

UP TO DATE ADVERTISING

Key to the Secret of Success of Every Merchant.

The fact cannot be impressed too deeply upon the understanding of the local merchant that it is up to him largely to keep and increase his trade. There is absolutely nothing to gain by sitting back in a swivel chair and complaining that business is going to the dogs, that the mail order concerns are hogging up the patronage that ought to come to the town store, but there is everything to lose unless the merchant gets busy and counteracts the tendency toward buying goods away from home.

While each merchant must think out in the main his own plan of campaign against the octopus that seeks to destroy him, basing his efforts upon local conditions, the consensus of opinion throughout the commercial world seems to be that up to date advertising is the key to the secret success in this age.

Merchants who use the advertising space in their town papers to the best advantage are the ones who do the least complaining about losing their old time customers.

Nowadays every merchant who does any successful business advertises in the local papers, but it is a well known fact that many of them fail to get the full efficiency of the space for which they pay.

The ancient "standing ad." which calls attention to "Jones & Co., Staple and Fancy Groceries Always in Stock," serves to tell the people that Jones & Co. are still open for business, but it does not tell them just why they should trade with Jones & Co. Instead of with Brown Bros., who print in their advertising space a list of bargains from day to day or from week to week, giving bargain hunters information as to where they can trade and save money.

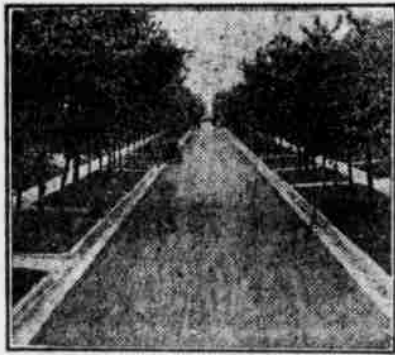
It is the merchant who makes the best newspaper display of his actual bargains who picks the plum of patronage. People are on the watch for a good thing, and when they get the tip from an advertisement they go after it.

CARING FOR STREET TREES.

Surgery One of the Most Important Features in Their Preservation.

There is nothing more pleasing to the eye of a visitor to any town than clean streets and well arranged street trees. A number of young shade trees well laid out greatly assist in making the home town beautiful.

The preservation of existing old trees is even of greater importance than setting out new ones. The lack of care of trees in the matter of placing guards around them, the leaving



WELL KEPT STREET SHOWING SHADE TREES.

of short stumps in pruning and other neglect cause mutilations of the trunk and stems of trees that need attention. Tree surgery therefore forms one of the important divisions of the care of trees. Cavities in trees, no matter how caused, are thoroughly cleaned of all decayed wood, painted with tar and filled with cement. It is a process very much similar to that of filling a tooth.

Small cavities are filled with the usual cement mixture of one part of portland cement to two parts of sand. In the case of larger cavities bricks and stones are used to retain the concrete, and the result is that a strong masonry column is erected within the hollow tree, and it is thus strengthened. The filling follows the contour of the tree. But the cement is not filled flush with the outside bark of the tree, but is filled up to the line separating the bark from the first layer of wood, so that the new growth of wood will form a callous around the border of the filled cavity, and in time the bark will roll over the cement and cover it entirely, leaving no trace of the cement exposed.

Tips For Home Merchants.

Newspaper men should be thankful that at least some merchants do not advertise—else what would they do for their horrible examples?

It is all a building process—the rock is built of atoms, the tree is built of cells, the house is built of bricks, success in business is built of conquered details.

Of business—the more you know about it the more you know what there is to know about it.

If you are a good merchant the biggest investment you have is not in stock, but in the good will of your customers.

Words of Praise Helpful.

State Senator J. L. Brady of Kansas says he met two representative citizens from nearby towns recently. In speaking of the home paper one said, "It is nothing much." The other said: "We are all very proud of our little home paper. It is better than our would expect in a town so small as ours." Which was the best boomer for his town?

Amending the Game Laws.

A wild stab of sound made the helpless airways shudder.

"Great guns, what's that?" cried the man across the way.

"That," replied his wife, "is our neighbor, Miss Screech, singing at the open window."

The man scowled darkly.

"There should be no open season for windows in the Screech family," he grimly declared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The True Vision.

Peace, modest lady, 'tis too much That in and out of season You put my loving to the touch And test of icy reason.

Why urge that much I see is due To "auto necromancy?" That only part of you is you, The rest my foolish fancy?

Peace, gentle lady, why protest That love hath dulled my vision? Can you believe that vision best That boasts a cold precision? Oh, rather bless my truer eye, Whatever flaws it can't see, That knows your sweet reality, Yet holds you still my fancy!

—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Wise Precaution.

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and intrusted her savings in her keeping. "Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married," said her mistress.

"So I is, missus, but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?" — Success Magazine.

Another.

[With the conventional obsequies.] She cannot sprint, she cannot spurt, The woman with the hobbie skirt, A style concocted in a race By one who pined the fashion page, A style that surely should be canned, That spoils the fairest in the land; A style that hath no grace nor use, Looks like the mischief and the deuce. At crimes like that who'd be inert, O woman with the hobbie skirt?

—New York Mail.

The Right Size.

Customer—My wife told me to stop in and buy her a bathing suit. What are your prices and sizes?

Dealer—We have a very nice one here that I'm sure she will like. A fifty dollar bill will just cover it.

Customer—That is just about the size she wants. How much is it?—Judge.

Pyrotechnics.

Who rambles home at four a. m. And tells his wife, "My dear, I tried to see the comet, but it failed, love, to appear." If that she raps him o'er the head Because he smells of bars May, after all, be treated To The sight of many stars.

—Toledo Blade.

Another Good Reason.

Talkative Passenger—When the rats desert a ship before it sails it's a sure sign that the ship is unseaworthy, isn't it?

Able Seaman—Not always. They might discover that a Chinese cook had shipped.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Some Day.

Some day when you take your stand Yonder in the promised land, You may wonder at the strife That you tried to raise in life; Ask yourself when harps you handle, "Was the old game worth the candle?"

—Frank L. Stanton.

Going Some.

Mrs. Howard—Do come to see me soon. I live right around the corner from your house.

Mrs. Coward—Thanks awfully, but since we have our new motor I never call on any one who lives less than twenty miles away.—Life.

Short.

Her days are short Down by the water; But, oh, her bathing Suit is shorter!

—Detroit Free Press.

A Second Rate Artist.

"Tell me the truth, professor. Will my son ever make an artist?"

"He might be good enough to paint Rembrandts and Titians," was the professor's peculiar reply.—Washington Herald.

Consolation.

Adonis was a handsome chap. A goodly sight to see; But, though his sort are scarce today, Cheer up! You still have me!

—Lippincott's.

The Usual Way.

Myer—My motto is "Live and learn." Gyer—I once knew a man who tried it.

Myer—Well? Gyer—Just about the time he'd learned he died.—Chicago News.

For the Other Fellow.

How I love the hurdy-gurdy, Though some curse it as a bore! How I love the hurdy-gurdy— Playing at some other door!

—Buffalo Express.

His Early Grouch.

"Some one always profits by our mistakes."

"Yes; the minister got five dollars when I was married."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Hence These Tears.

Beefsteak and onions through the land Held favor, there's no doubt, But now we eat the onion and We cut the beefsteak out.

—Washington Star.

A Subdued Menu.

Crushed oats, Beaten biscuit, Mashed potatoes, Whipped cream.

—Puck.

A Pair of Bills.

Shakespeare was progressive quite, And gentle Will, If working now, would maybe write For vaudeville.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVISON

Rutland, Vt.

THE KING'S TEACHING CONCERNING FORGIVENESS.

International Bible Lesson for July 31, '10.—(Matt. 18:21-35).

Henry F. Drummond made himself famous by writing of "The Greatest Thing in the World." Over against that eulogy of love I put, "The Hardest Thing in the World,"—the duty of forgiveness.

It is easy enough to love those who love you, to get along peacefully with those who have no inclination to do you harm. But to forgive your enemies, to cherish no hard feelings towards those who bark at you, and stab you in the back, and lie awake nights hatching up schemes to ruin you, and camp on your trail as persistently as an Indian scalp-lock hunter, and in every place and under all circumstances, undermine and betray you; to forgive such human vultures and blood suckers, and do it, not once, nor twice, but 70 times 7, if it is not the hardest thing to do in the world, will somebody please explain why not? What is there in the whole realm of life that makes such a demand upon every member of your body and every faculty of your soul?

This is more than keeping your mouth shut, more than holding your temper, more than refusing to retaliate; this is to fully, freely, perfectly forgive the offender. And let him who thinks that is an easy thing to do, just try it.

The World's Standard.

The world's standard is "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." If a man wrongs you, pay him back in his own coin, get even with him if it takes you years to do it, nurse your wrath to keep it warm, as Robert Burns said, and when the opportunity presents itself to avenge your injury exact the utmost farthing of principal and interest. Let it be understood that he who crosses your path does so at his peril, and will pay dearly for it when once you get him in your power.

The world is full of people in whose soul the milk of human kindness has turned to bonnyclabber. They have repudiated those who were once their bosom friends. They have torn out of their hearts all memory's pictures of those they once loved, and their very names are tabooed by them. They have turned their pictures to the wall. They are dead and buried to them. They demonstrate with a good deal of satisfaction that they can hate as intensely as they once loved. If ever angels weep it is over such a ruined, poisonous, reptilian heart as that.

World's Great Haters.

When you come to put the microscope upon these people who never forgive, what do you find? Do you discover that they themselves are immaculate? Do you find that they occupy a spotless altitude on an unstained pedestal? Usually just the opposite. The people who are out of harmony with one, are out of gear with a good many. Like Ishmael of old, every man's hand is against them, and their hand is against every man's. The great haters usually have a lot of it to do. There seems to be a general conspiracy to torment them. Somebody is always stepping on their corns, their feelings are in a continual state of perturbation.

They are not by any means the modern saints. They loudly condemn the sins of others, while conveniently blind to their own. They make a distinction in sins, declaiming vociferously against some forms of evil while practicing others, with still greater criminality. They throw up their hands in holy horror at some forms of evil, while harboring tempers and dispositions in other directions equally vile.

"Compound for sins they are inclined to By damning those they have no mind to."

They forget that hate is murder in the sight of heaven, that covetousness is really larceny in God's sight, that an unforgiving spirit slams shut the door of paradise, that "with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

World's Compromises.

Some people try to get around this duty by compromising the matter. They say, "I will forgive, but I cannot forget." They take the old grudge and put it out of sight, but it is carefully preserved where they can see it once in a while. They bury the hatchet, but they leave the handle sticking out to be a daily reminder of what is there entombed, and then they roll up their eyes very piously and pray, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." No, it is not human nature to forgive. There is too much carnality in all of us to tamely submit to injustice, abuse and calumny. We explode quickly when a spark falls upon the magazine.

But what human nature is incapable of, grace can do. There have been multitudinous instances of men and women who in the midst of mightiest provocation, have given soft answers to wrath, turned the other cheek to the smiter, and repeated without a particle of acrimony in their hearts, their Master's petition, "Father, forgive them they know not what they do." It is the hardest thing in the world, but it can be done. The old-time copybooks had it, "To err is human, to forgive divine."

Short Sermons

FOR A

Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

LARGENESS OF HEART

BY REV. FRANK L. GOODCHILD.

Text—God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart.—I. Kings, iv., 29.

No man ever had a more varied endowment than Solomon, whose memory is cherished by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans alike.

He had such unbounded wealth that we are told he made silver as the stones of the streets in his capital city. He had a wisdom that so amazed men that they came from the ends of the earth to hear him. He had such skill in ruling that he left behind him world-wide fame that will endure to the end of time.

But this singular historian who tells us the story of his life reminds us that he had something beyond these things. The greatest of God's gifts to man is not a mighty brain, not a full purse, not to have his name on everybody's lips, but to have a generous spirit—"largeness of heart," as it is called in this text.

The Bible has a great deal to say about a man's heart. The mind of man is not ignored. We are told to love God with all our mind. But no one can read the Bible without discerning that its chief concern is with the heart. The Scriptures with unmistakable clearness declare the supremacy of the heart over the brain.

You may train the intellect and not make a man a mite better. It was said of one of the greatest of Englishmen that he was not only the wisest and brightest, but also the meanest of mankind. But you cannot cultivate the graces of the heart without making a man good as well as great. Nobody impeaches the intellectual power of the devil, and it is lack of heart that makes him a devil. On the other hand, the best portrayal of God we have is in that wonderful phrase that tells us that He is "full of compassion." And it is His "largeness of heart" that draws us to Him and makes us worship Him.

And that is why the Bible says:—"Keep thy heart with diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." If the heart is full of good intentions it is easy to speak well and to do well. If the heart is a nest of evil desires wickedness is the natural and inevitable outcome of it.

We drill the minds of our children in knowledge, we train their hands to a trade, but too often we let the heart take its own way. Somebody has said that if an inhabitant of another world should visit ours and study the catalogues of our schools he would conclude that our race has no heart, so much provision is made for the training of the mind and the heart is so ignored.

If our heart is dwarfed, if our sympathies are narrow, if our interest in the needs of people about us is cold and dead, there is but one remedy—we must ask the Creator of the heart to help us and make us tender in spirit, and we must exercise the heart by helping others.

God Meets Us in Christ.

Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is God with us. (Matt. 1:23.)

We have been hearing a great deal about the Immanence of God, and many are captivated by the delightful thought of having God in such close contact with our finite life. But the Immanence of God apart from Jesus Christ is Pantheism or Theosophy. In his natural state man is not in fellowship with his Maker. "Without God and without hope in the world," is the normal state of our fallen human nature. It is a cruel comfort to talk to any unconverted man about the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man and the Immanence of the Divine Spirit in every human conscience.

Jesus Christ has brought us nigh to God, and only in believing union with Him and through the heavenly birth which He brings to every regenerate heart can the lost chord be found and the broken law of gravitation to our true centre be restored. It is through Jesus Christ and Him alone that God is with us, for us, in us.—Christian and Missionary Alliance.

The Appeal of Prayer.

As we pray we are prostrate before omnipotence and boundless love. It will be well with us all when we learn to pray. If it is well with us now it is because there are more than ten just men appealing in our behalf. It is all right with the world because God is in His heaven, but it is more all right because He is on His earth as well and no sentinel bars our way to His presence.

When We Can Afford to Die.

However dark and profitless, however painful and weary, existence may have become; however any man, like Elijah, may be tempted to cast himself down beneath the juniper tree, and say, "It is enough, O Lord!"—life is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything left for us to do.—F. W. Robertson.

Bowing down to a golden calf would soon transform an angel into a beast.

JOHN MCGRAW.

Giants' Manager Ends Most

Disastrous Western Trip.



New York, July 26.—The Giants are back in New York with the unenviable record of having made the worst showing on a western trip that the team has ever been guilty of since McGraw assumed the reins of management.

Twelve of their twenty games on the road since July 4 have been defeats. The Giants have anything but pleasant recollections of St. Louis, where they won every contest played in the Missouri metropolis last season. They have been able to capture only two out of the eight games played there this year. They made it two out of three in New York from the Rajahs, but one of these games was slipped to them in the ninth inning when they needed three runs to tie and the Cardinals had two men out and two strikes on another batter. So the count to date is seven to four in favor of St. Louis.

Taste is Localized.

Taste is curiously localized in the mouth. Put a lump of sugar on the tip of your tongue and you will find it distinctly sweet. Then try it half-way back on the tongue and you will find it tasteless. All sweet or aromatic substances, such as wine, sugar and coffee, can be properly appreciated by the front half of the tongue, a piece of knowledge that every true connoisseur applies when he sips instead of taking a mouthful. With most other substances, however, the reverse is true. In these cases the tip of the tongue serves only for touching—it is the back part that tastes. The sides of the mouth too are quite insensible to certain substances not tasteless. Put some salt or vinegar between the teeth and the cheek and you will find them absolutely flavorless.

The Origin of Fire.

We have no evidence of the time when man did not have the knowledge of producing fire. It is certain that man possessed fire as far back as Quaternary time. In the case of the earliest cave men we find numerous hearths, ashes and cinders, bone wholly or partly charred, and fragments of pottery blackened by smoke. As far back as we can go we find man cooking his food. As to how men came by their knowledge of fire there is room for a wide difference of opinion. Its use was probably first known in some volcanic region, where it was suggested by nature itself. Then came the two sticks, and later on the flints, by means of which men could produce the necessary agent at will.

Prolific Pear Trees.

Fifty-nine pear trees in Washington on less than an acre produced nearly 1,000 boxes of fruit and netted over \$2,600. The trees were the Anjou variety.

Long Lived Microbes.

The microbe fiend will be confirmed in his fussiness who learns that some hardy microbes can live over two centuries on the land and longer yet in the water.

How About This.

While workmen were sawing through a block of Bath stone at Exeter they cut into a cavity in which was found a cluster of two or three dozen live bees.

How Lightning Splits Trees.

Lightning makes trees explode like overcharged boilers. The flame of the lightning does not burn them up, nor does the electric flash split them like an axe. The bolt flows through into all the damp interstices of the trunk and into the hollows under its bark. All the moisture at once is turned into steam, which by its immediate explosion rips open the tree. For centuries this simple theory puzzled scientists, but they have got it right at last.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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