

The words of his mother's letter came to him again, and now he realized their full meaning. "Father, dear father, speak to me and forgive me." But the old man slept on. Long and wearily he had tramped about the streets of Chicago, looking for work and shivering in the cold. Some pitied him, others cursed him for the annoyance he gave. Tom knew what a struggle it must have been for his father to lie down among this vagrant crowd, and as he looked into his face the thought came to him: "How would father feel to have me find him here? He shall never know it." Pale and trembling Tom arose to his feet.

"Fellows," said he, and even under such conditions there was a touch of pride in his voice, "this is my father. He has come to Chicago to earn money for me, and this is the result."

"We'll send him home," stammered Brown, turning away to hide his tears.

Two or three crisp bills were put into the old man's pocket with a note which Bob Hunter wrote on a note-book leaf, and leading Tom away, they hastened for the train. That night's experience made Tom Belden realize how the lives of his father and mother were wrapped up in his, and made him resolve that, for his part, no desire for position or enjoyment should cause them further sacrifice.

When Farmer Belden awoke next morning the noise of traffic was beginning to come through the corridors of the City Hall. Stiff and sore from his hard bed, he looked about him in a dazed sort of way before the awfulness of his situation dawned upon him, and then he knelt and offered up the silent prayer, so often repeated, that he might find work to keep himself from starving and to earn money for Tom. As he arose to his feet with an audible "Amen" the tears were running down his face. A stern-looking policeman, who had been watching him, brushed his handkerchief across his face and, directing him to a free soup house, watched him with a pitying air as he picked his way out between the prostrate rows of unfortunate humanity.

At the outer doorway the biting morning wind made him thrust his hands into his pockets. In amazement he pulled out the crumpled paper, a five-dollar bill, three twos and a one, and neatly folded with them a slip of paper, on which he read: "From friends who see in yours an honest face. Please use this money to go to your home." The good man's perplexity was almost