

EXTRACTS FROM WOODROW'S DIARY.

(In Stephen Leacock's newest book, "Further Foolishness," there appears an amusing chapter, entitled "The White House from Within Out," purporting to contain "Extracts from the Diary of a President of the United States. From these Extracts we make the following extractions.):—

MONDAY.

Rose early. Swept out the White House. Prayers. Sat in the garden reading my book on Congressional Government. Certainly a lovely morning. Sat for some time thinking how beautiful the world is. I defy anyone to make a better. Afterwards determined to utter this defiance publicly and fearlessly.

9.30 a.m.—Bad news. British ship Torpid torpedoed by a torpedo. Tense atmosphere all over Washington. Retreated instantly to the pigeon-house and shut the door. I must think, at all costs, and no one shall hurry me.

10 a.m.—Have thought. Came out of pigeon-house. It is all right. I wonder I didn't think of it sooner. The point is perfectly simple. If Admiral Tirpitz torpedoed the Torpid with a torpedo, where's the torpedo Admiral Tirpitz torped? In other words, how do they know it's a torpedo? The idea seems absolutely overwhelming. Wrote notes at one to England and to Germany.

TUESDAY.

A lovely day. Rose early. Put flowers in all the vases. Cabinet to prayers and breakfast. Prayed for better guidance.

10 a.m.—British Admiralty communication. To pigeon-house at once. They offer to send piece of torpedo, fragment of ship, and selected portions of dead American citizens.

Have come out of pigeon-house. Have cabled back: How do they know it is a torpedo, how do they know it is a

fragment, how do they know he was an American who said he was dead?

My answer has helped. Feeling in Washington easier at once. General buoyancy. Loans and discounts doubled.

As I expected—a note from Germany. Chancellor very explicit. Says not only did they not torpedo the Torpid, but on the day (whenever it was), that the steamer was torpedoed, they had no submarines at sea, no torpedoes in their submarines, and nothing really explosive in their torpedoes. Offers, very kindly, to fill in the date of his sworn statement as soon as we furnish accurate date of incident. Adds that his own theory is that the Torpid was sunk by somebody throwing rocks at it from the shore. Wish somehow that he had not added this argument.

WEDNESDAY.

Cabled British Admiralty that the Torpid incident is now closed, and that I stand where I stood, and that I am what I am. The situation in Washington relieved at once. General feeling that I shall not make war.

Cables from Germany. Chancellor now positive as to Torpid. Sworn evidence that she was sunk by someone throwing a rock. Sample of rock to follow. Draws attention to fact that all of the crews who were not drowned were saved. An important point.—Assures this government that everything ascertainable will be ascertained, but that pending judicial verification any Imperial exculpation must be held categorically allegorical. How well these Germans write!

SATURDAY.

British Admiralty sending shipload of fragments. German Admiralty sending shipload of affidavits. Feeling in Washington depressed to the lowest depths. Sterling sinking. Marks falling. Exports dwindling.

An idea—Is this job worth while? I wonder if Billy Sunday would take it?