

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE

"Watch yer step!" sang a voice in May Maloney's ear as she and her huge basket descended from the surface car at Elizabeth street.

May turned and saw the motorman. "Saints preserve us, is it difin' ye are? Save yer yells for them as will not be lookin' out fer thimselves."

The motorman recognized a fellow Irishman and grinned.

May walked on homeward through the park. She patted the bag of greasy doughnuts that she was taking to the five little Maloneys and the once homeless dog and cat in the little flat in the Irish Quarter of the city.

"How little Paddy will shout fist, whin he sees thim doughnuts. Och the little darlin's."

There was a newspaper lying in the bottom of the basket. A big headline caught her eye and she began to read the article.

It was about a gift of several thousand dollars to an orphanage asylum from a rich man there in New York City, whose name, May had often heard with awe.

"Begorra," she said to herself, "but I wisht it was good I could be doin' in this ould wovld. Wid me sivin dollars a wake, and me five blessed darlin's at home, sure its not much good I can be doin'!"

At this moment, a low sobbing broke on her ear. May slopped, then turned into one of the numerous side paths in the park, following the sound.

A girl was crouched on a bench, her head on her arms. Her clothing was shabby, and her shoes downtrodden. She raised her head quickly when May stopped beside her, and showed a haggard, tear-stained face.

May Maloney hesitated a moment; then she seated herself beside the girl, her broad Irish face alight with kindly sympathy and interest.

"Why, I'm hungry," sobbed the other, "I can't find work, and all my money is gone."

"Och, man alive, but its the same as whin I come from Ould Ireland to Americkey wid me childer. It's a widdy wom-

an I am, with five childer, not countin' the dag an' the cat. Sure, its five beds o' glory. An' Paddy, me man, is wid thim—God rest his soul. It was work in a laundry I fownd, an' its there I do be workin' yet. An' sure, Americkey is a fine ould counthry."

The same old story it was, that the girl told to May—of the country girl's coming to New York in search of work—and not finding it. She had come to the city a month before, and tried place after place, but to no avail. No one wanted inexperienced workers. She was now sitting on the park bench, hungry, and without a penny.

May fruitively wiped a tear from her eyes. Then, reaching down, she picked up her bag of doughnuts.

"Sure, its nayther bite nor sup you've had the morn, and belike you do be impty. Take the whole o'thim', darlin'."

The other began to eat hungrily. May regarded her a minute. Then to herself.

"Maybe Mickey won't be needin' o' thim new shoes, this wake, an' this pore guril do be needin' it more thim me. Sure, I'll do it."

She pulled her pay envelope from her pocket, and took out one of the seven crisp new bills.

"There, jist ye be takin' this, an," takin' the girl out into the open, she pointed to a little restaurant across the street, "Tell misthress O'Rourke that May Maloney sent ye. She's uncommon friendly, an' sh'e an extry room."

"Can't take your money" said the girl tremulously, but May insisted.

"An" can ye be meetin' me here tomorey now? I'll take ye to the laudry wid me an' maybe the boss will be givin' ye some wourk."

Perhaps a job in a laundry was not the place the girl had pictured for herself before leaving her comfortable country home.

"But anyway," she thought to herself, "I can work there a few weeks until I make money enough to go home. Somehow she has made me want to go home worse than I ever did. The city, at close distance, has lost its charms for me."

So she swallowed her pride, and turning back to the Irishwoman, gladly assented to meet her there in the park next morning.

"An' now, I must be shakin' of wid me-self to home where they do be wettin' a caddy o' tay for me this instant, I know."

And May, picking up her basket, started off up the street. She again took up the train of thought into which the girl's sobbing had broken.

"Begorra, that was fine that that man did do when he gave all that money to all thim motherless childer. I wisht twas good I could be doin' in this wovld. Wid me sivin dollars a wake an' me five blessed darlin's, sure its not much good I can be doin'!"

BIG AND LITTLE

When some big fellow comes along, some man who's won because he's strong, broad-minded folk applaud him; they hail him for the things he's done, rejoice in victories he's won; but ten-cent men will prod him. "He's just a mediocre jay, but luck has helped him on his way?" the little fellows mutter; "if he had had such luck as ours, they would not strew his path with flowers—we'd see him in the gutter." If you are feeling rather sore because the swaybacked chap next door gees up while you are failing, you'll find it wise to wear a grin, and say you hope he'll always win, and wish him pleasant sailing. For if you start to run him down, and make some holes in his renown, good sports will always spurn you; they'll say you are too cheap to train with people who are safe and sane, they'll ostracise and dern you. There is no cheaper trick, my son, than running down the man who's won, with criticism dreary; by doing so you demonstrate that you're a spiteful little skate, and make fair people weary. We can't all scale the heights of fame, but all of us can play the game like sports of nerve and merit; and if we fall down in our plans, and line up with the also-rans, why, we can grin and bear it.

Walt Mason.

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