

Schnelock "Blessed" With "Awful Name"

Walter Schnelock walked into the office of the Registrar of **Allens** yesterday afternoon and asked if he could regard himself as fit to be at large and if he would require an exeat to go into the United States. He was arrested a week ago and sent to jail for being drunk and expressing pro-German sentiments.

He came out of jail yesterday and said that he felt all the botter for the change. He wore a light check suit and brandished a walking stick. He tried to be serious; but broke down every time and even cracked jokes with Mr. Russell Snow, the Registrar.

"Are you a German?" asked Mr. Snow.

"No, I'm an American; here are my papers; I've got an awful name, it follows me wherever I go. Translated, it means 'snow-hole.'"

"But you are pro-German; you said so when you were drunk."

"I don't know what I said then, but I know I don't think that way."

"A man very often lets out what he really thinks when he is drunk," said Mr. Snow, shrewdly.

"My dear friend—"

"I'm not your dear friend," interrupted the Registrar.

"Then, my dear **enemy**; I would be the first one to enlist if America went into the war if they would have me with this bum leg."

Schnelock further stated that his father was born in Prussia and was now over eighty and had lived in the United States for seventy years. He spoke with a typical Yankee accent without any trace of German. The Registrar regarded him as a joke, and said he wanted no more to do with him, whereupon he bowed himself out with a beaming countenance.