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THE REMEDY FOR SPIES

If a German spy was responsible for the loss of the *Tuscania* there need be no surprise at the fact America has learned to her sorrow upon repeated occasions that Germany's system of international espionage is marvelously complete and effective. The question now is not so much whether the *Tuscania* was a victim of this system as it is what the United States proposes to do to break up the system and prevent the loss of other *Tuscanias*, says the *Great Divide* editorially. It continues. The United States has been altogether too lenient with suspects and spies. Nabbing a German agent and sending him to an internment camp in the sunny south where he lives on the fat of the land, more like a lord than a prisoner, is worse than fuddle from the standpoint of national safety. It is playing with fire.

In a New York court the other day a group of men convicted of planting bombs in a British cargo ship in order to destroy the ship and innocent crew in mid ocean were fined \$2,000 and sent to prison for eighteen months. The manifest inadequacy of the penalty was explained by the weakness of the federal law under which no sterner punishment was possible.

How long can the United States continue a namby-pamby policy toward German agents in this country and hope to escape the penalty of our carelessness? In the New York incident the fault lay not with the court but with those responsible for the weakness of the law. German espionage in America must be rooted out if America is to survive. There must be an end of golden ruling Prussian agents who would destroy American lives, sink American ships, ruin American industry and discredit American honor as a sovereign power.

The laws of war recognize one all-sufficient penalty against spies, and every nation recognizes it. National security demands that this penalty be exacted as often as the crime is fixed. A few examples of this kind should put a quietus upon the business of being a spy in the United States. Service for the German fatherland may be glorious in Prussian eyes, but death, blind-folded, before an unfeeling stone wall at sunrise would furnish an example whose salutary effect could escape no one. If present laws are insufficient, Congress is in session and will pass new ones. If the department of justice has been remiss in any particular, immediate improvement should be demanded. If men in the military service talk too freely the remedy should not be hard to find.

Public opinion in the United States may well demand that the law of nations which forfeits the life of a spy in wartime shall be rigidly applied by our own government. Public safety demands an end of leniency. This is not a holiday venture we are engaged in, but war. Let us

GIVE HIM TIME AND HE' LL BUTT HIS BRAINS OUT



apply this rule of war as unflinchingly as we know Germany would apply it, were the case reversed.

A FEW WORDS ON SUCCESS

Success isn't what so large a number of people take it to be. Success is quite often failure. And a good many people who consider themselves failures are in reality fine successes. Success is honest, earnest, enthusiastic individual expression, says an exchange.

Now, that expression may mean money accumulated, fame acquired, high position wide renown. But it could and does mean none of these, maybe.

A United States senator once told the writer that he considered his life a failure. He was one of the last of his family, he had no children, he was lonely and unhappy. I sat and looked at him. This man envied those who envied him!

Success isn't envying anybody. Success is envying yourself, laying out a plan that you can do best—and finishing it. The finishing part is the most important of all. No normal man or woman should fail. Success in life is a good deal like winning a battle—fortifying every position or advance won, in a dozen different ways if possible, and then going ahead expecting bigger things. And remember that one of the most important things is to copy no one. To study your own ability closest. To work. To set your very soul upon a pivot. To keep your eyes upon things ahead. To smile, not frown. To dig, not dodge. To fight, not falter. And to do a lot of things that you would rather not do. To be yourself.

RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB

The action taken by the County Court this week in promoting J. S. Sawyer to the position of county roadmaster to succeed R. B. Murdoch who enters the army, is a move that meets the approval of all who have had opportunity to judge of Mr. Sawyer's efficiency.

During the two years J. S. Sawyer was city engineer for Bandon, as far as *Western World* has knowledge, no faults were found with his work, nor were any complaints heard. On the other hand a frequent expression in referring to his efficiency was "best engineer Bandon has ever had." While here he had charge of the complicated water system installation and various street improvements. Since leaving Bandon Mr. Sawyer has been working for the county, starting in as a surveyor and being promoted to the position of first deputy by Mr. Murdoch.

It is predicted that unless he slows down with the passing years, J. S. Sawyer will fill the position of County Roadmaster with efficiency and profit to the taxpayers.

This war has given us a new national view of what is real value. We have come to subscribe to the principle that only that is sacred which serves. A human life is valuable only as it contributes something to the good of all. The individual value of life is practically nil. It is co-operative effort which counts and no life is wasted which seeks to do its part along with others for the common weal. It is this conception of the value of human life to attain democratic ideals that has inspired our fighting sons to "carry on" the struggle against tyranny until it is dethroned, says Philadelphia North American. It is this new national view that will be indorsed by those who pay the supreme sacrifice and a better, truer civilization.

Just when we were all beginning to rare back and proclaim to the world that Bandonians do not know from actual experience the color of snow, Dame Nature had to hand us "a couple o' dozen flakes."

With a new building now and then and occasional remodelings going on, it seems that Bandonians are filled with considerable optimism concerning the city's future.

A Baltimore judge—Maryland has a law to compel everybody to do useful labor—has ruled that bootblacks and gypsies are idlers. A man should shine his own shoes, says the court. But take the case, your honor, of the fat man; he can't.

A letter of recommendation from a Sunday school teacher does not amount to much. What the prospective employer wants is a letter of that character from one who knows you the other six days of the week.

The cry is going up against the expensive banquet as something that is not fitting in war times, whereas many have contended that all banquets should have been abolished long ago.

A college professor with German sympathies who has not succeeded in learning to keep his mouth shut is not likely to be able to teach much to anyone else.

THE PARSON HELPS

By C. B. LEWIS.

It wasn't a circus or a Buffalo Bill show that was coming over the hill into the village of Liverpool, to see which fifty or sixty people had gathered. It was simply and solely the Widow Skinner, for the widow had bought the house and lot of Seth Travers and was moving over from Rockford.

None of the Liverpool folks had seen Mrs. Skinner yet, but most of them had heard of her. She had been described as both an angel and a virago—as tall and as short—as a peacemaker and as a troublemaker.

And the crowd had gathered in front of the Travers' house, and the widow was at hand with her bag and baggage. A mystery that had troubled the village for two weeks was about to be solved.

Squire Lapham was the father of the town. It was for him to welcome all newcomers and shake hands with all who moved away. He had on his Sunday suit on this occasion, and he was on the ground early. It was for him to boss, and for the others to obey. The widow drove two skeleton horses attached to a rickety old wagon, and within the vehicle were her household treasures.

Hitched to the rear of the wagon was a bony cow, and at her heels, grunting their disgust, came three hogs as thin as an old-fashioned hoop-skirt. The boys were nine and twelve years of age, respectively.

"Stand back! Everybody stand back!" shouted the squire, as the wagon came to a halt. "Are you goin' to tell me that you never saw a widdier woman before?"

"Why, she's as homely as a cabbage head!" exclaimed one.

"And she's as tall as a man!" gasped number two.

"Look at them crowsbats of hosses!" ejaculated a third.

"Madam," said the squire, as he stepped forward and raised his Greely hat, "it is my happy privilege to bid you welcome to our charming village."

The Widow Skinner looked that crowd over for a minute and then got down and said:

"I want no blarney from you or any of the rest of 'em! Go on with you!"

"But my good woman—"

But she went through the crowd, scowling right and left, until all went away, except Elder Bixby, who stood leaning against the fence with a smile on his face.

He was about to receive a kick, when the widow withheld her foot, and said: "Take off your coat and help me get the stove and bureau out of the wagon."

"Yes, ma'am."

Elder Bixby was a widower fifty-four years old. He helped to unload the wagon and carry the things in, and when he put on his coat the woman thanked him, and added:

"I kinder suspect you are a widower?"

"Yes."

"And I'm a widdier. Drop in now and then. I shan't bite you."

The widow settled her house in three days, and then she and her sons began to stand the town of Liverpool on its head. The boys broke window glass, got up dog fights, stoned cats and fought every boy that could not outrun them. The cow and the horses and the hogs were turned loose in the streets to get their living as best they could, and they preferred the vegetable gardens and lawns to the roadsides.

Squire Lapham had never been snubbed by mortal man or woman before, and his surprise was so great that he hardly spoke to anyone outside his family for two weeks. Then he suddenly roused up and asked Stephen Brewster:

"Steve, the law won't stand it—no, by thunder, it won't! That widdier and her boys have got to behave themselves or they'll have trouble on their hands!"

Meanwhile, the widow kept fairly busy. She gave a tin peddler a black eye because he told her that she didn't know a good thing when she saw it; she crippled a hog which was interfering with the peace of mind of one of her own; she kicked a book canvasser, and she tore down a line fence for fuel.

It was too much for the town of Liverpool. There were mutterings and threats, and a committee called on Parson Turner.

"That evening he sent for Elder Bixby to come to the parsonage, and when the good man arrived he was asked: "I am told that during your married life you bossed your house with a strong hand?"

"Purty strong, parson—purty strong. Most wives need a strong hand."

"It looks so to me. The Widow Skinner and her boys need a strong hand. You've got it. I am satisfied that if she had a husband and the boys a father there would be a great difference in their conduct. You may not love the widow now, but you may grow to."

Is there a husband now? No. Are there two bad boys of her name? No.

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Not a Bit Noisy.
Apartment Agent—Are these your children?

Prospective Tenant—Yes; but they are not a bit noisy. Their music lessons take up all their time.—Judge.

The Worst Yet to Come.
Madge—Poor Helen! Has the worst been told?
Grace—I think not. We are waiting for your version.

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THE ENEMY?

