGON OF PATIENCE.

"He's the most patient man I ever knew."

"That so?"

"Yes, he can even herd a bunch of people together to have a group picture taken without losing his temper."

The Rear Guard.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
Is what a wise guy one time said;
But the lazy chap is not that kind—
He thinks he's right—then lags behind.

Instrumental Play.

The Horn—I'm going on a toot tonight.

The Drum—Well, that beats me.

The Violin—I heard you had an awful head on you this morning.

The Drum—Don't you believe it. Someone's been stringing you again.

The Tamborine—Oh, shut up, will you? You've got me all rattled.

The Piano—Same here. I can't collect anything on my notes.

Explained.

"Pa, what's meant by a 'euphemism?'"

"I forgot just how the dictionary defines it, son, but I'll give you an example."

"All right, pa."

"When a candidate refers to his rival as 'my able opponent,' that's euphemism. He's thinking something entirely different."

No, Indeed.

"Suppose Cinderella had worn common-sense shoes. What would have happened then?"

"You overlook a very important point."

"Well?"

"The story of Cinderella and the prince is not a common-sense narrative."

Defined.

"Pa, what is means by the 'keynote speech?'"

"Listen attentively, son, the next time I remark at the dinner table that I expected to be kept out late by important business matters."

"Yes, pa?"

"Your mother will then make a 'keynote speech.'"

Cool.

"I hope your father doesn't see me kiss you," said the young man.

"Why not?" asked the sweet young thing.

"He might object to you kissing a strange man."

"Well, he never has."

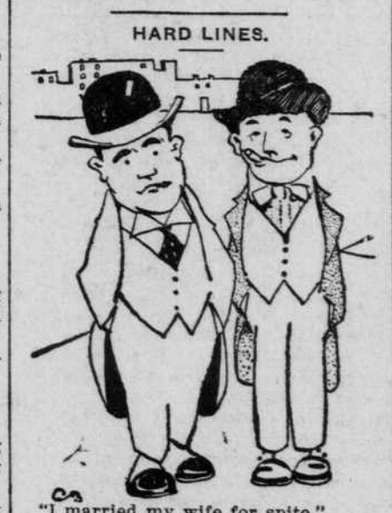
Too Cheerful.

Edith—Yes, I'm a little annoyed. You see, I declined the proposal, and I didn't want him to feel hurt—

Ellen—Well?

Edith—Well, he—he acted just as if he didn't.

HARD LINES.



"I married my wife for spite."

"Well, you certainly got good and even with yourself."

His Relatives.

The sluggard declined to visit the ant,
"She can't help me out," he said;
So he took his ulster down from a nail
And paid his "uncle" a visit instead.

The Ruling Passion.

"Did that old miser seem to have any regrets in dying?"

"Only that he had to spend his breath."

Merely a Pose?

"Some people can stand before a picture and see far more in it than the artist ever intended to put there."

"I've met that sort. But they don't seem to get much satisfaction out of what they see unless a low-brow happens to be standing near enough to hear their subdued raptures."

EXPLAINING THINGS

By HOPE AINSLEE.

"But you can't deny that Louis Acton is the most desirable of the eligible men in town," remonstrated Mrs. Davis.

"Money and good looks and a family mansion are perfectly good accompaniments for eligibility," said Agnes indifferently, "but what a man has doesn't make him eligible; it's what he is."

"Agnes," began her mother severely, as she shifted her embroidery frame nervously, "when a girl has reached the age of twenty-five she ought to be willing to settle down in a good home with a good provider."

"A good provider!" repeated Agnes disgustedly. "Oh, mother. That suggests just food and clothes and shelter." A moment later she added: "I may as well tell you before Mr. Acton arrives to take me to that concert this evening that I could never marry him, and that I have already promised to marry Henry Barton."

"Louis Acton likes Louis Acton better than he does anybody else, and he'll like him more and more as he grows older." Agnes was still cool in manner, although her voice slightly trembled. "And that Henry's grandfather was a blacksmith doesn't shock me any more than that Louis Acton's grandfather was a clever land buyer whose close trades were barely within legal bounds."

While Agnes and her parents sat in uncomfortable silence a ring at the doorbell heralded a boy bringing a hurried note from Henry telling her that he was leaving that night for Chicago, from which city she would hear from him in a day or two. "You'll be surprised and pleasantly, I hope," the letter ended, "when my story is ready to tell."

For several months Louis Acton had not been satisfied with his progress in securing the favor of Agnes nor with the frequency of Henry Barton's visits at the Davis home. But during the month just passed he felt that he had gained some ground by having put Henry out of the running, temporarily. He had bought the town's largest general store, where Henry was employed, and had enforced so many unreasonable rules upon certain clerks that Henry had resigned on a day's notice, as Acton had intended to force him to do.

As they returned from the concert Acton told Agnes very softly that in all he did he considered her happiness, and that in taking over the business where Henry had been practically manager things had come to light which made it desirable for the latter to quit the store and the town at once.

"For your sake, I made no noise about it," concluded Acton, "and when you've had time to think the whole matter over I'm sure you'll thank me for it."

"Mr. Acton, I don't believe Henry Barton ever did anything dishonest in his life," said Agnes.

Although Agnes thus ended the discussion of the subject for that evening, Acton hoped he had sowed seed of distrust that would take root before she had a chance to hear Henry's side of the story.

Swinging up from the station a few evenings later with his traveling bag, Henry was greeted by a friend who shook his hand warmly and told him it was time he was coming home to set the rumors at rest. After a few moments' conversation with this talkative friend, Henry turned white with anger and went striding off toward the Davis cottage. As he arrived at the front door, Agnes and Louis Acton were just coming out to enter the latter's automobile which stood throbbing at the gate. Each of the three knew that a crisis was at hand. Agnes was chalky pale. Acton angrily flushed, and Henry stood waiting for somebody to break the tense silence.

"Well?" Acton's voice was hoarse, his manner peremptory.

"All will be well before I leave," said Henry with quiet sarcasm, "but not until you explain in the presence of Agnes why you set suspicious rumors afloat about me when I went away." The two men eyed each other angrily.

"Really, Barton," began Acton, assuming indifference, "it is demanding a good deal to ask another to explain rumors which originated solely from your own unexplained conduct. If Miss Agnes has drawn conclusions quite natural in the circumstances, I hardly see how I can be blamed."

"Here is my explanation." Henry drew from his pocket a legal-looking paper and handed it to Agnes. "I saved it because I wanted to surprise you with it personally. I went to Chicago in response to a telegram from the Great Western Grocers who offered me a job as manager of a branch store here provided a personal interview satisfied them. That contract tells you how well satisfied they were. Of course my sudden departure did make things look a bit bad, but Agnes," and Henry ignored Acton as a further participant in the conversation, "is my belated explanation satisfactory?"

"Entirely so, Henry; and is my abject apology—"

"It's not in order, Agnes; we've too many things to plan for the future to go snooping around in the unpleasant past."