Doctor Cavallo

BY

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COLLABORATORS

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CHAPTER I.

"Sore throat? Unable to swallow? High fever? Flushed cheeks? Little white patches in the throat? Margaret has the diphtheria! That's what ails her," said Bob Lawrence, bringing his hand down on the table in his excitement.

It was a little family group of three. Mr. Lawrence, a staid and respectable merchant in the city of P---, Mrs. Lawrence, a matronly woman, and Robert, their son, in business with his father. Margaret, the daughter, younger than Bob, had not come down to breakfast, and in response to Bob's questions her mother had been describing her symptoms.

"Get a physician at once" said Mr. Lawrence, addressing his wife.

"Whom shall I call?" she inquired.

"Dr. Blake," said the father.

"He is the best of the old school," returned Mrs. Lawrence, "but I rather prefer homœopathy for these throat diseases."
“Oh!” returned Bob, “it isn’t the system, it’s the man. The only good thing about homœopathy is that it keeps a stream of something going down your throat all the time, and the patient has his mind occupied thinking which glass he took the last dose out of, and getting mixed up and being afraid that he is taking one remedy all the while, so that he has no time to think of the malady, and nature does the rest, as she generally will if let alone.”

“Well, then,” returned his mother, “Dr. Blake?”

“Yes, Dr. Blake,” whose whole idea is quinine and podophyllin” said Bob. He gives quinine for a cold and leptandrín and podophyllin for everything else. It isn’t the system that you want, it is the man. Get Dr. Cavallo.”

“Dr. Cavallo? He hasn’t much of a practice, has he?” queried his father.

“What do you know of him?” Mrs. Lawrence put in.

“Why,” said Bob, “he was a demonstrator in the college; but every one there said he was smart, and the ‘medicos,’ who are generally a rough set, were wrapped up in him. Since he has been here he has been very successful. I have met him several times and renewed our acquaintance.”

“I don’t like,” said his mother, “to call in a new doctor.”

“There you are wrong,” returned her son. “With all due respect to you, he is not what you would call new, as he has been practicing for some time, and as for your objection to new physicians, let me tell you, Mother, the doctors fresh from college come out with all of the new ideas, and where there is no question
in regard to the malady, as seems to be the case with Margaret's trouble, a new doctor is better than an old one. The only advantage that an old doctor has over a new one is, that he knows all the laws of heredity and so can keep track of the cranks. He knows, when old Mrs. Jones calls him in and tells him that she is dying, that she can't last ten hours, that she is good for fifteen years yet; while when Bill Smith tells him that he 'coughed up a little blood last night which he thinks must have come from a tooth,' the doctor knows that the case is serious, for all of the Smiths have died of consumption and poor Bill's life is measured by months."

"All of this doesn't help Margaret," said his mother. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to call Dr. Cavallo," said her son, and stepping to the telephone he found that the Doctor would be in his office in a few minutes, and that he would go over and attend the call.

Having settled this matter to his satisfaction, Bob resumed his seat at the table and having had his cup of coffee replenished, began:

"You see, Mother, it is this way: diphtheria is a poison caused by microbes—little germs that float around in the atmosphere. You can breathe them in with perfect impunity if there is no way in which they can get to the blood, but you catch cold and you cough until you tear loose the little blood vessels in the throat and then brother microbe comes along and buries in the spot, gets into the blood and there you are."

"What nonsense are you talking, Robert?" said his father.
"Fact!" said Bob. "Latest development of science. The microbe multiplies by fission; that is by breaking in two; the halves grow to the length of the old one and then break in two again, and thus multiply. The first two become four, they become eight, then sixteen, then thirty-two, then sixty-four, then one hundred and twenty-eight, and so on. In a few hours, from a single pair, they increase to millions."

"Robert, how you do run on," returned his mother. "But what makes the white patches in the throat?" said his father, who secretly admired his son.

"That," said Bob, "is because the microbes bury in the mucous membrane and destroy it. They produce a poison in the blood that causes paralysis of the heart."

His mother smiled upon him with that mild approval which mothers are wont to express, and then said in her quiet manner, "How did you come to know all this?"

"I'll tell you that, too," said Bob in his off-hand way. "I had a 'medico' as room-mate at college part of the time. Good fellow he was, too, and greatly stuck on his profession, on Dr. Cavallo and on bacteriology. He had diphtheria as a theme, and the way he pored over it, and dinned it into me, and had little messes of veal broth where he cultivated them— I believe that he would have inoculated himself with them if I had not stopped him."

"Robert!" said his mother reproachfully.

His father only laughed and added: "What would your Aunt Jane say to this?"

"Aunt Jane being a Christian Scientist," said Bob, "is not going to be astonished at anything that can
be told her. If she can fasten her mind on a point it is settled."

"I expect her in this morning," added Mrs. Lawrence.

"For Heaven's sake don't let her into Margaret's room or she will fasten her mind on a crack in the floor, and there will be no getting rid of her for two weeks."

As he rattled on, a domestic opened the door, and announced, "Dr. Cavallo." Bob arose, and greeting the new comer introduced him to his parents.

As the two men stood side by side they offered a marked contrast. Bob was a manly fellow, with his square shoulders and his round head, set off by his brown hair, cut short. There was laughter in his eye, a sense of humor playing about his mouth and his open, frank face. He was one that you instinctively liked and took on trust at once.

The doctor was somewhat his elder, but he was graver. His olive complexion, black eyes and hair well became him. His face showed marks of long and profound study. His athletic figure, the hand, lithe, flexible and slender, but strong, the slope of the shoulders, the well made hips, while these gave evidence of tremendous power, all bespoke the man of refinement, the man of action, and the man of thought. He seemed with his steady poise, the resonant tones of his voice, the straightforward look out of his eyes, the manly firmness of his walk, the very grasp of his hand as one who possessed great reserve powers. While one admired Bob at the first glance, Dr. Cavallo instinctively inspired respect and confidence. Perhaps his great power lay in his wonderful sympathy.
You felt this in his magnificent eyes, in the grasp of his hand that thrilled one as if the owner possessed strong magnetic power, and that indefinable something that for want of a better term we call personal magnetism. He impressed you as having a will strong enough to pursue its object through difficulties and dangers and great enough to be able to sink his own personality in the effort to succor others.

As he stood quietly conversing with the two elderly people he presented a perfect type of the professional man, grave, dignified, yet sympathetic.
CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Lawrence took the doctor at once to the chamber of the sick girl. Bob fidgeted about and then said: "The trouble with these contagious diseases, father, is that you never know what to expect. A person may have a very mild attack of diphtheria and yet may give it in its worst form to another. What a pathetic story it is, that of Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Alice. Her little child was sick and dying with the awful malady, and it asked her to give it a parting kiss. She knew the danger, but she complied, and printing a kiss upon the little thing's lips, took diphtheria in its worst form and died."

"Horrible," said Mr. Lawrence.

"This," said Bob, "is what gives me a pain, when I hear people talk about diphtheretic sore throat, as if the disease, in a mild form could be fooled with. I think," he said, "that it's a case where the microbe isn't so active, that's all." Then he added, "I suppose we ought to report it to the Board of Health."

"Not so fast," replied his father, "let us know what it is first."

"Well we will have a chance to know all about it now," said Bob, looking out of the window, "for here comes Aunt Jane." Even as he spoke a fat little
body, long past middle life, came toiling up the walk and Bob good naturedly opened the door, allowing her to enter. She panted up the steps, walked into the room and flinging herself into a chair, said, "I never had such a dreadful time in all my life. I really thought that I should die: The wind blew so awfully that positively I was afraid I should blow away. Why it was a perfect cyclone."

"Why didn't you exert your will power and stop the whole gale, Aunt Jane?" said Bob, with a twinkle in his eye. "What is the use in having these annoyances when you can will them all away?"

"If our faith was equal to our desires," said she gravely, "we could easily say to this mountain depart, and it would be moved into the sea."

"Yes," said Bob, "but how about the wind?"

"The wind bloweth where it listeth," said she, "and no man knoweth whither it is bound."

"There is where you differ from the weather department," said Bob, "although from the blunders that they have been committing lately they had better fall back on Job and give the whole thing up, as a bad conundrum, too much for them.

"Robert," said his father, gravely, "do not be so irreverent."

"Irreverent?" echoed Bob, "I am the most devout duck to be found within four blocks, except that I take no stock in weather prophets and I am beginning to lose faith in the government itself. It has been promising us a cold wave for a week and it has been as hot as Tophet all of the time.

"Where is your mother, Robert?" inquired Aunt Jane, "I haven't seen her in an age. Is she never going
to return my call? I must positively give up visiting her."

"She is up stairs attending to Margaret who has the diphtheria," replied Bob.

"The diphtheria," returned Aunt Jane. "Oh how horrible, and what is she doing for it? Do let me call Mrs. Wilkins. She is such an eminent authority in these matters. Her cures are perfectly wonderful."

"No, she has Dr. Cavallo. No Christian Science for us, if you please."

"Dr. Cavallo!" shrieked the woman. "What will he give your poor sister? Nothing but drugs and drugs and drugs. Why will you depend on such things when what you need is faith? Oh, how I wish I understood the science better; I must try and persuade your mother to send for Mrs. Wilkins. Why, she never gives the slightest thing at all, but just sits and prays by the sick bed, oh, such lovely prayers, and her patients get right up and are cured."

"Yes," said Bob, "I have heard of her. She is that old lady that doctored Mrs. Toohey's baby for the croup. The little thing died and I had hard work to keep the medical society from prosecuting Mrs. Wilkins. Served her right too, only I am a great deal of a crank myself and I take all of the fraternity under my protection, especially if they are women."

"Prejudice, mere prejudice," said the little body. "There is not a pain, disease, habit, sin, infirmity, fear, accident or heart ache that cannot by means of Christian Science be relieved or entirely cured."

Bob gave a low whistle.

"That this sweeping statement seems incredible to the common sense does not change the fact," said
Aunt Jane. "The living witnesses are with us and they will gladly tell or write their wonderful experiences. When you understand that the power that does this work is Infinite Mind, you will say that all things are possible with God."

"And you think that Mrs. Wilkins has a section of this power, that old snuffy female. Holy smoke!" said Bob, "give us faith."

"If materia medica was the right thing God would have given it authority and sanction," said Aunt Jane. "Your argument proves too much, Aunt Jane," said Bob. "Now for instance, if God had believed that the steam engine was constructed on the right principles, he would have made Adam a present of one in the garden of Eden. As he didn't do it the steam engine must have come from the devil," and Bob laughed at his own wit.

"Robert," said his father, "do not mock at sacred things."

"Mrs. Mary Eddy has gone to the root of the whole matter," said Aunt Jane, "when she said 'Mind is all-in-all. Divine Mind and its ideas are the only realities'."

"Do you believe that Christian Science can set a broken bone?" asked Bob. "Now let us get down to the plain facts."

"Certainly I do," said Aunt Jane, firmly. "Did Jesus say to his disciples, take the Gospel and dissect a man; become thoroughly acquainted with his anatomy and physiology and then if he is sick you can heal him; or, go into a chemist's laboratory, analyze the material elements of a dead body and matter will instruct you how to heal a man? Did Jesus say to his
disciples or to Christian Scientists, go study anatomy, number the bones, understand the joints, consult the marrow, that when a bone is broken or a joint dislocated you may take Christ, who never studied anatomy or bade anyone study it to set, replace or heal?"

"Go on, Aunt Jane," said Bob with mock gravity, "this reads like a leaf out of a book. Go on, and you may make a Christian Scientist out of me yet."

"You are dead in sin, I fear," said the little body, "and I must be going. Tell your mother that I called and that I was very sorry to learn that Margaret is sick, but we are to have a meeting this afternoon and I will bring up her case before the class," so saying she bustled out and was gone.

When she had gone, Bob burst into a fit of laughter and said, "as soon as I mentioned the word diphtheria she began to be uneasy. You couldn't have kept her in the house with a yoke of oxen. Strange that these people who have so many and such infallible cures for all diseases are frightened to death when it comes to catching anything themselves. The trouble, I suspect, with Aunt Jane is, that she sticks to Christian Science because it's cheaper than any other system."

What more Robert would have said was lost to the world, for just then his mother came back followed by the Doctor, and Mr. Lawrence's inquiry as to what the trouble was with his daughter was met by the physician, saying "I do not think there is any cause to fear. Miss Lawrence is very weak and the prostration was sudden and great, but I have no fear but she will recover."

"Is it as bad as that?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"Diphtheria is not a thing to fool with," interposed
Bob, "and I want you, Doctor, to do your best; see Margaret twice a day and don’t spare any effort to bring her around."

"You seem to be somewhat of a medical man yourself," remarked the Doctor, smiling.

"Yes," said Bob, "I roomed with Seidel; you remember him?"

The Doctor nodded assent.

"Awful smart fellow. Ran wild on bacteriology. Went West after graduating, became a great mining expert and made a fortune. Now, father we must attend to business. The Doctor here will come around this afternoon, and Margaret will be all right in two days. Come, Doctor, we will all go down town together," and the three passed out of the door and down the steps, bidding good-bye to Mrs. Lawrence as they departed.
CHAPTER III.

"It is the noblest of professions and the meanest of trades," said Dr. Maurice Cavallo to himself, "and if that is the way old Father Hippocrates found it what can a fellow expect in these degenerate days?" and so saying, he drew forth a match, searched in his pockets, found a cigar, and lighting it, proceeded to pour forth a cloud of smoke. In this occupation he was standing before his window contemplating the street and watching it rain, when he saw Bob Lawrence go by and he hastily knocked on the window to attract his attention. That individual, on seeing who it was that was calling to him, stopped, closed his umbrella, and soon could be heard stamping up stairs. He opened the office door, stood his umbrella up in a corner where the surplus water would run into a tin basin in which the Doctor had "a culture." Dr. Cavallo started at first to stop him, but as the special bacteria had long since died out, a result of too much crowding, he desisted, and watched the other settle himself in a chair, pull a cigar out of his pocket, light it, and then fish around for a match. This found, he joined in, and they steadily sent out a cloud of smoke together.

Finally, the Doctor found time to put the question that he had been aching to ask and yet hesitated from some unaccountable impulse to do.
"How is your sister?"

"Oh," said Bob, "she is all right; no worse since you dismissed the case. Ugly thing this diphtheria. Do you know that I had half a notion to be a doctor myself? Seidel talked so much to me about it that I had a great mind to become a 'dig' and try for a profession."

Cavallo laughed. "Let me congratulate you on your escape."

"Oh yes," said Bob, "I know all about it. Settle in some town, go in and physic the poor; treat everybody, pay or no pay, live on one potato a month, and keep a fast horse and drive around like thunder to give people an idea that you are rushed with work. Go to church and hire a boy to run in, right in the midst of the second lesson, go up the aisle and whisper to you that you are wanted; then you tumble out, knock over all the hats in the aisle, and drive around as if you had half the lives of the city in your medicine case."

"What a physician you would have made," said Dr. Cavallo, smiling in spite of himself.

"I had the whole thing down fine," replied Bob. "Every time a boy cut his finger, rush around to the newspaper offices and report an astonishing case of surgery. 'The son of our well-known citizen, Mr. Thomas Smith, met with a serious accident yesterday, but the timely arrival of the great surgeon, Dr. Lawrence, saved the lad's finger and undoubtedly, by preventing the effusion of blood, remedied what might have been a serious affair.' Oh, I know all the arts by which the modern doctor gets free advertising and cheats the newspapers."
"Instead of which profession," said Dr. Cavallo, looking at him from across the table, "Mr. Robert Lawrence chose to devote himself to business, to the sordid acquisition of wealth, and thus robbed the profession of what might have been its brightest ornament and the world of a savant who would have conferred luster upon science itself."

"It is all right," replied Bob, "but, my dear sir, the secret of practicing medicine is like everything else, what you can get out of it. If I practiced medicine I would do it for money just the same as any thing else. This notion that a doctor must work for nothing and trust to the Lord is one of the foolish ideas born of the monks of the middle ages. They gave every man a mug of ale, a half a loaf of bread, and doctored him when he was sick, all for nothing. We stick to the idea that he is still to be doctored free, but we charge him for the ale and the bread. Now I am absolutely without prejudice, and I would as soon be a doctor as a lawyer or preacher or anything else."

"Without prejudice," repeated Cavallo, bitterly. "Is there any human being who can truly say that he is without prejudice?"

"Prejudice, said Bob, "is merely a question of opportunity and condition. For instance, every nation has at some time been under the yoke. I am a Saxon and I have the pleasure of knowing that less than a thousand years ago my ancestors wore a yoke around their necks that had the name of their Norman master marked on it. The negro is mobbed in the South, sneered at in the North, but treated as an equal in England, where he has no trouble to get a white wife. The Chinaman is regarded as a howling nuisance
in San Francisco, but he is looked upon with favor in New England, where the best ladies will take him by the hand and welcome him to Sunday school and teach him his letters and the sublime principles of the Christian faith. Take the Jews.”

The doctor made a gesture of impatience and offered his visitor a fresh cigar as if the subject were distasteful to him.

Bob stopped long enough to light it, and then went on without noticing him.

“Now in England, Disraeli, Moses Montifiore, the Rothschilds, and George Eliot in ‘Daniel Deronda,’ have thrown a romance around the name of Jew, so that England’s best and bravest, the most exclusive nobility in the world, headed by the Queen, a great stickler for precedent and form, sets apart one day in every year in which to strew with flowers the grave of England’s great Jew, the man who maintained peace with honor.”

“You have not lighted your cigar,” said the Doctor.

“Now wait until I get through, because I have a theory on this,” said the other. “How is it in Russia? There the Jew-baiting frenzy has broken out with the greatest virulence. The accounts of the persecutions are as awful as anything mentioned in the days of Ferdinand and Torquemada in Spain. Now why?”

“Race prejudice,” said Cavallo.

“Not a bit of it,” replied Bob. “The real trouble is the despotism of the Czar is so galling and oppressive that the people wait to see on whom they can lay the blame. Kick a boy for chalking your fence and he will throw a stone at the first friendless dog he meets. The outrages against the Russian Jews repre-
sent the measure of tyranny that the common people are getting at the hands of the bureaucracy.”

“How is it in Germany?” inquired Cavallo, with a show of interest.

“There you are again,” returned Bob, “with a stronger illustration of my theory. Germany owes much to the Jews. With such names as the Mendelssohns, of Carl Marx, of Eduard Lasker, of Heine, of Auerbach, the cultivated German knows that literature, art and science have all been benefitted by the Jew, and yet such is the pressure of military despotism and such the repressive tendencies of the present government that an uneasy feeling is creeping through all classes. The government keeps it down by appealing to the patriotism of the people. Feeling the harness gall, they in turn look about for some means of venting their ill-humor and they have fallen afoul of the Jews. The violence of the attack shows, not that the Jews are in the wrong, but measures the force of the despotism of the government. Some time the pot lid will blow off and then look out.

“For my part,” continued Bob, “I do not see why the Germans in this country should continue their unreasoning prejudice against the Jews. The Germans come here in many cases to escape the galling military service in their own land. They are made welcome. Every facility is given them and yet they often display an unreasoning adherence to their old notions. Why, only the other day in St. Louis a crank delivered a long diatribe against the Jews as a race, and the Westliche Post, formerly considered to be the organ of such liberal and enlightened statesmen as Carl Schurz, actually printed seven columns of the stuff. I am an
American and am willing to accord every man his full measure of rights, but I am unwilling to see the old prejudices of the old world foisted upon us and taught in the public prints as if they were something to be proud of."

"The Jew," said Cavallo gloomily, "has been in all ages the Messiah to humanity and he has been rewarded by the fagot and the torch."

"I don't know about the Messiah," returned Bob, laughing, "and I rather think my father would dispute you on that point, but the Jew has done a good deal that is a fact. He did give us banking and exchange."

"And medicine and law, and he is the author of modern science," interrupted Cavallo.

"Modern science," replied Bob, "how do you make that out?"

"Why, when the Arabs, having embraced Islam, swept over the world, they were an ignorant race of barbarians. The first thing that they did was to burn the library at Alexandria. The Jews became their teachers, and they taught the Arabs the science of numbers, which we call the Arabic notation; it is really the old Chaldean system taught them by the Jews. They founded the universities in Spain at Valladolid, and at Seville, where Pope Sylvester himself graduated. The monks thought, because Sylvester knew something of science he could tell where all the treasures of the world were located. It was from the great Spanish universities that the Renaissance started and the Italian schools began. The Bologna university owes its existence to the scholars started and educated by the Spanish Jews. They are the ones that translated the old Greek classics and who brought to light the hidden learning of the ancients."
“Good for them,” said Bob, “but what gave them their start in medicine?”

“Because,” returned Cavallo, “the church insisted that disease was either the work of devils or special punishment for sin and, in either case, it could only be cured by exorcism or prayer. When a man had the colic or rheumatism they rubbed him with the bones of a saint, if he had fever they had no other remedy. The Jews, not being under this rule, were forced to study the laws of nature. They investigated the qualities of plants and herbs. Their love-philters contained phosphorus long before the pharmacopoeia contained the drug as an aphrodisiac. Belladonna was known to them long before the Gentile had any conception of it. They prescribed podophyllin long before ‘the mandragora’s moans’ was known to Europe. In fact. Leah knew something about it as you can see, if you will read the book of Genesis and she put it to a strange use, for she came it over Rachel with a lot of mandrakes. Old Albertus Magnus says that he had discovered the secret of Solomon’s Seal which was imparted to him by a Jew, as you can see by the name, for he was pupil of the great Maimonides.”

“That must be so,” said Bob, “for I remember reading that Queen Elizabeth had a Jew, Lopez, for a physician, and it is said he gave Shakespeare his idea of Shylock.”

“Every great man had a Jew doctor, for it was soon found that where the bones of the saint refused to act, that the rhubarb of the Jew expert was pretty certain to produce the required result,” said Cavallo, grimly.

The high chamberlain of Ferdinand and Isabella of
Spain was a Jew, Don Isaac Abarbanel, and he narrowly averted that bloody persecution of the Inquisition. He was a great man and he offered Ferdinand a large sum of money to forego his purpose. Torquemada heard of it and breaking into the room where the contract was being discussed, elevated a crucifix, yelling at the top of his voice: 'Behold the modern Judas Iscariot who would sell his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.'

That was enough, and the consequence of letting the old pirate loose was the massacre of three hundred thousand Jews, the best intellect of Spain. Perhaps it is some compensation to reflect that Spain has never recovered from the blow."

"Why do you talk in this way?" said Bob. "You are a Spaniard yourself, as I have heard."

Cavallo's cheek darkened and his brow flushed. He shut his hand hard down on the palm, and then he answered slowly:

"I am of Spanish descent." After a pause he added: "My immediate ancestors came from Holland. Holland," he continued, "the parent of freedom where the Pilgrim Fathers learned their lessons in liberty and in government."

"Yes, there is another illustration of my theory," said Bob. "The Pilgrim Fathers, knocked around from pillar to post, driven from England, sent over into Holland, kicked, maltreated and abused, finally won the respect of the world by going out and doing something, and then they were never ashamed of their faith."

Cavallo started.

"A Pilgrim was willing to stand up and let them
hack off his ears and put him in pillory, and pelt him and wool him in all possible ways. To be sure when he got a chance he showed them that he could shave off heads himself, but he always stuck to his colors.

"So of the Irish. They are the finest soldiers in Europe and have shown it on every battlefield, and yet when Cromwell captured three thousand of them at Drogheda he knocked them in the head solely to save ammunition. William III 'of pious, blessed and immortal memory, who saved England from brass money, wooden shoes and Popery' called them savage kerns. Why it is not so very long ago that the legend 'No Irish need apply' was attached to every want in the newspapers when the parties wished a hired girl."

"I have often thought," said Cavallo gravely, "that the Irish ought to be the most outspoken race for human liberty and the Brotherhood of Man of any in the world."

"This is in accordance with my idea," said Bob. "They have been oppressed and they turn on some one beneath them. Like the story of the Irish stow-away from Dublin. The colored cook found him the second day out and saved him by making him his assistant. He fed him all the way over, but Pat, by mingling with some of the other passengers, learned that it was not the thing for white people to mix with colored ones in the new country. As they landed the colored cook fixed up a good breakfast for his fellow assistant, and as they parted the cook slipped a quarter into the other's hand. The Irishman refused it, saying with a gesture of contempt: 'I wish to receive no assistance from your degraded race.'"
"God's vengeance does not sleep, and he punishes all crimes," said Cavallo, gloomily. "The nation that fosters injustice shall perish by injustice. No people can afford to cultivate a spirit of class hatred, for as certain as the sun rises and sets, so shall they learn that these are but bloody instructions that shall return to plague the inventors. Many peoples have tried it and the end has been that it has eaten out the national spirit like a canker and left it, as Spain is left to-day, a poor, shattered hulk in the highways of the world. Italy tried it and in tears and sorrow is she endeavoring to throw off the yoke.

"The Saxon race is proud of its achievements, and it is proud that it to-day stands in the foremost ranks of civilization; that it has wrought out its own independence by its own right arm, and that in science, in art, in all that constitutes true progress it stands without a compeer—the one great branch triumphant on the sea, the other equally invincible on the land.

"But let it reflect that it has gained this freedom and this independence, not by its own efforts, but because there was breathed into the souls of its fathers as with the breath of life, the inspiration, the lofty devotion, the high and unshrinking purpose, found, not in its own traditions, not in its own literature, but in the old Jewish Bible, and in the old Jewish Bible alone."

"That is great," repeated Bob, enthusiastically hammering on the table. "Hear, hear. It sounds like a chapter from Isaiah. You must have a trace of the old prophetic blood in you, Cavallo?"

The dark shade again swept across the doctor's face and he made no reply. The other continued:

"I say, come up to-night and spend the evening at the
house. I want the governor to get started on the future of the Jews. He is simply immense and when he gets going there is no holding him. I must go to business now."

So saying he threw the cigar stump into the grate and shaking out his umbrella, with an air of mock gravity, put on his hat, saluted the doctor, and in reply to the other's half amused response to his salutation went down the stairs whistling a stave of the latest popular melody.

When he had gone the gloom deepened on Cavallo's face and he shut his teeth hard. Then he broke out:

"What a fool and coward slave am I, to sit here and deny my race and creed, to hear the epithet 'Jew' bandied about without opening my head to defend the faith or the blood of my fathers."

He paused, and then he burst out with that bitter epigram by Heine, the great German poet.

"It is not a crime to be a Jew but it is a terrible misfortune."

With these words he drew on his riding coat and putting his medicine case in his pocket went off on his rounds to visit his patients.
CHAPTER IV.

Doctor Maurice Cavallo sat before his grate fire in a discontented mood. The thought of the conversation in the morning galled him. He felt that he was acting a part. He hated himself for not having made a frank avowal to Bob and then—if he had—he stopped and saw in imagination the friendly doors of the Lawrence house closed against him and the fair face of his gentle patient rose before him. What had he to do with her? He was of an alien race.

An alien race! The world does not yet accord him full social recognition or greet him with the respect that is due a man. It tolerates but it does not welcome him. The stigma of contumely still hangs over him. Wherever he may go, in what ever country he may cast his lot, he is everywhere an alien and he feels that he is regarded as an outcast. He was depressed and he arose and paced back and forth in his office. "Hath not a Jew, hands?" he said to himself. "If you tickle us do we not laugh, if you prick us do we not bleed?"

A Jew! and then the fair face of Margaret broke in upon his vision and her radiant beauty passed before his mental gaze. He shook his head as if he could not bear the thought of her face being turned from him with disdain and aversion.

"But, then, what is the use of all this? I am an
American citizen,” he said, “why should I go about proclaiming my ancestry?

“What is this great American nation anyway but a composite race, formed of all the blood of the earth? It is the future, not the past, that counts. ‘I am the Rudolph of Hapsburg, of my family,’ said Napoleon, and why should not every ambitious soul say the same?

“After all what is the golden rule of philosophy but silence? Well did the old Greek and Egyptian sages enjoin upon their disciples a silence of seven years. It was Ben Franklin who said that he had often repented for opening his mouth, never for keeping it shut. What does a man’s pedigree amount to anyway? He simply has to strive against heredity all of his life and if he is lucky he will outgrow his tendencies.”

The more his mind ran on in this strain the calmer he grew. Yes, he would say nothing about it, but he would go ahead and live like other people. As for his race, that was a thing that he could not help, but that man is a fool who will allow such things to overmaster him or stand in his way. “Now truce farewell and ruth begone,” he said to himself as he got up and made his toilette. He felt that a burden had been lifted from his mind and he took his hat and cane with a certain sense of gaiety and freedom.

He walked out into the starlit night and inflated his lungs with a feeling of physical pleasure. The quiet evening and the early darkness relieved his soul of its burden. He wanted sympathy and almost unconsciously he took his way to the Lawrence mansion. He said to himself that he ought to call and see how his patient was getting along for he had dismissed the care of Margaret for some days.
He mounted the steps and his heart swelled within him as the door swung back and the invitation to enter was given in hearty tones.

There was something in this family that soothed his temper and acted like a sedative to him.

He was shown into the sitting room and he noted that he was greeted with pleasure and the home-like feeling of being almost like one of the family satisfied him still more. It was a new experience to him, from having been a wanderer for so long. It took him back to his own home life, and the careful affection of his own mother, but this made him wince again. Was he the man to disown the flesh and blood that bore him?

So when Mrs. Lawrence came forward and greeted him, he answered mechanically and took her proffered hand, mentally thinking what she would say if she only knew.

Then he turned to Margaret and aroused himself to ask after her health. He found her convalescent but looking all the lovelier for the slight pallor that mantled her cheek. She greeted him warmly, for if there be anything that stirs the affections even in the coldest breast it is that which we feel towards the physician who has brought us from pain to health.

The effect on a young and ardent girl, therefore, is so much stronger as the affections are glowing, the spirits high and the imagination active and intense. She blushed a little as he took her hand, gravely felt her pulse, and said with a smile, "All that we need now is a little care."

"Ah, doctor, I consider that we were very fortunate to get you when we did. The disease was fully mastered, sir, at the start," said Mr. Lawrence.
"What did I tell you," said Bob, "it is not the system, it is the man. The fact is that the doctors now say it down that manners in a sick room are a good and more efficacious than medicine."

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Lawrence, "they did not have diphtheria, they called it putrid sore throat and they used to bleed people for it, and blister them."

"And kill them before they got through," added Bob.

"Oh, I don't know as they did any worse than they do now. People were sick, and then they were well. There isn't much difference. When they were crazy they thought they had devils, but this has the sanction of Scripture for that. Christ cast out devils, and if he did then, why not now?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"The Salvation Army believes in this, only they thump a drum to scare him away," said Bob. "The Indians do the same."

"Moses used to have the walls scraped for leprosy. We think that it is a blood disease, but in view of the recent researches in microbes, why was not Moses right?" continued Mr. Lawrence, earnestly.

"There is no doubt that most of the old lawgiver's precepts are founded upon the highest sanitary wisdom," said Dr. Cavallo. "Modern science is coming to think his way, even to the practice of killing animals for food, for the German army regulations now are about adopting them almost in their smallest detail!"

"The Jews," said Mr. Lawrence, "are a curious people. There is no doubt in my mind that the time will come when they will acknowledge Christ and be gathered into the kingdom. Then they will resemble in Jerusalem and we shall see the greatest
spiritual government on earth. That they have been reserved all of these years is only another instance of the truth of Christianity. Only their own blindness of mind and hardness of heart has kept them from the light of the 'Holy One of Israel.'"

Cavallo made a gesture of dissent and then fell into his gloomy fit again.

Bob laughed and said, "I told you, Doctor, that when the governor got started on the Jews there is no 'whoa' to him."

"Robert, I wish that you would learn to treat your father with more respect," said Mr. Lawrence.

"Go on, father," said Bob, "I won't interrupt."

With the air of a man who has found his favorite theme, Mr. Lawrence continued.

"You must know, Doctor, that the early Puritans in New England conceived the idea that their case was similar to the Jews and so they took up the teachings of Moses and applied them to themselves. I was taught when young that it was wrong to have a fire on the Sabbath day unless it was a case of necessity. The meeting house was never warmed except by a foot stove for the comfort of the very old. We used to shiver all through the sermon, which sometimes would be three hours long, and was never less than two hours."

"Holy smoke," said Bob, "these fifteen minute chaps would not have stood much of a chance to get a congregation then, would they?"

"Saturday afternoon we had to put away our things when the sun went down and come into the house and read our Bible until bed time. Sundays, a slight meal in the morning, then church, then a cold lunch if we
got any thing, then afternoon service. Then we stood up around father and said the shorter catechism or we sang psalms until dark and then we went to evening meeting. But after sundown the strictness was relaxed and all the young fellows went to see their girls."

"This was some compensation, at any rate," put in Bob.

"In the week days we went to Wednesday evening prayer meeting and monthly concert, where we heard about the heathen. This was the way that the New England youths were brought up, and it is the foundation, sir, of the sturdy men and of the independence of this nation. All of the quotations were made from the Bible, and the dagger of Ehud and the sword of the Lord and of Gideon had a good deal to do in achieving the independence of these colonies."

"I believe that I have imbibed some of father's spirit, for I have always felt the greatest enthusiasm for the Jews," said Margaret.

Cavallo turned upon her a glance of astonishment and admiration.

"If I were a Jewish maiden," she continued, "I should be proud of such a glorious race. I should prize above everything the descent from Miriam and Deborah. Here is a patent of nobility that far outranks any other,—a patent that comes down in the very word of God himself, and has the divine sanction. The deliverance of women comes not from the texts of the latter-day philosophy, but from the very inception of the race; from her who 'sounded the loud timbrel over Egypt's dark sea;' from her 'who judged Israel forty years.' To be ashamed of this heritage, as were some of my Jewish schoolmates, is to be ashamed of all
that is greatest and best in history, to be ashamed of
the influences that have blessed the world, and given
rise to the greatest prophets and the greatest law­
givers, the wisest statesmen and the loftiest poets !”

“Hooray, hooray! Hear, hear. Daniel in the lion’s
den; Judith with the head of Holofernes; Lot’s wife
and the pillar of salt. Who had supposed that
Meg had so much poetry wrapped up in her soul?
What do you say to that, doctor? Doesn’t that stir
your blood?”

Cavallo had risen, and his pale cheek glowed with
the flush of his feelings. The girl whom he had thought
would despise and spurn him because of his race, had
risen to point out to him the path of duty. It sud­
denly showed him a strength of character, a purpose,
lofty and heroic, that thrilled him like an electric
shock.

“Stir my blood? indeed it does,” he cried. “It is
a voice to me out of heaven, for I — I am a Jew.”
CHAPTER V.

There was a pause, and for a time no one spoke. The kitchen girl had come in with coal for the grate, and as she stirred the ashes and shook down the embers, every one felt a sense of relief for the interruption. Cavallo, himself, experienced a great feeling of exultation. His secret was revealed, and he drew himself up with a proud air of defiance. His nerves tingled, and he realized that emotion which comes to a man after the first shock of battle has passed—as if he wished now to rush into the fray. He had erected the barrier which the prejudice of past ages had furnished, and he felt, for the moment, how great was the interval which those few words had made between them.

Mr. Lawrence was the first to break silence. "My dear sir, I am very glad to know this. Now, tell me all about the Talmud."

Bob burst into a fit of laughter. "Father reminds me of the little daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. A visitor called one day to see her father, and found no one at home but this little girl, aged ten. He asked if her father was in. 'No,' she said, 'you poor sinner, but if it is your sins that you come to inquire about, come right in. I understand the whole scheme of salvation, and I will give it to you.'"

"I do not see, sir," remarked his father, "what there is wrong in asking about the Talmud."
“You seem to think,” said Bob, “that the Talmud is a book that you can read in the course of two days.”

“Well, if it is not that, what is it?”

“Why,” he answered, “it is a series of books. There are some one hundred and twenty-nine in number. It took a thousand years to compose them, and they combine all the wisdom of a thousand years,—text, commentary, parable, deduction, with a smattering of everything under the sun—history, geography, sociology, a treatise on all knowledge.”

With the habitual reticence of the Jew on matters concerning his faith, Cavallo had listened with ill-concealed impatience. Finally, he said, “The true Jew does not seek to impose his religious views upon others. He is not engaged, like the rest of the world, in proselytizing. His religion is a matter between himself and his God, and he seeks no intermediary. We believe that religion is a question of individual conscience. We do not seek proselytes.”

“The fact is,” laughed Bob, “our people are always trying to convert somebody. The Methodist is trying to convert the Baptist, the Presbyterian is trying to win over the Universalist; the Episcopalian who believes in high church looks upon the low churchman as little better than an outsider; while, when all is done, the Salvation Army comes along, and sweeps in every one who has escaped from the churches and taken to the streets. As for the Christian Scientists, they do not believe in anything but perfect absorption in their work, and relegate everyone else to the ‘demnition bow wows.’”

“Why do not the Jews believe in conversions?” asked Mrs. Lawrence.
"The lofty conception of the Jew," replied Cavallo, "is too great to stoop to the arts of the propagandist. His God lives serene and high, the Ruler, the Creator of heaven and earth. Time and again the old prophets inculcate the idea that he was only satisfied with a contrite heart and an humble spirit. To live in strict obedience to the law, to worship him, with a life of justice, charity and peace to all men; to contemplate him was the highest conception of perfection, and to study his law with the sole endeavor to continually reach a purer and higher ideal. This is true Judaism, a practice that is consistent with every advance in civilization, every discovery of science, every step made for humanity. 'Be of them that are persecuted rather than of them that persecute,' may have been startlingly new to the pagan Roman, but it was known to the Jews long before the advent of Christianity. With this feeling, the true Jew shrinks from the noisy clamour of the sects whose only stock phrase is 'believe.' With him religion is progressive, and is to be realized only by an uncompromising life of piety and virtue. To depart from it in a single instance is to profane this sentiment, and to defile his thoughts is a sin. As for himself, he does not understand how it is possible for a particle of bread, under certain conditions, to transform the whole physical frame, and without contrition or acts indicating a desire for a higher life, take the partakers into heaven—winning it by a trick, so to speak."

Margaret listened with absorbing interest. It was to her a revelation, for she had no idea that the ancient religion was anything more than unmeaning rites.

As for Mr. Lawrence, he was bewildered. He had an idea that all the matters of belief, all the higher
sentiments, had come in with the new dispensation, and that the Jewish ceremonies were a mass of puerile forms to which the race clung because they were under a curse, like the spell of the witches of the middle ages, which they would one day shake off, when the right moment came. To find that they were actuated by pure morality and an earnest desire for truth was something that never crossed his mind. He always prayed for the Jews, coupling them and the heathen together, but he had never been instructed as to why they specially needed his prayers, except that they would not see that the Messiah had already come.

"Judaism," said Cavallo, thoughtfully, "is the inspiration of humanity itself, for it alone satisfies the conditions of a pure conception of the Creator, high, serene, faultless, merciful, but dealing with his children by means of immutable law. Upon this tenet is the faith founded—immutable law. Sin must and will be punished. To escape it the sinner must not sin. He must keep the law, and to keep the law he must lead a pure and blameless life. The essence of Judaism is therefore not in leading a life of indifference and carelessness and then at the last moment by mumbling some prayer or by purchasing the favor of the church, get into heaven by a side door and thus cheat the devil. High, lofty and ennobling, the Jew rises to the full conception of his duty. By a life of study and thought he prepares his mind for instruction and removes it from the gross and heavy cares that afflict the soul and weigh it down.

"Long before Humboldt enunciated it, the rabbis taught that the universe is law. Long before Newton demonstrated that the principle of gravitation operated
upon all things, the rabbis insisted that the universe is held in place by eternal principles, the violation of any, even the smallest of which, would produce chaos."

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Jew," paraphrased Bob.

"It was this lofty ideal that inspired the mind of the great Baruch Spinoza," continued Cavallo, "and guided him on in his pursuit of that philosophy by which he lighted the torch of investigation and illuminated the path along which Goethe, following after, transformed modern Europe and set in motion a train of events that have not yet ceased to operate. Why the great Maimonides himself said that the Bible must be construed in line with known facts. If it differed from these its saying must be conceived to be allegorical. This was in the twelfth century. He is the great light of mediæval Judaism. So far was he ahead of any Christian writer that it is doubtful if any of the sects that then filled Europe could even understand him, much less follow in his footsteps."

"Why, this is certainly extraordinary; but my dear doctor, where in the world is a man to find all of this, for this is something quite new?" inquired Mr. Lawrence.

"Consider for a moment what Jewish philosophy means," replied the other. "Any other nation numbers its writers by a small group and their work is crowded into a few years. The whole Grecian cult is but about six centuries. The Roman literature does not cover a much longer period, for it speedily became corrupt under the imperial rule. German literature was so rude even in the days of Frederick the Great that he would not speak the language of his mother tongue,
but said it was only fit for the pigs. English literature dates from the days of good Queen Bess, and she lived in the sixteenth century. The Jewish literature comes down in an unbroken line from the days of Moses, for there is no doubt that the great lawgiver laid down those rules that have been the admiration of all succeeding ages. These rules were given seven hundred years before Homer, and how they dwarf the sentiments expressed in the old Grecian bard with its savage details of slaughter — its ill-treatment of its captives and its private revenges."

"The Jews were not much behind. See how Samuel served Agag," Bob put in.

"Yes, all of which proves that the code was far in advance of the age. The Mosaic code says 'thou shalt not oppress the stranger, for thou wast a bondman in Egypt.'"

"What a magnificent rule of mercy is that," replied Cavallo. "No other creed ever came up to it and it was given when all the world was wrapped in barbarism. Can any one blame the old rabbis for believing that a thing that was so far advanced, so great, so beneficent, so filled with the highest truth, must have been communicated by God himself in the thunders of Mt. Sinai."

"I believe it was," said Mr. Lawrence.

"Be careful, father, or the doctor will have you in the synagogue with a praying shawl around your neck chanting Hebrew," interrupted Bob. "You would make a fine old rabbi."

"In addition to this," said Cavallo, continuing, for he saw that Margaret was listening to him, and this was a direct spur to his thoughts, "the Jewish faith is the
only one that is progressive. Every other one starts with the idea that the whole truth has been revealed, that man has been told all that he can ever know, and there is no progress possible. For two thousand years the Christian church has been steadily fighting science. When it was not roasting Jews, it was hunting victims who taught that the earth was round, that the sun is the center of our solar system, that the sun and moon did not stand still and that the phenomenon of nature cannot be changed by the exorcism of a priest. The Jews were constantly enlarging the bounds of knowledge. The doctrine of evolution with them had full play. The code of Moses was enlarged by the oral law. The oral law was enlarged by the commentaries and those in turn were supplemented by new declarations. Such men as Maimonides laid down principles far in advance of their time, and their teachings were received by the great body of their countrymen. The vitality of Judaism consists in this fact, that it has advanced not always as rapidly as it should, but as rapidly as it was able to perceive the truth. It has, to use an expression, grown like a tree, always at the top, and the lower branches have steadily decayed and dropped off. This is what makes it the hope of the future.

"The hope of the future," objected Bob. "You are putting it pretty strong."

"Because it, and it alone, offers the conditions of advancement. The religious principle is the one thing in man's nature that has resisted the shock of time. It is a necessary part of him, and it must and will make itself felt. Judaism is the only belief that matches the latest scientific facts. That is, the feeling that there
is an overwhelming, overmastering force in the world, who rules it by means of fixed and definite laws. This science is beginning to express and formulate. Now, it is impossible to prevent the human mind from expressing its sense of depending upon this force in some form or other. The notion that it can be propitiated by some sort of subterfuge, by saying so many prayers, or by telling beads, or by professing that by means of a mediator its laws can be set aside and the punishment that follows sin avoided, is to the Jew rank heresy—nothing more nor less."

"This is deism pure and simple," interposed Mr. Lawrence, on whom this philosophy was almost lost.

"You may call it what you like, but it is modern Judaism, and it is consistent with the broadest humanitarian ideas. This sentiment does not content itself with flinging a penny to the beggar, and satisfied that it has condoned a sin by its charity, takes its way along, giving the subject no further thought, but it goes down into the slums and cleanses them. It feels that as long as one human being lacks the necessities of life its mission is not fulfilled. It brings to this work the best scientific instruction. It protests against corruption in the government, against filth in the streets, against ill-crowded apartments, against oppression everywhere. It lifts its voice against wrong, and it is not satisfied with temporary measures, but it wants to go to the root of the matter. I say, as the rabbis said of old, that every one engaged in the work of uplifting humanity will have a share in the future life, no matter what church he belongs to, what creed he professes; for he has subscribed to the great principle, the vital, living soul of Judaism!"
"It is not Judaism, but Christianity, that should receive the credit for this," insisted Mr. Lawrence.

"All that is best in Christianity," replied Cavallo, "it took from Judaism; its charity, its fellowship, its elevation of women, its hope, its better impulses. When it absorbed the domineering principles, the old beliefs, the worship of images, of dependence upon a mediator, it fell away from the old faith, and, in this, fails to answer the altered conditions of the human mind. In so far it is not progressive. The Jew has always been as far in the vanguard of religious thought as he has in commerce, law, medicine and the arts, and it is because he is progressive that he represents the highest aspiration, not only of this but of all ages. People who see him with his curls plastered on his temples and his phylacteries bound on his forehead and his arm, may laugh at him, but these are the links that bind him to the past and that save him from being swept entirely away. They teach him, at all events, respect for law."

"Well," said Bob, "this is as good as anything that St. Paul ever wrote. I am going to copy it off, and head it, 'The Gospel of St. Cavallo to the Lawrences.'"

The doctor felt annoyed. He had been carried away by the warmth of his feelings, and his pent-up spirits led him to say far more than he intended, and far more than he would have done at any other time and place. He detested discussion and hated debate, most of all a discussion upon these matters. He had pondered over them long and thoroughly, and he had come to some conclusions about them, but Bob's remark smote upon his ear.

Mr. Lawrence took up the thread of the discourse,
and gave a long lecture upon what he considered the
true status of the question, openly saying that the time
would come when the Jews would seek the promised
land.

This led Bob to make a good-natured calculation as
to how many the promised land would hold, and what
they would do when they got there, and various other
sarcastic remarks tending to discredit his father's
theory.

Mr. Lawrence, however, was too full of his subject to
mind the reflections cast upon his ideas by his son.
Having conceived that the Jews were ultimately to be
redeemed and saved according to the formula laid
down in the books, it was now merely a question of
time with him. To be sure certain contingencies came
up, such as the battle of Armageddon, the beast with
seven heads and ten horns, the valley of dry bones, and
the other mystic notions, much dwelt on by those
writers who wish to reduce the visions in the books of
Daniel and Ezekiel to the exactness of a mathematical
formula.

Little heed did Cavallo pay to them. His thoughts
were far away. He leaned his head upon his hand and
gave himself up to reverie.

Margaret alone saw that he was disturbed, and she
said, timidly:

"Doctor, you have given us all new light. What you
have said is, indeed, a revelation, and I can understand
what is meant when it speaks of one whose lips have
been touched with a live coal from off the altar. What a
glorious future you have before you."

Cavallo looked at her inquiringly.

She went on: "Why, to live this ideal life—to ex-
emplify it, to show the world that the conception of
the Jew is a higher and nobler one than those who
sneer at him; to be able to say with just pride 'I am a
Jew, and as such, I challenge all the world to surpass
me in the high attributes that adorn humanity, and that
illustrate the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood
of Man.'"

His enthusiasm rose, his eye sparkled, and his breast
heaved. "You recall me to myself," he cried. "I will
do it. To live this life, yes, this is, indeed, god-like;
and one who strives, even though he falls short, may
well say, 'I have done all that may become a man!'"

The subject was too much, and he stopped. Then he
added, in a lower tone to her, "You have been my in­
spiration, my better angel."

She held out her hand to him. "You need no in­
spiration," she softly answered, "but no wavering."

The conversation lagged. Bob descended to trivial­
ities, and, finally, the doctor took his leave.

As he went out no one spoke, until Mr. Lawrence
arose and stirred the fire in the grate vigorously. Then
he said:

"Splendid fellow, that doctor, and can't he talk,
though. What a great pity it is that he is a Jew."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bob. "It don't make
much difference nowadays. These Jews get on. They
all make money and enjoy themselves. For my part,
I think about as much of a man if he is a Jew as if he
isn't."

"A man is pretty much what his mother's creed
makes him. He may think that he has outgrown it,
but in middle age and in old age, particularly, he comes
back to it. Heredity is a great deal stronger than
grace. Put four thousand years of breeding behind a man, and what is he going to do?"

“What do you think of him, now, Margaret?” inquired her mother.

Margaret did not reply for the moment. She was engaged in looking into the fire. Then she said, slowly, “I think as father does, that it is a great pity, that he is a Jew, but what a mistake there would have been if he had been born anything else?”
CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Timothy Dodd sat in Dr. Cavallo's office looking the picture of solid satisfaction. He wore one of the doctor's cast off suits which fitted him tolerably well. He had a silk hat on his head which he always put on when the doctor went out, and carefully took off again as soon as he saw the doctor coming back. Now he had swept the office, dusted it, built a fire, and drawing up a chair, he proceeded to light one of the doctor's cigars and smoke it with an apparent relish.

Timothy had begun life at the very foot of the ladder. As soon as he could toddle he sold papers; then he blackened boots. He was getting a little too large for this occupation when he attracted the notice of Dr. Cavallo, who took him in as stable boy, and all around helper generally. He was very subservient at the beginning, but lately he had begun to put on airs, and now whatever the doctor owned he considered belonged to them both; he smoked his cigars on the sly, and was rapidly growing into a vast conceit with himself.

He picked up the morning paper and settled himself down in the chair with due professional gravity, when the door opened and a thin, pale faced woman came in.

She bore the marks of hard work; her hands showed that she had spent many a day at the wash tub, and her face was marked by those heavy lines that come early and stay late on people of her class.
Timothy saw her and he became twice as dignified as before, and only said, "Take a sate, Mrs. O'Hara. It's the dochter ye want, I'm thinkin'."

Mrs. O'Hara broke out at once:
"It's him, the blessed man; I'm that sick I cud faint, and there's me old man doubled up with the rheumatics, and wid a pain in his back."

"Pain in his back?" echoed Tim. "He have plum-bago, luk out, its ketchin'."

"Phat's that ye say, Tim?" she inquired anxiously.
"Mrs. O'Hara," returned Tim, "whin a man is devotin' his days to the interest of his profession and his noits to the study of the principles of science, its little enough that you moit gev him a title showin' jue res-pict, if not to the man, at laist to the intilligence that he's sthrivin' after. There air people in the worrld that do be callin' me Misther Dodd."

"Saints preserve us," rejoined the old lady. "Whin did the young rooster get his spurs. Luk at that, and luk at that. I, who was prisint at his birth whin his mother, God rist her sowl, did'nt have the wealth of a second-hand blanket to wrap him in. 'Misther Dodd,' indade. Could ye git a bucket large enough, young feller, to soak yer hid."

"Janious is ever the child of poverty, Mrs. O'Hara," said Tim, who knew that it would never do to get the old woman started on his pedigree.

"The Doddses have been nursed by affliction and wint hungry through want, but they niver complained and they always came to the fore with ideas, which is, in the long run, worth more than dollars. It is not boast-in' I am," he added, seeing that the old lady was about to start in again, "but I am studying the science of medsin."
"Ye air, air ye. Well, now, Tim, that's a good thing, too, an' I trust ye'll do well at it."

"It's not a light thing, Mrs. O'Hara. In the first place, ye have to master the essentials, then ye take up the corporosities, and after ye have that ye are in a fit condition to understand the perdicamints. Ye air then, Mrs. O'Hara, as ye might say, on the very threshold of the science. After that, when ye have the essentials and the corporosities and the perdicamints down foine, as ye may say, ye may begin on the threshold of the thary of medsin. No sooner do ye get that, then, but not till then, do ye begin worruk on the practice. You may do all of this, havin', as I said before, the essentials and the corporositês and the pre­dicamints and the thary, but widout the practice ye might stharve to death. There air those, to be sure, who begin at the practice without having mastered the others, and thin, Mrs. O'Hara, is quacks. But ye hev to study, Mrs. O'Hara. Take the dochter, now, he knows siven languages."

"Does he, and what are they?"

"In the furrst place, he knows American, and thin he knows English, and after that he knows German, and thin comes High Dootch, and following that is low Dootch and thin Dootch."

"That's six," said Mrs. O'Hara, who had kept count.

"Yes, in addition to that he knows how to write orthers for the droog sthures. Ye might go up and down, and down and up, Mrs. O'Hara, and find men otherwise well educated who couldn't by any manner of means read the orthers on a droog sthure."

"They's writ in Latin," remarked Mrs. O'Hara, "same as the blissid prayer book."
"There's where ye make a mistake and fall into an error, Mrs. O'Hara," said Tim. "I asked the dochter if they was Latin, and he said anything but Latin, an' he knows."

"Tim," cried the old lady in a burst of admiration, "ye talk like a scule master. Air ye far on to it?"

"I am jist troo wid the essentials and am gettin' on to the corporosities. A man came in here the other day, and sez he to me, sez he, 'Misther Dodd,'" for Tim wanted to impress the old lady that she ought to call him by his title. "'Misther Dodd,' says he, 'I do be havin' an appendix.' Ah, ha, says I, cut it aff, says I, and Dr. Cavalloo burst out laughin', says he, 'Tim, ye couldn't hev giv a better answer nor that, if ye had all the larning of the siven colleges in your hid.'"

"It's an aisy life," said Mrs. O'Hara, looking around and contrasting it with what she knew of the hardships of a laborer's lot.

"Is it," sneered Tim, contemptuously, "much you know about it. In the first place, you have to be that quick that a minit a man comes in here you can clap yer eye on him, and say, 'That man is sick.'"

"Af coorse," replied Mrs. O'Hara, contemptuously, in her turn, "he wuldn't be comin' here unless he was sick."

"Wudn't he," returned Tim, triumphantly. "Listen to the ignorance of her. Why, here's the place they come; and the doctor sez, sez he, there is siveral kinds of disayses that affects us. There's fevers and there's colds, and there's janders and there's sickness. Now, ye hev to be that quick that you can tell whin a man has janders or whin he is only sick."
“But what wuld a man be comin’ up here for providin’ he was well?”

Tim looked cautio~sly around to see that no one was listening, and then he said, mysteriously, “Insurance.”

“Whin his house burns down?” said she, with a puzzled air.

“No,” said Tim, more mysteriously than ever, “whin he is a chate. Sh—h. Mony a man with a big policy has cum up these stairs pretendin’ to be dead, demandin’ his money, whin the docther takes wan luk at him, and sez, sezs he, fixin’ his glitterin’ eye on him, ‘Ye’re a liar,’ says he, ‘git out,’ and they go down that there stairs as well as ever they was in their life. Mrs. O’Hara, if it wasn’t for the honesty of that man and his assistant, if I do say it meself, there wuldn’t be wan stROKE of wURRK done in this town, but every man wuld be livin’ on weekly wages, drawn from the insurance societies. Whin a man devotes his time and his bodily powers, Mrs. O’Hara, to buildin’ up his intilligence, it’s little enough that people can do is to take off their hats to him. It isn’t that I care to be called ‘Misther’ Dodd, but it’s the rispect due to the profession.”

Mrs. O’Hara paid no attention to this hint. She wasn’t going to call a boy that she had known ever since he was able to build mud pies, and whom she had often chased out of her back yard with a broom, by any such title. So she sighed heavily, and said, “I wish the doctor would come. My old man is that sick that I fear to lave him alone.”

“It is plumbago,” said Tim again. “What he needs is physic.”

“For a pain in the back? Get out,” returned the old lady. “Phat he needs is something to rub on.”
"Ye'll axcuse me, Mrs. O'Hara," said Tim, "the say-cret of disayse is to expel the humors from the body. Physic is the groundwurrk of the thary of medsin, and widout it the noble profession wud fall to the ground."

"Get out," she said, "it's little you know about it."

"Ye don't know me, Mrs. O'Hara," returned Tim. "Before many years that sign that now hangs out of dures will contain the names of 'Cavalloo & Dodd, Physicians and Sturgeons.'"

"Sturgeons," laughed Mrs. O'Hara. "Ye don't know the name of yer own business; sturgeons is fish."

"Fish it may be in wan sinse," said Tim, unwilling to acknowledge that he had made a bull, "and yit, in another and larger sinse, it manes a man of sience, who cuts up people alive, clanes their insides with acids and ointments, and then sews them up as well as ever."

"Saints preserve us," said the old lady, shuddering, "ye don't do that here?"

"We don't, maybe, and then, again, maybe we do. Luk here," and Tim, swinging wide open the closet door, showed to the astonished woman a skeleton.

She gave one yell and sank back in the chair. Tim closed the door and went back to his seat, chuckling under a grim demeanor. "That," said he, "was a man like you, who came here only last week, and sez he to the doctor: 'I am that sick I can't walk'; and the doctor says he to him, 'lave yer bones here till next week, and come around, and I'll have time to study up yer case and attind to the matter, I think, sez he, that yer sick'; and that man did that same, and after scrapin' the bones and washin' them we found out what ailed him, and we shall get him sthraitened up in good shape against he comes back."
“Phat ailded him,” queried the old lady, visibly impressed by the sight.

“Well, he had miasma, and had it bad, but we’ve got the better of it now, and the remedies that we have applied is that powerful that it’ll niver come back.”

“It’s mighty funny ye are, Mr. Tim Dodd, and smart to try to froighten me, but don’t be too top-minded wid yer talk. Ye think that ye’ll be in partnership wid the dochter, but I cud tell ye that about him that wud make yer two eyes bug out, mind that.”

“Ye can tell me nothin’ in regaard to that man. I know him better than he knows himself,” said Tim. “I know his goins out and his comins in, what he aits and what clothes he wears, and how he spinds his money. Be gad, I know that, too.”

“Oh, ye do, do ye; very well, did ye know, then, that he was a Jew. Moind that, Mr. Tim Dodd, moind that.”

“I moind that, an’ I know it’s a lie,” said Tim. “He is an Eyetalian.”

“An Eyetalian—a Dago,” she returned with scorn, “and peddles bananas, does he. No, he is a Jew.”

“It’s a lie, that’s what it is; he is a gentleman, furrin’ born, and a man who would scorn such a dirty insinuation, Mrs. O’Hara. I demand yer proof.”

“Oh, ho, ye know so much. Thin I have it from his own mouth. He was up at Lawrence’s the other noight, and when they abused the Jews, he got up, and said he, ‘I am a Jew,’ said he, roight before them all; and the gurrl, who is my own niece, heard him at the time, for she was putting some coals on the grate.”

“Ah,” said Tim, with an air of indifference, “he is no Jew. Ye niver see a Jew in the larned professions.
They sell clothin', or they buy old iron, or they peddle segars. He was declaimin', that's what he was doin'. He will get up here and talk out of book for hours. I've heard him say it more times than there are hairs on yer head, Mrs. O'Hara, 'I'm a Jew, give me me pound of flesh.' D'ye spose he wanted to ait the mate that he called for in that way? No, it's in the play."

"It's not in the play; for when he said it, he stood up bold-like, Nora said, and it kem out wid thot force and foire that scared the gurrl, she bein' but a young thing, and she kem over and tould me, and me old man, sez he, 'that's it, he's a Christ-killer.' "

"Holy Mother," said Tim, "phat if it should be thrue. He's a villain in disguise, and I've been waitin' on him and tratin' him like wan of us. There's no thrustin' to appearances. He may be a Toork,—and why do ye come to him, Mrs. O'Hara?"

"It's aginst the grain that I do, but I only found it out last noight, and he do be so kind and tinder. The rist of the dochters they come in, and they gev a prescription and go out, and say, 'get this filled,' whin, perhaps, phat wid Pat's sickness, there won't be the forty cints in the house to get the medsin wid, and we that poor that the childer hav'nt got shoes to go to choorch. It lay sore aginst my haart that he shud be that kind of a man, and we lovin' him so. Here he comes now."

Even as she spoke Dr. Cavallo came in.

Tim slipped his hat off his head and into a drawer, and when the doctor entered he was the same servant that he had been, but there was a puzzled look on his face, and it was easy to see that it cost him an effort to pay the doctor the same respect that was his wont.
His idol had been shattered, and he was unable for the moment to erect another in its place. He slowly went down stairs shaking his head.

The doctor drew up a chair, and asked the old lady after her maladies.

She began querulously enough to give her troubles, but as she went on she resumed the old tale of distress. "Pat was sick; the oldest boy had gotten out on the street and was a member of a tough gang of hoodlums, and she was fearful that any night she would hear of his arrest. The girls had gone to work in a factory, but it had failed, and they had lost two weeks' wages. She was sick and discouraged, and she had a pain in the breast, that prevented her working over the wash-tub, and the Chinese laundries took all of her best customers. Pat had had a job as laborer on the streets, but a change of administration had dropped him, and in working for a private contractor, a bank of earth had caved in and injured him, so that now he had a pain in his back that prevented him from working, and winter was coming on, and starvation stared them in the face."

The doctor listened with sympathy, although he had heard the tale many times before. He gave her some medicine for Pat, and told her that he would call to see him in the morning; bid her to be cheerful and not be cast down, that times would mend, work was certain to be plenty in the near future. Finally putting something into her palm, he said, gently, "Now, Mrs. O'Hara, promise me that you won't scrub any more this week; promise me this before you go. Take one week off, and try and get rested."

She opened her hand, and saw in the palm a five-dollar bill. She burst into a passionate storm of weep-
ing: “Ah. dochter, dochter, an’ I said ye were a Jew.” She cried again in going down the steps, and said, “An’ I called ye a Jew; God bless ye.” At this remark a bitter smile flitted across the Doctor’s face. He felt that this was the beginning of his contest.
Dr. Cavallo had had a hard day's work and he entered his office just at dusk with a sense of utter weariness. He had been down into the lower part of the city and the scenes of want and destitution that he had witnessed angered and disgusted him. He felt that every member of the city Board of Health was criminally neglecting his duties, and he determined that he would take the whole matter in hand at an early day and see if he could not do something towards alleviating the misery of a nest of wretched souls that inhabited a long conglomeration of buildings known as "Abbott's Row." It was with this thought in his mind that he saw on his table a telegram, and picking it up and opening it he read the following:

On train, Oct. 12th, 189 —

Maurice Cavallo.
Look for me on train 6:30.
Your Uncle.

This recalled to his mind the fact that he had, a week before, received a letter from his maternal uncle, Abraham Mendez, telling him that he would be in New York on business and that he might come west and call on him. So the telegram, while it was a surprise, was not wholly unexpected. This uncle he had not seen since
he was a lad in London. Mendez was a kindly soul, his mother's brother. He came over weekly from Holland following his calling, which was that of a diamond broker, and in these weekly pilgrimages he seldom forgot his young nephew. Cavallo also smiled to himself as he now recalled how exact his uncle used to be in the performance of his religious duties and how he had once rebuked his nephew with some asperity for omitting some part of his morning prayer.

He looked at his watch. He had fifteen minutes in which to make the train. To jump into his overcoat, get into his carriage and drive towards the depot was the work of a second, and he had no trouble in getting there before the train came in.

There was the usual bustle as the train made its appearance, and as it gave the preliminary toots and then drew into the depot he stationed himself where he could see the passengers get off. He watched the effusive greetings that ensued between a family party, some of whose members had returned from a visit and the rest that had come down to the depot to greet them with much noise and demonstration of wordy welcome. He saw the whole coach empty itself, and he was about turning away when from the rear end he saw a man whose looks showed that he was past sixty but his step still had the elasticity of middle life. He was compact and heavy set. His dress indicated that his clothes were foreign made. He was loaded down with portmanteaus, but Cavallo recognized him in an instant. While years had passed since he saw him, his features had not changed, and Cavallo went up and greeted him. The old man grasped him by the hand and then imprinted a kiss on both his cheeks, exclam-
ing in Hebrew, in a broad, resonant voice, "Shallom alaichem." (This is, "Peace be unto you," the common salutation.)

After this he held the doctor out under the gas light and took a long look at him, turning around and gazing at him as if he were a gem. Then he kissed him once more and said, "Well, it's the same face. You have grown taller, but I would have recognized you anywhere. You look like your poor mother, "Olehu hashalom ("May peace be to her."). No pious Jew ever speaks of a departed female relative without saying "Olehu hashalom."

Cavallo finally broke away long enough to gather his bundles together, put the old man into his vehicle, and soon landed him at the office door. He brought him in, helped him to remove his overcoat, and sat him in a chair. Then followed inquiries about his trip and his health and the doctor suggested that they go to supper. The old gentleman, not heeding the invitation, looked about, keenly scrutinizing everything. The office, while not gorgeous, was comfortable, showing great taste. There were two or three rare prints on the wall, the rugs had been carefully dusted by Tim, and everything was in place. The instruments which Tim always took great delight in exhibiting, were displayed so that they could be easily seen. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and Cavallo took a secret pride in seeing that his uncle's eyes took in everything and that he was making a mental note of his surroundings. The old gentleman completed his inventory of the things in the room and then rising from his chair he went to the book case, evidently looking for some familiar volume, but he seemed to miss something, for he came back and stood musing by the fire.
Cavallo said to him again, that as he was hungry after his long ride, they better get supper, and they went out together. The old gentleman, on going out, stopped as they passed the door, turned back and shook his head sadly, but said nothing and followed Cavallo down stairs and on the sidewalk. Cavallo walked along with a feeling of pleasure. Here was his only relative on this side of the water. The kindly manner of the old man sent a glow through his soul. It brought back to him again the days of his childhood and the hours that he had passed as a youth when some of his pleasantest recollections were, when under his father's roof, this good old man had been so great a delight and when his visits had been so warmly welcomed. He could hardly express his joy as they walked along and he recalled to his uncle's mind the days when he was carried on the old man's shoulder and when he used to play his boyish pranks about him. In memory of those days he burst into a musical laugh, at which his uncle inquired, "Why do you laugh, Maurice?" Cavallo said, "Uncle, I was just thinking, do you remember when you came on 'Chanukah' and you brought me a 'tendril,' and then I told you that I would rather have a Christmas tree. I shall never forget the horrified expression of your face and how poor mother shrieked. Uncle, I have laughed at that more than once."

"Yes, Maurice, you were always noted for your good memory," replied his uncle, with the air of a man absorbed in thought.

By this time they had reached the fashionable restaurant of the city, and entering, Maurice sat his uncle down at a table, and placed a bill of fare in his hand.
The obsequious waiter came up, and said to the old gentleman, "Let me take your hat."

The other shook his head, replying, "Oh, I will keep mine on."

The waiter stared, and then nodded, and remarked under his breath to the doctor, "Quaker?" but the other made no reply.

Turning to his uncle, he facetiously remarked, "I had almost forgotten, I see that you have not changed much since the last time you boxed my ears for having skipped a page of the 'Benschen' (grace after meal), but never mind, see what will you have?"

It seemed that all Cavallo's exuberance was entirely lost on the old man. He was absorbed in brown study, apparently directed to the bill of fare, for he studied it as if it were a diamond, and he was trying to detect a flaw in it. Finally, he laid it down, and said, sternly, "Maurice, are you mocking me?"

"Why," replied Maurice, laughingly, "mocking you, uncle." Then checking himself, as a new light suddenly dawned upon him, he said, apologetically, "Well, this is the very best restaurant in town, I surely would not take you to any other place, uncle, and believe me, I had forgotten all about 'kosher.' You see that I have been away from home for so many years that I have almost outgrown all the old customs."

Here he was interrupted by his uncle, who said: "I knew that, in America, Judaism was lax and destructive, but, on my life, never could I believe that my own sister's son had so far forsaken his father's religion."

"Forsaken his father's religion, uncle?"

"Aye, aye, what else, what else do you call this? At your office I noticed in coming in, that the sacred
‘Mezzuzah’ was not on your door post.” (The “Mezzuzah” is a piece of parchment with a glass eye in the center, and the word “Shaddai” on it.)

“Among your books I in vain looked for the ‘Torah’ or any other holy book.” (The “Torah” is the Pentateuch.)

“Now, in addition to this, you take your old uncle, who has come over the sea a long distance to see the child of his only sister, you take him to a Trafe restaurant.” (That is, ritually, forbidden. Trafe is the opposite of “kosher”; the latter represents things that the Jews may eat, and the other that they may not.)

“I am sixty years of age,” added the old man, “traveled have I extensively, much I have seen, but praised be God, never was I culpable and guilty of eating anything that was ‘trafe.’”

Cavallo attempted to speak, but the old man went on.

“Think of how your poor mother’s bones would tremble in her grave if she could realize what a depth of sin her son has descended to. You, Maurice, the descendant of Rabbi Yechei Ben Mannaseh—‘Zichrono livrocho’ (may his memory be blessed)—the Tzaadik who defended Israel’s religion; whose soul was so holy that, like Daniel of old, the flames had no power over him, and he went dancing to his death mocking his tormentors, and whose mind left ‘Yerushah’ (a legacy) of large volumes of ‘Meforshim’ (commentaries)—that you could have fallen from that holy influence.”

The doctor, dreading a scene in that public place, suggested that he could eat something, and that they would discuss these points in his office. The old man
ruefully told the waiter to bring him some eggs, tea, and toast without butter.

Cavallo, respecting the prejudices of his uncle, gave a similar order, and they ate their meal in silence.

After this had been done, Cavallo inquired after his home folks, his cousins and the family gossip, so dear to the heart of the Jew, among whom the family ties are the strongest of any people on earth. Then they returned to the office. Here the doctor pulled out his box of cigars, and asked his uncle to take a smoke. The old man joined him, and then Cavallo said:

"Uncle, I am sorry that this thing happened to hurt your feelings. It was unintentional; knowing that everything else has changed in the last twenty years, I had thought that these forms had suffered change, too, as they have in the United States."

"Change," echoed the old gentleman, "do you mean that the laws of God are liable to change? When God laid them down in his own 'Torah' (the law, or scripture.) And is it not written that this 'Torah' will never be changed?"

"So," replied Cavallo, "you really mean to say, uncle, that it is necessary, in order to remain a Jew, for one to stick to all of the old customs and ceremonies and forms that were given to a people whose civilization was so unlike ours."

"Necessary!" repeated the old gentleman, "it is necessary. This is Judaism, it is obligatory."

"Now, uncle, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I can take you to some of your co-religionists in this city whose whole life is wrapped up in this ceremonial law. They live 'kosher,' indeed, but they are anything but a credit to their religion or their race. On
the other hand, I can show you Jews who do not care for the small details, but who lead upright lives filled with charity and humanity. With the one Judaism is simply dead legalism, with the other, it is a high and lofty guide, dealing with the love of humanity."

"You," said the old man, slowly, "are losing your Judaism."

"And you," returned the other, "are losing your hold upon the rising generation. They will not submit to these little ceremonies. Now, you will, if you cling to them, have no following. You must come up to the recognition of this fact, that Judaism must keep step with the age. If it doesn't it will be lost."

The old man seemed absorbed in thought. He smoked slowly, and finally he asked:

"Is there no Jewish congregation in the city?"

"Oh, yes, there is a Jewish congregation, but I must confess that I have no time to spare to idle away in their society. I know some of the people of our faith, some of them are capital fellows, one family in particular here, I am on very good terms with, but I have never told them and they do not suspect that I am a Jew."

"Don't suspect that you are a Jew?" retorted the old man. "Are you then ashamed of it? Look at your fathers in Spain? When they were forced to wear a yellow badge; when to be a Jew was a disgrace and they were in danger of the stake. Did they swerve? When whole committees were expelled from that land the choice was offered them to retain their faith and be driven out, or give it up and keep their high positions. Did they bend the knee? And are you ashamed of this glorious ancestry?"
"Oh, ashamed," answered Cavallo. "I have never intimated that I was, uncle. When it comes to that I am as proud of it as you or any one, but I am not called upon to proclaim my religion from the house tops. I am not given to boasting of my own deeds, but I am trying to live up to the teachings of the prophets. To me, Judaism is not confined to the utensils of the kitchen. It is not stored away in certain books, nor is it wrapped up in obsolete customs."

"What do you mean by your Judaism," almost sneered his uncle.

"My Judaism," quietly replied Cavallo, "is a religion of broad justice, of far reaching humanity, of uncom­promising virtue, of abounding love to all who are in need of sympathy and help as set forth by our teachers, Moses, Isaiah, Amos and the other great lights."

"Tut, tut," retorted his uncle, curtly. "What is the difference between a Christian and a Jew, then?"

"Difference! none that I know of," said Cavallo.

"None," shrieked his uncle, "none, you say. Have I lived these years to have my religious feelings outraged by mine own nephew? None! Have we Jews been persecuted, slaughtered, spit upon, and maltreated these hundreds of years for nothing?"

"You mistake, uncle," answered Cavallo, with calm dignity, "I meant to say that the Christian who practices broad charity and benevolence and lives up to the principles of justice and mercy is in my humble opinion a better Jew than the Jew who lives up to the dietary law, believes in the old ceremonies, hugs the old ritual, clings to the old dead husks of the superstitious ages, but is indifferent to the principles of humanity. It is these people that have rendered the name of Jew ob-
noxious to society. They have in the past thrown the Jew into a Ghetto and to-day he is looked upon by many with prejudice and even with hate.

"No difference, hey! No difference between a Jew and a Christian?" murmured Mr. Mendez, in whose mind these words seemed to have burned their way and to whom Cavallo's outbursts were entirely lost.

He relapsed into a stage of profound astonishment, only stopping occasionally to stare at his nephew, and shake his head. Finally he said, "How is the teaching of our holy religion? Doesn't it say we are a holy people, the chosen people, and only us did God select from all the nations of the earth?"

"Science does not mention any selection, except 'natural selection,'" said Cavallo. "The blood of the Jew doesn't show under the microscope to be any different from the blood of the Gentile, nor is there any difference in his anatomy. The psychologist has not discovered that there is any difference in the mind of the Jew from that of any other race except it be that he is a little quicker to think."

"What did our prophets then mean," retorted his uncle, "by calling us a chosen people. Are you denying this?"

"The Jews were a chosen people, just as other races like the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans were chosen to perform certain functions. So far as the Jew is concerned he took upon himself in the dark ages of the world to teach lessons of religion. Hence he has had greater responsibilities thrust upon him, which, if he is true to his calling, he must exemplify to the world."

Mr. Mendez could only shake his head, and after
pulling at his cigar, he found that it had gone out. He lighted another, and after getting it fairly started, he uttered, in a voice of deep dejection: "No difference; no difference between a Jew and a Christian, and he mine own nephew!"

"Uncle, you seem to take my remarks very much at heart," added Cavallo. "They were innocently made, but let us be a little more serious about it. Wherein have I sinned? It would be useless for me to enter into an argument against your idea of special selection from any other but a Jewish view. Of course, I could cite such characters in support of my ideas as Geiger, Stein, Holdheim, Einhorn and many others, but you would answer, 'These were reformed rabbis, destructive teachers,' notwithstanding that these men have advanced the standard of Jewish culture, have, by dint of their intellects, demanded a recognition of Jewish ideals from a hostile world. Notwithstanding all this, you would regard them as renegades, would not accord them any Jewish authority. Very well. You acknowledge the binding force of the Talmud, do you not?"

"Well, go on," said his uncle.

"No; answer me, in all fairness, answer me. Do you not acknowledge the Talmud as the highest authority?"

"Well," peevishly replied the other, "of course I do, next to the 'Torah.'"

"Well, then," continued Cavallo, "does not the Talmud maintain that everyone who repudiates and denies idolatry is a Jew? And in another place the sages taught that the righteous of the Gentiles will enjoy future life. Were they apostates because their religion
was not narrow? Were they renegades because they taught that even the state in the future life depended, not on faith, not on birth, not on creed, but on conduct? You readily understand, uncle, that the advanced Jew of to-day regards the Talmud as literature, merely recognizing it as a sort of anthropological development of Jewish culture; yet, I must say, that these very Talmudic sages who maintain ideas so far in advance of their age, would blush to see the deification made by some of our co-religionists of their plain interpretations.

"I could cite, too, many passages in Sacred Writ, which you will admit impose far superior and more binding authority on the Jew than any works written since, in support of my argument, that before God there is no difference between man and man."

"So! you can, can you! Cite passages from the Bible, where the Jew is not superior to the Christian?"

"Of course, there are no such passages in the Bible about Christians, but what I mean to convey, uncle, is that the Bible, while laying special duties on Israel, emphasizes throughout, the teachings of conduct and life in preference to creed, dogma and form. It makes no distinction in the performance of duty between man and man. But before I go any farther, uncle, a thought just strikes me as an illustration in point. Nearly two thousand years ago, the Talmud tells us, a dispute arose among the learned rabbis as to which was the most important verse in the Bible. One held that it was 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' another cited another verse. Finally, a sage said that neither of these filled the idea, but that the holiest verse was the first verse in the fifth chapter of Genesis, which says: 'This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the
day that God created man,' mark ye, he created man—
not Jew, not Gentile, not black, not white, but man—
in the likeness of God made he him.' Conclusively
showing by this that before God all men are equal, and
that all men have the same origin."

"So," said the old man, "why do you cite the
Talmud? You don't believe in it."

"I do believe in it; that is, I believe in that part
where the rabbis have shown a broad spirit of tolerance
and fraternal love," said Cavallo.

The old man was perplexed. He seemed at his wit's
end, and again he murmured, "No difference between
a Christian and a Jew!"

This exclamation was lost on Cavallo, who went on:

"Uncle, do you believe that the Psalmist was a Jew?"

The old man's eyes shone, and he shouted, "What
else was he? — a Christian?"

The cut passed unheeded by Cavallo, who continued.

"Since this Psalmist was a Jew, we may safely ask
him for a definition of Judaism. I remember, uncle,
how deep these words, that I am about to cite to you,
sank into my heart when a lad, while the minister
chanted so impressively in the old Portuguese syna-
gogue on the eve of our New Year, 'Who shall ascend
into the hill of the Lord and who shall stand in his
holy place,' which put into our every day talk would
be another way for putting the question, 'What shall
we do to be saved?'"

"Mark his answer. He says nothing about 'Kosher'
or 'Trafe,' 'Mezzuzah,' or anything about our forms
and rites but 'He that hath clean hands and a pure
heart.' Now, uncle, do you want anything broader?
Do you find any difference between the born Israelite
and the Gentile in this?"
The old man groaned and muttered, "No difference, eh, no difference!"

"I could go on, but it is useless," pursued his nephew. "Let me cite you one or two more prophets. The life and customs of the Jews in the time of Amos are not unknown to you. They scrupulously, it seems, observed all of the regulations and the rites of the Temple, but they lacked two little things: humanity and justice. How this prophet lashed them for their misdeeds! Listen to what this great Jew says in the name of Jehovah:

"'I hate and despise your feast days and I will not delight in your solemn assemblies; take thou away from me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viols, but let justice run down as water, and righteousness as a mighty stream.' How is this, uncle, as a definition of Judaism?"

The old man moved uneasily in his seat and feebly said, "No difference!" and shook his head mournfully.

Cavallo went on, "Micah, another of our great teachers, after denying that God wants sacrifices and bribery, says 'He hath showed thee, oh, man, what is good and what the Lord doth require of thee (nothing more), but to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.' Now, you see, he does not mention the word Jew even, or Israelite. I tell you this is the greatest gospel of human brotherhood ever advanced by anyone, and if this does not make one a Jew, I would like to have you tell me what will. This is the Judaism in which I believe."

The old man shook his head again, but he secretly admired the brilliant intelligence of his nephew, and although he was not wholly convinced, the new light
that had been thrown upon the subject set him thinking and he only said:

"What a pity, dear Maurice, that you don't make better use of your knowledge of our sacred literature."

Maurice replied, "I do not understand you. Better use?"

"Aye," rejoined the old man. "Why do you separate yourself from your people?"

"My people," echoed Cavallo. "My people! Indeed, uncle, if there be anything that I am proud of, it is that I am not separated from my people. My belief is, every man who practices humanity, who believes in justice, who loves his fellow man, who has hope in the future, and works for the right in the present—such men are my brethren whatever their creed, their color, or their race. The sooner our coreligionists recognize this divine principle, the sooner will race prejudice and religious intolerance disappear."

The old man seemed lost in thought. His head fell on his breast.

Cavallo, looking at his watch, added, "Why, dear me, I had no idea that it was so late. It is thoughtless of me to keep you up after your long journey. When you are ready we will retire."

The old man arose slowly and said, "Yes, you are right. A night's rest will do me good."

Putting on his hat and overcoat they started for the hotel. When they went up to his room, as they parted, the old man said, "Maurice, I am glad, indeed I am, that I came. I am glad that we had this talk to-night, and be it far from me to sit in judgment on you, but there is one thing I would like to have you promise me. Now, will you?"
Cavallo, smiling, said, "That depends, uncle; if you are not too hard on me."

"Promise me," entreated the old man, "that you will connect yourself with the congregation, and take a little deeper interest in your brethren, and in our faith. Now will you?"

Cavallo hesitated. "Uncle, I will think of it, you are not going to leave right away? I will see you in the morning."

"Yes," said the old man, "I must take the first train back. I only came here to have a look at you, that's all. Promise me now!"

The old man's voice trembled, and to pacify him, and to atone for the pain that he had unintentionally caused him, Cavallo replied:

"Well, uncle, sleep well. If this will be a source of pleasure to you, I will do so, to please you."

Abraham Mendez, overcome with emotion, embraced his nephew, and placing his hand on his head with reverent benediction, blessed him, and they bade each other good night.
CHAPTER VIII.

Timothy Dodd had not recovered his spirits. He went about his work mechanically. He polished up the furniture in the office, but he no longer did this with his old-time enthusiasm. The sight of the surgical instruments, as they lay in their polished cases, afforded him no delight. When he looked at the little sign that hung out in front, it did not fill his soul with swelling ambition, and he no longer saw in his mind’s eye the words, “Cavallo & Dodd, Physicians and Surgeons,” in gold letters, as he had once fondly imagined would one day be the case. He even wore the Doctor’s second-hand clothes with reluctance, and a particular vest that he had long fancied, he did not lay away as he intended, thinking that he would wear it himself when the Doctor had forgotten it. Instead of these things, he only shook his head sagaciously and mournfully, and ejaculated, “An’ him a Jew.” Only one thing afforded him solace, he pilfered more of the Doctor’s cigars out of the box than he did before, and smoked them without stint. Even when the Doctor began to suspect something, and inquired where his cigars had gone, Tim responded, “The rats must hev tuk thim,” and he did not even afflict his soul for the sin of lying. Now he paused, and eyeing a picture of the Doctor on the wall, shook his fist at it, wrathfully, and said, “An’
ye are a Jew," as if the photograph was responsible for
the whole race question.

He was aroused from this reverie by a noise on the
stairs, and going to the door, he admitted Bob Law­
rence and a companion of about the same age, a broad­
shouldered man, with a massive head and an air of
assurance. They came in, and Bob, showing the other
to a seat, asked, "Tim, where's the Doctor?"

"At prisint, sor, he's out," replied Tim.

"I know that," said Bob, "any one can see that. I
asked you where he was?"

"Whin he's not in, he's out," explained Tim, "an'
whin he's not out, he's in."

"Do you know where he is?" inquired Bob, im­
patiently.

"He's halin' the sick, puttin' eyes into the blind, fas­
tenin' legs onto the lame, and pullin' the teeth out of
the poor. Small use hev they for teeth, wid mate and
things so high."

"The Doctor is nicely fixed here," quoth Bob's com­
panion. "Fine case of instruments there."

This warmed Tim's heart at once. "Luk at thim,"
said he, "ain't they daisies. There's saws there that
wud cut a man's leg off so slick that it wud be a comfort
to him."

Both of his listeners burst into a peal of laughter.
Bob added, "I suppose, then, to make a man com­
pletely comfortable, you would have to saw off both of
his legs?"

"I tell ye, Misther Lawrence," explained Tim,
gravely, "thim instrumints is a very satisfyin' sight.
Whin a man comes in here groanin' wid pain, and the
dochter ain't in, I say to him, go to the case there,
sez I, and select the saw or the huk that you wud fancy you wud have thrust into yez, sez I, and whin the dochter comes in, we'll stretch ye out on the operatin' table in the back room, an' I give ye my wurd that ye'll have no raison to quistion the fidility of the wurrk done on yez."

"This ought to make them more than satisfied," said Bob's companion, gravely. "It ought to make them uproariously happy."

"They ginerally go away wid a great calm in their moind."

"The saycrit of medsin," continued Tim, earnestly, "is to so afflict the patient that he does'nt suspect what ye are about to do to him, and thin ye jab him and git the insthrumint into him, an' begin twistin' it around before he comprehinds the plan that ye are purshuin'."

"You have got the thing down fine, Tim," said Bob, encouragingly.

"Ye see," added Tim, oracularly, "there is two branches in the practice of medsin—the certin and the oncertin. Whin ye saw a man's leg off, ye know what ye have done; the leg is off; that ye can see, and so can he, that's certin. But whin ye gev him physic, ye don't know what ye are doin'. Ye are, in a manner, wurrkin' in the darrk. Ye have to wait. Somethin' de­pinds on the medsin, and somethin' on the man's pidi­gree. If his grandmother culdn't take casthor ile, the man can't, in nine toimes out of tin. What are ye to do? This is the oncertin side."

"I thought," interrupted Bob, "that the uncertain side was when the man took the medicine and then refused to pay his bill."

"That's the calamitous side," replied Tim, "but we
are not discussin' now the finances, but the thary of the professhun. There's dochters and dochters; the wan studies the finances solely, but we are not on the make."

"You must be quite a doctor by this time, Tim," said Bob, quizzingly.

"The thary of medsin consists, first, of the essentials, thin of the corporosities, and, lastly, of the predica­mints. I got into the corporosities," responded Tim, "and thin I wuld'nt be let."

"How was that, why wouldn't you be let?"

"Well, it was ould Mrs. Marks who had a pain. She kem up here, and she sat the whole furenoon, and finally, sez she, 'The dochter was to lave me a compund,' did he do it?"

"A compund, sez I to meself. 'Now a compund is exactly what I kin make.' So I sez, 'he did,' and I wint to the dochter's case, and I made her up a bottle with a little of everything in the case. I was that particu­lar about it, I didn't put in anything more of wan kind than another. It was as foine a compund as iver wint out av any shop, and I gev her the full av the bottle, and charged her forty cints. She wint aff, and whin the dochter kem back I gev him the forty cints, and tould him what I had done."

"What did he do?" laughed Bob.

"He dhruv down to the ould lady's house as fast as he cud dhrive, an' tuk the bottle away from her be­fore she had a chance to thry the compund, an' he kem back an' he booted me all aroond the place. I niver seen him so mad as he war that day."

"You should have tried it on the dog," said Bob's companion,
"I did," replied Tim.
"Ah, ha! and what became of him?"
"He wint ded."
"You're a treasure," remarked Bob's companion, "you ought to be a drug clerk."
"It's all right about the thary of medsin, but I have discovered this," returned Tim, "it's not physic that does the wurrk — it's moighty little to do wid it."
"What does it, then?" asked Bob, desirous of drawing Tim out.
"It's sthyle."
"Style," echoed Bob.
"That's phat it is," "Ye see wan of these big dochters drivin' around about wid a cupay and a driver wid a black hat. He comes up to a house, an' he goes whiz up to the dure, an' he opens it, an' he goes prancin' in wid his brist swellin' out in front, and he a smellin' of peppermint and ashfetidy an' droogs, as if he was gevin' his mind wholly to physic, and he sez to the sick man, 'How are we to-day?' An' he talks, an' he uses big wurrds, an' takes upon himsilf half the dis-ayse, an' he bounces around, an' he gives direcshuns, an' sez he, 'take a tayspoonful out of this glass ivry half hour, an' a tablespoonful out av that wan ivry fifteen minits,' and he puts a termomether undher the man's tongue, and he smiles softly to himself; and the man, sez he to himself, the 'disayse is bruk, or he wudn't be that confident;' an' thin he gits up, and sez: 'O'll tackle a little soup,' an' he recovers. He pays the dochter's big bill wid saycret satisfacshun, whin all he needed was a little starvation and soup in the first place."
"Is this the way Dr. Cavallo practises?"
"Ah! the Dochter is that kind an' careful that whin he goes into a sick room he stheps so gintly and quiet loike that the man sez, 'Oi'm ashamed to be lyin' here sick whin I ought to be at wurrk,' and so he gits up at wance."

"He hypnotizes them, eh?" said Bob's companion.

"He does nothing of the kind," echoed a deep voice behind them, and they turned, for Dr. Cavallo had walked in, and going up to Bob's companion, slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Seidel, old man, how are you?"

"I did not suppose you would know me," replied Seidel, answering to his name.

"As if I could ever forget you? Where have you been? How's bacteriology?"

The other laughed. "Bacteriology has had to yield to more pressing business. I am now an honest miner."

Tim had been sliding near the door. He had at last, after repeated efforts, attracted Bob's attention, and by an expressive pantomime, had indicated to him that he must not reveal anything that had passed between them.

Bob, good-naturedly, gave him back, in the same pantomime, the assurance that they might saw both his legs off before the secret should be torn from him, and then Tim discreetly slid down the back way to chat with the driver and have a look at the doctor's horses.

When this had been done, Bob arose and said: "Now, gentlemen, I must attend to some business. Seidel is staying with me, Doctor, and you must come up. You haven't been to see us for a long time. I will leave you two to talk over old times, and when you get through, Seidel, drop into the office where you were this forenoon."
With this Bob took himself away, leaving the two together.

Cavallo looked at his old friend and pupil with a pleased expression on his face. "Old fellow, it does me good to see you, and they tell me that you have grown rich."

Seidel laughed a hard, metallic laugh. "I have made some money. I went west, as you know, tried the practice of medicine. Too slow. Then I dabbled a little in mines, got hold of some mining stock, sold it, got hold of some more, sold that, began to make money. Finally threw my practice to the winds and started out as a stock broker, a promoter, or whatever you call it."

"What is there in selling mining stocks?" asked the doctor.

"A big commission," promptly responded the other. "Mining is like a lottery. You may succeed, and you may not. You are perpetually on the eve of striking it rich. The very next day you may hit a perfect bonanza, but in the meantime you need money. It takes money to dig through porphyry and quartz and to follow a lead that may after all be a false fissure. If you hit it, you are all right. I don’t want any more in mine. My specialty is in selling stocks, not in operating the mines."

"But are the mines worth anything?" inquired Cavallo.

"Oh, some of them are, but I am not furnishing brains for both ends of the trade. If the mine is a good one, some one will make money out of it, if it is a bad one, they only follow the experience of ten thousand others."
"Seidel," returned Cavallo, "I would rather practice medicine."

The other blushed under the steady gaze of his old-time friend. At last he replied, "Now, my dear fellow, this is as legitimate a calling as any. The world values you for what you have, not what you can do. The age of philanthropy has gone by. Make your pile and then preach. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone.' The motto nowadays is 'Chisel your neighbor if you can, he'll do the same by you.' The new gospel is, 'Do your neighbor or he will do you.'"

"And your duty to humanity?" said Cavallo.

"Duty to humanity! my dear sir. Don't you know that Vanderbilt voiced the new gospel when he said, 'The public bed—.' Of course! What does the law of the survival of the fittest, mean? Why, to crowd the weaker ones to the wall and get what you can."

"The law of the survival of the fittest, Seidel, is that the noblest will survive. To follow your gospel, as you call it, is to render the race unfit to survive and it will be overborne."

"Science shows us that life is a warfare. The strongest lives, the weak perish. This is all that there is to it."

"And God," added Cavallo.

The other burst into a fit of laughter. "And you, a medical man, spring that old chestnut? God? what is he but a mere abstraction, a figment hatched in the brains of priests in order to rob the people and make them pay tribute. Show him to me under the microscope and then I will believe in him."

"Your philosophy on this point is as bad as your conclusion," replied Cavallo.
Just then the telephone sounded, and the doctor went to it. Seidel arose with: "Well, I see that you will be busy professionally; I will come around again. Good day." And out he went.
CHAPTER IX.

The day was dark and muggy. There was a heavy feeling in the air that rendered it difficult to respire. As Dr. Cavallo reached his office, a call on his slate made him stop and pause. "Another time in Abbot's Row, with the O'Hara's," he muttered wrathfully to himself. Then he went into his office, filled up his medicine case, and started off, for he knew that he should need a full supply. The Row was the terror of the city. It stood in a hollow. A drain had been begun some time before, and had nearly reached it, but when it came to the Row, Mr. Abbot, a wealthy property owner, fought it off, refused to pay his proportion, and had it stopped, on the ground that it would be a detriment to his property. So the drain, or sewer, stood with its open mouth, a few feet under ground, discharging a perfect flood of horrors into the neighborhood. The Row was a long and irregular pile of buildings that fronted it, and occupied a good deal of ground. Of architectural beauty it did not and could not boast. The owner was penurious, and he had constructed it by buying every old barn and dwelling-house that he could purchase cheap, and fitting them up for dwellings that would rent, and so had made an odd, patched-up, tumble-down place enough, but he contrived to make it immensely populous. The Board
of Health had once or twice condemned it, but Abbot had influence enough to prevent them from going to any extreme measures with it. He was always going to build, and he was on the point of having it pulled down. He was so excessively philanthropic in his talk, that to listen to him, one would think that he was about to overflow into a very benevolent channel, but none of his schemes in this direction ever materialized. On the contrary, every year saw him getting more and more selfish. He fought every public improvement, was opposed to water-works, preferring to use wells, although the danger was often shown him of taking water from the contaminated soil. He was eloquent upon the building of cisterns. He was against all street paving. He dwelt continually upon expense, and he was always present at every meeting called upon to take action upon anything that looked like costing money, no matter what it was. Under the pretense of being excessively public-spirited, he was as mean and grinding a miser as it was possible to be. He attended a hide-bound Presbyterian church where every man sat stiff and upright, and believed, with himself, that they were the elect, and that having been singled out from the world by a crowning act of mercy, it was their duty to keep the rest of mankind in subjection. To be sure, it was argued by the Board of Health, that if they let the Row alone it would eventually burn or rot down, but in the meantime it was a perfect nest of disease, and under the conditions, it made Dr. Cavallo grind his teeth every time he was called to attend anyone there.

This time he pulled his hat down over his eyes with the air of a man engaged or about to engage in a very
unpleasant duty. He walked down the small incline at the bottom of which lay the Row. It arose up before him in all its unpleasantness. He stopped at the first room, where Mrs. O'Hara lived. The poor woman had made a brave fight to keep her little flock together. Her old man, Pat, sat by the fire nursing his lame back. When he saw the doctor he arose, and Mrs. O'Hara, with many apologies, dusted out a chair for him to sit in. In spite of their poverty the little room was tolerably clean. Mike, the hope of the family, a heavily built youth of about twenty, sat by the fire with a sullen look on his face.

When the doctor came in he moved just enough to let him pass by him. The doctor had attended so long on the family that he knew every detail of their daily life, so he asked Mike, "What are you doing now?"

"Nothin'," growled Mike, "can't get no work."

"Why, have you tried?" responded the doctor.

Mike arose, ejected a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and then grunted: "The Trades Union won't let me in."

"What are the girls doing?" asked Dr. Cavallo, of two rather bright, pretty girls, the eldest of whom must have been eighteen.

"We hav'nt been doing anything since the factory closed," responded the eldest. "I tried to get into the Ten Cent store, but they only pay two dollars a week. I won't work for that."

"Isn't there anything else that you can do?" inquired Dr. Cavallo.

"No, there isn't," she answered with a tinge of defiance in her manner. "I will starve before I will do housework. I won't go into anyone's kitchen, that's flat."
The old man broke in: "We always did well until these times kem on, and I lost me place wid the city, and thin I got me back hurted by the cavin' in on me. Then the gurl's factory closed, and Moike, the domnd lazy loon, got to running around the shstreets, doin' nothing but divilment and belongin' to the Ham Head gang. The police will run him in wan of these days and then he'll remimber what his ould faather told him."

"You bet yer sweet life, the police won't run him in, either," retorted Mike. "The police wasn't made yet that could handle me. I don't take no back seat for any duffer that ever wore a star."

"Mike, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," returned the doctor, "to sit here, a burden on your poor old father and mother. Why don't you go out and get into some honest occupation, instead of being a tough and loafer?"

Mike bristled up with all the pugnacity of his class. "See here, Doc', I don't take no back talk from a Sheeney. Now d'ye moind that. I attend to my own business. See!"

This was too much for his father. "Ye young thafe," he roared, "do you sit there and insoilt your faather's frinds. Git out!" and with that he raised his crutch and brought it down with such force on Mike's head that he laid him out on the floor.

This set them all off afresh. Mrs. O'Hara was quite sure that Mike was killed, the girls cried and wrung their hands, while the old man laughed, "Ah—h, a little rap like that! Manny's the time I've had me hed laid open worse nor that, an' I niver kicked."

Dr. Cavallo stilled the commotion. He got some
water and bathed Mike's head and found that he had received a scalp wound which made it necessary to bandage it. Then he had to attend to Pat's lame back and show him how to rub the liniment on it. This was interspersed with running remarks from Pat on the general worthlessness of "Moike" and how since he had got to running with the Ham Heads, he was rapidly going to the bad. "All that domnd b'y talks of now, dochter, is prize foights and scappin' schrapes. He foight a prize foight! He wud run like a loon at the first soight of a good man's dookes."

Then Mrs. O'Hara had to be looked after. She had a pain almost everywhere in her body and in fact she was getting the rheumatism. The doctor saw to all of his charges and was about leaving, when he heard a shrill voice say, "Won't you please come and see my Mamma?" He turned and found at his side the smallest mite of a child. Her blue eyes, her infantile face, her air of gentle care and the sad notes of her voice showing that misery had already set its seal upon her. young as she was, made the doctor reply, "Certainly, my little one, show me where your mamma is."

"God bless the child," cried Pat, "It's little Daisy."
CHAPTER X.

Dr. Cavallo followed her out into the passage and into a small back room and there lying on a bed was the form of a woman. The place was small and the ceiling low. The floor was rotten and in one corner it had given way, so that the foundation could be seen between the boards and the base. The open window allowed the fetid smell of rotting cabbage and the offal that had been thrown out from the rooms above to fill the apartment. The back yard had been the receptacle time out of mind for all the waste of the Row. The place was filled with old tin cans, beer bottles in great number and variety, even a stray keg or two testified to times when some inhabitant of the Row had been able to gather enough together to afford a symposium. There was little in the room but an old stove, cracked and broken, with one of its legs entirely gone and the missing member supplied by a brick and the other three in various stages of rickety dilapidation. On the stove were the remains of some baked potatoes, looking as if the person who had last prepared the meal had used the top of the stove for a dining table. There was a table on which there were a few dishes, but these were all dirty and filled with odds and ends, a few crumbs of bread here and there and some milk in a pitcher, which had been suffered to sour. The
ashes had been taken out of the stove and had been dumped in a corner. The torn paper, the soiled walls, the broken furniture, testified to the last degree of poverty and want. When he first went in the doctor saw nothing but the outline of a woman on the bed and she lay so still that he thought that she was dead. He went to the bedside and explored her pulse mechan­ically, for the room was dark so that he could not see at first, but as his eyes became used to the gathering gloom he was shocked, for before him on the bed was a well known face.

It was that of a woman who had, some years before, come to the city as the wife of a railroad line agent. He was a good fellow and he had a good position, but he began to drink, and after a time he lost his place, and began to descend lower and lower in the scale. A slight noise in the corner of the room attracted the doctor's attention, and he looked to see what it was. To his astonishment, he discerned that this was the husband, the once popular and witty James Dayton, who showed, by the looks of his face, that he had been drinking heavily, but he had slept it off to some extent. He got up from the floor, where he had flung himself, and steadying his steps with an effort, he came forward, looked at the doctor, and then came up to the bedside extending a dirty hand.

All that remained to him was his boisterous off-hand way — the last touches of a manner that had formerly made him the prince of good fellows. He was clothed in a coat that showed the worst stages of decay, and his shirt was matted with dirt. His pants were a pair of old overalls, held up by a belt around the waist, the belt consisting of a piece of harness. His shoes had
been thrown away by some more fortunate wearer, but anything was good enough now for Jim Dayton.

"Doc.," he stuttered, "how are ye? Ye see we're in pretty tough luck, but if ye kin do anything for the old woman, do it, and I'll make it all right yit."

"James," entreated the sick woman, "do be quiet."

"That's all right," returned the drunkard, "I know Doc. and he knows me. I aint flush just at present, but, you mark me, I'll strike it rich yit. If I had a little money, I know of a deal I could go into that would give us money enough to allow us to run over the people in this town, and tell 'em to send in their bill."

"Dayton," returned the doctor, "I am shocked. Pray be quiet. I wish to hear what your wife wants."

"It's all right, Doc.," answered the inebriate. "Anything she wants she ought to have. She's stuck to me through thick and thin, and you bet yer life I won't go back on her now."

"Oh, God!" murmured the poor soul from her bed, "has it come to this? James, I wish that you would go out, I want to speak to the doctor."

"All right," replied the other, "I'll go. I tell you, Doc., we've got to do as the women say. When they set their foot down, you bet we've got to knuckle to 'em," and with this he staggered out.

The poor woman moaned. "Oh," she said, "Doctor, it is this terrible drink. He is that way all of the time; he is never sober. He never gave me an unkind word; always good-natured. He never struck me, or even offered to do so, but when he gets liquor in his head, he is this same good-natured, shiftless, incompetent fellow. Any one can do with him what he likes.
Oh," she said, and she wrung her hands, "what am I
to do with Daisy? Doctor, doctor, promise me that
when I die you will look after my little girl. It is
dreadful to think of leaving her here with all of these
low people."

While this conversation had been going on, the little
girl had drawn near her mother and held one of
her hands. As she heard the request that her mother
made, she turned such a mute and appealing glance
upon Dr. Cavallo that the sight nearly unmanned him.
The poor little thing had seen too much misery to
weep. She had passed all of that, for she had tasted,
to its fullest extent, the wretched life of a drunkard's
child. Her little dress scarcely concealed her form.
She was pinched by starvation, but through it all she
strove to keep up a perfect composure. She only
pressed her mother's hand and looked at the doctor.

"Have you no friends?"

"None, none," she murmured. "My father cast me
off because I would live with Mr. Dayton, but I thought
when he gave me his solemn word that he would not
drink that he would keep it, but the moment he is with
his old associates he forgets everything that he has
promised."

The doctor was moved, accustomed as he was to
scenes of woe. Going to the door, he called Dayton
in, and as that individual came rollicking back, he
said, with his air of easy indifference, "Well, have you
two got the whole thing fixed up?"

"Dayton!" said the doctor, "stop your talk and
listen to me. Your wife wishes me to take your little
daughter and find a home for her. Do you understand
what this means?"

"All right," he replied, with a laugh. "If it suits
my wife, it suits me. I can see Daisy when I get in luck again. I tell you that it will only be a few days now when this thing will be different. It's a long lane that has no turning, and you can bet that by and by my luck will come out. Daisy will ride in her carriage yet."

With many a wise shake of the head and curses on his luck, Dayton repeated, over and over, that his luck would change, and that when it did, he would not forget his friends. Those who had stuck to him he would recompense. His wife should wear diamonds and Daisy should have a new silk dress every day. He sat down at the foot of the bed and went over and over this until he wearied them all.

Finally, Dr. Cavallo went out and returned with Mrs. O'Hara. He made an arrangement with that woman and her two daughters for the care of poor Mrs. Dayton and for the attention that little Daisy so sadly needed. He then left some medicine and gave directions for some clothing for the little girl.
CHAPTER XI.

He completed his act of charity and congratulated himself that he was through, but he was not to escape so easily. As he went into the yard to try and take a shorter cut to the street cars, a head was thrust out of the window and a voice said, "Oh, Doc., come up and look at the kids."

He turned back and mounting the stairway he groped his way into a hall, and as he came along the passage a door was opened and he went into it. It was a long, low room filled with cribs in a row against the wall. A man was anxiously looking into one of the cribs, and as the doctor came in he explained:

"This is old Mother Wooley's nursery and these little things have been crying until I could not stand it and I came in." At this half a dozen children set up a piteous, wailing cry and the doctor inquired: "For heaven's sake, what is this?"

There was dirt and squalor everywhere. The infants were in cradles, some wrapped in rags, some with coverlids over them. There was a dish of milk on the stove and a few remains of food on an old table, but it looked like a chamber of horrors, while on the bed was an old crone fast asleep, evidently in a drunken debauch.
The doctor shook her roughly. "So this is old Mother Wooley's baby farm, is it," he said to himself. "Great heavens, to think that this old hag is suffered to run this establishment under the very nose of the police!" He continued shaking her until at last she sat up and began to make a clucking noise. "There, there; lie still. There, there; that's a deary. Lie still; nursey will rock you to sleep." Then, as she further opened her eyes, she saw the doctor and sat up.

"Oh, doctor," she began in a whining voice, "I'm so tired looking after my little dears that I just laid down to get a little sleep."

"Get up," replied the doctor sternly, "something is wrong here!" He struck a light with a match that he had in his pocket and, finding a broken lamp, which he lighted, went over to the crib, lifting one of the little things out, held it up to the light. "Just as I thought," he said, "diphtheria. Why, the whole town will be infected within a week if this nest isn't cleaned out. Why haven't you reported this to the city physician?"

"It's nothin' but croup," whined she, "and I can always cure croup with onion syrup. There's no danger."

He was disgusted and disheartened. Here in the very heart of civilization and in a wealthy community, this old hag had been allowed to carry on her traffic, for it was evident that her profit lay not in bringing the children up, but in sending them down. He did what he could, but that was very little. At last he called the old hag up to him and said:

"Now, I want you to attend to this. See that no other children come into this room until the health officer has been here."
Then he turned to his male companion, who had been looking on at the arrangements, and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Repairing the roof," returned the other. "Old Abbot gives me so much a year to patch his buildings, and he has a standing order to fix up this old rookery when there is nothing else to do. So when it leaks too bad, I come up here and daub some tar on the spots and that does until the next rain."

"It's an awful place," said the doctor, in disgust.

The other laughed, "You haven't seen it yet. Why that old hag has probably a thousand lives to answer for. When they come to make up the slaughter of the innocents, her order will be running over. But you can see sights that would make your heart ache any time. Look at that now."

The doctor looked out of the window and he saw a little child tumbling along with a tin pail in its hand.

"What d'ye think of that?" said the roofer.

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"That little thing, it can't be more than five years old, has been rushing the growler, that is, getting beer in its can," he said apologetically, seeing that the doctor did not understand him, "and the fellows down in the saloon have been getting the little thing drunk. See, it can hardly walk."

"Good God!" ejaculated Cavallo.

"There is no telling what that Ham Head gang won't do," said the roofer. "The Row don't wake up until about midnight, but from that until four is the most God-forsaken place in the city. Women crazy drunk, fighting and screaming. Men yelling at the tops of their voices. Little children running in and out of the
saloons with cans, into the rooms. Every sort of wickedness and crime is carried on here and allowed to run riot."

"Why do the police not shut down on it?"

"Because," replied the roofer, "some one has a pull."

The doctor frowned and then added, "Some one else will have to have a 'pull,' too." With this he went off to find the Board of Health.

The gentlemen who constituted this body were in their rooms in the City Hall, and as Cavallo went in they greeted him. He briefly stated his errand, that there was a bad case, in fact, several bad cases, of diphtheria in Abbott's Row. They made a note of it and then promised that they would have the necessary warning put up the next day. This warning consisted of tacking up a large card with the word "Diphtheria" on it on the building. Then there was a pause. Finally Dr. Cavallo remarked: "Gentlemen, there is another thing, I wish to enter formal complaint against Abbott's Row as a nuisance, and I shall insist that it be torn down."

The members of the Board looked at each other, finally one of them replied: "Well, you know how it is, Doctor, I don't want to have the old man on my back. If you make this complaint you must sign it yourself."

"That is what I will do," replied Dr. Cavallo. "I shall stand to my guns. Now I want you to do the same."

"Of course if you press this matter we shall have to act, but now, see here," said the physician of the Board, taking Cavallo aside, "can't you put this off until after the meeting of the Board of Supervisors? They elect a County Physician next week and I am a candidate. I tell you frankly, between us, that I don't want to go
into that fight with a row on my hands with old Abbott."

"I insist upon some action being taken at once," returned Cavallo, "and it must be attended to."

"Well, you know the old man as well as I do and you know that this will make an awful row."

"Let it make what row it will. I am not going to sit still and see this thing carried on any further," insisted Cavallo, adding, "Abbott's Row will have to come down."

He was not satisfied with this, but he himself filled up a printed form stating that complaint had been made that Abbott's Row was a nuisance and a menace to the general health, and he made it still more binding by stating that this action was taken on a complaint made by Dr. Cavallo and then he made the president of the Board sign it. Still fearing that the exigencies of ward politics would defeat the whole scheme, he took the notice and dropped it into the mail himself. This done he went to his room and slept the sleep of the just, feeling that he had enlisted for the fight and that he was now ready for the fray.
The next morning he had hardly had his breakfast before he was waited on by no other than Mr. Abbott himself. He was a tall, lean man, excessively dignified and important. As he stood in the office, a little bent with age, he was the very embodiment of the Presbyterian idea. He looked as if he had swallowed the five points, and with them the spirit of John Calvin and the ghost of Michael Servetus into the bargain. While he was dignified, there was a suggestion of cringing servility in everything that he said. It was evident that he wished to make a good impression upon the doctor, and he rubbed his hands over and over with that air of washing them that an insincere person often uses. He asked, with a smile on his face that was little short of ghastly, if this was Dr. Cavallo.

"That is my name," replied the doctor.

"Ah, well sir, I am glad to see you. I am a man of business and in my morning mail was a notice that a complaint had been lodged against me on account of Abbott's Row. I simply wished to say to you that I am now having plans prepared looking to erecting upon that site commodious and comfortable apartment houses. I believe, sir, in homes for the poor. I have always taken a deep interest in this subject, and I have now come to the fruition of a scheme that has been
long in my mind. I shall make model homes, sir’ model homes.”

“I am pleased to know that,” replied Dr. Cavallo dryly, “for those buildings have been a nest of disease and a nursery of filth long enough.”

“No doubt, sir, no doubt,” assented Mr. Abbott, “and yet they have been a great accommodation to many poor people who could afford no other place; but for the shelter of those rooms many a poor family would have suffered, sir, suffered.”

“I hope you will attend to the sewer, too, Mr. Abbott, when you build,” added Cavallo.

“I certainly shall, sir. I intend to leave nothing undone. Perfect sewerage, water, gas—and—and—” he added, as if the thought just struck him, “electric light.”

“I am exceedingly glad,” returned Dr. Cavallo, “and I shall be proud to think that I was instrumental even in a small degree in hastening forward so great an improvement.”

“Yes, sir; yes, sir,” responded Mr. Abbott, “and now I shall ask you to kindly recall your complaint until I get my plans perfected. I assure you, sir, it will only be a few days.” As he said this a grin of satisfaction overspread his face and made him look ten times uglier than before. He was a picture of avarice, of craft in thinking that he had overreached the doctor as he had many others. For years he had used these same promises to keep the hand of authority off Abbott’s Row. He knew that if the doctor pressed his complaint he was likely to be indicted for keeping a nuisance, for allowing a saloon to run without warrant of law, and for harboring females of ill re-
pute. He had maintained this place in spite of every­thing that had been done. When he received the notice from Dr. Cavallo he was seriously alarmed, but now this was done away with. He had conquered again, and his grin of satisfied pride deepened as he waited for the doctor's reply.

"Oh," replied Cavallo good naturedly, "there is no necessity for doing that. Let the workmen go ahead and tear down the buildings. Then the ground will be cleared for the new improvements."

"Tear down the buildings," echoed Abbott, "why should they tear down the buildings?"

"So as to get the ground cleared for the new edifices."

"I tell you," roared Abbott, "that those buildings don't pay two per cent. on their cost. No man can afford to put up buildings in this town for rent. What with taxes and insurance and repairs it will bankrupt anyone who tries it."

"Then you are not going to put up those model houses that you spoke about?" asked Cavallo, quietly.

"I will sell the whole thing out at once, if I can get enough to guarantee me one per cent. on my money," he shouted, getting more and more angry.

"Very well," assented Cavallo, "I will find some one to take you up on that proposition."

"Ah, ha," yelled the old man, "I see it now, it is a Jew trick, and you want to get hold of that property cheap. This is your boasted philanthropy. It is a scheme, a plot to try and make me sell out. This is a real estate swindle, and I know it."

"Mr. Abbott, you have made half a dozen statements here that are false, and this is like all of the rest.
I shall not recall my complaint. On the contrary, I shall press it, and of this you may be assured, that Abbott's Row must come down."

The old man boiled with passion. He shook with rage, and for a time he was unable to speak. When he did find voice, he burst out, "You sneaking and infernal Jew, you outcast and worthless fag-end of a detested race, you talk of trying to help your tellows, when you are simply arranging to steal my property; yes, sir, steal my property. I have lived in this city for sixty years, and I have always paid my debts. You are the first man who ever dared to bring a charge against me. But I tell you don't go too far, don't you aggravate me, sir. I will not stand everything. I will publish you, sir, to the world as a Jew. I will show you up to the whole city, I will destroy your practice, I will drive you from town."

He had talked until he was out of breath, and he now stopped, and stood panting with rage, the white foam of passion on his lips, and his teeth snarling in his head like a disappointed wolf, the picture of baffled greed, of disappointed avarice, of malice and of spite.

Dr. Cavallo looked at him with contempt. "Mr. Abbott, you poor craven, words are useless, for you are past all expostulation. You have for years fattened on the misery of your fellow-creatures whom you have crowded into that infamous Row. You have made it a nest of villainy, the hiding place for fraud and the cover for crime. You have stood by and seen men destroyed, women debauched, and little innocent children murdered. As long as you could get a single cent, you have allowed this to go on, and you have steadily checked and stopped every effort to cleanse
the foul ulcer. It has been a breeding place for disease and a lazaret house of suffering. You cannot rail the seal from off this bond, and your Row must and shall go."

"Now, sir," he added, "you will oblige me by getting out of my office with your utmost speed." As he said this, he drew himself up, and the miser, yelling, "Don't, don't, I'll go," pattered downstairs as fast as his legs could carry him.

A few hours later a very dignified gentleman called to see Dr. Cavallo. He introduced himself as Dr. McHale. He was very cordial, and after beating about the bush awhile, told Cavallo that he had called on a particular matter of business. "My venerable friend, Mr. Abbott, a warm hearted, but eccentric soul, was seriously hurt at some little misunderstanding that had occurred. Really he had in mind extensive improvements, but he is, my dear sir, I assure you, a man who can be coaxed, but cannot be driven. We have to be very careful with him in church matters. He is liberal to a fault if you stroke him the right way, but, sir, he is like an enraged tiger if he is aroused. Now, really, my dear Doctor Cavallo, I wish that you would yield a little in this matter. If you will withdraw your complaint, I shall, I am confident, be able to show him his duty, and he will then take this action of his own accord."

"Dr. McHale," said Cavallo, "with all due respect to your cloth and your profession, I do not believe that Abbott will ever build anything better than he has now. He has evaded this thing and whined and begged off for years and the Row is just what it always has been, a disseminator of disease, a nuisance to the city and a menace to the public health."
Dr. McHale was a large man with a tremendous head and mutton chop whiskers. He was a minister of the gospel and this fact was proclaimed in his manner of looking at you, in the way he carried his cane, in his clean shaven chin, in his high cheek bones, in his majestic manner, and in the very fit of his cravat. He had another sign of Presbyterianism, too, that was apparent at once. He had no stomach and he looked, with his large head, as if nature had spent so much material on that organ that she had nothing left for the rest of him. He now assumed a benevolent aspect, as of a man who knew all the social questions and had them at his fingers' ends and could tell them off at once. He put on an air of deep wisdom, and when it came to looking wise, no one could equal Dr. McHale.

"Oh, well," he replied, "I'll tell you about that. You have to have these places. Every large city contains them. Why, I went to New York once, and another clergyman and myself went through the slums, as they are called, with a policeman. It was perfectly awful, the dens of vice that we saw. It made me sick, but still you have to have them."

"Not in this city at any rate."

"Oh, yes, you do. Now, my dear sir, I am an older man than you and you ought to listen to the wisdom of age. If you give these people more comfortable quarters, you simply fix them so that they can earn more money to give to the priest. Every effort that is made to lift these people up from their condition is only pouring so much more money into the pockets of the Catholic church."

"Dr. McHale," replied Cavallo with dignity, "you disgrace your cloth by such arguments. Your words
are instinct with savage bigotry and oppression. For
my part I blush for you. I do not wonder that Mr.
Abbott lives the life of miserly greed that he does, if his
spiritual teacher is constructed in so narrow a mold.”

The reverend doctor grew very red in the face and he
could only mutter that he trusted that he had not been
misunderstood. But Cavallo was boiling with rage
and only bowed him loftily out. He had not recovered
his equanimity when the door opened and the Mayor
came in.

Mayor Sawyer was a good fellow, always ready to
do anyone a favor, and as he promised everybody
everything, he was continually in hot water, but he
managed to get out of every scrape as fast as he got into
them, by making more promises. He came jauntily in
and began at once, “I say Doc., about this Abbott
matter. The old man is as mad as a wet hen. He
wants me to see what can be done about getting you
to withdraw your complaint. You know that Row of
his? I told him that they ought to come down, which
is all true, but I kind o’ want to satisfy him. He’s a
power with the Presbyterians and I got a big pull out
of them the last time I ran. You see I agreed to shut
up the saloons Sunday if they would vote for me, and
then after I was elected, the boys kind o’ wanted me to
be liberal and I had to kind o’ shut one eye ye know.
Now, if I can get this matter fixed up it will square me.
You’ll be wanting something of me, City Physician or
County Physician, or something of that kind. Dr.
McHale has been around and old Abbott himself.
They are a pretty powerful faction.”

“So they want the saloons closed on Sunday, do they,
and allow a pest-house, an unmitigated nuisance, a
chamber of horrors, a place where baby farming and all unclean things fester and rot, to run? Well, I hardly know which is the greater sinner in the sight of heaven," said Cavallo "Abbott or his preacher? But this I am determined upon, Abbott's Row must go. I will pursue this unrighteous old man until he removes that place from the sight of the sun. I will not abate one jot, and he shall find one man in this city whom he can neither lie to nor dissuade from his purpose."

The Mayor rejoined: "Well, I have done all that I agreed to, and have exerted my influence. If any one says anything to you about it, you say that I called on you. You understand how it is with me?"

As he went out, Cavallo smiled grimly to himself.
CHAPTER XIII.

Having thus carried his point, Dr. Cavallo did not rest until he had seen the Board of Health condemn the Row as a nuisance, and in spite of the efforts of Abbott to stop it, they gave orders to level it to the ground. Then the doctor found himself confronted with a new problem, what to do with the tenants? Some of these were like Pat O'Hara, indifferent to their surroundings, but occupying the Row because the rent was cheap. Others were on the border line between the good and the bad, but would live upright lives if the environments were good. Some were wholly bad, and were made worse by the opportunities for evil that surrounded them. With a saloon near at hand, and every chance for supplying their evil appetites, they drifted down lower and lower, like Jim Dayton, with every succeeding year.

Mr. Abbott, with the cunning of his craft, claimed that he was really sheltering a lot of poor, who would otherwise be put upon the street. He induced some of his tenants to go to the newspapers, and state that, were it not for him, they would be thrust out in the cold. One of the papers, edited by a man who was always sneering at everything that smacked of progress, openly denounced the doctor's efforts, and insisted that he was only trying to get cheap notoriety.
In this emergency, Cavallo bethought himself of Mrs. Bernheim. The Bernheims were the leaders of society, Christian and otherwise. Mr. Bernheim was a reserved, quiet man, but with the unmistakable manners of a leader. His word was as good as his bond, and whatever he said was regarded as law throughout the city. His many business ventures did not allow him much time to devote to society, so he gave his wife carte blanche, which she used to good advantage.

Mrs. Bernheim was a worthy helpmeet for such a husband. She was a pronounced type of a Jewish beauty, and, in addition, she was lively, vivacious, pleasant, hospitable and fond of society. Both of them were lovers of art, and he was particularly well read, and both were exceedingly fond of the drama. He delighted to see his beautiful mansion thrown open to their friends, and he encouraged his wife in every way, so that there was a heartiness about their hospitality that added zest to its enjoyment. Mrs. Bernheim was a lover of literature, and the literary people who visited the city were always welcomed to her home.

She was the soul of charity and this she extended with a bountiful hand. She paid the rent of some, she advanced funds to others to embark in business. She looked after the sick, she sent wine and fruit to the convalescent. There was nothing loud about this, nor did she stop to inquire into creed or religion. Every suffering soul received her kind attention. She did not content herself with sending out money lavishly. She went in person, and her carriage was as often at the door of some poor family in the lower part of the city as it was before some fashionable mansion in the aristocratic part of the town. She had these traits by
heredity. Her mother was widely known as a noble woman, large-hearted in all her ideas, and her daughter, with greater opportunities, had simply carried out the mother's impulses. The household shared this feeling. The children took up the work laid down, and the Bernheim mansion was not only the scene of joyous festivities, but of pure almsgiving, based upon the highest conceptions—that of rendering the objects of aid self-supporting. It was thus large-hearted, but discriminating and just.

Dr. Cavallo had seen her work among the poor and had attended to many of her patients, and a warm friendship had sprung up between them.

In his present dilemma he could think of no one who could or would assist him so well as she. So he jumped into his carriage and called on the Bernheims.

The lady received him with a smile. "I have just returned from the East, but I see by the papers, doctor, that you have won quite a reputation since I have been gone. That is right. I have always said, If you can't be popular, why, be notorious."

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Mrs. Bernheim," he replied, "I am very glad, indeed, that you are familiar with this errand of mine. You have read all about it?"

"Oh, yes," responded she, "I know all about it. I know Abbott, too. He is always full of promises but he never carries them out. I went the other day with Mrs. Willits to get subscriptions for the Home of the Destitute and we called on Abbott. What do you think he gave us, doctor? Why, his sympathy and a tract showing that salvation is free, and that the poor could become self-sustaining, only by leaning on the cross, and he promised that he would send his pastor, Dr. McHale, around to preach to them."
Pleasantly chatting, she invited the doctor to a seat. He said: "You know, Mrs. Bernheim, that I can hardly leave my office at this time of day, but the case is pressing, and my errand, therefore shall be briefly stated.

"I'm all attention, doctor."

"You are aware of the necessities of those people in Abbott's Row. I need not tell you what a nuisance and menace to public health this place is. Now it has to come down, and I am worried to know what to do with the poor people when forced out of their homes, if we can allow such a term in connection with their hovels. Now, Mrs. Bernheim, I can provide quarters for the entire thirty families for sixty days. They can be put in the barns at the fair grounds. Then the extreme cold weather will come on and they will have to move."

"What do you wish me to do, doctor?"

"I have roughly sketched out a plan for model dwelling houses. They can be erected in rows and enlarged as occasion requires by simply adding to them. At present, while building, we can provide enough rooms and accommodations, nicely ventilated and warmed, for seventy-five families, furnishing them with everything necessary, plenty of ground for the children to play, plenty of fresh air. These are to be rented to the deserving poor, not the shiftless and the lazy, still the rent will not be more than they are paying now for their miserable shanties. Then they can be encouraged to buy their holdings at so much a week in payment. In short, make these not the ordinary tenement houses, but attractive places, with trees and shrubs. Land in the lower part of the city is cheap, and this plan can be easily carried out."
Her black eyes sparkled. "Doctor, doctor, what a romantic scheme! You wish me to organize a colony and become its queen. I should be the Empress of Cavalloville, but the only trouble is, that it will take the fortune of a Rothschild. I suppose that we shall need a synagogue, a church and a chapel to minister to their spiritual needs?"

"Jesting aside, Mrs. Bernheim, I am in earnest."

"Gracious alive! where do you expect to get the money from?"

"Nothing simpler or easier. Roughly calculating, the whole scheme will not cost so much. Land can be purchased in the neighborhood of the factories for three hundred dollars an acre. As soon as these houses are built the street car line will build an extension to them. The houses can be put up for five hundred dollars each. This gives each house a front room, dining room, bed room and kitchen, with pantry on the ground floor, small cellar below, with two good bed rooms above. We will start in with thirty houses at first, just what we have tenants for. Then we can add to it with the exigencies of the case. Each home will have its own coal house and outhouse, with yard room, cut off from its neighbor by a fence, a good supply of water from the waterworks, and a sewer under the whole, properly trapped."

She laughed. "What a contractor you would make. Why don't you go into the building business?"

"This is what I am doing right now, Mrs. Bernheim. The whole scheme will not cost twenty thousand dollars. Now, as fast as the houses sell on these weekly payments, we can build more homes and make it an interest-paying investment, self-supporting, and,
at the same time educating the tenants to own their own fire-sides, and above all, this takes them away from the slums and the vice-breeding sinks, giving the children fresh air and ground to play on. This is systematic charity. It doesn't pauperize."

She reflected. "I will talk it over with Mr. Bernheim."

This was just what Dr. Cavallo wanted, and he bowed himself out.

That night, when Mr. Bernheim came home, he was in unusually good spirits. He had made a great deal of money that season and the prospect was roseate for the future. When they had left the tea table and he was settled in the drawing room, she began, woman-like:

"Henry, you know you promised to buy me that diamond necklace that we saw in New York, for a present on my birthday."

"Yes," he responded, "do you want it now?"

"No, but I wish to know what it will cost."

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth, my dear."

"But I wish to know the cost for a very particular reason."

"Well, then," said he, "the price is twenty thousand dollars."

"I want that money for a different purpose. I have jewels enough now."

So she took her pen and paper and began with the figures that the doctor had given her. Her husband listened at first with indifference, then he took a languid interest, then he sat upright, and taking out his pencil, said:

"After all it isn't a bad investment. That property
will double in value as soon as the street cars are built to it, and the factories will always give desirable tenants. The result, my dear, will be this: The sober and industrious will go in and buy the property on those terms, and then where will your charity be?"

"This is just the purpose of the plan, to make people sober and industrious. Charity consists, as you always preach, not in giving people something that they do not earn, that makes paupers of them, but in showing them how they can earn what they need."

"Take the case of the O'Haras," Mr. Bernheim added. "You can never do anything with Mike O'Hara. He is a natural born thug and bum."

"His two sisters will work in the factories and the old man can get a job as watchman, so that the rest of the family will be saved, even if the boy does go wrong and grows up worthless. As it is, the whole of them will, under their present conditions, be paupers or worse."

They discussed the matter in its varied bearings, and the next morning she reminded him of it.

He took the idea down town with him and it so happened that his architect dropped in to consider an extension to one of his mills. After the architect had finished the work, Mr. Bernheim spoke to him in regard to the project that he had in mind. The other agreed to sketch out something of the sort and the upshot was that finally Mr. Bernheim got a plan to his liking, although the cost was a little more than the doctor had figured.

Little by little the project grew, and at last the ground was purchased and the contract was let. Mrs. Bernheim was greatly delighted, and before the houses
were erected she had, with the doctor’s advice and counsel, selected the tenants.

This was not difficult to do. The idle and lazy would not stir. They clung to the slums and slouched off into tumble-down places near the river bank, for this class of people, like vermin, hate the light of day and seek concealment. Pat O’Hara, with his wife and family, were the first to move. And, as they put their humble furniture into the new edifice, Pat was as happy as a king. He went down to Dr. Cavallo’s office and there ran across Timothy Dodd.

He astonished that worthy by paying so flattering a tribute to the doctor that even Timothy’s grandiloquent and flowing phrase was silenced.

“He was that deloighted,” said Tim, “ef the angel Gabriel had kem in that minit Pat wud hev made him gev up his horn and turn it over to Cavallo as the best entitled to it in pint of merit, jist.”
CHAPTER XV.

If Dr. Cavallo had been a vain man or one easily elated by flattery, he would have had his head turned, for he was overwhelmed with praise. He knew, however, how unmeaning are the compliments that are showered upon anyone who, for the moment, has attracted public attention. He pursued the even tenor of his way, only responding courteously to those who met him and shook him by the hand, asserting that his victory over Abbott was the best thing that had occurred in the history of the city.

He knew that he had a foe in the old man whose hate was unrelenting, and who would follow him in every line that he undertook with the malignity of the wolf.

Nevertheless, he felt he was so greatly in the right, that he scorned Abbott and his threats. As for those who followed in Abbott’s wake, the most that they could do would be to sneer. He was walking along the street considering the matter, and turning the whole question over in his mind, when he saw Miss Lawrence before him, he quickened his steps, and overtaking her, courteously greeted her.

She smiled as she met him, and they walked on together. What was the burden of their discourse? Let every reader of this tale himself answer the question.
What do youth and beauty always talk about? The lisping language of love is enchanting enough to us when we are at the other end of love's telephone, but it is stale, flat and unprofitable to the hearer. What is a more beautiful sight than a mother crooning to her babe? What is more absurd than a translation of her words when depicted in cold type? Cavallo was a man who had seen much and had reflected deeply, but he was no more exempt from an invasion of the affections, if we may so call it, than you would be in his place.

All the world loves a lover, and all the world laughs at him just the same.

What is more simple, to carry out the parallel farther, than to sit and listen to one side of a conversation. To hear one over the telephone say, "Yes." "No, I think not." "Not at all." "You won't." So, in listening to the conversation of lovers, the bystander only gets half of it. He misses the inflections and the implications that are the missing links, and that make the conversation not only intelligible, but interesting to the other party.

Cavallo told her the story of little Daisy Dayton, for one thing, and how he had seen the poor mother buried, and had provided a home for the little girl. The recital brought the tears to Margaret's eyes, for she was sympathetic, and she remembered when Mrs. Dayton had first come to the city, a blushing bride, and when the unhappy wreck that now shuffled along the street was one of the best known men in the city.

They talked of art and literature, and of everything but themselves, and yet the under current, the secret sympathy, that ran through their talk, gave to it that interest that added weight to their words.
Inasmuch as every reader of this story will have an experience of his own to fall back upon, and can recall dozens of times when he was in this same state, walking with the girl he loved, it seems needless to try to point a moral and adorn a tale with the conversation between this couple. The doctor had a set purpose in life, and he had received from this girl a strong impulse to shape his career along the line that he was pursuing. Whether she was actuated by any stronger motive than a desire to see him grandly heroic, he did not know. He felt sometimes that the interest she manifested in him was purely sympathetic. While she might regard his race with admiration from a historical point of view, would she care enough for the individual to sink the question of race?

This puzzled him, but he was very happy as it was. To listen to her praise as they walked, as she told him how she admired his conduct in the late affair with Abbott, was pleasure enough, and he took delight in it.

It soothed him, annoyed as he had been with the strain of the last few days' contest. He felt that here he was appreciated, and if it led to nothing else, he would enjoy this to the full. So he walked on by her side, feeling refreshed in the pleasant autumn air, in the cool breeze, in the presence of Margaret; the very rustle of her dress, the soft tones of her voice, gave him a sense of exquisite pleasure. He responded to her sweet and gentle influence, and his soul was soothed and calmed.

From this he was rudely awakened, for, as they came to the crossing of a street they were joined by Seidel. That individual was in the highest spirits. He joked them both with his good natured badinage, addressed
Miss Lawrence with easy familiarity, once even calling her Margaret, at which Cavallo winced. He had the easy swing of audacity and gave his tongue full vent. While it seemed to Cavallo to be the perfection of friendly talk, there was a subtle undercurrent of sarcasm, a finely disguised effort to belittle him. He disputed some of Cavallo's remarks with grace, yet with an air of superiority that nettled the doctor, but it was done so deftly that he could not take umbrage at it. He brought up something that happened at college and assumed that Cavallo was in some of the students' escapades. There was nothing bad in it and nothing to which one could seriously object, but the intention seemed to be to show Margaret that Cavallo was acting a part,—that he had led elsewhere a different life.

Cavallo returned short answers to this badinage, whereupon Seidel would beg his pardon, telling Miss Lawrence not to mind his talk, that he would be the last one in the world to reveal things that had been done in moments of youthful indiscretion. Then he would end in a hearty laugh, that, while it was insincere and metallic, a laugh peculiar to Seidel, yet it served his purpose in making him pass for the moment as a good fellow who only saw the ridiculous side of life and meant to get all the enjoyment out of the world that he could.

He openly, before Cavallo's face, paid Margaret the little gallant attentions that beauty demands and receives from her admirers without a thought other than that they are her due, for she has always received them. Cavallo shrank from this exhibition and it seemed to him profanation for Seidel to venture upon little familiarities on the street, which, innocent enough, he himself
would never have thought of offering. He walked along silently listening to the conversation between Margaret and Seidel, for she, noticing Cavallo's manner, strove to hide it from the other as much as she could, and she laughingly parried Seidel's remarks and rounded off the shafts of his wit with brilliant repartee. This only aroused Seidel to more effort, and he rattled on in a stream of mocking satire and fun, even sometimes maliciously put, until they came to the Lawrence home, when he escorted her into the house, for he was still stopping with Bob.

The doctor bowed and parted with them, but he thought he detected a triumphant smile in Seidel's face that sent the blood to his own brow, and he turned back and sought the security of his own office. He was provoked. He felt that in the battle between himself and Seidel that had just passed, he had been worsted and humiliated in the eyes of the one he loved. He instinctively discerned that he was to have a rival in this brilliant young fellow, this man who posed at one moment as a man of business and the next as a shrewd student, and perhaps again as a thorough man of the world. What chance did he have against this trained athlete, so to speak, in all matters of society, against one who knew all the avenues to a woman's heart, and who practiced upon the affections of the young maiden with the experience of a veteran, not hampered by any consideration of love. Seidel had no feeling that it was desecration to approach Miss Lawrence. To him she was simply a good alliance. If he married her, and the doctor winced again at the thought, it would enable him to use the Lawrences to further his schemes. All of these things made the doc-
tor ill at ease. He tried to read, and pored over a volume in which was a case that he wished to study, but he found that he had lost interest in the matter, and after reading one page over two or three times, he closed the book and went out of doors.
When the intelligence was noised about that Abbott’s Row had been condemned and the order given to demolish it, it created a stir in the community. Abbott had defied public sentiment so long in this matter that the gratification that he had been worsted was general and widespread.

The editor of the German paper was a man of broad sympathy and generous impulses. He had a profound contempt for hypocrisy in any shape. Herr Muller rather fancied impaling fellows of this sort on his pen, and he had gathered around him quite a following. His German subscribers believed in him and loyally supported him. He was an authority on art, and on music, for he was himself a fine singer. He was a ready and eloquent speaker, and he had recently delivered an address at the grave of a fellow comrade that was the talk of the city. He was sympathetic as a woman, yet sturdy as a lion, detesting shams of all sorts, and fighting them with all his power and vigor.

He had many a time called the attention of the public to the nuisance of Abbott’s Row, but he had failed to remove it. He now came out and, in a glowing article, recounted the work that Cavallo had wrought, and by way of giving Abbott a further stab, said that
this great reform had been achieved in spite of Christian influence by a Jew.

The publication of this in Herr Muller's paper created an intense sensation. The next morning a number of influential citizens called to congratulate the doctor. Many of these had signed his petition. Prominent among them was Mr. Aaron Tobias. This gentleman had been connected with the fortunes of the city for over thirty years. He was an active, genial, public spirited man. He was placed on every committee and at the head of every movement for the benefit of the city. He held advanced ideas on all social and religious questions, and was withal generous and hospitable. Now he was effusive. He did not, before he read it in Herr Muller's paper, suspect that Dr. Cavallo belonged to his race, and the thought that a work that every one else had failed in had been wrought by one of his own people so pleased him that he ran over with feeling.

His evident delight touched the doctor himself and, he responded to the compliments of his new friend with some warmth. This gratified Mr. Tobias still more, and he went off and brought back Mr. Philip Herman whom he introduced as president of the congregation. Mr. Herman was a good man. This was felt in the grasp of his hand, in the tone of his voice, and in the benevolent aspect of his face. They talked of different matters, and the interview ended by Mr. Tobias arranging a dinner party at his house for the next Sunday at which he invited the doctor to be present.

The latter pleaded his profession, which made it extremely difficult for him to promise to attend a social gathering, but Mr. Tobias would not take 'no,' and
ended by obtaining the doctor's consent, no intervening circumstance preventing, to be present, and the two gentlemen took their leave highly gratified.

As the days went by, Dr. Cavallo found no reason why he should not fulfill his engagement, and Sunday found him walking up the steps of the Nusman residence.

Home is always a delight to the Jew. The family and the household are very dear to him, and these have interwoven all the little ties that bind the mem bers together, and act upon the Jews with tenfold force because of their isolation.

Mr. Tobias and his wife were never so happy as when dispensing hospitality, and the dinner was a great success. Mr. Herman and his wife were there and the conversation ran upon religious matters.

The doctor was introduced to the rabbi and was delighted with him. He found that he was a learned man, not only in his specialty, Hebrew literature, but in various other branches, and with it all he possessed the modesty that distinguishes the true student from the pretender. The rabbi spoke of the difficulty of keeping the congregation together when such diverse ideas prevailed, and added that the true reason is, because the thinkers, the men of advanced ideas, do not affiliate with the congregation. They drift away and may often be found scoffing at a state of things which they might remedy if they would but exert their influence and throw their efforts into the scale. Dr. Cavallo reflected. His promise to his uncle came up before him. Perhaps he was taking this very position. It was not by sneering at them, but by leading them, that Moses brought his people out of the land of Egypt. Suppose the great
prophet had stood afar off, satisfied with having mastered all the learning of the Egyptians, what would have been the result to his race?

Then Margaret's words of inspiration rose up before him.

He said: "Perhaps we are in fault in this matter. I feel that I have been derelict myself. I think that I will join your congregation."

The eyes of Mr. Herman shone with pleasure. "I shall take pride in presenting your name," he said.

Cavallo's mind was now made up. He had taken the last step that was lacking to identify himself with his people, and he had done this at the suggestion of the girl he loved. If she wedded another, if this should be an additional barrier between them, he had, at least, been true to the purpose which he had chosen as the guiding impulse of his life. He felt all the better for having made his choice, and he took part in the conversation, feeling that he was one of the little group.

The rabbi, too, felt strengthened by the accession. He was a very treasure house of fancy, and he gave selections from the Midrash, little fables, and touching stories of love and suffering, all pointing a moral, or conveying between the lines some great truth.

The Midrash is filled with this delicate poetry, the garnered wisdom of centuries of thought and study. It is as yet, to the Christian, an unexplored region, and as the rabbi unfolded it and dwelt upon what it taught, the doctor was astonished to find how deeply those old Hebrew seers had pondered upon that Providence that guides the actions of men, and, at a time when the rest of the world was wrapped in the dark-
ness of barbarism, they had demonstrated the principles of eternal justice, and embalmed them in these little parables for the benefit of posterity.

He was delighted that the rabbi stood on this high plane. It was a solace to find that he had gone over the same ground that he himself had traveled, and had arrived at the same conclusions.

Tobias, too, surprised him, for he found that he possessed fine literary taste, and was a man cultured in his manners and refined in his ideas. As for Herman, no one could be in his society long without feeling that in the affections, in the sterling qualities of the soul, the old man was fully entitled to the respect in which he was held by the community.

When the doctor had left the house and was on his way to the office, he thought that there was little sense or reason for any Jew to be ashamed of his people. "Here," he said to himself, "are three men that in intellect, in culture, in the higher qualities that adorn the character and give standing to a community, are fitted to take their place with the best." The thought gave him real pleasure. His task would not be so hard after all.

The main trouble, he mused, lies in their isolation. What should be done by this people is to affiliate with their neighbors; to take an active interest in affairs; to take hold of the questions of the day; to show that they are Americans, citizens of the great republic, and not caring for anything beyond. "The reproach against us," he said, "is that we wish to return to Jerusalem, when this is as absurd a proposition as if it were said that we wish to go back to Egypt. The Jew is a Jew because of his religion, not because of his country."
His native land is here, and there is nothing to prevent him from being the very highest type of an American citizen."

He began to speculate upon the best way to bring out his idea, and to elevate his people along this line. It was evident that it could not be done simply by making distinctively Jewish societies, but by encouraging the young men to mingle with their neighbors.

In short, he thought, we must make the Jew take the same plane as any other religious body, convincing the public that it is a religion with him and not a nationality. We do not continually throw up to a man that he is a Methodist or Baptist. The second generation that is coming up must be Americans by birth and Jews in religion, because this embodies the grandest ideas of God and the most enlarged type of humanity.

He felt under this new light that he could go to the synagogue and take part in the service, seeing in the old ceremonies only the fossil roots of things that once had a vital meaning, rescuing the people from idolatry, but which now are only the reminder of past and buried regulations.

He felt that this was the plane on which the rabbi stood, and that on this platform he could meet both Tobias and Herman.

"Observances," he soliloquized, "appeal strongly to some minds. Look how Masonry has, by its fidelity to certain sentiments, maintained its place in the world and is still a moving force bound together because it offers the largest expression of human brotherhood."

The more he pondered upon this subject the stronger he grew in his feeling that here was the work laid out for him. He felt that he could show Margaret that
along this line his career lay, and to develop it must be the purpose of his life.

To be a Jew, in this large conception, was to be the pioneer of advanced thought and the prophet of a larger life and more glorious hope.
CHAPTER XVII.

The weeks drifted by with little incident. Dr. Cav­allo had gone on his way unostentatiously, but he felt that his influence was extending. His practice had enormously increased. The poorer classes looked upon him with affection. Abbott still nourished his hatred and showed it even when they passed on the street. Bob broke the monotony of the doctor's humdrum life by now and then dropping in on him and talking metaphysics, science, religion, politics, and lastly, mining, for by this time his head began to be filled with mining schemes. Seidel was at times effusive, and at times distant. He was paying open attention to Miss Lawrence, and people began to whisper that he meant something more than the attentions of a friend. He accompanied her everywhere.

Timothy Dodd had wholly overcome his prejudice against the Jews and had taken a warm interest in the cottages of Mrs. Bernheim, but this grew more out of his attachment to the elder O'Hara girl than from any other motive. He spent many an hour at the cottage arguing with Pat on the "essentials, the corporosities and the perdicaments."

Between his work at the factories as watchman and arguing with Timothy, Pat expended the rest of his time in scoring "Moike" for his worthlessness in joining the Ham Heads and studying "divilment."
"That dom'd by'e," he said, "would rayther be rush-in' the growler than ingaged in an honest occupay-shun."

The doctor went to the synagogue, for Messrs. Tobias and Herman dropped in on him one Friday evening, saying that the rabbi would speak on an important subject that night, and since the doctor was already a member of the congregation they would feel happy in having him accompany them, which he did.

The rabbi spoke on "The Inspiration of the Pentateuch." After paying a glowing tribute to the ethics and moral precepts scattered throughout its pages, and after showing the amount of good those teachings have accomplished in the upbuilding of civilization, he cautiously, yet with scientific accuracy, showed the composite structure of that book. He brought out the fact, which must have been startlingly new to most of his hearers, that many of the events ascribed to Moses never could have been written by him, since they refer to a period long after his time. An inspired book, the rabbi said, must be historically, geographically and scientifically true in its every detail, and here citing contradictory passages, and glaring anachronisms, he conclusively proved to the satisfaction of the thinking portion of the congregation that the entire Pentateuch could not have been the work of inspiration.

Withal he presented a platform broad enough for all mankind. This was a new departure to most of the rabbi's flock, who were accustomed to regard the Pentateuch as divinely revealed. Dr. Cavallo listened with interest. It was in harmony with his own thoughts, but he had no idea that he should find such opinions boldly proclaimed from a Jewish pulpit.
Dr. Cavallo had been a close student in his reading, and had kept in touch with the reform movement, but years had passed since he had been inside of a synagogue, and his chief recollections were those of his boyhood, when he was sent to an ultra-orthodox one where the men and women were separated and the women were screened from the men. The men were wrapped in woolen and silken praying scarfs. Services were conducted exclusively in Hebrew, many of the prayers were shouted without any regard for rhythm, melody or harmony. The minister would once in two months, seldom oftener, deliver a sermon which acted as a perfect soporific. It was filled with quotations from the Talmud and commentaries and dealt largely with dietary laws, ritualistic observances and ceremonial rites.

Here the scene was entirely different. The families sat together. The praying scarfs had been laid aside. The men sat with uncovered heads. The noise gave way to decorum and devotion. The prayer book, while by no means modern enough to suit him and his views, was hundreds of years in advance of the old ritual. The music was melodiously intoned by a cultured choir, most of whom were Gentiles, but recognized masters of their art in the community. That which pleased him most was the large number of Christians, of both sexes, who listened attentively to the discourse of the rabbi. On the whole he felt glad and pleased. He said to himself, "I will come oftener." The two gentlemen who accompanied him were more than recompensed when, at the close of the service, Cavallo frankly gave them his views and the pleasing impressions that he had gained. He
also interchanged ideas on sociology and religion with the rabbi. He became more impressed with the fact that he had been passive these years, while Judaism was actively engaged in the work of the Renaissance.

A strong attachment grew up between himself and the rabbi, for he found him pleasant and congenial.

One day, after Cavallo's usual round of visits, he sat down with a feeling that he had earned a little time for himself. He recalled the look that Seidel had given him when they last parted. Then he thought of Margaret and he felt that he ought to call on the Lawrences. Then the picture of Abbott came up before him and the bitter hate that the old man cherished for him, and the pen picture of old Trapbois in Scott's portrait of the miser in "The Fortunes of Nigel," came into his mind. He was in this state of reverie when the door opened and the rabbi came in. His arrival was opportune, for Cavallo wanted some one to talk to and the rabbi was just the one whose conversation gave him relief.

Cavallo told him that he was sorry that he could not hear him last Friday night, but there were some points in his published address that met with his hearty approval. The subject was, "The Brotherhood of Religions," in which the rabbi had taken the ground that the elements of truth are contained in all beliefs, and that no one religion can claim a monopoly of the truth. That all religions have more or less the essence of revelation. With all of this the doctor, being in close sympathy, expressed his hearty concurrence.

"Your sermons, as far as I have heard and read them, hardly harmonize with your ritual. In your ritual you are exclusive, while your addresses are inclusive. I
have been estranged from the synagogue some years and ought to be the last to cast the first stone, yet permit me to remark that the English translation of some of the prayers is strained and the prayers, too, smack of medevial and oriental notions."

"My dear doctor," replied the rabbi, "I fully agree with you. No one realizes the situation, the glaring inaccuracies, the unpresentable methods which most congregations struggle under more than do I. Full well do I know that our prayer book was mostly composed in an age of wailing and tears, and is not apt to be strikingly inviting, nor fit the changed condition of the times. But you must not forget that it is yet within the recollection of many when the word reform was the scare crow and bug bear of all of the congregations. Now see how vast have been our improvement in this direction. You and I no longer could be induced to follow the methods that were in vogue when we were lads. So you see, little by little the spirit of the age broadens the horizon of the Jew."

"It seems to me," remarked Cavallo, "that from what I have seen of your members you will have very few obstacles placed in your way in furthering these advanced views."

The rabbi smiled significantly. "It is true, doctor, that most of my congregation are honest, sincere, good-natured, and some of them are even thinkers. The latter stand with their faces toward the sun. While born in the orthodox faith, they have long since left the wilderness, and are ready, as it were, to cross the Jordan, but like all communities there are some who are stumbling blocks. We have factions here, a few that are self-assertive, opinionated, wrong
headed, and conservative, but these men wield a considerable influence in the community, and rather than quarrel with them they are allowed to crush almost every proposition that would benefit the cause. It isn’t that they mean to do it, for I believe that they are, in their own way, somewhat conscientious, but the fact remains, all the same. At congregational meetings they make it so intolerably unpleasant for the advanced element that the latter frequently remain away, so that the others have the field all to themselves. What this congregation most sadly needs is leadership.”

“This is discouraging,” sympathized Cavallo, “for there is a great possibility in this very community of building up a religious sentiment.”

“That’s it,” replied the rabbi, “I know this to be a fact and, without a tinge of egotism, I feel this to be my mission. I am endeavoring, all that I can in an humble way, to weaken the walls of race prejudice, and undermine the social barriers which are erected by intolerance and hate, but there, again, how galling it is to me, doctor, when looking over the audience from the pulpit, seeing some of the very best Christians before me, I am compelled to read prayers that are tinged with narrow and tribal ideas.”

“I know it, and I feel for you, and I will gladly do all that I can, for I believe that the time has come for us to present the intellectual and the ethical side of our religion to the world at large that will bring us deserved recognition.”

The rabbi mused for a moment, looked his friend steadily in the face, then said: “We have known each other but a short time, still there seems to be an
understanding between us, for we are both working for the improvement of the community.’

“I sincerely hope so,” answered Cavallo.

“Well, you wish to help me, do you?”

“With all my heart.”

“Then start right now. Next Sunday a general meeting of the congregation will take place, when some very important changes in our ritual will be suggested. The new Union Hebrew Prayer Book will come up for adoption. I shall need strong backing, for, while Mr. Jacob Kinofsky has agreed to work for the prayer book, he is so uncertain that the chances are that he will work against it.”

Dr. Cavallo reflected. Some one must come to the assistance of the venerable rabbi. He did not particularly care to have a quarrel on his hands, but he could at least go and see for himself, and be then in a position to judge how great this sentiment was. Then, as a member of the congregation, he ought to take up his share of the burden and actively affiliate with them. He therefore slowly replied, “I will assist in this work to the utmost of my power, and I will be there as a listener, at all events.”

The rabbi, thanking him earnestly for his good will, bade him a warm good-bye.
When the president rapped for order every member of the congregation was in his seat. They felt that this was to be a red letter day in the annals of Ohabei Shalom. The new prayer-book was to come up for consideration. There was an air of expectancy over the whole assembly. The president briefly stated the object of the meeting, and hoped that harmony would prevail throughout its deliberations. "The prayer-book," said he, "has been before you for some weeks past, and has been adopted by most of the leading congregations in the land," and he hoped that the members of Ohabei Shalom would not be found in the rear of this advanced movement.

After the applause had subsided which the president's remarks elicited, Mr. Shultheimer moved the adoption of the prayer-book. This motion was seconded by at least one-half of the members present.

Mr. Einstein said that he wanted to say a word. Mr. Einstein was a large, fat man, who wanted to pose as a great reformer and benefactor of his race. In the matter of swelling words he was perfectly at home, and on this occasion he was full to the chin. He said he was in favor of reform in pretty nearly everything except when these bigots wanted to close all the barber shops on Sundays and shut up the clothing stores
so that a man couldn’t get a clean shave nor a clean shirt when he came in off the road. Every man ought to have his religious scruples respected, but they were carrying this closing business too far.

Here the president called him to order and inquired what barber shops had to do with the prayer book.

“There are people,” said Mr. Einstein, “who want a new set of prayers.” For his part he was willing to pray out of any book, so that the people were satisfied. It was all the same to him. He had noticed this, that those who didn’t pray at all were the ones who stuck closest to the old ritual.

Mr. Ikelheim said that he fully agreed with everything that Mr. Einstein had said. Mr. Einstein had put it very nicely. He wanted something new. He wanted to be advanced. These old things must be dropped and advanced ideas taken up.

Several other members spoke strongly urging the adoption of the prayer book.

Then a call was made for the rabbi.

He briefly explained its origin and contents. It was the outcome, said he, of careful study. He showed that congregations in this country had, in the last years, multiplied prayer books so much so, that it became necessary for an Israelite, who left his own home and desired to worship elsewhere, to take a trunk load of various prayer books if he desired to keep in touch with the services at the places he visited.

After many years of earnest work by the rabbis, the new prayer book has been adopted by their conference, the most representative body of its kind in the world. These men are scholars, devoted to their duties, profound thinkers, in love with their calling, champions
of progress. The prayer book is in line with the spirit of modern Judaism. All oriental notions and all references to a return to Jerusalem have been eliminated. In fact a broad spirit of catholicity breathes throughout its pages.

There was a pause and then Mr. Kinofsky arose.

He was a thin, wild looking man with a short figure, a haggard face, black hair, a pair of restless eyes and a beard that ran out straight from his pointed chin. His huge nose, hooked like a parrot's beak, and his narrow forehead with its heavy crop of coarse black hair, down low, gave him such an air that lately he went in the city by the nickname of "Svengali." He had come to the city as the van guard in the great Russian persecution some years before. He started as a peddler, and from having a pack he had now risen to the dignity of two horses and a cart, and a peddler or two under him, and he began to traffic in rags, in old iron, and in all the waste of the city. He became the leader of the Russian Jews, and assumed authority over them, so that he represented that element in the congregation. This gave him a sort of power and influence which he was not slow to use. He stoutly opposed every innovation, regularly bound the phylacteries on his arm and forehead, kissed the tsitsis (the fringe on the praying shawl) when he prayed, and kept all the fasts and feasts religiously. It hurt him when the prayingshawls were laid aside. At every new idea he raised his voice in angry protest, and he always managed to stir up strife over it. The congregation suspected that the proposition to introduce a new prayer book would arouse his active opposition.

He had begun by being subservient to his superiors,
now he had outgrown all of this. He was dictatorial, and loved to give his commands in a loud voice. His favorite phrase was, "You hear me."

He was short, but lean, and he hobbled as he walked. Now, he arose and said: "Meester President," and every one turned and looked at him.

Seeing this, he went down in front, and looked at the congregation. Some of the audience laughed, but he stopped this by waving his hand at them.

Then he repeated, "Meester President: I haf noodings to say. Eef dat book suit you it suit me," at which remark he received a round of applause.

He went on, "Vell, vell, not so geshvind (jargon for fast), my frents. Dat vas a goot book, I hav no objection in beleieving it. Unt eef dat book goomes into der showol (synagogue) out goes Yacob Kinofsky. You hear me. Mine frent, Mr. Einstein, says giv de peeble vat dey vants, unt mine frent, Mr. Ikelheim, vants dat book too. Vell, vell let dem hav dat book vid mine gompliments, but, you hear me, dat book will nefer gum into dat showol ven I knows mineself. Mine frent, der rabbi, gets on de ground unt says, dat book is goot, it's nice, it's great, it's vine, it vas made by dem rabbis vots knows all about our neets unt our vants. Who is dem rabbis vat goomes up unt tells us ve vants you to take dot book for to pray? I am a Yehudi (Jew), Meester President unt shentelmens, unt do you mean to tell me," (here he adjusted his spectacles, and holding up the prayer book before the congregation, shook it at the rabbi, exclaiming, at the top of his voice), "Ees dis die book dat you vants our childrens to take; vy die book stharts upside down, dere is no musif (part of the prayer); I finds no kedusha (sanctification
prayer), unt many more dings I dont finds any ; dis vas gomposed by dem rabbis dat is so great. Vat dey doos? Dey shmoke on Shabbas (Sabbath), dey eat trafe, dey talks of Chaysus, unt dem otter fellows from die pulbit. Dey vant us all to begum goym (gentiles), Gatholics ! Gatholics !! Gatholics !!! dey vant us all to begum."

Here he was interrupted by Mr. Tobias, who interposed an objection that the gentleman should be a little more guarded in his expressions.

At this, Mr. Kinofsky nearly lost his head, vehemently retorting that Mr. Tobias was no good Yehudi, and telling that gentleman to shut up. Shaking his hand before the rabbi's face, he shouted, "You vants new prayer-book, eh, eh, to begum Gatholics ! Gatholics !!"

The rabbi good-naturedly remarked, "Will you kindly explain, Mr. Kinofsky, what you mean by this insinuation?"

"I takes no insults from you," roared Mr. Kinofsky. "I leave it to die people here, you did say before dat dat prayer-book was full of Gatholics."

Here they all burst out in a good-humored laugh, and Mr. Tobias remarked that Mr. Kinofsky evidently alluded to the fact that the rabbi stated that the prayer-book breathes a broad spirit of catholicity. "I would suggest, Mr. President, that for the benefit of the gentleman, we secure a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and he will find that the word our rabbi used is the broadest expression of universal love."

At this Mr. Kinofsky was furious. He approached Mr. Tobias, and roared, "You teach me, you tells me to gets Webster's Dichionary unter die bridge. You hear me. You, your'e a vine chudge, a vine oxample
of Yehudaism. You gets up here die last meeting unt say, ve don't vants no more shofar, no shofar (ram's horn). Eh, you hear me. Vat's goin' to begum of you. For a man likes you, ve don't vants no more Yehudaism, ve don't vants no more relic hi on ; you don't vant no more shofar. Die next ding you vill vants a Ghrchristmas tree, and then you vill vants a grucifix on die outside of die shool. Ah, ha! You hear me. Ah, ah! Vat you say, now, you fellows?"

Mr. Rixman, a progressive man, here interposed, and said: "We are not a set of school boys, Mr. President, to be tortured by this gifted Demosthenes. I, for on_e, will no longer submit to it."

"Vat," shrieked Kinofsky, "you calls me names. Ah, ha. I show you who made you. Ven you gums into me, asking me to vote for a prayer-book, you don't speaks dat vay ; you shust vait, I get even vid you some day. You hear me."

"I call Mr. Konifsky to order," said Mr. Davids, a young professional man.

At that Mr. Kinofsky turned on him, and his voice was hoarse with rage. "Orters," he said "orters. Who gives me orters. I give orters. I send my mens after orters. You give me orters. Ah, ha! I show you. I takes orters from no boty."

"You are not speaking to the question," said the President of the congregation, mildly.


Dr. Cavallo was disgusted, and he showed it so plainly in his face that Mr. Tobias came over to him and whispered, "This is fun, isn't it?"
The doctor was annoyed more than he cared to own. He had had an idea that his work lay in the direction of advanced Judaism, and he was at the very outset brought face to face with the most repulsive features of the whole subject.

He replied to Mr. Tobias, "Why do they not stop such an outrageous performance?"

"My dear sir," responded Tobias, "he is a member of the congregation and has the right to talk, but I will speak to him."

So Mr. Tobias arose and suggested that Mr. Kinofsky had spoken about long enough and fully as long as he was entitled to.

Kinofsky turned on him at once. "Ah ha," he yelled. "Because I don't pay but tweluv tollar unt a halup a year, you tinks you put me down. Ah ha, you hear me. I vas a Jehudi and I vill talk. I vill say vats is in mine het."

He went on working himself up into a towering rage walking up and down the aisle screaming at the top of his voice. Pausing in front of one man he shouted: "You don't want no shofar, you don't keep no Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement). You are no gut Jehudi." He swung his fists, and at last one member said:

"There is no longer any sense in tolerating this man's abuse. He means to rule or ruin."

This was as fire to tow. He shouted ten times louder than before. "Yes, ah, ha, that vos me. Yes, I vill rule or ruin. Ah, ha. Yes, I vill! No shofar. You hear me, no Yom Kippur. No nodings, all gone. I vos a Choo. Tam dat prayer book, you hear me. I vas Yakob Kinofsky, unt ven the new prayer book
gomes in, I goes out. Ven Yakob Kinofsky goes out, everydings goes too, you hear me. I vos all vool unt a yard vide on prayer books unt dings. I don't takes a back seat from no man." And he ended by shaking his fist under the nose of a new member and wanting to fight. The uproar increased. Every member was on his feet and wanted to say a word. Mr. Kinofsky became more and more excited. He vowed he would start another congregation, he said that he was the only true Jew in the city and he knew more Hebrew than the rabbi. Tobias whispered to Cavallo that, while he could read a little Hebrew, he did not understand what a word of it meant.

All of this time Mr. Kinofsky was prancing up and down, waving his hand and shouting.

By this time Kinofsky had found an ally, a man with a deep Russian brogue who had to leave his native home near Wilna while quite a young man. Fortune had smiled upon him in a small way. He had led a life of strict economy and he had, with the shrewdness of his race, convinced the community that by means of fire sales he sold clothing cheaper than any one else. He was a true bigot and he gloried in it. For years he was a member of a little Russian-Polish congregation conspicuous for its quarrels and its penchant for dragging its dirty linen through the police courts. These men were a set of uncouth individuals, driven away from their native home, and while hard-working and sober, they were anything but an honor to Judaism. They practiced the old rites, intoned the liturgy in traditional melodies and their entire religious life smacked of Palestine rather than America. They all wanted to be leaders. They all posed as rab-
bis and teachers. The members of the *Ohabei Shalom* did not recognize them, but they would, out of kindness, contribute to the support of the *Shochet* (ritual butcher). In this congregation Mr. Abramovitz was a shining light, but he had finally quarreled with his Polish brethren and then affiliated with *Ohabei Shalom*. He prided himself on his perfect mastery of Hebrew literature and in all his dealings and conversations he flaunted some quotations from the old masters, but never with any accuracy. In fact, he was the most superficial fellow in the congregation. He had a few smattering sentences, picked up in his boyhood, when he was sent to a Hebrew school. When Abramovitz became excited he relapsed into "Yiddish" (Hebrew jargon).

When he first attached himself to *Ohabei Shalom* he was a fawning follower of the rabbi, but the latter soon incurred his enmity. In delivering a series of addresses he made a plea for advanced thought. One of these discourses troubled Abramovitz.

In this the rabbi made a strong appeal for a closer union between the different denominations, and he mentioned the name of Jesus from the pulpit, lauding him as a great teacher. This was enough for Abramovitz. He declared that the rabbi was an enemy of Israel. Here now was his opportunity to display his friendship for Kinofsky, exhibit his marvelous acquaintance with Jewish literature, and give his spiritual guide an underhanded slap.

"Brooder President," he began, "I was broud dat I livs, unt I was broud dat I vas here to listen to die vords of mine goot frent, Meester Yakob Kinofsky. He vas a *Jehudi*, vat I calls a Choo, and so vas I. Who vants
to tell me about *sidder*? Vill dese rabbis write prayers for us? Mine frents, gib a look in dat book (singing his words), unt tell me eef dem *Goyim* (Gentiles), eef dem Shabbes-breakers, *cha zer fressers* (swine eaters), is fit to make *tfillis* (rituals). The *Anshe Keneses hagadolah* (the men of the Great Synagogue), (still singing the words as he spoke), the makers of the goot *tfillah*, vas men *zaddikim, landonim* (pious scholars), ai, ai, ai, unt dat book our footers unt our mooters vent mit it, day unt night, shlept mit it, unt vaked mit it, unt valked efry hour unt efry minit. Dem vere Choo rabbis, by golly, dat knows vat is vat. Dis book (opening the book widely and almost breaking it) is a Chooish book, eh; it is a Anglis book, unt, Meester President, mine heart unt mine soul vas vid Mr. Kinofsky, unt eef dat book gums in here, I, too goes out."

Having exhausted himself, the speaker sat down.

Here a number of gentlemen tried to catch the president's eye, but Mr. Kinofsky jumped to his feet, and continued his remarks, giving no other one a chance, but his voice was so hoarse with shouting and screaming, nothing could be understood.

An uproar set in, and the president, fearing that it might break up in a *melee*, adjourned the meeting, and the members gathered in little groups, and discussed the unfortunate occurrence in an excited manner.

Cavallo was joined by the rabbi, Herman, and Tobias, and together they walked out of the synagogue, leaving Kinofsky and Abramovitz berating the whole thing, the members, the rabbi, the prayer-book, and everybody connected with it, to such members of the congregation as would listen, either from sympathy or for the humor of the scene.
As the little group walked away, Cavallo said, "And this is the sort of men by whom we are judged. These noisy, disagreeable, screeching fools, stamp the name of Jew with opprobrium, and make us a taunt, a byword, and a reproach in the eyes of the world!"

"My dear sir," replied the rabbi, "think that that man represents years of repression and persecution. His ancestors and himself have been fairly ground into the earth. He has been condemned to every sort of indignity, and every kind of epithet has been heaped upon him. Through it all he has been taught that he is in a state of exile. The time will come, he was told, when he would be rescued and taken back to the promised land. Everything depended upon his keeping up the old customs and the old observances. It was because his fathers neglected these that they were first enslaved by Babylon. The time that they have been outcasts and captives cuts no figure, for were they not four hundred years in the land of Egypt? Were they not for seventy years in Babylon? The longer the time the more glorious the deliverance. To speak, therefore, of change to such a one as Kinofsky, is to shock all of his sentiments and to arouse all of his prejudices. He does not see the tendencies of modern thought. He does not see that restoration is impossible, and that if the command to go back to Palestine were received to-morrow, he would be the last to go, in fact, he would not go at all. He simply resists all change. He would like to feel that everything is just as it was, and when this is done he is satisfied. It is possible to elevate his children. It is not possible to move him."

"And Abramovitz?" asked Tobias.
"The same thing with Abramovitz," returned the rabbi. "He has a little more superficial culture than Kinofsky, and a little more sense of propriety, but he has not enough to take him out of the same rut. In fact, he represents the old maxim that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Then he wanted to pose as the friend of Kinofsky and get a dig at me. He knows better, but when he thought that he could make a point, he sacrificed everything else and took up a position that he knew he could not sustain. In fact, the evolution of these great ideas have not reached either of them; the one is protected by his ignorance, the other by his conceit."

"I can say these things," continued the rabbi, "for I am a Polish Jew myself, and received my early education at Warsaw. The history of the Jews in Poland is one of the most romantic and pathetic that can be conceived. You know that for hundreds of years and all through the Middle Ages, the Polish Jew occupied a position of prominence throughout that kingdom. He was then progressive and in advance of his times even. He was the teacher. It was to Poland that the Jews in France and Germany looked for their rabbis. The names of Shalom Shachna, Solomon Lurya and Moses Isserles are beacon lights in the line of classical scholarship. To them were submitted all the difficult questions that the Hebrew scholars in Germany, in France and in Italy were incapable of answering. Since the terrible persecution of the Czars, a great many of them have been forced into narrow grooves, but even today, nowhere in the world is the love of study so intensified, as it is among these Polish and Russian Jews. Many a father and mother have denied themselves the neces-
saries of life to procure some education for their children. I can well remember, some forty years ago, seeing this great thirst for knowledge displayed even by the poorest class. The mechanics, the workingmen, congregated in their synagogues, which were provided with plenty of books, and devoted at least one hour every day to the study of the law. Many of these people being denied by the government a secular education, have been forced to fall back upon the Hebrew literature alone for their intellectual development, and this has made them all the more scrupulous in the observance of the law, and opposed to the slightest change.

"A few years ago when I went back to Poland on a visit, I was struck with the sight of old, white haired men pouring over Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, and others, whose works had been translated into Hebrew, showing, that with all of their disadvantages, they were endeavoring to reach out after higher culture. It is almost a common thing in all Polish and Russian cities which Jews inhabit, to find them repairing night after night, and almost the entire day Saturday, to the Beth Hamedrisch (House of Learning). They themselves, no matter how poor they are, superintend, to a great extent, the education of their children. In Russia and Poland some of these very Jews, notwithstanding their disabilities, have risen to the very highest summit of culture and learning. This is particularly the case in literature, in art, in law, in music, in philology, in mathematics, and in many other branches of culture. While we sneer at the Polish peddler, did you ever reflect, doctor, that these Jews have the spirit of the martyr in them? They are pushed out in the world. They
have been driven from their own land, and nearly all other countries have closed the door against them. Even their own brethren in other lands sneer at them for their manners, for which they are not to blame. They have been crushed in their own home and derided in every other, and yet they could, by renouncing their faith, have been allowed to live in their own country, and could have had all honors conferred on them. That they have chosen to accept degradation, starvation, scorn, contempt and misery rather than to forsake their own faith, is the strongest tribute that could be adduced that the spirit of Judaism is not yet dead, but is an ever living and vital principle. Those who say with a sneer that there is no spirituality in Judaism ought to take off their hats to the next poor Polish peddler they meet and ask his pardon, for his shoe latchet they are unworthy to loose."

"It seems to me," said Tobias, "that these two are like blocks of granite. They are partially embedded in the soil; trees grow above them, flowers spring up, blossom and bear seed; grass fringes their base, and the sky and sun put on their wonderful changes over them, but the granite changes not, and remains, year after year, solid, fixed and immovable."

"Yes," said the rabbi, "but, after a time, even the granite yields to the gentle influence of the summer showers, and little by little they change the outline of the boulder, wearing away a rough corner here and smoothing down a rugged edge there, until at last the lichens begin to grow upon its surface, and finally it, too, shows the effects of cultivation."

"I did not know that you were a poet, Tobias, I knew that the rabbi was given to this, but I never ex-
pected to hear it from you," Mr. Herman laughingly remarked.

Then, addressing the doctor, he added: "I am, indeed, sorry that this should have occurred when you made your first appearance officially. There are in all communities, as you well know, men who, while they are boisterous and obstreperous, are still not bad fellows at heart. They are well meaning in their way, as our friend remarked justly. They had a different training, different bringing up. Why, even the devil, they say, is not so black as he is painted. These people will come around in time, and I have no apprehension as to the adoption of the Union Prayer Book. Every thing will be all right in time. For the present, we must let matters cool off some. Let this not, however, estrange you, as you see we need you more than ever."

Shaking hands warmly, they parted.
When the doctor reached his office, he found on his table a note from Mrs. Bernheim asking him to come up to the house to meet Ram Chunder Sen, the great Brahmin, who would deliver a discourse on the Occult Science. The doctor smiled to himself. He cared little for this sort of thing. There are enough mysticisms in real life to satisfy him, but he would not disappoint his good friend who had stood by him in his philanthropic measures and given them such enthusiastic support, and so he wended his way to the Bernheim mansion and soon was in the parlors of his hostess. He found Ram Chunder Sen, the perfect type of a Brahmin after the most approved idea. He was a tall, dark man, speaking fairly good English, with a pleasant accent, but with a dignity that manifested itself in every wave of his hand, in every intonation and inflection of his voice.

When the doctor came in, the eminent Hindoo was delivering a discourse upon the world's cycles. If we take two dice, he said, after so many throws we shall see that we shall have double sixes once in so long, and we can depend upon these coming up with the sixes uppermost once in so often. If we take three dice we shall find that once in so long the sixes will come face uppermost. It will take longer with three
than with two. The same law holds good with four. If we take a dozen dice we shall discover that in so many throws we shall find all of the dice fall with the sixes uppermost.

If we take ten thousand dice the same law holds good. After so many throws, it may be ten thousand, it may be a million, all of the dice will fall with the six face uppermost. So we, in this room, are composed of so many atoms of matter. We meet here in a certain position. Now, in time, all of the atoms composing our systems will come together in the same positions that they are in now, and we shall be doing just the same thing that we are now doing. It may take millions of years or millions of millions of years to do this, but this does not count in eternity.

This was delivered in a dreamy tone, suggestive of the very deepest of the occult sciences, and Cavallo listened with an amused interest and watched the effect on the audience. Most of them were painfully interested, and took in the words of the mystic as those of a prophet.

When the lecture was over the guests were presented to Ram Chunder Sen, and then they strolled about the rooms. One man particularly attracted Cavallo's attention. He was of medium size. His countenance, heavy and characterless, was illumined by a pair of sleepy eyes and his face was set off by a tremendous mouth. He was introduced to the doctor by the name of Mr. Lurello Nagle. Mr. Nagle greeted him with one of those lifeless hand shakings that feels fish-like in its deadness.

The doctor asked him how he liked the lecture.
Mr. Nagle sighed disdainfully. "I can only say, in the language of Lincoln, 'For those who like this sort
of a thing, this is pretty much the sort of thing that they would like.’”

Cavallo stopped to analyze his new-made acquaintance. He found that Mr. Nagle had an ill opinion of everything and everybody. When he could not openly sneer, he maligned and he damned with faint praise everything that came under his notice.

Mrs. Nagle was entertaining a group of friends in a corner. She gracefully greeted the doctor as he was presented to her by her husband. She was a tall, regal woman, with heavy black hair, and eyebrows that met across her nose. She responded to the doctor’s formal compliments by saying that she had heard of him, and was proud to meet him.

She was extremely gracious and vivacious. She told him that she believed in science, that “she and Lurello took nothing on trust.” She made fun of both Jews and Christians, of everything and everybody, but she contrived to intersperse so many compliments to the doctor, and even Nagle aroused himself to except the doctor from his sweeping denunciations, so that before he knew it himself, they had extracted a promise from Cavallo that he would do them the honor of taking dinner with them the next Sunday. He noticed after he had given a somewhat reluctant consent, a significant look pass between the two, and this puzzled him. They were, however, so very polite, and Mrs. Nagle so “deared” Mrs. Bernheim, and was treated by that lady with such courtesy, that he felt ashamed of his doubts. He did not like Nagle’s face, but that, he said, was probably owing to his tremendous mouth, and after all, this was a mark that no one, he said to himself, ought to find fault with, that Nagle could not help it.
CHAPTER XX.

The Sunday following saw the doctor on his way to the Nagle dwelling. He found that they lived in a flat, somewhat pretentious in its outward appearance, but in the interior there was an air of shoddy, and of an effort to make the most of everything. One felt this in the furniture, in the carpets, in the cheap books, — little articles on the mantel and tables. It was one of those places where, to use a French phrase, the different articles in the room "swear at each other."

The doctor was surprised to find his old acquaintance Seidel there as the sole guest. He seemed to be on very intimate terms with the husband and wife. The meal was eaten with a great apparent flow of good humor. The doctor remarked that both Seidel and the Nagles made special efforts to win his favor. They laughed at everything humorous that he said, openly flattered him to his face, and dwelt at length on his efforts with Abbott's Row in such a way that it annoyed him. He disclaimed their compliments, loaded with effusive remarks, in which Seidel seemed to join, and while unsparing in criticisms of everything else, they made an open exception to him. Even Mrs. Bernheim did not escape.

"I like her," said Mrs. Nagle, "but I would like her very much better if she were not so pronouncedly Jewish."
The doctor looked at her with an air of grave surprise. "I thought that you were a Jewess," said he. "Surely, the grand niece of the great Rabbi Helsfelder, the greatest authority on the Talmud in this country, cannot be ashamed of her race?"

"I simply detest it," she said, "and I wonder how you can bear to identify yourself with this people, who are so gross, so coarse. I threw them overboard long ago."

Nagle smiled his malevolent smile, in which his mouth seemed ready to take in all the world. "You will find no superstition here. We believe only in what we can see. As for those ceremonies they are simply stupid. The Talmud is a pack of trash, and the Bible is not much better."

His wife eagerly seconded his assertions, and together, they ridiculed all the old beliefs. Seidel joined in occasionally and assisted them. The doctor thought he saw, that while Seidel was secretly encouraging Nagle in his talk, he was sneering at him all the time, and finally, Mrs. Nagle, as if she were acting a part, openly snubbed her husband, and appealed to Seidel for authority for her remarks.

The doctor watched this by-play, and wondered why he had been selected for the bystander and witness in this strange domestic drama. For Nagle did not relish the position, and while he seemed to be afraid of his wife, he ventured once or twice to enter his protest, at which she snubbed him more remorselessly than ever. He made it up by abusing all of his acquaintances, in which she encouraged him.

Finally, as the meal wore away, Seidel began to condole with Cavallo for the fate that had thrown him into
active practice, and said, openly, that with his talents he could do much better. Then he showed how Nagle would make a small fortune by getting hold of some of the mining stock, and that the chances now lay open and fair for any one to embark.

Mrs. Nagle joined in, and with her feminine curiosity wanted to know if they would not pay her a commission if she sold some of the stock. And Seidel went on to show that in the West women brokers were quite common, and great fortunes had been made by getting hold of stock at a low figure, and unloading when the time was ripe.

Doctor Cavallo smiled to himself at this bait so thinly disguised, and seemed to acquiesce in all the propositions that were started. He said that he had no doubt that a great deal of money had been made that way.

Seidel at this, brought up the career of the bonanza kings, of a great many cases where men, poor one week, had, by means of a lucky strike, accumulated enough to last them all of their lives. He went on to say that with the modern methods of business, any man was a fool to slave at a profession when he might, by one lucky investment, realize enough to keep the wolf from the door forever.

To all of this the doctor, by his silence, seemed to give assent.

Then Seidel went on to show that in this age and day what is needed is something to speculate with. The intrinsic value is nothing. Here is Reading stock, The stock cannot pay a dividend for years, no matter how well it may be managed, and yet there is always a market for it. They buy and sell it with avidity, and all because it fluctuates in value.
“So,” replied the doctor, “you are really doing the community a service by unloading on them a lot of stocks that will not be worth anything, but that will, in their rapid decline or fictitious advance, give them something to speculate with.”

“It is not quite so bad as that,” Seidel laughed, “because some of these stocks may be worth something at some time. If they make a lucky strike the stock will be worth all we ask for it. Of course they have to take their chances.”

Little by little the conversation drifted around to the part that each was to play in the affair. Seidel was to pose as the capitalist. Nagle was to play the chemist and assayist and to give glowing reports whenever they were to ask him, and he was to be sent out to the mines by a committee to be appointed by the stockholders. This Seidel undertook to manipulate. It was not without many explanations and misgivings and tacking and filling that, after a time, it all came out. They needed some man of character to head the enterprise and they had selected Cavallo to take this place. If he would go in, they thought that he could interest Bernheim and Tobias, and with these two names Nagle felt sure he could float a large block of the stock.

This was, in brief, what they hoped to do, but Seidel was too good a student of human nature to spring this upon the doctor without a vast deal of preliminary talk. He even attempted to put it to him on his benevolent side, and talked learnedly in regard to the policy of the country in opening mines and developing the west.

The doctor declined the proposition. He never
speculated and he did not know anything about mining. He had always understood that it was a calling that took an expert, and he did not care to embark in it.

They pressed the matter, appealing to his cupidity. Here was an opportunity to make more money in one week than he could make in his practice in a year or five years. Why not embrace it? Everyone speculated more or less, and this was as legitimate a deal as any.

Mrs. Nagle even appealed to him to do it for her sake because she wanted to make a little money.

If anything more were needed to disgust the doctor, it was this open expression of avarice, and he positively declined. Conversation lagged after this. The meal had long since been finished and they had adjourned to the parlor. Cavallo, pleading an engagement, soon after took his leave.

As he went down the steps Seidel looked at him and muttered under his breath, "The infernal Jew." Turning, he saw Nagle watching him with his cavernous grin.

"He didn't bite, did he?" he sneered. Nagle could not help making an ill-natured remark, even when it told against himself.

"No," said Seidel, "but I will put a tack into him yet,"

On his way home the doctor stopped a moment at Tobias's. That gentleman was in high good humor and asked him where he had been.

"I have taken dinner with the Nagles."

At that Tobias burst into a roar of laughter.

"Who are they?" asked Cavallo. "I have been
told that Mrs. Nagle was the niece of Rabbi Helsfelder, and I expected to find them enthusiastic over the future of the race."

"And you found them the very opposite. Well, they are, in a word, renegades. They profess not to be Jews. He is a bookkeeper holding a position in one of our establishments. He also sets himself up as a scientist. He professes to be a microscopist, and he has filled his wife with the same sort of nonsense. She is dying after social recognition. She runs after Mrs. Bernheim for what favors she can get out of her, and abuses her behind her back. She courts the society of Christians, and is roundly snubbed by them, of course. They are both of them soured and unhappy, berating every one, and while professing to be no Jews, they get the epithet, Jew, thrown in their faces at every turn. For my part I am sorry for them, but you will find this class everywhere. There are a set of fellows, who, the moment they make a little money, begin to have Christmas trees, and to imitate the Christians, without daring to wholly forsake the customs of their fathers. They are a sorry set of citizens, and you will find that their acquaintance will profit you very little, because they are continually trying to make money out of every one with whom they associate. They have only one idea, and that is, to get out of everyone something to better themselves; either social position or cash. This is the price of their friendship, and their whole aim."

Cavallo smiled, but said nothing.
CHAPTER XXI.

Seidel had been, as we have seen, making his home with the Lawrences. He had drawn Bob, out of the very good nature of the latter, into his mining schemes, but not to such an extent as he had hoped. For Seidel could not keep money. It flowed through his fingers like water. If he sold a little stock to-day, he spent the money to-morrow.

He felt that Mrs. Lawrence did not fancy him much, and that she rather deprecated the influence that he had over Bob.

While he treated Margaret with deference, he assumed a certain air of superiority that Mrs. Lawrence did not like. If Margaret noticed it she did not betray it, but repaid Seidel's talk with good humored gaiety. He had discovered that Dr. Cavallo loved the fair and gentle girl, and, partly to revenge himself upon the latter, and partly to lay the train for an advantageous alliance, he now began to pay Margaret more open and marked attentions than before. He hoped that even if he did not compromise her in some way by doing this it would give Cavallo pain.

When, however, Cavallo refused his offer to go into his stock schemes, Seidel felt that he had no time to lose and his attentions began to be more demonstrative. He dropped his superior airs and put on the
character of a lover. Bob saw all this and was heartily amused at it, but he did not interfere in the matter, for he thought that Seidel was not much to his sister's liking.

One day Seidel found Margaret alone in the library and he took the opportunity to declare his sentiments. He described his lonely life. How from boyhood he had fought his way up, getting an education and winning his diploma, as a doctor, in spite of every effort to prevent him on the part of his own people who wanted to make use of his services.

He thought to himself, "If I can win her sympathy I am safe."

He grew warmer and warmer as he went on, telling her that he had never seen any woman who was so much a part of his life as was hers, and that she had been to him the one bright spot in his later existence. He was now in such a position, he told her, that he could offer the woman of his choice all the comforts and luxuries that would make existence enjoyable.

He was perfectly at home in this, for he could simulate a passion that he did not feel, and he was a good actor, besides, Margaret flattered his vanity. He thought that she would look uncommonly well as his wife.

As for love, he laughed at that, and believed that marriage was like any other contract entered into for the mutual profit of both parties, and it ought to be dissolved the moment it became irksome. He did not avow these sentiments while seeking Margaret's hand, but he set forth in the most roseate light, as likely to affect her, all the advantages from his standpoint, and ended by asking her flatly to tell him whether she appreciated his affection, and would grant his suit.
Margaret was no coquette, but she listened to Seidel with the utmost composure. There was such an air of insincerity in all that he said, that she felt here was no soul desirous of finding a congenial companion. It was the cool calculation of the speculator, making as good a bargain as he could, and haggling over the details to show that he was giving more than he received.

She, therefore, told him that he did her too much honor. She was only a simple maiden, not worthy of so great a place as to be the bride of the rich Mr. Seidel. That she hoped he would recall his words, for she felt sure that they must have been uttered without due consideration. She was certain that they did not have the slightest affiliation in either temper or taste, and while she might be gratified at his proposal and condescension, she could not accept it.

He grew a little angry at this, and charged her with having acted the part of a coquette.

This she repelled, saying, that she had treated him as her brother’s friend and guest, and that if she had displayed any interest in him, it was only to try and make him feel at home—mere hospitality—such as she would have accorded to any stranger. Then she added that it was his vanity that spoke, not his affections.

He saw that he had made a mistake, and begged her pardon, but he wanted her to consider his case for a moment. He was in earnest. He wanted her for his wife. If he had not been demonstrative, it was because he had been taught by a long intercourse with the world to conceal his feelings, and not to allow every one to scan his heart. If she needed more time, he would cheerfully give it to her, but he wanted her to give him hope.
To this she returned a decided negative. She did not love him, she told him, and she never could bring herself to regard him with that feeling that she must bestow upon the man whom she would select.

He grew angry at this, and asked her if this refusal arose because her affections were already pledged.

She refused to allow him to catechise her. It was enough for him to know that she did not love him and never would.

Then he grew exceedingly angry, and tauntingly told her that she would do well to remember that she might go through the woods like other maidens, and pick up a crooked stick at the last.

She gave him no reply.

He went on with increasing bitterness and sarcasm, and said that when a girl was willing to overlook a question so great as a difference in race, there was no telling what to expect.

She turned her indignant glance full upon him, and swept out of the room.

He cursed his folly as soon as she had gone, and thought that he would apologize for his rude and uncourteous speech. Then he reflected that the best thing he could do would be to say nothing. She would not marry him, this was certain, and the only thing left was to do the next best thing. He saw Mrs. Lawrence, and laughingly bade her good-bye, saying he must go to Chicago. He told Bob that he must leave for a few days and attend to some business, and that he had shared his hospitality a good while, for which he thanked him. He cursed Cavallo, inwardly, as he took his way to the train, and spent the time in considering what trap he should set for that individual.
If he had cherished a dislike for him before, now he hated him with a virulence that knew no bounds. He swore to himself that he would get even with him.

When he came back from his trip he took up his abode with the Nagles.
CHAPTER XXII.

When Dr. Cavallo found, one afternoon, upon his call-book a notice that Mrs. Wm. Allen requested his services at once, for her daughter was seriously ill, he made a wry face.

"That pink and white bundle of femininity has been eating too much candy and too many bon bons, and thinks that I can give her something to set her right. But it is not a doctor's province to choose his patients," he mused and he set out for the Allen home. A very beautiful place it was, surrounded by old trees, in a lovely yard, and adorned with everything that wealth could furnish. He was admitted to the sitting-room, and there he found his patient, a young woman of perhaps twenty years of age, dressed in an extravagant negligée, lolling in a rocking-chair. She looked, indeed, like an invalid, for she had a muddy complexion, a sallow skin, her mouth was drawn in at the corners, and her lips were dry and parched. She had been engaged in reading a novel and in chewing gum. The book she hid under her seat, while the gum she dexterously put on the chair-back, showing that she had acquired the habit by long practice. Her mother was a well-preserved matron of fifty years. She had worked and toiled in her younger days with her husband, and had acquired a tract of
land near the city, where they had carried on the business of market gardeners. The rapid growth of the city had swallowed it up, and Allen had sold it for more per inch, they used to say, than he paid per acre. He was a shrewd, careful man, and he did not allow any of this wealth to slip through his fingers. His wife, plain and sensible about everything else, made a fool of her daughter, for she brought her up in worse than idleness. Reading novels and rocking all day in an easy chair, was about all the occupation that this young lady followed. The doctor felt her pulse, as he had done fifty times before, and said:

"Miss Annie, it is useless for me to give you prescriptions as long as you will eat candy at the rate you do. You are simply destroying your digestion."

Annie giggled. "D'g'ever see a girl that you could stop eatin' candy, Doc.?"

The doctor frowned. "You will have to stop, Miss Annie, or you will have a very serious attack of indigestion."

"Oh, Doc., you don't call chocolates candy, now do you, Doc.? Say no, for I'm just goin' to eat as many as I want to."

"Annie is very self-willed," said her mother, smiling indulgently, "but I think, myself, that she eats too much candy."

"Now, maw, you know that ain't so. I only bought a quarter's worth of chocolates, and I gave some away to Cholly. Met him on the street and told him to come up, I was an interestin' invalid." And Annie giggled again.

The doctor felt disgusted, but he opened his case and began to measure out some powders, for he
knew that all that he could say in regard to diet would do no good.

While he was thus engaged the door opened, and a young man came in. Annie gave a sort of crooning note and added, "Oh, Cholly, what fun, come in and get some of my powders."

The young man advanced. He was a typical swell of the latter day sort. He had on the very newest style of tailor-made trousers, the creases were according to the latest fashion, and everything else was correct. He came in with a wearied air, and, as Mrs. Allen introduced him to the doctor, he said: "Oh, yaas, about all I hear at the dinner table now is remarks upon Dr. Cavallo."

"You are, then, Mr. Abbott's son?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, yaas," replied Cholly, "the governor, you know, is awful hot about those beastly old rookeries that you made him tear down. Deuced awkward job, you know." Then turning around, "Annie, I was going to ask you to go and see a game, you know."

"What is it, golf? I can't, because I'm sick, and I have to stay in doors for fear of catchin' cold."

"Oh, yaas, that's deuced bad, you know. I thought perhaps you might sit out on the porch and see the tally-ho go by. All the club has got horns and they are going out on a lark, you know."

"Maw, main't I go just out on the porch; say now, lemme go, maw," pleaded Annie.

"Will it hurt her, do you think, doctor?"

"No, the fresh air will do her good. The more she gets of it the better it will be for her, if she will put on sufficient clothing to keep warm."
“Come, Cholly,” chirped she, and taking him by the arm, they disappeared through a window that opened out on the porch.

Mrs. Allen looked after them with motherly affection. Her matronly heart glowed with pride, and she turned to the doctor, “Are they not a handsome couple?”

He bowed politely, recalling the old lines, that every crow thinks its own crowlets are white.

She went on, “It is a family secret yet, but they are to be married by and by. Mr. Abbott is anxious to have the ceremony take place as soon as possible, for he wants Mr. Allen to take Charley into business with him, but we prefer to wait until Annie gets a little stronger. She has such a delicate constitution. Charley is a loveable young man, and so good. He absolutely does not know what evil is. He would not smoke a cigar the other evening, saying that it was too strong for him. All that he will use in this direction are those little weak paper things.”

“Good Heavens,” thought Dr. Cavallo, “a cigarette fiend.” But he was too polite to interrupt the current of Mrs. Allen’s conversation, and she rippled along with a full category of what a splendid young man “Cholly” was. The doctor gave her instructions to see that Miss Annie took her powders regularly, and then he went back to his office musing upon the fates that had thrown into the laps of these young people wealth and luxury, without their having done anything to merit either.
CHAPTER XXIII.

It was nearly midnight when he was aroused by a ring at his office bell. He admitted the messenger, who proved to be a small negro lad greatly excited.

"Doctah, doctah," he panted, "Miss Mamie done told me to tell you to come as quick as you could to de house. One of de girls is done gone sick."

"Miss Mamie. What Miss Mamie?" he inquired.

"Nothin' at all, but jist Miss Mamie," said the darkey, "come quick, it's despirt."

Putting his case into his pocket, the doctor told his sable guide to lead the way and he followed. They went across the principal streets and at last began to go down towards the river into "L" street. This street, at its lower end, was filled with wholesale houses, but at the upper part it led to a blind end, and little by little the commercial houses had deserted it. Their former places had been taken up by a new class of tenants—night-birds, creepers, the parasites that in every large city gather in districts, keeping quiet during the day, sally forth at night and hold high carnival, reinforced by what the poet Milton calls "sons of Belial flown with insolence and wine." The doctor followed his guide through these streets, meeting here and there some parties of revelers. Many of them knew him, for they slunk into gutters and
alleys as he passed, pulling their hats down over their eyes so as to escape recognition.

Little time had he to stop for the purpose of finding who had entered the domain of her of whom Solomon says, “Her steps take hold on hell,” but he followed with the air of a man whose profession is to minister to all pain, no matter who is the sufferer. So when the colored lad stopped at one of the houses, a little larger and more pretentious than the rest, rang the bell, then dodged around the back way and disappeared, he left the doctor alone before the door.

He waited a moment, and then there was a noise as of some one taking down a bar and a chain. Then a small opening appeared, and an eye was seen at the crevice. It looked as if the scrutiny was not wholly satisfactory, for this eye disappeared in turn, and another one, the doctor judged, was taking its place. Then a female voice exclaimed, “Pshaw! it’s only the doctor,” and the door opened, and he was told to enter.

He found himself in a hall dimly lighted. The sole occupant was a woman, well along in middle life. She was powerfully built, and she might have been handsome once, with a coarse, animal beauty. She bore the aspect of a woman who could fight all the world, and knew that she would have to do it, too. She was bedizened with jewelry, and her face was calcimined over with chalk. She stood in front of him with a defiant air, like that of a hunted rat, as if she did not know just what to say. She broke forth:

“Doc., one of the girls is sick. I don’t mind tellin’ you that it’s a peculiar case. If things hadn’t been just so, you bet I’d a fired her to the hospital, only too
quick, but I can't in this case. If I'd a knowed she was goin' to be sick, I'd never tuk her in, but you git salivated in this world when ever you try to do any one a kindness. Leastways she is here and on my hands, and I want her tuk care of, and as soon as she can git up I'll ship her, but I can't do it now, for I don't want no 'ambulance in front of my door. It's dead bad luck to 'ave it, that's what it is."

The doctor had already wearied of her talk, but he said "Where is the young woman?"

Putting her head into the back room, the landlady called out, "Oh, Jen, come here and show Doc. upstairs to Mamie's room. I put her in your room, Jen, not knowin' that she was goin' to be sick."

"That's a tough nut on me," said that young lady.

She was tall and angular. So angular that she went by the name of "The Kangaroo." Whenever the habitues of the place wanted a fight, it was easily had by calling this young lady by this marsupial appellation.

She simply said, "Well, come on, Doc., and I'll show you the hospital," and led the way upstairs. Opening a door, she added "Here's old pills, himself," and laughing at her own wit, she went down again.

The doctor looked about him. The room was beautifully furnished, but everything about it was erotic to the last degree. The pictures on the walls displayed it; the ornaments on the stand showed it; the whole room was strewn with paraphernalia, costly, extravagant, heaped in profusion; perfumery bottles, card cases and cards, cut-glass bottles, little brandy flasks, hairpins, combs, brushes, face powders, washes, pastes, aids to female beauty, lotions, patent medicines and beautifiers without limit; portraits of actors and
actresses, and of women in various attitudes of greater or less indecency. Books of the latest erotic tendency, "Trilby," "The Quick and Dead," etc., and all the brood of literature, from "Zola" down, were on a mantel in the room. The doctor did not have time to do more than cast a sweeping glance around the place, when his eye was attracted to a figure lying on the bed. It was that of a young woman, and he saw that she was even then in the death agony. She was lying on her back, but as spasm after spasm passed over her, he could see by the expression of her face that her time was short. He hastily took her hand, but one look was enough. He propped her up in bed, and taking his medicine case, gave her a large dose of digitalis. Holding it to her lips, he finally saw her swallow it, with that feeling of pleasure that only the practiced physician knows. As the drug began to take effect, he explored her pulse, and found that its rapid beatings began to be checked. He put his head down, and listened to the pulsations of her heart. The grating noise partially died away.

Little by little the woman opened her eyes and looked at him. He held a glass of water to her lips. She moaned feebly and said, "Oh, why can't I die?" Just then a ripple of laughter welled up from one of the rooms below, and a voice said, "two come five."

The doctor soothed her, "Do not distress yourself. You must not be agitated. Your recovery depends upon your keeping perfectly quiet."

She cast her mournful eyes upon him, and asked, "Who wants to get well? Oh, my God, why can't I see my baby?"

The doctor's heart was touched. The woman was
little better than a girl. She was still beautiful, even though worn and wasted to a frightful degree. Her speech was correct and she seemed to be a person of some refinement. He was moved, and, drawing up a chair, sat down by her side to feel her pulse. He found it still high, and so irregular that he realized that her time was short.

He suggested to her, "If you have any friends, I would advise you to get them."

She looked at him, and great tears flowed down her cheeks. "Friends," she wailed, "I am forsaken by God and man. I have no friends. I have no husband. I have no child. Oh, my God, why did he take away my child; why didn't he leave me my baby?"

The doctor asked her where she left her child, but in reply she only said: "He took it," and then she beat the pillow and fell back in another spasm.

Realizing that unless he could calm her she would die, Cavallo lifted her up, gave her more digitalis, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing her come out of her spasm and rest quietly.

She seemed so out of place with the surroundings, that while she was resting, the doctor tried to shut out the sound of laughter from below. A party had possession of the parlor, and they were sending out for refreshments every few minutes. Whenever the door opened, their ribald laughter welled up into the sick room, and he was disturbed by it, but the poor thing on the bed before him never moved. A fellow below sat down at the piano and began to sing a comic song. Encouraged by the flattering plaudits of his companions, he at last struck into "Home, Sweet Home," singing it with pathos and true melody, for there is a
time when men, in a maudlin condition, respond to sentiment.

The poor thing on the bed opened her eyes and looked around, and then a tear stole silently down her cheek. "Home, home," she said, "Oh, my God, why can't I die?"

"What stress of fortune led you to this horrible place?" the doctor kindly asked.

She opened her great mournful eyes at him and said, "And you, too, believe me as vile as the rest?" She shut her eyes and turned her face to the wall.

"My dear young lady, how am I to judge unless you confide in me. Let me know what the trouble is, and let us see if it cannot be remedied." She sobbed, and again he told her not to excite herself, but to keep quiet.

She paid no attention to what he said, but continued to sob. At last she moaned, "I am lost, body and soul, because I loved too blindly. I have been cast down and trodden under foot, because I believed what I was told. I have been wrecked, and, my God, my little child has been torn from me, because I was too unsuspecting."

Then she turned her great mournful eyes full on Cavallo's face and said, "Doctor, do you believe in a hell?"

"I believe that God punishes all sin," he gravely replied.

"Then he will not punish me, for I have not sinned." He looked at her incredulously.

"No, I have not sinned. I am, I have been, a true wife. Before God, doctor, I have not sinned."
She relapsed into silence. From below came the words, “For he’s a jolly good fellow, that nobody can deny.”

“This is extraordinary,” ejaculated the doctor to himself, and he added, “My dear child, if it will lighten your heart to tell your story, let me hear it. Perhaps something can be done for you?”

“The only thing that can be done for me now is to let me die,” she said, bitterly. “I have been murdered, and, my God, I have not deserved it.”

She was seized with a choking fit. The doctor gave her another potion, and raising her up, placed the pillows behind her to make her more comfortable.

Then she said: “It was not my fault. I was a clerk in a store. We only received four dollars a week, but it was enough to keep soul and body together. I was happy, although I did not know it, until this man came into my life. He used to wait for me. He made me presents; he said he loved me, and I believed him. He said he would marry me, and I was flattered with his attentions. Most girls would be, for his father is rich and he had plenty of money, and he wanted to take me out riding. He was always very kind. I had all the money that I wanted, and I began to dress better than the rest of the girls, until one day
my employer congratulated me coarsely on what he called 'my mash.' I was indignant, and asked what it meant, and one of the girls said, 'Why, of course, we know how you get these things.' I was more indignant, and when he came around that evening, I told him that he must stop coming to see me, for I would not have my good name dragged around in that way. He professed that he loved me and that he was going to marry me, but that if he did, his father would cast him off and that he could not make a living,—we'll be married in secret. I was young and romantic and this suited me well enough. So that night he came around to my room with a witness, one of his chums, and drawing a ring from his finger, he put it on mine, and said, 'I hereby wed thee with this ring.' His companion said that this constituted as lawful a marriage as any that was ever made by a priest, and we went into another town, moved into rooms, and went to living together. At first he was very devoted, then he grew neglectful, then he was rough and used to complain a good deal. Then my baby was born," and here the poor thing broke down again and cried. "Oh, my darling baby. Why can't they let me see my angel baby before I die? Why am I treated in this way?"

The doctor quieted her as best he could, and she went on: "Oh, doctor, it was awful. Sometimes he would go away for weeks, and we got so that we hardly had enough to eat. The neighbors took pity on me at first, and then they grew tired of it. I had to sell first one thing and then another to keep soul and body together. My baby was sick, and I could not get any one to care for it. I did everything until I fell sick, too, and then he took baby away, saying that he would
bring it back when I grew strong. He never did, and he neglected me more and more, and wanted me to go still further away. Then he brought me back to this place. I did not know where we were going, but he said that we would go to a boarding-house. My God, when I woke up in the morning and found out where I was, I thought that I should die. When I heard their awful oaths and drunken yells, I felt as if I was—I didn't know where. They used to laugh at me, but I only felt a more horrible sense of misery than before. Once I went out on the street resolved to get away from it, but the looks that I received, and the jeers and taunts, and the sense that I was an outcast, made me feel ten times worse. I said, 'I am lost,' and I crawled back. I was walled in on every side. The women, hardened as they are, took pity on me. The landlady said, 'Let her alone, I'll make her fellow pay for her lodging, never you mind.' And she has given me lodging and food, but the very horror of the surroundings has almost driven me mad. I kept hidden in the back part of the house until I grew worse, and then I was brought in here.'"

The doctor was indignant. Such rascality he did not think existed in the world. "Who is your husband? for such in the sight of God he is."

She made no reply.

"Can you find it in your heart to shield a man who has so wronged you?" he asked, sternly "Tell me who he is?"

She said nothing, only turned her face to the wall, and the silent tears stole down her cheeks again.

He paced the floor with burning wrath. Here was a young woman who had been fouly wronged, who had
been deceived and maltreated, and killed by inches through neglect and cruelty, and yet her love for the wretch was still so strong that she would not reveal his name, lest he should suffer loss of social position. "Love is stronger than death," he said to himself. He was revolving in his own mind what he should do in the matter, when he heard the door below open, and a voice say, as the owner came into the hall, "I had a devil of a time getting here; all of the fellows wanted me to stay, you know, and I had to fool them. Where is the gang? Having a little game? Order up the wine, and tell Josie that I am here."

At the sound of his voice the dying woman opened her eyes and murmured one word, "Charley."

Doctor Cavallo walked down the stairs and confronted, face to face—Charley Abbott.

The latter looked at him with surprise. Then a glance of recognition came over him and he laughed: "I say, Doc., I didn't know that you was a rounder, too. Put it there, old head," holding out his hand.

Dr. Cavallo frowned on the licentiate and was magnificent in his wrath, but, smothering his hot indignation, he said, "Charley Abbott, come with me."

The debauchee laughed at first. Then he said, "What for," and then he began to turn pale. "Oh, I say," he whimpered, "no tricks, you know. No snap game. I'll do anything that's square. I never go back on an old friend. Say, what's up?"

Dr. Cavallo paid no attention to his words, but made way for him, and as he pattered upstairs, followed after him. He paused at the door, but the doctor simply scowled at him, and he opened it and entered the room.
The sick woman lifted her eyes and looked at him.

A man whose life is evil and whose acts are atrocious, is generally feebly sympathetic. He melts at once, although half an hour afterwards he may forget all about it. He makes ten thousand promises to reform, and then he fails to do anything in that direction. Charley Abbott was one of these fellows. He was weak and wicked, for he had no moral balance. He did the easiest thing at the moment. If it took a lie to get out of it, he would lie. If he could get out of by running away, he would run. As soon as he saw his old love he melted at once, and, going to the bed, he broke into tears.

“Oh, Charley,” cried she, “you have come back at last.”

“I have,” he sobbed, “and I will never leave you any more. I will recognize you as my wife, and nobody shall part us.”

“What have you done with our baby, Charley?”

“It’s at the Home of the Friendless,” he blurted out. “I will bring it back. I will acknowledge it.”

He went over and over this, and he was working himself into such a condition that Cavallo felt that he ought to interpose for he could see that the effect of the digitalis that he had given his patient was growing less and the excitement would kill her, so he said, “What do you intend doing?”

“I am willing to marry her. I—will. I—will do it—now. I will go and get a license at once.”

So saying, he went down stairs and they could hear him getting into a hack and driving away with great speed.
When he was gone Dr. Cavallo breathed a great sigh of relief. He did not believe that he would return, but the doctor had learned enough, and was determined to see that the child was provided for. In the meantime he made the sick woman as comfortable as possible and sat down to wait for the strange denouement. The laughter in the room below grew louder, so he left his patient in a doze and went down to silence it.

The door was half open and he stepped in. Gathered around the table were half a dozen youths, among them the sons of some of the most prominent men in the city. Each had a girl next him and a glass in front of them. Whenever they lost at poker, for they were playing "freeze out," everyone took a drink. It was the duty of each girl to see that her "fellow" had his glass filled and emptied. If he failed to do this she drank the contents herself. Just as the doctor entered, one of the players called to his companion, "Bill, order up another bottle of wine."

"Not mush," said the other, "beer at a dollar a bottle is rich enough for your blood, and I'll match you to see who pays for it."

This witicism was greeted with a burst of laughter. "No," said the other, "I'll cut the cards."

Cavallo looked about him in disgust. The girls were
smoking cigarettes, and three of them were chewing tobacco. They had all been drinking beer to the point almost of stupid saturation. They were young things, the eldest not more than eighteen, but they already began to look like hags, for it is the pace that kills, and these girls had been guilty of the worst excesses. They presented, even in their tawdry finery and their low-cut, decollette dresses, little of the fascination of vice. In truth, but for the intoxication that dulls the sense, not one of the gilded youths would have given any one of them a second thought. The girls came out of the gutter, that was easy to see. Their conversation was a mixture of oaths and ribaldry, of bad grammar and coarse talk. This is the product that the slums breed. The strange thing about it is, that it recruits its ranks so rapidly, for the death-rate among these children of the slums is appalling. They last, on an average, less than two years. Their life, carousing all night and sleeping by day, the amount of stimulants that they absorb, their love for narcotics, morphine and chloral, sweeps them into the grave like flies. As the doctor looked at the "Kangaroo," as she was called by one of the party, he saw with his practised eye that she had pulmonary trouble, and that her days were numbered.

In spite of the fact that the party were having what they would call "fun," there was a melancholy cast over the whole group. The young fellows cut the cards, trying to be gay, and uttering filthy jokes, but there was weariness and a blasé air about the whole table. They had drank and smoked until they were actually stupid, and there was little in their conversation but oaths, and even the witticims were stale, far-fetched and simply vulgar, with not even the spark of freshness
to give them point. Everything about the room was tawdry and flashy. The girls, dressed in Mother Hubbards, looked hard and callous. They had their little by-plays, and when the chips of one of the players was exhausted, they all clamored to be allowed to get the bottle of beer which he had lost. It meant a commission to the poor thing that got it, for part of the fascination to young men in this company is, that the female creatures are, for the time, their slaves. There is a sense of superiority in the mind of the poor dude, who can order them about, and have them call him by a term of endearment. Vapid as he is, he finds here some one who will flatter him, wait upon him, fondle him, as long as his money holds out, and make much of him.

In this society all the conditions of the outer world are reversed, for it is the man here who must be true; the woman is expected to be false, and to practise falsity as a profession. It is a horrible travesty upon natural conditions, a world where everything is wrong side out and reversed. All this Dr. Cavallo saw in his mind's eye as he glanced around the room.

The young fellows who were sitting at the table playing cards were all well brought up, and were “taking in the town.” It is this class of boys in our cities, who come up rapidly, sow their wild oats, and in the sowing, reap a crop of disease and death that sweeps them into their graves before their time. It is a stygian pit, a nest of horrors, where drunkenness and disease, and filth and want, and misery and crime hold high revel.

Only those who have never seen it, paint this life in brilliant colors, for, in sober truth, there is nothing brilliant and pleasant about it. If it were not for the
intoxicants accompanying it, no one would seek in its depths for companionship or solace.

When the glamor is stripped from it, the house of Venus is like the cave of Thomas the Rhymer, where, after the enchantment was over, the queen was a filthy old hag; the palace, a dismal cave; the ornaments, dead men's bones; and the silks only rotting seaweed. Pleasure is elusive, and it nowhere flees the pursuer quicker than when he seeks it in the purlieus of lust. The fools are those who seek to make it poetic, when it is base, sordid and filthy.

Dr. Cavallo did not moralize. He only cast an angry glance around the room, and said, "Gentlemen,"

At the sound of his voice they all started, and the girls dropped their cigarettes.

"There is a sick woman up stairs, and I would like to have you make a little less noise."

"It's Charley Abbott's woman, she's sick," explained one of the nymphs.

"Well, this isn't exactly the place that I would select for a hospital," remarked one of the boys, "but we'll dry up, Doc. It's late, anyhow."

The doctor went upstairs to his patient. The poor thing had fallen into a doze when the hack came back, and, greatly to the astonishment of the doctor, Abbott came with it, but alone. He said: "There isn't a clergyman, nor a justice of the peace, that I can get to marry us. We'll have to wait until to-morrow."

"Then it will be too late," returned Cavallo.

He thought that he detected callous indifference in Abbott's looks. The thought of the motherless and fatherless little child in the Home for the Friendless gave him an inspiration. "Wait here," he returned, "and I will get you a clergyman."
He went out to the hack and dispatched a note to the rabbi, asking him to get into the carriage and come at once, without asking any question. Then they sat down and waited. Charley fell asleep, so soon did his good intentions evaporate. The sick girl stirred feebly and moaned once or twice. As the moments drifted by, the doctor wondered what Margaret would say, when she heard of the part that he had taken in this affair. While his thoughts took this direction, the carriage came back, and he went down and admitted his friend.

The latter inquired, "What in the world is the matter that you should want me to come to this place at two o'clock in the morning?"

"Rabbi," said Cavallo gravely, "the future of a soul is at stake."

They ascended the stairs together, and the doctor went to the sick bed. Gently awakening the sick girl, he told her that a minister had come, and that if she felt strong enough he would unite her and Abbott in marriage. He added, "You know that it is not on his account that I do this, but for your child."

She gave him a look of gratitude.

He propped her up in the bed, joining their hands, while the rabbi pronounced the words that made them man and wife.

"My baby," she gasped.

Charley burst into a passion of tears, vowing that he would take care of it, and acknowledge it, and see that it was provided for. He made a thousand protestations that he would reform, that he never meant to do a mean thing, and that he wanted to turn over a new leaf and quit all these low fellows. His outbursts
were lost on the doctor, but not so on his wife. She clung to him and did not want to let him go. Something of the old spirit came out at the last moment. In vain the doctor warned her that the scene was too exciting, and tried to part them. The suggestion excited her. She kept asking for her baby and wanting to have it in her arms before she died. She was told that she could have it in the morning, but that she must keep quiet. The paroxysms returned and kept growing more violent. The doctor informed them that she was dying, but this only increased Abbott's tears, and he began to exhibit positive hysterics. He bewailed his past life and his surroundings. The scene became painful. The news that the girl was dying was noised about the house and the girls in the adjoining rooms came flocking in, in their dishevelled dresses, and some of them were in a half intoxicated condition, adding a weird picture to the scene. As the paroxysms of the dying woman grew stronger, they shared in the feeling through sympathy and began to shriek and moan, and break out into exclamations. Then the rabbi commanded silence, offering that beautiful prayer for the dead that forms a part of the Hebrew service; and with her hand clasped in that of Abbott's, the spirit of his poor injured wife passed away.

The dawn was breaking over the east as Dr. Cavallo and the rabbi walked away from the house of sin, now the house of death. They were both deep in thought. "I have been at the side of many death beds," said he, "but a wedding and a death in such a place I hope never to see again."
The next morning the city was ablaze with excitement. The occurrences of the night before had taken place too late for the morning papers, but the news of Abbott’s marriage flew far and wide. All sorts of versions were given, but that most commonly accepted was that Dr. Cavallo, in revenge for the spite exhibited against him by Abbott, had entrapped his son Charley into a house of ill-fame, and had compelled him to marry a girl there. The part that the rabbi had taken in performing the ceremony was dilated upon, and it was said that no Christian minister would lend himself to this infamous plot.

The afternoon paper that had sneered at Cavallo’s work in cleaning out the “Row” came out with flaming headlines entitled “A Jew Trick,” and depicted the virtues of Charley Abbott, the philanthropy of his father, the grief of his mother, and then hinting at something mysterious, described the agony of the fair young girl whom Charley Abbott was soon to lead to the altar and whose life was now blighted forever. This article added fuel to the flames and the city was soon divided into two hostile camps. Seidel bestirred himself and induced Kinofsky to start a paper protesting against the action of the rabbi and Cavallo. He got Nagle to sign this after Kinofsky, and
Abramovitz followed. Then they took it to the Weiner Brothers. These two kept a clothing store and they were in mortal fear that they would do something to hurt their trade. This was the whole of their idea. Anything that kept people out of their store was an evil, anything that brought them in was a benefit. When Kinofsky told them that this action of the rabbi’s would arouse rishes (prejudice), they signed the protest.

So did Joseph Levinsky, who also kept a clothing store. He had long since withdrawn from the congregation and did not even contribute to the charities of his people. On the contrary, he put Christmas trees in his window to catch trade, and gave little boys base ball bats when they bought their suits of him. He would have signed a petition to exterminate all the Jews but himself, if he was sure that it would not be applied to him.

Then Seidel proceeded to develop a new plot.

Fearing that Cavallo would expose his mining scheme, he conceived a plan by which he hoped to drive him out of the city. He induced some Jew-baiters to call a meeting in a public hall, to which, they invited “All citizens who deplore the late scandalous proceedings as calculated to cast a blot upon the fair fame of our city.”

Mr. Herman was greatly disturbed. He was a peace-loving man, and he deplored these occurrences as calculated to breed hate and to stir up religious strife, so he called upon Dr. Cavallo to expostulate with him. He found the doctor in a condition of righteous wrath, but dignified, uncompromising and determined. He had done nothing but what was right, and he stood upon
that ground. Young Abbott had, of his own accord, chosen to right a great wrong which he had perpetrated, and give his name to an innocent child, of whose parentage there was no shadow of a doubt.

If it was a crime to see this done, to assist a poor soul in her last death agony and rescue another soul from the slums, so be it. He was quite ready to meet the charge, and more, he would see that the young wife was accorded a decent burial.

In this lofty style he met every assault that was made upon him. He hunted up Kinofsky, and told him that he need not attack the rabbi, for the act for which that gentleman was censured was his alone, and he gave Kinofsky such a scoring that he was abashed, and stammered that he would stop circulating the paper.

Then the doctor went to the house of death, and saw that the last sad rites were paid to the late Mrs. Abbott. Charley had left word that he would pay the bill, and the undertaker had provided a beautiful casket. He deliberated long as to whether he should attend the funeral as chief mourner, and follow his wife to the grave, but the uproar in the city was so great that he shrank from facing it. And at the last moment, when he had made up his mind to go, and take the child, and show the little thing its mother, his father peremptorily forbade him to stir; and he was still so much under the influence of the old man, who was furious over his son’s action, that Charley desisted and remained at his own home.

When the doctor went to the house no one was in sight, but the door was open and he entered, and passing into the front room, saw that the undertaker was
alone with the dead. All the evidences of last night's revel had been removed, and everything out of character with the solemn time had been taken away. The doctor noted this with a feeling of relief. Very lovely the poor girl looked in the casket. The hunted look was gone, and on the features, though worn and wasted, rested an expression of perfect peace. Her glorious hair filled the casket, and her lips, slightly parted, showed the pearly teeth.

As the doctor looked down upon the form prepared for its final home, he was amazed at the bewitching beauty before him, for he realized what she must have been when in the full bloom of maidenhood. No wonder that she attracted the fancy of such as Abbott, the doctor thought.

When the time came for the service, the aged and venerable rabbi assembled the household. The landlady gathered the girls together. They had made some attempt to show their respect for the occasion, and, although they had donned their soberest garb, the finery revealed itself here and there, in tawdry touches that made their presence in the house of death still more outre. As the rabbi dwelt upon the uncertainty of life and the awful mystery of death one after another of his auditors broke out into tears and wailings. The excitement increased until the room was filled with the sound of sobbing women and penitents, crying and asserting that they wanted to reform, assertions writ in water and soon to be obliterated by the first opportunity for revelry.

For these people are emotional, easily stirred to tears, and easily depressed. Between nights of wassail, they relapse into days of gloom, when they fly to mor-
phine for solace, and when the fit of remorse proves too
great for mastery, they find refuge in the grave of the
suicide.

Dr. Cavallo had encountered so many of these scenes
that they made no impression upon him, but the rabbi
was greatly moved. He was unaccustomed to such
sights, and, as they concluded the services and watched
the undertaker carry away the remains to the ceme-
tery, he linked his arm in that of the doctor and said,
"Great good ought to come out of this to those in-
mates."

"Not at all," replied the other. "They will forget
all about it in a day."

"I should think that it would make an everlasting
impression upon them," returned the rabbi.

"No. The distinguishing trait of these people is their
lack of memory. They are creatures of impulse. They
forget to-day what was told them yesterday. They
yield to every new whim. Like the gnats that dance
in the sunbeam, they are carried away with every shift­
ing breeze. From the days of Rahab, who took in the
spies on the wall, they are always attracted by new
faces and new impressions. Just as she betrayed her
own people, so they will forsake any old admirer for a
new one. The badge of their tribe is their inconstancy."

"Is there no hope for them?"

"Anything that exists, and that has always existed,
is not to be removed by a momentary plaster. To
change this condition, needs a profound remedy ap­
plied to the very foundations of society. That this
will come at some time I firmly believe, because the
passion that makes it, lies at the very root of our ani­
mal nature, but it is not to be accomplished by indi­
vidual effort applied to individual cases."
They parted on the street corner and the doctor went to his office. He could see the signs of the gathering storm against him, but he cared little, for his nature was such that he welcomed a contest where he knew he was in the right. He passed Nagle on the street. As he approached, the grin on that individual's face widened and deepened. The sneer on his countenance, that was now habitual, spread until it looked as if his mouth would swallow up his face. The recognition that he gave the doctor could be taken for either triumphant defiance or malicious delight at having overreached him. The doctor did not know with which to class it. He only thought to himself, "Nagle, if you are wise, you will never do anything for which you will have to answer before a jury. That mouth and grin will hang you without a chance for reprieve."

With it all Cavallo felt a sense of confidence. The gage of battle had been thrown down. He had picked it up and was ready for the strife.

As he entered his office a small boy brought him a note. He saw that it was in Margaret's handwriting, and tore it open. It was not signed and only contained a quotation from an old English poet. It began, "Stand firm."
"Glorious girl," he said. "Yes, I will stand firm."

He walked out and saw a crowd around a hand bill that had just been pasted up. It read:

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS WHO BELIEVE IN CHRISTIAN RULE AND WHO ARE OPPOSED TO JEW METHODS ARE REQUESTED TO MEET IN WILKES' HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING AT HALF PAST EIGHT.

ABLE SPEAKERS WILL BE PRESENT.

He read this over and then he took a long breath, saying to himself, "And among the speakers will be Dr. Cavallo."

Then he attended to his regular practice. He found some of his patients exceedingly cool and they dismissed him, but for this he cared little. He went home, and laying down, he slept a sleep unbroken by dreams.

The day following, the morning papers came out with their accounts of the marriage. They toned down the scene a good deal from the excited statement of the afternoon press, and one of them gave Abbott a severe scoring, but none of them dared say a word for Cavallo, but took the ground that he was actuated by a desire to get even with Abbott. One of the editors even grew jocular, and reminded Abbott that when he woke up one of God's chosen people, he ought to have been aware that he was fooling with the business end of a hornet, and that when the Lord gave His people
the heathen for an inheritance, Presbyterians were not excepted.

On the whole, the feeling against the doctor was increased, rather than diminished, by the morning papers. The afternoon paper made a flaming appeal for a full attendance at the meeting, and as night came on he could see little knots of men gathered in the streets discussing and arguing, but as they invariably lowered their voices at his approach, he could feel that the current of opinion was against him. Just at dusk he received a call by telephone, asking him to come down to "Trent's" to see a man who had been injured in a factory by getting caught in a machine. The sender begged him to be quick.

"Trent's" was a boarding house, near the river, in the lower part of the city, but there was quite an interval between it and the nearest houses, a wide open space, owned by an old fellow who would neither improve nor sell it.

The doctor looked at his watch. It was six o'clock. He had plenty of time to see his patient and get back to the meeting. True, he would miss his supper, but that did not trouble him. He boarded the street car, rode down opposite Trent's, and, getting off, walked slowly towards the boarding house. He had nearly crossed the open field when he heard a noise behind him, and he became aware that he was followed. A gang of men and half grown boys were dogging his footsteps. As they approached nearer, he heard half muttered exclamations and growls, and as they came still closer he recognized one voice. It said, "Kill the domn'd Jew."

The doctor said to himself, "Mike O'Hara."
CHAPTER XXIX.

As he faced around he saw that he was caught. In front of him was the mob. Behind him was only a barn. If he attempted to escape he would be run down on either side. He had no pistol and only a small knife in his medicine case. The mob, evidently expecting that he would try to run, had spread out in a sort of half circle, to hedge him in, and they now gathered around, as he stopped and faced them, and they began to jeer.

The doctor smiled disdainfully. "There isn't a rock or a brick-bat in the whole crowd."

In the gathering gloom he knew that his greatest danger lay in being hit on the head with a stone. With this danger removed, he felt relieved to see that they were mostly armed with sticks, and that Mike, the leader, had a large club.

Nevertheless, he was in great danger, for if they all closed in, and he was once knocked down, they would jump on him, and speedily kick him to death.

They began to howl like wolves, and the burden of their jibes was, "Jew, Jew."

He calculated.

Mike was the leader, that was plain. He had not forgotten that he had once received a knock on the head on the doctor's account, and it was evident that something beside that urged him on.
The call over the telephone was not Mike's voice. There was a conspiracy. Was it Nagle, or Seidel, or Abbott?

A mob is always cowardly, and the doctor, in facing his foes, had non-plussed them. If they could have found bricks or stones, his career would have been short; but the open plain was covered with a sod, and this had been eaten off short by the cattle that some of the people kept and herded on it. If they overpowered him, it would be by hitting him with a club.

The doctor braced up against the little barn, and waited for the attack.

Mike took the initiative. He advanced with his club in the air.

"Ah, ha," said he, "ye domn'd Jew, I'll fix ye."

An untrained man does not know how to use a club. He always strikes overhead, and after delivering one blow he is helpless. The only fear that the doctor had was that half a dozen might strike him at once.

When he left his office he had deliberated. It looked as if it might rain, and he had taken his umbrella from its rack. Then he had put it back, and, in its stead, he had taken a light walking cane. It was small, but stiff, and was, in the hands of an ordinary man, worse than no weapon at all, for at the first blow it would break over the assailant's head. But it had a steel ferule at the end, and the doctor, passing it through his hands, said, "It will do."

He had been a great fencer in the university, and he smiled to himself as he saw Mike break loose from his companions and steadily advance with his great club uplifted in the air. They waited to see the outcome, for a mob must have a leader. If Mike knocked
him down they would speedily join in and finish the work with their boots and sticks, but they would not begin the attack.

Mike grinned to himself to see the doctor, standing quietly, making no motion to defend himself. He thought, "I'll hit him a swat by the side of the head, and when he falls, I'll grab his watch and chain before the other fellows gets 'em." So full of the idea of robbing his victim was he, that he marched boldly up, and, raising his club, brought it down with all of his force on the doctor's head.

As it descended, the doctor, dexterously caught it, twisted it to one side, and then sent his steel shod cane into the bully's mouth. It tore its way through breaking out his front teeth and going through his cheek, sent the blood over his shirt front in a torrent.

He gave a howl like a wounded animal, and, as he turned around, presenting his face to the crowd behind him, they uttered a cry of horror and dismay. The doctor was quick to seize his advantage. He sprang at the foremost fellows, striking one, and thrusting another, and he managed to give several of them some pretty severe wounds in the face and head, for he used his light cane like a rapier, and wherever he thrust, he brought blood. One after another turned, and in a few moments the whole mob, yelling like a pack of coyotes, fled, leaving him alone.

He went back to where he had stood by the side of the barn and picked up his medicine case, where he dropped it, and dusted it off.

He felt of his arm. "A slight bruise is all," he said.

Then he went on to Trent's. He found, as he suspected, that he had not been called, and there had been no accident. Then he took his way back.
As he got on the street car he saw Lurello Nagle, but that individual avoided his eye.

The doctor looked at him in profound contempt.

He rode back to his office, went to his room, washed the bruise on his arm and brushed his clothes. Then he examined his cane.

There was blood on the ferule and on the wood.

"Mr. Michael O'Hara will do well to consult a dentist, the first thing in the morning," he ejaculated.

Then he looked at his watch.

"It is getting around to half-past eight," he said. "I must face the other mob."

He left his office, and walked resolutely to the hall.
CHAPTER XXX.

His entrance created quite a commotion,—an uneasy feeling. A murmur ran about the room, and as he sought a seat, the chairman came down, and, with mock courtesy, asked him to go up on the platform.

Dr. Cavallo's blood was up, and he accepted the invitation, to the surprise of that gentleman, and going on the stage, took a seat. His action was greeted with a storm of hisses and execrations, and those already on the stage drew away from him, and took up seats apart.

He looked over the audience, and he could not see one friendly face. He was alone. But his blood was boiling. Something of the old Maccabean spirit was in his veins. He faced the audience with a look of calm dignity.

The meeting had been already opened by the selection of a well-known business man, Mr. Radcliff, as chairman. He was a good-natured fellow, always ready to agree with the last speaker, and anxious for public honors. He had long been a member of the Board of Supervisors, and now he had secret aspirations for Congress. He said, cautiously, that this meeting had been called at the suggestion of some well-known citizens, who would make known its purpose further on. For his part, he was not well advised what the motive was, but he had consented to preside,
to maintain order, and see that every one had a fair show. Then he asked some one to state the object of the meeting.

No one moved at first, and it seemed that the meeting would be a flat failure.

Seidel had foreseen this, and he had his man ready. There was a young lawyer in the city, named Peterson. He was an idle, dissipated chap, who could make a brilliant talk, but he was allowing his love for whisky to get the better of his intellect. Seidel had come across him that afternoon and had treated him, and outlining what he wanted, told him that now was his chance. He ought to attend the meeting that evening, and make a hit by abusing Dr. Cavallo, who was unpopular. He would, in this way, get on the right side, and, undoubtedly, old Abbott would pick him up and give him business. Filled with this idea, Peterson watched for his chance, and as every one else hung back, he arose to his feet, and, addressing the chair, was invited to come on the platform. As he made his way up, Seidel started a cheer for him, which was responded to and taken up by the others. This flattered Peterson's vanity, and he felt he was on the right track.

He said "That he had waited patiently for some one to give expression to the indignation that stirred this community. The morals of the city had been outraged; the ancient ties of family had been broken up; the name of a respectable citizen had been dragged in the dust; a lovely girl was even now sitting in her luxurious home, weeping for her broken and shattered hopes; two Christian houses had been desolated, and the scandal of an entire family had been dragged out,
— the skeleton of a moral household had been exposed to the light of day in order to gratify the malice, the race hatred of this man, Dr. Cavallo. For his part, he lifted up his voice in protest against such infernal, such damnable villainy. He wished, in the name of outraged morals, in the name of virtue, in the name of the holy profession of the clergy itself, to protest against such profanation as had been witnessed when two men, one a professional physician, the other a minister, had profaned the very name of religion and of the holy institution of marriage, by descending to the slums, in a sink of prostitution, uniting in marriage the scion of a worthy house, the bearer of an honored Christian name, with one of the lowest prostitutes in the city."

Feeling now sure of his ground, Peterson began a tirade against the Jews as a people, and repeated every epithet he could think of. This sort of attorney is always great in villification, and encouraged by the applause of his auditors, Peterson went all lengths. The Ham Head gang had come in fresh from their encounter with the doctor, and at every epithet that the brain of Peterson could coin, they yelled their approval. Finally, the lawyer, after having fairly outdone himself in vituperation and Billingsgate, began to call names and he grew positively vulgar towards the close. This was not exactly what Seidel wanted, so he set some of the gang to yelling, "Give it to them." "Down with the Sheenies," and the like, and in accordance with his plan, they made so much noise that Peterson had to close.

They began calling for some one else, and several speakers followed, but as they could not match Peterson, their remarks were tame in comparison. At last
Mr. Bezeke arose. He was a shoemaker and a professional agitator. The boys called him "Old Beeswax," perhaps from the fidelity with which, once started, he stuck to the subject. He now arose, and, going to the platform, rolled up his sleeves, and said that he didn't like the Jews, anyway. In his country, Germany, they thought very little of them, and they were thinking less every day. The Jews, when they get into a business, drive everybody else out. A Jew always gets the better of you in a trade, and they are monopolizing this country. If you want to get money now you have to go to a Jew. If you want to buy a railroad ticket, or a cigar, or a coat, or a pair of suspenders, you have to go to a Jew. Now they have gone into the boot and shoe business, and every clothing store puts in a stock of shoes, and an honest man cannot make a living any more. The crowd laughed as they recalled his trade, but he went on. For his part he hated them. He was glad that he was no Jew. He took his seat amid cries of "Beeswax! Beeswax!" from the boys in the gallery.

The meeting had not gone entirely to Seidel's liking. Peterson was disreputable, and Bezeke was a crank. It would not do to have it end in this way. Seidel saw Dr. McHale in the crowd and he began to call for him. The audience took up the cry, and the doctor was obliged to come to the platform. He did not like the idea at all, but as Abbott was mixed up in it, and as he owed Cavallo a grudge, he had come to the meeting to look on. When he found that he was expected to speak, he put a bold face upon it. He walked on the stage, shook hands with the chairman, bowed to the audience, came well down in front and said he wanted
to discuss this matter calmly and dispassionately. For his part he had no prejudice. He looked upon all men as equal, but he must say, that, if he were in Georgia, he would be for a white man's government; so in this Christian land he was for a Christian government. In spite of everything that could be said in favor of the Jews, he could not forget that this race had crucified "our Lord and Saviour," and were still stiff-necked and rebellious, refusing to recognize him and unwilling to accept the gospel so freely tendered them. That the Jew will eventually see the error of his ways, he said, he knew. They would accept the Messiah and would reform. But we can not but condemn their arts in trade, in commerce, and in business.

"It was well known that, as has been stated here, that they monopolize certain lines, and in those lines the Christian is at a disadvantage. The Jews were under a curse, but he was disposed to cast a veil of charity over this and to insist that, if they would reform their methods and accept the truth, they are welcome, but until they do," and the speaker raised his hand in warning, "I am in favor of visiting them with the rigors of the law whenever they overstep the boundaries of the statute. Not in vain did our fathers compel them to live apart, in sections of the city by themselves. It might be necessary for society to do this again. It might be necessary for the preservation of our Faith, to again insist upon them wearing a special dress. If this thing were done, for my part, I should not greatly object to it. Two great English writers have given us pictures of the Jews. The one wrote Shylock, the other, Fagin." With this, the reverend gentleman sat down and was applauded to
the echo. Cavallo, looking over the crowd, saw far back, under the gallery, Seidel and Nagle applauding the speech and yelling in uproarious delight.

McHale's speech had hit the popular sentiment of the hour, and even the chairman said that he felt much gratified that he had heard the able remarks of the talented and reverend gentleman. It was time that the better element of society took a hand in the discussion of these public questions. Would anyone else like to speak?"

Some one called Cavallo, and after a pause, the cry went up, "Cavallo, Cavallo."

There was a sneer on the face of the chairman, as he said that there seemed to be a desire on the part of some of the audience to hear from Dr. Cavallo, and as that gentleman was with them he would give him an opportunity to address them.

Cavallo arose, walked down to the footlights and faced the meeting.
McHale's speech had worked them up to the highest pitch, and when the doctor came forward they roared at him like hungry animals. Back in the crowd he saw Seidel and Nagle laughing with triumph at the success of the scheme and ever and anon yelling to add to the commotion.

He was fresh from the encounter with the Ham Head gang and his arm ached with the bruise, but the same spirit glowed in his veins as when, with his back to the barn, he drew his slender cane through his fingers and felt the point of the steel ferule to see if it was in place.

His glowing eye, the calmness and splendid courage that he exhibited, the magnificent scorn that sat upon his lip and the very splendor of his presence, as with an imperious gesture he raised his hand to command silence, hushed the clamor and it died away, and was succeeded by a stillness so intense that every word that he uttered could be plainly heard all over the hall.

"I come here because I am a man, and I am a man because I am a Jew. I understand that this meeting is called because of a fancied wrong that I have heaped upon young Abbott. Listen, and I will tell you of the greater wrong, for which that act was in some sort a reparation."
He then depicted the events of that night. The agony of the neglected girl, the artful way in which she had been made to believe that she was a lawful wife. The steps by which, little by little, her womanly sympathies had been preyed upon. The maltreatment, the desertion, the starvation, the bringing her back to the city, the spiriting away her baby, the lodging her in a house of low repute, by which all chance of regaining her lost position would be rendered impossible, the frightful circumstances under which he had been called to attend her, the ribald laughter, the coarse obscenity, and the disgusting filth. The advent of young Abbott, brought to the spot, not by penitence, or by charity, but by his own lusts; the sudden facing of the woman whom he had wronged, and his fit of repentance. "It was not my act," the doctor cried, "that drove him to make some reparation to this poor soul, but his own guilty conscience. Why did I permit it to be done? It was to save the innocent child, that little girl, from the depths of degradation that would have been heaped upon her as soon as she could learn to distinguish right from wrong. It was to save one human soul from the sins of its father. You," turning to McHale, "who preach every Sunday the maxim, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' would have sent this little innocent through the world with the brand of Cain upon her brow, and the scarlet letter upon her cheek, for a crime that was committed, not by, but against her. You, professing to bear tidings of peace and good will upon earth, stand here and strive in malice and bigotry to revive the spirit of the middle ages. You carry peace upon your lips and a dagger in both hands. You represent
what you are pleased to call, the later civilization, but you bear the brand of villainy, the crime of murder, and you put the poisoned chalice of hate in the hands of the mob, stirring up the worst passions of men, and rejoicing in your work. The Judaism that I represent is that of the highest humanity. The spirit that I follow is that of the prophets of old, who demanded for the oppressed, justice, not charity; who strove to protect the weak against the strong, who endeavored to shield the innocent and feeble, against the avaricious grasp of the despoiler. Whoever comes with the message of the brotherhood of man to me, is my brother. I know no Jew, I know no Presbyterian, I know no Methodist, no Catholic, nor any of the narrow divisions by which men have been taught to separate themselves from their fellow men. 'Whoever doeth the work of humanity, the same is my mother and my brethren.'

The tide was turned. His words were drowned in a roar of applause.

A man was seen struggling to make his way down the aisle. When he had reached the middle of the house, he took off his hat, waved it, commanding silence.

It was Pat O'Hara.

As soon as he was recognized, there was a cry of "Listen to Pat. Give it to him, Pat."

He waved his hat again. "Hould on, bys. Yez all know me." Then, as the audience grew still, he added: "O'ive lived in this town forty odd years, and yez niver knew Pat O'Hara to tell a lie."

He was applauded again, and this embarrassed him. Then he went on:

"Oi say, O'ive lived here, aff an' on, and Oi know
Docht'er Cavallo. Oi want to say that he's a man, an'ony man that sez he ain't, is a domn liar, that's phat he is."

A roar of laughter followed, and Pat was applauded to the echo.

Then a man arose, and said that he wanted to testify to that, too. Who had come forward at a time when the poor people of Abbott's Row had needed homes, and put up lodging-houses for them but Mrs. Bernheim? He was one of the tenants, and had been benefitted by the plan adopted.

Two others said the same thing.

Then Pat O'Hara got upon his feet again, and said: 'Yis, an' who tore down the domn'd ould Row, an' gev us all a chance? Ah, ha, d'ye moind; it was the doch-ter. Don't fergit that, Misther Chairman, don't fergit that, put it all down.'

Pat was cheered.

Dr. Cavallo's speech had fairly turned the tide, and when the meeting broke up, the crowd surged on the platform, and shook him by the hand, and manifested their delight at what he had done.

Seidel and Nagle walked away together, and for some time neither spoke.

Then Seidel broke out, "I despise the fellow, but, after all, it was as good as a play to see him turn on that crowd and take them by the neck."

Nagle grinned. "Mike O'Hara probably thinks the same, for when I left him in Jake's saloon he had his whole cheek torn open, where Cavallo had punched him with his cane."

Seidel gave an exclamation of impatience.

"I hope Mike kept his mouth shut?"
"No, he couldn't, it's split open."
"He didn't say anything?"
Nagle grinned again. "No, he couldn't talk if he wanted to."
CHAPTER XXXII.

When the morning papers gave the report of the meeting of the night before, and prefaced it with an account of the attack that had been made upon Dr. Cavallo, which the reporters had obtained from the police, a revulsion of feeling took place in the city. The police had found one of the members of the Ham Head gang bleeding on the prairie, with a bad wound in his neck. From him they had arrested Mike O'Hara. When the old man, Pat, came home from the meeting, and told what had been done, and how he made a speech that was the cap sheaf of the evening, and then learned that his son had attempted to assassinate his friend, his anger knew no bounds. He insisted that the whole thing should be told, and the papers said surprising revelations had been made against hitherto respectable parties. One of the first callers upon Cavallo was Mr. Tobias, who asked why he had not allowed his friends to come to his aid. "I saw a notice of the meeting," said he, "but I did not go, thinking that, perhaps, it was only a hoodlum gathering. I was proud of you, doctor, when I read the statement in this morning's paper. I can see you now, as you stood up and faced them, and to think of out there on the prairie, with nothing but a cane, fighting those hoodlums. I tell you it was great. It was magnificent."
Mr Herman dropped in. “If Bernheim had been here, I am satisfied those fellows would never have dared to come out the way they did,” he said, “but he has gone east. As for that little lawyer, he is too insignificant to notice. I did think better of Dr. McHale, but he was influenced by Abbott.”

The visit that did him the most good was from Bob Lawrence, “I sat in the gallery,” said Bob, “and when the old parson got through with his diatribe, I started up the cry for you. I knew that you would demolish him, but I was not quite prepared for such a scoring as you gave him. Did you notice how the chairman tacked and filled, agreeing with the last speaker, always. That’s Radcliff. If the crowd had concluded to put the rope around your neck, he would have chipped in just as cheerfully as he shook hands with you when it was over, and congratulated you on your speech. The world is damned by its hypocrites.”

“It is damned by its cowards,” returned Cavallo.

“It’s all one,” replied Bob, ‘‘coward’ and ‘hypocrite’ are synonymous terms. The fact that a man is a coward, makes him a hypocrite. I say this, for I guess I am a little of both.”

“How is that?”

“Oh, I sat there last night and allowed those fellows to abuse you and the Jews and never opened my mouth. If I had not been a mere pretense of a man I would have gone down there and demolished the whole lot. However, I am glad I did not, for you had all the better opportunity. I tell you, doctor, I would like to have your photograph as you walked down to those footlights and held up your hand to still the crowd. I never saw such a fine impersonation of wrath, disgust
and contempt in my life. What a splendid actor you would make."

"Acting is not in my line. I never felt less like acting in my life. I was thoroughly in earnest."

Bob moved uneasily about, got up and sat down, and lighted one of the doctor's cigars, which the latter courteously handed him. He hesitated "Doctor, you are not a business man, and yet I feel like asking your advice on a business point."

"What is it? You know full well that anything I can do for you, I will do."

Bob gave a laugh. "Well, then. it's about this mining deal. I have advanced some money to Seidel, and now he wants me to go in with a syndicate and take fifty thousand dollars worth of the stock."

"Who are in the syndicate?"

"Well, there's Nagle, and a lot of other chaps; who, I do not know, but Seidel says that they are good."

"The scheme, then, is to get Mr. Robert Lawrence at the back of it, and really have him endorse the project with his name, and, possibly, with his signature, and then float it. It is the old story of the chestnuts and the cat, but don't you be the cat."

Bob smoked slowly, and said, "It is singular how a man's eyes can be blinded. With all of my knowledge, I thought that it was a pretty good thing." With these words he arose, and putting on his hat, walked slowly down to his own office.

He had not been there long before Seidel came in, the embodiment of good humor.

"Robert, how is the man of business to-day? Immersed in the calculations of tariffs and accounts and rebates?"
Robert drew up a chair for him, and Seidel continued in the same flowing vein of good nature:

"Cut loose, my dear sir, from these petty details. Let the miserly and sordid grub. The time of the nimble sixpence and the slow shilling is past. Speculation is now the order of the day. The wealthy speculates to increase his store, and the man of humble means speculates to make a beginning. That was a good remark which the poor man made to Vanderbilt, when the railroad magnate told him to put by his savings, and learn to economize, and not to be buying lottery tickets. He asked how long Vanderbilt would have had to save and put by his earnings to acquire his fifty millions? That was a clincher."

"I have made some outside investments," said Bob, doubtfully, "and I never got out clear."

"Yes, but what did you make it in? Why, in land. There you are, with something open and tangible, subject to taxation, to assessment for improvements, for sewers and streets and alleys and bridges, and heaven knows what. It lies open and patent to the day, and any one can see it. Now, with stocks it isn't so. Look at the fellows in our large cities, in the world's large cities. What is the active principle of business today? Why, it is stocks; it is grain, it is oil or cotton; never the material itself, but the representative of it. They have tried to legislate it out of existence, but have they done it? No, it is stronger to-day than ever. Now, I only want you to stand by this deal. The stock of this mining company will go to par. We are going to list it on the Stock Board, and then it will go kiting."

"I was talking about it to Dr. Cavallo, and he did not seem to be impressed with it."
Seidel threw back his head, and gave his peculiar laugh. "Dr. Cavallo! that's good. What does a professional man know about business? My dear boy, if you had a boil, I should say go to Dr. Cavallo, by all means. I heard him last night at the hall. Good speech he made, too, from his standpoint. I could have answered him if I had a mind to. But what does Robert Lawrence, a shrewd operator, and with the knowledge of the laws of business at his fingers' ends, want with advice from a dreamer like this Cavallo? If you want to do anything, do it yourself. If I wanted to know what to do, I would come to you in a matter of this kind, for you know far more than any one in this city."

In this manner, partly by flattery and partly by cajoling, Seidel induced Robert to go into the scheme. It took some time to accomplish this, but Bob was easy going, and he finally yielded to the wiles of the tempter, and gave him his signature, for which he was to be secured by double the amount of stock. A secret sense of doing the wrong thing, made him assent to Seidel's suggestion, that the endorsement should be kept a secret between them and the bank, for as it was only a matter of form, nothing would come of it any way.

Seidel left the office with a smile of satisfaction. "The infernal Jew came very nearly upsetting the boat," he said, "but I have landed my fish after all."
Mr. Timothy Dodd recovered his poise. The fact that many of the best citizens of the city called upon his patron and congratulated him upon the stand that he had taken, the notices in the newspapers, the increased respect that was accorded the doctor, and, above all, the great demand for his professional services, gave Timothy new light, and with it an increased air of his own importance as belonging to so popular an establishment. He wore his high hat now as an every day affair, and he placed it on one side of his head, thereby increasing the sense of his own importance. He had taken a great interest in the O'Hara household since they had removed into one of the model houses built by Mrs. Bernheim, and he spent a good deal of time there. He put on his hat one evening, and taking his usual course, stopped at the O'Hara dwelling.

To open the gate and walk in, was the easy work of an old friend.

He greeted the old gentleman with his air of lofty courtesy, saying, "Good evenin' to all the house."

"The same to you, Timothy," said Pat.

The old gentleman was sitting in the front yard, in his shirt sleeves, in all the glory of the independent citizen, smoking his pipe. The eldest girl, as soon as
she saw Tim, came and sat in a hammock, that was stretched from the corner of the house to a fence picket. Inside the door, Tim could see the old lady and the other daughter.

"Where's Moike?" he asked.

The old man replied, without taking the pipe from his mouth, "Gone thrampin'."

"How's that?" inquired Tim.

"I dhruv him out," said the old man. "Whin I kem home from the meetin' in the hall, where me and the dochter put down the mob, I found that that b'y of moine had been ladin' an attack on the very mon that I had been defindin'. A foine mess he made uv it; the dochter had got the betther uv him. Moike was a disgrace to his sex. The pulece hed him for a toime, but the dochter wud make no complaint."

"Lave him go," sez the dochter, and they turned him out. "It'll be mony a day afore he'll relish his vittals, Oi'm thinkin'."

"He kem home here an' laid aroun' wid a hed onto him ye'd think he wus a buffalo. Ye're a Ham Head, sez I, an' at last I gev him the bounce."

"Ye did roight," said Tim, "ye maintained the honor uv the family. There is, as ye may say, two kinds uv Oirish, there's the bog-throttin' kind, who kem up widout rhyme or rayson, an' who are the fut-stule uv the wurrld, an' thin there's the other kind, who are the gintlest an' the foinest people on earth,—scholars an' orathors and min distinguished by raysarch and jainous. Thin, as ye may say, there's the thrue Oirishman an' the false Oirishman, an' thin' there's wan set that's naythur wan nor the other. The same way wid the Jews. There's hoigh-moinded an' low-moinded
Jews. There's Jews that are peddlers an' there's Jews that are professionals, an' there are others that are the divil knows phat. Now, there's Dochter Cavallo, "— "A foine man he is," said Pat. "He got me this house and he got me into one of the factories as watchman, and he gev me a lift. To be sure, if it hadn't been for me, the crowd in the hall wud hav got away wid him, but in the nick of time I stepped in wid an iloquent little spaach, giving them the tip of the blarney and they quit."

"Tim, when are you going to be a doctor?" asked the young lady, mischievously.

"That's a question that is not to be answered off-hand like, as ye may say 'what's the time of day,' Miss Nora," replied Tim, loftily. "The science of physic is not to be swallowed at wan dose, as ef it were a pill. Ye hev to diagnose it."

"What's that," returned the young lady. "You are always using these big words. How do you diagnose a thing?"

"It's a medical term, embracing the whole thary of the subject. It's origin is 'diag,' a Greek word, manin' to throost, and 'nose,' signifying the manner in which, as ye may say, ye have to throost yer nose into the very bowels of the subject for to diskiver what yere saykin' afther."

This was quite satisfactory to his auditor, the young lady only remarking, "It must make an awful mess."

"Miss Nora," continued Tim, sitting down in the hammock by her side, "there's only two things in this wurrld worth studyin'."

"What's them?" said she, coyly.

"Wan is the profission that a man do be followin', and the other is the faymale heart."
“Mister Dodd, you’ll not be studying my heart, I can tell you that.”
“An’ phy not?”
“Because, the first thing I’d know, you’d be wantin’ to diagnose it.”
“Nora, ye must larn to distinguish between profis-sional zale and the warm impulses of frindship.”
“Sit on your own side of the hammock,” said Nora.
“I prefer your professional zeal to too much friend-ship; you’r crowdin’ me.”
“Oh, Nora,” cried Tim, “there isn’t space in this wurld enough for two of us.”
“How do you mean to help the matter then?” asked Nora, pretending not to understand him.
“Phy, the only way we can help it is to become wan.”
She looked at him archly. “I thought that you was takin’ a great interest in my mother, all of this time. It wasn’t her then you came to see?”
“Nora, I have great respict for yer mother, but it’s mostly on account of her havin’ reared sich a foine gurrl as you.”
“Oh, go off, it’s the way you talk to all the girls. I wonder the tongue don’t dry up in your head.”
“It’s the heart that’s dryin’ up in me body,” cried Tim. “It’s like master, like man. The doctor is in love with one fair crayture, and here I am on the point of expirin’ wid agony on the account of the coldness of another.”
“Tim,” said Nora, with a sudden thought, “when Dr. Cavallo marries Miss Lawrence, then—”
“An’ thin,” said he, expectantly.
“Then you can talk to me,” and she laughed mer-rily.
"It's well that the Bible says the human heart is decayful above all things and dispirately wicked," said he. "It's that way wid the sex, wherever yez foind them. There's the dochter, as foine a mon as ever lived, and him on the point of lovin' that geyrl to distraction, and gettin' no solace."

"Why," said Nora, "is not she mindin' to his love?"

"It's that Seidel," returned Tim, "he's the divul himself. He's thru that poor gurrl under a spell."

The old man had fallen asleep while this conversation had been going on, but he now awoke, and began to groan and rub his back, at which Nora remarked: "Father, you had better go into the house, you'll catch the rheumatism."

"I'll not catch it," replied the old man, "By gob, I've got it," and he hobbled into the house, and they could hear him stirring out in the kitchen, after his bottle of liniment.

Tim continued, "Miss Nora, there's min, and there's other min. There's min like the dochter, that invite confidence, bein' that open hearted that they fill yer soul wid hope an' faith, to shake 'em by the hand. Then there's others whom ye naturally fear, as ye wud a snake, like that Seidel and Lurello Nagle, a shape wearin' the earmints of a wolf."

"Why don't the doctor go straight up to Miss Lawrence and say that he loves her and will marry her, and settle this matter at once. He's good enough for any woman. That's what you would do, Tim."

"There's difference bethune min. There's min who could storm a cannon widout battin' their eye, but whin they come in front of the woman they love, they are that wake that the courage goes outen 'em, and
they feel as limp as a dish-rag. Now the dochter is a mon among min. He wouldn’t scare about gettin’ out an’ foightin’ a whole regimint, an’ standin’ there until the flesh was hacked off his bones, but as for comin’ out, bould loike, to a woman, it’s not in him, an’ as like as not he’ll see Miss Lawrence carried away by this sneakin’ divil of a Seidel, widout a protest, and then go breakin’ his heart afterwards.”

“He ought to diagnose this brute of a Seidel,” suggested Nora, looking slyly at Timothy.

“Yer an apt scholar. What a dochtor’s wife ye will make,” and with that he went over the old customs. If all the world loves a lover, all the world has been a lover at some time, so that it is not necessary to tell how Timothy sped in his love making.
CHAPTER XXXIV.

Seidel was making progress at a rapid rate. He now had plenty of money, for the moment, which he flourished, and he was anxiously trying to cultivate the acquaintance of the best people. He used his power over Bob Lawrence to push himself into society, and, as he was a man of good address, he had no difficulty in making his way, then he posed as the lover of Miss Lawrence, in spite of his rebuff, for his cool assurance did not stop at anything. Bob did not like this, but he was so far in Seidel's power that he could not help himself. Seidel, having involved him, acted towards Bob with the domineering audacity that he displayed to everyone whom he could, in the least, control.

While he was in this advantageous position, Seidel attempted to renew his suit with Margaret and reinstate their old relations of friendship. He paid her the most marked attentions, whenever he could, in public. He was profoundly deferential, and so polite that people wondered that she could receive his favors so indifferently. When he tried to turn the conversation into a sentimental channel, she quietly, yet firmly, checked him. He carried his audacity so far that he had Mrs. Nagle whisper around that Margaret and himself were engaged, but Margaret at once denied it with
such spirit that the rumor was crushed before it obtained a foothold. Seidel was puzzled. He could make his small points easily enough, but when he attempted to do something that lay nearest his heart, he was always quietly checkmated and baffled. He took out his revenge by hating Cavallo more than ever, and in studying up plans for his utter overthrow. As for the doctor, in spite of Seidel’s opposition, he was inundated with work. His practice had enormously increased, and an epidemic of grippe that raged that winter, left him no chance for rest night or day. While the malady raged in the lower parts of the city, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it escaped the Bernheim flats, as they were called. So many of the working men had purchased homes on the favorable terms that were offered, that great additions had been made to them. Mrs. Bernheim was delighted, and, with her characteristic generosity, she gave the doctor full credit for the plan, and was never weary of chanting his praises.

She was exceedingly active that winter in charitable work, and, as the malady raged like a pestilence in the poorer quarters of the city, she poured out her money like water for the relief of the stricken, and gave plans for the much larger increase of the model cottages in the spring. The doctor once congratulated her upon her work, but she checked him, saying, “Doctor, you know this is inculcated upon every true Jew, for does not the Talmud say: ‘The house that is closed to charity shall be opened to the physician.’” He laughingly replied: “If all my patients were to act on this motto I fear that I should lack practice.” And he complimented her on becoming so devout a believer,
In spite of all the claims of society upon her, she steadily kept in sight the needs of her people, as she called her tenants, and she built up a spirit of self-help among them, for no sooner was it noised about that one family had purchased their house than it spurred up others to do the same. Then the ones who had bought, made little additions to their dwelling. They would put on a bay window here and add a dormer window there, so that the flats began to lose the uniform look of sameness that they originally possessed, and that are inseparable from rented houses, and take on the air of homes. Trees were planted and vines trailed over the door. Roses and shrubs were set out and the little cottages began to be adorned with good taste.

Mrs. Bernheim lent them every assistance in her power. Her large green-house was a world in itself, and she now instructed her gardener to set apart a place for geraniums and roses and kindred plants, so that any tenant who desired could have a single plant or an assortment, only agreeing to take care of them. By this means the girls in the flats were instructed in raising flowers, and the rooms soon possessed an air of refinement.

People who had sneered at the experiment began to say, "Of course, any one could see that it was a good speculation," for, as the street cars had been extended to the place, property went up enormously, and the buildings steadily increased in value. When the ten acres were exhausted, more land was procured. The original investment had long since proved satisfactory, and now the plant was managing itself. All the money that was received from the payments or rents was put
back into new buildings as fast as either tenants or purchasers could be procured.

Abbott was one of the foremost persons to protest against this policy, for his old tumble-down tenements would now no longer rent, and this he cherished as an additional grievance against the doctor, and ground his teeth when ever his name was mentioned.

Lurrello Nagle denounced the whole thing as a real estate deal. Any man, he said, who will get his neighbor to buy a lot is a thief and a swindler. In vain was it pointed out to him that the investment in every case was a good one. He was down on it, and never was so happy as when, with paper and pencil in hand, he could show how much more certain the return would be if invested in mining stock. He had endorsed for Seidel, and was carrying a large block of the stock himself, which he hoped to be able to get rid of at an early day, but, thus far, he had little success. He finally induced the working men in the mill, where he kept the books, to put up a small sum each week and carry a block of it, but this exhausted his powers of persuasion, and he could do no more. He would have said more against the flats, but he dreaded the influence of Bernheim. That individual gave him his position, and Nagle was indebted to him and to his wife for the social standing that his own wife had secured, but he hated both the Bernheims, and was only waiting in secret to do them an ill turn.

When Seidel had secured Bob Lawrence's signature at the bank, Nagle had hoped that his own stock would have been taken off his hands, but Seidel would do nothing of the kind, and he veiled his flat refusal by telling Nagle that it was not time to unload yet, and
that to have him get out now would overturn the whole plan. When Nagle attempted to force him to keep his promise, which was to let him out at the first opportunity, he found that his wife was wholly under the influence of Seidel, and she turned on him and berated him for thinking of forsaking so good a friend as Seidel had been to him. While Seidel treated him with cool contempt, his wife began to openly snub him worse than ever. He had, in the first place, when they talked of going in partnership in the stock deal, invited Seidel to take up his quarters with him. He now found that he could not rid himself of him. Seidel acted as if he were the real master of the household, and began to bully him at times in such a manner that Nagle felt like ordering him out of the house, but Seidel had such an influence over his wife, that he did not dare raise a row, lest he should get the worst of it.

A more unhappy man than Lurello Nagle did not exist.
CHAPTER XXXV.

While Charley Abbott did not attend the funeral of his wife, owing to the express commands of his father, the blow that he had received sobered him. The next day after the funeral, he went out to the Home for the Friendless, and, taking his little daughter from the care of the matron, placed her in charge of a member of the family, an old aunt, who had always been proud of him, and who lived in a little house at the edge of town. He threw himself into his duties with some care and attention and forsook his old companions. They at first rather respected this and let him alone, but when they found that he did not care for their gibes and had settled down, it was whispered around that he had sowed his wild oats and was beginning to be a man. Old Mr. Allen noticed this, and was the first one to extend the hand of cordiality to him. He told him to come up to the house and see Annie, for he was certain that all might yet be forgiven and forgotten.

One day he had worked hard, and at the close of the business, he passed the Allen house, when he was hailed by Annie herself with, "Oh, Cholly, come in, can't you?"

He found her in the old position in the rocking-chair, chewing the same everlasting gum. She held
out a hand to him which he took. "Annie," said he, "I have not had the heart to come and see you after what has happened, but—"

She interrupted him with a giggle, "Oh, you chaps are all alike. I had an idea all of the time that you were going out with the other boys and having a time."

"It has been a lesson to me."

She giggled again. "That's what Jim Simpson is always saying, and then he will be fuller 'n a goose in a week."

She continued to giggle, "And you were a married man all of the time and I didn't know it? Cholly, it was awful tough. What sort of a looking thing is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the young'un."

"My daughter is a very beautiful child."

"Your daughter," she giggled, "oh, that is too good, and you just ought to see your face when you said 'my daughter.' It was better than a play," and she shrieked with laughter.

"I do not see anything to laugh at."

"Why," she said, "you do not mean that you are going to recognize the brat."

"I shall take care of my child."

"Very well, then, you will not take care of me," she said hotly.

He bowed.

"I am not going to have a child in my house of whose parentage you do not know. Born in the gutter, and like as not growing up a thief."

"Stop!" he cried, "the child is, before God, my own, and the woman who bore her was my wife."
will not listen to aspersions that she does not deserve, and for crimes that I alone committed."

"Now, Cholly," in a wheedling tone, "don't be a fool."

"I have been a villain, but I am not going to con­
tinue to be one, if I know myself."

"How can we go into society with this thing hanging
to us? Who would introduce the girl when she gets
old enough to come out? What can we do with her?
Do have some sense."

"The sins of the parent are visited upon the child,
but I am willing to try and shield my little one from
the consequences of my foolishness. I have no right
to ask you to share this burden. Good-bye, Annie." He held out his hand and grasped hers, but he felt
that there was no response, and he walked away.

She cried a little, then she laughed, then she giggled.
Her mother came out and said, "What is the matter,
Annie, between you and Charley?"

"Why, maw, I sacked him."

"You didn't?"

"That's what. He wanted to bring that thing's
young'un on us, wanted to take it into the house, and
I just told him 'nit.' I don't propose to hitch to any
one's young'uns, leastways those that don't come from
a straight source."

"You're right," said her mother, "there's as good
fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

And Charley Abbott walked away saying to himself,
"I will not ask any one to share this burden with me,
but I will not shirk one jot from the consequences."

Thereafter he used to go down to the cottage of his
aunt and spend the evenings in company with her, and
it was his chief solace, after his day's work was done,
to sit with his daughter on his knee and listen to her prattle.

When she grew old enough to talk and to call him "Papa" he was delighted, and he would hold her on his lap for hours. He began to look forward to the evening with impatience, and to watch for the sight of her sweet face at the gate, waiting for his coming. When she began to come out to meet him he felt a glow at his heart that astonished him. When she was sick he was in agony, and when she became better he was the happiest man in the world. The little girl brought sunshine into his life. He worked hard, and took an interest in his business. Gradually he assumed some of his father's cares, and tried to mitigate the hard and rigorous rules over the tenants, but the old man had the grip of the miser, and, while he allowed his son some small latitude, the main purse strings he kept in his own hands. As his bodily strength failed, it only seemed to make his intellect sharper and sharper, and to give him renewed zest for making money, and to hate, with bitter and unrelenting purpose, everyone who hindered him from making it. The Bernheim flats were perpetually thrown up in his face by his own tenants, some of them used it as an excuse for not paying their own rents, some as a reason why they should get a rebate. He heard it forty times a month, until the very mention of the name sent him off into a fit of passion. He was well content that Charley should settle down, and that at last he should have taken up his home with his aunt and little daughter, for the reason that he spent far less money now than he had when with his wild companions. This was the crowning idea of Mr. Abbott's life. If he could
save money by adopting a certain course, that was the one he pursued. He did not care about his little grandchild, and as long as Charley was now living an economical life, and was not lavishing money, he felt satisfied. The disease of avarice had eaten into his soul and destroyed all finer emotions.
CHAPTER XXXVI

Seidel now determined on a plan that would realize all of his hopes. He made up his mind that to strengthen his position and increase the value of his holdings, he must have a member of Congress whom he could control. If he did this, he thought that he could use this power to get his stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, for while he had boasted that he was about to do this, he had made no progress whatever.

"Now," he said to himself, "if I can go down to New York City and say to those fellows, 'I can deliver one vote to you on anything you want. It will cost you no money, but you must let me in on the ground floor to certain things,' I can get my stock listed, or do anything else that I want." People do not buy members of Congress nowadays, they work them through influence. He felt that this was feasible, and he pondered it over long, turning it over in his own mind, he felt that he knew how to proceed.

He looked about him narrowly and carefully. He at first thought of Bob Lawrence. If he could get Bob to run, which he doubted, would he be able to control him afterwards? Here was the rub. He had used Bob's credit to the utmost. He had induced him to endorse notes, and then endorse more, telling him that he had taken up the first ones. Instead of doing this,
he had renewed the first ones, and discounted the last. He hoped to be able to make a turn before they would fall due; if not, he hoped that he could raise the money some other way. He was reduced to kiting, borrowing money. He had Nagle completely drained, and he smiled to see the efforts that that individual made to get out of his clutches, the only result being that he was more hopelessly in the toils. He had used all the money that came into his hands in living lavishly, and in speculating on the market in Chicago, and a recent drop in wheat had caught him hard, so that he felt that he must make one gigantic effort.

His audacity was great, and if he could get his man elected to Congress, and could use him afterwards, he could, he felt sure, get into some combination that would help him out of his difficulties, for Seidel was a great believer in luck. He always wanted to see the new moon over his right shoulder, and while he professed to be a Free-Thinker and a Scientist, he was full of small superstitions and little observances. He always blew twice in his shoes before he put them on in the morning, would not walk under a ladder, and hated to spill the salt. It is true that he laughed at himself for maintaining these foolish notions, but he did them, nevertheless.

"Now," he said to himself, "I want a man." He ran over in his mind every one that he knew. "If old Abbott hadn't made an ass of himself, I believe I could have run Charley, and got him in with money and the young man's racket, but, of course, that is out of the question now. There were a good many available men, but some of them were too poor, some of them knew too much, and some knew too little. I want," he
argued to himself, "some fool who is rich and respectable."

Then he thought of Radcliff. He had had Radcliff nominated as chairman of the meeting called to protest against Cavallo when that gentleman had so magnificently maintained his position and put them down. Radcliff felt that he had been placed in a false position that night, and he had not been on good terms with Seidel since.

This, however, did not cut any figure with Seidel. He was not to be abashed by anything of the sort. Radcliff was a wholesale grocer, doing business on "L" street, and there Seidel betook himself. He found the great man in his office berating his clerks. He handled a particular brand of cigars and he kept them on a high shelf in his private office. In taking an account of stock he overhauled a long pile of these cigar boxes. He found the front row intact, but the boxes in the back row were all empty. The clerks and drummers about the place had been in the habit of helping themselves and of putting the empty cigar boxes back of the full boxes, leaving the front ones untouched. To say that Mr. Radcliff was mad when he discovered this fact, is putting it feebly. He roared. He declared that he stood up there like a chump, to be robbed; that he was preyed upon—first, by his drummers, then by his bookkeepers, then by his friends, and lastly, by his family.

He paced back and forth through his place and shook his fist at imaginary foes. "I am the old cow that gives all the milk, and everyone has a pull at me. Oh, yes, it's 'Mr. Radcliff,' when they want anything, and 'that old fool,' behind my back; I know all about
it. I have been through the whole mill. I have had my leg pulled enough, I can tell you that," and he turned and shook his fist again, this time in the very face of Seidel, who had come in while he was engaged in his gesticulation.

Radcliff was, secretly, rather glad that he had done this unwittingly, so that he could pretend that he did not see it. So he said, "Well, I don't take back any thing I've said, for no man," and then he went over his woes for the benefit of Seidel, adding, "I've been robbed, robbed right here under my nose, and there's a lot of thieving fellers out there, chuckling and laugh­ ing to themselves over it. Oh, yes; I know it. I am the target for everything. When a man gets out of practice they say to him: 'Tackle old Radcliff, he'll buy anything and take anything.'"

Seidel was vexed. He did not want to find his man in this mood, so he tried to calm him down. He symp­ pathized with him. Told him that he had been in business too long and he ought to retire, to which Rad­ cliff returned only a contemptuous snort, and allowed that he knew what he wanted as well as anybody and when he wanted to retire, he would make up his own mind. Nevertheless, so strong was his propensity to agree with everyone, that, after half an hour's talk, dur­ ing which Seidel set before him the duty he owed to his country, and how margins in trade are getting smaller and smaller every year, requiring constant ac­ cession of capital, and more and more skill in handling it, he made up his mind that perhaps the best thing that he could do would be to get out of the trade, where he could not be robbed.

Then little by little Seidel unfolded his plan of run-
ning him for Congress. Radcliff took the bait greedily, but he was sharp enough to drive a bargain in regard to it.

He protested that he was far from being a rich man, that he would accept the duty and come to the rescue of his party in this trying hour if he could be assured that it would not take a fortune to run. Seidel then showed him figures that it would not cost him much. A good sum could be raised from the central committee. He would go among the friends of the party and raise some more, and he showed Radcliff, on a card, that he would not have to put up anything, if he did not wish to do so.

This was what Radcliff wanted. "I will, then, accept your proposition, Mr. Seidel, provided you take off from my hands all of the financial responsibility. I will donate my personal services, and will pay my own expenses, but I will not put up a cent or stand any assessment. I do not wish to appear mean in this matter, and I shall simply turn the assessment over to you, and you are to shoulder it.

Seidel hesitated.

"Come now, you think so much of my duty," said Radcliff, "what do you think of that proposition?"

Seidel cogitated. If he did this, why, it would only be binding the old man closer to him, and enable him to take entire charge of him. Perhaps this was what he wanted, so he said, "Very good, I will undertake the job."
CHAPTER XXXVII.

The nominating convention was still to be called, but Seidel set to work. The next morning the party paper had a long article as the leading editorial, suggesting that Mr. John Radcliff, one of our best business men, should be sent to Congress, adding that the time for lawyers and unpractical people in the halls of our national legislature is past, and that men with experience in affairs should be called to the helm. This editorial Seidel wrote himself. He had some difficulty in getting the article inserted, the editor flatly refusing to do so, saying that old Radcliff was a hog, and that as he had never advertised in the paper; the paper should not do anything to help the matter along. Seidel, however, waited until the editor had gone home and then, going into the business office, bargained for the insertion of a double-leaded article on the editorial page. The clerk in charge insisted that he never sold space at the head of the editorial columns, but Seidel laughed at him, and, finally, by offering him double rates, he secured it. He knew that there would be a scene the next morning, but he thought that he could fix that up. In the morning he prepared a petition asking Mr. Radcliff to accept the nomination, and got all the prominent merchants in business to sign it. Most of them did so without reading it. Others asked
if it was a subscription for money, and on learning that it was not, they cheerfully affixed their sign manuals. In two hours he had the names of half the leading men in the place. They would just as cheerfully have signed a petition asking Radcliff to go and hang himself, but this does not militate against our glorious system of petitions.

Armed with this, Seidel presented himself to the counting room of the newspaper. The business manager said, "Jones, the editor, is mad over the trick you played on him."

"Oh, he is; send him down."

In such a contest the first word is more than half the battle. When, therefore, Jones put in an appearance, Seidel began on him, told him that he was a baby in politics, that instead of being the first to come out and nominate the coming man, he wanted to hang back and let some other one do it and then come sneaking along, trying to get into the band wagon when it was everlastingly too late. He showed him the petition. "Look, here is a petition signed by every leading man in the party, and a lot of the independents, begging Radcliff to take the nomination. He will accept. Do you want the first news, or don't you?" His magnificent cheek astonished the editor, and he could only gasp: "This is the first I have heard of it, or rather you are the only one that has told me anything about Radcliff."

"There you go, you are asleep. Get into the band wagon, now, I tell you, or you will be left. Come out to-morrow, and say, 'Our suggestion of yesterday has been eagerly taken up by the great body of voters, and the name of Mr. John Radcliff, for Congress, has been
received with the utmost enthusiasm.' Take all the credit for it, and push it."

The business manager eagerly chimed in, "Of course, that's what we will do. And you will want a lot of extra papers struck off with his acceptance in, won't you?"

"Yes; give me five hundred," said Seidel, and off he went.

As soon as he had turned the corner, and got out of sight of the newspaper office, he burst into a laugh. "If they made me pay double rates for the editorial, I will get even with them on the acceptance."

So he went to the reading-room in the hotel, and wrote a glowing acceptance of the nomination, referring to the fact that he had always been willing to sink his own peace and comfort for his party. He filled the letter of acceptance with the most patriotic phrases he could think of. Then he chuckled: "Now, I won't even read it to the old fool; I won't gratify him that much."

He took it down to the grocery store, and found Radcliff just opening the morning paper.

"Radcliff, sign this, please."

"What is it, a lightning rod note?"

"No, it is no lightning rod note, it won't even cost you a pound of sugar; it's politics."

"All right, if you say it's right, I'll sign."

Away Seidel went, and had it affixed to his petition from the business men. Then he wrote an editorial, lauding Radcliff, and showing what a sacrifice that gentleman was making to accept the office at this time, and how he was willing to forego his own ease and his own business, and devote himself to the burning ques-
tions of the hour. He wrote until the foreman expostulated.

"I might as well tell you that we have a baking powder 'ad.' on the editorial page, and if you put in that long petition and long editorial it will fill the whole thing. You had better stop."

So Seidel had to stop after having likened Radcliff to Cincinnatus. He was going to call him the Lincoln of his party.

He had spent the whole forenoon in thus manufacturing a patriot. Then he went over to the hotel to dinner. The clerk informed him that Mr. Radcliff had been there to see him.

"He has, has he! If he comes in while I am eating, send him up." Seidel had finished his soup and fish, and was on his way down the bill of fare to coffee and nuts, when Mr. Radcliff came in, looking all around the room, as if he wanted some one very much indeed.

Seidel spied him, and sent the waiter over to tell him to come to his table.

He did so, sat down, and then, in a low voice, Radcliff whispered: "Where was you? I have hunted all over to find you."

"I was engaged in a little business of importance. What is the trouble?"

Radcliff dropped his voice again and said, "Did you see the morning paper?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"Did you read that article about me?"

"Yes, I read it."

"Well, hadn't there ought to be something done about it?"

Seidel enjoyed his confusion, and, at last, he said,
"Oh, Radcliff! and you told me that you had been a member of the Board of Supervisors for five years and knew all about politics. Why, my dear sir, a petition has been prepared, duly signed by the leading men of the party, asking you to run for Congress. You have replied to it in burning words, stating that you would much prefer the paths of private life, but that if it is felt, that you can better serve the interests of your fellow-citizens in a public than in a private capacity, there is no sacrifice too great for you to make, no burden too heavy for you to bear. In short," said Seidel, "you are willing to run and mighty glad of the chance, although you don't say so. This glowing exordium is now in type and will be printed in the morning."

"That's right. This is just what I was going to suggest should be done," Radcliff replied. "Good enough. I will order three papers to-morrow morning and send them to some of my friends."

"Three papers," said Seidel, scornfully.

"I'll make it five."

A contemptuous reply came to Seidel's lips, then he checked himself. As by the terms of the contract, he was forced to pay all the bills, what difference did it make to him how many papers he ordered. Let him quarrel with the newspaper men over that.

He resumed his meal, while Radcliff bored him with a long account of how he was going to run the campaign, what a high position he was going to take.

Seidel, wearied with his talk, ended it. "Radcliff, do you want to know how to be elected?"

"Yes, I want all the information I can get."

"Well, then, remember Bismarck's maxim: 'The party that makes the most promises carries the elec-
tions.' Don’t be afraid, but promise everybody every­thing.”

And with these words he arose from the table, and motioning Radcliff to go before, walked out of the dining-room. Once out, he bade his candidate good day, leaving him staring after him.

Radcliff thought, “He’s a smart fellow, if he does put on a good many airs.”

Seidel’s reflections were: “The double-dyed ass to talk to me about what ought to be done. I’d like to have him out in Colorado running on an independent ticket. Would’nt the boys skin his pocket-book for him? If they didn’t,” he added grimly, “they would shoot his hat full of holes.
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Once started on his career of manufacturing statesmen, Seidel found it easy sailing. There was very little opposition, and of those, one he promised the collectorship, another the postoffice. He gave one man the patronage of his county, and induced another to run for the state senate. In this way he finally placated all the factions, so that when the convention was called there was no opposition. To be sure, in order to make the party harmonious, he had called several of the caucuses in the lower wards in saloons, and had selected delegates beforehand, voting them in, and then, adjourning the caucus before any one knew much what had been done. In other cases he had a gang outside, and when the Committee on Credentials met, they were empowered to fill all vacancies, so that he had a large majority of delegates pledged to Radcliff. It cost him a good deal to do this, but he felt that this was his master-stroke, and he must make it a success. He would not have cared so much if he had not lost so heavily on wheat, but he consoled himself by saying, "after all it is not my money that I am spending, it belongs to my creditors."

He did not dare trust himself to hear his candidate respond to the call after he had been duly nominated, but went into a side room. As he expected, Radcliff
put his foot in it, telling his hearers, the first thing, that he was proud to meet "the wealth, intelligence and aristocracy of the district in convention assembled." At which bull there went up a great shout and roar. However, Radcliff then alluded to the fact that he had been a member of the Board of Supervisors for many years, and had served on the Bridge Committee, and this was not so bad. Seidel at last got him down and out to the nearest saloon, where he made him set the beer up to the crowd.

Even then, Radcliff took him out one side, and told him, in a burst of generosity, that he did not mind spending money for a little beer on an occasion like this, and he should not charge this up to him as an item of expense.

This notification that Radcliff intended to hold him up to the contract disgusted Seidel more and more, but he was in for it, and must play his hand out, he thought. "I am like the Spartan youth, I must return with my shield, or upon it."

It was not Seidel's nature to do anything by halves, and he threw himself into the work with a will. He organized all the thugs into a club, and had them parade through the city, calling them the bone and sinew of the people. "The bone and sinew" signaled their advent into the respectable portion of the town by getting drunk, and tearing down signs, smashing window panes and doing like depredations. In their parade, they tipped over all of the apple-stands, all of the peanut roasters, and threw all the boxes on the line of march into the streets. Then they howled, and ended by insulting decent people, until the more respectable citizens shut themselves up in their homes.
The papers next day called the organization "Radcliff's Lambs," and the Mayor called upon that worthy, and told him that while he wanted to maintain strict neutrality between the parties, if his "Lambs" made any more such demonstrations, he would have the whole lot run in. The next day they called upon Seidel for instructions, and he told them that they were a disgrace to the ticket, and that they must confine themselves to their end of the city.

Seidel saw that he must have more money. He went to the leading gamblers and sporting men, and told them that they must come to the relief of the party. This they were willing to do, if they could have some guarantee that they would be allowed to run. He tried to get it for them, and the result was that they quarrelled among themselves, at last, the facts leaked out, and the whole thing came down on Seidel's head, in the shape of an expose by Herr Muller, who raked Radcliff fore and aft, and that gentleman came in hot haste to Seidel, and told him that he must stop his work or the ticket would be ruined.

Seeing no way out of it, Seidel boldly staked his last money on the throw. He organized clubs, he got up political meetings, and he set out to have a hot campaign. His party associates warned him not to go too fast. "You have got no opposition as yet, they said, what is the use of starting in so early?" but Seidel wanted to show that he alone was running it, and that if he made a vigorous fight now, it would frighten everyone off the track, and he would have a walk-away. He said, "Every one else economizes money the first week of the campaign, and the last week throws it away by handfuls. Let us adopt the opposite policy."
In pursuance of his plan, he organized, in every ward, gangs of men, most of them lewd fellows of the baser sort, who spent their time in saloons yelling for Radcliff, and shouting that they were going to have a liberal government.

They would get out and have torch-light processions, and these were accompanied with much noise and tumult, generally ending in a drunken fight. Radcliff was delighted with this at first, particularly when it cost him nothing, and as he heard his name on every corner, he thought that he was making progress.
CHAPTER XXXIX.

Seidel now began to see that the opposition were beginning to get together, and the chances were that they would select a man. Then he determined on a master stroke. He sent men into every ward and precinct and attended the primaries of the other side, and placed his men on the delegations wherever he could. He secured, on the day of the nomination, a majority of the committee on organization, and he had all of his men accepted as delegates. Then he cleverly sprung on the convention the name of a new man who was vouched for as a warm partizan. He was a lawyer in an adjoining county. As no one knew much about him he was nominated, and the convention adjourned. It was two or three days afterwards before it was noised around that the nominee was thoroughly disreputable, far worse than Radcliff. This assured Radcliff's election, and that gentleman, in his incautious zeal and vanity, went about boasting of what Seidel had done. Seidel heard of it, and, going down to Radcliff, gave him a scoring for thus revealing the whole plan of battle, and under cover of what a bull he had made, forced that gentleman to endorse his note for five thousand dollars. He took this over to Radcliff's own bank and induced them to discount it. When he had done this he tucked the money away and took a great breath. "This, at least, tides me over."
Then he added: "Now I am safe." The tide was running in favor of Radcliff, for a quarrel had sprung up among the men to whose party the old lawyer belonged, and everyone was charging the others with being the tool of Seidel and of having sold out. In the melee, Radcliff would run in without question, for he was a much better man than his opponent. Seidel chuckled, and rubbed his hands with glee. He called on the Mayor and insisted in the name of the party on the town "being run wide open," telling him that it would make him popular with the business interests. It did not take long for the intelligence to be noised abroad that "everything went" in the city of P——, and shortly afterwards an influx of confidence men, thieves, gamblers, and every conceivable kind of parasite flocked in. The nights began to be saturnalias, and the days filled with drunken revelry. A wave of crime swept over the city, burglaries became common and assaults frequent, respectable citizens were knocked down and robbed. Stores were broken open, thefts became frequent, and a general cry arose against the administration. By this time the dangerous classes had enormously increased. They were powerful enough to compel Seidel to use his influence with the Mayor and get some of them appointed on the police, and then the thefts became more and more frequent. The newly appointed men speedily inoculated the whole force with their spirit, and if a thief was willing to divide, they found a way of silencing all complaints. If a man came to the city hall with a tale of robbery, if he were a stranger, they locked him up and kept him until he agreed to leave; if a resident, they told him that if he would keep still they
would see if his property could not be restored. Then, if he made continued inquiry, they would give him part of it and keep the rest. In this way they stifled all complaint, and the newspapers were told only of small events, the little incidents, and the public did not learn of the graver matters that were kept under cover. Seidel acted as the go-between the parasites and the police, and he was kept busy in arranging meetings, in giving straw bail, and in making the thugs keep somewhere within bounds.

As he was making a profit out of the whole thing, it was his interest to keep it up as long as possible, when an incident occurred that produced an explosion.

Richard Holmes was an old gentleman, very benevolent and public spirited. He had been down town one afternoon and was returning home for supper. It was hardly dark, when he was set upon by a couple of ruffians, and in a public street, and within reach almost of his own front door, he was knocked down, brutally kicked and beaten, and his watch and pocket book taken from him. A member of his family saw the whole occurrence from the window of the house, gave the alarm, and Mr. Holmes was carried into his home nearly dead. This was an outrage that could not be concealed, and the next morning the newspapers gave full particulars. For several days Mr. Holmes wavered between life and death, but he slowly rallied. The police made vigorous efforts, apparently, to trace the perpetrators of the dastardly outrage, and finally they returned Mr. Holmes' watch, saying that it had been sent back by mail, but the thugs who stole it had given no clue to their whereabouts.

Then Herr Muller came to the front. He published
an article in English in his paper, denouncing the whole affair, its perpetrators and its originators. He said that it was evident that to simply pursue the wretches who had committed this crime, would amount to but little, the work must begin far back of them. This he distributed all over the city.

It created a tremendous sensation. Forseeing the probable wreck of all his hopes, Seidel visited the leading men of the party, and had a conference at Radcliff's, in which each one withdrew his patronage from Herr Muller, and served notice on him that they would not patronize his paper, as long as he continued his course of maligning his own people. As the protest was signed, it presented a pretty formidable list, and Seidel chuckled to himself as he took it in, laid it down on Herr Muller's desk and asked him to look over it. He paid no attention to it, and Seidel went away feeling contempt for Herr Muller, and the quiet way in which he submitted to his dictation.
CHAPTER XL.

The next day he picked up Herr Muller's paper and was amazed to find that the letter was published in full, with every name attached, and that Muller had attacked every man who had thus attempted to shield the rascality of the administration and cover up the crime. He told them that they were acting a part, and that they fancied they were maintaining their allegiance to their party, when they were the mere puppets of the bold conspirator who stood behind them, and whose name was Seidel, an adventurer, a scoundrel, a villain, and a mere speculator in false securities and fictitious mining shares. The article closed with an appeal for every good citizen to meet in the hall that evening and form an association to protect the good name of the city against the present practices.

Herr Muller was not the man to hesitate. Having picked up the gage of battle, he flooded the city with handbills, in German and English, calling upon everyone to come out to the meeting.

That night the hall was packed, Herr Muller took the stand himself, and, after calling the meeting to order, asked the assembly to nominate a chairman. He was chosen to the position himself. He accepted it, and in a speech of great power and force, he depicted the evils under which the taxpayers were groaning, the
awful state of the city, at the mercy of villains, with gamblers dictating the policy of the administration, and thieves on the police force dividing the plunder with the thieves in the street. Other speakers followed, and at the close, at the suggestion of one of the partners of Mr. Holmes, a Civic Federation was formed, and committees were appointed to procure signers.

The next day the city was in a fever of enthusiasm, and signers to the Civic Federation poured in hot and furious, a headquarters was rented, and the work begun. The Women's Club was asked to assist, and promptly the members met, and passed a resolution endorsing the work of the federation, pledged themselves to assist, and appointed a committee to join the federation in anything in which they could act, either singly or as a club.

Seidel listened disdainfully to the accounts of the meeting and to the fears of Radcliff. "Now, don't you be a fool," he said, "They have nominated no one, and the time will soon be past when they can do so. If you will simply lay low, and keep that mouth of yours shut, you will be all right. You are liable to go around, and suggest to these fools just what we don't want them to do."

The Civic Federation thus formed, took hold of the work of purification, but at every turn they felt the malign hand of Seidel in opposition. If they preferred charges against a policeman, they found that the case was put off, or they were told that the witnesses could not be had, or the policeman would be suspended. Then they would find that he had been put on special duty, so that his pay went on just the same, and he really received more favors on account of the charges
than he did before. It was felt that he was rewarded for being made a martyr.

In this manner Seidel steadily neutralized the efforts of the committee, and strove against the opposition.
CHAPTER XLI.

Dr. Cavallo watched the progress of the strife with a good deal of interest. He saw the aim of the Federation, and he saw, too, that Seidel’s plan would result in success, for he was wearing out the other side. The doctor attended a meeting of the Federation one night, at which some of the ladies of the Women’s Club were present. The interest in the meeting was dying out, and to emphasize it, a gang of hoodlums from the Ham Heads came into the back part of the hall, and began to create a disturbance. Several times Herr Muller called them to order, but they were noisy and disagreeable. At last he said, half humorously, “Where are the members of the Young Men’s Christian Association football team, they might rid us of this annoyance?” At this half a dozen young men, belonging to the club, arose in the house, and, forming in line, made a rush at the Ham Heads. There was a struggle, a contest, but the rough elements were no match for the muscular young students who composed the football team. They speedily drove the roughs before them out of the door, downstairs and into the street. This done, they came back, and were received with uproarious applause.

Herr Muller stated that something must be done to keep alive the interest of the federation. For his part,
he was willing to work, but he must see that his efforts were sustained by the better element in the community. He wanted them to feel that he was representing their cause, not his own. He would like to hear from Dr. Cavallo.

The doctor arose and said that while he was heartily in favor of this movement, he could readily see where the trouble was. They were fighting without any apparent object. A tramp was once told that he could have a dollar and a half if he would pound a log all day with the head of his ax. He consented, but after an hour's work he gave it up, saying that he'd be hanged if he would chop without seeing the chips fly.

This was the trouble with the Civic Federation. They were doing nothing. The American people want action, not mere protests. If they wish to accomplish results, they must do something. Now, what can they do? Why, it is well known that the whole aim of the evil element that has been dominating the city, is to elect Radcliff to Congress. The first thing that must be done is to nominate a strong man against him. When that is accomplished, the next thing is to take hold of the city administration and purify that. He followed in a glowing strain for united work, and for action that promised definite results.

Herr Muller responded that the sentiments of the doctor coincided with his own, and he would heartily second his remarks, which he would do by nominating Dr. Cavallo for the standard bearer in the coming campaign.

This was received with applause, at the close of which, Dr. Cavallo said that he was not a candidate for the place, and under no circumstances would he accept.
Herr Muller was the man for the fight, and on Herr Muller the burden must fall.

Herr Muller replied that the reform movement really dated from the time that the doctor had made his speech against race prejudice in that very hall, at a public meeting called to denounce him for his acts of charity and mercy. That the key note of the campaign would be along the lines that he had laid down. It was a duty that Dr. Cavallo owed to the community to make this fight, for unless he did it, the whole thing would fall by the wayside.

The doctor positively refused, saying that his profession took up all of his time, and he could not give it up. In this undecided manner the meeting was about to break up, when the captain of the football team arose and said, that, while he was a young man and did not purpose to give advice to his elders, he would like to suggest that they defer the discussion of the theme until the next evening, and that they call a mass meeting to consider it.

This was carried and the meeting adjourned. Just as Dr. Cavallo was leaving the hall, a small boy put a note into his hand. He took it back to his office and saw that it was from Margaret. He opened it. There was but one line in it. It was the words of Bailly, the great French academician, on taking his seat as President of the first Assembly:

“A good citizen will neither seek, nor refuse, office.”
CHAPTER XLII.

The next day, Dr. Cavallo tasted to the full, the sweets of popularity. Every one, it seemed to him, of note, called on him and urged him to accept the nomination, but still he hesitated. He knew the enormous work that would devolve upon him, and what a load he would have to sustain. He went over it again and again and he did not see how he could accept it, and every time, just as he had made up his mind to refuse, Margaret's line came up in his mind: "A good citizen will neither seek, nor refuse, office."

His professional career was very dear to him. He was just getting where his reputation as a physician was advancing with great strides. He was beginning to be regarded as an authority. If he wished for wealth, the time was not far distant, at the rate he was progressing, when he could look forward to an enormous practice. He would rather have his professional reputation than all of the political honors in the world.

And he was now asked to abandon all of this, for what? Why, to prevent a low adventurer, for so he now classed Seidel, from running a respectable humdrum old grocer for Congress.

It looked to him as if the people ought not to ask this sacrifice of him. If it had not been for Margaret's note he would have laughed the proposition to scorn.
As it was, he went to see Herr Muller, and to beg him to take the burden off his shoulders.

"No," said Herr Muller, "you must accept the nomination."

"You know that I carry weight in this contest, for I am a Jew."

"Yes," said the other, "and it will bring up all the mud against you, and if you were not a Jew, I would not press this matter so hard, but now is your opportunity to vindicate your race and show them that the Jew stands on as high a plane of earnest endeavor to achieve good government as the best. He has suffered under bad government too long not to earnestly desire every reform possible."

He spent the afternoon hating the time when the evening meeting should be called. Once he made up his mind to stay away, and yet, he felt that if he should, his motives would be misconstrued. He was miserable. Here, he had settled plans for life and he was working them out to his own satisfaction, when they were changed, through no fault of his, and his whole future as a professional man blasted by an unforseen and unfortunate occurrence. Why could not the public let him alone? Why did he make that unlucky speech that evening? If he had had the remotest idea that his words would have been turned on him he never would have made it. But being out of politics, and never having taken part in the turmoil and scramble of office seeking, he had considered it as something remote, and now it was thrust into his face.

In this mood of discontent and thorough disgust with himself, he went to the hall and sat down in a seat far back; but he was seen and made to take a place on
the stage. He tried to escape this, but his friends would not allow him to refuse, and when the little crowd of three or four were discovered slowly making their way down to the front, for the hall was densely packed, a shout went up that drowned all other noises. It was a hearty welcome.

The chairman had already been chosen, and he was making a long speech on the necessity of every honest citizen standing up to the work of the Federation.

When he closed, Herr Muller said that it was well-known why they had assembled. They had become weary of fighting the enemy without ammunition. Now they proposed to attack him in his stronghold, and to do this they must have a man of purpose, a man of convictions, to head the ticket. The confederation had determined to put up a man for Congress who would represent the ideas and purposes of the federation, that is, the demand for better government and for reform in the administration of it. There was but one man who would answer the demand, and this man was Dr. Cavallo. The crowd roared its approval, and the doctor arose to speak. When he got up he was more inclined than ever to refuse. He was a brave man, but the contest was not to his liking.

As he arose, the line of Margaret's note came to his mind, and this still more depressed him.
CHAPTER XLIII.

He began listlessly, and, as he stopped for a moment he saw back in the crowd, looking at him, with a sneer on his face, the evil countenance of Seidel. while beside him sat Lurello Nagle, coldly malignant, a sardonic grin spread over his huge mouth.

The sight was like an electric shock. His spirits rose within him. He felt the inspiration of a mighty purpose stir within his breast. He had an exultant sense of power. He continued, no longer listlessly, no longer depressed, to sketch the evils under which the city groaned. He delineated with masterly hand the attempt to capture—first, the congressional seat, then the members of the legislature, all of whom had been selected by the arch-manipulator, as was well known. He showed how, by the cohesive power of public plunder, all of the offices had been apportioned, in order to continue the gang now in power. For these reasons he said the Civic Federation has felt that it must attack this abuse at the citadel, it must place itself in the field, and it must put men in the offices who will administer their power for the people and in the interest of justice and good government.

He was greeted with a whirlwind of applause. And when he took his seat his eyes swept over the spot where he had seen Seidel and Nagle. They were both
gone. Then his glance rested on Margaret. She was sitting in the gallery and she smiled upon him—a message that sent the blood tingling through his veins.

Herr Muller stood up and said that it was manifest, after that speech and the reception that Dr. Cavallo had received, that he was the only man who could fill the bill, and the position and duties which he had so graphically mapped out. He asked the chairman to put the question whether they should nominate Dr. Cavallo on the reform ticket, and make him the candidate of the Civic Federation.

When the question was thus put, it was carried with a whirlwind of applause. The chairman stated that, in order to place his name properly before the people, his petition would have to be signed by a certain percentage of voters. He told the secretary to prepare a list and it would be placed on the table for signatures after the meeting had adjourned.

It was proposed to adjourn and sign it then and there, and this was carried. The whole audience swarmed up to sign the petition and shake hands with the doctor.

In this manner the evening wore away and the night was far advanced when the tired out and weary doctor sought his bed. His arm pained him and his head ached.

Said he, "I half wish that old French academician had kept his moral sentiments to himself."
Dr. Cavallo at once began to prepare for the battle. He scanned the morning papers. The one that Seidel controlled was almost silent. The editor had not, apparently, had his instructions, he only briefly outlined what had been done the night before, and said, that if the Civic Federation put up a candidate, they must accept the fight forced upon them.

The other papers said little or nothing.

The Doctor felt that no time was to be lost. He gathered the committee of the Civic Federation, and, consulting with prominent citizens, all interested in the cause of good government, he perfected the remainder of the ticket, putting on good men, for the time was too short to call a convention. They made, in this way, an acceptable list of candidates, and they took measures to have it filed with the proper authorities, so that, under the Australian ballot law, it would be printed.

He knew that they must now depend upon their ability to educate the public to a sense of the necessity for action and of cutting loose from old ties. The American citizen hates to leave his old party. He will talk as valorously as any reformer, but when the time comes to vote, he is apt to feel like Bob Acres, that his courage has oozed out at his finger ends, and that
he ought to support the regular ticket. So, Dr. Cavallo tried to impress upon his fellow-reformers the fact that they must not only address themselves to the better class of citizens, but they must show them that only by joining their forces should they be able to conquer.

Seidel was busy in his own peculiar way. He told Radcliff, when that gentleman began to exhibit signs of weakening, that he was a fool. "This whole movement is confined to the city and in the upper wards. It has not had time to get into the country, and it will not before election. I tell you we are safe."

So Siedel contented himself with simply appealing to the party spirit, showing, day after day, that any one who joined the Civic Federation would put a blot on his political future that would operate against his ever getting preferment at the hands of the party.

This had an enormous influence with the young men, and kept many from joining the Federation. Those who did had the stock phrase of "Bolters" thrown at them.
CHAPTER XLV.

Forseeing that if he were elected, he must make known his candidacy to the whole people, Dr. Cavallo mapped out a campaign, and turning over his practice to a friend, he began his work throughout the district. As soon as he was gone the Civic Federation lost all interest in the matter. They seemed to think that they had performed all that was required of them and that the burden must be assumed by the doctor.

Seidel was quick to take advantage of this state of affairs. He went on organizing his toughs and holding processions and parades, in which the doctor's efforts were ridiculed, and the transparencies loaded him with epithets and contempt.

One morning he had his organ come out and denounce the whole movement by which Dr. Cavallo was nominated, as a Jew scheme, declared that he was nothing but a Jew adventurer, and that this movement was an effort to get another representative of the race into Congress, so that they could call for the issuance of more government bonds, and thus fasten their monetary clutches on the nation. It was an article, crafty, insinuating, bitter, and malicious, appealing to the lowest instincts of the mob, and raising the Jew-baiting spirit to the highest pitch.

It was followed that evening by a mass meeting of
the friends of the city government. The meeting was addressed by the best speakers on their side, among whom was Dr. McHale. He did not scruple to say that he regarded the action of the meeting that nominated Cavallo, as the work of cranks who desired to break up the grand party, that had, on so many occasions, saved the Union, and made it possible to have a government at all. As for asking him to vote for a man who stood forth as a representative of that accursed race, he could not and would not do it.

The pace, thus set by McHale, Peterson followed, the flood tides of abuse were fairly lifted and the denunciation was bitter and deep. One speaker thought that they ought to hang every man who voted the Civic Federation ticket. It was only calculated to stir up strife and wreck the party. Another suggested that if they could string up the candidates it would be all the better.

The crowd cheered lustily, and then going out on the street they made a bonfire in which they burned Cavallo in effigy. Then they attacked the store of a poor Jew, who dealt in second-hand clothing, and looted it, driving him and his family out into the street.

The police stood by and saw this outrage and did not interfere.

Grown bolder by this victory, the crowd broke all the windows in Cavallo's office with stones. They made a rush for his door, but not succeeding in opening it, they battered it with brick-bats.

They would have done more damage, but Timothy Dodd, who had been to the meeting, came up on the outskirts of the howling depredators and yelled, "Here comes Dr. Cavallo, run for your lives!" and the mob scattered and fled, for it is always cowardly.
Gathering force, they drifted down to the next street and broke the plate glass windows of Weiner Bros. This firm had always been afraid of being called Jews, and they were the first to suffer when the outbreak came.

The mob looted everything that was in the show windows, and decking themselves with neckties, passed on, yelling and throwing stones through the windows of every one whom they suspected of belonging to the Civic Federation.

The Jew-baiting spirit was aroused in all its frenzy, and encouraged by the apathy of the police, they turned their attention to anything that came to hand. They broke into a saloon and drank up all the stock of liquor that the fellow had on hand. This fired them to madness. They raged up and down, and bombarded Joseph Levinsky's building.

He had put a caricature of Dr. Cavallo in his window and had a huge stuffed figure representing the Civic Federation as an old woman feeding the doctor with a spoon. The mob surged up against this, and yelling "Jew, Jew," fusilladed it with bricks, smashing in the windows. Then they stole the figure of the woman, and mounting it on a cart, ran it up and down the streets, while others, drunk with fury, went into the interior of the store, pulling down piles of clothing and throwing them into the street. The Ham Head gang had good overcoats that season for the first and last time in their lives.

They finally set fire to the stock. This brought out the fire department, and the Mayor, thinking that matters had gone too far, ordered a double cordon of police around the place, and told the fire department to play on the crowd.
This dispersed them from that spot, but they went off and began to loot more of the saloons. The mob of thieves, already dangerously large in the city, took advantage of this and began to plunder private houses. Not content with this, they set on fire two or three barns, and the sound of the fire engines at work, the quick alarms following after each other, aroused the whole population, and numbers of the citizens came down town to see what was the matter. They found the city in the hands of a drunken mob, who were beginning to destroy property right and left. All order was lost, and all authority. In this emergency, the colonel of the regiment offered his assistance to the Mayor, and the sheriff, a determined man, swore in all of the members of the military company who were within reach, as deputies. These protected the center of the city, but the rioting spread to the outskirts, and the result was such a night of terror as the city had never seen.

The next day, the city papers affected to make light of the occurrences as the work of boys, but the metropolitan sheets took up the matter and gave a full account of the outrages, denouncing the Mayor and the authorities, and telling them they ought to have known that the outbreak was the result of their own cowardice; that to stir up the angry passions of the mob in any one direction is to imperil the very foundations of society.

Herr Muller was the only city editor who arose to a full appreciation of the situation. He denounced the gathering as a mob, and told the authorities that they had aroused a spirit that would recoil on themselves. That when they permitted defenceless citizens to be attacked they were a disgrace to civilization. He called
on the Civic Federation to take prompt action in the matter.

That body came together at once. The disturbance of the night before opened their eyes. They made complaints against the ring-leaders, and issuing warrants for rioting, had them lodged in jail. The offense was so flagrant that Seidel did not dare bail them out, and he had to wait and see what further action would be taken.

Dr. Cavallo, on his return from the country, called upon Mrs. Bernheim, and laying the condition of affairs before that lady, begged her to give the weight of her influence to the cause and show her sympathy for good government.

She listened, and at first refused. She was not in politics. He told her that the disorderly element now had full control and that unless something was done to hold up the hands of the better element, the Civic Federation would abandon the fight in disgust.

The lady hesitated.

Then she said, "If you think it is necessary I will take hold of the work."

She was as good as her word. That night she called the Executive Committee of the Women's Club at her house. She told them what she thought they ought to do in this great emergency. She outlined the work and asked them whether, in the great fight that was now pending, there was any higher duty than that of insisting upon good government?

Before the Executive Committee of the Women's Club adjourned that night, they called a meeting of the entire members of the organization at their hall the next day.

When they met, each woman was appointed to a
certain duty. The entire city was districted, and each member was held responsible for one section consisting of so many blocks. It was her duty to go into her section, canvass the houses, see that the women were visited, and the right arguments put in their mouths; to find out how their brothers and husbands voted, and to leave them such printed matter as was requisite. Mrs. Nagle was, with grim humor, appointed to that part of the city that embraced the Bernheim flats. She colored to the eyes when this section was assigned to her, for she felt that her efforts were known, and that she was thus shelved.

The next morning the ladies of the Women's Club were early in the field, and the citizens began to see that something was being done. The members put down the cry of the Seidel gang by telling the citizens that Jew-baiting will end in Irish-baiting, in German-baiting, in class distinctions. The colored population were reminded that it was not very long before, that Negro-baiting was a very popular pursuit, and that when the cry of class distinction is raised, the weaker always suffers most, but that the flame soon extends to others, until it ends in lawlessness.

In this way the citizens' movement gained an enormous increase in popularity. The Executive Committee of the Women's Club sent out through the country and organized Women's Clubs in the Congressional district. The more the disgraceful occurrences of the night of rioting became known, the more it hurt Seidel's cause. Radcliff was waited on by a body of the prominent citizens, and told that if he did not stop dragging in these racial questions and sneering at the doctor because he was a Jew, they would bring up his
record against him. This was a threat he well understood, for during the war he had been a Knight of the Golden Circle, and he was very sensitive in regard to matters during that period.
The gang that controlled the city administration continued to yell "Jew! Jew!" until this cry became the signal for the gathering of the worst classes, and at last, in self-defence, the police were obliged to charge the mob whenever they heard it, for it was almost always followed by outrages against persons or property, and, once started, the mob never asked questions as to whom they should rob.

Radcliff found that he was losing ground, and he had another quarrel with Seidel, telling him that he was a fool to start this cry in the first place.

Dr. Cavallo stumped the district. He had thrown himself into the cause, and had spoken in every school house. Everywhere his noble and commanding figure, his recital of the causes that had forced him to take the position, his eloquence, his knowledge and his great professional reputation won him audiences, and his sympathetic manner and the readiness with which he responded to all questions, explaining what the Civic Federation meant, and that the history of the world has shown that the evils of city politics has sapped the life of all republics, won him the hearts of the rural voters. The farmers gathered to his side, and at every meeting it was declared, Dr. Cavallo can make more votes in one speech than others can in ten years of argument.
He always avowed that he was a Jew, made no evasion, showed them that the true Jew stands for the highest patriotism and the purest government, and that he was fighting not his own battle, but theirs.

Seidel read the accounts in the papers that came into his party's headquarters, and inwardly cursed him. Radcliff was hot one moment and cool the next. He wanted Seidel to pay him back the five thousand dollars, and he was in a fever lest he should lose it. He smote the desk in his office. "Talk about Jew tricks," he snarled, "the trick by which that fellow got me to run, and then to endorse his note for five thousand dollars, is worse than any Jew trick that I ever heard of." And he felt that he was a fool to have been duped.

Nevertheless, Seidel was by no means discouraged. "The opposition," he said to his followers, "consists of a lot of old women, who make a great fuss, cackling, but they can't vote. They don't amount to anything, and the whole Civic Federation lives in one centre ward. They can carry that, and then they are done. Let them take it, we will sweep the city."

As the time for the election drew near, he sent into the district all the money that he could raise, and distributed it in the small towns. There is always a purchasable element in these places, and with these he kept in touch. He knew every committeeman, and he toiled night and day getting figures and putting them down in parallel columns. He announced the night before to his associates, "We've got 'em. I do not believe that they will carry a ward in this city, and if the farmers stand firm, we shall get our man in. I don't believe that Cavallo has made any headway, and as for the Civic Federation, they are a lot of old
women. I can figure it out that we shall win by a neck." And he believed it. He went home and to bed, leaving his followers to hold a grand rally in the hall, and grand rally it was. They had all the speakers on their side, and among them was Congressman Jagsby, who had dropped in from a Chicago district to help them out. Jagsby was what is known in political circles as a "Tarrier;" that is, he was one of a gang who ran the party for what there was in it. He began with a volley of abuse, directed against everything and everybody; he abused the Civic Federation, who wanted to run the country like a prayer-meeting. He abused Cavallo. He attempted to abuse Mrs. Bernheim, but the moment he alluded to her, he was met by such a storm of hisses and cries of "Put him out," that he had to stop. For Pat O'Hara was in the crowd, and he got up on a chair. "That lady," he said "hez been a mother to me, an' ye're a dom liar."

This produced a roar of laughter. As the audience thought of Mrs. Bernheim in the full flush of power and beauty, being claimed by a middle aged, bald headed Irishman as his mother, they roared again. Then they insisted upon Pat's getting on the stage and making a speech. Then they carried him up, crowding Congressman Jagsby into a corner, and yelling. Pat waved his hands aloft and tried to make them hear, but his voice was lost. Every hoodlum in the city seemed to be present, and while they were wildly tumultuous, they were good natured. Pat managed to get his voice heard. They mounted him on a table and he cleared his throat and began:

"Byes. Byes. Any mon that brings the name of a respictible lady into a place loike this, wid the intintion
of bemaning her, is a blackguard. Now, I put to yez that we want to be friendly and law abidin', and I mov ye, sorr," addressing the chairman, "that in order to show that there's no harrd feelin' on this occasion, and I'm shure I put it to the ignorance of the distinguished guest that he fell into this mistake, I mov ye, sorr, that Mr. Radcliff sets 'em up."

Then there was a yell, and everybody inundated the platform, and Mr. Radcliff was born on the shoulders of his enthusiastic followers down to the nearest saloon, where the party kept him busy in paying for the beer. He only said, in a deep tone of disgust, "Stop 'em when they are at the end of the tenth keg. I'll pay for no more."

In the hall the distinguished Congressman began looking for his hat.

"You made a mistake," remarked the chairman, "in attacking Mrs. Bernheim."

"Oh, well," returned the chop fallen orator, "you couldn't have kept that crowd here with a stump machine. They didn't want a speech. They wanted free beer."

And with this philosophic declaration, they went away, and the hall was locked.
The nomination of Dr. Cavallo made old Abbott furious. He had suffered such defeat at the doctor's hands, that the very mention of the name "Cavallo" aroused all the hatred in his nature, and when the nomination was announced, he vindictively opposed the whole movement. He had influence enough with Dr. McHale to force that divine into taking a more outspoken position against the Civic Federation than he otherwise would have done.

McHale was slow, ponderous, lethargetic. He did not like to exert himself. He had a wealthy congregation, although it was small in number, and to them he preached very acceptable sermons, for he filled them with doctrinal points, and regularly threshed over the old straw of the final perseverance of the saints, of the elect, the redemption of man, and the problem of original sin. Anything that was new was, to the Doctor, an object to be avoided. He prided himself on the fact that he was conservative, and that he took no stock in evolution and Darwinism, did not believe in "fads," or "isms," or "new lights." Not until a tenet was so old that it had become musty, did it possess attractions for Dr. McHale.

Abbott was visited by Seidel, who urged him to take a prominent part in the canvass, and he committed
the old man into signing all the requests for meetings, and all the protests against Cavallo with which the papers were filled. When Seidel ventured a step further, and tried to get a contribution of money for the expenses of the campaign, the avarice of Abbott was at once aroused, and he refused, saying, that he would work in his own way. This consisted in going around to such people as owed him rent, and would not or could not pay, and offering to give them a clear receipt for the money, if they would work against Cavallo. He was active in this matter, and his unrelenting hate induced him to spend the most of his time in button-holing people, and urging them to take a stand against the Civic Federation and the Women’s Club.

He urged McHale to preach a sermon on the matter, and the Sunday before election, McHale announced that he would give his views on the crisis that was now impending. It cost him a great deal of effort to do this. He had always taken his stand against sensationalism in the pulpit, not because he cared a straw about the matter, but because, to preach on a live topic, cost him some effort to write out his ideas in a new track, while the old subjects took no thought whatever.

The Sabbath came and the church was pretty well packed. McHale affected the patriarchial style. His chokers were always immaculate in their whiteness. His coat fitted without any creases. His mutton chop whiskers were the only compromise that he admitted with the world, and he only wore these because he thought they gave him a greater air of dignity. He announced as his text the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, 1st, 14th--34th: “Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak,
but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law."

He said, "Ordinarily, I do not believe in degrading the sacred desk by noticing the events that come and go over our heads. These are of the earth, earthy; while the pulpit should deal with heavenly things alone. But there are times when personal considerations must give way to the public good. We see now a wave of irreligious thought sweeping over this community, and it becomes every man to do his utmost to stop it. We see that the bulwarks of society have been torn down and a Jew has been nominated for the highest office in the gift of the people of this district. As if to make this nomination more farcical and indecent, women have been induced to enter the lists and to disgrace her character by mingling in the filthy pool of politics. In this emergency we should heed the words of the great apostle: 'Let your women keep silence in the churches.'

"The apostle was divinely inspired, and his words come as a command to woman of the present day no less than when he uttered them. Far be it from me to detract from the work which woman should undertake. The Bible is filled with accounts of the Dorcases, and the Marys and Marthas. But where are they to be found? Invariably at the feet of some good man, drinking in his words, receiving instruction from his lips, ministering to him. This is the function of woman. Not the equal of man, not side by side with him, but his helpmeet, leaning on him, depending on him, finding in him her guide and instructor and director. If there be anything in the New Testament that appeals strongest to our reason, it is that woman in the time of
the apostles was under the direction of man, and was set to do those things in the churches which man did not wish to do himself. If St. Paul had had the "New Woman" in his mind, he could not have been more emphatic in his remarks: "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

"Fancy the apostle in these days seeing the modern woman riding a bicycle; wearing bloomers; managing elections; driving tandem; traveling about alone and unaided; making stump speeches; haranguing political meetings; running for office; getting on boards organized for political purposes; wearing tailor-made clothes; aping the cravats, the collars, the cuffs, the very shoes of her brothers, and being in all respects as like a man as she can. Is it not high time that the churches speak out and insist that the words of St. Paul are obligatory, and come as a Divine command, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches.'

"The true function of woman is to sanctify home. There she is the acknowledged queen. There she spends her time in those household duties, which, if neglected, drive men away to seek companionship and solace in the club and in the saloon. No man, I venture to say, ever yielded to the demon drink, whose wife made home pleasant. No woman would lose the affections of her spouse, if she daily knelt in prayer, asking that she might be made worthy to share his fortunes, and seeking Divine light to fit her for the high position of wifehood. Men must have the restraining influences of home to keep them from the temptations that assail them, and how can they have this when the wife and mother is away at the club, or is absent at the political meeting? What right has a woman to under-
take these grave matters, when, probably at the very
time she does it, her children are roaming the streets,
or are crying at home for lack of that care and consid­
eration which they have lost, and she alone can give.
‘Let your women keep silence in the churches.’

― If anywhere, they might be expected to be allowed
to speak in the churches. The active management of
many of the charities were committed to them. The
records of the early church show that to the deacon­
esses were entrusted many things, but the apostle,
knowing their weaknesses, would not even allow them
to speak in the churches, and if not in the church, cer­
tainly he would not sanction their speaking anywhere
else. Our Lord and Saviour, knowing the weakness of
women, and seeing that the curse has been wrought
upon man through her garrulity and evil speaking in
the Garden, uttered through the lips of his servant,
Paul, this sweeping prohibition against their being al­
lowed to speak anywhere. ‘Let your women keep silence
in the churches.’

― Listen to the divine command, O woman, and do not
seek to do that which is unseemly. What a disgrace it
is to the city to see a Woman’s Club, regularly organized,
and standing up like a reproach and menace to the
home, on one of our public streets? Here the mem­
bers meet and cackle; here they assemble, and, leaving
their domestic duties unattended, discuss what,— why,
“Politics,” “Government,” “Political Economy;”
and they even have now, in this very city, mapped out
the town, divided it into districts, and have appointed
certain women to canvass certain houses, all to put a
Jew in office, and to degrade and destroy the very san­
ctuary of our institutions!
"If woman wishes a club, let her find it in the church. If she desires to extend her field, let her seek it in missionary work, where her labors will be supervised by her husband and by the worthy elders of the church, who will see that her endeavors are directed in the proper channel and her zeal towards proper objects. Here is an institution founded by Christ himself, and instituted by him, wherein woman can find her highest mission and her most enduring monument. Why did our Saviour rebuke Martha? Because Mary was sitting at his feet, in the humble attitude of attention, drinking in his words. Why did he rebuke the apostles for complaining of the woman with the box of ointment? Because she was anointing his feet, and wiping them with the hairs of her head.

"Oh, 'woman keep silence in the churches,' and listen to the voice of Jesus himself. It is He who commands you to remain humble, and to cast aside this false philosophy, and to show you that you possess modesty, which you shall wear as a crown, and humility, which shall become to you as a diadem. It is your duty to bear your burdens with meekness and patience, suffering all things, believing all things, enduring all things. A good woman is to her husband as a crown of righteousness. And what is it to be a good woman? It is to win the love of a good man, to share his troubles and his joys, to cool his fevered brow when racked with pain, to minister unto him. Not to go shrieking around the streets, marching in political processions; not in getting up resolutions and in organizing ward committees. I am a minister of God, and I must proclaim his truth. I see among you some who curl the lip in dissent, and who are ready to deny my proposition. Let
me again call your attention to the words of St. Paul: ‘Let your women keep silence in the churches.’

‘Man is the oak, woman is the vine. Can the vine stand upright? No, if it attempts it, it is soon trailed in the dirt, but when supported by the oak, how it spreads abroad. How it adorns the landscape; how it breathes sweetness and balm, and affords the richest fruit for the enjoyment and delectation of man.

‘So it is with woman. Left to herself, she makes shipwreck. She loses all the sweet and womanly graces. She grovels in the dust. Every new fad she takes up. She adorns herself in the garments of men, and, mounting her ‘wheel,’ she becomes an object of gossip and unfavorable comment. She is a thing of laughter, sneers and jeers. But united to a Christian man, she is the light of home, the glory of the household, the mainstay of the church. It is not by allowing her to talk that her supreme excellencies are shown, ‘Let your women keep silence in the churches.’

‘Garrulity has ever been her curse. She needs the strong and repressive hand of man to keep her in check. Left to herself, her imagination runs riot. Her affections, unrestrained, overflow their natural channel, and she is like a fertile meadow, which, desolated by the unchecked waters, becomes a dismal swamp. But when the hand of man restrains these forces and confines them within their proper limits, they irrigate without flooding the land, and the fertile acres blossom in God’s glorious sunshine, and bear a luxurious harvest. ‘Let your women keep silence in the churches.’

‘Another thing, politics is too foul for women to meddle with. Our needs must be wrought out by the strong hand of man, and lovely and beauti-
tul women are too pure to be subjected to the contaminating influences of our system of government. How would any of my hearers like to have their wife, or their daughter, or sister, attend one of the caucuses in some of our wards, where the meeting is held in a saloon? Where the voter has to pick his way through a crowd of smoking loafers; where the ribald jest and the obscene joke is handed around from one to another, and where the conversation is so liberally punctured with oaths, as to be unfit even to be repeated anywhere, much less in a place and on an occasion like this. I speak that which I do know, when I say that I would rather consign a daughter of mine to an open grave, than to see her drag the glory of her sweet womanhood into such scenes of vice and filth as I have witnessed, when I have been forced by the exigencies of politics to visit, when I desired to assist in the purification of some foul ulcer in the body politic. And if this was revolting to me, what would it be to a sweet and pure woman, from whom all indelicate things are sedulously excluded, but who would be thus brought face to face with them.

"No, my hearers, when the apostle uttered the words, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches' he was divinely inspired. He saw with prophetic vision what danger would menace the Church of Christ in these latter days, and he determined to set up, as a warning, the words which would forever serve in the minds of the truly pious to protect the sanctity of church and home.

"I may not suit everyone in this vast audience, I may seem to be uttering that which is stale, and to the newer blood here, it may smack of old fogyism, but when I see before me the evils that are impending, when I see
what the New Woman has brought, and is still likely to bring, when I see divorce become more frequent, the authority of the husband set at naught, woman's work neglected and turned over to menials, I feel that as a minister of Christ, I must lift up my voice in an effort to stem the tide and turn back this wave that is sweeping over us. 'Let your women keep silence in the churches.'

"If the words of the apostle in this particular are scorned, what credence can we place upon the rest of his utterance? If he is false in one thing he must be false in everything. The bars thus let down, we are face to face with infidelity in its worst form. It therefore becomes us to see that no jot or tittle of the divine commands is treated with disrespect, and we ought to insist that the command, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches;' shall extend to all classes of society and to all ranks. It plainly shows that in the apostle's mind, woman occupies a subordinate position, and she should never be allowed to leave it. Nor is this the only text conferring this power upon man; 'Wives, obey your husbands in the Lord, for this is right,' only emphasizes what I have already said. Away then with women's clubs. Away with their work in politics. I hope that on election day, every one of this congregation will show at the polls that he dissents from the heresy of the 'New Woman,' and is willing to go on record as a believer in the word of God and a follower of the apostolic teaching."

The reverend gentleman took his seat, and the congregation was dismissed. As the assembly slowly passed out of the church they began to exchange views, and opinion was divided.
Mr. Lawrence said: "Dr. McHale has laid down the law pretty strongly, but I think if the apostle were on earth to-day, he would modify his views."

Bob, to whom this remark was addressed, for they were walking home, laughed, and replied: "Father, look out, you are getting liberal. The idea," he added, "is this: woman, and the relations she sustains to society, is no more exempt from the law of evolution than is anything else. The Greeks considered that woman was only worthy of occupying a subordinate position, and St. Paul, who had lived a good deal among the Greeks, imbibed some of these notions, not only on this point, but on a good many others. The church to-day can't follow in his lead, for people won't have it."

"Still, St. Paul was undoubtedly inspired," insisted Mr. Lawrence.

"He might have been for that day and generation, but not for this. There are a great many things in the Bible that were true then that are not now. For instance, how foolish it would be now to take precautions against putting new wine into old bottles. It was a good idea then, when the bottles were made of goat skins, but not true to-day when they are made of glass. I think that if St. Paul were living to-day, Mrs. Bernheim could give him a point or two about keeping silent, that would wake the old apostle up and put new ideas into his head. Look how she is running this campaign!"
CHAPTER XLVIII.

Timothy Dodd was profoundly happy. He went into politics, and at once organized a company of embryo statesmen, and spent the greater part of his time drilling them. When the doctor went on his campaign, Timothy was left behind to keep the office. He began by locking it up, and getting his legion into working order. When he turned out at night with his squad, arrayed in waterproof caps, swinging Chinese lanterns and carrying canes, the summit of his ambition was reached. He was chiefly anxious that they should present a military appearance.

"Thrid up, theyre," he would cry; sthick out yer chists, an' luk loike min." He emphasized this by strutting up and down before his array, and exhorting them to remember that in the next war they would have a chance to go the front.

"Luk at the Ham Heads," he harangued his force, "Luk at thim. Ivery wan ov thim luks loike a thramp from Thrampville. The position ov an intilligint American citizen is to hould up his hid, an' express that confidence in himself that his rayson shows him to be gilty ov."

Timothy did not confine himself to his own party. He went everywhere, and among his other acts, was to get into the lower parts of the city, and attend one of the ward meetings arranged by Seidel,
There was a monstrous blow-out to take place in the Ninth Ward, so he went down early to have a hand in it.

The headquarters were in a saloon. The rear end had been cleared, so that there was nothing in it but a bar and a few chairs, leaving a clear place in front, where the crowd gathered. The regulars drifted in early, and began to clamor for a treat. Soon Seidel came in, and was set upon for drinks. He graciously shook hands all around, greeting the old rounders as “Tom” and “Bill,” and affecting that easy air of jocular familiarity which your politician assumes, being particularly effusive just before election.

It was evident that the crowd expected something, but it was not until Seidel opened out with a whole barrel of beer, ordering it set up on the counter and tapped, where all could see it, that the enthusiasm became wildly hilarious. Then the pent-up noise of the crowd broke forth, and between swarming up for a free drink and cheering for Seidel, the scene soon became a Babel of riot, a wild Bacchanalian confusion. The atmosphere was thick and heavy, everyone was smoking and talking and drinking and cheering. The uproar momentarily increased, while the saloon-keeper, a huge type of his class, dropped his usual air of sullen domination, and put on, for the occasion and in honor of his patron, the manners of a condescending and pleasant host.

This was not lost sight of by his customers, some of whom even strove to be familiar with him.

“What’s yer free lunch, Bill?” said one of them, affecting terms of friendship.

“Free lunch, nothin’. It’s free beer ye’ll have tonight, I’m thinkin’. Ye better hurry up and git yer
share, for when this keg's gone I don't know who'll tap the next un!"

"Here's the silver mine fer to-night," returned a red-nosed loafer, affectionately patting Seidel on the back. "And say, it ain't his leg we're pullin' neither. We've got old Radcliff by the jowl, this heat, sure."

"That ain't no way to talk about the head of the ticket. The more beer ye git into ye, the more disrespectful ye air," said the saloonkeeper, with a scowl. "It's little enough that ye might be givin' him a title. What's the matter of puttin' a 'Mister' to his name?"

"Huh," was the response. "I've knowed Radcliff ever sence he came to this town. Why, he an' I've made many a bar'l together, side by side. D'ye s'pose that I'm goin' to 'Mister' Bill Radcliff? Not on yer life ef I knows it. I'll vote for him out of old acquaintance sake, but I don't allow to git on my knees to him, not by a long shot."

The conversation drifted into a string of reminiscences. The speaker was one of that class denominated "old citizens," chiefly remarkable for remembering so many things that have never happened. He gave to the few that would listen to him, a long story of how he and Radcliff had come to the city together, and had worked in the same cooper shop and had "chumed" all one winter. Radcliff had saved his money and started a grocery store, while he had spent his, and was now drifting around, a poor wreck. Every city has a large supply of the "old citizens," and they always come out strong on occasions.

Seidel was in his glory. He enjoyed a thing of this kind. He drank with ward workers here and there, and found out the fellows whom he would have to buy,
the men who worked, and the men who simply worked the candidates. There is a large class of what are called "heelers," who are always on hand at elections, pretending to work for this, or that, candidate. What they really do is, to get as much money out of them as possible, and give no service for it. Seidel was sifting out these classes, finding out whom he could depend upon, and who would be likely to take his money and spend it for whisky without rendering any service in return. The beer disappeared before he had finished this part of his labors, and as it was hardly time to call for speaking, he had the saloon keeper tap another keg, and still another, for the place was now packed as full as it could hold, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could move in and out. He gathered the heads of the wards, the men who manage the politics of the place, into a corner, and began to plan. The matter having been arranged to his liking, apparently, he saw that he must begin with his verbal artillery.

It was his policy to commit the young men of his party to his side, and so he had detailed a number of them to make speeches at this meeting. He now set the pace by telling his friends to call for Hawkins—a young man who had just received his license to practice law. He was new at the business of making speeches, so he declined, but the crowd would not take "No," and they set him on the bar-counter and told him to go on.

The air was stiffling, the room was clouded with smoke, and the crowd was half inebriated. He cleared his throat with a mighty effort, and began:

"Mr. Chairman, Fellow Citizens and Gentlemen of
the Ninth ward. It gives me pleasure this evening to come among you, and to see you gentlemen, and to welcome you in the name of the grand old party, to which we all belong."

"That's right," said the old citizen by way of encouragement. "Go ahead."

"I feel on this occasion, Mr. Chairman, like one who knows that he is here representing this grand old party, to which we all belong, fellow citizens and gentlemen."

"Hooray," cheered a bystander, "go it, giv't 'tem."

"We have come here to honor, and to stand by, that grand old party, to which we all belong, Mr. Chairman, which we may say belongs to us, Mr. Chairman. We desire to save this country, Mr. Chairman, and how can it be done, Mr. Chairman, fellow citizens and gentlemen? Is it to be done, Mr. Chairman, in any other way, Mr. Chairman, fellow citizens and gentlemen, than by following the leadership, and putting in office men who belong to that grand old party, to which, Mr. Chairman, we both belong, Mr. Chairman, fellow citizens and gentlemen?"

"Hooray" yelled the ward heeler. "Set 'em up, Hawkins, set 'em up. I'm that dhry, me troat is cracked."

A rush was made on the bar, and in the crowd some one seized the orator by both legs and bore him over the heads of his auditors, until he was deposited, his clothes torn and soiled, and his hat smashed, at the feet of Seidel.

He looked that gentleman in the face and gasped, "And this is politics, is it?"

"This is Ninth ward politics," returned Seidel, good naturally.
“Say,” asked the other, “I made a fool of myself, didn’t I?”

“Oh, no,” Seidel replied, “you did first rate. You’ve got to get used to it. Get Mudd up and hear him.”

Mudd was also a young attorney, who had quite a reputation for windy eloquence. He was summarily seized and deposited on the counter, while the crowd yelled with delight. Mudd was an old hand at these affairs, and was’t abashed. He put both hands in his pockets, and standing up straight, put on an air of consequential importance. “Saay, you all know me, and you expect that I’m going to make a speech. Now, saay, you can’t give me no razzle dazzle like ye did Hawkins. No? Well, I don’t think you will! Now, you don’t want no speech here to-night. (Cries of “yes we do.”) I say No! What you want is free beer, and as long as Radcliff’s treat holds out, there won’t be no chance for eloquence, you tumble do ye?” At this, the crowd yelled its approval.

“Now, what we want you fellows to do down in the Ninth, is to come up and vote next Tuesday. You remember the old adage, ‘Vote early ’n of’n.’ What counts in this world is votes. Saay, d’y want the wimmin to run this city and district? D’ye want that, hey? (Yells of dissent.) Well, if ye don’t want that, get up and hustle. It’s all right to drink a little beer now and then. I drink it myself; but you must go and dig. D’ye understand that? D-I-G; with a big bearing down hard on the ‘G’! This meetin’ aint for fun. It’s for work. Every man of ye ought to go out and be a missionary. Not them long-faced, sanctimonious missionaries, that preach to the heathen, but a missionary that goes out and takes his naybur by the ear and gits
him to vote for the hull ticket. That’s the kind of rooster I am; and I say to you right hear and now, that ef you don’t do this, you can expect that this here town ‘ll be run by the wimmin.” (Groans of dissent from his hearers.) “That’s what, and you’ll get it too. When the wimmin get hold—these old maids with long faces and hair the color of hay, these freedom shriekers and Bible bangers—you’ll see what you’ll git! No more beer, neither Sundays nor week days. Every man ’ll have to come home of a Saturday night and give his old woman his wages and sneak around and beg for enough to git a plug of tobacco with. How d’ye like that?” (Howls and yells of derision,) “Ah ha! oh ho!! Ye don’t like it? Well then, get out and work for the ticket. Don’t let no man in this ward vote for Dr. Cavallo or any of that gang, Cheese ’em. Drive ’em into the ground hard and break ’em off. That’s the way to use ’em up. We don’t want no such reform movement in our ward. Tell ’em that. Now I’m going to stop. (Cries of “go on,” “go ahead.”) “That’s all right, but I’m going to stop with one more remark, and that is, that Mr. Seidel has requested me to make a very important communication, and that is, that he has ordered Bill here, to tap a fresh keg of beer. Stand back, you fellows in front, and give the hind fellows a chance!”

The roar that went up when Mudd had finished, attested to the popularity of the speaker and showed how well he knew the way to the hearts of the voters of the Ninth ward.

Seidel warmly congratulated him. “That was a great speech, Mudd. You hit the nail on the head every time, and clinched it. That’s the way to do it.
That's the kind of speech to make votes. You have got to appeal to their interests after all."

"I haven't practiced law in the criminal courts here for nothing," replied Mudd. "If I can't get a crowd in the old Ninth to just get on its hind legs and howl, I'm no oyster," was the modest response.

The beer having been consumed, the audience was in high good humor, and they began to call for something more. They found Bezeke in a corner, quietly drinking, and they seized upon him and pulled him out. He could not get to the bar, for a crowd of struggling patriots pre-empted that, for they had discovered that those nearest it had the first chance at the beer, while those behind, got little or none of it. So those whose thirst was stronger than their love for eloquence, formed a solid line in front and would not give way. Seeing this disposition, Seidel took a barrel and planting it in a corner, put Bezeke on it and told him to go ahead. He was a curious little man, so short that he seemed to be in perpetual danger of falling into his own boots, of which, he always sported a huge pair, sticking his pants into them. His tremendous head, his short figure and his matted hair gave an impression of ferocity to him which his words did not belie. He looked about on the crowd, packed in the little room, and with the words "Mine frents," waited for the noise to still so that he could proceed.

"I am a shoomacher. I am a workin' mann who labors all tay unt efrey tay to arn his taily pred. I goomes mit dis guntry, and I finds, vat? De sthones mad of gelt? Nein, mine frents. Dey is shust the same as in the olt guntry. Hart vork unt poor pay, mine frents. Who is to plame, mine frents? Who is
to plame? Who has the fine glose? Who has the carriages, unt the dimonts, unt the vine viskys? Hey mine frents! Who? I tells you, mine frents. It vas dem Choos. It vas dem Choos. Vat you going to do, mine frents, mit dem Choos? Vat you going to do? Vill you let dem run ofer us? Hey? Here is a nominashun fear der Gongress. Dit they gif it to you, mine frents, or to me, who knows somedings, too? No, mine frents, dey gif it to a Choo."

The crowd roared its approval, and cheered Bezeke so loudly that he found it difficult to proceed, but he went on:

"Now, ve vant to stop all dis. Ve vant to chine hants unt say ve vill not buy no more goots of dem Choos, nor any glotin', nor any poots or shoos, ve vill pass dem all puy, unt puy of goot mens who makes shoos sheaper as dem, unt ve vill go to der Gongress our own zelfus and mit out any helup from dem, mine frents. Ve shoud put down dese aristokraten, unt dese mens mit money. I dell you, mine frents, any mann vot got a glean shirt is an obyect of zusbishun, mine frents. Ven a mann peginz to plack his poots, he peginz to be a schundrel; ven he puts on a golar, he peginz to sthudy tievin'; ven he puts a bocket handkersheif in his bockets, he sets oud for der roat to willainy."

This was too much and the saloon keeper shook his fist at him over the end of the bar. "Shut up, ye ould crank. Whin ye git started on that, ye ould wind mill, ye are worse'n a Texas cyclone."

"Ah ha!" snapped Bezeke back. "Mine frents, he vas not to dalk in dot avay ven he was boor, but now he makes money, unt he vos so diffrend. Ah, ha, he likes not Socialismus, ven he peginz to git drade."
At this, one of the saloon-keeper's friends, who had been working his way back to Bezeke, and evidently acted under instructions, hit the barrel a kick, and the great Socialist orator disappeared in a cloud of dust, staves and hoops, and with the collapsed barrel, his oratory came to an end.

Seidel was deep in consultation with the ward workers. One of them summed up the situation as follows: "If it wan't for this Australian ballot law we could give ye most any majority here you would want in reason. But this makin' a dead line, beyond which a worker can't pass, has cut down the enthusiasm a good deal. You could, formerly, take a man up and vote him, and see that he voted right, but now he can fool ye all he has a mind to, and all you can do is to buy him at last, and then, like as not, he'll lie out of it. The good old times has passed," and he heaved a sigh as he thought of how they used to manipulate the ballots, the voters and the returns.
The crowd steadily increased, until there was an overflow meeting outside. It was now too large to feed beer to with any sort of regard to economy, so Seidel rigged up an extempore platform outside, adorned it with a chair, a table and a pitcher, supposed to contain water, and set his orators in motion out there.

He picked up a venerable-looking old chap to preside, and he called upon him to make a speech. The old man was known as one of the wheel-horses of the party. He boasted that he had belonged to it for fifty years, and he could be depended upon to work this in his speeches. So, when he was introduced as the chairman, he set off at his usual rate.

"Fellow Citizens: I thank you for the honor that you have done me this evening in calling upon me to preside over this large and intelligent meeting. I have, gentlemen, been a member of this grand old party for fifty-three years—fifty-three years, gentlemen, fifty-three years, and if I live until next January, it will be fifty-four, gentlemen, fifty-four years, and in this time I have never scratched a ticket or refused to vote. My motto for fifty-three years has been, 'My party, right or wrong,' and by the Eternal, gentlemen, I propose to stand by that motto. If it is good enough
to stand by for fifty-three years, it is good enough to
live by, and, if my life is spared, I will give it a trial for
fifty-three years longer. Gentlemen, what is your
pleasure?" He took his seat in the chair, and looked
about for a speaker.

The crowd called for Bill Geass, the saloonkeeper,
and, after howling and yelling until they were hoarse,
Bill came out, and wiping his hands on the towel that
served him for an apron, he nodded to his thirsty com-
patriots.

"I know what ye'v got me here fer," he began, cock-
ing his head on one side, "it's in the hope that I'll say
that I'm going to set 'em up. Well, now, in all fairness
to you I ain't going to do no such thing. See? In elec-
tion time it's the candidates' turn to attend to that little
duty, and it's my biz' to have 'em do it. Beer is what
makes elections win in the Ninth ward, and it's beer
that the people want. I did half expect to see Mr.
Radcliff here to-night, himself. It ain't that I ain't
satisfied with Mr. Seidel. He's a gentleman as any-
body is proud to take by the hand, and it's all right
for him to come down here, but still it ain't treatin'
the voters exactly right for Radcliff to stay back and
send another feller in his place. I ain't no kicker, but
I feel just as big an interest in the prosperity of the
ward as anybody. When the votes is counted out the
fust thing they want to know is, how did the Ninth
ward go? But when there's any favor to give out,
they fergit all about us. Now, I want every man that's
on the ticket to come down here and put hisself on a
level with us and let us see him. We ain't proud. I
don't know as I'd be ashamed to shake a man by the
hand just because he's running for Congress. He may
be a tolerably honest man afore he's elected, although they do say that they git mighty crooked afterwards. All I want is to see that they ain't stuck up. I want 'em to say 'Bill Geass,' after election, with the same friendly feelin' that they do when they are countin' the votes. This is a kind of love feast, and I 'am in the humor to give the whole party a piece of my mind, and I am just doing it to relieve myself. There will be more beer after the speakin', and some of the boys is goin' to let off fireworks in the back lot. I ain't sayin' nothin' about a free lunch about midnight, because I don't want to interfere with the speakin.' I'm a plain man of business who is stuck on his ward, and who'll go as far towards maintainin' the honor of it as any other snoozer that wears less'n two hundred an' fifty pounds."

The yells of approval that went up while his adddress was delivered were tremendous, but when Bill delicately alluded to the free lunch and to the fireworks, all for the honor of the ward, the delight of his auditors knew no bounds. He, himself, felt that it was a master stroke, and when Seidel congratulated him and told him: "Bill, this makes you the next alderman," his swelling breast could hardly contain itself, and he walked about with the fire of ambition in his eye, an example for gods and men.

Seeing this, Sam Larkin edged his way in front and so managed to catch the eye of the crowd, that they began yelling for him. Sam was the present alderman, and as he was soon to be up for re-election, he did not propose to see Bill Geass take the apple from him without a vigorous protest. He had discerned Bill's ambition before this, and now he was certain of
it. When, therefore, he induced his friends to call him out, he mounted the table and looked down upon the audience with a paternal smile. "Boys, how air ye? I don't need no introduction to the voters of the Ninth ward. They know me and I know them. Many's the tough fight we've had around the polls, but this I can say, that as long as Sam Larkin was on deck the old ward never failed to show up it's usual majority. The boys could rely upon the Ninth, and the Ninth has always felt that it could rely on Sam Larkin. I ain't given to boastin' much, but I reckin I've got more curbin' and more improvements for this ward, than ary three wards of the city. I said to the other fellows in the upper wards, 'You do the payin' and I'll furnish the work,' and if this here ward hain't been sewered and curved from one end to the other, its because these here special assessments came in and knocked my scheme endways. I don't mind tellin' you that I've been for anything that 'ud bring money into the ward, and agin anything that 'ud take it out. My motto has always been, 'The Ninth ward first, last and all the time.' I tell ye boys, a man's got to be in the Council some little time before he gets the hang of things, but it ain't long before he learns enough to be able to git onto their tricks. You bet Sam Larkin has been there and been there a long time."

"How is it about the gas business?" inquired a by-stander.

This meant war, and Sam knew where the shot told. He had been in the Council as the paid representative of the gas company, and was so recognized. This was the weak spot in his armor, and he knew that Bill Geass had put the questioner up to ask it, with the in-
tention of flooring him. He tried to gain time. "What is that?" said he. "I didn't understand."

The questioner came nearer. "How much did the Gas Company pay ye, Sam, for gettin' thru' that last contract? Answer me that?"

Sam bristled with indignation. "Any man that says that I tuk money for that contract, says wat ain't troo. The Gas Company is our own citizens, and they are entitled to any contract before the outsiders is let in. My principles is, 'Home fust agin the world.' Now, fellow-citizens, I won't detain you, but will give way to some other gentleman, who will discuss the issues of the day."

The crowd began to get uneasy. They broke up into little groups, and indulged in discussion and in an occasional fight. They were getting tired of oratory, and wanted some other diversion. Two or three speakers followed, and one old-timer began back in the days of Jefferson, and sketched the rise of parties and the development of the constitution. He speedily broke up interest in the meeting, and the crowd only hung around the saloon waiting for the free lunch with greater longing. The old man droned on, and the street was filled with laughter and noise, until some of the boys espied Timothy Dodd, and hauling him out of the corner of the saloon, where he had been a quiet spectator all the evening, yelled a "Spy," and hustled him out of the door. Timothy watched his chance, and as the noise had compelled the speaker to stop, Timothy mounted the table. The sight of his attitude—for he imitated the action of Dr. Cavallo as he had seen him in the hall commanding silence—caused the crowd to gather around to listen to him.
"Spoi! a spoi! O'id like to see the b'y that wud call me that face to face out in a tin-acre lot. I'm a fray American citizen, attindin' to me joost roights, an' I have as much roight to cum down to the Ninth Ward to attend a public maytin' as any other mon. O'id hev yez to know that O'im the son of Peter Dodd, an' Oi wus born on the Flats, an' O'im, by nature and eddi-cashun, a better Ninth Warder than the most of yez. An' whin Oi cum down to pay a neighborly and frindly visit it is to be set on an' called a spoi. It's little cridit yez do the warrd, the crowd of yez. O'ive patiently waited durin' the whole discooshin' for some mon to discuss the issues. O'ive heard iverything else, but not a quistion as to the position of the parties.

"Ye've had free beer and loonch, and matters of that kind, and ward politics, but there's not wan among yez that has got into the sivinth hiven of politics, as ye may say," he continued: "The thary of politics is in gettin' min into offis, an' thin ye come down to the dischosshn of min. There's min and there's other min, an' ye hav to, in a manner, dissect the candidates. Now there's Misther Radcliff. There ain't a better joodge of groceries in the whole city. But does he understand the saycret ways of the wurrld of politics? Can he, in a manner, as you might say, diagnose the springs of office? Here's where ye hev to think. Society is loike a man himself. Sometimes, to use a midical terrum, ye hev to give a profylactick, and sometimes ye hev to administer an emetic, joost. Now the question is, hev ye got a mon who onderstands the difference between the two? When the political body is sick, ye don't want quacks, d'ye moind that. Ye hev to put the patient on a dose of diet, and he is a smart mon who can tell at wonce, whether it's pills
that he needs, or only a bath. Don’t make no mistak. Oim not sayin’ that Dochter Cavallo is the mon,” he said cautiously. “Oi put it to yez, however, to weigh the matter well. Yer all agreed that the body politics is nading a dose of somethin’. Jist what, is the question. They’re not loikely to settle it to-night, but take a tumble now to yourselves, an’ don’t be goin’ off half cock, an’ takin’ powders, whin phat ye need is quin­nine.”

“Begad, he’s roight,” yelled an Irishman. “Go it, Tim, we’ll stand by yez.”

“Timothy Dodd nades no one to sthand by him. He’s able to sthand by himself. The saycret of battlin’ wid disayse is to know whin to take physic, and whin to lave it alone. When a mon gets no better wid physic, phat do we say? We say the trouble wid him is quacks. Whin the political body is sick and gets no betther, may we not misthrust that the worms that are gnawin’ at its vitals, is the same old quacks? Gintlemin, beware of quacks. Don’t let ‘em fool yez. They talk big, but whin it comes down to physic, ye want a mon who knows. It’s my opinion,” repeated Timothy, still cautiously, “that what the patient wants at prisint, is a powerful lettin’ alone. The less physic ye poke into him, the sooner he’ll get on his fate.”

Seidel had listened to the last part of his speech and he interfered. “That infernal lishman will do us more damage in that five minutes’ speech than all the rest have done us good. Why did they let him talk?”

He set his gang at work, and they cried Tim down, but he had made friends in the crowd and they allowed him to mingle with them without molesting him. He stayed until the meeting broke up and the free lunch was set out and the hungry crowd began to attack it.
He watched the last remains disappear, and the fel­lows, filled to the neck with free beer and free lunch, stagger off in different directions to their sleeping places. He saw Bill Geass get into an argument with Sam Larkin, in which they tried to settle the question as to who should be the next alderman from the ward. They began the conversation with many protestations of friendship and ended with calling each other names, and at last settled it by a free fight. For a time, Sam had the better of it, but at last Bill reached for his “second barkeeper,” which consisted of a stout club made of hickory, and with this, he brought Sam to time, beating him over the head and then dragging him out of the saloon and throwing him down the steps with an oath, Sam lay at first like one stunned, and Timothy went to his assistance. After getting him out to the horse trough and pumping water on his head, Sam came to himself and sat up. He realized where he was, and started home, saying “Oh, you can’t kill a ward politician.”

Timothy having made up his mind to see the whole performance, walked back to the office by the break­ing light of day.

“The American citizen is a quare dook. He wants soofrage and he wants silf goovermint, and he wants, the divil knows phat, and then whin he gets all of these, he throws ’em all away for free beer. Why don’t he go for free beer in the first place and save hissilf all the preliminaries. They talk about discoo­sion and the thary of politics; but, after all, the beer question comes up and swipes the platter. It is the pivot on which the liberty of parties hang. It’s a great country,” said Tim, reflectively, “and the number of fules is rapidly on the incrase.”
The next day was warm, bright and beautiful. Seidel came down to his headquarters at an early hour. "I wish that it would rain," said he. "In stormy weather our fellows will all come out, and their side will all stay in. To-day we shall have a full vote."

The time wore away without incident. There were rumors that Radcliff was running ahead of his ticket in this or that ward, that Cavallo was being scratched, and that the Civic Federation was not getting a vote below the street car barns.

To all this Seidel returned a contemptuous answer. "What do they know about it? The only way to tell is to wait until the votes are counted."

In the headquarters of the Civic Federation all was activity. The women had canvassed the city and had a list of disabled and aged voters. They sent their carriages and made details for the work of getting them in. As the day wore away, one after another reported that the lists had been closed up. They exhibited a precision and order in regard to it that astonished the old politicians, and they all agreed that the details of the political fight had never been handled so well before. Mrs. Bernheim had the members of the Y. M. C. A. Foot Ball team as her aide de camps, and she sent them out as escorts in the lower wards,
and whenever one of these athletes could be seen taking care of a voter, and escorting him up to the line allowed by the Australian ballot law, he was allowed a respectful passage.

When the polls were closed, everyone breathed a long sigh of relief and went home to supper.

Not so Seidel. He remained at headquarters where he had arrangements made, so that, at each precinct, the news would come to him by telephone. He stationed a boy at the telephone, and had his own figures on sheets before him, so that he could at once refer to the vote of last year, of two years ago, and what his own estimate of the vote was.

The ticket was long, and it was nearly ten o'clock before the first returns came in, then the boy announced, "Here she comes. Ninth ward, fourth precinct."

"Ah, ha!" cried Seidel, arranging his sheets. "How is it?"

"Forty-three for Radcliff."

"That's good," replied Seidel, "that's Billy Hayes' work. Boys, we don't want to forget Billy. He has stood at that poll all day, and has watched every voter."

"Third precinct, sixth ward, sixteen for Radcliff."

"That's better. I thought Cavallo would hold us down there."

"Old Dr. Blake has been in that section," replied a ward heeler. "He hates Cavallo as the devil does holy water."

"Second precinct, fourth ward, thirty-nine for Radcliff."

"Hooray," yelled Seidel. "At this rate, Cavallo won't get a ward. By George, that's great."
That is some of old Abbott's work," said the same heeler. "Old Abbott has a nest of rookeries there, and he went all through them, and told his tenants that he would forgive them their back rent, if they would give Cavallo a black eye, and they have done it."

"First precinct, seventh ward, eighty-nine for Cavallo."

There was silence. Seidel was the first to gather confidence.

"That's the Bernheim flats," he said, "it's an offset for Abbott's tenants."

"Second precinct, fifth ward," —

"Stop," said Seidel, "now listen. What is it?"

"Fifty-four for Radcliff."

"Hooray for him," yelled Seidel, "why that's a complete turning over. Fifty-four for Radcliff. Gentlemen, this settles it. If the city is going on in this way, Cavallo won't have a leg to stand on. This is a protest against the action of a lot of self-appointed Pharisees, and the people won't stand any nonsense."

The ward heeler grinned.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Seidel, hotly.

"Oh, nawthin'," said the fellow, "only that's old Doctor McHale's ward. You've struck his congregation, that's all."

Just then the crowd began to cheer, and, on going out, it was discovered that some boys had started a bon-fire in front of the headquarters.

The boy dropped his voice at the telephone, and said to Siedel, "bad news, do you want me to yell it out?"

"No," replied Seidel. "what is it?"

"Warren county goes two hundred for Cavallo."

Seidel turned white.
"Great heavens! Ask the Central office to repeat it. It can't be true."

The boy did so, and back came the answer: "Yes, it is true."

Seidel made a few figures on his paper.

"He did scoop in those farmers, after all. It is just what I have always said, these meetings in the red school houses do count."

Then the boy cried out, "White county, fifteen hundred for Radcliff."

"Ah, ha!" yelled Seidel, "this is something like. Fifteen hundred for Radcliff. Why, it's a landslide, a turning over."

Radcliff came in at this juncture and was followed by a crowd. "How is it?" he asked.

"You are gaining in the city, and have carried White county by fifteen hundred. You are the next Congressman from this district."

Everybody yelled, and Radcliff was asked to make a speech. Mounting the table, he thanked his friends for what they had done for him and assured them that he would not forget them. "This victory had been won by hard work. I am a great believer in the maxim, that 'To the victors belong the spoils,' and boys, if I can get my hands on any of them spoils, I propose to divide them up."

Just then the boy said, "Here's the whole seventh ward. Shall I give it?"

"Yes," replied Seidel, "let us have a little bad luck, it will take the edge off the old man's enthusiasm."

"Seventh ward," roared the boy, "three hundred and forty-seven for Cavallo; balance of the ticket a little behind him."
Radcliff's jaw dropped. "This is bad," and he looked at Seidel.

"Yes," returned the other, indifferently, "but they must have some votes. Look at the effort that they have made."

"Second ward, four hundred and twenty-eight for Cavallo."

"What," shrieked Radcliff, "that's my ward. You don't mean to tell me that my own neighbors have gone back on me in that way."

The heeler grinned: "Say, Radcliff, when you get back from Congress, come down and live in the Bloody Ninth. That's the only place where they appreciate ye."

"Brownsville, forty-two votes for Radcliff."

"I sent five kegs of beer down to Brownsville only the day before election," said Seidel. "They should have done better than that."

The votes came in, but the news began to grow worse for Radcliff. The first returns came from the lower wards, where the Ham Heads had full sway, and there being very little scratching done, it did not take long to get in the full vote, but now the rural districts and precincts lying along the railroads, and in the little towns began to send in their reports, and it was not so favorable for Radcliff. The arrangements had been made by Seidel with great care, and he had perfected this with a view to the future. He had scanned the aspect in every possible way, and was prepared for whatever might happen.

"Now," he explained, as the returns began to come in, "Cavallo may carry most of these outlying districts, but until he can wipe out the majority of fifteen hundred in White County, we are safe."
He felt good, but he was puzzled to account for the vote of White County. He asked Radcliff if he had done anything in that county to make it take such a chute. It had only recently been added to that congressional district, and none of the other politicians could tell anything about it.

Radcliff pompously replied, "I have a large trade from that section and there is no doubt that some of my old customers made up their minds to surprise me."

The noise increased. The streets were filled with crowds of boys and men yelling for Radcliff, and seizing on all the stray boxes that they could get and burning them up. The saloons were in full blast, and some of the candidates on the Radcliff ticket were buying beer, but cautiously, for everything depended upon the vote of White County, and they were by no means out of the woods. The votes for Cavallo, in the country towns, increased steadily, but the returns in most cases were only for the head of the ticket, and this made the candidates on the county tickets with Radcliff, look blue.

Radcliff, himself, was the very picture of effusiveness. "Don't be cast down, boys," he said, "better luck next time. I'll see that you are taken care of. Seidel, I feel that I can congratulate you on the masterly manner in which you have handled this campaign. The bloomers don't win this time!" and Mr. Radcliff, having had several drinks with his friends, looked the picture of the patriotic statesman.

Then he took on a sober strain. "I have never had any doubt in regard to my election. Of course, between you and me, I knew that the people of this Congressional district would never stand it to see a Jew representing them."
Just then, Shorty Smith came down the steps into the headquarters. He was a well-known character about town. He was "hail fellow well met" with everyone, obliging, pleasant, good natured, and friends with the whole city. He had but one passion. He dearly loved to bet. He would bet on everything and anything. The turn of a card or a horse race. When any event excited public interest, Shorty Smith was on hand. Now he bustled into the little place and went up to Radcliff flusteringly: "Radcliff, I'll bet ye, ye ain't elected.

"What!" roared Radcliff. "What are you talking about?"

"Just what I say. I'll bet ye that ye ain't elected. Money talks; put up, or shut up."

"Why, I am elected. You are crazy."

"Oh, am I? Well, then, here's a chance to win some money from a crazy man. Put up your dough, old man, any thing, from a five dollar note to a thousand."

Radcliff gazed at him. "Young man, you are throwing away your money."

"Oh, I am? Then here's your chance to get some of it. Put up, now, or I'll go out on the street right in front of these headquarters, and say Shorty Smith backed ye down."

"Gentlemen," said Radcliff, appealing to the crowd, "you hear this. I am, in a manner, forced to bet and win this young man's money. I don't want to do it, but I am forced to do it."

So saying, he drew out a roll of bills. "A thousand dollars even," he said to the young man.

"That's it," replied Shorty. "Here is a package with the bank band around it. I didn't think that I could get a sucker to take it in a lump."
The money was duly deposited with a third party, when Shorty asked: "Do you want any more? That's all of my roll, but I'll go and try to scare up some more."

He had hardly gone, when Radcliff asked: "Do you suppose that he has got any news that hasn't come to us?"

"No, I guess not," returned Seidel. "Boy, ask them at the Central office if they have anything more."

"Here she is," replied the boy. "Corrected returns from White county."

"Now," cried Seidel, authoritatively, "listen, you fellows, and stop yelling."

"Corrected returns from White county. Fifteen hundred and fourteen for Radcliff."

The crowd yelled. Then added the boy, "Twenty-seven hundred and eighty-seven for Cavallo."

"What!" shrieked Radcliff. "What's that, twenty-seven hundred for Cavallo?"

"How's that! Seidel, how's that! Read that again, read it again," and the anxiety in the old man's face was so great, that large drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead.

"It seems," responded Seidel, trying to speak calmly, "that the first dispatch only gave your total vote, and not your majority."

"It's a lie, Seidel, a lie," he yelled. "It's a Jew trick. You have perpetrated this on me to beat me out of more money. It was you," shaking his fist at Seidel, "that got me into this. In the first place, you got me to indorse your note for five thousand dollars. It was you who sent that damned Smith around at the last moment to rob me out of another thousand, when you knew I was beaten."
"Mr. Radcliff," returned Seidel, rising from his chair, "this from you."

More he would have said, but he saw the old man's face getting ashy white, and then he fell heavily on the floor.

"It's the heat," cried Seidel, "give him air; take him home, get a carriage; and he jumped over his table, got the old man, had him carried out, and, putting him into a carriage, sent him home.

As the vehicle rolled away, the crowd began to disperse. The ward heeler asked, addressing Seidel, "What is it, a fit?"

Seidel remarked, in a low tone, "It's worse than a fit, it's a stroke of apoplexy."

Then he went back into the headquarters. Ill news travels fast, and Seidel smiled bitterly to see that his crowd was already thinning out.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are beaten, horse, foot and dragoons."

He took his valise, which lay behind him, waited until the last man had departed, then he locked up the office and threw away the key. "To the devil with it," he said. He jumped into a hack, and giving directions to the driver in a low voice, he went out into the night.
Lurello Nagle was gloomingly considering what he should do next, for the news of the defeat had reached him too, and he saw that the game was up. He went to headquarters to find Seidel, and discovered that everything was locked. As he was turning away, he ran against one of the working men in his mill. The man had been drinking freely, and he was disposed to be jocular.

"Say, Lurello," he said, "we've been licked, haven't we?"

Nagle gave him no reply.

"Don't be stuck up, now," said the man. Then an idea struck him: "Say, Lurello, what's Oriental stock worth?"

At any other time, perhaps, Nagle would not have given him an ungracious answer. Now, he said "It ain't worth a damn."

"What's that," cried his companion. "You don't mean to tell me, Nagle, that you have been onloadin' onto me?"

Nagle tried to break away.

The fellow roared out, "Here b'ys, is a Jew that's been playin' me a trick."

This was enough for the Ham Heads and they gathered around him. In vain Nagle begged and offered
to treat if they would let him up. They got a blanket and tossed him; then they rushed him through a bonfire just enough to singe him, but not enough to seriously burn him, and every time the workman would ask him, "Will ye take back that stock?"

At his refusal the crowd would invent some other insult. They finally poured coal tar on his hair, blacked his face with shoe blacking, and he was allowed to escape.

More dead than alive, he went home. There was no light in his house. He went to the front door; it was open. With a sinking feeling at his heart, he went up to his room. His wife was not there. He looked about. Everything was in disorder. The bed had been occupied, but his wife's trunks were gone and all her articles of toilet, except here and there some little thing that had been, apparently, dropped in her haste. He went to Seidel's room, and his things too were gone. The thoroughness with which his effects had been taken, showed that he had prepared himself better than his companion.

The unhappy man forgot his maltreatment, forgot his wretched condition, forgot his bodily bruises before this new woe, and he burst out like Cain, "My God, my punishment is greater than I can bear."
CHAPTER LII.

All the next day the returns came in, increasing the Cavallo majority. As soon as the intelligence of his victory was known, it was overshadowed in the city of P—— by the scandal connected with Seidel's disappearance. He had, it appeared, involved everyone in his defalcations. Bob Lawrence was ruined, but he manfully said that he was a fool. He ought to have known better, and he paid up his losses, and would not allow his father to come to his assistance. He was still young, he added, grimly, and with a touch of sardonic humor, and probably the loss would do him good.

The stroke of apoplexy that Radcliff suffered was fatal.

Poor Nagle was in a pitiable plight. His discovery that Seidel had utterly ruined him, and had taken Mrs. Nagle away broke him down. He would not be consoled and he sank into a decrepit, sorrow-stricken old man, prematurely aged.

The losses that Seidel had inflicted, fell heavily upon those who trusted him, for his mining schemes had nothing to support them, and, with his disappearance, the shares were worthless. What became of him no one ever knew. It was rumored that he had been seen in Canada, and, on the other hand, a fellow-townsmen declared, long afterwards, he was approached by a
seedy mendicant, in the City of Mexico, who asked him for charity, and that he discerned, under his rags, the features of Seidel, but no one ever cared to solve the truth of the story, or to try and ascertain what had become of Mrs. Nagle.

As the returns came in, and the official vote was published, it was seen that Cavallo had been elected mainly by the vote in the country. The farmers and rural population had come to his side with hardly an exception. His opponents had carried the lower wards of the cities and the river wards in the small towns. As Shorty Smith said: "It was the fever an' ager vote that went for Radcliff."

The Women's Club determined to hold a public meeting, rejoicing over the victory. Mrs. Bernheim proposed it, and, after everything was settled, she called a mass meeting of the citizens at the hall where the first one was held. The building was packed to its fullest capacity. The stage was decorated with flowers and palms, and every one who had borne a part in the contest was there. The Civic Federation was present in force. The chairman was, by common consent, Herr Muller.

On taking this position, he said that he congratulated the audience and the doctor for the great work that had been accomplished. He wanted to remind them of the fact that the credit was equally due to the Women's Club and its President, Mrs. Bernheim.

When the Civic Federation faltered and everything looked dark, she had organized the women and brought victory out of defeat. He did not know but when Doctor Cavallo had wearied of political life, that the citizens of that Congressional district would do well to choose Mrs. Bernheim to succeed him.
This amused the audience more than it did that lady. She was present on the stage with her committee about her, and among them was Miss Lawrence.

It was, however, a very joyous assembly, and as speaker after speaker was called for, each one expressed his satisfaction over the result, and hoped that this was the last time that the race question would come up in that district, for it had received such a rebuke, and the defeat of those who had sought to make this an issue, had been so great, that there was nothing left of them.

Dr. Cavallo was here called for, and he came forward. He said, "That a short time before he had spoken in that hall to an audience whose hearts were filled with hate. He had faced them when they were ready to hang him to the nearest lamp-post. Very different was it now." He then recounted the events of the campaign. He thanked them for the splendid support that they had given him. He wished to emphasize the fact alluded to by Herr Muller, "that the battle had been lost when the Women's Club came to the rescue. "

"But while we rejoice now, we must not forget that the battle is not yet over. As long as there exists one soul in whose breast is envy against his fellow man, as long as a single human being is crushed by the malice of him who should be his brother, as long as there is uncharitableness, and hate, and jealousy, and oppression, so long must the friends of progress keep the beacon fires lighted and the armor bright. It is only by watchfulness that we can accomplish this; only by devotion to this idea that we can succeed.

He went on with an impassioned appeal to his hearers to stand by this grand idea, to shake off, and banish forever, the feeling that the distinctions that men have
in the past created, are divinely given. Rather are 
they the remains of the barbarism of the past, that 
savage feeling that regards every other man as a foe. 
The glory of the latter day civilization is that it bursts 
the shackles of the slave, that it uplifts the down­ 
trodden, that it elevates the depressed, that it puts a 
staff in the hands of him who is lame, and supports the 
feeble and weak. In doing this, it but carries out the 
commands of the prophets of old, who laid down these 
glorious maxims of charity and justice, maxims that, 
after four thousand years, the world has hardly risen 
to accept.

"The secret of good government," continued the doc­
tor, "is good citizens. The whole body politic is weighted 
down by contending factions, where the best men stand 
on either side, divided into two hostile camps, while a 
small body of mercenaries, taking note of the nearly 
equal division, step in and wield the power over both 
of them.

"There are more good people than bad in the world;  
more honest people than rogues; more people intent 
and anxious to secure good government than there are 
who profit by bad government, and yet, such is the 
foolish desire of men to stand by old traditions, that 
they remain in their old lines, while the hordes of mer­
cenaries plunder both camps. It was against this con­
dition of things that Civic Federations in all cities are 
now making their earnest fight. All republics that 
have gone before have been weighted by these forces, 
that has sunk them in the depths of municipal mis­
management. It was the hostile forces of Milo and 
his gang of political gladiators that paved the way for 
the overthrow of the Republic of Rome and the triumph 
of Cæsar."
"It is against this corruption in our cities, and the effort to get the best people on the side of good order, that the present political agitation owes its birth. On this platform every man can stand. The evils which we fight, are the same that in all ages have ruined states and destroyed peoples. It was this that was the curse of the ancient republics. It was not until the grip of avarice had sapped the strength of the plebeians that the barbarians made headway against Rome. It was not until the luxury of the Asiatics had corrupted the armies of Greece that she lost her martial spirit. Against this demon of avarice, this desire to account men as worthy only in proportion as they have money, we must set our faces as with a flint. There is something greater in life than merely heaping together wealth, something loftier in existence than the worship of money-bags. When this is made the standard of success, everything dwarfs and shrivels in comparison. The work of life seems mean and low. Enthusiasm dies, and virtue itself becomes a matter of bargain and sale. Politics under this system is a mere truckling for measures and schemes, only a device to collect taxes and a means of expending them. Statesmanship is lost in party strife, and the whole idea rises no higher than to possess the offices, considering them as the legitimate spoils for party service, tossed from one set of thieves back to another. The glow of patriotism, the glory of serving the state, of being useful to one's kind, is not considered, but all is lost in a scramble for place, and these are multiplied until the offices become a burden upon the taxpayers, and the public service is no longer the measure of a man's worth.

"The great body of the people is waking up to a
realization of this, and while the evil is felt, it is not so clearly seen as to enable them to throw it off. We should remember that all nations have struggled under it. It results, and has resulted everywhere else, and in every other age and civilization, in the creation of a privileged class whose efforts to eat up the substance of the producers, has at last reduced the real supporters of the state to a condition of slavery and servitude.

"The entire effort of all the great reformers of the past has been to escape from this, and to rescue the people. It was this that aroused the spirit of Moses, the great lawgiver, and induced him to champion the cause of Israel and take them out of the land of Egypt, into the Land of Promise. It was this that aroused the spirit of patriotism in the old prophets, that inspired Isaiah, who lashed the rich men of his day for their wickedness, that spoke in the warning words of Amos, that old shepherd, whose soul glowed within him in hot indignation at the sins of the dominant class. It rebuked the aristocracy by the lips of Jeremiah, and broke out in indignant denunciation in Hosea. How it flamed in the awful presence of Elijah, the prophet of God, as he invoked the wrath of Jehovah against Ahab, the wicked king, against Jezebel, the still more wicked queen. And last of all, how it evoked denunciation and warning from that great Jew, Jesus, the Rabbi of Nazareth, who rebuked the fell spirit of avarice; who felt for the poor, who mingled with the lowly, who cut the dry forms of legalism, and true to the spirit of the great rabbis who preceded him, emancipated the people from too great dependence on the past. These prophets and teachers show us that
wherever a cry has gone up for humanity, there, in the path, resolutely withstanding their work and hindering it, has been the form of some man, whose soul, aflame with avarice and distorted by greed, has striven to obstruct and bar the way. It is this lesson that has created the Civic Federation. It is this that has united us.

"Before this spirit, which threatens us now as much as it did in the past, every honest man must exert himself. It is the platform upon which every true soul must stand, Jew and Gentile, orthodox and reformer, Methodist and Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Universalist, Catholic and Dissenter, for it is not in religious distinctions that our future danger lies. It is not in keeping the Bible in or out of the public schools that the Republic is to be saved. We shall not fight this spirit by seeing the flag float from the schoolhouses. It is when we forget that the Brotherhood of Man implies the Fatherhood of God; it is when we forget that he who denies his brother denieth God. It is when corporations chuckle to think that, having no souls, they escape all responsibility for their work, that the future of the country is imperiled.

"We may build schools and colleges, but they have done these things before. We may erect lofty monuments, but these have been erected before. We may multiply means of communication, but to get over the ground in an hour, when it used to take our fathers days, does not solve these moral questions. The world is anxious and excited, and is asking if it must tread the same paths that have been already trod. Is our present civilization to go the same road that others have gone? Is there to be no end to all this weary work and weary waiting? Can we catch no echo from
the future, but is our civilization to blossom and to de­
cay, just as all former ones have done? Are we unable
to solve this problem? Must we go down into the
dust bin of the ages and acknowledge that we have
done no better than those who have preceded us?
Is there, then, only the word 'Failure,' to be written all
across our work in this world, and is our boasted
scheme of human liberty only an accidental circum­
stance, to be dissipated as soon as our municipalities
grow large enough to overwhelm it? Is republicanism
only possible in small and sparsely settled commun­
ities, the mountain tops, and the desert places; but as
soon as the human animal collects in a mass, is he
doomed to generate out of his social condition, the
maladies that prove fatal to him? Is he to see born
of his misery the parasites that consume him?

"These are the burning questions of the hour, these
are the things that we must bear in mind when we
come face to face with the problems of government.
Every man who takes a hopeful view of the future,
every man who believes in the progress of the race,
and that the past is but a stepping-stone to the better
life that lies beyond, will agree that to see the danger
is the first thing towards avoiding it. But it must be
resolutely met. Its solution is so much higher than
any mere question of tariff, or of party manipulation,
that when we are brought to see it in its largest aspect,
we can but acknowledge, that towards this, all true
men must labor, for it, all good men must work, and
hope, and pray."

The effort was in the highest degree aflame with true
eloquence, and when the doctor closed, he was sur­
rounded by enthusiastic friends. There was no need
to adjourn the meeting, it adjourned itself, and a genuine love feast ensued. As soon as the doctor had shaken hands with all of his friends he joined Margaret at the back of the stage, and, as the groups began to depart, he wrapped her cloak around her, and together they walked down the hall and out on the streets.

It was one of those evenings in the fall when Indian summer had set in, and the air was filled with soft haze. A full moon looked down upon them. For some time they walked along, each filled with the thoughts of what had been accomplished. The doctor first broke silence. He recalled the time when he had avowed his race and religion, and told her what a struggle he had had, and how her words had turned the current of his thoughts, and altered the tenor of his whole life. Again, it was her notes, on two occasions, that had supported him in an hour and at a time when everything else seemed to have deserted him. Had it not been for her, he would not have gone to the hall and faced his enemies, and had it not been for her he would not have accepted the nomination.

She modestly disclaimed any intention of doing anything more than to give him the weight of her opinion. If she had helped in any way to guide him in the right path, she was only too happy to have been able to do it.

He said that he realized that in spite of all that had been said, there was a wide chasm between them, a chasm that he had no right to ask her to cross, but after having fought so hard a contest, he felt that his was the privilege to seek his fortune further, and to say to her what he would have left unsaid had he been defeated.
She laughingly replied, "You are then thinking 'that to the victor belong the spoils.'

Cavallo felt inspired. The whole torrent of his pent up feeling broke through the floodgates of love. Life without her, he told her, would be a barren desert, for it was her sweet smile, her sympathetic glance, her encouraging words, that spurred him to action. His sky would be starless, his paradise without a charm, his heaven cold and dreary without her—his first and only love, his guiding star, his angel!

What was her reply?

Let the reader answer. Here is one who has shown all the high qualities that try a man in a prolonged contest. Yet through it all, every act of his has portrayed the man of high character, the man of undaunted courage, of chivalry, of loyalty to his ideal, of tender and sympathetic emotions, of heroic valor, of manly grace. He has, against fearful odds, carried off the prize and has won a victory which his best friends pronounced impossible. Is it likely, that with these qualities, a loving and ardent girl would refuse his suit?

What is race prejudice, what religious differences, to two such souls as these, through whose every aspiration breathes the fervor of religious poetry, and whose souls pulsate in unison for the uplifting of their fellow men, and who hear the voice of the living Father in the rustling of the leaf, no less than in the muttering of the elements, and discern the tracing of God on the trestle board of his harmonious creation? All the sweet and holy emotions of love that sanctify and adorn life, pulsated in their hearts, as, yielding to the impulse of the time, in harmony with the tender graces of the dying night, Cavallo clasped the hand of
his companion, and, with a kiss, sealed the solemn betrothal.

When they strolled into the Lawrence mansion they found Mrs. Lawrence waiting for them, and the doctor walking up, put his hand in hers and said, "Mrs. Lawrence, you have this night either gained a son or lost a daughter."

What could the mother say?

THE END.