

FIELDING ON BUSINESS.

He Gives a Few Tips Appropriate to the Hard Times.

Why Should a Man Be Poor Unless He Insists on Being Honest, When Games Like These Can Be Played Any Day?

(Copyright, 1914.)

I take a deep interest in business. It possesses for me that fascination which always attaches to the mysterious unknown. Personally I haven't business sense enough to tie to a tailor. When I get a publisher's check I tell my wife the size of it; and, in fact, there's no hope for me in a business way.

But though destitute of that happy faculty which makes some men rich, while, by a curious coincidence, those about them are poor, I can appreciate it in others. Nobody is quicker than I am to recognize that faculty, and keep out of the way of it. For instance, I was in a publisher's private office the other day when an elderly man with tangled black hair and a loosely folded cotton umbrella ran to the door. He was closely pursued by a long-legged office boy, but the race is not always to the swift. The elderly man effected an entrance.

"My dear fellow," said the elderly man to the publisher, "lend me one hundred thousand dollars."

That was his pleasant way of starting the conversation. Of course he did not really need the money. He simply desired to attract attention. The publisher felt in his vest pocket. He did not find the sum mentioned, but tucked the corner of a dollar bill further down, so that it would not show. Meanwhile the elderly man continued: "I've just got hold of a rare book."

"One that the author got paid for?" I suggested.

"Rare, very rare. Dictionary of literary dialect. Think of the difficulty of compiling the work. Nobody ever heard of these dialects except the authors, and most of them have starved to death. So, as the thing is practically out of print, it can't be duplicated over in this world. It will be very useful to you in your business, if the fash-



EXCELLENT VENTILATION.

ion for that sort of thing comes round again. I'll sell it to you for a dollar because I'm just a little short to-day."

Well, it looked reasonable, and the publisher went down into that vest pocket. He came up, with that dollar, and the elderly man quickly retired. Then the publisher detained me with honeyed words till lunch time. He had a pretty good business head, too, and, as the dollar happened to be the only one he had, he invited me to lunch, and I settled the bill. But the point is, that when we emerged from the building where the publisher's office is located, we found a man on the edge of the curb selling books. He had only one work but his barrow was full of copies. It was the Dialect Dictionary, and he was selling it for five cents. The elderly man had bought a copy on his way in.

Now, that's what I call business all around, for when I had got a little wine into the publisher I sold him a story of sea bathing on the Jersey coast, though it was then past the middle of December, and when he had sobered up he simply changed the scene to the Sandwich islands, robbed my characters of half the little clothing I had bestowed upon them, and made a good thing out of the story. The public paid for the dictionary, the lunch and the story, and why shouldn't it?

If tips like the above can help people along in these hard times, I say that it's a man's duty to give them. I get hold of lots of those games here in New York, and I'm too charitable to keep them to myself. Some of them are played on me and others come to me in the night watches. There's no time so good for thinking of business. Nothing in this world can make a man feel so mean as lying awake at night. I've been kept awake by a cold lately.

Speaking of that cold reminds me of another business scheme which I discovered recently. When times are dull it's the man of a single trade who suffers. The man who sells firewood and fans is busy the year round.

Well, I went to see a doctor about this cold. He asked me where I was living, and I told him the truth, for I really meant to pay his bill. But I couldn't see how the question properly bore upon the state of my health.

"Then he asked me how many rooms I had in my flat.

"One room, one closet, two cuddies and a niche," I replied; "but what has that got to do with—"

"What rent do you pay?" he inquired.

"Forty dollars a month."

"It's too much."

"I agree with you; but as to the state of my health—"

"Look here," he said, "you'll never be well in such a place as that. Now you just come with me around to the corner of Ashbarrel avenue and Mudd street, and I'll show you some flats that will make your eyes stick out."

He clapped on his hat; grabbed me by the arm, and hurried away. When we reached the flats, we found that the workmen had not yet put in the doors and windows. The plastering on the walls was not dry, and didn't seem to be making any reasonable effort in that direction. It was a discouraging day for drying—one of those days when it snows perpendicularly. If you don't carry an umbrella, and horizontally, if you do.

"Talk about sanitary conditions," he said. "What do you think of that for ventilation?"

I was bound to admit that it seemed ample. The snowflakes which came in at the front, went clear through the



WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

flat except when they hit me. With a handkerchief in each hand, I explained to the doctor that, as I had a cold—

"Come around to Thirteenth and Coffin streets," said he. "Perhaps this doesn't exactly suit you. I'll show you what you want."

I followed my medical adviser. We reached an imposing structure at last, and climbed many stairs. We passed a tenor, a domestic difficulty, a piano, a bull fiddle, a baby and a boiled dinner, and on the seventh floor we halted. Through a scuttle above our heads I could see that the heavens were directly over us, but, though substantially ready both in body and spirit, I decided to pause before ascending further.

"This top flat is vacant," said the doctor, "and you'll like it. The rent is forty-seven dollars, but you don't have to pay it the first of the month. You can pay it the last of the month before, if you want. The landlord is an easy man. What's this? Door locked? Well, well, I'll have to run around to Sharkey street and get the key. Sit right here and wait for me."

He left me sitting on the top step. The snow filtered through the scuttle and fell soft and moist around me, while the boiled dinner came up from below and turned the pure snow flakes green around their edges. I was irresistibly reminded of my own contact with the world.

The next thing I remember is sitting in the doctor's office.

"As I understand it," he was saying, "you've decided to take Thirteenth street flat, and—"

"Doctor," said I, weakly, "I'll take some of your medicine first, and if that doesn't kill me I'll try one of your flats. I should like a prescription written by the author of 'Called Back,' and the louder the call the better, for I'm pretty well along."

He was touched. He wrote me this prescription:

Quinine Sulph. gr. x.
Spts. Frumentum. q. s. f.

P. S. Look at the flats over the drugstore. You may like them.

"Will you have these separately or together?" asked the obsequious druggist.

"What does the prescription call for, anyway?"

"Whisky and quinine."

"Do you mean to say that that medicated sugar-coated real estate agent

charged me five dollars for recommending whisky and quinine?"

"That is what he prescribes."

"Well, I won't take it. I wouldn't touch it if I knew it would cure me. I'm going to take a wigwam sweat."

"What's that?"

"Why, you fill a big pan with New England rum, and set it a-fire. You put a chair over the pan. Then you drink half a gallon of the rum, and sit down in the chair. You hold up a broomstick and your wife builds a tent of blankets around you, making a wigwam—a sort of little house, you know."

"Speaking of little houses," said he, "I know a nice little house around the corner that can be had for—"

"What! are you in it, too? Good day to you, sir."

I went home and took the wigwam sweat. When I got too hot inside the wigwam, I stuck my head out between the blankets and related to Maude the experiences of the day.

Until that moment I had not believed that there was any business in the doctor's scheme. Alas, when shall I learn to understand women? No sooner had I spoken of those flats to Maude than she was filled with a desire to see them. The more I ran them down the better she liked the idea of taking one.

HOWARD FIELDING.

AN APPETIZING MEAL.

Tender Your Dish Tempting by Giving Them Pretty Garnishes.

Much of the attractiveness of a meal depends upon the embellishment of the dishes, and when we consider how economically this can be done, there is really no excuse for the lack of tempting details, unless the busy mother and housekeeper finds her day full of other duties.

Ten minutes' supervision of the dishes before they are sent to the table is all that is required to add a bit of greenery, a slice of lemon, a golden-hearted ring of egg, and see how appetizing the simplest meal will become.

"But in winter," says some one, "green garnishes are so scarce. There is apt to be a sameness in this line. What is one to do?"

Think a moment. Have you ever lived up some prosaic dish with a leaf or two of crisp, crinkled-edged lettuce—the kind furnished us during the cool months? This is a fancy charming enough to please the most artistic-minded person at the table. Celery tops, shredded cabbage, curly bits of crests and parsley springs, each in turn, may take their place upon the meat or vegetable dish, and commonplace viands will gain a festive air.

A young housewife, wishing to have on hand a nice supply of green garnishes, fastened to the sill of a kitchen window having a southern exposure two boxes, in one of which was a luxuriant bed of parsley, while in the other flourished curled cress.

As for vegetables, try turning them into garnishes. Fill in the center of your meat dish with a brown mound of potatoes fried in ribbons, surround this with chops of meat-balls, and scatter here and there a tender sprig of parsley. Another appetizing mode is to enfold each chop in a small lettuce leaf.

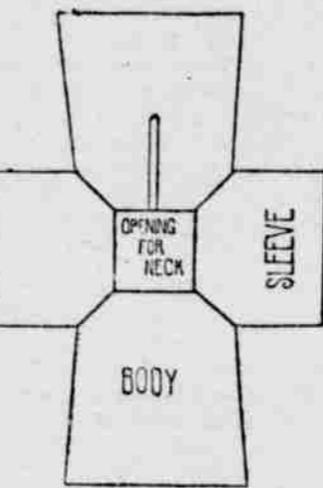
Soups, that would otherwise be but slightly relished, become favorites when a few squares of crisp brown toast—called by the French "croûtons"—are added.

Knowing your own pantry possibilities and the contents of your market basket better than any outsider, think up some furnishings yourself with which to embellish your table dainties, and you will find that no matter how simple are your efforts, they will be rewarded.—Golden Days.

DRESS FOR CHILDREN.

It Is Easily Made and Produces a Very Good Effect.

Miss Minnie Bollermann, who has been an operator and saleswoman in New York for the past six years, has designed a simple dress for dolls, which she thinks mothers may find suitable for a small child. It is cut in four parts, but may be cut in only one piece if time counts more than the slight



waste of material, as to busy mothers it sometimes does.

Directions for cutting the dress are as follows: Measure the length from neck as long as desired, allowing for hem, slope slightly, and about one-fourth from upper portion cut off corner for shoulder. Make sleeve portion as full as desired and slope same as a shoulder. Join as shown in cut. Turn in or face at neck (which is left perfectly square) and gather to fit. Added gatherings are admissible.—St. Louis Republic.

Concerning Visiting Cards.

Ladies' cards are governed by the following rules: A married woman in society, especially with daughters, should always use the prefix "Mrs." Widows and maiden ladies often prefer to use the simple name without prefix; fashion dictates otherwise. A young lady in society, having passed her first season, should, if the eldest daughter, use simply, for instance, "Miss Bothwell." If a younger daughter, she should use her Christian name in full. In her first season a debutante should engrave her name below that of her brother, her individual card not appearing till the second season. On visiting with her mother the name of a daughter may be engraved below that of her mother; if separate, her card should always be left with her mother's card. The same applies to plurality of daughters, the names being grouped.

Some Kitchen Measurements.

One quart of wheat flour is one pound. One quart of corn meal weighs 19 ounces. One quart of butter, soft, weighs 14 to 16 ounces. One quart of brown sugar weighs from a pound to a pound and a quarter, according to dampness. One quart of white sugar weighs one pound. Ten medium sized eggs weigh one pound. A tablespoonful of salt is one ounce. Eight tablespoonfuls make a gill. Two gills or 16 tablespoonfuls are a half a pint. Sixty drops are one teaspoonful. Four tablespoonfuls are one wineglassful. Twelve tablespoonfuls are one tencupful. Sixteen teaspoonfuls, or half a pint, are one tumblerful.

A Hanging Pincushion.

To make a pretty and novel hanging pincushion cut two pieces of cardboard the shape of a large pansy. Cover them with violet silk and paint one in pansy colors. Lay wadding between, sprinkling it withorris root. Overcast together, sew lavender ribbons to the top and stick a halo of small English pins around the edges.

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may be avoided. It comes from a germ that takes root and grows only when the System is Weak and Lungs are affected.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, overcomes all the conditions which make consumption possible. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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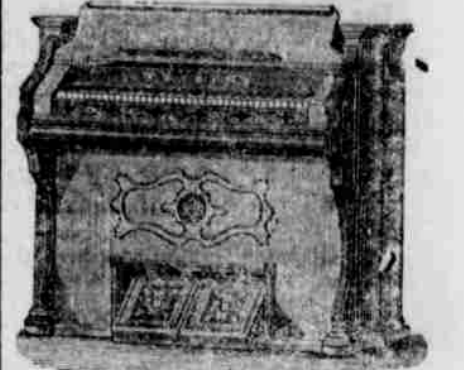
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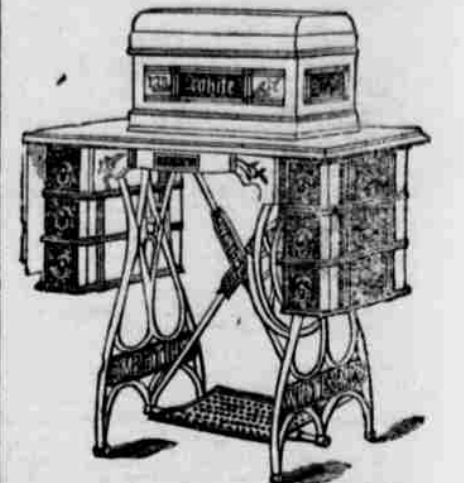
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For anything in this line the place to go is to

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Ware-rooms, Main Street, below Market.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb.....	\$.22
Eggs per dozen.....	.22
Lard per lb.....	.14
Ham per pound.....	.14
Pork, whole, per pound.....	.07 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound.....	.06 to .08
Wheat per bushel.....	.80
Oats " ".....	.50
Rye " ".....	.80
Wheat flour per bbl.....	3.50
Hay per ton.....	18.00
Potatoes per bushel.....	.70
Turnips " ".....	.25
Onions " ".....	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck.....	.25 to .35
Cranberries per qt.....	.10
Tallow per lb.....	.08
Shoulder " ".....	.12 1/2
Side meat " ".....	.14
Vinegar, per qt.....	.08
Dried apples per lb.....	.05
Dried cherries, pitted.....	.15
Raspberries.....	.18
Cow Hides per lb.....	.03
Steer " ".....	.05
Calf Skin.....	.40 to .50
Sheep pelts.....	.90
Shelled corn per bus.....	.65
Corn meal, cwt.....	2.00
Bran, ".....	1.25
Chop ".....	1.25
Middlings ".....	1.25
Chickens per lb.....	.10
Turkeys ".....	.12
Geese ".....	.10
Ducks ".....	.10

COAL.

No. 6, delivered.....	2.50
" 4 and 5 ".....	3.50
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