

MOTOR MAID MARIAN

By HOPE AINSLEE.

The morning was fresh and fragrant with the odor of opening fruit. General Malvery signed as he realized that he could no longer take his daily drive through the glorious country roads. His only son had joined the army and gone to the front and without Bobby to drive the car to the station and return home with it the general found his motor useless. He wished he had been able to run the car himself. The Indian mutiny of long ago had robbed him of his right arm.

A few minutes later he looked up with a smile. "The women are coming forward in this crisis with great spirit," he said. "Here is a young girl advertising for a position as chauffeur and gardener. Says she would like to take the place of a son, who has gone to fight for his country." The general looked up wonderingly at his wife.

"That young lady would be a treasure. Is the salary too awfully large?" Mrs. Malvery questioned hopefully.

"She asks no salary, bless her," replied the general. "She asks only housing and feeding."

"We will write today," Mrs. Malvery said promptly, her eyes shining. So it was that General Malvery and his wife became the possessor of a "motor maid," as Marion Wells chose to designate her calling.

"My brother has gone to the front," she told her employers while she, too, tried to hide the tragedy in her brave smile. "He is all the family I have. Life was intolerable without occupation."

She was a slim, pale girl whose eyes shone with determination and hope. Otherwise Marian Wells had nothing to compel admiration. Her hands, too, were slim and white. The marvel was that they were so useful a pair of hands. She handled the garden tools no less skillfully than she managed the wheel of General Malvery's motor.

Marian had been shown the portrait of Bobby Malvery and, as all women did, she had freely expressed her admiration for the clean-cut, debonaire private in the Irish Guards.

"My brother, also, is in the Irish Guards," she said. "It would be strange if Dudley and your son should be fighting side by side."

There was no opportunity to write and ask, for it was not a day later that news reached the Malvery home from the front. The two men had fought side by side, or rather Bobby Malvery had fallen exhausted from wounds and it was Dudley Wells who had gone out under heavy fire to drag his comrade back to the trenches. Now both men were coming home wounded but cheerful.

"He saved my life for you who love me," Bobby had written to his parents. Marian laughed softly when this was read to her. There were tears running unrestrained down the cheeks of the two women and the general buried himself in the depths of the daily paper.

Soon everyone in the Malvery house was dashing about preparing rooms and putting fresh flowers in vases.

The general stood on the railway platform, blowing his nose vigorously and trying to look unaffected, when two stalwart men in khaki and bandages were swept into the embrace of Marian and Mrs. Malvery. No one said anything for a long moment. The general laid the arm the Indian mutiny had left him across the shoulders of his son. Bobby looked up and smiled into his father's eyes over his mother's head. Then the general offered his hand to that other hero who was Marian's brother. After that they all burst into speech at once. The tension was over.

Marian, in her neat brown uniform, led the way and stepped into the driver's seat of the car. She smiled softly at her brother as his eyes had opened wide. He had not known that Marian was helping her country after this fashion. She told him the story as they spun along.

"There are not many girls like you," was all Dudley said.

And that, naturally, was the exact opinion Bobby Malvery held from the moment of his arrival home. General and Mrs. Malvery soon exchanged glances that suggested their having discussed a probability. Bobby had done with startling swiftness and energy that which from the first they had thought possible. He had fallen hopelessly in love with Marian as the "motor maid."

"I wonder whether I shall give the bride away or be best man," Dudley laughed one day while he was strolling with General and Mrs. Malvery about the fading gardens. Bobby and Marian had gone off together for a short spin through the twilight English lanes.

"You are to be my second son, Dudley," Mrs. Malvery smiled and laid her hand affectionately on his unbanded arm.

"We have managed to pick up a rather jolly family," the old general chuckled happily.

Out in the motor car Bobby looked almost into the shining eyes of the girl whose slim fingers were guiding the car so firmly. His uninjured arm had slipped closely about her waist.

"Well, all be tremendously happy, my little 'motor maiden,'" he whispered, with his hand against her shoulder.

And the car chugged contentedly on through the winding, fragrant lanes.

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JELlicoe MOST POPULAR OF ALL BRITISH CHIEFS

Frederick Palmer Writes of Fighting Commander of Britain's Great Fleet.

MASTER OF HIS PROFESSION

No Matter What Difficulties Arise He Is Always Smiling—The One Man Who Cannot Risk Being Absent From the Fleet—Loved by Officers.

By FREDERICK PALMER.

London.—Of all the great leaders of the war Sir John Jellicoe, commanding the British grand fleet, is least known to the world, and his is the portrait which receives the most cheers when it is thrown onto a screen at a London theater. But the British public knows nothing of him except that he is the fighting commander of the "invisible" power of the British navy.

When war was threatening it is related that a meeting of admiralty lords and others who would have the say was held to decide who, in case of hostilities, should command the British fleet. The opinions ran something like this, it is said:

"Jellicoe! He has the brains!" "Jellicoe! He is young. He has the health to endure the strain. He has the nerve."

"Jellicoe! His fellow-officers believe in him." "Jellicoe! He has been tried in every branch of the service."

That sort of recommendation helps when a man has to undertake such an immense responsibility. He was given supreme command and the rest left to him.

A Marked Man.

"From the time he was a midshipman, Jellicoe has been a marked man in the service," said one of his admirals. "He is one of those men who seem to be born with tireless energy

from side to side of the ship, which in a house would be called the dining room. Here when he was in port in time of peace the commander in chief would give his official dinners. In time of war the cabin is partly screened off, as there is more room than Sir John and his staff need for meals. Aft of this is what would be called in a house the sitting room. The furnishings are of the simplest. Everything inflammable could be removed promptly in case of action. The few names in the visitors' book on a table were suggestive of the fleet's isolation from intercourse with the rest of the world. One name was the king's and another the prince of Wales, and a few others were those of high officials.

The visitor looked about in vain for signs of the immense amount of official detail which would seem necessary for the focal point of a vast campaign. Some staff officers and a few records were all. The flagship is kept cleared for action in this as in all other respects. The actual directing of the three thousand ships and auxiliaries of the British navy is carried on in a space occupied in a New York office by a lawyer and two or three clerks. An orderly went and came with messages from the wireless room, which aside from the installation, had space enough for the wireless operators to stand and no more.

Officers said that it was difficult to contemplate how such a naval campaign as the British in this war could have ever been conducted without the wireless. Sir John could talk with the admiralty in London or with any ship, whether off Heligoland or Iceland. He knew what each one was doing. Let a German cruiser show her nose in the North sea and he had the news in a minute or two after she was sighted.

His Fighting Admirals.

Beatty, who sank the Bluecher, is the youngest of Sir John's young admirals, forty-four years of age, boyish and quick. Sturdee, victor of the Falkland Islands battle, smooth shaven, as smiling as Sir John, is quiet-spoken and rather studious in appearance, he is an expert in naval strategy.

In the British navy promotion is by selection up to the grade of captain. A man with a single flaw in his record as lieutenant must wait on others before he can become lieutenant commander. Those with perfect records in each grade are canvassed by boards and those who have shown industry and initiative are chosen to go over the heads of less active men. The aim is to apply the system of civil life, where ability rises and mediocrity must be content with the lower rungs of the ladder.

Jellicoe, Sturdee and Beatty entered the navy as boys of fourteen. None had any particular influence; they made their way by industry. Sir John had served in every branch. He is regarded as possibly the ablest ordnance expert in the navy, which means that he knows the guns which he will fire in action.

Despite his amiability, all agree that he has only one criterion—success. If an officer fails he is superseded. Most of these young admirals sleep on the bridge even in harbor. For the last ten years the average British naval officer has worked harder than a man of any profession in civil life. They have kept up the "grinding drill," which continues since the war began.

"We can take no risks," one of them said. "Our responsibility to the nation requires that we neglect nothing that devotion to duty will accomplish. Most of these crews you see have been at their posts, whether gun-pointing or passing ammunition, for five or six years. We want each man to be letter perfect in his part."

Prompt in His Decisions.

In all actions thus far the firing has begun at extreme range—eighteen thousand yards. At that distance a headlight painted the color of the sea is a vague speck. But one fortunate hit may be vital, and either side wants to get that fortunate hit first. The accuracy of fire both at the Falkland Islands and in the battle of the Dogger Bank, officers said, had been as good as at battle practice.

Seen among his admirals, Sir John Jellicoe seems the head of a family. In frequent consultation, they know one another in the fellowship of their confined existence. If he had any thing to say to one of them or they to him, the definiteness of their remarks and the promptness of his replies were impressive. Decision seemed automatic with him.

He showed the visitors over the flagship himself, calling attention to things which he thought would interest them, as he led the way along the cramped passages behind the armor or pointed the way to enter one of the turrets where the gun crews were going on with their drill, which they went through like so many machines. Most of them were in the late twenties or early thirties, mature, experienced and confident.

"All they ask is that the Germans will come out," said an officer. "They could not work any harder than they did before the war. But the war has given them renewed eagerness."

Thirteen Popular in This Family.

South Bend, Ind.—The thirteenth baby of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Kyles of Mishawaka arrived at the Kyles home on the 13th of October. The child is a daughter and is the third one of the children to be born on the 13th day of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Kyles were married on the 13th of the month.

Makes It Look Easy.

Descend a ladder under the shadow of two great 13.5-inch guns and the visitor is in a large cabin extending

PHEASANT CAUGHT IN NET

Tennis Players Find Bird Dead and Enjoy a Feast Out of Season.

New York.—Four New York men who left here about ten days ago for a holiday at golf got back yesterday with a tale of a pheasant eaten out of season.

S. L. Snowden, a bond broker; A. A. Spriggs, a stock broker; T. M. Logan, a manufacturer, and W. P. De Saussure, Jr., of the McAlpin, ate the pheasant. According to Mr. De Saussure, the four golfers hid themselves at Brick Hill Falls, N. J., and played golf so hard that on last Wednesday they were glad to try tennis for a time. At a critical point in the game there was a sudden whirring sound in the brush behind Mr. De Saussure and his partner, and a big bird flashed past them and dashed itself into the tennis net. All the players rushed to see what it was, and found that it was a hen pheasant. It had broken its neck in the net.

Knowing the open season had not begun, the four men discussed seriously whether it was lawful to eat the bird. The upshot was that it made a full breakfast for the four.

ARRESTED FOR MANY FALLS

City Prosecutes Citizen Who Tumbled Into Coal Holes Several Times Too Often.

New York.—Accused of having fallen into coal holes several times too often, James Smith was arrested at the Brighton Beach hotel, where he is employed. Smith had been indicted by the New York county grand jury for attempted grand larceny on evidence obtained by James H. McCool, an examiner in the office of the corporation counsel.

Frank V. Burton and J. H. Burton, owners of property, were the complaining witnesses.

Smith had brought an action against the Messrs. Burton for \$20,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been received on April 12 by falling into an open coal hole in front of the premises.

WAR SCENES IN LONDON

A county of London battery not "somewhere in France," but on Hampstead Heath, where they are training.

START ANTI-AIN'T SOCIETY

Kansas Normal School Students Plan to Abolish "Ain't" From Vocabulary.

Hays, Kan.—Organization of an Anti-Ain't association has just been completed by students at the Fort Hays Kansas Normal school.

The association has for its purpose the teaching of its members, among whom are most of the students in the school, the correct use of simple English, the abolition of long, unnecessary words, and especially the abolition from their vocabularies of the word "ain't."

The association was organized by P. Casper Harvey, professor of English, in one of the classes, and has spread gradually through the school. Misuse of the words "come," "came" and "nice" also is under the ban.

DISEASE WIPES OUT RABBITS

Tuberculosis Making Terrible Inroads Among Bunnies in Northern Minnesota.

Duluth, Minn.—It is asserted that tuberculosis has wiped out the rabbit family in this part of the country. Hunters say they no longer see bunny in the woods and around the city, and the sport of rabbit shooting is gone.

Last year it was found that almost every rabbit caught or killed for examination was suffering from incipient tuberculosis, and a warning was sent out not to use rabbit food.

It is generally believed among physicians and some others that the little animals have been wiped out by the disease.

His Ashes in Parcel Post.

West Palm Beach, Fla.—The ashes of A. Nimomiya, a Japanese who died here several days ago, have been started for Japan by parcel post.

Shortly before his death Nimomiya requested that his body be cremated and the ashes sent to Ehima, Japan, where he was born. The ashes were placed in a metal receptacle which was hermetically sealed.

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