The Enchanted Profils

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behind me. I didn't look around, because I make from $18 to $20 a week, and I didn't have to.

"That evening at knocking off time she sends for me to come up to her apartment. I expected to have to typewrite about 2,000 words of notes of hand, liens and contracts with a 10 cent tip in sight, but I went. Well, man, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human.

"'Child,' says she, 'you're the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to quit your work

"Well, she's worth $40,000,000."

and come and live with me. I've no kith or kin,' says she, 'except a husband and a son or two, and I hold no communication with any of 'em. They are extravagant burdens on a hard working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I'm stingy and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It's a lie,' she goes on. 'I put my washing out, except the handkerchiefs and stockings and petticoats and collars and light stuff like that. I've got $40,000,000 in cash and stocks and bonds that are as negotiable as Standard Oil preferred at a church fair. I'm a lonely old woman, and I need companionship. You're the most beautiful human being I ever saw,' says she. 'Will you come and live with me? I'll show 'em whether I can spend money or not,' she says.

"Well, man, what would you have done? Of course I fell to it. And, to tell the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was kind of lonesome in the world too. Everybody's got to have somebody they can explain to about the pain in their left shoulder and how fast patent leather shoes wear out when they begin to crack. And you can't talk about such things to men you meet in hotels; they're looking for just such openings.

"So I gave up my job in the hotel and went with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have a mash on her. She'd look at me for half an hour at a time when I was sitting, reading or looking at the magazines.

"One time I says to her: 'Do I remind you of some deceased relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown? I've noticed you give me a pretty good optical inspection from time to time.'

"'You have a face,' she says, 'exactly like a dear friend of mine—the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too,' she says.

"And say, man, what do you suppose she did? Loosened up like a Marcel wave in the surf at Coney. She took me to a swell dressmaker and gave her a la carte to fit me out—money no object. They were rush orders, and madam locked the front door and put the whole force to work.

"Then we moved to—where do you think? No; guess again. That's right—the Hotel Bonton. We had a six room apartment, and it cost $100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love that old lady.

"And then, man, when my dresses began to come in—oh, I won't tell you about 'em! You couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. You've read about Cinderella, of course. Well, what Cinderella said when the prince fitted that 3½ A on her foot was a hard luck story compared to the things I told myself

"Then Aunt Maggie says she is going to give me a coming out banquet in the Bonton that'll make moving vans of all the old Dutch families on Fifth avenue.

"'I've been out before, Aunt Maggie,' says I. 'But I'll come out again. But you know,' says I, 'that this is one of the swellest hotels in the city. And you know—pardon me—that it's hard to get a bunch of notables together unless you've trained for it.'

"'Don't fret about that, child,' says Aunt Maggie. 'I don't send out invitations—I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be brought together again at any reception unless it were given by a king or a trust busting district attorney. They are men, of course, and all of 'em either owe me money or intend to. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will.'

"Well, I wish you could have been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and I. You'd never have known the third richest woman in the world. She had on a new black silk dress with so much passementerie on it that it sounded exactly like a hailstorm I heard once when I was staying all night with a girl that lived in a top floor studio.

"And my dress! Say, man, I can't waste the words on you. It was all hand made lace—where there was any of it at all—and it cost $300. I saw the bill. The men were all baldheaded or white sidewhiskered, and they kept up a running fire of light repartee about 3 per cents and Bryan and the cotton crop.

"On the left of me was something that talked like a banker, and on my right was a young fellow who said he was a newspaper artist. He was the only—well, I was going to tell you.

"After the dinner was over Mrs. Brown and I went up to the apartment. We had to squeeze our way through a mob of reporters all the way through the halls. That's one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall man with nice eyes and an easy way of talking? No, I don't remember what paper he works on. Well, all right.

"When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephones for the bill right away. It came, and it was $600. I saw the bill. Aunt Maggie fainted. I got her on a lounge and opened the beadwork.

"'Child,' says she when she got back to the world, 'what was it—a raise of rent or an income tax?'

"'Just a little dinner,' says I. 'Nothing to worry about—hardly a drop in the bucketshop. Sit up and take notice—a dispossess notice, if there's no other kind.'

"But say, man, do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She got cold feet! She hustled me out of that Hotel Bonton at 9 the next morning. We went to a rooming house on the lower west side. She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we got moved all you could see in the room was about $1,500 worth of new swell dresses and a one burner gas stove.

"Aunt Maggie had had a sudden attack of the hedges. I guess everybody has got to go on a spree once in their life. A man spends his on highballs, and a woman gets woozy on clothes. But with $40,000,000—say, I'd like to have a picture of—but, speaking of pictures, did you ever run across a newspaper artist named Lathrop, a tall—oh, I asked you that before, didn't I? He was mighty nice to me at the dinner. His voice just suited me. I guess he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money.

"Well, Mr. Man, three days of that light housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was affectionate as ever. She'd hardly let me get out of her sight. But, let me tell you, she was a hedger from Hedgersville, Hedger county. Seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was with

"I am no worshiper of money," says I.

a thousand dollars' worth of the latest things in clothes doing stunts over a one burner gas stove.

"As I say, on the third day I flew the coop. I couldn't stand for throwing together a fifteen cent kidney stew while wearing at the same time a $150 house dress with valenciennes lace insertion. So I goes into the closet and puts on the cheapest dress Mrs. Brown had bought for me. It's the one I've got on now. Not so bad for $75, is it? I'd left all my own clothes in my sister's flat in Brooklyn.

"'Mrs. Brown, formerly "Aunt Maggie,"' says I to her, 'I am going to extend my feet alternately, one after the other, in such a manner and direction that this tenement will recede from me in the quickest possible time. I am no worshiper of money,' says I, 'but there are some things I can't stand. I can stand the fabulous monster that I've read about that blows hot birds and cold bottles with the same breath, but I can't stand a quitter,' says I. 'They say you've got $40,000,000—well, you'll never have any less. And I was beginning to like you, too,' says I.

"Well, the late Aunt Maggie kicks till the tears flow. She offers to move into a swell room with a two burner stove and running water.

"'I've spent an awful lot of money, child,' says she. 'We'll have to economize for a while. You're the most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on,' she says, 'and I don't want you to leave me.'

"Well, you see me, don't you? I walked straight to the Acropolis and asked for my job back and I got it. How did you say your writings were getting along? I know you've lost out some by not having me to typewrite 'em. Do you ever have 'em illustrated? And, by the way, did you ever happen to know a newspaper artist—oh, shut up! I know I asked you before. I wonder what paper he works on? It's funny, but I couldn't help thinking that he wasn't thinking about the money he might have been thinking I was thinking I'd get from old Maggie Brown. If I only knew some of the newspaper editors I'd"—

The sound of an easy footstep came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was with her back hair comb. I saw her turn pink, perfect statue that she was—a miracle that I share with Pygmalion only.

"Am I excusable?" she said to me—adorable petitioner that she became. "It's—it's Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money—I wonder, if after all, he"—

Of course, I was invited to the wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside.

"You an artist," said I, "and haven't figured out why Maggie Brown conceived such a strong liking for Miss Bates—that was? Let me show you."

The bride wore a simple white dress as beautifully draped as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlor and made a chaplet of them and placed them on nee Bates' shining chestnut hair and made her turn her profile to her husband.

"By jingo!" said he. "Isn't Ida's a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

The Original of Squeers Died of a Broken Heart.

The grossest injury which Dickens ever inflicted on a fellow being was his too accurate portrait of an innocent man in his Squeers. That Yorkshire schoolmasters were, as a rule, cruel and wicked enough it is true, but the particular schoolmaster who was recognized and who recognized himself as the original Squeers seems to have been an exception to the rule.

It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator traveled together to the north of England for the purpose of collecting material for "Nickleby" and especially for the Dotheboys episode. At Greta Bridge they visited a boarding school known as Bowes academy. The master, William Shaw, received the strangers with some hauteur and did not as much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during the interview.

Phiz sketched him in the act; Dickens described the act. The personal peculiarities of William Shaw were recognized in Squeers. Shaw became a butt of popular ridicule, lost his pupils and finally died of a broken heart. Yet there is abundant evidence to prove that he was a really excellent and kind hearted man, who was made to suffer for the misdeeds of his neighbors.—Exchange.