

THE INTERNAL PROBLEM OF THE POOR—REMEDIAL EFFORT IN AN EAST LONDON MISSION HALL.



The Medland Hall shelter, which is in Medland street, East London, was started over seventeen years ago by some young men in the London office of a firm of Australian merchants. After a short period it was transferred to the philanthropic branch of the London Congregational Union. In one week of March 2,400 men were given shelter in this hall, while 1,900 men, turned away for want of room, were given bread. There were 2,250 men who received bread and butter between 12 and 4 a. m. Altogether 6,568 men were helped in some way during the week. A representative of the shelter leaves

Medland Hall every night about 12 p. m. and begins to distribute tickets for one-half pound of bread and butter at Aldgate Pump to men sleeping out. He walks to Westminster bridge by way of the Embankment and returns by way of Fleet street. Most of the men taking tickets have to walk three or four miles for their one-half pound of bread. Our artist represents a scene in the evening after the bread has been distributed. Each of the seats turns over and makes a bed and mattress, upon which the men are allowed to sleep until the early morning.—London Illustrated News.

For boys and girls I'M A GIRL.

I'm 'Liz'beth; and you needn't think Just a-cause I am a girl That I'm a-scared to romp and play For my hair'll come out o' curl.

I'm a girl—'low do boys On our porch, 'cause they'd rather Track up mud than wipe their feet— (All 'cept Sammy—he's my brot'er.)

I'm a girl—you don't catch me Braggin' 'bout my muscle—pock! I'm no boy what fights! and, 'Liz, I've a dress what's most brand new—

It's better 'n' muscels any day; And there's Lucinda—she's my sis! The folks near door, they has a bird What screeches out plain, "Pretty Polly!"

I'm a girl, and can skate On rollers, good as any boy. When mother goes down town to shop, She fetches me a funny toy.

Father buys me ice cream; then I've an uncle what writes rhymes And lovely stories. I tell you It takes a girl to have grand times! —Washington Star.

HE FOUND A FRIEND. A thinly-clad young man was walking along a city street one winter morning, eating peanuts from a five-cent sack in his coat pocket. In lieu of a breakfast, when he saw a number of boys trying to attract the attention of a flock of hungry pigeons in the street by tossing cracker crumbs at them. He stopped and joined in the fun by shelling some of his peanuts, breaking the kernels into small pieces, and throwing them on the pavement near the birds.

Recognizing a new benefactor, they flocked round him, eagerly picking up his offerings, but keeping an eye on him meanwhile, prepared for instant flight in the event of his becoming too familiar. Long experience had taught them to be suspicious of strangers, says You's Companion.

Scoping down and holding a tempting morsel between his fingers, he called the birds gently. At first they shrank back, but presently an old bird, having first inspected him critically with one eye, and then with the other, stepped forward gingerly, plucked the tit-bit from his fingers and darted away. Not finding the experience so very terrible, the old bird soon came back, and was rewarded with another choice bit of peanut. The other pigeons speedily followed the example.

"That's more than they'd do for any of us," said one of the boys. The young man gave the pigeons about half his stock of peanuts, and then straightened up. "That's all I can spare you this time," he said, starting away. A middle-aged man who had been watching the performance with considerable interest tapped him on the shoulder. "Young man," he said, "are you looking for work?"

"Am I?" was the response. "I've been tramping over this town for a week, hunting a job." "What can you do?" "I'm a sort of jack of all trades. I can carpenter a little, run an engine, repair bicycles and—"

"Can you take care of horses?" "Can I?" said the young man, his face lighting up. "I was raised on a farm." "Well, come along with me. I need a coachman, and I'm not afraid to trust my thoroughbreds with you. I'll take the recommendation the birds have just given you. Will you work for me for \$30 a month and board till you find something better?"

Would he? Well! The young man is now his middle-aged employer's trusted man of all work, with a wage to correspond, and the pigeons have never had occasion to retract their recommendation.

THE LITTLE SMITH'S ALPHABET. When the little Smith was about three years and a half old she was sent to school. She went a little younger than other children because she had a sister two years older to look after her.

from sheer naughtiness. The misunderstood little Smith was sent away in disgrace to stand before her own seat with her primer in her hand while the tears rolled down her cheeks until the unfortunate "U" was soaked. A second trial after school was worse than the first. The little Smith no longer laughed.

"U," said the teacher. "Me," sobbed the little Smith. "You are a naughty little girl," said the teacher as she dismissed her. The little Smith went home with a heavy heart for she loved the teacher and "good school," and this first cloud was black.

She went on her father's shoulder as she told her troubles, and town doctor, patient Papa Smith, in his own bright way, made his little girl see what the matter was.

The clouds cleared away and long before nine o'clock the next morning the little Smith skipped away to school, her black eyes shining, and ran to her teacher, saying, "U-U-U," O. G. O., in Christian Register.

TWO JACKETS AND TWO GIRLS. There was an uneasy stir at one side of the closet. It was Lou's jacket. Finally, it spoke, in a tired, nervous voice.

"Oh, dear! Lou has left me hanging by a loop and my shoulders sag so that I can hardly get my breath. I don't know how I can ever look nice and fresh if I get no rest."

May's jacket rushed itself to answer: "You poor thing. I am so sorry for you. Now, my shoulders are resting so nicely on this coat frame. My is never in too much of a hurry to slip me well on it. Tomorrow some one will be sure to say to her, 'How fresh and nice your jacket looks!'"

"That's just it!" grumbled Lou's jacket. "And they will say to Lou, 'How wrinkled your jacket is! It doesn't seem to keep its shape at all well, while all the time it is not my fault. How can I rest, hang only by a loop and that not a strong one? There's a button off, too, and a three-cornered tear in one elbow that makes me very uncomfortable. I suppose when it is torn bitter her mother will see it and mend it for her. Oh, dear! This loop is giving way, and I am going to fall to the floor. I suppose that means dust and more wrinkles."

With a gasp the jacket sat down, falling directly upon a pair of muddy overshoes. May's jacket peered down through darkness to where the other lay for a moment, then settled itself for a quiet nap. It looked so fresh and bright the next morning that no one ever dreamed it knew all about the troubles of Lou's jacket.—Washington Star.

ALEXANDER ESCAPED. As a young man Alexander the Great escaped death in a curious manner. A great banquet was being held at Pella, the capital of Macedonia, at which were present the future conqueror of the world, and his father, Philip.

During the feast one of the guests proposed a toast and prayer offensive to Alexander, who hurled a goblet at him. King Philip, angry at this outrage, started up, drew his sword, and rushed furiously upon his son, but he had drunk so deeply that before he reached him he fell prostrate among the terrified merry-makers.

Not a whit perturbed at this extraordinary escape from death, Alexander retorted: "Here is a man preparing to cross from Europe to Asia, who yet cannot step surely from one couch to another."—New York Herald.

CEREMONY UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Unusual Dinner at British Embassy at Time of Paris Siege. Sir Frank Lascelles, our Ambassador in Berlin, who is just retiring, has had some exciting experiences in the course of his diplomatic career.

He was with Sir Edward Malet in Paris in 1870 during the siege and the Commune, and tells the story of an extraordinary dinner which they had at the embassy shortly after a cannon ball had driven in the front wall and reduced the kitchen to ruins. A general retreat was made to the cellar.

And here the two Englishmen solemnly arrayed themselves in dress clothes and set down to dine in as much "state" as possible, amid a hopeless jumble of treasured bric-a-brac, valuables, clocks, china, &c., for not a scrap of the usual ceremony and etiquette was waived, despite the incongruous surroundings.

HEART'S TWILIGHT. Deep in the twilight of my heart I hid a rose; Red petals on its red. At dusk I looked to greet its velvet face, And wept—the rose was dead.

Deep in the twilight of my heart I hid a kiss; Red mist about it shone, At morn I looked to raise it to my lips, And wept—the kiss was gone.

Deep in the twilight of my heart I hid a tear. A pearl in its red sea. At night I looked to see it in my dream, The tear—awaited me.—Smart Set.

CAMILLE

Camille's eyes were apt to linger on the red-tiled attractive house until a gray-haired man with a slight stoop came slowly out on the stone-pillared porch, and, sinking in a cushioned chair, would lean back wearily, letting the sun creep up and pour over him as it flooded the garden with warmth and light, among a storm of joyous twittering from sparrow, thrush and red-bird.

Camille, young and energetic, while busy with her sweeping and dusting and the care of her flowers in boxes in the bay window, felt a profound compassion for the invalid across the way, whose great wealth could not give him health or the sympathetic companionship he must crave, Camille felt sure. His valet and butler and respectable-looking housekeeper, whom Camille met one evening when taking a short cut to the shopping street of the little town, as she passed in front of the gate, were all very attentive to their employer. Money could command that, of course. But Alexander Reed, who was not yet middle-aged, seemed very lonely, had a high-bred, handsome face, in spite of its thinness and pallor, and his smile was very attractive. Camille thought, the day his horses ploughed and reared at the sight of her sitting by the roadside reading. He had raised his hat and bowed, smilingly, when the coachman, quieting them, drove off rapidly.

Camille's life was a very busy one. What time she could spare from her ministrations on her sweet, timid mother, for whose health Camille had taken the cottage in the pretty town on the mountains of the Blue Ridge, was devoted to giving French and music lessons, even up to 9 o'clock at night, when Carl Hampton, a rich coal dealer, insisted on learning verbs and genders three times a week.

How was Camille to guess it was the beauty of her gray eyes and oval face and admiration for her courageous acceptance of life's burden, and her loving devotion to the gentle invalid, which had induced the stout and prosperous German whom she had met casually to plunge into the study of French, which he abhorred?

"Money! Money is the most important thing in life, little mother," Camille declared while kneeling in front of the fire toasting muffins and making chocolate for the invalid.

Mr. Reed's carriage was at the front door. His note to Camille's mother, handed in by the footman, begged her to make use of it for a drive, the weather being so fine.

"Did I not say, little mother, that money is the greatest blessing in the whole world?" Camille said, joyously, having accepted in a formal note of thanks her neighbor's victoria, while getting her mother into some warm wraps, and gayly pluming on her own hat.

"Money gives the means to do a kindness, child, but not the heart or the goodness to execute it," her mother rejoined, whereat Camille laughed and hurried off for the drive.

It was the beginning of a very pleasant acquaintance with the invalid master of Stone Lodge.

As the spring days lengthened and drew into summer, whenever Camille could command the time the little maid Ann was dispatched down the path behind the cottage to Stone Lodge with a message, and a long drive through the odorous woods and mountains that evening gave Camille's mother a good night's rest.

Alexander Reed was too important a personage to be overlooked. The notables of the bright little town and the wealthy tourists, owing summer residences on the heights around, all called on him, but a formal return visit usually ended their acquaintance—except with Dr. Perrin, a keen-eyed old physician, who had a cynical knowledge of life, and an abhorrence of the shame and flatteries of society, and whom carefully hidden good deeds kept him poor in spite of a lucrative practice; for

said the doctor, as he turned and left the room. Camille was delighted, for the price offered seemed fabulous to her. By getting up one hour sooner, giving a music lesson before breakfast, she had ample time for reading daily to Alexander Reed. Her voice was sweet and low, and she had the gift of throwing herself into the story she read, and she was a good French scholar. Her mother was of an old Creole family, originally titled folks, who came over from France in the earliest centuries.

The daily readings often occupied only a few moments. Alexander Reed was a man of culture and many attainments, and his leisurely wanderings had taken him to far-distant lands and among strange people. Camille found an infinite charm in his vivid impersonal descriptions and word paintings, and to the world-worn man the young girl's fresh enthusiasm and wholesome, keen-sighted appreciation, were a perpetual delight.

The hour was apt to lengthen out, and it was always a surprise to Camille when Mrs. Harris, the sedate housekeeper, appeared with a tea tray. Mrs. Harris' satisfaction was obvious at the increased animation plainly visible in the invalid's manner, while the faint flush on his cheek and the glow in his dark eyes were symptoms of a long-forgotten contentment of spirit, possibly signs of returning health. Therefore, the old housekeeper approved of the reading lessons and their effect.

One day a joyous court swept over Camille's face when Ann rushed in to announce breathlessly that Mr. Reed and the doctor had called.

"What a delightful surprise," Camille said, ushering them in the little sitting room, filled with her plants and flowers.

How kindly was the light in the deep, gray eyes, and how handsome was the invalid's face in spite of its care-worn look. How beautiful was the smile with which he took Camille's hands in his and held them fast.

"I have come," he whispered, to crave a boon. Be generous, little one, and grant it. Shed the light of your lovely presence on the few remaining years left me, and accept a devotion as boundless as eternity. Give me the right to protect the being I love beyond life, or the hope of eternal bliss."

Camille raised wondering eyes to his, the color receding slowly from her face. She shivered slightly.

"It is no boon," she said, gently. "It is my heart's desire. How could I ever part from you?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SECRET OF RIPE OLD AGE. Eminent Russian Savant Declares Sour Milk the Diet.

If you wish to live to a good old age, rich food should be avoided. M. Metchnikoff, the eminent Russian savant, who is the present subdirector of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, suggests that the best diet might be sour milk, which does not sound very palatable. Still the fact remains that races which live on sour milk are noted for their health, strength and longevity. The microbes of turned lactical appear to have the peculiar power of waging war upon and destroying the bacilli. In the human system which are supposed to be the causes of death, thus serving not only as a food, but as an antiseptic.

This question of the prolongation of life is one which has long occupied the attention of the scientific world, and there is no worker in this field whose researches are of more importance than M. Metchnikoff. In his latest work he states the reasons which lead him to think the three score years and ten of the Psalmist are not the natural form of human existence.

He points out that the animal and vegetable worlds contain many extraordinary examples of longevity. And, finally, he holds that by care for health and the employment of the same methods which have led to such remarkable results in the culture of vegetables, it should be possible, not only to prolong life, but to make old age vigorous and healthy. Men of 60 or 70 would retain their force and younger men of 21 would no longer be thought mixture or capable of taking part in public life.

Everything a woman wears is tight



THE DAILY READING.

this pretty town was a favorite resort of the millionaire health seeker.

"It is as rare as it is refreshing to come in contact with real merit," remarked Dr. Perrin, rubbing his knees reflectively as he sat in front of a bright wood fire in the library at Stone Lodge, for the early June days were cool, and fires were pleasant in the evening.

"Yes," Alexander Reed answered, with polite listlessness, while seeing Camille's face in the dancing flames.

"Yes, real merit," repeated the doctor.

"Now, this child, Camille, Louis Herndon's daughter—why, there is more downright merit in her life than in that of the pretentious benefactors rolling in gold, with their ostentatious gifts and donations, who parade themselves in the public eye.

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