

he was fast forging to the head of his class, he went upon the streets as a newsboy.

For several years Mat's family prospered very well. The mother was able to earn a good deal by her needle, and Mat helped out with the pennies which he gained by selling papers. All of the other boys of the streets, whether newsboy or messenger, whenever they became acquainted with Mat liked him. He was 'straight goods' as they put it, and never sold papers on the street corners already occupied by other boys. He was good to the little weak newsboys, too.

Indeed, there seemed to be bred in this humble child of the tenements, a Christ-like love for humanity. In his own small way he tried to help others whenever possible. From his parents he had early received careful instruction in the Bible, and in a bright little mission Sunday-school within two blocks of his new home in the American city, he was a constant attendant. In the Sunday-school class were boys whom he had met upon the streets selling papers and whom he had invited to come to the mission.

But a time came when the mother's eyes, already weakened by too close work with the needle, gave out completely, and she found that she could make no more garments for the big wholesale clothing house that employed her. This had happened but a short time before that morning upon which Mat was shown the sign in the lawyer's office.

With the stern winter staring them in the face, Mat was ready to make almost any attempt to secure some honorable employment that would bring him a bigger income than he made by selling papers. But now as he stood in the lawyer's office awaiting his turn in the line of eager young applicants, he wished he had not been so ready to take Bill's advice. For what chance had he against all of these better dressed boys, who doubtless had their pockets full of fine recommendations.

'Next!' called out a spry young man; and Man found himself ushered into the mysterious back room from which all of the boys ahead of them had come away some of them with disappointment written plainly upon their faces.

Mat walked bravely into the room and met the gaze of the great lawyer who was seated at a desk covered with many papers.

'Well, what is your name?' asked the lawyer briskly.

'Matthias Boeskey, sir. They call me "Mat" for short,' answered the little Hungarian.

'What recommendation have you?' 'None, sir; but I thought that maybe you'd take me without any,' faltered Mat, his throat choking up with some sort of a lump which he could not swallow.

'Without any!' exclaimed the lawyer as his keen, searching eyes wandered over Mat from head to foot, making the boy painfully conscious of his shabby and ill-fitting clothes, his grimy, chapped hands and tattered shoes.

For a moment Mat wavered under the attack of these critical eyes and was just upon the point of fleeing from the room when a picture of his mother as she had vainly tried to see to patch his trousers the night before, appeared to him and made him straighten up and feel once more like a man.

'Well, what have you to say for yourself?' the lawyer asked abruptly. 'What made you think that I would take you without recommendations?'

'Well, sir, it's just this way,' answered Mat in an honest and open manner, 'Billy, my own chum, was kind enough to tell me about this place. I know it isn't business to take a fellow without recommends, hope you'll just give

me a chance, and I'll make a big try to suit you. There's a lot depending on me, and I couldn't afford to do poor work for anybody. You see since father died I'm the main fellow at our house.

'I sell papers, but as long as I've got to buy better stuff for my little sister Heddy to eat, I can't depend on that sort of work. I've got to hustle more'n ever, cause mother's eyes have given out. I didn't want to let any chance slip to get work, so I came here.'

* * * * *

There was silence in the comfortable office. The lawyer had turned away and was looking out of the window with a far-away expression in his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of the time, many years before, when he himself was a boy with a future scarcely less discouraging than that of this ragged anxious-looking lad. Perhaps he was thinking also of the kind old gentleman who had given him a start when no one else would notice him. At any rate, he suddenly aroused himself, and, looking at Mat with eyes, altogether softened, 'Where did you say you live?' he asked; and as the boy told him he wrote the address in a note book, adding aloud: 'Come to-morrow at this time and I'll let you know.'

With this Mat was dismissed, and the next waiting boy was shown into the private room, and then the next one, until finally all had been examined and had departed.

* * * * *

'Charles,' said the lawyer to his clerk, 'did you notice the little fellow who claimed that he had a family to support?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Charles.

'I want you to go to his home and find out, if possible, whether he told us the truth. Inquire of his neighbors—any way to find out. Here is his address.'

* * * * *

A street-car ride of twenty minutes took Charles to the poor tenement district where Mat, the newsboy, lived with his mother and his sister.

'Will you tell me, please, whether a boy by the name of Matthias lives, with his mother and cripple sister, next door to you?' asked Charles of a pleasant-faced old woman who had answered his knock.

'Yes, he does; and a right good boy, by the way, he is, as everybody, will tell you,' answered the woman. 'He reminds me every day of my own son who got lost at sea. I tell you there never was a better son nor—'

But just at this minute Charles caught sight of Mat carrying home a little basket of coal for his 'family,' and not wishing to be noticed by the boy, he started up the street, leaving the good old mother still speaking her praises of Mat and her own dead sailor boy. Charles immediately turned back, however, and stood by a street corner near at hand. Presently he saw Mat come out upon the street, drawing, in a shaky little cart, his invalid sister. The wind blew somewhat cold, yet the sun was bright and warm, and no doubt Mat thought that this would be one of the last chances for 'Heddy' to enjoy the out of doors. He made his way directly toward Charles.

'I'm getting cold,' the lawyer's clerk heard the little girl complain.

'Oh, well, I'll fix that,' assured Mat. Whereupon he whisked off his coat and wrapped it about the tiny shoulders of his passenger.

'That boy is all right,' thought Charles as he started for the nearest street car.

When Mat left the office of the great lawyer that Tuesday morning it was with a mingled feeling of hope and despair. Would he really get the place or not? Perhaps the lawyer was merely trying to get rid of him without hurting his feelings. He resolved to speak nothing

concerning the matter to his mother, but to wait and see what fortune the morrow had in store for him. During all the long night he tossed restlessly to and fro upon his bed.

After a frugal breakfast, Mat started away the next morning to secure his usual supply of papers. But before he could gain courage to go to the crowded thoroughfare, he felt that he must return home to bid his mother and Heddy good-by once more. He was troubled at heart, for his mother had told him that the little sister whom he loved so much was growing thin and frail for want of more nourishing food.

'Things are going to pick up, mamma, just you see; for you remember that I am a man now,' said Mat as he stood for a moment in the doorway.

His mother looked down at him with love and pride revealed in her face, though she found it hard to hide her anxiety.

'I must get that place!' vowed Mat to himself as he sped away.

At exactly the hour mentioned by the lawyer, Mat again stood waiting his turn to be called into the private room. Three or four other boys who had been asked to call again, were already there waiting and hoping like himself. But one after another they were dismissed and Mat again stood before the lawyer.

'This is Matthias Boeskey, is it? Well, sir, we've decided that you are the boy we want for the place. No, no—never mind about just thanking me. All we want is good service. See if the suit over there upon the chair fits you. That all comes with the position, you know. I have also made an arrangement for you with Dr. Warwick of the Grand Medical Institute. You are to meet him at his office this morning to talk about your invalid sister. He is a good man and will be able to help her if anybody can. I will tell you later what your duties in this office will be.'

With his eyes radiant with glee, Mat listened to the words of the lawyer. During all that day while he was becoming accustomed to his new duties, he could hardly keep from shouting. For had not Dr. Warwick told him he thought he could cure Heddy? She was going to get stronger each day, he knew, for he was now able to buy her everything in the world that she needed.

And that night God heard from the lips of Mat and his family the thanks which the lawyer had not taken for himself.—'The Boys' World.'

Sizing a Boy Up.

George Sexton, who has charge of two hundred boys in a big department store, loves to talk about boys. 'Boys are not a necessary evil at this establishment,' he said. 'They are the material out of which men are to be made.'

'How do you choose your cash boys, Mr. Sexton?' I asked.

'My first question is "Where is the boy?" You see, it all depends upon the boy himself. You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manner, his dress and the way he comes into an office than from any description of him. Character shows forth in little things—you can't hide it. I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions. I have "sized a boy up" before he asks me for a place. The removal or non-removal of the hat on entering the office, the respectful and self-respecting way in which a boy addresses me, the way in which he meets my look and questions, all give me an idea of his bringing up and the "stuff" that is in him. As to appearance, I look at once for these things: polished shoes, clean clothes and clean face, hands and finger nails. Good clothes are not