

The Pathetic Story of a Social Outcast.

Old, decrepit and gray, bruised in body, if not in soul, Arthur Bailey half sobbed out his story—the story of a little Scotch bride, of misfortunes, of death, of false friends, and forgetful relatives who, as he claims, pass him by on the streets without a nod of recognition.

"Razor-Salve," as he is known to some of his friends, is "Mr. Bailey" among the people at the mission on Cadillac square. Though misfortune has brought the old man down to where life is no longer worth the living, he has yet one fond hope that buoy him above the happiest in the land and that is if he lives "the life of the little Scotch girl, Annie," he will meet her again in heaven. It has only been for the last two years that he has walked without crutches, and for the eight years of crippled life before that he stayed with generous-hearted B.H. Connors on Cadillac square, picking up what little he earned, by selling razor-salve and doing odds and ends of jobs. But it is the thought of those who were once dear to him, and now so cold and distant, that is breaking his heart.

"I met Annie away up in Canada," he said, "in the little town of Ayr, Waterloo county, just at the close of the war. She was the prettiest little creature you ever saw, was Annie McKay, an' weighed, bet 87 pounds."

The old man's eyes grow brighter as he talked of the days when he was a "bit stylish, with a plug hat an' a gold-headed cane."

"You know I didn't like to fight," he chuckled, forgetting his sorrow in the momentary excitement of telling his story to an attentive listener, "an' so when '62 came I got out like gee-whizz an' went up to Ayr. I got a job as head miller for Jim Piper, 'n' then I begun to cut a swell—come out with a plug hat 'n' gold-headed cane 'n' begun to court Annie McKay.

Sweet Annie McKay.

"I can't describe her," said the old man, twisting his fingers nervously, "but she weighed jus' 87 pounds, an' was so slim an' trim an' pretty, an'



ARTHUR BAILEY.

Known to some of his friends as "Razor-Salve."

her hair was so bright an' brown that I couldn't for the life of me keep her face out of my dreams. There was my red-headed Aggie Piper, too, an' she tried mor'n a wee bit to get me from my Annie, but she didn't—no, sir, an' we was married, a little later, my little Scotch girl 'n' me."

The old man's moods were like sunshine and shadow. Everything was forgotten as he talked of the little paradise in Ayr, of the long walks and rides they had together through Waterloo and of their return to his old home. "We came over to Detroit an' made a home here," he said, "an' I started

to work for Frank Hampen, at the old City mills. I got acquainted with a young fellow there after a few years named Whittaker, whose father owned a big farm out near Flint. D'ye remember the mystery that surrounded old man Whittaker? I'll tell you of it later. Well, Whittaker 'n' me was quite chummy, 'n' when I went over to the Union mill he went with me. D'ye remember, 1881,—th' xplosion? Look at me."

The old man bared his arms and legs. His right hand and arm up to the elbow were covered with deep, crimson scars, while the wounds on his legs had but recently broken out anew. Parts of his left hand, especially the thumb and first two fingers, were nearly black with steel chips, the result of work at his trade.

Crippled by an Explosion.

"I was on the second floor," said the old man, the sad light coming into his eyes again, "an' Whittaker was on the third. He was saying something to me, 'n' I thought it might be something above that made the queer rumble, then the whole building seemed to be torn in two an' I fell on the floor with sumthin' heavy on my chest. It tore me up considerable, but I had a strong nerve, 'n' when I come out of it, I saw Whittaker's father jest climbing int' his buggy. I wanted to speak to him, but he saw me an' waved his hand as he drove away.

"Good-by, Bailey," he said.

"D'ye remember? That was the last as was ever heard or seen of Whittaker. He disappeared then as clean as though he'd been taken up in the sky. D'ye know," the old man spoke confidentially, "I think sometimes he hitched a stun to his neck an' went down to the river."

The old man paused and shaded his eyes with one scarred hand. For a few moments he sat perfectly silent, then he bowed his head and faint sobs came between his closed fingers.

"It was jest seven years ago the first day of March, at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon," sighed the old man, "that Annie died."

"For almost 80 years," he continued after a moment, "my Annie hed helped me through, an' been with me when I was sick. But when she went, things wasn't right. I had got caught in a shaft at Grand Rapids an' was a cripple then, an' a little after Annie went, my children moved away. I couldn't blame 'em. They got married, an' here I am a poor old cripple on the street. But say, was I mentionin' a relative, a christian, 'n' pass me on the street whether day 'n' not even look at me?"

The Hope of an Outcast.

Between his sobs the old man told how he had become an outcast upon the world in his old age, and how he had nothing to live for but the hope that some day "he would meet his little Scotch girl in heaven." How he had dreamed nights of a "bonnie face" that looked so much like the dear one lying in Charlotte cemetery. As years passed and cold winters came and went, the poor old chap found it hard sometimes to live. Then he went to his friends at the county house.

"They're christians there," he said, softly, "an' they judge a man by the heart that's in 'im, 'n' not by the clothes on his back. But, d'ye know, it's hard, 'n' sometimes you get to thinkin' of other things an'—an'—well, I allus felt sort of uncomfortable out there. They would take good care of me, God bless 'em, an' if you wanted a shirt you'd get it. But you'd get homesick, kinder—homesick for the sight of a thing you loved, an'

after a while I couldn't stay no longer. It wasn't the vittles—no, we hed hot Irish stew for breakfast with good, white bread; 'n' noon we hed soup with same. For supper it was tea—no, you couldn't live on't, young man, but it was good enough for us, 'n' 'twas the kindness of the people that went with it, God bless 'em. They'd take me in when 'twas cold 'n' me with no clothes outside, 'n' keep me till the spirit of my Annie sent me out in the world agin. Three times they took old Razor-Salve, an' three times homesickness for a hum he didn't have sent 'im away. I ain't complainin', mind ye, for God bless your soul, Annie ain't far away, 'n' though you're young 'n' with a long life afore ye, you're no happier 'n' me."

"I go every night to the mission over here, 'n' my Annie lines me 'n' we pray together, I scrape up a few cents every day or so, 'n' git me a bowl o' soup 'n' a 10-cent bed. I've got lots of friends, 'n' I'm happy, for Annie's beside me from mornin' till night, 'n' in my dreams she lays her own dear head aside mine whenever it happens to be."

A different light was in the old man's eyes. He smiled, and his face was almost young.

"Charlotte, ain't very far," he said, "'n' each summer I pray at the head of my little Scotch Annie; the little girl who's makin' a hum for me above."

J. O. CURWOOD.

IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

DON M. DICKINSON EXPLAINS HIS POSITION.

Don M. Dickinson, during the course of the Hodge will case, made the statement that for some people alcohol was a nerve food. This remark came in the course of a long, dry law argument. Since then, Mr. Dickinson has made the following explanation of his position: "The newspaper reports did not cover the ground," he said, "I believe, and have strong medical authorities to back me up, that alcohol is a food."

"Were you prepared to cite authorities?"

"Don't go into the case. It is contrary to my practice for 80 years past to say anything in the papers about my lawsuits. There is a series of articles running in the leading medical magazines going to show that alcohol is unquestionably a food. In Germany, especially, the view has taken hold. Experiments have been made to see how long a man would live on an alcohol diet. Good results follow.

"I travel abroad a good deal, and of course it is quite unnecessary for me to say that in continental Europe a dinner without wine is not a dinner at all—neither is a banquet a banquet without wine. But this is too self-evident to talk of.

"Thousands of men and women, especially when they reach middle life, and beyond, are dependent upon alcohol for its food properties, and when they do not have it, they are distressed.

"In all my official experience in Washington, I have never seen an official intoxicated. Such a person would become a nuisance and would not be tolerated in society, just the same as a man would who might stuff himself full of meat, till his brain refused to work. He would get gastritis, wouldn't he? We are not talking about the excessive use of alcohol, as a food, for which I say again that there is very eminent medical authority.

"Of the hundreds of persons whom I know use alcohol it is safe to say that those whose amount to anything professionally, or otherwise, do not use alcohol to excess—or they could not hold their own."

The Wily Indian.

A Kansas blacksmith makes tomahawks and sells them to the Indians on the western agencies. The latter sell them to eastern tourists as curiosities.