

"The Least Of These"

By JULY LINDSAY

Betty shuffled to the doorway from the girl behind her and stared at that man who was peering within the prison door. It was her first view of the warden, and she felt as if it were the first view of a monster. As she had no other help, she turned to the girl behind her, but she found that the girl was looking at the warden with the same expression as she herself.

"When she reached the office her first look of relief was a momentary one, for she found that she was surrounded by others brought by loyal followers for the detection of every corner, but the keeper looked curiously from the top of her basket to Betty's face.

"No, 11,893 hasn't had a visitor since he came here five weeks ago," commented the man indignantly. "Are you a relative?"

"No," said the girl simply. "He was just good to me when I needed help."

"He was good to lots of folks," granted the warden, "but somehow they seem to have forgotten it. He's in the hospital."

The warden made a sign to a trusty, and with fast beating heart Betty followed the man in the direction of the great gray building, in one wing of which was located the hospital.

Moreton, ex-boss of the 4th district, was popped up in bed, and at sight of Betty he smiled radiantly.

"I've never had into these daylight grins for the life that he had begun to think was hardly worth the struggle for Moreton had indeed been through the valley of political indignation, less than two years before he had required two lucky men to stand the door of his mansion as they kept back the crowd of impatient visitors who wanted to see him."

Moreton had been the boss of the 4th district, and he had controlled the machine through sheer force of will power.

His enemies both without and within the party had fought doggedly to break his sway, but the boss had grinded his teeth the harder at each fresh attack and beaten the malcontents into submission.

But there had come an end to his rule, as to almost all one man control. The opposing party had secured the services of a political revivalist, "in the interest of good government," they had explained, but the whole city knew that it was a ruse to rid the district of its dominating boss. It meant turning the district over to another clique as bad, but less experienced in municipal villainy.

And the political world had sat back and watched the warfare with grim smiles. Perhaps, after all, the boss would win again. But in this they were wrong. By a mere quip of fate the wheel spun the other way.

The boss lost, and after loss of power came scandals and lawsuits. The latter took most of the fortune he had filched from the city, much of which he had spent on the care of those who needed it more desperately than the taxpayers from whom he had filched it so remorselessly. In reality the boss when the blow fell could have counted his fortune only in thousands when his enemies ran it up to tens of thousands.

When he left the civil court room almost penniless he found himself face to face with criminal charges. Stole, he had accepted his sentence of five years in the penitentiary. Stole, he had accepted his desertion by those who had favored upon him in prosperity and power. A child of the streets who had started carrying the water bucket for the nursing club, he had become a ward heeler, a slutt and finally the boss without the aid of family ties or family influence. Stole, he had accepted the duties of the hospital staff. He had no family able to help him. He probably would have been out in six months.

Yet at sight of Betty's face his stolen vanishes, and after the radiant smile of welcome comes a gasp of amazement.

"What are you doing here, Betty?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the girl who stood before him. "How did you get out?"

"I was in the hospital," Betty answered. "The doctor said I was all right, and he let me go."

"The doctor said you were all right?" Moreton asked, his eyes fixed on Betty. "What doctor?"

"The doctor who was in the hospital," Betty answered. "The doctor who was in the hospital."

Moreton, depressed, less, leaned over and looked into her face.

"You—come—up—here—to—be—near—me?"

The girl nodded her head.

"I'll be with you, Betty," Moreton said, his eyes fixed on her. "I'll be with you, Betty."

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The South Sea Whiskers Trade.

"In the early days of the South Sea trade, the whippersnappers of the day were known as 'whiskers' because of their long, flowing hair. When a young man of the day was seen with a long, flowing mane, he was called a 'whisker' and was considered a 'fashionable' man of the day."

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The Mule's Delusion.

The mule's delusion is a story of a mule who was taken to a circus and was shown to a crowd of people. The mule was so frightened that it believed it was a man and was so terrified that it ran away.

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A Tying Moment.

Professor Campbell, who was called to see the crown Prince Frederick in 1872, after the death of the prince, is a story of a man who was called to see the crown Prince Frederick in 1872, after the death of the prince, and was so terrified that he believed it was a man and was so terrified that it ran away.

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