

MEDITATIONS OF LITTLE TEDDIE

I wish 'at I was bigger, so when I go out to play with older boys they wouldn't try to order me away; An' when they wouldn't always make me set up on the fence, when they are playin' circus, an' be the audy-ence.

I'd like to git into the ring, an' play I was the clown. Or else the bareback rider, who goes jumpin' up an' down, Or I'd like to be ringmaster—wouldn't that be jist immense! But ev'ry time they make me play 'at I'm the audy-ence.

When I git bigger, some say I'm a-goin' to have a ring An' be the lofty tumbler, an' clown, an' ev'rything. An' then the little boys'll have to set up on the fence An' clap their hands when I perform—an' be the audy-ence!

Cleveland Leader.

Two Partnerships

A shadow fell across the page of the ledger. The gray haired man looked up. A young woman was glancing down at him.

"Why, dearie!"

"Why, daddy?"

"What are you doing down here dearie?"

"Come to see you, daddy."

He shook his head at her.

"Isn't the Appleton reception this afternoon?"

"Yes. Mother and Isabel were getting ready and I ran away. I don't think I'm going to care for receptions any more, daddy."

"Pooh, pooh. You've got the blues my dear. Everything will be all right again in a day or two. You're a little pale, my dear. I noticed it this morning. Perhaps you ought to see the doctor."

"No, daddy. There's nothing the matter with me. It isn't nice for you to say so." She faintly smiled. "Perhaps you think it's a bad symptom for me to want to see you?"

"It's a very delightful symptom, my dear. At the same time it is one that always arouses my suspicions. What is it you want, dearie?"

"I really and truly wanted to see you, daddy. You understand me better than any one else does."

"Don't tell your mother that, my dear."

She laid her slender hand on his shoulder.

"Daddy," she slowly said, "I want to go to work. I want something to do." He stared at her.

"That's a very revolutionary idea, my dear. And what do you think you can do?"

"I don't know, daddy. I think I could learn to do something. Just a few days ago I met a girl who was in my class at school years ago, and she told me she had a fine place in the City hall. She said her uncle had a pull and he got it for her. Haven't you a pull, daddy?"

"Not in the City hall. But come, my dear, let us be sensible. There is no necessity for you to earn any money. If you secured a situation you would be depriving some really needy girl of the wages. Besides, your mother would never consent to it."

A frown crossed the girl's fair face.

"I know that, daddy, but I think the time is coming when I am going to emancipate myself. I don't care for the salary—I want something to do—I want to be useful. Can't you let me help you here?"

And she put her arm lovingly about his neck.

"No capoties, pet. It would never do to have you around here. You'd distract my attention continually. Come, now, you must be reasonable." He patted her hand softly.

"Daddy, dear, you are looking old."

"Can't help that, pet."

"And tired."

"People who work hard must pay the penalty."

"And it's all for us."

"I couldn't be better engaged than when working for my girls. You are all a credit to me."

"It doesn't seem quite fair, daddy."

"You don't hear me complain, do you, pet?"

"Never, daddy. You let us have all we want. And—and you let mamma rule you in everything."

He didn't take offense. He only smiled.

"It's the easier way, my dear."

"There was a little pause."

"And do you manage here all alone, daddy?"

"I'm the whole thing, my dear."

"And it's such a big place."

"Yes, it's growing too big for me. I should have a pair of younger shoulders here to lay part of the burden on." He looked at his watch. "Two o'clock. Bless my soul, is it as late as that!" He looked up and caught the girl's glance. "See here, Lydia, are you still thinking of that young Lyford?"

Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. She turned abruptly and walked to the window and stood there looking out into the courtyard.

The gray haired man looked after her. Then he closed the ledger and softly whistled for a little while, his fingers drumming on the annex cover.

Suddenly he arose.

"Back in a minute, my dear," he said and left the room.

He was gone five minutes. When he returned he was smiling.

"Come here, Lydia," he said. She turned and came to him.

"Well, daddy."

He smiled up at her.

"Well say no more about John Lyford, my dear. Your mother disapproves of him and—well, she thinks she knows best." He paused and patted her hand again. "You and I are a good deal alike your mother says—although I'm afraid that isn't intended as a compliment to you, and we are going to become a good deal better acquainted. You shall come down here every day, if you like and bother me just as much as you like. Is that a bargain?"

motorman's place. He didn't get none of things a second time soon. And luckily he knew just what to do. He tells me he was educated for an electrical engineer. He's going to run the car as far as Alamo park, where he gets off, and the company will have a man there to take his place."

"Why, he's quite a hero, daddy. I'd like to see him."

"He's a Johnny-on-the-spot all right," said the gray haired man. "Perhaps I can point him out to you."

The idea seemed to please him so much that he laughed aloud.

The car ran along without further incident and pretty soon it drew up at the ornamental little station that bore the words "Alamo Park."

There the father and daughter alighted and crossed the station platform.

"Where is the hero, daddy? I didn't see him."

"He's a bashful fellow, no doubt. We may see him later. Come along."

And they passed along the smooth highway, with its border of bending trees, and presently came in sight of the blue waters of the lake.

Presently the girl looked back.

"Daddy," she said, "I think there's a man following us."

"Following us? Who?"

"That man on the road back there. See, he's hiding behind that clump of bushes. It is only a little ways to the lake. Suppose we run."

So they ran hand in hand and soon reached a bench that overlooked the lake. Here they sank down quite breathless.

"Look around, daddy. Do you see the man?"

"Why, bless my soul, there he is now! Here, you—what do you mean by following us? Come nearer, I want to talk to you."

Thus encouraged the good looking young man who was loitering some distance in the rear, quickly came forward. As he paused by the bench the girl looked up. Then she drew a quick breath and laid her hand on her father's arm. Her face flushed.

"Why, daddy," she whispered, "it's John—Mr. Lyford!"

The gray haired man stared at the newcomer. And the stare was accompanied by a covert wink.

"Why, motorman," he cried, "how are you?" And he put out his hand. "This is the hero you wanted to see, my dear."

The newcomer seemed quite as confused as the girl, whose flush had spread and deepened.

"Why, daddy," she whispered, "can't you see, it's John Lyford!"

"There is a singular resemblance between them," said the gray haired man with a critical look. "I notice it now that you point it out." And he winked again at the young man.

"But, sit down, motorman. There's plenty of room on the bench. This is my daughter, Lydia—you may call her Lydia if you like."

The young man came nearer. He looked at the girl.

"How do you do, Lydia?"

"I am quite well, thank you, John."

He took the vacant place beside her.

"See here, my dear," protested the father, "you seem to be jumping at conclusions. How could John Lyford possibly know that we would be here this afternoon?"

"You sent word to him, dear daddy. Oh, I'm sure you did. Don't deny it."

"Jumping at conclusions again," he laughed. "Well, if I did drop him a hint it wasn't entirely because you—in short, I wanted to see him on business. You understand that, don't you, motorman?"

"I understand that I'm very much bewildered," said the young man, "and that the day suddenly seems brighter, and the sky bluer, and—"

"Hold on, motorman," cried Lydia's father. "That will never do. I can't be expected to talk business to a poet. Come let us look this matter squarely between the eyes. You're fond of Lydia, John Lyford, and Lydia thinks she is fond of you. Am I right so far?" They nodded energetically.

"Good. Lydia's mother has ideas that are quite her own. One of these ideas is that John Lyford's social standing isn't quite what it should be to make him an acceptable society son-in-law. Personally, as I have taken pains to discover, John Lyford is unobjectionable. You're all right, John. Now, Lydia's father, quite a worthy old gentleman, and extremely well meaning, here Lydia contrived to put her very cheek against his shoulder, "steps in, and being a foxy schemer—in addition to his other good qualities—suddenly recognizes and heads a dark and deep conspiracy."

Lydia clasped her hands.

"Go on, daddy, dear. You're much better than a play, isn't he, John?"

"Thank you, my pet," said her father. "I'm glad to receive this tardy recognition of my histrionic abilities. But, to proceed. John Lyford, you are my rival in business, aren't you?"

"In a small way," the young man smilingly replied.

"I know all about the comparative dimensions of the two concerns," said Lydia's father. "And I'm a little afraid of you."

"Mr. Marsh!"

"Wait, I think it would be much safer for us to form an alliance. What do you say to uniting your business with mine and taking a quarter interest in the consolidated concern?"

"You are altogether too generous, Mr. Marsh. I accept, of course."

"Then that's settled. And the other partnership is equally assured? Oh, you needn't say anything. Circumstantial evidence is all that's needed. Then I take it that there's nothing else to settle."

"Except mother," said the girl, softly.

The old man slightly sighed.

"Your mother is really a very sensible woman, my child. She will never refuse her daughter to a partner in the old and prosperous house of Sterling Marsh & Co.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preserved Meat in Disfavor.

On board a British battleship of the Mediterranean fleet a tin of preserved meat was recently hoisted on a beam and covered with labels, "Baba," "Doga," "A Chinese Compound."

DR. FARMILDE'S ADDRESS

(Continued from First Page.)

Him. I want you to yield yourselves to the Lord Jesus. Ten of these prisoners gave themselves up to an earnest Christian life. "Somehow I believe God permitted all the trial, sorrow and burden that I might be able to tell that story," said Mrs. Maybrick. We ought to sympathize with the jail birds. Don't turn them down if they come to you. Perhaps from your kindness and help they may be led to a noble manhood or womanhood and a helpful life. May God help us to do the very best we can to serve humanity, no matter what the conditions may be."

SOME LITERARY DANDIES.

Disraeli's Gorgeous Clothes—Robert Louis Stevenson's Quaver Get-Up.

Lord Lytton and Dickens prided themselves on being literary dandies, but in the matter of clothes their light faded before that of Disraeli, in the days when the novelist was paramount to the politician, says the London Tit-Bits. A black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the seam, a scarlet waistcoat with elegant lace ruffles of such a length as to cover his hands, and white gloves, the outside of which were decorated with a number of valuable rings, were with the addition of a profusion of gold chains that measured about his person, his not infrequent attire.

Stevenson's get-up is thus described by a fellow member of the Saville Club: "He wore a black flannel shirt, with a curious knitted tie twisted in a knot; he had Wellington boots, rather tight dark trousers, a pea-jacket and a white sombrero hat. But the most astonishing item of all in his costume was a lady's sealskin cape, which he wore about his shoulders, fastened at the neck by a fancy brooch, which also held together a bunch of daffodils."

The dress of Gerard de Nerval, the French poet, was, on one occasion at least, in keeping with the lobster which he was wont to lead abroad on a gayly colored ribbon. Trousers, coat and waistcoat were of green satin, each, however, of a different hue, to represent the varied colors of the sea under diverse conditions. His hat was adorned with long strands of seaweed, while around his neck he wore a string of coral beads. The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were of shells, while on his breast were pinned several pebble brooches. To complete his marine garb he carried in his right hand a Neptune's trident.

Dumas the elder was certainly "loud" in the matter of personal adornment. He was not infrequently seen abroad in a uniform plentifully bespangled with medallie decorations of his own design, while he once attended an ambassador's reception wearing a shirt covered with red demous carvening in little red flannel flames. On another occasion he presented himself at a bal masque in the character of Bacchus, but although considerable latitude was allowed in the matter of dress his costume—or want of it—was too realistic to permit of his being allowed entry.

Gautier was at times very gorgeous in the matter of raiment, a dress of crimson and gold on one occasion adorning his sturdy person; Paul Bourget in his youth wore green trousers; "Mouk" Lewis amused his friends by appearing in the streets in the guise of a "Yahook," provided at an entertainment at Fonthill in the costume of a Roman emperor; while Boswell, at the time when General Paoli was his especial hero, appeared at the Shakespeare celebrations at Stratford-on-Avon wearing a hat whereon was inscribed "Corsican Boswell."

On the other hand, the eccentricity of untidiness prevails in authors' dress, as it did in the case of Leslie Stephen, who when a don at Cambridge might have been seen running with the boots wearing a pair of ancient flannels, the seat of which had been mended with a large patch of red flannel, the remnants of a holiday among the Alps, when a piece cut from the petticoat of his guide's wife had been used to conceal sundry dilapidations.

Not a few writers have assumed singular garb while at work. Balzac used to don the dress of a Dominican monk ere he took pen in hand; Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Harlowe," could never write save in a broad coat and with a favorite diamond ring sparkling on his little finger; Rousseau's working costume was a court dress; Thomas Moore, the poet, pinned his poems with kidgloved hands, and Buffon, the eminent French naturalist, dressed himself as a dandy previous to sitting down to his desk.

The Demon of the Barber Shop. The deepest depths the ocean holds may be both plumbed and gaged. The highest mountain top and peak. By daring scaled and staged. But where's the plummet that can sound. With all the aid of art. The caverns of the human breast. The dark way of the heart?

Upon him gazed a score of eyes. By inward fire fed. As tho' each were a basilisk. Tho' not a word was said; For seldom had that barber shop. Seen such a fearful sight. For he was having his hair cut on. A crowded Saturday night. —Philadelphia Times.

A young man, recently married, early in the spring secured a suburban place, mainly with the idea of "fresh, home-grown vegetables." Every evening he would hurry through his supper and rush out to his garden, where he displayed more energy than skill. But when many little green things began to break the ground in his neighbor's garden, his own remained as bare as the Sahara. "It certainly has got me beat," he confided to a friend at his office one day. "I can't understand why not a blessed thing has come up. I planted peas and corn and tomatoes." "Perhaps the seeds were defective," the friend suggested. "I hardly think it was that," the gardener replied, "for I got the very best—paid 15 cents a can for them."

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AS HE PASSED BY THE BENCH THE GIRL LOOKED UP.