

A Trusty Sentinel

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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"Who is that—one of the working girls?"

"Oh, no; that's a daughter of the Professor."

"And who is the Professor?" inquired Adrian Deane.

He had slowed up his gait, his head turned to take another glance at the trim, neat, girlish figure whom he and his superintendent had just passed.

The latter had lifted his hat and Deane, always the courteous gentleman, had followed his example.

There was something to admire in the expressive face of the young lady and to command respect, and this Deane felt intuitively.

Deane had inherited the big plant of which he was owner from his father. He and his superintendent were approaching it when "the daughter of the Professor" came into sight.

"The Professor?" repeated Deane.

"Why, you ought to remember him, Mr. Deane. He is the refined, old gentleman who came to town about two months ago, evidently a man who has seen better days. I hear he once was at the head of a large musical college in the city. He started in here to form a class, but did not succeed. He applied for a position in the plant. He is too frail and aged to stand hard work. I brought the matter to your attention and you suggested employing him as a watchman. He has filled that place since then."

"I think I recall the circumstances now," nodded Deane. "Professor Bartell, was it?"

"Yes, and that's Ruth Bartell we just passed."

"She seemed to come through the big gateway," observed Deane.

"Perhaps on a mission of kindness to some of the women workers," suggested the superintendent.

"She has, I know, done many acts of charity, such as nursing those in distress."

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watchman enveloped in his long coat and deep visored cap, nodded in a friendly way and was soon immersed in work at his desk in the inner office.

"I've got you where I want you at last," spoke a sudden voice less than half an hour later, and Deane turned from his desk to discover Turley.

In the face and manner of the uninvited visitor there was that which warned Deane that his mission was a deadly one. Turley had in his hand a long unsharpened knife. He had confronted Deane so quickly that he could strike or leap upon him in a flash before he could get to his feet. Deane regarded his unwelcome visitor coolly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"You'll miss the malevolent scoundrel—you, first and last—and it's last, now! You sent me adrift, you threw me out of the plant. I swore to get even and—here goes!"

The villain made a forward lurch. There was a scream. Its strangeness stirred Deane almost as much as had the appearance of his assailant. Then new wonder was added as the watchman came through the open doorway, and, throwing both arms about Turley, caused the knife he held to fall to the floor.

Deane caught a fleeting glimpse of a red bedaubed hand under the watchman's arm, and he sprang to his feet as an agitated voice spoke out breathlessly.

"Sound the alarm!"

Deane reached the button near at hand. Turley looked down the barrel of a gleaming revolver. The hand that held it shook, but Turley stood at bay.

Clang! clang! clang! rang out the strident peal that would soon bring half a thousand workmen to the scene, assigning fire or riot as the cause of the alarm.

Half a dozen men rushed into the room a few minutes later. They seized Turley at the direction of Deane. The office cleared. Deane turned towards the watchman.

"You've done me the service of my life," he began earnestly, and paused in amazement.

For his valiant rescuer had gone down to the floor and lay there inert. The shadowing cap fell away and there was Ruth, the professor's daughter. He lifted her in his arms and placed her in a chair.

He felt a conscious tinge of unfairness as he thrilled with pleasure while chafing the nerveless hands of the beautiful girl. More than ever was he drawn closer to the brave creature who had saved his life. He wrapped her bleeding hand, cut by the knife, in his own handkerchief and stood before her respectful and grateful as she opened her eyes.

Ruth flushed in embarrassment. Her eyes drooped. She shrank timidly.

"I am sorry," she murmured, "but my father was ill. We so need the money."

"And but for that, what might have happened to me!" he spoke, scarce able to control the impulse to take her in his arms and tell how he loved her.

Which came about later, for never were two true loving souls more completely mated.

RECEIPTS DIVIDED PRO RATA

Peculiar System of Remuneration for Members of the New York Philharmonic Society.

In New York they recently celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the oldest symphony orchestra in America.

Some interesting financial chapters in its history have been brought to light.

Members of the Philharmonic society, says the New York Tribune, used long ago to divide the receipts pro rata, the conductor being rewarded by a certain number of shares of the earnings.

Mr. Thomas, in the hey-day of the society's success, was content with nine shares, and so, we believe, was Mr. Seidl, who succeeded him. The shares were as low as \$17.50 in the seventh season, and if a member was prevented from playing, the fee for his substitute was deducted from his share. It therefore sometimes happened that a member would find that fines for nonattendance and the cost of substitutes had eaten up all his dividend and left him debtor to the society. The dividend table shows high water mark to have been reached in the fifty-fourth season, when each member received \$294 for his services in playing at six evening concerts and six afternoon public rehearsals, as they were called. The figure rose to \$326.16 in the sixty-third season, in which, however, the regular number of concerts was eight, with the same number of preceding afternoons.

The quaint old system ended with the death of Anton Seidl.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Old John Gargoye lived only for his garden. It was to him what a growing son is to other men.

At the end of it stood a telephone post, and the other morning Gargoye watched with feelings of horror a telephone mechanic climb his back wall.

He descended into the garden, bringing with him a dozen loose bricks, and fell full length into a bed of sweet peas.

He picked himself up, dragged a heavy ladder across a patch of lettuce and dropped it into a cucumber frame. Then he took a short cut, in his hobnailed boots, across some vacant beds where many precious bulbs were interred.

Finally, after slipping over a clump of priceless roses, he appeared under the dining room window, where Gargoye stood in speechless fury.

"Scuse me, sir," he remarked, "but the telephone people are very particular about us trespassing on private ground where we have fixtures. Can I have permission to enter your garden, sir?"

Wise Farmer.

A farmer, being at the point of death, called his sons to his bedside and said: "There is a great treasure hid in one of my vineyards." The sons, after his death, carefully dug over every portion of their land. They found no treasure, but the vines repaid their labor by an extraordinary and superabundant crop.

—Esop's Fables.

FATIGUE OF WAR IS NOW BEING FELT IN GERMANY

Wage-Earning Class Becomes Sullen and Almost Rebellious, Says Consul.

WANT PEACE AT ANY PRICE

Russian Revolution Finds Echoes in Riots in German Industrial Centers—Standard of Living Lowered Fearfully.

New York.—Rumors from various sources that the Russian revolution has found echoes in riots in German industrial centers had an interesting sidelight here when A. Curtis Roth, American vice consul at Plauen, Saxony, described the awful conditions existing among the working classes of the central powers. Mr. Roth has just spent seven years in the Saxon industrial district. He said:

"Wage-earning Germany's nerves have been worn raw by the increasing weight of suffering that the war has brought it. This class of Germans has become sullen, dissatisfied with the government, almost rebellious. While the middle class remains intensely patriotic, parading before the casual observer a unified and determined Germany, fatigue of war is making alarming strides among the working people. A great many of these humble people want peace at any price—at the price of their colonies, of Alsace-Lorraine, even of their country's prestige and position.

"The working people, at least in Saxony, are becoming restive. They have hungered and grieved and overworked for many months, with conditions steadily growing worse and with each promise of peace fading into an indefinite prospect of endurance. All foods but the very coarsest are beyond their means. The ration of these coarse foods is insufficient. The poor have been subsisting throughout the last year upon bread, potatoes, turnips and salt.

Second Peasants' War Possible.

"Fueled much further by the galling stress of starvation, overwork and loss of dear ones, a second peasants' war may well be added to the miseries of central Europe.

"The standard of living among the working people has been lowered fearfully. It is now on a par with the coolie standard of overcrowded Asia. Their work has increased; their share in comforts has diminished, and their amusements have entirely fallen away. The urban poor have become desperately poor, and they are beginning to realize that each added month of the war means that their plight must become more and more hopeless.

"In the beginning all was wild enthusiasm for the war. The people crowded around the railway stations to see the troop trains hurrying past every 25 minutes. Then came the floods of wounded, the difficult readjustments made necessary by the absence of the wage earners, and then the numbing pinch of hunger. Worst of all was the atmosphere that settled down upon the land, an atmosphere of want, of fear, of suffering, of black depression, which seemed to seep through and through one and chill the consciousness.

"An eternal New England Sunday gripped the formerly bustling manufacturing towns in my district. The streets were bare of traffic. People passed about their errands silently. There was no laughing, whistling, loud talking or jovial greeting. The business streets were dotted everywhere by stores closed up by war. Grass grew between the cobbles in the roadway. Now and again oxen dragging primitive carts of farm produce lumbered through the streets. Restaurants and cafes were deserted. It cost money to frequent them, and, moreover, they had nothing to sell.

ADEPT AT CROCHET WORK



Mr. C. Herald of Brooklyn is an adept with the crochet needles. He recently completed a table cloth which experts who know the value of lace made by hand say is easily worth \$1,500.

SELL BUTTER CARDS; JAILED

Two German Waiters in Berlin Are Sentenced to Three Years in Prison Each.

Berlin.—Because they tried to sell 15,000 butter cards which they had found, Fritz Baedel and Robert Tress, two waiters, have been sentenced to three years in prison each.

A bundle of butter cards fell from a delivery wagon on the way from the printer to the offices of the bread

"It is hard to describe life under these conditions. The best I can do is to say that it was suffocating. When not going to and fro about their work, the less well-to-do hid their unhappiness in their rooms. As it was, one was forever meeting on the street hollow-cheeked, emaciated, dried-eyed sufferers. I felt as though I had escaped from a dark prison when I got back to this country and saw happy, healthy, well-fed people again.

"The strain is beginning to tell. I have heard the emperor soundly berated by his famished subjects in the shops that the poor frequent. I have often during the last months of my stay listened to strangely seditious talk among the workers, men and women, which grew in violence after the check at Verdun. The working women have threatened a number of times to get out of hand and rough things. In Saxony, at least, war is successfully throttling, one by one, all the people's impulses for living.

"The Saxon casualty list has been very heavy. The Plauen regiment has been wiped out six times. All the young, dashing, professional officers who led the first onslaught have been wiped out. The troops are now offered by men of all classes, who have made good in the field, and in some cases that I know of the derivation of the officer testifies to the startling demoralizing effects of war. The call for more men is always insistent. The high school boys go out once a week for drill. Boy Scouts drill from twelve to sixteen. The land has been denuded of its physically fit men.

Saxony Hit Hard.

"Saxony has borne an overlarge share of the war suffering. It is primarily a manufacturing country and, so, has suffered most keenly from the effects of food shortage. At one time last year the Saxons were eating a bread eked out with chopped straw. Then Saxony did an enormous export business. The war swept this business away and closed hundreds of factories. I knew many men in my district who, wealthy in 1914, their all wiped out by war, saw themselves paupers in 1915.

"A revolution, an economic revolution, has already been worked in Saxony—a revolution of destruction whose effects will outlive this generation. The Saxon poor realize this better than their more fortunate countrymen, and they are bitterly, very bitterly, war-weary."

SAYS U-BOATS ARE QUITTING

Hint Comes From London That New Method of Warfare Brings In Many

London.—Under the title "A Londoner's Diary" the Evening Standard prints the following, which there is reason to believe is not lacking in substantial truth:

"Some time ago I referred to the rumors concerning 'docks full' of captured submarines, and warned my readers against taking them too literally. I am now in position to say that there is more substance than usual behind the present gossip of successes against submarines.

"Whether anything has gone wrong with the supply ships, or whether the Hun crews dislike the task, the fact remains that there have been surrenders. I understand that the men of our destroyers are elated at the results of a certain new method of fighting submarines. It would be indiscreet to give particulars, but no harm is done by stating that the great difficulty of detecting the presence of a submarine has been met with considerable success. It is, as Admiral Jellicoe hinted, only a matter of time."

KIPLING QUILTS IN PROTEST

Leaves Society of Authors Because of Charity Books Published in Aid of War.

London.—The Times re-prints from the British Weekly the following extract: "Rudyard Kipling, inclosing his check for \$500 toward the pension fund of the Society of Authors, on the ground that the action of the committee and its acceptance by his fellow members prove that he is altogether out of sympathy with the present views of the society. "Mr. Kipling's resignation, which apparently is caused by a difference of opinion as to the charity books published in aid of the war, is greatly regretted by the committee. He has been a member of the society for 25 years."

WOULD HAVE NO TOWN CLOCK

Hotel Keeper Seeks Injunction Against City Timepiece, Saying It Will Wake His Guests.

Wichita, Kan.—S. J. Smalley, proprietor of the Coronado hotel, across the street from the city hall, employed a lawyer to obtain an injunction to prevent Mayor Bentley and the commissioners from installing a clock in the city hall tower. For years citizens have petitioned administrations to beautify the unsightly boarded-up tower with a clock, and the Bentley administration let a contract for a \$1,500 clock. Smalley alleges that the striking of the clock will wake up his guests every hour at night.

commission of the Thirty-eighth district here and was picked up by Tress. The waiter, with the aid of his friend Baedel, started to sell the cards. For several days the two men did a rushing business. When they finally were arrested they had over \$400 in their pockets and still possessed about 6,000 of the cards. The law makes the sale of food cards a serious crime.

Toothed tongs of much power have been patented by a Washington inventor to pull weeds.

ANTHEM ALMOST COST MAN'S LIFE

Egyptian Bandsmen Lose Music Sadly Needed in Greeting U. S. Consul.

OFFICIALS ALL FUSSED UP

Suggestion of "Marching Through Georgia," as Substitute for "Star-Spangled Banner," Accepted by American Diplomat.

London.—The pomp and ceremony which surrounds the presentation of diplomatic credentials to potentates of Eastern countries by representatives of the United States, or of any other country, have developed many delicate and embarrassing situations. The Eastern mind attaches great importance to ceremonial and to make a favorable impression all diplomats must conduct themselves in strict accordance with precedents.

A story regarding the arrival of Peter Augustus Jay, United States consul and diplomatic agent in Cairo, Egypt, has reached London through Englishmen who have made Jay's acquaintance.

It seems that the ceremony coincident to the presentation of credentials to the khedive requires a vast amount of preparation. Instead of the diplomat stepping to the street and hailing a hack to convey him to the royal palace, the khedive sends a procession of lancers, lackeys, buglers and torch-bearers to conduct the stranger to his presence. When the procession reaches the palace gate the imperial band strikes up the national anthem of the country which the visitor represents and he is ushered in to its martial strains.

The Music Is Lost.

About a week before the khedive was to receive Consul Jay the master of ceremonies dashed up to the consulate and asked to see the new diplomat with every appearance of extreme nervousness. It is customary for the master of ceremonies to open a conversation by inquiring into the state of being of the consul and his family, with protestations of respect for his progenitors and immediate friends. But on this occasion the nervous messenger got right down to business.

"Your excellency," he said, "the loathsome and unspendably vile dog who is leader of the imperial band has had the effrontery but this morning to crawl before me on his belly and with loud lamentations to tell me that he has mislaid or lost the music of the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' The punishment for his crime will be terrible, but in the meantime if the son of a dog and a thousand dogs cannot find the music for the 'Star-Spangled Banner' would it suit your excellency if the band plays 'Marching Through Georgia' when your excellency arrives at the palace gate?"

Being a true diplomat, Consul Jay rose to the occasion. It might also be stated that Jay was born north of the Mason and Dixon's line, otherwise complications might have ensued.

"It would please me greatly," said Jay, "if the imperial band should play 'Marching Through Georgia' upon my arrival."

"Oh, Say, Can You See?"

Thereupon the master of ceremonies backed himself out of the room with many assurances of his thankfulness and protesting between thanks that regardless of whether the dog of a band master found the music or not, he and all of his players would have the skin removed from their backs by public flogging; they would be boiled in oil, drawn and quartered.

On the morning of the presentation, Consul Jay stepped into an open-faced "punkin" carriage drawn by prancing chargers. Two lackeys stood behind. The carriage was preceded by a troop of lancers and buglers.

As the carriage entered the postern gate Consul Jay was prepared to hear the air of "Marching Through Georgia," but instead, there was a crash of cymbals, and bandsmen, with all the force of their lungs and all the spirit they possessed set up the good old strains of "Oh, Say, Can You See?" And Jay passed into the palace through a lane of dazzling smiles from bandsmen who had escaped a horrible death. They played the American national anthem as it has seldom been played before.

LIST TEN VIRTUES FOR OREGON PUPILS

Portland, Ore.—The highest ten virtues are to be taught the school children of Oregon. State Superintendent of Instruction J. A. Churchill has completed listing answers of more than 1,000 teachers in Oregon as to what they consider the ten virtues that should be given foremost place in the moral instruction planned for the common schools of the state. The virtues receiving the highest number of votes in the order of preference are:

Honesty, truthfulness, cleanliness, obedience, respect, courtesy, patriotism, kindness, industry and punctuality.

Talent and Work.

A talent does not relieve us from the necessity of working. It only shows us the line in which we can work most effectively. The girl who thinks that because she has a natural taste for music, she can dispense with the practice of scales, will find herself worse off than another who owns that she has no talent, but is ready to plod.

Well Informed.

Billington—"I understand his wife has money." Stillington—"He understands it, also."

NEEDS METRIC SYSTEM

Uncle Sam Must Adopt New Standard, Says Expert.

Commercial Necessity Will Demand Change in Scheme of Weights and Measurements, It Is Declared.

The metric system, the standard of measurement used by virtually all the foremost nations of the globe except the United States, will be adopted in a few years by Uncle Sam, in the opinion of Prof. E. O. Eastwood of the college of engineering of the University of Washington.

"The United States cannot long remain self-contained, even in the matter of weights and measures," said Professor Eastwood. "The units of measurement affect the whole body of commercial relations between two countries. As our trade with the South American countries advances, the need for a common, uniform standard will increase."

Commercial necessity will be one of the principal factors in bringing about the change from the present scheme of weights and measures to the more uniform metric system, says Professor Eastwood. He points out that commercial houses in the United States in their trade with South America have been forced more than once to put up goods in special containers based on the metric units.