How It Happened.

"Do you think any girl ever proposes

"Not unless she is obliged," an-

"H'm! I hadn't thought of that," he

"But, George," she said, laying her

hand affectionately upon his arm and

looking into his eyes, "you, I am sure,

will never force me to that humilia-

"No-er-that is to say-of course

The ice was broken and three min-

utes later George was Jennie's accept-

A Creature of Habit.

"Man," didactically began Prof.

Twiggs during a recent session of the

Soc Et Tu Um club, "is a creature

"Eh-yah!" grunted Old Codger. "Ten-

ny-rate, my nephew, Canute J. Babson,

seems to be. He has been run over by

the same automobile twice. But then

Canute always comes home down the

the evening, after he has partaken of

about the same amount of hard ci-

English as She Is Spoke.

on a Maine road)-Can you tell me

sare, vere I get some of ze gasoline?

Farmer (with his hand to his ear)-

French Chauffeur-Non, non, non!

Not ze hay-ze gasoline. Zise eez i

motor car, not a horse,—Harper's

Just in Time.

just about to hang it on the other

HIS KICK.

Hook-I up/erstand he married

now because he hasn't been able to

Costly at That

And 's worth 'hout two cents.

"Want to buy a parrot, lady?"

cd only a dollar more!"-Judge.

Worth the Extra Money.

"This one doesn't, lady; but I've got

e aboard the ship as is a wonder-

Distinguished.

Market Quiet.

"Why are you rushing around se

"I'm trying to get something for my

His Part.

are carrying on the business?

He-So young March and his father

She-Yes. The old man runs the

business, while young March does the

Trying.

Mrs. Flatt-Alice cannot seem

master that difficult piece of music.

She's been trying all the afternoon.

Mrs. Nextdoor Wes. Indeed. s

is an

Messenger-Who's the swell guy ye

The friend that one buys

Is a needless expense;

He's a creature of lies

"Does he swear?"

"Had any offers?"

carrying on.

Cook-Yes: but he's complaining

cool million dollars.

thaw out any of it.

curl over your right ear."

"I'm glad to, know that.

"George says he loves that little

French Chauffeur (to deaf farmer

in leap year, as they say, Jennie?" he

asked.

tion."

not. I-"

of habit."

der."-Puck.

Weekly.

swered the maiden.

said, after a pause.

ed.-London Telegraph.

## al Queen" Found to Be Butcher



FERREING, W. VA.—A bundle of blood stained butchers' aprons, an otrio washing machine, a "bridge" sarty and a bucket of water have startof a domestic and industrial warfare the in which are involved Thomas This over, the guests sat down to Tingling, millionaire wholesale meat tenier, and his wife, would-be social

Meantime both wife and husband continue to reside in the mansion h other will be conducted from the parted. headquarters.

will be told here for years, ness rival of her husband.

Mrs. Yingling has long aspired to social leadership, and was partly successful. She had planned a series of receptions and dances for this winter and informed her husband he must don his evening clothes and help her entortain.

He did not approve, and Mrs. Yingling started to do the entertaining herself.

The first affair she planned was a party for the Euterpe club. An elaborate musical program was given, attended by most of Wheeling's elect.

Then Mr. Yinling appeared in his shirt sleeves. He carried a washing It is because of them that Mrs. Ying- machine in one hand and in the othting has resigned her efforts to dic- er a basket of dirty clothes, among tate to Wheeling society and has an them a number of blood stained butchnounced her intention of spending a lers' aprons. That was a shock. The million which she possesses in her guests thought that perhaps some novwin right to put her husband "out of el feature had been provided for their entertainment.

But they were mistaken.

Mr. Yingling calmly attached the which was the scene of the affair washing machine to an electric chanwhich led up to their separation. Both delier, carried in a bucketful of wathey will remain there and that ter, and began to wash the dirty he campaign they will wage against clothes. The guests screamed and de-

The result was her announcement The story of the split between the that she intended to become a busi-

## blice Chief Escapes from Own Prison

LHANY.-- Tucked away among the hills in the northern part of Westester county, the little town of Hillide, with its 100 voters, the smallest incorporated village in the state, is exided with a criminal and political mention that would delight the soul the late Sir William S. Gilbert of omio opera fame.

Political activity in Hillside goes by inverse ratio to the town's size. Landers of the opposing factions are Hawson Stephenson, chief of police when he is not doing odd jobs of paint ing, and the police justice, Will he

Stephenson was making his usual mr of duty the other night, when he and a shaft of fight through the and abutters of the room above Henry Fry's saloon,

"Hat A poker game," he muttered, an he stole sliently up the rear stairs. He could hear voices in lively argucountered a heavy slience.

There were no cards or chips, but, the chief's right hand of office, sitting home to bed,



as a secretary of what he knew at a giance was a caucus of his political

"Have you a warrant to serve?" coldly inquired Mr. Stage, the justice of the peace, who sat at the head of the table. Stephenson shook his head. "Then I order your arrest for unlawful entry," continued the justice. "Constable, do your duty."

The constable stood up and placed his hand on the police chief's shoul-

"Now, I'll commit you to jail under sent behind the door. He braced his \$2,000 bail," the justice went on. The caucus adjourned to escort the vic-He it yielded and he tim to the town lock up. The constable confronting 20 familiar saw that his chief was tucked safely not triendly faces. Also he en in a cell. He locked the jail door and went back to the meeting.

"Five minutes later the chief took and this was the bitterest disappoint a key out of his pocket, unlocked his ment, there sat the village constable, | cell, calmly "broke jail," and went

## The Red Marshes

Beyond the red marshes lay the sea, In the gray November days it was a tumbling sea, with the waves topped

with white foam, and coming in heav-

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ily through the rusty marsh grass. But it was at low tide that Maria's little dory slipped down the silver pathway of the streams that cut their way through the marshes.

Sometimes she met Sim Gregory coming back with lobsters from the early morning catch, and Sim would shake back his black lock, and would ask in his surly way, "What good things are you taking to your dad this morning, Marta?" and Marta would pipe up with her clear note, "It's fried clams."

new causeway, helping with his labor to make a permanent way to the rocky promontory which was cut off the Moston Nationals. from the mainland at high tide.

Sim Gregory, or, as the people of his living in the sea. He sold his lobsters to the summer hotels, and in winter sent them to the only Sim in 1909 and 1910 with the reputation was the reason he had the name of being peculiar.

It was because Marta carried her father's dinner down the silver highways that Sim Gregory came through the marshes with his morning's catch rather than land at the docks in deeper water.

Sim loved Marta. Every day he brought her some offering from the sea. Sometimes Marta refused the same lane at about the same hour in gifts. "I can't take them," she said to Sim, one morning, as he held out to her a pair of shining mackerel. "Why not?"

Marta looked away from him as she answered. "Mother says it isn't right. She wants—she wants me to marry Edward Pond, Sim."

Sim leaned far over and drew her dory close to his own with a strong

"Marta," he said, with a sharp intake of his Breath, "Marta, are you going to marry Ed?" She shook her head. "No, no. I

don't love him, but mother has set her heart on it." "Why does she want to sell you?" Marta raised her head quickly.

"Don't you speak of It that way. Mother doesn't realize she only thinks that Edward is prosperous." That night the whid blew away the fog, but it also blew itself into a

strong gale, which increased as the day advanced, until, at sunset, sky and water showed the blackness of a storm. It was not until midnight, however. that the people of the town began to

be afraid. Then it was learned that a

half-dozen of the boats that had gone out early in the morning had not come back. The men from the life-saving station were on the watch, and fires were lighted and belis were rung. Up and down the beach went the people whose sons and husbands and fathers were at sea. Mothers wept

for their boys, children for their pa-But nobody wept for Sim. Only Many between Grover Alexander of the Philta, straining her eyes through the Res and Venn Gregg of the Naps.

blackness, prayed that he might be safe—that he might come back to her. A shout went up, as somewhere, out in the leaping blackness, there shone a light like a star. The lifeboat, working its way against wind and

"Everybody is safe," said some one near Marta Marta, searching the bronzed faces, asked, "Did you did you find, Sim

wave brought back fire men.

Gregory! "We saw him just as the storm broke," said one of the men. shouted, but he was too far away to

hear us-we haven't seen him since." All night long the life guards patrolled the beach. All night long Marta strained/her eves out to sea. When dawn came the wind died, and the sun

tossing waters a black speck. "It's a boat!" said Marta. "And there's a man in lit, miss," said one of the guards. Then Marta fled homeward to hear

came up, fosy red above the horizon.

And as it rose it showed far out on the

Newsboy-Aw, him an' me's worked the representes of her momer. when Marta It was nearly noon went agross the red marshes with her father's | lunch.

When she met Sim Gregory she dared not look up.

"Marta," he called, and brought his boat close to hers, and his voice was eager as he spoke, "they told me, on the beach, that you waited all night for news of me."

She answered him as she had an swered her mother Surely a man has right to have one heart cry out for him when he's at the mercy of the wind

"Did your heart cry, Marta?" In spite of ther self-consciousness, she told him the truth. "If you had died my hearifwould have died with you, Sim."

No one cour have called him "Black edly was the biggest find of the year, Gregory" if samp could have seen him, at that moments His face was melted

"I think is some back because you called me, wrta," he said. "There Jent when in the blackacta's waiting,' and so-I Many Youngsters Came to Front **During Last Season.** 

STARS OF LAST YEAR | MANY STAR BATTERS

Where Star Sluggers of 1911

Will Report This Year.

Several of Hard Hitting Players 1

Minors Have Been Drafted by Ma-

tional and American League

Cluba-Few Unnoticed.

Following is a list of the best bate

ters in the business, the 1911 chame

pions and the 1912 destinations as wall

Southern League—Smith, Nashville,

and Pratt, Montgomery, tied, 316;

Smith reports to Brooklya and Pratt

American Association -- Cravath,

American League-Cobb, Detroit,

Appalachian League - Thrasher,

Blue Grass league-Mayer, Parls,

Carolina Association-Wofford, Char-

Central Association --- Holy Cross,

Muscatine, 361; reports 1912 to Chi-

Central League—Connolly, Terre

Haute, .369; reports 1912 to Terre

Connecticut League -- Rossback

Cotton State League-Smith, Hatte

tiesburg, .401; reports 1813 to Hatties-

Hartford, .356; reports 1912 to Hart-

.352; reports 1912 to Atlanta, South-

Cleveland, .351; reports 1913 to Cleve-

.420; reports to Detroit, American

Minneapolis, .300; reports to Philadel-

being included herein:

phia, National league.

land, Appalachian league.

lotte, Carolina association,

cago, American league.

Haute, Central league,

ford, Connecticut league.

to St. Louis.

league.

ern league.

\$22,500 Beauty, Marty O'Toole, Did Not Join Pitteburg Team Until Late-Joe Jackson Best Fielder Unearthed.

Perhaps in no season in recent years were as many crack youngsters discovered or developed as during the campaign of 1911. The new stars discovered in the pitcher's box were Rube Marquard of the Giants, Grover Cleveland Alexander and George Chaimers of the Phillies, Vean Gregg of the Cleveland Naps, Roy Caldwell of the Highlanders, Marty O'Toole of the Pirates, and Buck O'Brien of the Boston Red Sox. Other promising young boxmen of 1911 who may get into the star class in another season or two were Bill Steele of the Cardinais. Dave Danforth of the Athletics. For Marta's father worked on the Gene Krann of the Cleveland Naps, Bobbie Reefe and Rube Benton of the Cincinnati Reds and George Tyler of

With the exception of Rube Marquard all these men were 1911 discovthe town called him. "Black Gregory," Fries. The tall, lanky portsider of did not work on the causeway. He the Giants has been in the big show preferred the free method of earning since 1908, but last season was the first in which he earned his rations. Rube had to travel about the country cared little for money. Perhaps that of being the biggest lemon ever plucked from the bushes, but Mary quard showed his critics last season when he was one of the biggest face. tors in the Giants' great fight for the pennant, and also twirled himself tou the leadership in the official pitching

Marty O'Toole.

records. Marquard finished the sea-

son with 24 victories and seven de-

As Rube has been in the big show

since 1908, the question of what was

the biggest pitching find of 1911 rests

These two men pitched phenomenal

ball, though Gregg's arm went lame

near the end of the season, prevent-

ing his appearance in the box after

early September. Gregg's record was

almost identical with the one made by

Marquard. Gregg won 23 games and

lost 7. This was a remarkable feat,

considering that it was achieved with

a team that finished the season with

Gregg finished second among the

American league hurlers. Alexander

won five more games than Gregg, but

suffered six more defeats than the

Cleveland phenom. Alexander finished

fourth in the official National league

pitching records, with 28 victories

and 13 defeats. Alexander's team fin-

ished the season with almost the same

record as that made by the Naps, the

"Slim" Caldwell of the Hiltoppers

is another youngster who showed his

metal in 1911. Though he joined the

Kilties in 1916, Caldwell was practi-

cally untried until last season. He

managed to break even in 28 games.

but many of his defeats were hard-

luck affairs in which a run or two

would have changed the tide of battle

Marty O'Toole and Buck O'Brien

are youngsters who did not join their

teams until late in the season. The

\$22,500 wonder of the Pirates won

three games and lost two. O'Brien, of

the Red Sox, looked every bit as good

as his more expensive brother. Buck

won four games out of five starts and

enjoys the distinction of being one of

the four men to shut out the Athletics

Though the majority of the 1911

unus mete hitchets' man't orner piri-

liant youngsters won their spurs in

other positions. Joe Jackson updoubt-

Though Joe had been in the American

league in 1908, when Counte Mack first

grabbed him from Greenville, & C., he was really a 1911 development. It is

true Joe batted for 387 for 36 games

in 1910 and beat out Ty Cobb for the

nominal leadership in batting, but last

season was his first t

paign in the majors.

in his favor.

last season.

Phillies' final average being .520.

an average of .523.

burg, Cotton State league. Eastern League-Perry, Providence

343; reports 1912 to Providence, International league. Kitty League-Hart, Fulton, :366; reports 1912 to Philadelphia, National

league. National League - Wagner, Pittsburg, .334; reports 1912 to Pittsburg, National league.

Nebraska State League-Coyle, Superfor, .354; reports 1912 to Omaha, Western league.

New York State League Schlafly. Troy, .324; reports 1912 to Jersey City, International league.

Northwestern League Bues, Seattle, .355; reports 1912 to New York, Na-

tional league. Ohio State League-Blue, Piqua, .349; reports 1912 to Piqua, Ohio State

Pacific Coast League-Heitmuller, Los Angeles, .343; reports 1912 to Los

Angeles, Pacific Coast league. Southern Michigan League Con

nors, Jackson, .377; reports 1912 Jackson, Southern Michigan league, Texas-Oklahoma League - Nark Wichita Falls, .358; reports 1912

Wichita Falls, Texas-Oklahoma lea Three I League-Johnson, Decal .320; reports 1912 to New York, No. tional league.

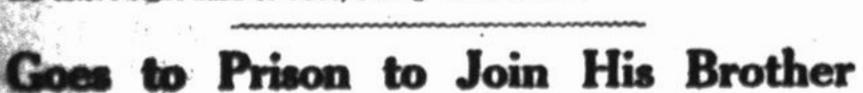
Tristate League Cockerell,



ing, 360; reports 1912 to Reading, Tristate league. Virginia League Block, Norfolk,

.330; reports 1912 to St. Louis, Naional league.

To Sook Motorboat Trophy





rhaps, to say that James Baugh ared with delight when the trandotte county common re him a little package him the other at the bundle. ed the contents

what kind of work it is, so as they let us serve our time together. "When I got pinched for sticking up

those two guys I sent for Charley and "'Get me out of this,' I says,

"'I can't do it, Jim,' he told me. "The bond is too much. I don't know where can get that pile of money."

"It was my first time in jail, and it was a terror to me. I couldn't stand it, cried and begged and pleaded with him for God's sake to do something to get me out. It made him feel pretty bad. I guess Ao hear me act the kid. that way. He looked at me hard and

"'Jim, I will,' he says, "Three days after that they pinched him as he was setting off a train in reentine. He had his pockets full of ing ft here to sell it so he the price of my bond.

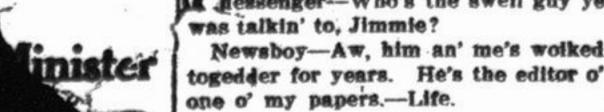
Charley back to Olathe.

then he put his hand on my shoulder

goods on him. He

that he had stolen from several,

Olathe the night before. He ling but plead guilty up again,



k they'll let us