

**LIVE AND LET LIVE.**

Perhaps no more statesmanlike utterance was ever made by any leader of a great people than that by President Wilson when he said: "America asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for the sake of humanity." That lofty declaration of principle clearly defines once and for all the position and final stand of the American people and sets forth this nation in clear relief in contradistinction from the rest of the world.

"We wage no war for conquest. We have no thirst for empire. We demand only the inalienable rights of liberty in the pursuit of happiness and the peaceful prosecution of trade and commerce. We grant to every other country all the privileges which we ask for ourselves, and of these privileges we are very jealous. Our determination has not altered on this subject since Patrick Henry said: 'Give me liberty or give me death.' That is the meaning of the prevailing sentiment against anything that acts 'in restraint of trade'; that is the keynote to the American spirit; that is the secret of our marvelous business expansion and the fact that we are today the richest people in the world. It is our well rewarded Christian spirit of *Live and Let Live*."

But in spite of this great object lesson on the part of the nation as a whole, many of our local communities are not emulating the dignity of this attitude nor sharing this wealth, and are therefore not keeping step with the march of our national growth. Why? Because they do not grasp and execute the principle and policy that has made our nation supreme in the world of business. They fail to see that when they hamper or destroy the other fellow's business in the delusive hope of gaining a selfish advantage, they are only throwing a boomerang which "comes back" to the detriment of the whole community.

While this is true of purely business enterprises, it does a twofold injury when it applies to legitimate recreation. Drive out your groceryman or your hardware man, and you merely lose a family. Their rivals in business will supply the community's demand in that line. But when you drive out the moving picture business, the theatre and roller-skating, bowling, dancing and everything from the street boys' mumbly-peg to the gentlemen's game of billiards, you lose more than the citizens employed in those enterprises. When you strangle the spirit of play, you choke the fountain of youth. When you suppress recreations, you sacrifice the community's buoyancy, without which business expansion is impossible. When you insist on imposing the taste and requirements of the aged upon the activities and conduct of the young, you swell the tragic stream of youthful migration to the cosmopolitan cities. That is why country towns decline and the appalling city vice problem grows apace with its holdups and its bandits.

The policy, therefore, of any community which hopes to keep pace with the march of our national progress must be that of *Live and Let Live*.

One very practical way to reduce the cost of living is to patronize trademarked or "standardized" goods. It may not occur to the layman that when he buys a "just as good" article, he is tightening the noose about his own neck. He may lower the standard of living, but not the cost of living.

**LARGE SCALE PRODUCTION REDUCES COST.**  
Nationally advertised commodities are manufactured in huge quantities. That means in many cases a saving of a hundred per cent or more in the cost of production. It also means that the goods are more fresh and in a better condition because they are sold in less time after being manufactured. The ordinary consumer who has not given thought to these factors might get a concrete illustration of the saving resulting from large output by consulting his local editor and obtaining comparative prices between printing one hundred copies of a certain article and ten thousand copies of the same job. He would then get some idea of the principle of saving involved in manufacturing in staggering proportions.

**STOLE NEWS VALUABLE TO CONSUMER.**  
Again, the merchant who advertises his goods performs a service of real value to his customers by supplying them with information where they can get the goods they desire. How valuable it is to know just where a thing is when you want it. What a saving of time, what an elimination of worry, what a convenience and, in many cases, what a prevention of accidents and waste. Such information is valuable to the consumer, and that value of any service is obtained through advertising.

**TRADE-MARKED GOODS FURNISH FRAUD INSURANCE.**

But it is ever more valuable to know *what* you are getting than it is to know *where* to get it. Standard advertised goods protect the customer from short weights, adulteration and poison. It is self-evident that no manufacturer would spend any considerable amount of money on advertising unless he hoped thereby to secure a permanent business reputation. Having paid good money to build up that reputation, he would not proceed at once to destroy it by cheating his customers. This element of permanence in business, therefore, acts in behalf of the customer as an insurance policy against fraud, and in some cases it acts as an actual life insurance protection. For, in spite of our pure food laws, certain "just as good" commodities manage to reach the consumer and by their poisonous adulterations menace his life. Now, the manufacturers of well known trademarked goods charge no premium for this insurance. Yet the real value of such protection is obvious. Just what percentage of the price of goods that would be impossible to determine. That depends somewhat upon the temperament of the consumer. Personally, I would rate it somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty per cent of the purchase price.

Apply this principle, for instance, to clothing. What does a layman know about a suit of clothes other than that it looks well and feels a fit when he tries it on? In three weeks' wear it may prove the sham. It requires an expert to judge a quality of dry goods, and even they are often deceived. But when I know the trade-mark of a suit that gave good service, I can call for that same brand again

with confidence and security. This is true of all consumptive commodities, from pianos to canned beans. A familiar sign of a leading music store in Chicago reads: "Steinway! What more can we say?" The name is the guarantee, and this is true of all standardized goods.

In view of these considerations, I estimate the value of the protection offered to the consumer by advertised goods at fifty per cent of the purchase price. As a test of the reasonableness of my estimate, go to some reliable insurance company and ask them how much premium they want for protecting you against fraud in your promiscuous purchases of unknown "just as good" brands—that is, for the same protection which well known advertised goods give you gratis by virtue of their reputation. I assure you that such premium charge would be high.

Therefore, dear consumer, in purchasing only advertised goods, you are saving this premium, which, if we are correct in our estimate, lowers the cost of living to yourself and family by about one-half. It sounds unbelievable. But the more you appreciate the real value of the saving factors mentioned above, together with that restful feeling of security in knowing *what* you are buying and *where* at all times to conveniently go and get it.—By F. J. Milnes.

**Sage Who Looked Betimes at the Mirror Had Reason to Congratulate Himself That the Experience Had Been His.**

Now it fell on a day that I entered the establishment of a tonsorial artist, which, being interpreted, a barber shop, says a writer in the Advance. And I sat and waited till the barber, with a loud voice, cried: "Next!" and I seated myself in his chair. And he wielded over me divers deadly weapons, and therewith he cut my hair and trimmed my beard. And I sat and looked at myself in the mirror and I saw myself in a great bib and tucker, with patches of hair falling down the front of the same and reflecting itself in the glass. And what he was doing to me I saw as in a glass darkly, and what he was saying to me was many things on divers topics, for he was a man of fluent speech.

And after I had been shorn both as to head and beard he passed his hand over my head and said: "Thy scalp is not very clean. Thou hast need of a shampoo." And I consented, and he soaped my head and washed it, and rubbed it, and twisted it upon my neck until it was nigh unto breaking off. Then he passed his hand across my head and he said: "Thy hair across thy head grows thin. Let me rub into thy scalp some of my famous hair restorer. It will make hair grow upon the top of a cowhide trunk." But I said unto him: "I am not a cowhide trunk." And he said: "Thou wilt soon be as bald as one if thou apply not my famous hair restorer." And I asked: "Speakest thou as the friend of humanity or as a man who hath hair restorer for sale?" And he answered: "I speak as a friend of humanity, nevertheless, for the hair restorer and the rubbing in thereof thou shalt pay to me the fourth part of a dollar, in addition to what thou already owest me."

Now, it came to pass as he spake these words, I looked in the glass and behold, he stood behind me, with the bottle in his hand and with his left hand spread ready to rub it in, and I saw in the glass his eager face, and above it his own head. And he leaned forward as he spake, so that I saw in the glass the top of his head, and behold, it was bald. Then spake I unto him, and said: "Oh thou friend of humanity, who sellest hair restorer and thy soul for the fourth part of a dollar, keep thou thy medicine and use it upon thine own head, for I have ten times as much hair on the outside of my head as thou hast, and much more within it." And he was wroth, and he combed my hair with fury, and dug the bristles of the brush into my scalp, and added a dime to my bill. Nevertheless my heart rejoiced that I had spoken unto him as I did. Then said I to my soul: I will take heed to my ways, lest I become as he. For I go forth among men and ask them to buy of me wisdom and virtue and righteousness. So will I pray night and day unto the God of heaven that I may be able to recommend among men the truth which God hath revealed unto me, and that no man reproacheth me with the baldness of mine own soul. So shall I learn wisdom from the folly of the tonsorial artist.

**Silver Mine Under City.**  
Embedded under 100 feet of solid earth, a silver vein more than a mile long and 7½ feet deep, and said to contain nearly a million dollars' worth of pyrites of silver ore, has been discovered on the United States bureau of mines site, Forbes and Craig streets, Oakland, by Chief Engineer J. D. McTigue.

This discovery was made when Engineer McTigue was surveying land where the boiler room of the new Bureau of Mines building is to be erected.

Italian workmen blasting slate saw little, white objects, which looked like diamonds to them, nestled among the rocks, and this led to the strike.—Pittsburgh dispatch Philadelphia Record.

**Get the Most Out of Your Food.**

The digestive organs absolutely need the influence of pure blood for the proper performance of their functions. Persons that sleep in small, ill-ventilated rooms complain of little or no appetite in the morning and of distressing dryness of the mouth and throat. Why? Because, as a result of breathing air that is impure, their blood is impure and fails to give their digestive organs the stimulus they must have for perfect work. It is necessary that we should have what we eat that there is in it and to get it comfortably. Hood's Sarsaparilla is distinguished for making pure, rich, vitalized blood, perfecting the digestion and building up the whole system. Get it today.

**BULLERTON'S WAY**

ANONYMOUS.

Bullerton's father said: "It doesn't matter whether it's time for it now or not. He wants it now and he's going to keep on asking for it until he gets it. You might as well give it to him." So Bullerton got it.

One of Bullerton's earliest friends relates the following anecdote. Bullerton's father and mother were visiting his father and mother and Bullerton was along. At dinner Bullerton held up his plate and requested a second helping of pie.

"Why, Harvey!" exclaimed his mother. "You shouldn't ask for things. That's very naughty and impolite."

"They wouldn't know I wanted it if I didn't ask," said Bullerton.

That, Bullerton's boyhood friend said, was perfectly true, especially considering the size of the first helping and the extent of the meat courses that he had previously consumed.

It was a more commendable application of the principle when on leaving school he asked the president of the local bank for a position as assistant cashier. It is probable that he would have got the position if he could have demonstrated his fitness for it. Failing to do so, he asked for a job as office boy—and he got that.

Inside of two weeks it occurred to him that three dollars a week was an insufficient wage. He asked for five dollars and there again he proved the soundness of his policy. They gave him \$3.50 and promised him four dollars at the end of the month if he could show that he was worth it. But they got tired of being asked for raises after a while and let him go.

Then Bullerton went to the city and disappeared. As the years passed it became generally understood around the little town through the medium of his parents that Bullerton was doing well—getting on.

When he came back one summer on a visit his appearance seemed to bear out the report. He certainly looked prosperous. One of the envious fellows of the town said that Bullerton must have asked a tailor for credit and got it; but no one paid any attention to that slur on a rising young man.

When Bullerton had been home a week there was a meeting of the town council, at which he appeared and, on the part of the Bellevue Construction, Investment and Improvement company of New Jersey, asked for a franchise for an electric street railway. Nobody knew who or what the company was. Nobody seemed to care. The bank president who had given Bullerton his start in life was then president of the council. He was perfectly satisfied with Bullerton's vague assurance that the company was composed of men of unimpeachable financial standing, whose names Bullerton was not at liberty to mention, so the rest of the council were satisfied, too, and gave Bullerton what he asked for.

Then Bullerton asked for desk room in the bank. He asked for options on property along the proposed lines of the railroad. He asked for the assistance of the editor of the local paper. He got them all.

Soon he left for the city, having first disposed of his options at a ridiculous sacrifice to business men of the town who, with the assistance of the local paper, awoke to the almost assured fact that the town was on the eve of a great boom. Then the news came that the Bellevue Construction, Investment and Improvement company had sold its franchise to a great capitalist and prices of real estate went up. Shortly after that the capitalist visited the town and seemed somewhat disappointed. The railway is not built yet.

It would have been no surprise to the town after that to learn that Bullerton had married the daughter of a millionaire or had been appointed ambassador to Great Britain. The old people died in course of time, so there was no longer any news of him.

Finally one of the citizens of the town who had occasion to visit the city resolved to look him up. He did so—in financial circles more particularly. Strange to say, Bullerton seemed to be unknown. His name did not even appear in the city directory, so the citizen naturally concluded that his old townsman had sought a larger field for his activities.

He was on his way to the railway station to take the train home when a man in shabby clothes and with a week's growth of beard touched his arm.

"Pardon me," said this man. "You are a stranger to me and it may seem a liberty that I take, but I find myself in a pecuniary embarrassment and if you could favor me with the loan of 25 cents I should appreciate it."

There was something familiar in the voice. The citizen, looking more closely at the man, recognized Bullerton.

He said he was never more surprised in his life. But, after all, cheek is not everything.

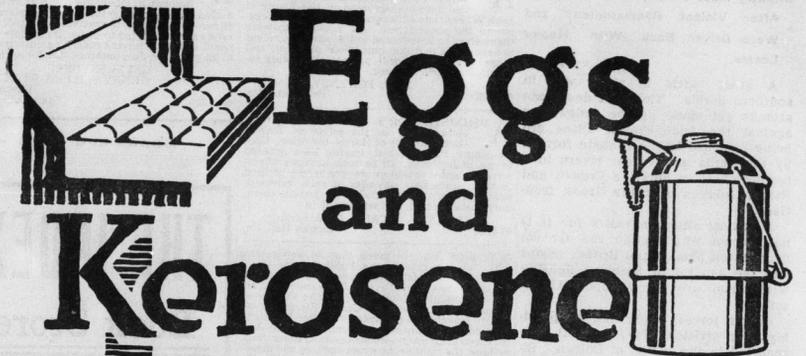
**Supposed It Had Settled.**

"We think," wrote the manufacturers of printing machinery, "that it is about time you were paying something on the press you bought of us. It is now almost a year since you got it."

"I wasn't aware that I owed you anything," answered the owner of the Stringtown Bazaar. "You told me when I ordered the press that it would pay for itself in six months."

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL.

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL.



EVERYBODY knows there are good eggs and bad eggs, fresh eggs and stale eggs. You tell the difference by taste and smell—and price.

But how about kerosene? There is good and bad kerosene just the same as eggs. How can you tell the difference? Certainly not by taste or smell. No, nor by price, for you can buy the best kerosene sold at no greater cost than the common kind if you will ask your grocer for

**ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL**

Rayolight burns longest and brightest and produces the greatest heat. A scientific process of refining prevents it from charring wicks or causing smoke and soot. Neither will it create unpleasant odors when burning. It is the most economical kerosene you can buy.

Insist on having Rayolight. Your grocer can get it for you just as easy as any other kind.

How'd you set about getting rid of a dab of paint on the window pane? The easiest thing in the world—rub it off with Atlantic Rayolight Oil. Never thought of that, eh? But do you know another use? If you do think one up, hold it for a few days and maybe you can exchange it for something your heart desires. You'll see something about it in these advertisements.

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You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere.

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**Announcement.**

**The Farmers' Supply Store**

We are Headquarters for the Dollyless

**Electric Washing Machines**

Wear Reversible Sulky Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Disc Harrows, Spring-tooth Harrows, Spike-tooth Lever Harrows, Land Rollers; 9-Hole Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drill—and the price is \$70.

**POTATO DIGGERS,**

Brookville Wagons—all sizes in stock. Buggies and Buggy Poles, Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog and Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells, Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies and

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Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizer for all crops, carried at my warehouse where you can get it when you are ready to use it.

Soliciting a share of your wants, I am respectfully yours,

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