

TAR AND FEATHERS.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)
Griggs was a traveling man. Draw a picture of the type that this description calls up in your own mind and you have Griggs. Forty-five, or a little less, stout, jolly, with a perpetual smile and a noisy way, and an addiction to noisy clothes; that is Griggs.

He passed through Evesham twice a year and stayed, of course, at the Phoenix, where he used to swap yarns with the rest of us in the evening. People liked Griggs pretty well, but he wasn't exactly the kind of man they would have preferred for a neighbor.

He had a wife somewhere along his route, but none of us had ever seen her. We learned of the fact only from a word that he casually let drop one day.

Miss Amy Bellairs was the beauty of Evesham. Her father, Squire Bellairs, was one of the few men who, belonging to the old type, had adjusted himself to the conditions of the present.

Well, if Griggs was interested in a maid, it wasn't anyone's business, and it wasn't up to us to interfere.

You can imagine the upshot. If there is one thing that enlivens Evesham more than another it is a married man paying attentions to an unmarried woman—or a married one, for that matter, unless she happens to be his wife. Of late Griggs seemed to have been making Evesham his headquarters more than his business warranted. The sisterhood didn't speak to Martha—they ostracized her. They didn't speak to the squire, for he was not a sympathetic man. They attacked where they thought the best chances of success lay—at Miss Amy.

A deputation visited the squire's daughter and laid the facts before her. "Ladies," said Miss Amy quietly, "in my opinion you have come on a spiteful errand. It is no business of mine to inquire into the character of my maid's callers and I won't do it."

So the sisterhood retired baffled. They didn't dare to be insolent to Miss Amy and they knew she wouldn't care for anything they might do to annoy her. So they held a consultation in Miss Jones' house.

"What I says is," said little Miss Blossom, the confectioner, "we've got to strike at the man. It's men who bring harm to us poor women."

Inasmuch as no man had ever brought any harm to Miss Blossom, who was wizened, dried up and sixty, this does not seem to have been first-hand evidence, but her suggestion was acclaimed with great enthusiasm.

"What'll we do to him?" inquired Miss Jones.

"A thick coat of tar and a few feathers—chicken feathers," answered Miss Blossom.

The sisterhood kept very quiet after that, but they kept their eyes on Griggs. It was about four weeks later that he stepped off the train on Evesham platform, with his perpetual smile and jolly air. He hadn't done so before a female scout was hurrying up town with the news.

Griggs had a good dinner at the Phoenix and then, feeling at peace with himself and all the world, he started uptown toward the squire's kitchen—the squire was away at the time—and they saw their opportunity, too.

It must have been an hour later that Miss Jones and Miss Blossom crept up to the kitchen door to reconnoiter. Behind them came a cohort of nearly a dozen infuriated ladies, two of whom carried the tar-pot, while the rest carried mostly feather pillows, ripped up at one end.

"Ladies," said Miss Blossom, "it isn't usual to tar and feather over the coat, is it?"

This idea had not occurred to anybody, but Miss Blossom was equal to the occasion.

"Over his head," she said, and with that the infuriated band burst open the door to find Griggs with his arms about—whom do you suppose? Martha Bayliss? No, sir, the squire's daughter, Miss Amy Bellairs herself.

Well, you can imagine the silence of petrified astonishment. Nobody remembered the tar-pot. Nobody would have dared to tar Griggs in Miss Amy's presence. But they didn't forget their tongues.

"So now we understand," said Miss Blossom, "what the attraction here was."

"As also why you didn't think it was no business of yours to interfere," snickered Miss Jones.

"But of course we understand now," said Miss Blossom, "and we came to save a poor innocent girl from being imposed upon by a scoundrel, not a designing woman of the world."

Griggs rose to the occasion splendidly. He stepped out, bristling, in front of the sisterhood.

"I'll have you know," he shouted, "that this lady is my wife, and has been this past six months, you—"

Shocked by the word he used the sisterhood dissolved and bolted.

Of course the news came out next day, but Griggs must have stood up to the squire as well as he stood up to the sisterhood, to judge from the fact that he stays there now, when he visits Evesham, which is pretty often, instead of at the Phoenix.

And the moral I draw is that you can never account for a woman's taste. Mrs. Griggs is as happy as a queen, and the old squire says he's going to make the boy a financial emperor when he grows up.

ARE ALWAYS ON THE WATCH

How Battleships at Sea Keep Informed of the Whereabouts of an Enemy's Fleet.

Every battleship at sea has its wireless installation adjusted so that it can send and receive signals and messages to other squadrons at sea or in harbor and to stations ashore. One ship is always in direct touch with the admiral, whence the latest information received at headquarters from all parts of the world is immediately transmitted to the fleet, while each of the other ships composing the fleet is similarly responsible for some particular station ashore or for a cruiser squadron or flotilla of torpedo boat destroyers.

For the purpose of obtaining information as to the whereabouts of the enemy and guarding against surprises wireless telegraphy is, of course, invaluable, says the Wireless World (London). A great number of cruisers are sent out ahead and spread a number of miles across. The duty of these ships is to keep a thorough lookout and report to the ship in the battle fleet looking out on their particular wavelength. This ship, in turn, reports by semaphore or Morse-lamp to the admiral of the battle fleet. The cruisers are sometimes assisted by torpedo boat destroyers. Now, if 30 of these ships are used it will be readily seen that the area of their vision is enormous, and it would be almost impossible for a fleet to pass unobserved. Immediately any of the ships sight the enemy's squadron they would report at once by wireless, stating the number of ships sighted, with their speed, latitude and longitude, etc. The admiral would then give his orders, also by wireless.

BOOKS HE WOULD SELECT

Author Gives His List of Reading Matter for Dweller Encamped on Desert Island.

What ten books would you select for a course of reading if you were placed on a desert island? No time should be lost in compiling the list, because there are only a few desert islands left. Here, for example, not of islands, but of books, is the list selected by William Caine, the novelist, author of "But She Meant Well."

1. The Bible, because it is a book that I have always meant to read. 2. Gibbons, because there is such a lot of it. 3. Rabelais, that I might laugh. 4. 'Don Quixote,' that I might weep. 5. 'Bouvard et Pechuchet,' because this is one side of France. 6. Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' because this is the other. 7. 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' because here I have Germany. 8. 'Arabian Nights,' because this is the East. 9. 'Tom Jones,' because this is England as Fielding saw it. 10. 'The New Foresters,' because this is England as my wife saw it."

Poland Not Wild and Desolate.

The prevalent impression in the west that the operations in Poland have been conducted in wild and desolate country is curiously wide of the truth. Poland is now more densely populated than any other part of Russia, and the towns which have figured in the recent dispatches are centers of thriving industry. Radom, now out of sound of the guns, has large tanneries and distilleries, Kalisz, through which a big German column passed to relieve the pressure in the center, is famous for lace and embroideries. Every little town around which the fighting has raged has its own mills, chiefly textile. Poland is rich in minerals, and its coal field is of considerable extent. It is not necessary to cross into Silesia to find either factories or Germans engaged in running them. If Russia could have saved Poland from invasion we may be sure she would have done so.—London Times.

Where Home Folks Come First.

In Chicago men who need work are being given blue tickets. These tickets identify the holders as bona fide residents of Chicago. The object is to give needy Chicagoans first call on jobs and charity and to shut out an army of drifters who crowd into the city in the cold months to live on charity. Of course, the blue tickets do not doom to starvation all strangers who reach Chicago in a starving condition. They simply insure preference to Chicagoans when aid is extended and discourage the professional hoboos.

Crushed Stone Industry.

Crushed stone is the largest factor of the stone industry in the United States. Figures showing the value of crushed stone were first published by the United States Geological Survey in 1898 and amounted to \$4,031,445. By 1913 the output was valued at over \$31,000,000. Of late years stone crushed for making concrete has largely taken the place of building and foundation stone.

Absolute Devotion.

"I think that women ought to have the ballot."
"Do they really want it?"
"They must want it. Some of them are working so ardently for suffrage that they are paying absolutely no attention to dress."—Kansas City Journal.

City's New Move.

The health commissioner of Milwaukee is planning to establish free dispensaries and clinics in school buildings at regular hours, not only for service to the children, but to the general public.

FACT AND FANCY

By MAUDE BREWSTER.

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Marie was a street singer, but Marie had dreams. While she sang for pennies and dimes that were tossed to her from the windows of apartment houses she fancied herself a grand opera singer bowing gracefully before a great audience of music lovers. As she glanced from time to time at Lecco, the young Greek who was her accompanist, and who turned the hand organ mechanically, Marie fancied him to be a great and wonderful conductor waving his baton and carrying her rhythmically through her operatic arias.

The afternoon upon which Marie and Lecco stopped before the studio apartments on West Fifty-seventh street was fraught with much excitement and interest for both the Greek and the little singer from Italy.

John Orth, artist and philanthropist, was giving a tea in his sumptuous studio when Marie's voice arose from the streets and startled his guests with its sympathetic timbre and clarity of tone.

"What do you say to asking them up here for a song?" he asked.

"Great! Here's a chance for Orth to take another protege under his wide wing," Billy Craven made answer.

The idea was no sooner suggested than carried out, and a moment later Marie and Lecco, together with the old hand organ, were up in John Orth's studio and facing a company of Bohemians who eagerly pressed forward and encircled them.

Marie had always fancied herself singing before a critical audience. It was no doubt that long, half-conscious training in the world of dreams that carried her successfully through the ordeal.

Before leaving, Marie had promised John Orth to return the following day to receive instructions preparatory to beginning a course of study in vocal and instrumental music. Also they had been taken into the dining-room, where Orth's servants offered them tea and cakes such as would make the mouths of less hungry people water.

When they had finally left the studio John Orth sat in deep study. His guests, now that the tense moments were slipping into the past, began to chide him.

"I am hard hit," he admitted slowly. "If that girl takes advantage of her studies and makes a name for herself I—"

"You'll marry the girl," laughed Jimmy Craven.

"Yes, I think I will," John Orth said. Days slipped into weeks and Marie progressed slowly, but with great intelligence. She found study tedious and the demands put upon her time wearisome. Her brain, unaccustomed to training, rebelled at the long hours of application to technique, sight reading and endless scales, both vocal and instrumental. She felt much like a bird that had been caged, and Marie longed passionately for her freedom. Her fancies had never embodied this constant toll. The fact was less attractive to her than her wonderful dreams and castles in the air.

Lecco, too, seemed unconsciously to add to her troubles. That he was occupying himself with business was evident in the enlarged store and increased trade. Marie wondered at the loneliness and sudden strangeness of the world, and it was to Lecco she went with her woes.

"Meestair Orth—he would marry me," she said finally. "He say he loves me."

Lecco's face went white. "I love you, too, Marie," he cried swiftly, and would have stopped the rush of words to his lips had not Marie crept happily into his arms.

"You neavr say so to me; neavr told me you love me," she whispered in the wonderful tones that would have made her famous had she loved happiness less. "I have loved you forever, Lecco."

A flame leaped into Lecco's black eyes and he bent his head over the lips that were to him red poppies flung on an oval of alabaster.

Liberty.

A small boy went up to a soda water clerk and said:
"Give me a ptomaine cocktail."
"What's that?"
"I want a ptomaine cocktail."
"That's a new one on me. Explain what it is."

"Well, I've just escaped from my home and I can do what I like. Now, every time I have seen anything I particularly liked, my mother would say, 'No, you can't have that. It's got ptomaine in it.' And so I want a ptomaine cocktail, with all the ptomaines you can squeeze in. I'm out for the time of my life."—Life.

Had to Put Up With it.

Miss—"Bridget, did I see Officer Flynn eating cold chicken in the kitchen last night?" Bridget—"You did, mum! And it's not me will heat up a chicken at half-past tin for any cop."—Puck.

Worried.

"That dog of Black's will be the death of me, barking at me every time I pass."
"But barking dogs don't bite."
"I know, but I'd rather be bitten at once than kept in suspense."—

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