

not as good a business as usual. What was to be done with them? "Poor little wretches!" the crowd said, and passed on. Nearly two hours were spent in vainly trying to get them into some institution, until at last the Salvation Army agreed to take them. In that hour the idea of a CHILDREN'S SHELTER was born. Enquiry proved that the parents were hopelessly given over to drink and general depravity, and that moral considerations found in them no sympathetic response. They were summoned to the Police Court for "neglect," but such a thing as removing children from the control even of the worst of parents was not then in vogue. They took the children home with them, and the begging continued. In due time the boy was sufficiently advanced in crime to be sent to the Reformatory, and for twenty years Mike has been known to the police, the magistrate, and the prison officials as one of their best customers, being almost continuously in trouble of one sort or another. His sister was in time committed to the Mercer Reformatory, not only a hopeless case herself, but the ringleader and destroyer of many companions.

Talking with the police, they said such youngsters gave them much trouble, as there was no systematic method of dealing with them. When they got into the police station, as they frequently did, there was nothing for it but to lock them up in the cheerless cell, since none of the existing orphanages would receive them, owing to their filthy condition, both inside and out.