

An Aristocratic Thief

By F. A. MITCHELL

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A Meekmaid sat upon the shore

Her feelings were extremely hurt

"I'm sure the soil of our garden must be especially adapted to tomatoes."

SIRENS AND SONS.

Medicines were called Gremmers long before oil was discovered in their country.

Representative Stanley E. Bowdler of Ohio, the successor to Nicholas Longworth in congress, spins gynecologic tops for a pastime in his hours of recreation.

The annual capacity of the forest nurseries of the government is about 25,000,000 trees.

Sugar consumption in the United States is now about a pound and a half a week for each person.

Elopements are prevented in New Guinea by compelling eligible girls to sleep in the trees.

There are about 1,500 factories in Sweden manufacturing machinery, and these give employment to about 90,000 workmen.

The average wages earned by ready-made clothing operators in England are as follows, depending on age and skill:

Modern Chivalry

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I was sitting on the porch with Farmer Griggs, while his daughter, Phyllis, surrounded by a group of children, was reading to them stories of the age of chivalry.

"They don't do such things now that a way," he said when the story was finished, "but it's just as natural for men to fight for women today as it was then."

"Oh, I didn't mind a little thing like that then! I was young and tough. I needed to keep my muscles active; there was so much vim in 'em. When I got to the barn some fiddlers was puttin' some boards on barrels to make music for the people to dance. While they was tannin' up the dancers was comin' in."

"Not wishin' to take up the bull of her time, when the dance was over I told her I would go and get a cup of water—just for an excuse, you know—though I would have liked to stay with her the rest of the evening."

"I don't want to monopolize any one," says I, "bestways any one that don't want to be monopolized, but I don't want none of your sass."

"That was exactly like Sir Something or Other in the story would put it, but I meant just what he did. The fellow didn't throw down his mailed glove, neither, but he was spillin' a fight, and first thing I knowed he gave me a jaw breaker. Then some of the managers of the ball that was standin' by interfered and said we couldn't fight there; we must go outside. So we went out, and all the men followed us. The gals, findin' themselves without the men, thort they might as well see the fun, and they come out too."

"The moon was full that night and shone like a big round silver dollar. The fellow I was to fight—they called him Buck—was six feet high by his five feet eight. If the gal he was to fight for was the belle of the county he could get to fight him just as that Sir What-ye-call-him in the story had vanquished all the other knights. I wasn't so big as he was, but I was all-fired tough. My arms was like a wild-cat's fore legs. When I seen the gals gatherin' around I looked for the one that the fight was about. I saw her standin' with her face squared to the moon, and she give me a smile that put enough vim in me to tackle a grizzly."

"I couldn't give you much of an account of the fight 'cause it was twenty-five years ago and a rough and tumble scrap anyway. Didn't neither of us know how to box, and we just slugged at each other like two wind-blown mills whose wings had got mixed from being too close together. Once in a while when I felt discouraged under a sledgehammer blow the fellow got in on me I'd look for a smile from the girl. She'd give me one, and I'd start in a-kickin' my heels as fresh as ever."

"The big fellow was more ponderous-like than me, but he didn't have my steel muscles, and he didn't have my wind. After awhile he began to breathe the kind of hard, and at last he was littin' wild. I was as fresh as ever, and when I saw he was givin' out I just waited awhile till he got well tuckered, then I landed a blow on his jaw that sent him sprawlin' on the dirt."

An Instrument of Providence

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

I was walking on the beach, watching the waves come rolling in before a gale and throwing up driftwood. When a bottle was tossed at my feet, I extracted a paper from it on which was written:

"This was all—no date, no signature, no address as to where Norman D. Carlsile would be found."

That night I went to bed thinking about the message. Suppose it was genuine. Somebody was enjoying property that belonged to another. But it seemed to me that if it were genuine the writer would have given at least the city in which the person for whom it was intended lived. If the perpetrator was doing the thing for sport or to pass the time or because he hadn't any more sense he would have given it, and he wouldn't do. He might not like to particularize. On the other hand, a man who is about to be dumped into a roaring ocean might leave something out that he should have put in.

I was impelled to find Norman D. Carlsile. I didn't wish to engage in looking for a needle in a haystack, but I couldn't resist the feeling that it was my bounden duty to do so. There were then some 80,000,000 people in the United States alone. The name was Anglo-Saxon, and the person might be somewhere in the great British countries. Nevertheless when I found that I couldn't let the matter alone I went into it methodically. I put a personal advertisement in one newspaper in every city in the United States whose inhabitants numbered 500,000 or over for the said Norman D. Carlsile. I received several replies signed Norman D. Carlsile, the middle name usually differing. I wrote each of them, asking if he had lost a relative at sea, but they all answered in the negative—that is, so far as they knew.

After six months I put in another advertisement for Mr. Carlsile and received a reply from a Norman D. Carlsile living in a town of about 50,000 people. He had seen the ad. while in the city where it had been inserted. I asked him if he had lost a relative at sea, and he replied "No." I dropped the matter so far as he was concerned, but later he wrote me that he was a lawyer and had had a client who had sailed from Rio de Janeiro in a vessel that was catalogued among missing ships.

After some correspondence he sent me a check for expenses, and I went to see him. He made an engagement for me to meet a lady in his office, and I was introduced to Miss Edith Parks, twenty-one years old and comely. She appeared to be a lady, but was shabbily dressed. I was informed that her uncle had been lost on the missing vessel from Rio. I brought out the paper I had found, which I had carefully kept, and as soon as she saw it she said she believed that it had been written by her uncle. Some of his letters were produced, and all of his doubts were removed. The message, though scrawled hastily in a trembling hand, was found to correspond with the uncle's writing.

I was then told that Miss Parks had been brought up by this uncle, who was wealthy, he being unmarried and without children. After he had been declared legally dead the courts had set about administering his estate and had already found forty persons who were heirs at law.

Since Mr. Weatherly, the man who had been shipwrecked, had given Miss Parks to understand that she was in his debt it was likely that the will mentioned in the message gave his property to her. But the desk—where was it? Mr. Weatherly's furniture had it been sold a year before. Who had bought the desk? No one could tell. Since I had gone so far in the matter I did not propose to be beaten now. Advertising having availed, I advertised for the person who had bought a desk at a sale of the effects of Cyrus Weatherly. In due time I received a reply from the purchaser. I wrote him that a niece of the deceased wished to redeem it and asked him to fix a price. He said he would sell it for \$100. Miss Parks had no money to pay for it, so I mailed the man a check for the amount. The desk was sent to me, and, taking it into a cellar, I chopped it into kindling wood. Among the rubbish by the papers in a secret drawer, and, taking this up, I found one marked "Last Will and Testament of Cyrus Blake Weatherly." I read it and found that he left all his property to his beloved niece Edith Parks.

That same evening I called on Miss Parks with the will that changed her condition from poverty to wealth. She said like a statue staring at the paper as though she were looking through it rather than at it. I asked her what she was thinking about, but she did not hear me. I repeated the question, and, apparently awakening from a dream, she said:

A GHOST PILOT

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Tom Singleton, to use a homely expression, was a boating neophyte. He spent all his vacations on Casco bay, on the Maine coast. There is something more in that bay than handling a boat, and that is handling what the boat is liable to bring up against. The waters are literally full of rocks.

Tom early fell in with a fisherman named Wilkins—Captain Wilkins he was called, as all men who sail their own boats in that region are—who took a fancy to the youngster because they both loved the water. Wilkins usually went out after dark, set his nets and returned about sunrise the next morning. Tom was so in love with the water that he would go out with the captain one or two nights in the week. That's what made the captain love Tom. Both were awed by the solemn grandeur of the starry dome above them. Both loved the mystic moonlight—so Tom named it—and when they got caught in a rising wind and all was black about and above them, if there was not a pleasure in it, there was a pleasure in getting ashore and in the memory of it.

But there was one weather condition that appalled Tom, and it was this: that caused him to confine his excursions alone to short sails in fair weather—be drenched a fog.

"How do you do it?" "I dunno. Reckon I do it as you get out of bed in the middle of the night and go downstairs for a drink of water or something, without a light."

"The day when the two were sailing together Tom said that so long as he lived he would spend his vacations on Casco bay and if he grew rich he would spend the whole of each season there."

"I won't be with you when you're running your own yacht, Tommy," said the captain. "But if you ever get in a bad fix I'll help you out."

"What! After you're dead?" "No one dies. We simply change conditions; we don't need legs and boats and such like."

When the mackerel became so scarce that it didn't pay the captain to go out nights he and Tom would cruise about among the beautiful islands of the bay, living aboard the boat. They had buttermilk for breakfast, cod or lobster or clams for dinner and mackerel for supper. And as for sleeping when at anchor in a cove, with the wavelets soothing them to slumber against the sides of the boat, they kept awake only because it was so delightful.

Well, the day came when Tom Singleton was able to keep a small yacht of his own and spend the greater part of the summer cruising in her. He took her to Casco bay—he owned a cottage on Bailey's Island—and enjoyed sailing to his heart's content. But, though he knew a great deal more about navigating a boat than when a youngster, he was not up to the rocky bottom of Casco bay. Moreover, he didn't have Captain Wilkins to rely on, for the captain's old hull was buried in the cemetery on the highest part of Orr's Island, where one can see the ocean in many different parts. So Tom Singleton was obliged to sail his own boat, confining himself to fair weather. But if the yachtman could tell about what the weather would be he couldn't predict freedom from fog. The coast of Maine is nearly as bad for fogs as the banks of Newfoundland. They come suddenly, and sometimes they stay a long while.

As usual, the French birth was to lower.

Never try to take passengers on your hobby.

The American navy is in for a long dry spell.

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

We all, when we are well, give good advice to the sick.

If you cannot live where you like, you must like where you live.

The persistent bore can make a mighty big hole in a busy day.

Some folks are like rocking chairs—full of motion without progress.

You never can tell. A sunny smile may merely conceal a hot temper.

It is better to have a boil than a itch. You can usually cure the boil.

Whether or not poverty is a disgrace depends upon the efforts of the subject.

THE TOLERANT SEX

By GEORGE W. WATSON

GEORGE was a fellow who never could see that women knew more than their mere A B C.

The comment that always held forth with him was "She does pretty well for a woman."

A girl wrote a book, an astonishing bit. A model of style, to say nothing of wit, but all you could get that poor boob to admit.

Was "She writes pretty well for a woman."

He married at last. Was his prejudice defied? You've never met George. On the day he was wed.

He yielded a lot, for I'm told that he said, "She's a pretty good sort for a woman."

They'd go to a lecture, they'd go to a play. Where woman was "it" and where man was "she."

But all you could ever induce him to brag was, "She does pretty well for a woman."

That baby was born. As he stood at the side of the bed and looked down at his wife, happy eyed, and the infant, I'm told he admitted with pride, "That she'd done pretty well—for a woman."

Natural Action.

First Yale Student—What did Miss Mellye do when you accused her of being over to Harvard?

He Certainly Is.

Bacon—You say he is interested in the uplift movement?

In a Bathing Suit.

Debutantly slouching on the beach. She stood a rare vacation peach.

Its Strong Appeal.

"There's one thing 'bout jail," said the ex-convict, "that makes a mighty strong appeal to most of us."

More Cruel Than Hubby.

Mrs. Bryde—I told my husband I was going to give him something of my own cooking and he said I'd better try it on the dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?

A Dangerous Maid.

"No, I'm not going to call on Julia Brown again. She's too advanced."

Wonderful Woman.

With hat tipped over, so we free. 'Tis very plain she cannot see.

With hair combed over the ears 'tis clear. That she, of course, can hardly hear.