

The Derelicts.

(Continued from Page 7.)

shopgirls and people like the woman with the dyed hair, I should think that at least you might refrain from introducing them promiscuously to your friends," said the girl in a low voice.

"Pardon me, but I have not introduced any of your party to my guests without being requested to do so. Also permit me to point out the fact that I had invited these people whom you find aboard, whereas, if I must say it, the rest of you have invited yourselves!" Gladys' face paled with anger.

"Will you be so good as to put us ashore?" she asked in a voice that choked a trifle.

"Immediately. There is the Yacht Club right ahead." Ogden bowed and walked away. Before he had taken a dozen steps he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, turning sharply, saw Van Beuren. There was an expression in the young man's frank eyes that brought the blood to Gladys' face.

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he said, "I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away. I am going to find something for that little chap. We can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business." He held out his hand, which Ogden took, blushing furiously and hopelessly embarrassed for the first time in the whole day.

Van Buren laughed and turned away. They had by this time entered the basin off the Yacht Club, and presently the engines stopped, then went astern and the yacht's momentum ceased. At the same time the Yacht Club launch swept alongside in answer to their signal, and the party from the schooner prepared to disembark.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant as she was about to descend and held out her hand to Ogden, who was standing by the rail.

"Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself—she paused, and, at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys, whom she was delaying, gazed at her in surprise—"and about you," she added. "I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes, and I think that you are a dear!" she added impulsively and hurried down the steps, a suspicious moisture in her sweet eyes.

Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

One side of the midsummer moon had softened like a luscious peach which has hung too long upon the bough. That evening it had risen blood-red, flushed from its haste to mount guard upon the destinies of men and maids, but it cooled as it lifted higher, and now shed downward a soft and mellow radiance.

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat upon the broad rail of the veranda, had watched its upward course unmoved, ignoring the potent summons even as he had ignored those of a pair of big blue eyes which many times that evening had sent their pleading message.

"Ogden," said a soft voice at his shoulder, a voice that held the slightest suspicion of a quaver. He rose quickly to his feet.

"Yes, Gladys."

"Ogden, I wish to have a talk with you." A certain pleading accent of the voice belied its dignity.

"Come down to the summer house, where we will not be disturbed."

Side by side, yet separated by an infinite distance, they passed across the dewy lawn. At the entrance to the bover the girl turned to him suddenly and raised her wistful face.

"Ogden, can you forgive me?" Her voice contained a passionate appeal. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not, Gladys," he answered, in a tone of deep regret.

"Why not?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

"Because—you see, you insulted my guests; not openly, to be sure, but through me. I would not have blamed you—in fact, did not blame you for what applied to me personally—but, you see, my guests are sacred, especially when they are so unfortunate as to be unable to defend themselves."

"But I did not know that, Ogden. I did not understand. It never occurred to me that they were your clinical charity patients. I do not know much about people outside my own caste, as you said the other day; but I thought that your clinic people were very poor, destitute."

"They are. I doubt if the dozen people that you saw would be able to raise fifty dollars all together."

"Then you won't forgive me—Ogden?" It was the faintest whisper.

"I am very sorry—" he began coldly, then paused, finding the words difficult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and started to walk back toward the club house. The mellow moon rays rested lovingly on the fair, thoughtless head, now wiser than a week ago; wiser for the knowledge of some of the exquisite pathos of humanity. Ogden saw her round shoulders lift suddenly and caught a low, heart-rending sound.

"Gladys!" He reached her in one swift stride. His strong arms drew her to him; her own crept softly around his neck. Her tear-stained face was close against his chest.

"Oh, Ogden—" she sobbed.

"Hush, darling! Of course I'll forgive you."—Henry C. Rowland, in Pearson's Magazine.

LITERARY REVIEW.

DONAHOE'S FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas number of Donahoe's Magazine breathes the spirit of the season, being made up of pictures, stories, articles and poems that tell the story of the Nativity.

Among the special Christmas features are "Christmas in Le Valais," by Anna Seaton Schmidt; "The Law of the Child," by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; "At that Hour," by J. Gertrude Menard; "To the Prince of Peace," by S. L. Emery; "The Christmas Flight of Ould Aigie More," by Honor Walsh; "The Legend of the Holly," by Helen Hughes; "A Fashion Artist's Christmas," by Mary Catherine Crowley; "Sheep in Art and Poetry," by Mary B. O'Sullivan, and sixteen superb colored plates, depicting the Nativity, by famous artists.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith in his dramatic review describes the work of "Three English Dramatists"; John J. O'Shea, editor of the "Athletic Standard and Times (Philadelphia)" contributes some very interesting reminiscences of "Great Irish Pragmatists"; Alice L. Milligan writes of "The National Schools of Ireland"; and E. M. Lynch has a second paper on "Some Summer Drives in This-cany."

Maud Regan, Nora Tynan O'Mahoney and Mary M. Redmond add three charming short stories to the contents; Henry Coyle has an appreciative sketch of the late Samuel J. Kitson, and there are poems by the Rev. William J. Ennis, S.J., Amadeus, O.S.F., and May Allegra Gallagher.

DOMINICAN YEAR BOOK.

The Dominican Year Book has just been issued from the Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio. This work is unusually thorough, having 160 pages devoted to religious information for the masses, for the numerous societies and confraternities within the Church and the Order of St. Dominic, historical data relative to the progress of Church work and the mission of the Dominican Order to mankind, reviews of the labors of distinguished Churchmen, besides numerous literary productions of uncommon merit. Among these, and a feature of the work calculated to give the publication more than ordinary value, is a poem by the famous Dominican preacher, debater and theologian, Father Tom Burke.

Hitherto it has not been known to the public that Father Burke, whose genius as an orator gave him world-wide fame, had laid the Christian world under this additional debt—but the spirit, eloquence and zeal of his lines stamps them as poetry of a high order.

The priestly career of Father Tom Burke is given an interesting touch by the Very Rev. H. F. Lilly, O.P., The Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, O.P., writes instructively and charmingly of the Holy Name Society, while Rev. John B. O'Connor, O.P., goes into the very heart of Dominican mission work.

Stories by Maurice Francis Egan, A. C. Minogue, and poems by Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., and other distinguished members of the Dominican Order, relieve the religious solemnity of the work, rendering it at once a compendium of Church knowledge and a liberal chapter from the literary excellencies of the day.

The Roman and Dominican calendars, a new list of indulgences and privileges granted to Secular Tertiaries, and recent special confraternity legislation make the 1907 Dominican Year Book a work of surpassing merit.

Postpaid to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada, 25 cents the copy.

To foreign countries in the Postal Union, 30 cents the copy, postpaid. The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio.

CLEMENCEAU.

After a long obscurity M. Clemenceau is again at the head of affairs in France. He controls the French Ministry. It was thought at one time that he would never again be permitted to hold office. His connection with financial scandals and lootings some years ago drove him out of office, and had kept him out ever since. His strength in the parliament and his undoubted ability to make the proper parliamentary combinations in difficult crises did not avail to lift him in the public estimation. Only when the Dreyfus affair and the radicalism of Combes and Jaures had exhausted the people and terrified them, and no other brain and hand seemed able to manage the situation, was Clemenceau permitted to resume office.

Strengthened by the confidence of the nation, that part of it which fears the loss of its income, still rejoicing in the revenue of stolen goods, still stained with the evil deeds of the past, Clemenceau to-day represents the comic opera affair called the French Republic. It is a republic for revenue only. There is not a solitary patriot in that conglomeration of rascality, madness and money-seeking called the parliamentary Bloc. They are all self-seekers, pleasure-hunters, money-grabbers, grafters of the worst type, atheists and half-atheists, enemies of all religion, ever burning with the thirst for Christian blood and Christian property, enraged that one-half of France refuses to accept them, or their theories so as to justify their villainy.

Unlike their blood prototypes of the Terror, they are cautious and prudent with regard to their own interests. They desire to confiscate the property of the Church, as they confiscated the property of the religious communities, but they wish to do it as Henry VIII did, under such forms of law that the owners may never be able to get back at them in the courts. They have instructed their comic opera Premier, mud-covered Clemenceau, to go slowly in the matter of confiscation. We are therefore being treated, through the columns of the press, and particularly through the columns of the Times, to explanations of Clemenceau's policy. He is going to be generous to the Church. He will not close the churches. He will not give them over to grafters for the worship of the goddess of reason. In consequence of his generosity, the clergy are laying aside their opposition, and the people are no longer sharpening their scythes for battle.

All this is very lovely, but it is not true. The sharpened scythes last year flung Combes into the abyss. Their glitter this year frightened Sarrien out of office. Their ominous clank has determined the utterance of the Clemenceau press agency. He is singing his song of peace and good-will to the world because he already feels the point of the sharpened scythes in his back. In a word, this Premier of France is only a comic opera clown at the head of a thieving faction in the fake republic, which, like a cancer, feeds on the bowels of a once great nation.—New York Daily News.

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Cornmeal—\$1.85 to \$1.40 per bag, granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$19.50 to \$20; shorts, in bags, \$21; Manitoba bran in bags, \$19.50 to \$20; shorts, \$21.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND

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Eggs—New laid, 32c; No. 1 candled, 21c.

Cheese—October made, Ontario, 12c to 12 3-4c; November made, 12c to 12 1-4c.

Butter—Choicest creamery, 25 1-4c to 25 1-2c; medium grades, 24c to 24 3-4c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60 per 100 pounds.

"Gadding" Mothers and Their Responsibility for Juvenile Crime.

In an address before the Children's Betterment League, of Milwaukee, a week or two ago, Judge T. D. Hurley attributed much juvenile criminality to "gadding" mothers,—mothers who, instead of remaining at home and caring for their families, are in constant search of diversion among neighbors and friends. The effect of such neglect upon children in all large cities is best known to the police. The following entries are gleaned from the diary of an officer who has been "on the force" for many years; they are dated October 30, 1906:

"Took home a boy last night who was very drunk. Mother absent attending a meeting of the Mothers' Club. Many people wonder why so many boys turn criminals and so

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