

**Just Another Good Samaritan**

J. N. Kenny, '36

The passers-by paid scant attention to the stooped figure that wandered aimlessly along the crowded street. Now and then he tucked the collar of his threadbare coat a little closer around his neck so as to guard against the cold of the December evening. Plainly he felt the biting wind that was venting its fury on those denuded trees to which a few brown tokens of their summer glory still clung. Failing to dislodge these it rushed along searching for easier prey and screamed dire threats of future vengeance. The snow swirled in fitful gusts around the poor wretch's feet. It seemed to take malicious delight in getting inside the tops of his low shoes.

He turned a corner and proceeded along at his same pace when suddenly he seemed to become weak, for he lurched to one side and staggered straight into a huge person who had been walking along at a brisk rate. There was a shock of colliding bodies and the smaller man was thrown with great force to the sidewalk. For a few seconds he was apparently stunned, then he felt the other's arms lifting him with effortless ease, then he seemed to faint away from sheer weakness.

In an instant a crowd collected. It was indeed a strange sight for a New York street—A giant holding that light body in his arms as a child does a doll. A look of consternation overspread his face, quickly followed by a look of decision. He took a few steps to the curb.

"Call a taxi," he said to one of the by-standers.

One was instantly procured and, carefully placing his bundle in the seat, he said to the driver.

"Majestic Apartments, buddy, and step on it."

The cab pulled away with a clashing of gears, leaving behind a puzzled crowd of people who soon dispersed. Just another of the Great City's mysteries.

The taxi-cab sped along the Avenue and in a short while drew up before a towering apartment building.

"Majestic, sir," said the cab-man as he opened the door.

A bill was pressed into his hand and the big man got out carrying his apparently lifeless load. He sprang up the steps and into an elevator.



"Tenth floor," he snapped at the open-mouthed attendant.

"Yes sir, Mr. Cotter," he said after unsuccessfully attempting to swallow all the air in the cage, "yes sir, right up in a second, sir."

He was as good as his word. At the tenth floor Cotter got out and was quickly admitted to Apartment 44.

"Quick, Gunga, some whiskey," he yelled to the ferocious looking black who had let them in. This was instantly forth-coming and, taking the flask, he poured some down the man's throat.

"Now call the doctor," he said.

While the black man was doing his master's bidding the stranger revived. He weakly raised himself and asked, "Where am I? How did I get here?" Then seeing his self-imposed host he began, "I beg your pardon, sir, but—"

"Now, that's all right, I'll explain later."

"But I still don't understand how I got here. The last thing I remember was a terrible crash on that awfully cold street."

"Well you see, old man, it was this way. You and I had a bit of a collision a little way from here and you got the worst of the bargain. Then you passed out, and I brought you here to my stamping grounds."

Before he could say any more the colored servant returned.

"Doctor Newsome am out suh," he reported.

"Oh yes, well never mind. I guess our patient is coming around all right under my care. Feeling better now?" turning to the other.

"Yes indeed, I feel OK now. That was a foolish thing for me to do back there. I don't usually faint so easily as all that. Well Mr.—"

"Cotter, Tom Cotter."

"Well Mr. Cotter, I can't thank you enough for your kindness. But now I must be going."

"Surely you will stay for dinner. Gunga Din there is very anxious to fill us both up, and take it from me, he certainly can cook."

At this compliment Gunga grinned from ear to ear showing two gleaming rows of ivories.

"Yes suh," he said laughingly, "I'd suttently lub to put some meat on your bones mister. You look like you sure could stand some, too."



"Maybe you had better go back to your kitchen and prepare that meal," said Cotter, as he unsuccessfully tried to hold back a laugh." Gunga is rather outspoken, so don't be offended. He means well. Do stay for dinner though, I'd like a little company this evening. By the way, I don't know your name."

"My name's Weatherbee, Joe Weatherbee. No, Mr. Cotter, I'm sorry but I can't stay. I've got an appointment to keep."

"Well I suppose if you can't, you can't and that's all we can do about it," said his kindly benefactor.

Joe Weatherbee then put on his overcoat assisted by the rather glum looking Gunga Din.

"Thanks a lot," he said as he left the room. "Maybe I'll be able to do something for you sometime."

He left the Majestic with a crooked smile on his face and proceeded along the Avenue for about two blocks. Then he turned down a side street where a big black car was parked. He got in behind the wheel and drove off. Every now and then he would take one hand from the wheel and thrust it into his pocket, then he would laugh uproariously. After driving for about four miles he pulled up before an old four-story house. He climbed up the steps and walked in. In the gloom of the hallway he was accosted from the front room.

"Who's there?"

"Aw it's only me, Bennie, your old side kick Sandy Burke."

"Why don't you knock before you come in? One of these days you'll come in when you're not expected and we'll have all the trouble of planting you in the back-yard. How did you get along?"

Joe, or Sandy as he was known here, walked into the room where a crowd of hard-featured men were sitting.

"Say it was like taking candy from a five year old kid. I did just as you said Bennie. I bumped into him and then faked a dive. He grabbed it up like Bill there eats chicken. It was almost too easy. He grabbed me and called a cab and then took me up to his apartment. That big black baboon let us in, but let me tell you that guy knows his whiskey. Well anyway, I finally came to and got myself an invitation to dinner. Imagine me, Sandy Burke, eating with Thomas P. Cotter the millionaire! I got the lay of the place though, and we can clean



that dump up so quickly that you'd always think it was bare."

He poured himself a drink, and then continued.

"The safe is in the living room, but before I let you have the details I want to give you the biggest laugh you'll ever get. That big-hearted sap really thought I was a down-and-outer, so what do you suppose he did? He slipped two ten dollar bills in my coat pocket when he thought I wasn't looking."

There was an instant of silence and then the room roared with laughter. Sandy pulled out the bills and, in doing so, a sheet of paper came out with them.

"What's this? A letter eh, I'll bet Cotter was writing this when he excused himself that time."

He unfolded the sheet and began to read.

My Dear Brutus,

How more appropriate is that name than the one you used when here. It seems to fit your character so much better. Of course you know the part that Brutus played, but away with such idle chatter. Little did I expect that those counterfeit bills that the Commissioner left in my apartment last week would so soon be used in such a worthy cause.

While attending you in my living room I recognized your face from some Rogue's Gallery portraits which my friend, the above mentioned Commissioner, showed me. It seems almost too bad to let you down old boy, but urgent business calls me away to Europe tomorrow. That safe which you eyed so lovingly, holds nothing more valuable than Gunga Din's stamp collection. Valuable to him of course, but, I fear, of little value to you.

Remember the old saying? "Everything comes to him who waits." Be patient, and I'm sure you'll be rewarded. My only fear, in your regard, is that the Commissioner will get you before you are suitably rewarded.

Did you ever hear of Bobby Burns? Strange that his oft-quoted phrase is so often true. "The best laid plans of mice and men," and so that you who find place in neither category may not feel slighted, I'll add, "and of snakes gang aft agley."

However, duty now calls me and I must be off. Wishing you plenty of rope and good prospects of hanging,

I remain,

Just Another Good Samaritan.

"Well I'll be darned! Say, who is this Brutus guy anyway?"