

The New York state employers' liability commission has submitted a carefully prepared report showing a fearful waste of human life in industrial pursuits. Some loss of life in modern industry may be reckoned as unavoidable, but the far greater proportion of the loss which is sustained is the result of unnecessary conditions. It is the direct result of a lack of safety appliances and of overworking employees to the point of physical exhaustion. It is a result of unjust liability laws and legislative negligence, says the Kansas City Times. If sentimentality has no place in business—a untenable proposition in itself—at least business ought to be business-like. It is demonstrably not good business to permit avoidable killing of industrial workers and then spend vast sums in caring for families bereft of natural support. It is not good business, even though the children are not neglected, with the chances in favor of their becoming vicious or idle citizens. Stricter employers' liability, an automatically applied workmen's compensation for injury or death, and direct industrial insurance are all insurance measures. They provide funds for the support of injured workmen or of their wives and children. They also encourage safety provisions. Such insurance costs would be diffused among all the people—as taxes and fire insurance or diffused—by being added to the cost of the business. That diffused cost would be a practical impalpable burden upon society.

Birds have an excellent time in Japan and our own agriculturists would do well to emulate the treatment meted out by their eastern counterparts to such birds as the swallow and martin, says the Wide World. With a skilled appreciation of the part these feathered friends play in relation to their crops by keeping down the insect pests, they exert every effort to protect them and to encourage them to propagate their kind. Is it to be wondered at that this sentimental but with eminently practical nation reverences the swallows as messengers to the gods and invites them to build their nests not only under eaves and rafters, but in every and any room of the house? In the hotel dining room were several nests, where the happy parents reared their families in complete safety.

There has been much talk regarding the selection of a national flower. Has it all been wasted? The Brooklyn Eagle remarks upon the indisputable fact that there is no authority in the Constitution for the selection of a national flower. However, a great many things have come to be in this country without specific constitutional authority. There is, for instance, a national bird, the American eagle. There is "Uncle Sam" and there is "Miss Columbia," with no authority for either, except the self-assured authority of the cartoonists. But these are things upon which everybody is agreed. There is not likely to be a national flower until everybody is agreed upon it. In the meantime, fortunately, the country can afford to wait.

Scientists report that Halley's comet is 500,000,000 miles distant from the sun, and if it were really the cause of the recent heat waves, nobody cares if it gets 500,000,000 more miles away, or even if it gets lost in the outermost bounds of the solar system.

One of the doctors connected with the health department says that 60 per cent. of the dogs that bite people are afflicted with acute rabies. This is a good time to round up the dogs that are permitted to run about unmuzzled.

Edison's latest invention consists of moving pictures that talk. If this keeps up our actors will be forced to go to work. However, chorus girls are not half so alluring when shown on a screen.

The doctors report that the poisonous secretion in the glands of toads is a powerful heart stimulant. A good many people will want some other kind of a stimulant when their hearts get sluggish.

Will the stocking mills of New England run up prices or diminish the output on the excuse that the advent of postal savings banks has cut off the demand for their goods as coin depositories?

There is to be established in Boston a hospital in which none but rich people will be provided for. Nurses who expect to get jobs there will probably have to pay bonuses for their berths.

Being stung by a bee is not a pleasant pastime, but the sting of the presidential bee is welcomed with great enthusiasm by a good many of our patriots.

A Quincy, Mass., school teacher has resigned after 56 years of telling children not to say "ain't"—and all in vain.

A New York judge has fined a woman \$33.45 for contempt of court. Probably on the theory that a bargain-counter price would appeal to her.

An Ohio hen has adopted a litter of kittens. She was probably fooled by their ability to scratch for themselves.

The Golden Junk-Pile

By BERNARD MEER

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THE door of the barrel house opened and Snaggles, the hobo, was hustled into the street. It was not an occurrence particularly painful to the personal dignity of Snaggles, because he was used to it. From Minneapolis to Jacksonville, from Boston to San Francisco, and at all the railroad points between, he had been the uncomplaining subject of similar attentions, which were philosophically accepted by him as part of the unpleasant aspect of his profession.

To be flung from a comfortable barrel house on a nippy autumn evening, for no fault of your own, if it be not your failure to have collected your customary tax from the stray members of the body politic whose duty and pleasure it is to provide for the needs of the unsegregated indigent, may not be especially depressing to the finer sensibilities of a man, but it is nevertheless a temporary inconvenience. It implies the grim necessity of certain muscular movements, and a certain quantity of mental work by no means joyful when the collection of direct taxes is the principal purpose of the labor. And when Snaggles, standing on the ultimate edge of the sidewalk, shifting himself from one foot to the other, and glancing along the vista of the street from right to left and from left to right, computed his chances for raising the wind, his mind was a trifle perturbed.

Earlier in the day Snaggles had arrived in the freight yards at Chicago after a highly unsatisfactory trip from Saint Paul, during the course of which he had been manhandled by various over-active and zealous guardians of the property of railroads; and his collections, since his advent in the town, had been annoyingly if not distressingly light. The people to whose sympathies he had appealed, with that pungent story of just having been apparently deaf and blind, had been apparently deaf and blind. The keepers of outlying taverns had automatically waved him away the moment he came in their sight. Blue-garbed watch-dogs of the peace had eyed him with unusual interest and imminence; and even the natural dogs he had met with, ragabond and outcast themselves, had snarled at him as he passed them.

Now when the barrel house,—your last available retreat in an uptodate and wide-awake condition of human society,—flings you into the street as an object altogether too heavy and cumbersome for the traffic, your social problems become personal and pressing. And that was the reason why Snaggles, though looking with expectant eye in either direction along the parallel lines of warm and brilliant gas from which his appearance and his poverty excluded him, was disposed to grumble a little at the nabby condition of the universe in general and the manifold shams of man. Money, as a visible and tangible entity, appeared to have been wholly eliminated from the transactions of the human kind.

Miles away from the spot in the slums where Snaggles was standing the light from an ashlar palace streamed through glistening windows on the trees and shrubbery of a boulevard; and at the carriage door of the palace a huge auto car was breathing impatiently as if it were eager for the touches of the man that was tolling at the wheel. The car had been waiting long, and the wheelman, although theoretically a part of the machine, and generally assumed to be devoid of all human feelings whatever, had begun to complain and to curse under his breath at the perverse and diabolical malice, or the criminal neglect and apathy of his employers.

"I hope they'll choke in there," he said, "whatever it is they're talking about! I wonder if they think a man ain't got a thing to do but walk around for 'em in the cold till they're good and ready to go! I broke a date at the theater—but here they come now!"

Warm light and the sound of voices raised to an excited pitch poured through the open doorway. There was a confused shuffling of feet and an interval of dead silence. The silence was broken by commingled notes of disgust, disapproval, contradiction and disappointment, giving evidence of presence of several men and women all talking at once or all silent at once. And then the clear voice of a man rang out, almost in anger.

"I hope I forbid you—"

"Forbid 'em!" quizzically answered the voice of a lady. "Forbid fiddlers, Randolph! Do you imagine that I am going to be a fool just because you are one yourself? Great Heavens, husband, we have only three hours left! Don't you touch me, Randolph, or I'll scream! Do you comprehend? I'll scream! I'm perfectly calm, but I'll scream! I'll scream on the spot!"

The cracked demonic laugh of a man floated out of the doorway, and was followed by the lady of the voice herself. She paused a moment and spoke to someone within.

"Come on, Mr. Huntley! You know I have a right to do this, no matter what he says."

The lady was respectfully obeyed by a clean-cut elderly gentleman with a beaming peaceful face and a restful eye, and then by a younger and more fashionable fellow, who promptly ordered the chauffeur to be gone, and took the place at the wheel himself. As the lady was about to enter the car she was manifestly troubled in spirit and she spoke to the young man who had substituted himself for the chauffeur.

"Dear me, Robert, where are you going to take us?"

"Leave it to me, Jennie! You and Mr. Huntley just get in, and I'll do the rest of it. Don't waste any time talking, Jennie. Get in, both of you!"

The machine was already shuddering, but the elderly gentleman leaned

forward before entering, and whispered a few words in the ear of the wheelman, who lifted his head and instinctively recoiled, as if from a highly disagreeable order or request.

"What? Not to that place? Not there! No!"

"Yes," firmly replied the elderly gentleman, with a serene smile. "I insist upon it. I will tell you when to stop."

The car shot out into the boulevard and loudly purred at danger speed along the quiet, smooth roadway, leaving the arc lamps behind it as if they were one long continuous streak of whiteness. In its crazy race to the city the huge machine rocked like a Pullman and startled the world with the fury of its speed. Mounted policemen vainly cried out at it, pedestrians stared after it with open mouths, quiet dwellers in peaceful homes started up at the sound of it, drivers of horses swore at it, and other speeders on the way grunted as it passed them, and muttered, "That boy is going some, isn't he?"

Going he undoubtedly was, for within a very few minutes after Snaggles had taken up his position at the curb the glittering, tumbling car was standing before him, and the temporary chauffeur was addressing him in a loud imperious voice.

"Are you a hobo?"

Snaggles stared at the man as if he and the car had fallen out of the sky.

"Eh?"

"Are you a hobo, I say? Can't you answer me?"

"Yes."

"Clean down and out! Clean bust-out!"

"Yes. Don't I look it?"

"Then get in there, quick!"

The door of the car meanwhile had been opened, and Mr. Huntley, with head well out, was watching and listening with the utmost attention. Snaggles, in a perfect whirl of confusion, was still staring at the glittering outfit, the handsome and richly garbed woman within it, and the kindly faced gentleman at the door. What did it mean? he thought. Was this a reformed method of arrest they had adopted here in Chicago since his last sojourn in the place, and if not, why did they want him to get into that automobile with the lady in there—him who had never been invited to take a seat in anything more gorgeous than a patrol wagon or a black maria? Get into that thing? What for?

"Get in there, will you? If you don't, I'll come down to you and throw you in!"

He made a swift calculation on the enormous shoulders of the wheelman; he looked at the threatening frown on his face, and he daintily stepped into the car.

"How do you do, Mr. Hobo," said the lady, taking his hand in her own and warmly pressing it. "Be seated. No. You must sit here, right here, next to me!"

Snaggles had thoughts. The touch of the velvet glove, the elusive, almost imperceptible fragrance that came from her, his proximity to the costly furs that she wore, and the sight and swirl of her skirts beside him, as she drew them aside to make room for him on the soft and puffy upholstery, produced a peculiar thrill in the region of his solar plexus. And these impressions were rendered more complex and problematical by the sensations that swept through him from the motion of the machine, which had turned his head and was racing away to the south under the skillful touches of its master.

Snaggles was not a psychologist, but he had his own special formulae, mostly in the lingo of the road, for the connotation of the various attitudes and amplitudes of his mind, and his formula for this occasion was characteristically simple and brief.

"Get!" said Snaggles, as he looked into the eyes of the lady at his side, and opened wide his own eyes in the overflow of his feelings when she smiled at him like a goddess that had been made into flesh.

The lady expressed a wish to know his name. His name? Well, his name was Snaggles. Snaggles? What a quaint name to be sure! Was it his patronym? Well, no, it wasn't exactly that. It was his teeth. His right name was Delaney. Quincy Delaney Delaney. Charming! And how had he happened to change it?

But the auto car had already drawn up before the ashlar palace in the boulevard, and Snaggles was escorted through a richly furnished reception room and hall into a large and brilliant apartment, where a cluster of eight or ten persons were waiting in a state of obvious anticipation. As he entered the room he was announced by the goddess to the other goddesses and gods in this mysterious heaven of an Olympus, and was cordially received by them all.

The men came forward and grasped his hands, and the women embarrassed him with their attentions. He was led to chair that worried him considerably, so comfortable and easy was its architecture, and as he reclined in its soft embraces he had time to take stock of the general character of his strange and inscrutable hosts. Men and women they were in all stages of life, from smooth and rosy youth to wrinkled and flabby age. Some were handsome and healthy, some were ugly and ill, but all of them by their manner and appearance were unmistakably of that class of persons that know what it means to be rich. There were two things, however, that puzzled him, and that puzzled him more than all the other mysterious events of this remarkable night. The first of these was the close presence, on either side of his chair, of the kindly faced elderly gentleman and that of a younger companion, who were standing as a sort of guard over him, carefully watching the others of the company, and paying particular attention to every syllable addressed by any of the com-

pany to the guest of the evening, who was apparently Snaggles himself. The other thing that puzzled him was the unconcealed anxiety and impatience of nearly everybody in the place with concern to the hour and minute of the night. They seemed to be constantly consulting their watches, and giving vent to incoherent mutterings and rumblings of dissatisfaction that Snaggles could not understand.

He had scarcely become warm in the chair when the young man who had played the part of chauffeur came over to him and with a vain pretense at goodfellowship touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Bath, old boy?" he said. "How would you like a bath?"

Before he could make a reply, the former chauffeur, with the assistance of one of his younger and vigorous friends, took Snaggles by the arm and led him up a gorgeous stair, and into a shining marble bathroom, curiously heavy with the scent of strangely perfumed soaps and other mysterious materials of luxury, and hung with a wonderful variety of towels and brushes, the like of which had never before been seen by the human eye. At his elbow, meanwhile, had followed the kindly faced gentleman and his younger companion, who remained in the bathroom while the two young gentlemen, with the skill of professional rubbers, rapidly stripped the hobo, showered him, scraped him and scrubbed him with soap and rough masses of fibre, sprayed him, dipped him in the refreshing waters of the pool that shimmered in the corner, and rubbed him down with invigorating coarse towels. And then, as if to complete the work of their hands, they escorted him naked to a pleasant apartment nearby, shaved him clean, perfumed him, gave him soft and fleecy garments, white shirt and stiff high collar, patent leather shoes, and a full outfit of evening clothes from the tie to the flower at the buttonhole. When this was done the former chauffeur jovially nudged him in the breast.

"Coursey, old boy, you're a new man now, and we'd like to have the honor of entertaining you at supper."

He was led by the four men down the stairway and into a softly illuminated dining room, where a table decorated with roses and wax tapers, and equipped for the service of a single eater, was waiting. Here, after the administration of bland insidious cocktails, they fed him with five or six courses of daintily cooked food, each one of which, reinforced by the appropriate wine, stimulated his appetite for the one that was to follow. Rare German claret, generous nut-flavored sherris, port as old as the Brazagnas and as thick as the blood of an ox, and subtle champagne from the right place in France, mingled their spirits with those of the invigorating food until Snaggles' face glowed with the life that was bounding through his blood vessels. And then they led him back to the great salon of the palace and tendered him an open box of cigars.

The physical outward transformation of Snaggles was not more miraculous than that which had transpired within him. Already he had begun to feel that this was the normal, natural condition of his mind and body, and that these were the surroundings to which he had been accustomed from his birth. True, he was a trifle constrained when he thought of conversing at his ease, a constraint that was by no means relieved by the increasing anxiety of his new found friends, on whose faces was written a nervous and irritable impatience that grew with the passing of the hours. Snaggles could not help being struck again with the close watch that was maintained over him by his two mysterious guards, and the curious consultation of their watches by the company in general, the members of which seemed to be arguing among themselves in low and angry voices, out of which would emerge occasionally some strange remark about an absent one.

"Hang the old fool!" said one of them in a tone of disgust. "Why couldn't he act like a gentleman instead of putting us to all this infernal bother?"

But the argument, whatever it was, was apparently ended, for his hosts suddenly surrounded him, one of them seeming to act as the spokesman for the others.

"Delaney," said this gentleman, with a poorly repressed look of disgust, as if he did not like to do it, but had to, "you are a lucky man. Your days of hobo life are over. You have fallen into a soft berth, Delaney, and you can make up your mind for easy living the rest of your mortal days. You're going to live in Easy street, Delaney, with a valet to wait on you, and all the good grub and booze you can eat and drink thrown in. We'll give you everything you ask for, Delaney—everything. You can have feather beds, if you wisher. If you want rugs, and electric fans, or refrigerated rooms, if you want 'em, in the summer. All you'll have to do is live, you know, Delaney—live and let people wait on you. What do you say to that?"

What did he say to that? It was a question.

To begin with, Snaggles was not particularly impressed with the facial manner of address. And Snaggles, to end with, was wonderfully emboldened and befuddled with wine. He looked severely at the spokesman, in whose face, without special intent, he blew a cloud of smoke from the cigar. He stared impudently into the faces of the circle, unable to interpret the eager questioning of their eyes, but seemingly alive to the fact that in one way or another, for one reason or another, he, to them, was an important factor in the game they were playing, whatever the game may have been. He began to feel that he had the advantage of them; that he was their master in a way; and that he, not they, was the party to make the terms. What did he say? This is what he said:

"Don't I get any money at all?"

It was certainly astonishing how they were all consulting their watches—astonishing in the highest degree. But astonishment was intensified beyond all human power of expression when the former chauffeur suddenly seized Snaggles by the collar and elbow, rushed him out of the room, out through the long hall to the rear, out through the back yard, and dumped him in a ditch that had been left by some workmen in the alley.

For a few moments Snaggles lay on his back and looked up at a bright star that was shining serenely above him. He lay on his back because his mind was as yet unconnected with the actual things around him. There was a star up there, and a ditch here below on the earth; but his mind itself was still saturated with languorous fumes of luxury, and persisted for a while in dwelling in the midst of the things from which it had been so suddenly and violently torn. But the wholly incomprehensible nature of the proceeding, to say nothing of his quick contact with the cool air, and with the cooler bottom of the ditch, soon recalled him to the real realities of existence. To his rapidly clarifying perception it was beginning to appear that he had been idly dreaming somewhere in a box car and had been suddenly jolted awake. And yet he was forced to dismiss this foolish impression as he became conscious of the high stiff collar that choked his throat, and of the soft texture of the doe-skin habiliments that clothed him. He scrambled out of the ditch and stood glaring at the lights in the ashlar palace, his head nodding with the tremendous mental effort he was making to square himself with the curious facts within that ashlar palace and the astounding facts without. While in this attitude he was yet again amazed by the reappearance of his late assailant, who flung open the gate and approached him.

"Sorry, old boy! Deuced sorry!" and he laughed in a dismal, hollow fashion, like a man in a forlorn hope. And yet, in spite of all that, he cordially shook hands with Snaggles, so that his words and actions gave the lie to his laugh. "Made a mistake, don't you know. Didn't mean to do it, at all, don't you know. Come back, old boy! They are waiting for you."

And Snaggles now observed that the two men who had accompanied his capricious manhandler, and formed an escort for the return trip to the house, were his former friends, those guards. Why were they watching him so closely and sticking to him so faithfully? And what was the meaning of this extraordinary display of fact of which he himself was the principal bit of insanity? Snaggles, in short, was beginning to get his bearings. It was true that while accustomed to all sorts of strange adventures, and to quick changes of many kinds in the ups and downs of his profession, he had been dazzled and diverted a little by the unusual setting of the stage in the present performance. But his recent dip into the cool air had brought him to his senses. It was manifest that this was not a merry jest, rigged up for the amusement of the ladies and gentlemen in that big house on the boulevard. Not a jest by any means. And he now proposed to himself that he would go through with it to the end, and turn it to his advantage if he could. The opportunity presently came, or apparently came, when he had been reseated in his comfortable chair and the status quo ante restored, with the guards remounted in their old positions and everybody with watch in hand as before.

Again the spokesman came forward, and again the company formed a semicircle about the chair, eager in face and attitude.

"Delaney, we are sorry that our young friend here was so heated and precipitous in rushing you out and throwing you into the ditch in that impromptu fashion. Sorry indeed, old man. Really sorry, don't you know. By the way, I believe it was your remark about the money that irritated him a little, but he's sorry for it now, and, we hope that you will see your way clear to forgetting it. Disagreeable things happen to us all, once in a while, old man; to all of us. I say, Delaney,

here's a hundred-dollar bill for you! Do you want it?"

His hand trembled as he held the money extended, and his eyes were fixed now on his open watch, now on the face of the man.

But the spirit of Snaggles had been roused. He looked at the money, and then at the man, and then at the company in general; and he recovered his nerve as he spoke.

"Was this here money counterfeit?"

"Oh, no! It was as good as gold."

In that case Mr. Delaney would explain his position. True, he was a hobo. There was no any doubt about that. And he was a hobo that was in no wise disposed to come to blows with people who could feed him on champagne and throw him in a ditch. But if the ladies and gents believed he was a fool, they were banking on the wrong card. He was an American citizen with a vote. And if his time was worth money to the ladies and to the gents in convention here assembled, it was certainly worth money to himself. Was it a merry jest they were trying to put over on him? Not them. Ladies and gents, except when they are drunk, do not pick up hoboes, bathe them and shove them, nurse them back to life with cocktails and then offer them hundred dollar bills—not for fun. Drunk ladies and gents were one thing. Sober ladies and gents were another. And in view of the fact that the ladies and gents in this here crowd were as sober as crows, it was plain they had a game in their sleeve and that coin was being passed—with him as the pigeon. Take the hundred? Well, he would not exactly refuse, but he wasn't no drink and hand-out man, and he wanted his share or he was done.

While he was speaking they were looking at their watches, apparently oblivious to what he was saying; and when he had finished, they began the muttering again. The muttering swelled into loud and angry imprecations, but they were directed not at Snaggles, for he could hear above the noise of it an oath now and then consigning "the old fool" to places of spiritual unrest. The manhandler was reaching for him again, but this time he was stopped by the gentleman of the restful eye.

"A moment!" he said, in a voice of command. "Let the hobo retire under guard!"

It was a pity that Snaggles was wholly unfamiliar with the climaxes and catastrophes of the ancient Greek drama. Had he not been so he would have been highly entertained by the story that was subsequently published in the newspapers, when the matter became one of court record in which all details were laid bare. Snaggles did not read the story, having been paid a fee of one hundred dollars by the kindly faced gentleman at an interview the following day—a fee for the part he had taken in the game—and was now busily engaged in spending the money. But here is what happened when Snaggles, under escort of the younger guard, was conducted to a remote apartment on the second floor of the house.

"Order!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman. "The time is nearly up and I must state the case before closing the business of the night."

They seated themselves impatiently. They were obviously tired of it all, as of a game they had played and had lost. But the speaker went on.

"In the transactions that are rapidly nearing their end," he said, "I believe that none of you can justly accuse me of unfairness. Perhaps there are those who regard me as an interloper taking advantage of the law to distract from them wealth that is rightfully not technically their own. Perhaps there are those among you who will say that in seeking to divert this wealth to channels in which it would not otherwise flow I have disclosed in my own character the common human failing that prompts us to better ourselves at the expense of our neighbors. Perhaps it is true. Perhaps it is not. We will pass all that. My only purpose in mentioning it is to call your attention to the fact that I am not unaware of the suspicion of the falling or even of the falling itself."

He paused a moment, as if in thought, and when he resumed, he did so with a sarcastic smile and a distinctly dry tone in his voice.

"The experiments we have made together have cost you fifty thousand dollars, which is precisely ten per cent. of the sum that each of the eight of you would have received from the partition of the estate of your late cousin, to whom I have heard some of you refer in recent conversations as the old fool. To charge a man with being a fool because he sees fit to dispose of five million dollars of his own money in a rather eccentric fashion may or may not be the best of wisdom. I cannot, at the same time, refrain from remarking that the event has amply shown that he was anything but the fool you think him."

"What are the facts, my friends? The facts, my friends, are these: Your late cousin, having been left in his youth to hustle for himself, was disdained and neglected by yourselves—or at least by the older ones among you, who had been made the favorite heirs of an uncle to the exclusion of your recent kinsman. Did your cousin complain at his fate, or curse the rich man who had deliberately left him a pauper? Ah, no! He did nothing of the kind, my friends. If I may drop into the expressive slang of the day, he got busy with himself and built up an immense fortune in iron. Beginning as a small dealer in large and junk, he ended as one of the large stockholders in the steel trust. And later, when the time had come to divide this wealth behind him, and go to that reward which awaits all those who have been cautious and careful in this vale of tears and place of probation we call the world, did he cut off without hope the cousins who had been unkind to him? No, again, my friends. True, he did not lift it to the eight of you, share and share alike, and only on one condition. That condition seemed simple enough, to be sure. You were to find within six months from a certain date a party who would refuse to accept one hundred dollars when it was offered.

That was all. If you failed in that peculiar test—eccentric enough it was—the millions were to be equally divided among the several charities mentioned in the will, and I need not inform you that I was empowered to see that the tests would be made without collusion or connivance of the parties."

The heirs were fretting in their seats, and some of them were yawning with disgust. But the elderly gentleman only smiled.

"Did you find such a p son? Why, no, you didn't! Wonderful, wasn't it? Wonderful as a story of the magical east, or of the Saracens under the Caliphs! Surely, you thought to yourselves, it were an easy task to find someone who would decline a gift of a paltry one hundred dollars when offered! But was it? Ah, no, my friends. Indeed, it was necessary to tell you that it would be useless to offer the money to vast numbers of persons whose professions would prompt them to take it without question. I warned you that it would be a waste of your time and wealth to make the offer of such a gift to religious workers of any kind, to persons engaged in the dispensation of charity, to lawyers, doctors, retail business men of any line whatsoever, or—that innumerable mass of persons to whom one hundred dollars is a fortune. I will give you credit for having seen the point with very little reflection. You saw it, but you doubted. And you subsequently lost a hundred by tendering it to a rich physician, whom none of you had previously met, and who pocketed the coin on the spot on the possibility that it was a fee he had forgotten."

The elderly gentleman paused again and grinned with the grim humor of the thing. His hearers shifted in their seats, shuffled their feet, and grunted.

"For thirty years," he continued, "my profession has been that of organizer and superintendent of charities of various kinds. I know the game of money from bit to brithin. I knew what I was doing when I gave you that warning, and I was the only one among you that was not surprised when the richest banker in town laughed at you when he took it, and informed you that although he didn't know why you were giving it, it was a part of his business never to turn money away from his door. Has the banker returned to ask you to enlighten him on your act? Not yet. And believe me, my friends, you will never hear from him again."

The elderly gentleman drew from his pocket a small account book.

"It is probable," he went on, "that I will probate the will tomorrow. There is very little more to do. In this book I have a record of the five hundred offers you have made and the five hundred acceptances of the gift. While we are here in the home your cousin built for himself, and which, I am sorry to say, will probably soon be converted into an annex of the Home for the Incurable, I wish to call your attention to a few of these peculiar acceptances. The Emperor of Germany acknowledges the receipt of your gift and begs you to explain to him why you have sent it. Baron Rothachild informs you that he will give the money to the poor Hebrews of London. The treasurer of the United States keeps its without comment, on the theory, I presume, that you were paying a debt of conscience to the nation. The chairman of the Bank of England writes to ask you to what account he will credit the sum. The Chinese ambassador solicits your kindness to enlighten him as to the purpose of the remittance. The president of the United States tells you he cannot recall on the moment the transaction you probably have in mind in sending him the money, but assumes that you know your business. A great metropolitan newspaper owner writes to you that he has entered your name on his books for a twenty years' subscription, and is publishing an editorial on the incident. But why go on? Not a man of them but took the money!"

He looked at the crowd over his glasses and once again he smiled that grin of grimness.

"Having failed in these most promising cases—having failed in every case we tried,—we met here this evening to finish the game and say good-bye. It was a lady—I do not chide her; it was no part of my duty to criticize methods—suggested the last and most practical plan of all. Dangerous? Yes. Bold? Yes. But promising. Her plan was to pick up a tramp—the worst we could find—and lure him with the promise of luxury and ease. Give him, she argued, everything that money could buy—everything? Well, yes, everything—and perhaps—but you have seen how it fared."

They were muttering and grumbling again and the speaker held up his hand.

"We have five minutes left," he said, "and you must remember that the game is not lost until the hour. He had not refused the money when I recalled him from the ditch, but neither had he accepted it. He has not accepted it yet. I wish to be fair. I will recall him."

As he walked to the door at the head of the stair the company rose from their seats in a babble of talk. But the babble subsided at the sound of a fierce struggle on the stairway, and later in the hall and the reception room, and Snaggles, his collar waving and his coat all torn, appeared at the door.

"Leave go o' me, will you?" he roared to the young man who was trying to restrain him. "Where's the boss?"

And having spotted the man who had offered him the money, "Boss," said Snaggles, "give me the hundred, and I won't want a cent of your velvet!"

Room for Doubt.

"It used to be that when we met a man, who could wash and mend his own clothes and who could wash dishes and cook we took him to be a sailor."

And now?

"Now we don't know whether he is a sailor or the husband of a suffragette."—Houston Post.



DAYS OF HOBO LIFE ARE OVER.