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"What makes it cry? Is it sick?" the boy asked, nodding toward the baby.
The girl shook her head.
"What ails it then?"
"Starvin'."
The girl uttered the word in a lifeless tone as if it were a matter of no interest to her.
"Where's yer mother?" pursued the boy.
"Dead."
"An' yer father?"
"Drunk."
"Ain't there nobody to look out for ye?"

Again the girl shook her head.
"Ain't ye had anything to eat to-day?"
"No."
"What d'ye have yesterday?"
"Some crusts I found in the street. Do go off an' le'me 'lone. We're most dead, an' I'm glad of it," moaned the girl, drearly.
"You gi' me that baby an' come along. I'll get ye somethin' to eat," cried Theo, and as the girl looked up at him half doubtfully and half joyfully, he seized the bundle of shawl and baby and hurried with it up to Nan's room, the girl dragging herself slowly along behind him.
Nan cast a doubtful and half dismayed glance at the two strangers as Theodore ushered them in, but the boy exclaimed,

"They're half starved, Nan. We must give 'em somethin' to eat," and when she saw the baby's little pinched face she hesitated no longer, but quickly warmed some milk and fed it to the little one while the girl devoured the bread and milk and meat set before her with a ravenous haste that confirmed what she had said.

Then, refreshed by the food, she told her pitiful story, the old story of a father who spent his earnings in the saloon, leaving his motherless children to live or die as might be. Nan's heart ached as she listened, and Theodore's face was very grave. When the girl had gone away with the baby in her arms, Theo said, earnestly,

"Nan, I've got to earn more money."
"How can you?" Nan asked. "You work so hard now, Theo."

"I must work harder, Nan. I can't stand it to see folks starvin' an' not help 'em. I'll pay you for what these two had you know."

Nan looked at him reproachfully. "Don't you think I want to help too?" she returned. "Do you think I've forgotten that meal you gave Little Brother an' me?"

"That was nothin'. Anyhow you've done lots more for me than ever I did for you," the boy answered earnestly, "but, Nan, how can rich folks keep their money for themselves when there are people—babies, Nan—starvin' right here in this city?"

"I suppose the rich folks don't know about them," replied the girl, thoughtfully, as she set the table for supper.

"I've got to talk it over with Mr. Scott," Theo said, as he drew his chair up to the table.

"You talk everything over with Mr. Scott now, don't you, Theo?"
"Most everything. He's fine as silk, Mr. Scott is. He rings true every time, but he ain't."

He left his sentence unfinished, but Nan knew of whom he was thinking.

The next afternoon Theodore walked slowly through the business streets, with eyes and ears alert, for some opening of which he might take advantage to increase his income. Past block after block he wandered till he was tired and discouraged. Finally he sat down on some high stone steps to rest bit, and while he sat there a coloured boy came out of the building. He had a tin box and some rags in his hands, and he began in an idle fashion to clean the brass railing to the steps. Theodore fell into conversation with him, carelessly and indifferently at first, but after a little with a sudden, keen in-

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terest as the boy began to grumble about his work.

"I ain't a-goin' ter clean these yer ol' railin's many more times," he said. "It's too much work. I c'n git a place easy where the ain't no brasses to clean, an' I'm a-goin' ter, too. All the office boys hates ter clean brasses."

"What do ye clean 'em with?" Theodore inquired.

The boy held out the tin box. "This stuff an' soft rags. Say—you want ter try it?"

He grinned as he spoke, but to his surprise his offer was accepted. "Gi' me your rags," cried Theo, and he

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