

The Pirate of Alastair

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CHAPTER IV.

I happened to be sitting in my den, writing, the following afternoon, when glancing out of the big window that looks up the beach, I caught sight of a woman walking near the water. I picked up my binoculars and focused them on her. It proved to be Miss Graham, dressed in a riding habit, and with a broad belt fast on her head. She was walking in a somewhat aimless fashion, skirting the waves as though she were playing with them. I saw her glance once at the ship and once in the direction of my house. I put down the glasses and laid my papers aside. When I went down stairs I routed Charles out of a sound sleep in the kitchen.

"Do you remember how to make tea—good tea?" I asked him. "Yes, Mr. Felix. Aren't you feeling well, sir?" "Quite well. Please make some tea that shall be ready to serve in about an hour, and get out a box of those salty biscuits. Set the small table in the dining-room out front of the door, with two chairs, and be ready to serve a lady and myself."

"Yes, Mr. Felix." Charles showed no surprise, though he had never received such an order since we had been at Alastair. I picked up a cap, and left the house. As I did so I noticed that Miss Graham had stopped walking and was gathering shells. Half way down the beach she was still absorbed in the shells, which are quite unusually beautiful here; three-quarters of the way, and she was still playing with them. I had almost reached her, and was raising my cap to speak, before she turned and saw me. A flush of surprise rose to her cheeks.

"Good afternoon," Mr. Hermit, Am I peaching on your preserves? "Not in the least. I make you free of the city." There was a light in her blue eyes which I discovered that I remembered, but I found her riding habit new and wonderfully prepossessing. I was taking stock of it when she interrupted me. "I left my horse tied back in the woods. Haven't you ever seen a riding habit before?" "Yes, I beg your pardon, but it's so very becoming."

Again the quick flush, and an instant's look at the sand. Then she laughed and shook her riding-crop playfully at me. "Dear me, Mr. Hermit. Any man might say a thing like that, but I expect other things from you. That's one of the penalties of your position; you must be different. I look for the favor of romance and adventure at Alastair." She laughed at my puzzled face. "Shall I go back home again?"

"No, I will try to remember. Did you come to see the sunset from the cliff?" "Yes, my sun-bath has a headache and has stayed in bed all day. I bribed our waiter to save me a little supper and send it up to my room at 8 o'clock, so you see I'm free of the clog and dinner." She spoke impulsively, so I imagined she might do many things, and glanced at me whimsically to see what I was thinking. She had some of the airlessness of a child playing truant from school. "I do hate stupid conversations, such as champagne," she added, "especially in summer."

to get my guest. We couldn't have sat there drinking tea all night. "No, of course not, sir, of course not." "I turned to do indoors. "By the way, Charles, that tea was splendid; you did yourself proud. By the time supper was finished I was still thinking about the Penguin Club, which was a very singular thing, because ordinarily I had no use for the place. (To be continued.)

RAISE CHILDREN ON TOIL.

Economist Says That One Thing or the Other Must Be Done by Wives. In the way of practical plans for the amelioration of conditions leading up to unhappy matrimony, two interesting suggestions have been forthcoming in recent weeks, says the New York Herald. One of them happens to be only a new variation of the old proposition of taxing the unmarried, but the other, by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, adopts an entirely different attitude in advising that in all families where there are no children the women should be bread earners.

The two news items in the matter follow: That wives should be largely self-supporting is the view taken by Dr. Simon Nelson Patten of the chair of economics of the University of Pennsylvania. He came here last week to tell the League for Political Education of his ideas and returned to Philadelphia, where he is at present the center of a storm of criticism. The doctor, whom I saw yesterday, still maintains that his wife should go out to do a day's work, as her husband does, so that by the joint income the family revenues may be kept at a figure large enough to insure a good home and the proper care and education of the children. He finds that women of all ranks of life are entering a leisure class, to the detriment of the birth rate, the degeneration of society and the peril of the state.

"It all resolves to this," said he, "that woman is ceasing to become a producer in an industrial way. Her work has been taken away from her. In other generations she worked. With the introduction of machinery and of the department stores much of her recreation has been taken from her. A large part of the work which was once hers is now done outside of the house. Once she made clothes and even wore the cloth from which she fashioned her garments. She went into the garden and raised vegetables; she milked the cows. There was a time when the farmers sneered at the man who milked. A woman always did that. I have traveled extensively through the farming districts of the West without ever having seen a farmer's wife milk a cow."

"Formerly the woman was the man's industrial partner. Her work now has gone out of the home and nothing remains for her but to leave the home in search of it. There is no use for her to waste her time in trying to do that which is now being better and more cheaply done by other means. "It is far better that she should toil at some remunerative occupation and leave to other agencies the production of articles for household consumption."

Division of Labor. "Got any work this mornin', Mistah Boyd?" asked old Billy Bulger, safe in the knowledge that no work would be entrusted to him. "No," was the response; and then, before Billy could ask for the customary contribution, "But wait a minute, Lawyer Phillips has owed me \$20 for twenty years. Collect it and I'll give you half." And the merchant, knowing how bad was the debt, winked at a waiting customer.

The old man found the lawyer in the middle of a group of prospective clients and influential citizens. Thrusting through the group, he called, in stentorian tones: "Mistah Phillips, ah!" "Well?" queried the lawyer, much annoyed. "Mistah Boyd done tell me that you're owed him \$20 for about a hundred years; and he wants to know kin you pay him, sub?" The lawyer hurried to Billy's side. "You idiot," he said sotto voce, "do you want to ruin my business? Here!" and he thrust a \$10 bill into the old man's hand.

Bark to the merchant toddled the old man. "Well, Billy," said the merchant, "did you get it?" The old man grinned. "I got my half, all right," he chuckled; "but you'd better look out when you go back to get your half—his right smart hot over it, sub!"—Success Magazine.

Ripening Bananas. It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

THE BLOOD-STAINED THRONE OF SERBIA

King Peter Finds It No Joke to Rule the Flery Little European Monarchy.

HIS PREDECESSORS BUTCHERED.

The Crown Prince George Retires and Alexander, a Younger Brother, Takes His Place.

No monarch in modern times ever ascended a bloodier throne than that to which King Peter of Serbia was called in 1903. No one at the time expected that he would escape assassination or be permitted to reign for any length of time. In fact it was a long time before the powers accepted him with any cordiality, for it was hard to believe that he was entirely innocent of at least a previous knowledge of the terrible tragedy which was to shock the civilized world and place a throne at

of the palace window into the court yard. The Coming of Peter. Then Peter, a descendant of a former dynasty, residing in seclusion in Switzerland, was sent for and was elevated to the bloodstained throne. There was a demand on the part of the powers that he punish the regicides, but he was either unwilling or not strong enough to do this and the murderers retained their places of prominence and influence. Half a dozen times it has been rumored that Peter would prefer to abandon his scepter and again seek the safety and comfort of private life, but the unpopularity of his eldest son made this impossible unless he cared to see some member of the old dynasty or some scion of one of the great powers of Europe elevated to the Serbian throne. The crown prince has been a thorn in the flesh of King Peter for several years. He has had as a following a large number of the younger and more erratic of these very people and has been given to some very silly boasting.

When a few months ago Austria-Hungary gobbled up Bosnia and Herzegovina Serbia went mad with indignation and there sprang into existence a party who would appeal to arms and declare war against their giant enemy. Peter realized the hopelessness of any such effort, but the crown prince, boastful and braggart, talked loudly in the cafes



KING PETER OF SERBIA.

his disposal. But he has borne himself well and has held the hot-tempered and factional people of his little kingdom well in check. Lately his greatest danger has lain with his eldest son, the beautiful firebrand, Crown Prince George. That danger now seems to be past, however, with the renunciation of his rights on the part of the prince and his retirement in favor of his more conservative brother, Alexander.

Newspaper readers will have no difficulty in recalling the tragedy of the palace at Belgrade on the night of June 10, 1903. King Alexander and his wife, Queen Draga, had exhausted the patience of their subjects. The King, deaf to all the suggestions of common decency, was wont to spend his time in

and jangled his sword as he walked or rode about the streets of the capital. He made a visit to Russia and expected to meet with every encouragement there, but the Czar advised the young man to go about his business and do less talking. George returned to Serbia and talked in his tent. His father threatened him with arrest unless he abandoned his warlike attitude, but there was still a large element which drilled and strutted and talked of wiping Austria off the map if King George would only lead them to the fray.

Peter tried in every way to induce the powers to interfere and compel Austria either to restore the two provinces to their former state or to remunerate Serbia for the loss of Serb prestige. But, while the nations grumbled at the high-handed act of Austria-Hungary, the dual kingdom was adamant. Francis Joseph knew he had his people solidly behind him. He was prepared for an appeal to arms. He realized that Germany stood ready to side with him and to frustrate any effort Great Britain might make in favor of the Serbs. Russia, to the surprise and indignation of the Servians, instead of proving their champion, consented to the policy of Austria with scarcely a murmur. King Peter realized that war would mean the effacing of his little kingdom and has used his influence to keep his angry subjects in check. By the collective action of the powers at Belgrade the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina became a closed incident.

Recently the Serbian atmosphere was somewhat clarified by the act of Prince George in renouncing his claim to the throne. The Serbian Parliament hesitated to act, but King Peter readily accepted the boy's retirement and named his second son, Prince Alexander, as the heir to the throne. Alexander is a more conservative youth than George and the welfare of Serbia would be safer under him than it would be under the former crown prince, though he is by no means an ideal prospective ruler.

Coming Down Easy. Inquiries after the welfare of Patrick Conroy were answered by his devoted friend, Terence Dolan, who was at the Conroys' in the double capacity of nurse and cook. "No, he's not dangerous hurt at all," was Mr. Dolan's reply to a solemnly whispered question at the door. "We heard he had a bad fall, and was all broke to pieces," whispered the neighbor. "Tis a big story you've heard," said Mr. Dolan, in his cheerful roar. "Thrus, he fell off'n the roof of the Brady stables here he was shingling, and he broke his left leg, knocked out a couple o' teeth and broke his collar-bone. "Mind ye, if he'd have fell clear to the ground, it might have hurt him bad, but sure there was a big pile of stones and old lumber that broke his fall."

It is said that the reason the directors gave was a failure in the business, but the men did not display the curiosity that was expected of them.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Heretofore, says Dr. L. O. Howard, it has been supposed that the glyptotheca was distributed only by caterpillars carried by moving objects, such as carriages. The moths cannot fly, and the part taken by birds and winds in distributing them or the caterpillars he regards as problematical. Yet recently isolated colonies of these moths have been found in the woods far from roads and paths, and the question arises, How did they get there? Dr. Howard requests information and suggestions on this point.

Recent excavation at the Maumbury Rings Circle, in England, is regarded as corroborating the tradition that a Roman amphitheater once existed on that site. A stratum of quartz, flint and fragments of shells, such as the Romans placed on the surface of the arena where gladiators fought, has been found there. A very interesting fact is that other remains indicate that the place was used by Neolithic people as a flint workshop. It is apparent that they used picks made of deer's antlers to excavate the pit where the flint was found. The pit is 30 feet deep. The place seems to have been almost continuously occupied since Neolithic times.

It is known that the Christian era, based on the birth of the Savior, is older by several years than the time assigned in the calendar; but the precise year in which Christ was born has never been finally determined. Lieutenant Colonel G. Mackinlay has recently investigated the question anew, and has stated his conclusion in a book, for which Sir W. M. Ramsay has written a preface. The date on which he fixes for the Nativity is 8 B. C., according to our present chronology. He bases his reasoning on the assumed association of John the Baptist with the planet Venus, the suggestion being that these special apparitions of Venus are the groundwork of the story of the "Star of Bethlehem."

Prof. Todd, the astronomer of Amherst College, who is conducting experiments in South America, ascended a mountain in the Andes to an altitude of 14,000 feet above sea level, and there remained for one hour in a steel tank of 270 cubic feet capacity, filled with air compressed to the same tension that air maintains at an altitude of 1,000 feet. His pulse was reduced from 104 to 91. His breathing and physical condition remained normal. A decompression of the air to its normal tension at 14,000 feet was then made in seventeen minutes. The experiment is looked upon as being important as regards the treatment of diseases affected by various degrees of air pressure. Experiments heretofore conducted in the Andes to see what effect high altitude had on human life show, says the Boston Transcript, that at 14,000 feet and over the air pressure is so light as to produce incapacity for work, prostration and sometimes death.

At the level of the sea the air pressure is approximately 15 pounds to the square inch. At an altitude of 14,000 feet it is approximately 9 1/2 pounds. Experiments to determine the effects of light on a number of dyed colors were undertaken by Herr T. Frustner, who exposed for a period of forty days samples of a number of colors, with the following results: Of the natural coloring matters, camwood, the fastest of the red woods, and fustic, the fastest of the yellow woods, both fade a little; logwood in pale shades is considerably decolorized, the destruction of color not being so apparent in dark shades; logwood blacks finished with chrome turn greenish when unfinished blacks; vat-dyed indigo gives the fastest of all blue colors. Among the artificial coloring matters tested, alizarin blue antracene brown, in pale shades, are only moderately fast, galleonin is not quite so fast as alizarin blue, naphthol black, diamond black, anthracene black and other wood substantive azo blacks are much faster to light than logwood black.

LONG FELT WANT. A Plan for a Graduated Standard of Misconduct. What is really wanted at the present time is a standard of misconduct. We are constantly doing things in doubt, as if we hadn't a right to do them. The confusion caused by people doing things which in their circumstances we had no right to expect is the principal cause of our troubles. It ought to be definitely settled, for example, that any millionnaire who has say over a hundred millions will thereafter lead an honest life. If he has only fifty millions his life should be semi-honest, and if he has only a paltry ten millions then it ought to be conceded that he can loot a few railroads or so until he gets on his feet. Up to, say, ten thousand a year no man can afford to be dishonest. He ought to get up in the cars and give his seat to women under 35 at least, and of course he will not take the chance of robbing any safe. From ten thousand up to a hundred thousand he can engage in little dishonest fliers by making one of a pool or putting through a land deal or so for variety. When he gets fifty millions or more together, however, every man ought to ask himself plainly the question whether from now on he ought not to be a philanthropist. Doesn't he owe this to his fellow men?—Life.

His Waterloo. The Friend—Your husband is the funniest man I ever heard of on the vaudeville stage. He amuses everybody, doesn't he? The Wife—He does not. He can't amuse the baby for five minutes.—Cleveland Leader.

He Did It. "I refused Jim and he swore he'd do something desperate." "Goodness! Why, he proposed to me yesterday." "The dear boy! So he kept his word, after all."—Cleveland Leader.

Unexpected. Bessie—Yes, he held me on his knee, and I rested my head on his shoulder, and just as his mistake brushed my cheek he said— Jessie (expectantly)—Yes, he said Bessie—Isn't it beastly weather for this time of year?—Philadelphia Ledger.

A MISNAMED EXHIBIT.

Bridge Joy to the Museum Visitors and Wooster the Curator. A curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is threatened with insanity, the cause being a small misnamed exhibit in the gallery outside his office door. "Twenty times a day," declared the harassed man, "people discover that that china statuette out in the Franklin collection is named General Washington instead of Benjamin Franklin. Then they burst in here and announce their discovery and wonder that no one ever noticed it before. Half my time is spent in explaining that we know it well, that it was simply a mistake of the potter who made it; in France over a century ago, and that we cannot change it nor wouldn't if we could. "Of course I tell them this courteously and patiently, and you know what a strain that is when you are going over the same thing for the thousandth time! I'd latch the door, only there are too many employes seeking me all day long, so here I must sit and listen to the names of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin repeated a million times till I wish that neither of those glorious patriots had ever lived. And it's driving me insane, I tell you; it's driving me insane!"

Just then the door opened and a lady popped in with: "There's a statue out here named General Washington, but I'm sure— And the weary curator, being a Southerner, rose angrily to his task.—New York Times.



Jolly The camel can go eight days without water. Freshly so could I if it would let me. Harper's Bazar.

You have a fine house and piece of ground here? "Yes! Made it all with my pen." Writing? "Nope; pig."—Judge.

The Colonel—Confound it, sir; you nearly hit my wife! Jagon—Did I? Well, you have a shot at mine.—The Sketch.

Judge, did you ever try an absolute frappe? "No; but I've tried a lot of fellows who have."—Cleveland Leader.

Ethel—Jack simply raved over my figure and my complexion. Maud—And is he still in the asylum? The Clubwoman.

"She said she'd marry me if I felt the same way a year from then." "Did you?" "Yes, but toward another girl."—The Tatler.

"Why marry at all?" asks Lady Arthur Dagen. The reason is that most of the ladies insist upon it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What broke up the suffragette parade?" "A department store hung out a sign announcing \$2 silks at \$1.50."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"I've had to give a great many wedding presents," declared he. "So have I," responded she. "Suppose we marry and get square with our friends?" "If I were you I wouldn't be a fool, Diggs." "True," replied Diggs, complacently. "The unfortunate part of it is that you are yourself."—The Chronicle.

"My daughter's nurse," said the proud parent, "cost us a lot of money." "Indeed?" rejoined the visitor. "Did some neighbor see you?"—Chicago News.

Barber (rather slowly)—Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a bit gray. Victim—Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—Chicago Daily News.

"Oh Doctor (with view to diagnosis)—And now, my man, what do you drink?" Patient (cheerfully) Oh—well, doctor, I'll leave that to you.—Hystander.

Mrs. De Crimp (day after election in 1915)—Where did you get the new hat? Mrs. Poli Worker—My husband gave me \$5 yesterday for my votes.—Brooklyn Life.

Mother—And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me? Daughter—Yes, mamma; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same.—The Sphinx.

Redd—Didn't I see you going along in your automobile to-day? Greene—What time? Redd—Four o'clock. Greene—Four o'clock? Oh, yes, we were going then.—Yonkers Statesman.

He (rhapsodically)—I adore everything that is grand and exquisite. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life. She (blushing coyly)—Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully? "How would you go about making a layer cake?" asked the inexperienced wife. "I'd put the heavier layers on the bottom," replied her husband, the geometrician. "That is the way to keep the center of gravity well within the circumference of the base."

"When Clubber gets arguing he loses all fact." "As for instance?" "Why, last night he told an opponent who is lame that he hadn't a leg to stand on; another who squints that he was sorry he couldn't see things as he did; and a man who stammered he urged not to hesitate in expressing an opinion."—Stray Stories.

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"To escape criticism," says an advertising card, "do nothing, say nothing, be nothing."



PRINCE ALEXANDER.

the most questionable circles of Paris and to keep himself almost constantly in a condition of besotted drunkenness. Over and over again he would have resigned in compliance with the wishes of his subjects, but his Queen was made of sterner stuff, even though she was scarcely a more admirable character. Finally came the tragedy. In the dead of night traitorous statesmen and soldiers broke into the palace and forced their way to the royal bed chamber. Then Alexander demonstrated that there was still a spark of manhood left in him. He fought valiantly and gradually retreated to a closet where he was hewn down. The wretched Queen shared his fate. Chopped beyond semblance to human beings, the bodies of the King and Queen were thrown out