

AMUSEMENTS.

Happy Home Better Than Art.

Helen Bertram had just left the stage. The applause for her songs had been vociferous and was still ringing through the corridors back of the stage when she entered her dressing room. It was the time of all times to find an actress in the humor to talk.

"But let's don't talk about art," she said. "I get so weary of twaddle about art and the stage. Let's talk about doughnuts. I could talk from now till midnight about doughnuts, or cookies."

"What's the trouble between you and the stage and art?"

"Oh, none, none in the world. But I like to forget now and then that I am a singer and an actress. I'm a woman and I like to think like one and talk like one. That's why I want to drop thoughts of art and the stage and talk about



MADAME HELEN BERTRAM.

doughnuts—not doughnuts literally, but doughnuts figuratively—doughnuts as the emblem of love and a happy home; for home, after all, is the place for woman if she would be a success in life. I wish I could say it like Dr. Parkhurst or some other preacher and I'd tell you how I believe woman's greatest achievement and greatest happiness is in motherhood and home.

"Why, what's art to this?" And she placed her hand on the head of her pretty little girl. "That applause is mine to-day. To-morrow it goes to somebody else. Nature gave my voice to me. Next week she may take it away. But this is mine—mine forever," and she put her arm around her girl. "God gave her to me for my own. I may lose her for a minute, then she is mine for eternity.

"Why am I working?" For her, not for fun. I am working so that

she will never have to undergo any of the battles with life I have had. My dream is to see her by the side of a man she loves and who loves her, with two or three little kiddies playing on the floor. Doughnuts! Doughnuts and cookies! If ever she has to work, I hope it is on the stage, where the remuneration is so liberal; but my dream for her is home.

"You know that little song, 'Love Me and the World is Mine.'"

It's true. And what have been the victories of art compared to those of doughnuts? Doughnuts the overwhelming winner!

The only way to boss a man is through love. Give him doughnuts, not art.

Extracts From "Some Oxaline," By Elbert Hubbard.

He who imagines that modern advertising is the exploitation of the public is a bicuspitate diplococcus, and would do well to come out of his comatose state and currycomb his convulsions.

Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in way of skill, talent or commodity.

Life, now, is human service. To deceive is to beckon for the Commissioner in Bankruptcy.

Nothing goes but truth. We know this—because for over two thousand years we have been trying everything else.

Academic education is the act of memorizing things read in books, and things told by college professors who got their education mostly by memorizing things read in books and told by college professors.

It is easier to be taught than to attain.

It is easier to accept than to investigate.

It is easier to follow than to lead—usually.

Yet we are all heir to peculiar, unique and individual talents, and a few men are not content to follow.

These have usually been killed, and suddenly. Now, our cry is, "Make room for individuality!"

"Truth," says Dr. Charles W. Elliot, "is the new virtue."

Let the truth be known about your business.

The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer in way of service, or one who can not make good.

All such should seek the friendly shelter of oblivion, where dwell those who, shrouded in Stygian shades, foregather gloom, and are out of the game.

Not to advertise is to be nominated for membership in the Down-and-Out Club.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts are opposition societies to the Mummy Trust, symbolized by the Philadelphia Club—that hoary, hoarson, senile and babbling bunch of barnacles who, having lost their capacity to sin, alternately blab of a Goodyear virtue and boast of the days that are

gone. About the best we can say of the days that are gone, is that they are gone.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts look to the East. They worship the rising sun. The oleo of authority does not much interest them. They want the Kosmic Kerosene that supplies the caloric.

A good Adcraftscripter is never either a philophraster nor a theologaster—he is a pragmatist. He seeks the good for himself, for his clients, and for the whole human race.

The science of advertising is the science of psychology. And psychology is the science of the human heart.

The advertiser works to supply a human want; and often he has to arouse the desire for his goods. He educates the public as to what it needs, and what it wants, and shows where and how to get it.

The fact that you have all the business you can well manage is no excuse now for not advertising.

To stand still is to retreat. To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the borders of every successful venture, pick up your Terminus and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising.

To hold the old customers you must get out after the new.

When you think you are big enough, there is time in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

The only names in Greek History that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides gravely with deathless style.

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts. All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus.

All that Shakespeare knew of Classic Greece and Rome, and the heroes of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's Lives. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they got from Shakespeare. Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazama to cover expenses.

But of all the Plenipotentiaries of Publicity, Ambassadors of Advertising, and Bosses of Press Bureaus, none equals Moses, who lived fifteen centuries before Christ. Moses appointed himself ad-writer for Deity, and gave us an account of creation, from personal interviews. And although some say these interviews were faked, this account has been accepted for thirty-five centuries.

Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, and this account includes a record of the author's romantic birth and of his serene and dignified death. Moses is the central figure,

after Yahweh, in the whole write-up. Egyptian history makes not a single mention of Moses or of the Exodus, and no record is found of the flight from Egypt save what Moses wrote.

At best, it was only a few hundred people who biked, but the account makes the whole thing seem colossal and magnificent. And best of all, the high standard set has been an inspiration to millions to live up to the dope.

The phrase, "The Chosen People of God," was a catch-phrase unrivaled. Slogans abound in Moses that have been taken up by millions on millions.

When Moses took over the Judaic account, Jehovah was only a tutelary or tribal god. He was simply one of many. He had at least forty strong competitors. The Egyptians had various gods; the Midianites, Hittites, Philistines, Amorites, Ammonites had at least one god each.

Moses made his god supreme, and all other gods were driven from the skies. What turned the trick? I'll tell you—the writings of Moses, and nothing else. So able, convincing, direct and inclusive were the claims of Moses that the world, absolutely, was won by them. In the Mosaic Code was enough of the saving salt of commonsense to keep it alive. It was a religion for the now and here. The Mosaic laws are sanitary laws and work for the positive, present good of those who abide by them.

It is not deeds nor acts that last—it is the written record of those deeds and acts. It was not the life and death of Jesus that fixed His place as the central figure of His time—and perhaps of all time—it was what Paul and certain unknown writers who never even saw Him claimed and had to say in written words.

Horatius still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there.

Paul Revere rides a-down the night giving his warning cry, because Longfellow set the metres in a gallop.

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Goddam your souls to hell—we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of the fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. In Epesus there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it.

Commodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while Perry's died on the empty air.

Lord Douglas never said, "The hand of Douglas is his own. And never shall in friendship grasp. The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Sir Walter Scott made that remark on white paper with an eagle's quill, and schoolboys' hearts will beat high

as they scorn the offered hand on Friday afternoons, for centuries to come.

Virgilus lives in heroic mould, not for what he said or did, but for the words put into his mouth by a man who pushed what you call a virile pen and wrote such an ad for Virgilus as he could never have written for himself.

Andrew J. Rowan carried the Message to Garcia, all right, but the deed would have been lost in the dust-bin of time, and quickly too, were it not for George H. Daniels, who etched the act into the memory of the race, and fixed the deed in history, sending it down the corridors of time with the rumble of the Empire State Express, so that to-day it is a part of the current coin of the mental realm, a legal tender wherever English she is spoke.

All literature is advertising. And all genuine advertisements are literature. The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires, his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is Human Wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified.

It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

A. O. BLAKE
AUCTIONEER & CATTLE DEALER
YOU WILL MAKE MONEY
BY HAVING ME
Bell Phone 9-U BETHANY, PA.

We print pamphlets,
We print catalogues,
We print letter heads,
We print postal cards.



NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,
ESTATE OF
LEE CALVIN SMITH,
Late of Lake Township.
All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement.
MINNIE TO USEND,
Executrix.
Arlol, Pa., April 8, 1911.

W. C. SPRY
AUCTIONEER
HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE
IN STATE.

WHEN THERE IS ILLNESS

In your family you of course call a reliable physician. Don't stop at that; have his prescriptions put up at a reliable pharmacy, even if it is a little farther from your home than some other store.

You can find no more reliable store than ours. It would be impossible for more care to be taken in the selection of drugs, etc., or in the compounding. Prescriptions brought here, either night or day, will be promptly and accurately compounded by a competent registered pharmacist and the prices will be most reasonable.

O. T. CHAMBERS,
PHARMACIST.
Opp. D. & H. Station, HONESDALE, PA.

Do you need some printing done? Come to us. If you need some envelopes "struck off" come to us. We use plenty of ink on our jobs.

KRAFT & CONGER
INSURANCE
HONESDALE, PA.

Represent Reliable Companies ONLY

The International Correspondence Schools
of SCRANTON
WHAT WE TEACH

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| Advertising Man | Electrical Engineer | Carpet Designing | Architectural Draftsman | Mechanical Engineer | R. R. Constructing |
| Show-Card Writing | Electric Lighting | Wallpaper Designing | Monumental Draftsman | Mechanical Draftsman | Municipal Engineer |
| Window Trimming | Electric Railways | Bookcover Designing | Bridge Engineer | Machine Designer | Mining Engineer |
| Bookkeeper | Heavy Electric Traction | Ornamental Designing | Structural Draftsman | Boiler Designer | Mine Surveyor |
| Stenographer | Electric Wireman | Linoleum Designing | Structural Engineer | Patternmaking | Coal Mining |
| Civil Service Exams | Electric Machine Designer | Perspective Drawing | Plumbing & Steam Fitting | Toolmaking | Metal Mining |
| Commercial Law | Telegraph Construction | Lettering | Heating and Ventilation | Foundry Work | Metallurgist |
| Banking | Telephone Expert | Stationary Engineer | Plumbing Inspector | Blacksmithing | Assayer |
| English Branches | Architecture | Marine Engineer | Foreman Plumber | Navigation | Chemist |
| High-School Math. | Contracting and Building | Gas Engineer | Sheet-Metal Worker | Ocean and Lake Pilot | Cotton Manufacturing. |
| Teacher | Building Inspector | Automobile Running | Civil Engineer | Poultry Farming, and Languages: Italian, French, German and Spanish. | |
| Commercial Illus. | Concrete Construction. | Refrigeration Engin'r | Surveying and Mapping | | |

THE I. C. S. WORK

1. We teach unemployed people the theory of the work in which they want to engage. RESULTS: Positions easily secured, days of drudgery shortened, and sometimes avoided altogether; quick promotions.
2. We teach employed people to do their work better. RESULTS: More responsible positions; better pay.
3. We teach dissatisfied people how to do what is more congenial. RESULTS: Preparation for new work before leaving the old; rapid progress in the new field.

HOW WE DO IT

1. We furnish all necessary preparatory instruction.
2. We explain facts, principles and processes so clearly that the student quickly comprehends and easily remembers.
3. We illustrate our text-books thoroughly.
4. We give concise rules and practical examples.
5. We grade our instructions.
6. We criticize and correct our students' written recitations and send him special advice regarding his course whenever necessary.

OUR LOCATION FOR DOING IT

We occupy three buildings in Scranton, having a floor space of over seven acres. We employ 2,700 people at Scranton. We spend \$250,000 each year in improving and revising our instruction papers. We handle about 30,000 pieces of mail daily and our daily postage bill is about \$500. We issued about 63 million pages of instruction last year. We received and corrected 849,168 recitations and positively know that 1,180 students have their wages increased.