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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.

"SUGGESTIONS"

THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

**COMPANY.
LIMITED**

"WHAT IT COSTS"

TORONTO.

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 hostile."
"Where's the push?"
"At the hang-out. I'll put you wise."
"Who's the main guy?"
"Me, and don't yer forget it."
The lingo was rippling from Leith's lips, but perforce I stopped 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 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 proud."
"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 stiff will get out of. Beer and cheap wine made up the card, with alcohol thrown in for

be blown-in-the-glass stiff. It was great—an orgy under the sky, a conquest 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 jail. 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.

"'Gwan,' he urged. 'Give 'm a 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 excitement of succeeding events.

"'That 'll yer graft,' said Slim.

"'Graft? 'll give 'em the shouting,' I growled, but I was puzzled.

"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 excellent, characterized by broad, Sargent-like effects. Now this . . . this judge you have depicted . . . you, ah, draw from life, I presume?'

"Rarely, your Honor," I answered. 'Composites, ideals, rather . . . et cetera.'

"But you have color, sir, unmistakable 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 judicial wickedness?"

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

"Splashed with local color afterward? Ha! Good! And may I venture to ask how much you received for this bit of 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 wasting your substance. Next case!" said his Honor to the clerk.

"Slim was stunned. 'Geel!' he whispered. 'Geel! The push gets ten days and you get sixty. Geel!'

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 important factor, namely—"

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