

FROM THE TIN BOX

By ALVAH JORDON GARTH.

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"Not a friend in the world!" said Rufus Deane, desolately, at six o'clock in the morning.

"A nest of comfort and true hearts to cherish me," he added that same evening.

For years he had lived alone, occupying a wretched attic room with a poor family in the slums. Long since he had lost the use of both his lower limbs. He had been confined to the one apartment, his wants attended to by his landlord, but living in the most narrow way. Somehow he managed to scrape up the few dollars required to pay for board and keep each Saturday night.

Then that day there had come to his lonely habitation a pretty, neat, but plainly dressed young girl.

"I am Rhoda Leslie," she said. "I was Rhoda Merrill. Do you remember the name?"

"Merrill!" repeated Mr. Deane. "I ought to! It was that of my best friend, Robert Merrill."

"My father," said Rhoda, and her eyes were filled with tears as she noted the helpless condition of this once proud and wealthy man. "He never forgot, and I never will. I thought you in another country, or dead. It was only yesterday that I learned about you—poor, an invalid, friendless. Oh, sir!" and her eyes expressed the genuine love and gratitude she felt, "it seemed that I could not come quick enough to your side. You did everything for my father when he was alive. He told me that it was your money that kept me at boarding school for two years. We owe everything to you. See, sir, I am



Startled at a Conversation Going On Below.

just married to the dearest young fellow in the world. When I told him about you, he instantly ordered me to remove you to our own little home. We will be as your children, tenderly caring for you all your life."

Then the tears of the astounded and overcome old man mingled with those of this bright angel of hope, who had come to his succor at the darkest moment of his life.

She brought her husband with her that evening, a stalwart, honest-faced young man, who moved about and spoke at the behest of her suggestion, as though her sweet, loving voice were rapt, directing music. It was dusk when the closed carriage they brought conveyed the old man to his new home. He did not see that it was located in a poor street, he did not notice that as they tenderly carried him up the stairs the lower apartments were furnished sparsely, indicating rigid economy, if not a scarcity of money.

As they placed him in a wheel chair and turned on the lights a rapt cry came from his lips, ending in a sob of mingled joy and gratitude.

"This is your home," said Rhoda, sweetly.

"And welcome, thrice welcome, sir," spoke blunt, plain Ernest Leslie. "We realized how you could not get about freely and have tried to make it comfortable for you."

Comfortable! The bedridden old invalid felt as if he had been lifted to a new sphere of perfect luxury. It was a large, roomy apartment, newly papered. Two neatly curtained windows looked out upon a pretty garden. There were soft, warm rugs on the floor, a fireplace, and as they brought up his evening meal all this attention and plenty reminded the old man of the days when he had wealth at his ready command.

"You are the best husband in the world!" said Rhoda, as they left their guest comfortable and content in what was to be his own special apartment.

"I love the old man because he was good to you," answered Ernest simply. "You are so willing to make sacrifices for others, Ernest," said Rhoda fondly.

"Oh, we are young, and the pleasure of seeing this dear old man happy and comfortable will compensate for the loss of a few luxuries."

"He must not know how poor we are," urged Rhoda earnestly. "He cannot leave his room, you know, to find out."

"No, let him have the fond dream that we are able to surround him with the comforts he so appreciates and enjoys."

Fond dream, indeed! To Rufus Deane there came a period of ease and comfort that made life one continuous round of satisfaction. Never were more ardent friends than the bright, happy couple who ministered to his wants as devotedly as though they were really his children. He told them mysteriously more than once that "they should not lose by it," but they paid no further heed to the remark than to feel that his gratitude well repaid them for their exertions.

Then came dark days. Ernest Leslie lost his position. It had come about through the firm employing him learning of his negotiations for a little store. These fell through because he could not arrange for the payments required.

One month, two months, passed by and Ernest found no work. Bravely, however, the devoted pair saw to it that their honored guest, the old man upstairs, never suspected their real condition. They denied themselves every luxury. All they had to support themselves with now was what Rhoda earned by some fine sewing, and a baby was coming, too.

The old man never surmised how hard the shoes of poverty was pinching until one morning, and then quite accidentally. Under the kind ministrations of Rhoda and her husband, good food and sanitary surroundings, Mr. Deane had got so that he could move slowly about the room. As he neared the open doorway that especial morning he was amazed and then startled at a conversation going on below.

Rhoda was pleading with the landlord of the place for a respite of another week on rent payment. Her hard-hearted creditor twitted her with keeping a lazy burden, not even a relative, upstairs. Amid her tearful emotion Rhoda told of the love and duty they felt towards her former benefactor.

"The rent tomorrow, or out into the street you go!" roared the implacable old landlord.

"The coarse scoundrel—my poor, little Rhoda!" raved Deane, and hobbled to a corner of the room, pulled open the top of his old trunk, and after fumbling over its contents, brought into view a well-worn tin box. Then with this he stumbled to the head of the stairs.

He could hear Rhoda sobbing bitterly, he could catch the rough censuring words of the landlord. He started forward. A scream rang from Rhoda's lips and her creditor gazed aghast, as Mr. Deane lost his balance and came rolling down the stairs. The tin box came down with a slam and he on top of it. Remarkably active was the old man. Excitement seemed to arouse his energy. He sat up, shaking his fist at the landlord.

"You insolent ruffian!" he shouted. "Rhoda, my dear, pay this man all up, and ahead if he wants it, and he'd better keep out of my way, after berating you the way he has!"

And Mr. Deane opened the tin box and took out a roll of bills, and besides these there were a dozen valuable seeming documents.

"Yours," he said, tendering Rhoda the box as the landlord retired—"you brave, unselfish dear! I never suspected that you were poor, and kept silent about the little fortune I had. It is all yours, now."

And Ernest Leslie got his little store, and Rufus Deane saw to it that they shared the luxuries of life with him.

UNABLE TO RESIST IMPULSE

Solicitor, Refused Funds, Showed His Resentment in a Decidedly "Cheeky" Manner.

Business men are industriously pursued by insistent people who make a trade of soliciting money for societies and movements too numerous to mention, and sometimes a disappointed solicitor shows petty resentment when his demands are refused.

Recently one of them called on a well-known restaurateur of New York to obtain funds on some pretext, and gained admission to the private office.

It is the habit of the distinguished restaurateur, who rejoices in a heavy beard, to play with his whiskers while talking intimately to callers. On this occasion he kept pulling his whiskers as usual while affably protesting that the solicitor's requests were impossible.

Finally the caller became angry. He reached over and pulled the whiskers sharply several times.

"What does this mean?" gasped the victim.

"Mean?" echoed the caller airily. "It doesn't mean anything. You cannot resist playing with your whiskers—neither can I."

Bullock's Freak Appetite.

A curious appetite has been displayed by a bullock owned by a North Lincolnshire (England) farmer. The farmer found the hair had apparently been cut off the tail of six of his horses, and a constable was instructed to keep a special lookout. Shortly afterwards the constable saw a bullock eating the hair off a horse's heels.

"Cleaned" the heels, and then devoted its attention to the horse's tail. The tails of the other horses were then found to show unmistakable signs of having been bitten off, and hair was found nearly all over the field.

Philosophy and Manliness.

Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy, be still a man.—Hume.

Saloniki A Dying City

LORD Disraeli put it justly when he said that war does not solve, but complicates, writes a correspondent of the Chicago News from Bulgaria. This truth was very clearly demonstrated in the Balkans in the last two bloody years. The Christian states were against the Turk in order to solve by force of arms the long mooted eastern question. The result of the struggle in this peninsula is well known to the world. The Macedonian question, which was the real eastern question, was not solved, but out of it sprang, in addition to it, an Aegean question, an Epirus question, a Thracian question, a Dobroudjan question, and last, but not least, the question of Saloniki.

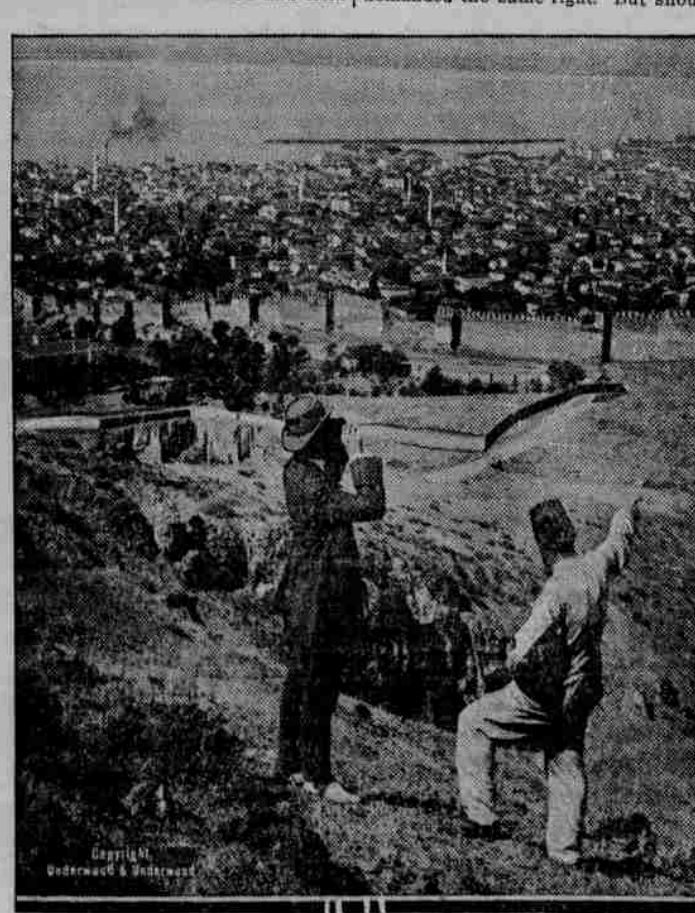
I need not touch upon the subject of the desolation and depopulation of the affected districts, which today have the appearance of a veritable wilderness. The recent Balkan wars cost the Balkan states \$1,000,000,000 in money and a million lives, counting the thousands of victims of racial persecution that died and are dying from exposure and famine. In Bulgaria more than 350,000 refugees sought shelter from Macedonia, Thrace and Dobroudja.

Flight of Moslems.

Then followed the flight of the Turkish population from Macedonia and Novi-Pazar district. In one week some 10,000 Moslems passed through Sofia station on their way to Asia. All were natives of Novi-Pazar. The Turkish government retaliated and during the last several months the Christians have been forced to flee from Thrace and Asia.

Hard Problem for Greece.

Under these circumstances one can understand why Greece granted Saloniki a free zone in that port. As soon, however, as the news of that concession was made public Austria demanded the same right. But should



GENERAL VIEW OF SALONIKI

Minor. This affected chiefly the Greek element. Mr. Venizelos, in protesting to the porte, declared that in Saloniki alone 5,000 Greek refugees arrived daily for some time after Easter.

Had the Balkan states foreseen the terrible calamities that befell them as a result of their war with the Turk, I am sure they would have never undertaken it.

It is nearly a year since the last war was over; still life in Macedonia, Epirus and Thrace is unbearable, the people are on the verge of starvation, the cities are decaying and commerce is dead. Adrianople, Monastir, Uskub and Saloniki, not to speak of the interior, are merely shadows of their former state.

Saloniki, the capital of Macedonia, has been declared by all to be dying fast. When it is remembered that in the days of the Apostle Paul Saloniki was a very prosperous city numbering some three hundred thousand inhabitants, and that in Turkish times, too, it was second only to Constantinople in importance, one is at a loss to account for its stagnation and dilapidation today. Many believed that the port in the hands of a modern state would fare far better than under the Turks.

Decay of Saloniki.

The reasons for the decay of Saloniki are obvious to those who are versed in the history and conditions of the Balkans. During Turkish times Saloniki was a flourishing port. It supplied with goods, not only Macedonia, but also Epirus, Albania, Thrace and even northeastern Bulgaria and southern Serbia. Saloniki goods were sold even in Sofia and Belgrade. That was made possible because of the low tariff that existed between Turkey and those states.

But Macedonia alone would have been sufficient to feed its capital. That is why it is said that Macedonia could not exist without Saloniki and vice versa. Today, however, Macedonia is divided between Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria, Greece having the smallest part of it. Hence Saloniki has no border land of any account.

That being the case, not only has the commerce in and about Saloniki been hampered, but the adjoining states, Serbia and Austria in particular, have found it necessary to demand a free outlet at that port. Meeting after meeting has been held and urgent requests have been made by the citizens of Saloniki to the Athenian government to find some way of preventing the commercial death of the city, but thus far in vain. The sugar and flour industry, the shoe factories and nearly the entire manufacturing system have been almost destroyed. Business transactions are tardy and insecure and the exports and imports for the year will not amount to one-fourth the average of former years.

Two weeks ago another mass meeting took place in the city which was attended by leading Greek merchants as well as others. It was urged in a resolution that the city be made a free commercial town.

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In large safety deposit concerns much tiresome running back and forth is saved by having the clerks in the vaults and the bookkeepers in the offices work with dictograph receivers fastened to their ears and transmitters on their chests. The wires connecting them run down their trousers legs and trail along the floor.

Claim agents of many corporations find the dictograph of service in detecting fraudulent claims for damages. Each claimant his his witnesses are made to wait for a few minutes in a very completely "dictographed" room. If the claim is fraudulent they are likely to take this opportunity to rehearse their stories and agree on the testimony they are going to give. But their every whisper is heard and taken down by a stenographer in an inner office, and the best laid plans are often thus exposed by the conspirators themselves.

Suggests Scotch Dish.

An enthusiastic who would lower the cost of living suggests that Americans eat the Scotch dish called haggis. This philanthropist tells how it is made. First, get the stomach of a sheep, he says, and turn it inside out, wash it and soak it in salt water. Then take the liver, lights and heart of the same sheep, boil them till they are cooked all the way through, after which mush them up, mix with chopped onions and powdered oatmeal cakes, and season with pepper and salt. Take this mess and put it in the prepared sheep's stomach and pour in a cup of gravy. Sew up the mouth of the stomach and punch little holes around in it and boil it for four hours and a half. After which it is eaten. "It was a brave man who ate the first oyster," said someone, but the American who will eat this thing called haggis will be entitled to one of the Kaiser's iron crosses.—New York Letter to the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BIG SPENDERS ARE SCARCE

New York Hotel Man Says Patrons of the Present Day Are Much More Economical.

"Hotels and restaurants are expecting something more than usual from society this winter," said one hotel man, who is as well up on the restaurant situation as anybody in New York. "It is believed that fashionable people will do little entertaining in their homes. It will be cheaper and easier to invite their friends to a restaurant, where they may have dancing after the dinner."

"As a matter of fact, the day of the lavish spender is gone, so far as New York is concerned. We shall never see again the era that ended nine or ten years ago. Those were the days when men from Chicago or Pittsburgh vied with each other in the extravagance of their entertainments. It was nothing for a dinner to cost \$25 a cover. Now a days, the average is about \$4.50.

The change in spending habits has forced the hotels to employ cost accountants. The manager of every modern house is now able to know, when a mutton chop is placed on the table, just how much of each item of the hotel's expenses that chop has to carry."

WARE OF DICTOGRAPH

ALWAYS POSSIBILITY OF ONE'S WORDS BEING OVERHEARD.

Widespread Eavesdropping Has Become a Common Thing—Are Also Being Used to Save Time in Commercial Houses.

Wherever you go nowadays there's very likely to be a dictograph listening to every word you say and transmitting the sound of your voice to somebody whose ears perhaps you don't care at all about having your conversation reach. In New York city it is said 50 dictographs are purchased every week by jealous husbands and wives, but the number of these devices used for such doubtful domestic purposes is small compared with those which are being installed for commercial purposes in offices, stores and factories.

The use of the dictograph to secure evidence in a number of sensational criminal cases has made the public quite familiar with the methods by which it makes widespread eavesdropping possible. The transmitter is a little disk so small that only a careful search will reveal it when put in place behind a picture or somewhere else on the wall. This transmitter is so sensitive that it will carry every sound uttered in a room for long distances. Carefully concealed wires connect it with the receiving end of the apparatus, which is often disguised as a paper weight or hidden away in a desk.

The work of paying tellers in many large banks is greatly simplified by the use of the dictograph. When a depositor calls to withdraw a large amount the teller may not be sure that the account shows a sufficient balance to cover the withdrawal, but he does not like to offend by stating his doubts.

So the teller presses a button to signal a bookkeeper to put his ear to the other end of the dictograph system, whose transmitter is concealed in the teller's counter. Then the teller picks up the check and remarks casually but distinctly enough for the dictograph to carry his words: "Two thousand dollars. How will you have it, Mr. Blank?"

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Poincare Is Head of the Army.

When M. Poincare visits the French troops in the fighting line he does nothing in the way of directing their movements. He is, however, entitled to do so, if he cared to exercise the powers conferred on him. One of the articles of a law passed in 1875 enacts that the president shall rank as responsible head ("chef assisant de sa personne") of the army and the diplomatic service, and, further, that in time of war he may, if he so pleases, take supreme command of the troops in action. This clause was inserted in the constitution on the express demand of Marshal MacMahon, and has never been modified in any way.

Temperance Conundrum.

"I can't understand finance. One thing puzzles me extremely."

"What's that?"

"If they put so much water in the stocks, how can money get tight?"

Too Much Love.

"Darling, I think of you every moment in the day."

"Law sakes, Tom, give some attention to your work or you'll get fired."

TAKE TIME TO SMILE



JUST A TRIFLE FASTIDIOUS

M. de Fouquieres, Arbitrator of Elegance in Paris, Wouldn't Even Eat Candy Cigar in Ladies' Car.

A Newport woman, apropos of the Duchess de Gramont's crinoline ball, was talking about Andre de Fouquieres, the arbitrator of elegance in Paris. "M. de Fouquieres is too meticulous in his elegance," she said, with a witty smile. "When a duke visits him, he advances 18 steps. When it's a baron, he advances six steps. When it's an equal he does not advance at all, and when it is an inferior—an American, say—he actually recoils!"

"Oh, yes, M. de Fouquieres is ridiculously meticulous. Once, en route from Paris to Trouville, when he was a little boy, a lady gave him a chocolate cigar."

"And what will you do with it?" the lady asked.

"Little Andre put the end of the chocolate cigar in his mouth and rose. 'I'll go into the smoking compartment and eat it,' he said."—Minneapolis Journal.

Rich Pickings.

The British naval officer was on his way to the bank with several bags of prize money.

"Hallo," exclaimed a friend, "what have you there?"

"These," replied the Britisher, "are the fortunes of war that you've so often read about."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Unpatriotic.

"Henry writes that he's joined the Alpha Beta Etas," said Mr. Dawkins a self-made man. "What's that?"

"It's a Greek letter fraternity," answered Mrs. Dawkins.

"Umph!" snorted Mr. Dawkins. "I'd like to know why he couldn't join something American, instead of taking up with a lot of foreigners."

The Brighter Side.

"This war in Europe is terrible."

"I agree with you. Still, I'm more fortunate than some people."

"How is that?"

"I'm not acquainted with any retired military men who insist on telling me how it ought to be fought."

A Slow Pupil.

"There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, you know."

"Yes, I've heard that quotation before, but lately I've been impressed by the fact that there is many a slip between the initial tango lesson and the attainment of a certain degree of proficiency as a tango dancer."

A Stumbling Block.

"Well, did you settle your argument with Colonel Whiffers about the Russian campaign against the Austrians?"

"No. We decided to suspend our argument until we learned how to pronounce Przemysl."

AND SCARCE, TOO.

Customer—Bring me an extra good steak, and have it very rare.

Waiter—Boss, a extra good steak is dis heah restrant's allus very rare!

Precious Finance.

"Johnny!" exclaimed the careful mother. "You have shaken nearly all the money out of your tin bank!"

"Yes'm, I'm not taking any chances on having my little bank bawled out for hoarding the stuff."

Superficial Estimates.

"You can't judge a man by his coat."

"No. But in the light of present styles, it is more generous to judge him by his coat than by his hat."

About Goss.

"How is Wasserby's credit in town?"

"It must be very low by this time when I was here three years ago he was giving it oxygen."