

PROGRESS OF JAPAN.

Due Primarily to the Influence of the United States.

There is No Reason Why We Should Not Control the Lion's Share of the Asiatic Empire's Foreign Trade.

Within 50 years just passed in the history of Japan, the self-erected barriers of centuries gone were broken down by the official visit of Commodore Perry, of the United States navy.

Then following for a period of 20 years, intercourse was grudgingly permitted by the Japanese government, until at last the spirit of commercialism and advancement had its birth in the brains of these clever people and now, at the present time, they are a recognized force and power with the so-called civilized nations.

When it is considered that within the last 25 years these people have overcome the customs and traditions of centuries their rise is among the wonders of the present day.

We learn that the census of 1898 gives them a population of forty-three and three-quarter millions of people, and that there is not the poverty and suffering existing among them as with other nations. Simple in tastes, cleanly in their homes and habits, they are uniformly a happy race, filled with a dominant pride of country that has helped them to win the piece they now occupy and hold among other peoples.

Mr. Otani Kabei, president of the Yokohama Japanese chamber of commerce, who is a very strong friend of the United States, said in one of his recent addresses, among other things:

"While there have been many contributory causes, the most direct and powerful factor in bringing about the present prosperous condition of Japan has been the impartiality and good feeling shown by the government and people of the United States,



ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD. (Noted Boston Publisher and Authority on Trade Topics.)

who have at all times given every encouragement and assistance in aid to the introduction of modern civilization."

So the opening of the twentieth century shows a wedding of friendship between one of the oldest and most exclusive of nations with the youngest and most cosmopolitan of countries.

Names of seaports and commercial towns in Japan were formerly an unknown quantity to us, but Tokio, with its ivory, silver and inlaid works and bronzes; Kioto, with its cloisonne and lacquer wares; Osaka, with cotton yarns, rugs, fabrics, glassware; Kobe, with rice, bamboo, screens, mattings, straw-brids; Nagasaki, with fishery products and noted as being the first port opened for foreign trade in Japan; Nagoya, with porcelain clocks and paper; Shizuoka, with tea, mushrooms and artistic creations in bamboo; Akihabara and Kioto, with their silk fabrics, which have been in existence as manufacturing centers since a very ancient period—are now commonly known to the business world.

Of course there are many other large cities that are constantly referred to, such as Moji, a port through which all the coal passes from the numerous mines in that vicinity; and the Mecca of all travelers, Yokohama.

This port is the great commercial city of Japan, for here the traders meet to buy the products of the country, which are concentrated at this point. Besides the native dealers, business houses from every section of the world have their representatives, and the tongues that are heard on the thoroughfares are as numerous as leaves upon a tea plant. There is a growing sale for the Japanese teas in the markets of the United States and Canada, and there seems no doubt, writes Robert Mitchell Floyd, in Trade Topics, that the absorption of duties by the states will increase the consumption, and be of great assistance to the tea-traders of Japan.

Our latent Siamoid Spirit. In our work we see further and further away from the earliest types of civilization, but in our play we come at times very near to prehistoric life, says the People's Friend. Our pleasures are an attempt to satisfy our latent Siamoid instinct, our games and races are a symbol of the fierce struggle for existence which was a very real literal conflict in those far-off days, but has been modernized under the name of trade competition. And our love of shooting and fishing and hunting has no doubt been inherited from those who long ago hunted, not for pleasure, but for dinner.

PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

Raising Squabs for Market is a Pleasant Occupation and One That Pays Well.

As an industry, squab raising requires less capital and less work in proportion to the returns than any other business of similar character, says the Washington Post. In the first place, experience has taught that the common pigeons of the streets and alleys are not only the healthiest and best brooders, but that they also produce the best squabs, young birds that are easily fattened and that are strong and hardy. The high priced and fancy breeds of pigeons, such as pouters, tumbler, fantails, duchesses, Antwerps, dragons, runts, silver dubs, etc., do not compare with the scrub pigeon for the purposes of squab production, so that at the outset the person contemplating entering the business is relieved of the necessity of spending a large sum of money for fancy birds.

As for a place in which to breed pigeons an extensive structure is not a necessity nor is it even desirable, the only requisites being that the structure should be warm in winter and not too hot in summer, free from dampness and, if possible, with a southern exposure; also, that it should be free from rats and mice. For this purpose nothing is better than an empty garret, well provided with light and the floor covered with gravel or cinders. All cracks should be made tight in order to prevent drafts in winter time. This last condition is much to be desired if squabs are to be raised in the winter season, which is the time when they are dearest, and consequently, bring the best prices.

The most interesting and important part of the business is at the time the young are hatched out. Unlike chickens and turkeys, the feeding of the young pigeons is attended to by the parent birds, thus saving the person engaged in squab raising a great deal of trouble which in chicken raising must be attended to. It seems that the pigeon has never reached that stage of thorough domestication where the young birds have to be fed artificially, but, like the wild birds of the forest, the pigeon is one of the few domestic fowls that attend to the feeding of their young with what squab raisers call "soft food," or "pigeon milk," until they are old enough to shift for themselves. Thus the troublesome part of the work of chicken raising is absent in pigeon culture.

The young birds begin to eat grain in about a week after they are hatched, and then it is that the squab raiser should see to it that they are kept stuffed with grain and never hungry. The parent birds can not be depended on to look after the welfare of their progeny after the "soft food" period has passed. They have a curious habit of stuffing one and starving the other, fighting the starved bird off and feeding its share to the favorite.

PORTABLE AND CHEAP.

For Moving About the Fields in Summer This Poultry Shelter Has No Equal.

This style of house I have found just the thing for moving about the fields in summer. For winter use it is lifted off the trucks, placed on skids,



MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE.

and hanked up a little, thus securing warmth. The truck wheels and axles are parts of old machinery bought at junk prices. The structure of the house is as simple and cheap as possible, but it pays to clapboard or sheathe the sides if house is to be used for winter. The only special feature is the row of nests so arranged that eggs can be gathered from outside.—J. D. Henry, in Farm and Home.

POULTRY YARD PICKINGS.

Never keep ducks, geese or turkeys with the chickens. Correct feeding means much toward successful keeping. Early hatched pullets are the most profitable winter layers. Give the fowls a variety of food, including some animal food. High feeding is more than half the rule to early maturity. Laying hens need more food than others—see that they get it. Call out all the poor layers, and give the good hens a chance. Chickens of different ages should not be allowed to run together. The roosting house should be well ventilated but free from drafts. Good stock and good care are the keys to successful poultry raising. Filthy yards and houses invite disease, and are sure to cause failure. For fertile eggs the hens should be in perfect health and condition. If fowls are forced to stand in the filth and mud, they will not thrive. The litter should not be neglected and allowed to decrease in quantity. Milk is par excellence the best of food for young chicks and old fowls.—Commercial Poultry.

The thoughtful person who looks about him must be impressed by the number of agencies at work for the bettering of mankind. There is the church—oldest of all—there are schools, libraries, societies for the promotion of this and the suppression of that, clubs for local improvement, material and political, charities with a thousand ends in view, organized efforts without number, all bent on making human life a happier state of existence. The wonder of it is, observes the Youth's Companion, that this incorrigible old world of ours remains for so many men and women a place of bitterness and sorrow. Whose fault is it? Is it not often the fault of the comfortable citizen, busy as he should be with earning a living for himself and his family, but content to leave the work of these various agencies for good in the few hands that have been guiding them? Does the thoughtful person always understand that some part of this good work for mankind belongs specifically to him? If he thinks long and hard enough he will realize how fortunate it is that the good work of the world has so many subdivisions. From the very nature of each man and his surroundings there must be activities in which he cannot take a congenial and therefore an effective part. Yet it must be a strange being in a strange place who cannot find already in existence, or waiting to be created, some piece of work not for himself to which he can heartily give some portion of his time and effort. It is a good old maxim which tells the person who cannot fish to eat bait. As more of us grasp and act upon the fact that some small part of the world's good work belongs to each one of us, the outgrown idea of life as a vale of tears will be thrust still farther into the past. To stand aloof and say: "This is no business of mine," is only to do harm.

The discovery of a new resource in the development of a state is well described in the article on Nebraska, by William R. Lighton, in Pearson's. Nebraska has, so to speak, rediscovered herself at least in one section. Mr. Lighton says: "On those high plains, despite her harshness of aspect toward the grain grower, Nature has established conditions quite ideal for the pursuit of another industry which has been in fashion among men since the beginning of husbandry, and which will never lose its vogue. Only within the last five years have our people realized that by every natural right these lands belong to grazing herds and flocks, and that through them alone were the arid wastes to be made glad. Nothing is wanting to complete the guarantee of success. This realization has rejuvenated the western two-thirds of the state; it has been like the discovery of a fountain of economic youth. In 1897 stock grazing in Nebraska was hardly more than a side issue; but it has since taken a place second only to the cultivation of the soil. In 1901 the ranges held more than 3,000,000 cattle and more than 1,000,000 sheep. As a part of the same healthy impulse swine have won a secure place in public esteem; a full chorus of 2,500,000 head now grunt and squeal in fat content."

The incorporation in New Jersey of an association of manufacturers and distributors of food products who are said to be organizing a pickle and preserve trust, gives piquancy to this inquiry of a Youkers (N. Y.) correspondent: "I have been interested in collecting synonyms of 'pickles.' I have heard these names so far: 'Radcliffe radishes,' 'Barquid lobsters,' 'Vassar rabbits,' 'Wellesley oysters,' 'Smithereens,' 'Bryn Mawr muffins,' 'Co-ed cookies,' 'Wells gingers.' Do any of your correspondents know other names for these dainties?" In Bridgewater, Worcester and Framingham, Mass., pickles are sometimes called "teachers' helps." In Salem they are known as "Normal crackers."

The silly summer girl—there are just a few!—is busy thinking up some unique thing that will make her distinguished from the general lot. Her scarcity of ideas may come from the fact that she has not much to think with, and, observes the New York World, in this respect, unfortunately, the summer young man cannot give her any assistance.

Officials should be very careful in filling out blanks. Recently a post office inspector at St. Paul, Minn., recommended his own removal from office. He had meant to write the name of another in the body of the blank, but by a curious slip inserted his own name. If this inspector is not more careful in the future he will certainly lose his job.

The man who proposes to court fame by crossing the Atlantic in a 35-foot launch could save time by going over Niagara in a barrel. It will be all the same in the end.

The trusts have been threatened so often that they long since forgot how to quail gracefully.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back. For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes. To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs. To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

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Waiting for a Rise. Clerk—These goods, madam, are very cheap now, but the factory has burned down, and in a few months they will be very expensive.

Shopper—I hate cheap things. I'll come in again when they go up.—N. Y. Weekly.

Whispered. "Say, old man, what's a 'summer girl'?" "A 'summer girl' is a rack to stretch shirt waists on; inside is a receptacle for lobster salad and ice cream, while outside is an attachment for diamond rings."—Life.

Woman Facts. Patient—My wife insists that my sickness is purely imaginary. Doctor—Don't let that worry you. There will be nothing imaginary about my bill.—Woman's Home Companion.

His Plait. Brown—What was Jones kicking about? You'd think he never got what he wanted.

Smith—It's worse than that. He says he never gets even what he doesn't want.—Detroit Free Press.

As Willie Reasoned. Willie (at his lessons)—I say, pa, what's a fortification? Pa—A fortification, my son, is a large fort.

Willie—Then a ratification is a large rat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Tremendous Chance. "Dat's it, Mame! You kin see his mother is pettin' an' spoilin' him, an' I s'pose he'll go along dat way till he gets married!" "Yes; an' den he won't hardly know what struck him!"—Puck.

Certainly a Clever Man. "Is he a good lawyer?" "A good lawyer! Why, say! I've known him to prove the truth of what isn't so, and not half try."—Chicago Post.

A Mystery. Editor—Have you ever submitted this poem anywhere else? Poet—No.

Editor—Then how did you get that black eye?—Chicago American.

Helping Him Along. He—You are not the girl to give yourself away, are you? She—No; but you might ask father.—Town Topics.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles. Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations free. For years I had backache, severe pain across kidneys and sending urine. I could not get out of bed without help. The use of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure restored me. G. WAGNER, Knoxville, Pa. Druggists, 50c., \$1. Ask for Cook Book—Free. ST. VITUS' DANCE. Fenner, Fredonia, N.Y.

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COATS AND CAPES. If you want to save big money this Fall on Coats, Capes and Fur, see our stock. Come in and be convinced. No trouble to show you. H. F. CLEMMER, 446 MARKET ST. SUNBURY. Three doors east of the Market House.

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