

in the woods or what-not months on end, and then hit town—lost like sailors in a port.'

'The attractions seem to be all wrong,' said Sadie. 'Wouldn't a library be welcomed?'

'I guess not,' he replied. 'Most of them would look on a library as a kind of charity. And anyhow—do they buy books? Do they ask for books? No! I guess when they come to town the notion is not to improve their minds, but to fuddle 'em, or to frisk 'em. Yet they ain't bad boys,' and he gloomed a trifle.

'That's just why I'm kind of sorry to see so many of them so often like that,' said Sadie.

She had sorrow in that vein this very night. Passing again through the dining-room at supper-time, to see that all was going well, she observed a youth of a type that seemed to centre in Saint Anthony—to centre, she presumed, in all such places, in all the world's Saint Anthonys—a lean, long-nosed, humorous-mouthed young man, his eyes announcing to all who could see that he had had a goodly allowance of what is called 'song-and-stagger juice.' She was not the only one to be touched by his condition. There are 'oiled'