

Give Us Prosperity

That is the Slogan of Two Movements Organized to Promote Good Lines—"Sunshine and Square Deal."

F AITH cure in one way or another is becoming a good deal of a fad in these days, and it is proposed to apply this sort of remedy to the ills which have caused the country to suffer more or less general business and industrial stagnation. A kind of good times society has been organized to promote a spirit of hopefulness and confidence where pessimism and discouragement have been prevalent. In furtherance of the designs of this unique organization a prosperity congress will be held in New York about the middle of August. The promoters of the idea wish to make the 300,000 commercial travelers of the country the advance agents of prosperity, and the support of the various organizations of traveling men has been enlisted in the movement. They believe that with 300,000 men preaching the doctrine of good times and sunshine in every city and town and hamlet of the country the revival of business will be hastened and the wheels of industry will soon be turning as rapidly as ever. The movement is entirely nonpolitical, and that it contains no intent hostile to the administration of President Roosevelt may be inferred from the fact that it has received his hearty endorsement.

Similar in purpose is the National Prosperity association, recently organized at St. Louis. Indorsement of the platform adopted by the association has come from many commercial and civic bodies in nearly all the large cities of the country. The objects of the National Prosperity association are:

To keep the dinner pail full.

To keep the pay car going.

To keep the factory busy.

To keep the workmen employed.

To keep the present wages going up.

The mottoes of the association, "Fair Deal, Sunshine and Square Deal" and "Give Us a Rest," have found a wide popularity. "Let Us Alone" is another rallying cry. The idea of such an association is credited to B. F. Yostkum, chairman of the executive boards of the Rock Island-Frisco railroads, and it was a speech of his before the Traffic club of St. Louis which started the movement. It suggested to other business men the advisability of spreading broadly the "sunshine and give us a rest campaign." Edward C. Simmons, head of a big St. Louis hardware concern, who is chairman of the executive committee of the newly formed association, says:

Some of us discovered that our business

showed a profit in April. Our business was not profitable for three months before April. We came together informally and compared notes. The situation in St. Louis was better than we had thought. We asked representatives of different lines of trade to meet with us and enlarged the investigation. Much evidence of restored confidence and returning prosperity was offered. We felt that this community ought to be fully informed; that the encouragement should be extended beyond St. Louis.

The organization of the National Prosperity association followed. The association has nothing to do with the past. It looks forward. It is not political. It has a platform. The two planks are a square deal and a square meal for every man.

Soon after the organization of the association a committee representing it visited Washington and obtained from President Roosevelt emphatic approval of its purposes. Visits were also paid to other cities. The prosperity congress which is to be held in New York will begin on Aug. 14, and there will be addresses by noted speakers and various features which it is thought will help to promote a spirit of good cheer. At the head of this movement is Herman A. Metz, comptroller of New York city and formerly a commercial traveler.

Already the poets have heard of the sunshine movement. One of them, whose lines are printed in the St. Louis Republic, sings:

If the man next door is tellin' That we're goin' t' th' dogs, Guess he's a glum dyspeptic Is it him or is it the logs.

It's the west best b-singin'.

That th' weather will be fine In this land—it's all knownin'— Get in th' glad sunshine.

If the fortune teller whispers That a dark man's on your trail, It may be a man with money, So you'd better reef your sail.

An' th' loud voiced prophets' wallin' O' calamity's no sign.

That this grand old country's alivin'— Get in th' glad sunshine.

His Recognition.

"Was your dialect story one of the best sellers?"

"No," answered the author; "it gained recognition only as a worst seller." —Circle Magazine.

Just One More Kiss.

A dear old citizen went to the railroad station to see his daughter off on a journey. Securing her a seat, he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a last parting word. While he was leaving the car the daughter crossed the aisle to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window.

Unaware of the change, the old gentleman hurriedly put his head up to the window and said, "One more kiss, pet."

In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction, "Scat, you gray headed wretch!"

"Come back here. That chair is for your grandmother."

for your grandmother."