

THE UNITED CHARITIES GETS "NAWSTY" LIKE THE LITTLE BOY WHO HAS BEEN SPANKED

The United Charities is like an incorrigible boy that has been spanked and threatens new outrages to "get even."

Because Alonas Nasif became so desperate over their treatment of him that he brought the story to The Day Book, and the publicity given it was a mild chastisement to the charity trust, they have determined that they will be just "twice as mean in the future."

An automobile stopped yesterday before the Nasif home. A man and woman in sufficiently gala attire to arouse the admiration of Nasif alighted, entered his home, refused to give their names, but volubly expressed sympathy.

"The lady was very much excited," Nasif said. "I cannot understand the methods of the United Charities," she cried. "They must be made to do something for you."

She handed him a card on which was written, "186 N. LaSalle street," and told him to go there, then the pair entered the auto and vanished.

Nasif, having trotted around all morning looking for work, was rather tired, but he wearily wended his way down to the address on the card, and found the place to be the department of homeless men of the United Charities.

He was permitted to sit there cooling his heels for two hours before he got a hearing, and then was told to go to the headquarters, 166 N. Michigan avenue.

At the "headquarters" a consultation was held, and, after much whispering, Nasif received the following information:

"Mrs. McCue should have done better. She should never have let it go this way. But we can do nothing for you. You live in her district. Here is a card to Mrs. McCue."

Nasif did not relish visiting Mrs. McCue. The memory of his previous

visits was not sufficiently pleasant to tempt him again, but they insisted that he must see the lady or return the card.

However, he lost his courage again when he left the office and so called Mrs. McCue's office on a telephone.

"I want to know what you will do for Nasif?" he asked.

"Tell Nasif," the lady at the other end of the 'phone answered, "that we will send his wife and children to the Home of the Friendless. He can look for work himself, and if he can't find it in Chicago he can leave town. When he has made enough money to support his family he can come back again."

Deeply grateful for the permission to return to his family "when he had money enough to support them," Nasif got courage enough to go to the West Side office in person.

"I don't ask you for charity," he attempted to explain. "I don't want to send my wife and children to a home, and drift from town to town myself. I want you to pay my bill of \$40—the money you owe for the room and board of Mrs. Chouey and her children. Pay me that and leave me alone."

Mrs. McCue had been too busy to see Nasif, so he made his plea to her assistant.

"We won't pay you that bill," Nasif says the lady replied. "Either you do as we tell you, or get out."

"But I must have the money," Nasif insisted. "We have nothing to eat."

"You have been telling stories to the papers," the lady said. "Don't think that will help you. We don't give a rap about what the papers say. We won't do a thing for you."

To complete the farce of "charity," a nurse from the Hull House called to see Nasif's family shortly after he arrived home, and said she had been told to come by the United Charities.