

## K AND BOB.

### What Have I Done?

Jack was a real good boy and a prime favorite with teachers and school fellows—such a willing, good natured fellow and with such a “go” in him, never shirking his work. One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when “whack” came the cane over his back.

“Sir, sir,” stammered Jack, “what’s that for?”

“Nothing in particular, my boy,” said the master, with another whack, and then another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. “Sir, it’s not fair not to tell me what I’ve done wrong,” said he.

“You’ve done nothing wrong,” and down came another whack with the cane.

By this time the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came. “Keep your seats!” And unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders. Presently the teacher said, pleasantly: “I saw you driving your father’s horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!”

Jack blurted out: “Our Bob is the best fellow on the place, sir?”

“Ah! then he was lazy. I suppose, yesterday?” said the master.

“Not he, said Jack, angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. “He’s as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district. He never shirks work.”

“So, so,” said the master. “Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when slash you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut, but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a willing fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all around, Jack, eh?”

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy as he was—then he stood up.

“I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it’s quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I’ll beg his pardon when I go home.”

“Well done, Jack. Shake hands. Go on with your lessons, boys,” said the teacher.

“And I’ll remember my lesson, sir,” said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders, “but it’s fair play all round.”—Our Four-Footed Friends.

## JIMMY’S “CLUB.”

### A True Story.

A gentleman sat in a plain office, puzzling his head over a perplexing question. He was the agent of a benevolent society, organized to help the poor of a great city. The trouble was this: Thanksgiving was at hand and he had not money enough to do all that he wished to do on the coming day. He knew, too, many families who lived at starving point, to whom Thanksgiving gave little apparent reason for thanks. He knew young men who did not hesitate to spend three dollars on a single rose. He knew young ladies who thought nothing of wasting more or less dollars a week on candy. Twenty-five cents would buy a sumptuous dinner for a starving child. Many hundreds of the extremely poor looked to this man for one good dinner at Thanksgiving time. For one day in the year they hoped to have enough to eat. How was he to give it?

Suddenly three or four dirty faces peered through the window; a timid knock followed. Five street boys and two somewhat tattered little girls trooped in. The agent recognized them as members of a mission Sabbath-school. He said, pleasantly:

“Well, children, what can I do for you today?”

“Nothin’,” answered the children, vaguely.

“You, Jimmy, you tell,” said one of the girls, giving the tallest boy a shove. Jimmy fumbled in his ragged pocket, and slowly produced a large handful of pennies and small change.

“We are a Club,” said Jimmy, with a grand air. “There’s twenty of us, mister.”

“We girls are in it, too,” interrupted the girl who gave the shove.

“We come from Cummin’s Alley, and we’re a Club to help Thanksgivin’. Here’s—here’s—nine dollars and ninety cents.”

The agent stared at the large sum, collected at what cost of self-sacrifice only the givers could say.

“It’s for them that can’t git no dinner,” explained the little spokesman.

“Is it?” exclaimed the good man. He hardly knew what to say as he glanced at the poor clothes and shrunken cheeks of the “Club.”

“Yes,” said Jimmy, stoutly, “there’s plenty poorer than us, mister; we’re a Club to help ‘em. We didn’t care if we didn’t have a dinner for two or three days so’s that we might give real poor folks one.”

“How many dinners will nine dollars and ninety cents get?” asked a little girl, rather hungrily.

“What kind of a dinner?” inquired the agent, with a perceptible weakening in his voice.

“Oh—turkey and stuffin’, and—and puddin’!” cried the children, eagerly.

“That will cost perhaps twenty-five cents apiece,” said the agent, “and your money will give a fine Thanksgiving dinner to as many as thirty-five hungry people. You have done nobly, children, and I am delighted that you have been so kind and thoughtful for others.”

The dinners were bought. The “Club” distributed them. The children’s first plan was to put a cabbage in with each dinner, the agent says. But there were not cabbages enough to go around. So they cut each cabbage into quarters, and put one piece in each bag.

That club of twenty poverty-stricken children worked until nine o’clock at night on the day before Thanksgiving, distributing thirty-five dinners to people “poorer than themselves.”

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A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—Sidney.

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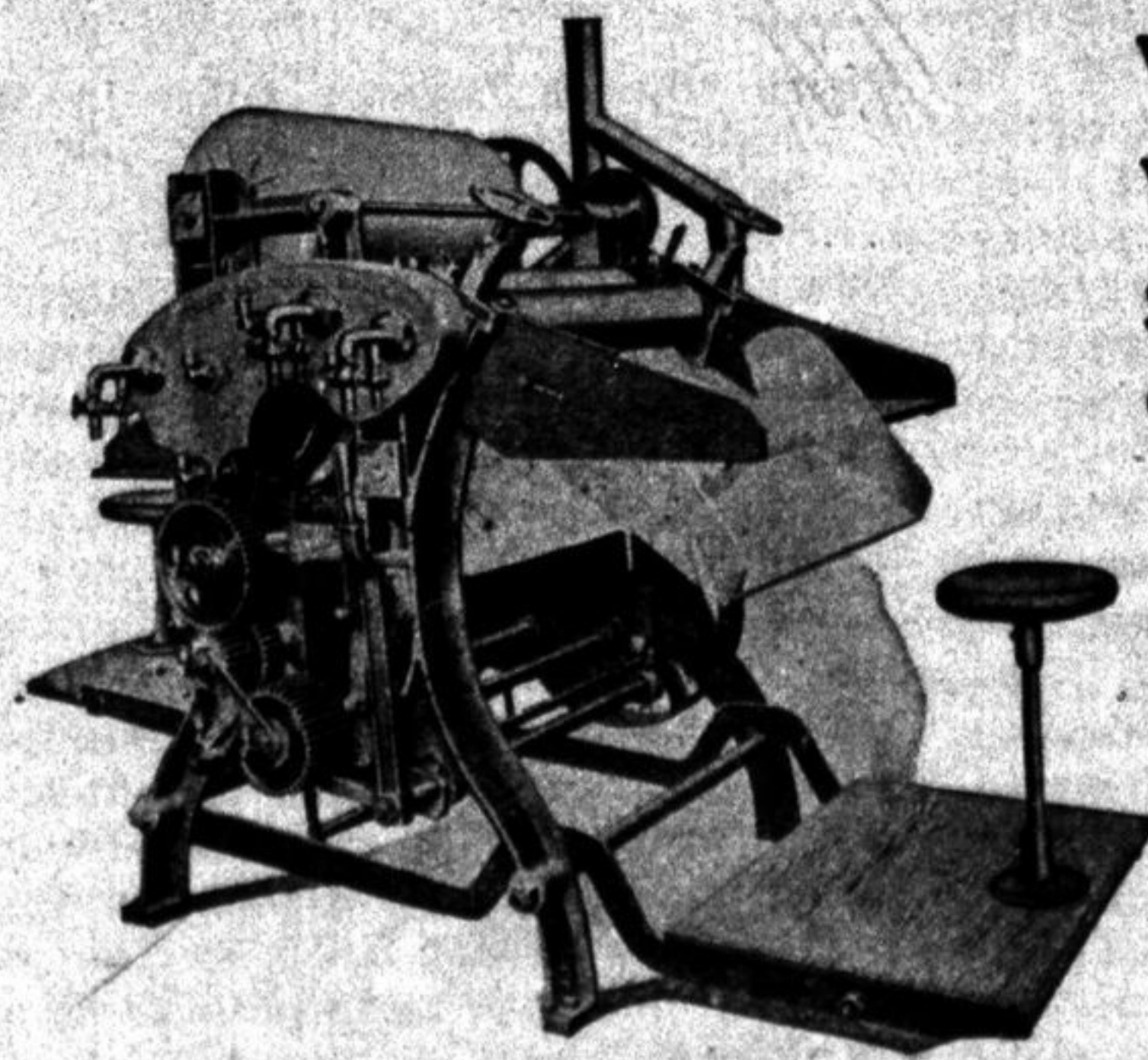
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