

the children. "Out of my way, ye spalpeens!"

His rich brogue fell as music on the ears of at least one listener.

"Mulcahy!" shouted McGrath, incredulously and joyously.

"Mac McGrath, ye good-for-nothing!" The cop forgot his dignity in the glad and unexpected reunion with this old friend.

What are ye doing here in this man's town? Sure, Mac, ye're a sight for sore eyes. Help me down to St. Rita's Settlement House with these kids, and it's meself will talk a leg off ye.

McGrath shuddered and fell into step with Mulcahy, swinging one of the frightened youngsters into his arms as he did so.

It's a poor Christmas Eve for the laddeens," said Mulcahy, indicating the curly-headed boy who slept on his generous shoulder.

"Ye have them," he said, "I'll call up the station and fix it for ye on wan condition—and wan only. I'm off duty at six, and it's playing cards I mean to be this evening down at John Grogan's saloon—"

Mac was a trifle embarrassed when he left his genial friend and boarded the car with his charges. The two older girls, ragged, dirty and unclean, held themselves rebelliously aloof.

Mac stored at her belly, but she returned his stare and worsted him. He could feel the slow red rising over his face and ears in a scorching tide.

Mac had always liked Miss Manners. Now he adored her. Had he been ten years nearer her age, he'd have proposed on the spot.

And she, too, was enthusiastic. But when he mentioned the dinner she looked doubtfully at the children.

"You're late," he grumbled. "Don't you know the kids might get sleepy before the circus? Where?" He broke off to stare at the woman who advanced behind Mac into the lamplight.

"Mac, who had deposited the curly-headed on the nearest chair, returned to perform the introduction.

"Hello! You two know each other?" Miss Manners recovered her poise. She smiled and held out a slim hand to Donnelly.

"We are old friends," she said, "but we have not met for many years. How are you, Frank?"

Mac looked at the face of the older man, and adroitly effaced himself from the picture.

The Christmas Eve party was a howling success. Mac said so, and every one else agreed with him.

At its close, Mike Mulcahy took the three hap; waifs to the quarters allotted to them by the city, and the Rosettis, for the first and possibly the last time in their lives, rode home in a taxi.

"Next year," he ventured with assurance, "we'll all go to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donnelly and have another old-fashioned Christmas. Boy howdy, Old Frank looked like a thunder-cloud when I kissed her under the mistletoe."

"Ach!" he sighed soulfully, "What a Christmas!"

A CURE FOR UNHAPPY DIVORCE

Modern reformers have a very interesting pastime which consists mainly of pushing man down an abyss in order to pull him out.

Every effort should be made to create a deep sense of responsibility. But with divorce, standing a permissible easy way out of marriage and thus, with its ever-readiness, characterizing marriage as a rather transitory and trivial affair, how can any deep sense of responsibility be created?

A few years ago, these reformers were advocating divorce as a cure for unhappy marriage. Today, these same reformers are advocating marriage as a cure for unhappy divorce.

In the current issue of the Atlantic Monthly, an English woman preacher, writing by invitation on the subject of marriage and divorce, ends with the following passages in the best pulpit manner:

"I am well assured that marriage is not merely an affair for the individual. Both Church and State do well to concern themselves with it. But let them do so at the right end—that is to say, at the beginning.

To fall in marriage is a great and tragic failure—tragic for the married partner, even more tragic for their children. Everyone should be taught to think of marriage as a high and sacred responsibility.

Alas, the poor idealist. Now, having educated man to divorce, she would have him educated to marriage. But she is too late.

This is the reformer at her best. One would look far for a better example of the modern fashion of reform appeal.

undertaken with care and thoughtfulness, is about as perfect as anything in our lives is perfect. A constant trying over and over of various things would leave us even farther back, as a rule, than when we started.

There are some, of course, who through their mistakes, or through their undisciplined temperament and selfishness, are more than usually unhappy. Many of them, in fact, as they will it, a punishment or opportunity for reformation.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

God bless the work that lies before your hand! God's blessing be on all that you have done!

God strengthen you when crosses come to stay. When shadows close around your heart and home!

God dower you with kind, consoling words. For wounded hearts, with gloom and anguish filled—

THE TRANCE OF TIME

"BEHIND PRISON WALLS"

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Hotel Wolverine

IMPOSSIBLE TO GET RELIEF

UNTIL SHE STARTED TO TAKE "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

James R. Haslett

SUFFERED FROM SEVERE PIMPLES

On Face, Caused Intense Itching, Cuticura Heals.

Aspirin

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