

awful busy. I buys the meat; ma thinks I'm awful thin, but I ain't, you know. It's just because I ain't fat."

Such a pathetic reasoning and justification of his mother. I was getting the man to cut me off a thick slice of round steak, and the little fellow's eyes twinkled and he said:

"That's the kind I likes. There ain't no bone, and pa says if ye cuts it like porter-house it tastes better. I gets ten cents a week from pa fer buying the meat. Last night I had ice cream" . . . he volunteered, then looked shyly away as though perhaps he had been too confidential, and hurried out with his "round steak that tastes like porter-house when ye cuts it that way."

How many pounds of meat and how many cool shirts and new jerseys could be bought with the gold of that child's bracelet? Surely daisy chains and buttercup wreaths are more fitting ornaments for such sweet-eyed innocence than the gold that perisheth.