

to whom our frind was tied f'r life had not kept pace with him. She had taught him to r-read, but he had gone on an' taken what Hogan calls th' postgrajate coorse. Women get all their book larnin' befure marredge, men afther. She'd been pretty active about th' childher while he was pickin' up more id-dycation in th' way iv business thin she'd iver dhream iv knowin'. She had th' latest news about th' throuble in th' Methodist Church, but he had a private wire into his office.

"A life spint in nourishin' th' young, Hinnissy, while fine to read about, isn't anny kind iv a beauty restorer, an' I've got to tell ye that th' lady prob'bly looked diff'rent fr'm th' gazelle he use to whistle three times f'r whin he wint by on Number Iliven. It's no aisy thing to rock th' cradle with wan hand an' ondy late th' hair with another. Be th' time he was gettin' into th' upper classes in New York she was slowin' down aven f'r Mud Center. Their tastes was decidedly dissimilar, says th' pa-aper. Time was whin he carrid