

and the saloons. The young men who had no homes, as well as some who had, seemed to have a good excuse for lounging in the aforesaid objectionable places. I talked reading-room earnestly. They said they had no funds with which to buy books or papers. I suggested beginning on a very small scale; offered to secure a package of books for them, and proposed that each member of the organization should be asked to bring from home the family newspaper, after it had been read. Stuart said that was hazardous advice, because of the selection which some would have made, and that, perhaps, I should be thankful that my advice was not followed. But I can hardly imagine any worse reading in the daily or weekly average newspapers than the ten-cent paper-covered novels they had chosen. Well, no matter; they did nothing of the kind. The next objection was that it would be impossible to secure a place of meeting; there was no suitable room in the village, and, if there were, no money to secure it. But you know my propensity for not giving up a thing. I pushed hard; canvassed the town; found an unused store which, with scrubbing and a few dollars spent on cheap curtains and lamps, with a chair donated from each home, would have done very well. The rent was absurdly low, and I was jubilant over my discovery. Thirty dollars would have covered