

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I was up the stairs like a flash, to find Duponceau, one of the old broadsword...

CHAPTER XIX.

By the time we had finished our repairs the morning was still not far advanced...

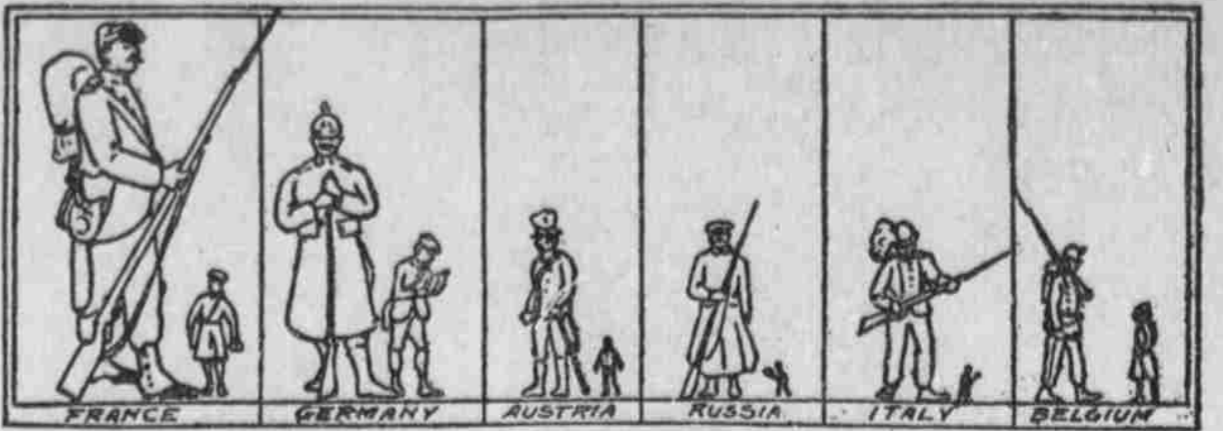
"Well," he said, "I know Duponceau's Etienne!" "Yes, Etienne, the French Colossus, the man who made fortunes in months and lost them in hours..."

ONE ROOM FLATS.

A Novelty from the West Designed to Save Space. The one room flat is a real estate novelty from the West. This so-called one room flat, by means of specially built furniture, makes its one room serve for the purposes that usually take several Western cities are provided with these apartment houses...



Miss Boston—The picture was badly hung. Miss Concord—And yet very well executed. "Why are you so enthusiastic about pedestrianism?" "Because I can't afford an auto."—Pittsburg Post.



WHAT EUROPEAN POWERS SPEND FOR MILITARISM AND FOR EDUCATION.

When the Turkish soldiers in Asia Minor sack and burn the schools people are horrified at their sad lack of civilization, but a French writer comes forward to remind us just at this time that the so-called civilized nations are robbing the schools to support their soldiers...

THE STRUGGLE.

Say not, the struggle shall avail. The labor and the wounds are vain, the enemy faints not, nor falls. And as things have been they remain...

Humble Pie

"I overheard the offer my father made you. You think the device is worth more?" "Very much more."



"TELL ME ABOUT IT."

Wait, please—let me buy an interest in your device? The young man's face flushed. "I am quite in earnest about this," he murmured.

"Your question is not complimentary," said the girl. "I am in earnest, however, and assure you that the investigation conducted by my lawyer will be a painstaking one. Does that meet with your approval?"

"Thoroughly," he quickly answered. "But is it possible that you really mean all this?" "At 10 o'clock to-morrow morning you will be at the law office of John Dalafeld, in the Cranston building. Mr. Dalafeld is my adviser and holds my legacy in trust for me. I will notify him of your coming. Is that understood?"

"I trust," she gravely said, "that you will not forget our verbal understanding. If your device can be shown up to the full satisfaction of my adviser you are to sell me a half interest in the Andrus transmitter for \$20,000 cash. Is this your understanding?"

He was quite overwhelmed by her directness. "That is my understanding," he answered. "Shall I put it on paper?" She shook her pretty head. "That is a test transaction," she said. "You have faith in your device and I have faith in you."

It was a year later and Everett Carter sat before the blazing hearth log. But the rheumatic leg was no longer resting on the cushioned stool. "Come in, Florence," he called. The girl came and sat by his side on the low stool. "Hullo, daddy," she said. She rested her brown head against his arm. "Well, dearie?" His hand lovingly stroked the brown hair. "Feeling pretty good, daddy?" "Yes, dearie?" "No twinges?" "Not for a long time." They watched the crackling blaze. "You didn't eat much dinner, daddy."

St. Louis Star.

READY FOR BUSINESS



St. Louis Star.

was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, and so I came right out and offered him \$200,000 for his plant and his patents, and, in addition to this, the position of manager of our works with a \$10,000 salary. The girl suddenly laughed. "Why, that was fine, daddy. And what did the gifted young man do?" "The gifted young man never turned a hair. If he was surprised at my offer he carefully concealed the fact. He thanked me, but added that he would be guided entirely by his partner, who owns a half interest in the factory and patents. He promised to let me know his partner's decision very soon, and I had to be satisfied with this promise. And that, dearie, is what I call eating humble pie—and lots of it."

"Daddy," said the girl, "I want your advice." "But I know nothing about hats or gowns." She softly laughed. "It's a money matter this time, daddy. I bought a half interest in a manufacturing plant a year ago and I've been offered 400 per cent profit on my investment if I sell out. The old man stared down at her. "That sounds good. What's the plant called?" The girl hesitated. "It's the Andrus Transmitter Company, daddy."

"What?" "Yes, daddy. I'm the partner who must be consulted." "You?" "Yes, daddy. What do you advise me to do?" "Let me get my breath, you rascal!" "All right, daddy. Take your time." She looked toward the door. "Robert!" she called. And Robert Andrus entered the room. "Here is my partner, daddy."

"Well, well," he muttered. "And, daddy, Robert's price has gone up. I—I found it out this afternoon. He wants me, too!" The old man stared from Robert to the girl. Her arm stole around his neck. "Say it's all right, daddy." He sank back with a sigh of resignation. "More humble pie," he murmured. "Cleveland Plain Dealer."

His Model.

Many a youth is taken with the desire to write. Often he does not know exactly what he wishes to compose, but the itch for the pen is strong. The Bellman tells the story of an ambitious young man who called upon a Chicago publisher.

He informed the publisher that he had decided to write a book. "May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely. "Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant to literary fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know."