## hat it costs to furnish a House at Simpson's



EADERS of the Western Home Monthly who are about to furnish new houses will be interested to know that we make a business of going right through a house and supplying EVERYTHING from the carpets to the table napkins. from the chairs and tables to the pictures and the bric-a-brac, and that we can give you an accurate idea of what it will cost, beforehand.

Suppose you write us right now. Just drop us a line describing your house and what you want it to be like inside, and how much you think you'd like to spend on it. Don't think that because we are a thousand miles away, it is too far to send for household goods. Miles are short now-a-days. We'll pay the freight if you let us furnish your house complete. And choosing from our catalogue is a simple matter. You know exactly what the goods are like from the description and the pictures. We have furnished houses in as far West as Vancouver in this way.

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Mention the Western Home Monthly when you write and we'll understand the situation, and let you know about the special freight offer.

TORONTO.

SIMPSON

WHAT IT COSTS

his head from the expected blow-'this little memento. "I had intended to slip a fiver into his hand, but for all his surprise, he

was too quick for me.

"'Aw, keep yer dirt,' he snarled.

"'I like you still better,' I said, adding a second fiver. 'You grow perfect. But you must take it."

"He backed away growling, but I caught him around the neck, roughed what little wind he had out of him, and left him doubled up with the two and left him doubled up with the two fives in his pocket. But hardly had the elevator started, when the two coins tinkled on the roof and fell down between the car and the shaft. As luck had it, the door was not closed, and I put out my hand and caught them. The elevator boy's

eyes bulged,
"'It's a way I have,' I said airily,
pocketing them.

"'Some bloke's dropped 'em down the shaft,' he whispered, visibly awed by the circumstance.

"It stands to reason,' said I.

"'I'll take charge of 'em,' he vol-

unteered.

'Nonsense!' "'You'd better turn 'em over,' he threatened, 'or I stop the works.' 'Pshaw!'

"And stop he did, between floors. "'Young man,' I said, 'have you a mother?' (He looked serious, as though regretting his act, and to fur-ther impress him I rolled up my right sleeve with greatest care.) 'Are you prepared to die?' (I got a stealthy crouch on, and put a cat-foot forward.) 'But a minute, a brief minute, stands between you and eternity.' (Here I crooked my right hand into a claw and slid the other foot up.) 'Young man, young man.' I trumpeted, 'in thirty seconds I shall tear your heart dripping from your bosom and stoop to hear you shriek in hell.'

"It fetched him. He gave one whoop, the car shot down, and I was on the drag. You see, Anak, it's a habit I can't shake off oi leaving

vivid memories behind, "I had not got to the corner when I

I heard a familiar voice at my shoulder:

"'Hello, Cinders! Which way? "It was Chi Slim, who had been with me once when I was thrown off a freight in Jacksonville. 'Couldn't see 'm fer cinders,' he described it, and the monica stuck by me. . . . . Monica? From monos. The tramp nickname.

"'Bound south,' I answered. 'And how's Slim?'

Bum. Bulls is horstile.

lingo

"'Where's the push?' "'At the hang-out. I'll put you

"'Who's the main guy?' "'Me, and don't yer ferget it."

him.
"Pray translate—I am a fireigner.' "Certainly," he answered, cheerfully. "Slim is in poor luck. Bull means policeman. He tells me the bulls are hostile. I ask where the push is, the gang he travels with. By putting me wise he will direct me to where the gang is hanging out. The main guy is the leader. Slim

Leith's lips, but perforce I stopped

claims that distinction. "Slim and I hiked out to a neck of woods just beyond town, and

there was the push, a score of husky hobos, charmingly located on the bank of a little purling stream.

"'Come on, you mugs!' Slim addressed them. 'Throw yer feet! Here's Cinders, an' we must do 'm

"All of which signifies that the hobos had better strike out and do some lively begging in order to get the wherewithal to celebrate my return to the fold after a year's separation. But I flashed my dough and Slim sent several of the younger men off to buy the booze. Take my word for it, Anak, it was a blow-out memorable in Trampdom to this day. It's amazing the quantity of booze thirty plunks will buy, and it is equally amazing the quantity of booze twenty stiffs will get outsde of. Beer and cheap wine made up the card, with alcohol thrown in for ground, but for was puzzled.

the blowed-in-the-glass stiffs. It was great—an orgy under the sky, a contest of beakermen, a study in primitive beastliness. To me there is something fascinating in a drunken man, and were I a college president I should institute P. G. psychology courses in practical drunkenness. It would beat the books and compete

with the laboratory.
"All of which is neither here nor there, for after sixteen hours of it, early next morning, the whole push was copped by an overwhelming array of constables and carted off to After breakfast, about ten o'clock, we were lined upstairs into court, limp and spiritless, the twenty of us. And there, under his purple panoply, nose crooked like a Napoleonic eagle, and eyes glittering and beady, sat Sol Glenhart. "'John Ambrose!' the clerk called

out, and Chi Slim stood up.
"'Vagrant, your honor,' the bailiff volunteered, and his honor, not deigning to look at the prisoner, snapped:

Ten days,' and Chi Slim sat down.
"And so it went, with the monotony of clockwork, fifteen seconds to the man, four men to the minute, the mugs bobbing up and down in turn like marionettes. The clerk called the name, the bailiff the offence, the judge the sentence, and the man sat down. That was all. Simple, eh?

"Chi Slim nudged me. 'Give 'm a spiel, Cinders. You kin do it.'

"I shook my head.

"'G'wan,' he urged. ghost story. The mugs'll take it all right. Anl you kin throw yer feet right. And you kin throw yer feet "'L. C. Randolph!' the clerk called.

"I stood up, but a hitch came in the proceedings. The clerk whispered to the judge, the bailiff smiled. "'You are a newspaper man, I understand, Mr. Randolph?' his Honor remarked, sweetly.

"It took me by surprise, for I had forgotten the Cowbell in the excite-

"'Your Honor,' I answered, 'that is

my occupation.'
"'You take quite an interest in local affairs, I see.' (Here his Honor took up the morning's Cowbell and ran his eye up and down a column I knew was mine.) 'Color is good,' a twinkle in his eyes; 'pictures excel-lent, characterized by broad, Sar-gent-like effects. Now this... this judge you have depicted .

you, ah, draw from life, I presume?
"Rarely, your Honor,' I answered. Composites, ideals, rather . But you have color, sir, unmis-

takable color,' he continued.
"'That is splashed on afterward,' I explained.
"This judge, then, is not modeled

from life, as one might believe?" "'No, your Honor.'
"'Ah, I see, merely a type of judi-

cial wickedness?'

"'Nay, more, your Honor,' I said, boldly; 'an ideal.'

"'Splashed with local color afterward? Ha! Good! And may I ven-

ture to ask how much you received

for this bit off work?"

"'Thirty dollars, your Honor."

"'Hum, good!" And his tone abruptly changed. 'Young man, local color is a bad thing. I find you guilty of it and sentence you to thirty days' imprisonment, or, at your pleasure, impose a fine of thirty

dollars.'
"'Alas!' said I. 'I spent the thirty dollars in riotous living.' "'And thirty days more for wast-

ing your substance. Next case!' said his Honor to the clerk.
"Slim was stunned. 'Gee!' he
whispered. 'Gee! The push gets ten

days and you get sixty. Gee!"

Leith struck a match, lighted his dead cigar and opened the book on

his knees.
"Returning to the original conversation, don't you find, Anak, that though Loria handles the bi-partition of the revenues with scrupulous care, he yet omits one imporatnt factor,

namely—"
"Yes," I said, absently; "yes."