

devouring maw, and is a tribute to the enterprising foresight, commercial shrewdness and municipal "pull" of the man who began life as a day laborer and is now the owner of this private mint which coins money for him while he sleeps. And why not? May not the man who has the courage to risk the capital which he borrows at usurious rates to put into farm lots, contract drains, scamped paving, and jerry-buildings, and the *finesse* to get it all accepted by City Fathers as a taxable civic asset, enjoy the fruits of his labor, and perhaps be awarded a meed of praise?

His choice of a name for his new street may be given passing notice, seeing that it smacks of the architectural originality which walls the pavements. Civic traditional leanings towards saintly street nomenclature may not be disregarded even by radical contracting builders, but one must be up-to-date, and besides the calendar is almost exhausted. Rumors of the proposed canonization of The Maid were then only faintly whispered, but waggish friends translated these as assured fact, and the sign went up on the street corners, to the grief of the faithful and the amusement of scoffers, and it stands there now, and so reads on the cadastral plans in the archives of the City Hall.

It was shortly after these "desirable homes" were finished and the street graded that Harvey FitzGerald, late reporter on the *Daily Transcript*, in the enjoyment of a salary of fifty dollars a month, was sauntering with his girl-wife in those outlying parts looking for the realization of that long-deferred dream of a cosy suburban home now within the compass of the seventy-five-dollar-a-month stipend attached to the post of city editor to which he had just been promoted. The whimsical element in name and structures appealed to his sense of humor, and he declared that here, if anywhere, might one