



## Correct Clothes For School Boys.

and so should he. He will need a Suit, Waist or Shirt, Collars and Ties, Hat or Cap, some Handkerchiefs, Shoes, Stockings, etc. You must satisfy the boy, so

Your boy likes good clothes, and he is quite particular about them when he starts to School. Can't blame him—his companions will look smart and neat in their new things,

### BRING HIM TO US

We know just what he wants, just what he will look best in, and we are sure to please him. We have an attractive Stock of those popular **BUSTER BROWN SUITS** for the Little Fellows, also **Extra Collars** for change when he soils them.

**Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.**  
HAS THE PEOPLE'S CONFIDENCE

dollars, or maybe five, a week. Not twenty feet from that same hotel I met a nymph du pave who had a diamonds enough on her person to have paid for a nice home almost anywhere in the city. I presume the scrub girl is glad to get a piece of round steak, fried, while the harlot would turn up her nose at anything less than tenderloin, broiled with mushrooms. I will bet the lingerie worn by the woman of sin is worth more than all that working girl's wardrobe. When vice rewards its devotees like that and virtue pays off in such shabby coin, is there any reason for wondering at crime?"

"I know a young man in this city who has tried to secure a public position," continued the philosopher, "but he cannot. He is a family man, with a decent wife and children; he works hard every day and just about makes both ends meet. As to ability, he has plenty of it. Society doesn't recognize him in particular, because he is poor. I know another man who enjoys a good public position; who is entertained in select circles; who lacks having half the ability the first one has, and he maintains a mistress in a fashionable boarding house. Would there be anything to wonder at the first man, knowing what he does, turning out and becoming thoroughly bad? Of course there wouldn't. I have seen a grocer, who kept a place where men could buy that which would make their families happy, fail, while a booze foun-

dry next door, which dispensed liquid damnation, laid up money, and bought its proprietor good clothes, diamonds, a fancy team and carriage and many other good things. Could anybody blame the grocer for wanting to start a gin mill after an experience like that?"

"I have seen a man with some capital start in a legitimate enterprise, containing some of the elements of speculation, and manage it with all the care a man could exercise and fail to win, while upstairs over his place of business a gambling house made a barrel of money. I have seen other men engage in business strictly honorable and go to the wall in a short time, while right across the street a crooked, thieving, dishonest cur amassed a fortune. I see every day of my life honest men, with hard hands, struggling to make a living for their families, wearing poor clothes, eating coarse food, while elbowing them on the streets are tin horns and fallen women's "secretaries" dressed in the finest with plenty of money at their command. And noting all this I wonder if it really pays to be decent?"

"Nor is all this confined to ordinary humanity. I know of ministers who do nothing but preach Christ and Him Crucified to small congregations for about forty dollars per month, while parsons who refrain from calling the attention of their congregations to their many errors get five times that

sum. I know men with so little knowledge of books and art and music that they couldn't tell who wrote 'Vanity Fair' or 'The Leather Stocking Tales,' who would not know the difference between an oil painting and a chromo; who could not tell whether the orchestra was playing 'Pilgrim's Chorus,' or 'Old Kentucky Home,' who are admitted to social circles and lionized because in private life they are moral lepers, while poorer men are kept out, notwithstanding they are the mental supporters of the other class, and have forgotten more of the things that are supposed to make life worth living than the others will ever know. Now so far as I can see the rewards that virtue bestows here are so limited in character that working for virtue is like laboring for nothing and boarding yourself. Virtue may have a lot of money in the bank, but she never issues any checks upon it. Vice on the other hand carries a sack full of gold and hands it out right and left. Ask any moralist, theologian or astute student and he will tell you that the time Virtue makes herself felt is at the hour of parting with life. That the good man dies in peace, with a promise of a better existence hereafter. Looking at the deaths of a great many good men and a great many bad men, I cannot see how much difference there is. The good man dies, is given a cheap burial and in a month is forgotten. The other chap closes his eyes and rides to a choice lot in the cemetery covered with American Beauty roses and lilies of the valley. In time he, too, is for-

gotten, but when he is remembered it is that he had a rattling good time while here; everything came easy, while the other, and the poor devil hustled from early infancy until sere old age and passed away without a penny. As to the lot of either beyond the clouds, I don't know, but this feeding a fellow on a diet of skimmed milk here on earth with a promise of cream and butter on the golden shore, sounds all right, but it's mighty poor consolation when the butcher climbs in with a bill; when the ice man demands pay; when the milkman comes round with the next dollars' worth of tickets and reminds you that the last are not paid for."

If anyone can suggest a remedy for the conditions narrated by my friend he is welcome to all this portion of my space, because, looking over the situation, I am prone to admit that it is more or less fact. Suppose we should try to correct this evil by an open criticism of those who permit it. The man who hires the working girl would feel insulted and would take his advertising out of the paper, cut off his subscription and urge his friends to do likewise. The fellow who lives with the concubine would start a libel suit and would prove by a boon companion or so that the "lady" had apartments on the floor above and would produce receipts from the landlady in court showing that she paid her own rent. Then the landlady would bring an action against us for damages to the "reputation" of her house by reason of the publication and there would be a heavy bill of costs. Attack the saloon man next door to the grocer who failed and the next time one went into his place after a beer on a hot day and some thumper would knock his block off. Expose the dishonest cur who robs people and the chances are that society would declare we were "persecuting" a good man. Jar the high salaried minister and his flock would boycott one to a cold finish for meddling with something that did not belong to one's business. Hold up the moral leprosy of the pampered darling of society to the light and his female friends would have spasms because one was saying such things about "dear Mr. Porkenham."

But what my friend says is true in most particulars. I knew a good old soul who was engaged in a business, legitimate in its character, in this city for years. He did the best he could, but it wouldn't go, although he kept the best kind of goods and was fair to everybody. After he sold out another man took the place, started a poker room in the back and is making money. In some way or other, people seem to patronize the wicked and give the good the go by. The man who sells moral books starves, while the chap who deals in detective stories and playing cards gets there with both feet. Whether it will always be thus is a problem, and time alone will demonstrate it. And yet with all the damnable evidence at hand, I cannot find it in my heart to advise any one to forsake the beaten track laid out by Virtue to wander in the devious pathways marked out by Vice. Because there may be something in the maxim quoted at the beginning after all. And after this life is ended there may be a substantial reward awaiting the man and the woman who have done the best they could. The scrub girl may wear a crown of glory and the hard working man a halo of peace, while the harlot and the paramour do a small stunt in the valley of the land of annoyance. The grocer may walk among the flowers in the everlasting gardens of joy, while the booze seller turns handsprings on the hot plates of hades. The man who went into bankruptcy may bathe in the cooling waters of the River of Life, while the chap across the street writhes and