

forced into an offensive and defensive attitude until, character-forming and hardening under adverse conditions, they became criminals for life and enemies of the society that neglected and scorned them. Many of the neglected children of those early days are to-day, and have been for years, well known and desperate criminals, terrorizing the community, and costing, by their depredations and by the enforced maintenance of police, judiciary, prisons, and penitentiaries, many thousands of dollars. Notwithstanding all that has been accomplished in the past twenty-five years, this sad and expensive waste of child-life in our large cities still goes on.

These and other experiences with neglected children led to a feeling of deep compassion and an earnest desire to do something definite for the protection of the unfortunate waifs of the street. In the five years that followed their stories were turned into "copy" to the extent of hundreds of columns, and this in time led to definite action.

TWO SHIVERING CHILDREN.

Another first experience along the same line: Going down Yonge Street one cold night in November, of the same year—1886—two shivering and crying children were met—a brother and sister. They were afraid to go home, they said, for they only had fifteen cents, and they had been promised a whipping unless they collected at least twenty-five cents.—Begging that night was