

HAS CREATED A GREAT INTERNATIONAL SENSATION

Swedish Diplomat in the Argentine Republic Has Acted as an Intermediary For Transferring German Messages to Berlin—Exposure Made by the United States State Department.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—The Washington State Department's revelation of a Swedish diplomat in Argentina acting as an intermediary for transferring German messages to Berlin has created one of the greatest international sensations of the war.

The Swedish government, with the monarchy, the aristocracy and the army officers, have been rated strongly

pro-German throughout the war, and Queen Victoria, in several public functions, has proclaimed her German sentiments as strongly as any German could.

The Swedish people, on the other hand, are reported as leaning strongly against Germany in the more recent stages of the war, particularly since the unrestricted submarine campaign began. Sweden's leaning towards Germany was considered a natural complement to her old fear of the Russian autocracy, but the Entente nations held the hope that when the cause for that distrust was removed by the revolution, Swedish feelings might undergo a radical change.

The suspicion has been current in England throughout the war that Germany was obtaining such information of military movements which could not be secured through ordinary spies, the spy industry in fact having been pretty well stamped out here for over a year past, after a few lessons that were taught by several executions in the Tower of London.

The belief that Lord Kitchener's death when the Hampshire went down was the result of information transmitted to Germany of his departure, has been persistent with many, and it has at least the foundation that his plans were known and discussed at dinner tables in high society before he started on his ill fated journey.

HAWAIIAN PRINCESS IN A CHICAGO COURT

Kalamaka Wanted to Play the Ukelele Instead of Paying Taxi Bill—Finally Paid 50 Cents.

(Chicago News.)

Dreamy eyed Princess Anna Kalamaka, queen of the ukelele and dancer de luxe, sang "Aloha" to Chicago's police station on South Clark street today and waltzed away for a 'Frisco train.

"Nix on the taxis. No more for me. Princess Kalamaka of the Sandwich Islands, queen of the hula-hula and bride of the Kanaka king. If I can't walk, I'll take a street car," she mused as she tramped along.

Just then an unsuspecting taxi driver spotted her.

"Taxi, lady?"

The tropical orbs began to flash and the dusky cheeks of the ukelele bell began to show red.

"Get outa here!"

It wasn't in vain. The taxi skidded in a circle and headed for the nearest open road.

Kicked on Taxi Price.

The princess headed into the arms of the law yesterday, after a joy ride of four blocks between stations in a taxicab. "Four bits" was the price she was supposed to pay.

"Too much," she snapped.

The bellicose taxi driver called a policeman and she was taken to a South Clark street cell to think about it. Today she was tried before Judge Doyle.

"The Princess Anna Kalabanka," garbled the clerk. The princess jumped forward. She dapped at suspiciously dry eyes with a royal Hawaiian handkerchief and sobbed.

"She wouldn't pay," said the driver.

"I asked him how much," interpolated the princess. "He said 50 cents. I said 'Are you trying to kid me?' Then he said forty. I said no, I pay you a dime. Then he had me arrested. Now my feelings are hurt. But judge, I can play the ukelele!"

"Wa-wait a minute!" said the startled court. We haven't time for concert here."

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"Then I pay the fifty cents—"

"Sure, that's O. K. Next case."

The queen of the hula-hulas dug into her blue-blooded pocketbook and extracted a half dollar. She passed it over, and the chauffeur went back to his taxi. Incidentally she exposed a roll of bills and a ticket for San Francisco.

"I got lots of money, but no man steal from me," she declared. "I go to jail first. Maybe I go again. You see I sing and dance in the Paradise Hawaiian troop and I call myself princess. I am not a real one, but this helps me in my business."

Meanwhile her lawyer, looking as prosperous as a press agent, hurried her—after the interview—from the room.

THE STRANGER WANTED PLAIN DIRECTIONS

And Also a Lot of Other Information That Probably Had Nothing to Do With the Case.

(Chicago News.)

The stranger stopped his car and nodded politely to the farmer who was driving a cow.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "how to find Judge Dumble's house?"

"If I can't," replied the farmer, "I don't suppose there's anybody in the country who can. The judge and I are good friends. Whenever he passes my place on his way to town he drops in, and we have some great arguments. The judge is hot tempered and usually goes away mad after a debate, and last time he picked up a milk picher and busted it on my head, but we're good friends just the same. If I wanted to borrow \$5, or even \$10, I reckon—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the stranger "Excuse me, but I'm rather in a hurry, and I'll be obliged if you'll direct me to the judge's home."

"Nothing could be easier. When I get talking about him, and the sociable times we have together, I'm inclined to forget where I am. The judge is a great man in his way, and I've heard he was counted one of the best lawyers in the country. I never hear him mention law, but he's always telling me about his inventions. He spends most of his time compounding things that explode without notice, and if he doesn't go through the roof of his laboratory about once a week he feels that things are getting stagnant."

"About a year ago he told me he had invented something the whole world had been yearning for. It was an indelible ink that would stay black till the crack of doom. He gave me a bottle of it to show that he regarded me as a brother. My wife's sister was visiting us at the time, getting ready for her marriage to Jake Samover. She was married at our house, and when the ceremony was over the minister asked me for a pen and ink so he could fill out a marriage certificate. I handed him the bottle of indelible ink, and he filled out the form, and signed his name, and then some of the bystanders signed as witnesses."

"Well, Jake didn't treat his bride very well, and she made up her mind to have a divorce. She consulted a lawyer and he asked to see her marriage certificate, and when he unfolded it there was nothing there but the printed stuff. All the writing had faded out so you couldn't find a trace of it with a telescope. It has made the blamest mix-up you ever saw. The two witnesses are dead and the clergyman had gone to China as a missionary, and that woman can't prove she ever was married except by hearsay evidence, and it seems she has to show she was married before she can get a divorce. The judge—"

"Yes, my friend, the judge! Where does he live?"

"Well, it does beat all how I've been rattling on! The judge lives a few miles up the road. You go to the first crossroads and take the one to the right. Follow that road two miles, and you'll come to a big red barn. Then you turn to the left and travel half a mile, and then diagonally across a pasture, till you see a yellow brick house. That's where the judge lives."

"Thank you very much."

"You're welcome, but if you want to see the judge there's no use going to his house. It's closed up. He's gone east for an indefinite time. He wants to interest eastern capital in a liquid glue he has invented. Let me tell you about that glue."

But the stranger wouldn't wait.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carr, nee Miss Dorothy Phair, of New York, are visiting Mrs. de Lancy Robinson.

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well."

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Slants of Humor

Appropos of the gigantic slides that the temperance movement is making, Governor Beeckman of Rhode Island, said:

"The whole country now seems to look at excess as the young wife did."

"Jim, dear," said a young wife, "I do wish you'd stop drinking. Every time you go to one of those banquets of yours, you get up the next morning pale and silent, you eat nothing and you just gulp down 10 or 15 glasses of water. Do stop drinking, won't you, dear? I know it can't be good for you."

"All great men have been drinking men," said Jim. "Look at Poe, look at Charles Lamb, look at Burns, look at—"

"Well, Jim," said the young wife, "you just swear off until you become a great man, too, and I'll be satisfied."

NO SALE.

Salesmanship loses a lot of its force when the agent knocks at the front door and the lady of the house sticks her head out of the third story window.

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Get all the laughter that you can. The future never will repay To you or any other man The laughs you overlooked today.

CORNED.

Mrs. Exe—Do you mind when your husband brings a friend home to dinner?

Mrs. Wye—No; what I mind is having a friend bring him home after dinner.

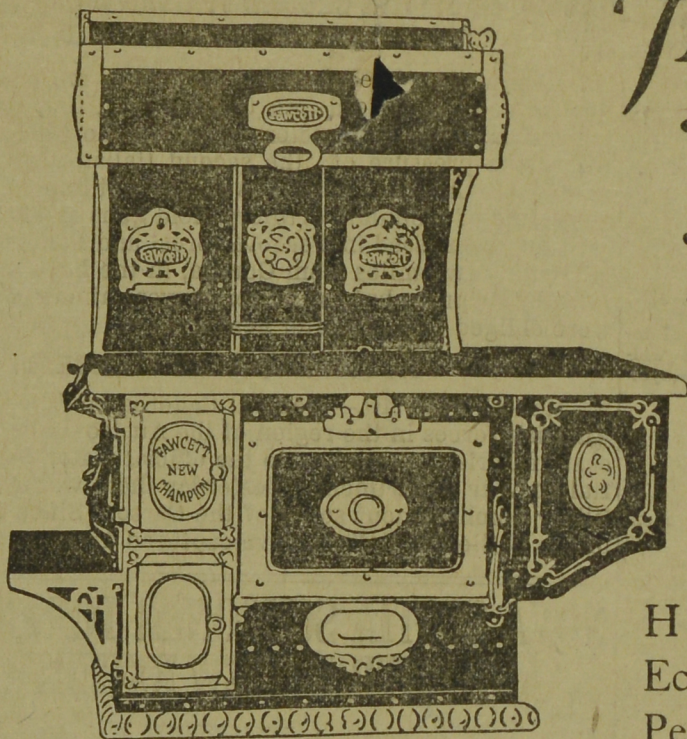
CERTAINLY.

He—Didn't some idiot propose to you before our marriage?

She—Certainly.

He—Then you ought to have married him.

She—I did.



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