

cars surpassed them all; their rumblings would arouse the dead from graves.

In my ramblings from one block to another I saw some sign-boards of cheap board and lodgings. "Better try," I thought and climbed the stairs. An old fox with glasses on was sitting on the chair smoking.

"What do you want?" said he mechanically.

"Well, I want to stay here tonight. After writing my name on a register he motioned me to go to the adjoining room. Some mysterious power whispered into my ear. "This is a trap." I hastened back, and in a moment was in the street again. Afterward I found out that it was the Hobo's Nest.

In short, after waiting three hours, I reached the office of Mahabadi Society. True to the teachings of his Master Budha, the man in charge showed the spirit of sacrifice. He accompanied me to the different sections of the city, and with his influence I could get a room in a reliable hotel. There in that room at eleven o'clock in the night I did my laundry work, as there was no hope of getting my baggage next day. Then, after repeating my prayers, I was flat on my bed. Such was my first night in Chicago.

—S. Deva.

Editor's Note: The author of this article has attended the University of Oregon during the past year as a student in the Political Economy department. He comes from India, when in 1897 he graduated from Punjab University. On completing his course Mr. Deva will return to work among his own countrymen, in their struggles against English aggression.

