

play-days had continued right on into manhood. He lived in a magnificent house on Fifth Avenue, a present from his father when Alfred had come of age. Why he preferred to live alone, when his father possessed a mansion big enough to house a regiment, I never could quite understand. I suppose that was one of his peculiarities.

One day last January, Tupper and I were both invited to come up and lunch with Courtland. We received the invitation at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning, and the luncheon was to be at two o'clock that afternoon. That was just like Courtland's carelessness to leave the invitation till it was nearly too late. But we decided to go anyway, and as we usually left the office at noon Saturdays, we would just be able to get there on time.

As soon as we had taken our seats in Courtland's dining room, Tupper began on his favorite topic, "The Condition of the Poor Man in our Large Cities." Courtland looked at me with a resigned expression, as much as to say: "Well, he's started now; I suppose there's nothing to do but bear it patiently till he gets through."

Tupper warmed to his subject and was just beginning his oft-repeated stock-phrase, "What I want to see is one of you rich men who is man enough, Christian enough, and humanitarian enough to welcome a poor man into his house, his friendship and his society, as a friend and equal,"—when suddenly Courtland arose, crossed the room, and tapped sharply on the window-pane. Tupper, who had stopped his discourse for a moment, looked over his shoulder toward the sidewalk, and I did the same. There we beheld the most miserable, unkempt specimen of a tramp I have ever seen. Unshaven, unwashed, and with a mop of frowsy hair protruding from under his battered old hat, he stood shivering on the sidewalk, with his hands in his trousers pockets, his whole appearance one perfect picture of misery and degradation. What could Alfred Courtland, the rich swell, the exquisite, the Sybarite, desire to do with such a man?

It did not take us long to determine, for in a moment he had thrown open the sash, and, leaning on the sill, addressed the tramp:

"Say, my friend," he called out, "would you like to come in here and take a lunch with us?"

The man looked at him in utter amazement for a few moments, as though too dazed to reply. Then, slowly removing two very dirty hands from his pockets, he rubbed them together a few times and ejaculated:

"Hully gee! I should say I would!"

"Then just step around to the front door, and I'll let you in," answered Courtland, and closing the window, he crossed the room again and entered the hall. A moment later the front door opened and closed again, and then we heard footsteps coming toward us in the corridor.