

THE SHIRT-SLEEVE TOWN.

I was nurtured in the country, where the barefoot boys are found, and with each recurring summer I would find me next the ground.

Oh, you know the kind I'm thinking of—the kind where, in the heat, you can see the leading citizens out countless on the street;



Gordon's Idea

A man was standing at the foot of a stairway looking up at a white cloth banner that hung above the dingy doorway.

PEOPLE'S COURSE. Sixth Entertainment. READING "LORNA DOONE." You are Welcome.

As the man stood there looking at the banner, a number of people passed up the stairway. They seemed to be of the poorer class, but were neatly and comfortably dressed.

Somebody touched his elbow. He looked around. A tall young man was smiling down at him.

"Fardon me," he said, "but I infer that you are a stranger in our village. It you have nothing better on hand, I would be glad to have you attend our little entertainment."

"Thank you," said the older man. "I have nothing better on hand."

He looked at the tall young man as he spoke. He was a slender young man, but he held himself erect and his shoulders were good. He was a homely young man with pronounced cheek bones, but his eyes were bright and his smile pleasant.

"We are trying to do the best we can with our modest little course," he explained as they climbed the narrow stairway. "We are up against some obstacles, but none of them has proved insurmountable. This is our second year."

The older man nodded. He was a short man and rather stout, a plain man—plain of face and plain in dress—who would be unnoticeable in a crowd. His blue eyes were keen and he walked with a firm step.

"One of these obstacles I take to be your location," he said.

"Yes," the younger man replied. "But it's much better than the hall we had last year. That's a saloon on the ground floor, it is true, but the proprietor runs a very quiet place."

They were standing in the doorway of the assembly room. It was a plain apartment with a little platform at one end, a room that would seat an audience of two hundred, perhaps, with standing space for fifty more. Its only furnishings were the chairs and a piano. The place was almost filled, but the tall man passed down the aisle and found the stranger a seat well to the front.

"I'll have to ask you to excuse me," he said. Then he bent a little lower. "You can leave at any time, you know," he whispered. "That's a standing privilege with us."

He smiled and nodded and passing forward, disappeared through a doorway at the right of the stage.

The stout man looked around. The hall was rapidly filling up. Even the standing room was being occupied. They were working people, most of them, working people who bore a thrifty look.

"That's a fine young fellow you was speakin' to just now," said a voice at the stranger's side. He looked around. A white haired old man with a little twisted face, was looking up at him.

"I'm a stranger in your village," said the stout man. "Tell me about him."

"He's the lad that started these shows," the old man explained. "They laughed at him. He didn't care for that. The shows went on just the same. Then the big lads tried to break him up. He whipped the biggest one and that settled the rest. At first no-body came. Now look at the crowd. That's the second year. He's really a stout lad."

"Is it all free?" the stout man asked.

"Nary. But he has to give out tickets because of the crowd. Only two in a family can come, you understand."

"But there must be some expense?" "He finds the money, too. They say one of the parsons helps him a bit, an' James Ferguson, he's the manager of the Cameron mill, stands for part of it, an' I have no doubt the lad puts his hand in his own pocket for a good bit besides."

The stranger nodded. "What's his idea in going to all this bother?"

"I'd like to walk along with you, said the stranger, and have you tell me just what you are aiming at."

"All right," laughed the young man. "I'll be glad to have your company."

He put out the lights and locked the outer door, and they went down the stairs together.

"I have an idea," said the tall young man, "that I can do this village some good. It's my village—I was born and raised and schooled here. I feel as if I owed it something in return. I'm a dressmaker, perhaps, but I don't forget hard work. Now I've an idea that we need a library here—a reading library—filled with the sort of

books that our people would read. This isn't a university town, nor a town of dilettantes. It's a town of workers who haven't much time to read, and who should be encouraged to read the best. I have an idea, too, that I could superintend the erection of just the practical sort of building that would yield the best returns. I would want one entire floor given up to a hall that would seat 600 people. There I would carry on the work I have begun here. And I would want a little fund with which to secure attractions for our course—special attractions, you know."

He stopped and laughed. "I'm something of a draughtsman," he added, "and I've even gone so far as to plan my ideal building on paper. Yes, and I've even picked out the very lot where it should stand. Here it is now. At this vacant corner—close to the homes of the people we want to specially benefit."

"They paused and looked at the shadowy place. "Is the lot in the market?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, and can be bought cheap." He laughed again. "The next time I hear that Robert Cameron, in town I'm going to muster up courage and tell him about my plans for the Cameron library."

"Robert Cameron," repeated the stranger.

"He's the head of the great steel syndicate, you know. He's done things of this sort, but our town seems to have been overlooked."

"It might be a good plan to see him," said the stranger.

The tall young man laughed. "That was only my joke," he said. "I wouldn't dare to approach him with any such begging proposition. Why, I'm only a weaver in one of the smallest of his mills."

The stranger paused. "This is the hotel, isn't it?" he said. He put out his hand. "I've enjoyed both your entertainment and your company. Good night, Thomas Gordon."

"Good night, sir," said the tall young man.

The next morning a boy brought Thomas Gordon, caged in his little office, a note. It was a formal invitation to call on Richard Andrews, that evening.

Thomas Gordon stared at the invitation. Richard Andrews was the great man of the village, the man whose beautiful home adorned the west hill. He knew Richard Andrews well enough to say "good day" when he met him, but that was all.

"Any answer?" queried the messenger.

Thomas Gordon shook off his hesitancy and wrote an acceptance. A half day thereafter he wondered what it could mean.

When he was ushered into the beautiful home on the hill the servant led him to the library and there Richard Andrews came forward and warmly greeted him. At his elbow stood the gray bearded stranger he had met the night before.

"Good evening, Thomas Gordon," said the stranger as he put out his hand. "I am glad to renew our acquaintance."

Then Thomas was introduced to Judge Grayling and to Col. Edward Ames and to Henry Wickham, the banker. A moment later they went in to dinner and the gray bearded stranger was seated on the right of the host and Thomas Gordon on the left.

And presently the young man realized that his friend of the night before was Robert Cameron himself, and he turned hot and cold at the thought. The conversation buzzed about in a lively manner. They were all representative men and experienced in dining. And Thomas Gordon, who was quite unused to dining of this ideal sort, did his best to acquit himself with credit.

When the cigars were finally reached the host addressed his guests.

"Our friend, Mr. Cameron, has a few words to say to us," he said.

The gray bearded man looked around with his cheery, peculiar smile.

"What I have to say can be said briefly. Quite by chance I discovered that you have in your town here a young man with ideas. Now that isn't intended as a slur on the intellects of the town in general, but this man has ideas that are especially worth noting because they are novel and uplifting and unselfish. I refer to the ideas dreamed and fostered by our young friend here, Thomas Gordon, the guest of honor at this board-to-night. They turned and looked at Thomas and a little wave of applause ran round the table. "I like these ideas from the Gordon brainbox. I like them so well that with his help I am going to carry them out. If he wants to do so he can call the coming library by my name—it was his own suggestion. It will be a good library. I promise him that. There is to be a hall in it, a modern hall, that will seat 600 people, and there will be a fund set aside for securing popular talent for his lecture course. All these details will be left in his hands on one condition—he is to take charge of the entire work, both as manager and librarian. Acting on his suggestion I have purchased the lot where the building is to stand. Next week my architect from the city will come here to consult with him. Tomorrow he will meet with his fellow trustees, Judge Grayling and Banker Henry Wickham and formulate his plans. At the same time he will begin to earn the salary that I have decided to give him in lieu of his wages as a weaver at the Cameron mill." He paused and smiled. "I trust he will find it shows a satisfactory increase over his present emolument as a weaver, but at the same time he mustn't forget that he is handling affairs of much greater weight." He raised his glass.

"Gentlemen," he gravely said, "I want you to drink to the health and prosperity of Thomas Gordon, a young man with ideas!"—Pennsylvania Gist.

The Wine Merchant. "Her mother usually asks her daughter to sing, doesn't she?" "Only when disagreeable guests are present."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You occasionally see a girl carrying a mangle roll who probably couldn't carry a man with her assistance.

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THAT BOY JIM'S HOME.

(Continued from First Page.)

bathe me and I've bruises and cuts all over me face and head.

Judge: And what did your wife beat you with?

Mike: A motty, sir.

Judge: A what?

Mike: A motty.

Judge: And what is a motty?

Mike: Wan av thim frames with "God Bless Our Home" in it.

"Jim" will catch the infection of these things; he will feel the power of these influences; his life will be de-raided of much that should come to him, because of them. How can "Jim" get any idea of right living after witnessing such conditions as these? "Jim" is entitled to something better than this. We need something better than these few furnishings. A log cabin can contain the very best of homes. Wherever hearts are truly bound together in love, there a true home will be. "A home, be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Reverend Prescott took occasion to impress upon the mothers and all housewives the need of having good, well-cooked food on the table at home. He related several instances, some of his own experience, to illustrate the present-day lack of proper training in this particular. "Too many girls of this generation are more interested in "art" (learning to paint green cows), music, and in making "pin" money with which to buy their "fells," etc., and are sadly negligent of those homely virtues, cooking, sewing, etc., etc. Reverend Prescott said he did not for a moment desire to be understood as depreciating the ornamentation of the home, but he did say that if there were no pictures on the walls, no books—if there was love in the home cementing those hearts together, that boy Jim would go forward into the world under the splendid influence of those lives. "Money is not thrown away to put these beautiful things where our boys and girls can look upon them; but this does not make the home. Love, high and holy purposes, these are the things to look upon. Jim is entitled to this kind of a home. If you are going to send into the world the right kind of a young man or young woman, these things are necessary and they can be realized in their fullness, most effectually, when the hearts of the mother and father have come into contact with the heart of Jesus Christ. Of all the Atheists and infidels, in their moments of bitterest opposition against the Christian religion, none dare to say one word against the character of the life of Jesus Christ. That life so sympathetic, so helpful; they need to catch the inspiration of that life. From the home where Christ is enshrined will go forth into the world influences of great blessing. Ah, but you say, "We have seen exceptions to this." That is true, but that woman who makes a profession of being a disciple of Jesus Christ and does not manifest that discipleship in his life is throwing all that might possibly have been accomplished. Sometimes they are too busy to gather the children around the family altar. They expect the Sunday school teacher to straighten out all that is crooked and make everything right in a half hour each week.

"May be we have a 'Jim' in our home. What chance has he? What chance are you giving him? May God help us to give 'Jim' a chance."

PHILATHEAS ARE ENTERTAINED.

Barack Class for Men to Be Organized Soon.

The Philathea Bible Class and friends were entertained at the home of the class president Tuesday evening last. Nearly forty were present. The evening was an informal one, confidant, whose answers were residents of Downers Grove, created quite a little amusement. The invitations had been sent on 1 and I shaped cards. This was explained when questions were distributed among the guests calling for answers beginning with those letters. The two successful competitors in this contest received their well-earned reward, as did the two who were less fortunate. Mrs. E. G. Lemon, whose talent as an elocutionist is well known in Downers Grove, delightfully entertained the company with one of her dialect selections. After refreshments the good-byes were said. The Philatheas were organized about two months ago with eleven members, they are now twenty-two and are still growing. They seek to combine the social spirit with bible study work and so are, really, a club and Sunday school class combined. We believe that a Barack Class—a men's class following along the same lines—is about to effect an organization.

A Possible Explanation.

"There's an expression I could never understand," said Dumley; "you Irishmen frequently say 'the top of the morning.' What does that mean?" "Well," replied Cassidy, "if it's a widdy's morning I suppose it means the veil."—Philadelphia Press.

The Value Grows.

"We never realize the full value of a thing until we lose it," remarked the man who was fond of moralizing.

"That's right," replied the practical man, "especially if the thing lost was insured."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Out of Office and In.

A well known radical member coined this happy phrase: "It is a pity that the government has not as much courage in office as it had confidence in opposition."—London Truth.

Helpful, Indeed!

Patience—Is her new girl helpful? Patrice—Oh, yes; she often fills in a game of bridge!

Somehow a man derives a lot more pleasure from checking a woman than he does from being checked by one.

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What beauty is more desirable than an exquisite complexion and elegant jewelry. AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY WOMAN TO OBTAIN BOXES, for a limited time only. The directions and recipe for obtaining a faultless complexion is the secret long guarded by the master artists of the ORIENTALS and GREEKS.

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This secret is easily understood and simple to follow, and it will save you the expense of creams, cosmetics, blonches, and forever give you a beautiful complexion and free your skin from pimples, bad color, blackheads, etc. It alone is worth to you many times the price we ask you to send for the genuine diamond ring of latest design.

We will give you this ring at one small profit above manufacturing cost. The price is less than one-half what others charge. The recipe is free with every ring.

It is a genuine rose cut diamond ring of sparkling brilliancy absolutely guaranteed, very dainty, shaped like a Balcher with Tiffany setting of 18Kt. gold shell; at your local jeweler it would cost considerably more than \$2.00.

We will give you this beautiful complexion recipe free when your order is received for ring and \$2.00 in money order, stamps or bills. Get your order in before our supply is exhausted.

This offer is made for a limited time only as a means of advertising and introducing our goods.

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Advertisement for Arthur R. Beidelman, a building contractor specializing in monuments, granite, and marble.

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