

THE GIVERS

THE great, fine men are oft obscure; they have no wide, resounding fame, that experts warrant to endure until the finish of the game. Old Clinkenbeard is such a man, and though he has no store of yen, he's always doing what he can to help along his fellowmen. He has no millions to disburse, but when he meets a hungry guy, he digs a quarter from his purse, which buys the sinkers and the pie. The gifts of bloated millionaires mean nothing of a sacrifice; they sit around in easy chairs and count the scads they have on ice; if Croesus gives ten thousand bucks to help some college off the rocks, he still can have his wine and ducks — he has ten million in his box. The widow's mite, I do not doubt, in heaven made a bigger splash than shekels Pharisees shelled out from their large wads of ill-gained cash. And so the poor man, when he breaks the only William in his pants, to buy some widow tea and cakes, is making angels sing and dance. In fertile soil he's sowing seeds, and he shall reap a rich reward; for he who gives the coin he needs, is surely lending to the Lord.