ORGANIZE FOR GENERAL GOOD

Live Merchants' Associations Needed by Communities.

CO-OPERATION IS NECESSARY

How to Hold Local Patronage Despite the Aggressive Assaults of Mail Order Houses—"Special" Days a Splendid Scheme That Is Productive of Excellent Results.

The community which does not organize for the general good of its citizens is in a precarious state, as organization accomplishes everything when it is perfect. It unites the community by one of the strongest of all ties—the desire of improving every citizen's condition.

Co-operation accomplishes everything when it is perfect. It satisfies desires, simplifies needs, foresees the wishes and becomes a constant source of benefit.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another and all against the community evil.

Unites by Strongest Tie.

Co-operation tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain destruction and animosity between business interests.

It softens and polishes the manners of men.

It disposes them to peace by establishing in their community an order of citizens bound by their interests to be the guardians of public welfare.

Live merchants' associations, live individual merchants with inventive minds, can do much toward regaining and holding the farmers' patronage now being sought and fought for by the aggressive mail order houses.

All of the merchants of a town or county co-operating as members of the right kind of an association can accomplish much to the general benefit of all concerned in the solution of the retail mail order problem.

Must Conserve All Interests.

Too many combinations of merchants fail because too often those organizing them lose sight of the law of mutual benefit and seek to advance the selfish interests of the merchants alone at the expense of their customers.

To be permanent and beneficial, it seems to me, a merchants' association should confine itself to devising ways and means of bettering trade generally in its own town. Efforts in that direction, of course, cannot be continually successful unless the interests of consumers are also conserved.

Law of Mutual Benefit.

But, starting with the fact that both farmer and townsman are interested in making the town and country prosperous, you would have the law of mutual benefit on which to build up an association that would be powerful in convincing all the people of the section that "it pays to keep your money at home."

Getting farmers to town, it seems to me also, is the most important field of a merchants' association.

And having "specials" or "bargains" for getting them into the stores is the field of the merchant's individual efforts within which he should retain every bit of his liberty to act.

Many Merchants Offer Prizes.

In many parts of the country the merchants' associations have established what they call "carnival day," or "county court day," or "fair day," or "market day," and on these days each merchant advertises that he will give prizes for the largest number of eggs brought to his store, or for the best roll of butter, or for the best bushel of potatoes.

There are many other legitimate schemes which may be used to create interest and draw the people to his store.

Sometimes several merchants offer prizes of the same kind of produce, and this stimulates interest and results in sharper competition.

On these "special" days the merchants often arrange to have an expert auctioneer on hand to sell any kind of secondhand machinery or farm utensils, household goods, horses, cattle, etc., on a commission basis. If sales are made the auctioneer receives 5 per cent; if no sales are made there is no expense incurred.

Wonderfully Helpful.

Propositions of this character are wonderfully helpful in bringing people to town, and when they get to town it is a comparatively easy matter to interest them in something they need.

These "special" days, however, must be arranged to correspond with the periods of farm work.

For instance, it would be useless to arrange such days when the farmer is in the midst of planting or harvesting.

Not an Ordinary Husband.

The Lady (to the aeroplane demonstrator)—I wish you wouldn't try to sell an airship to my husband.

The Salesman—And why not, madam?

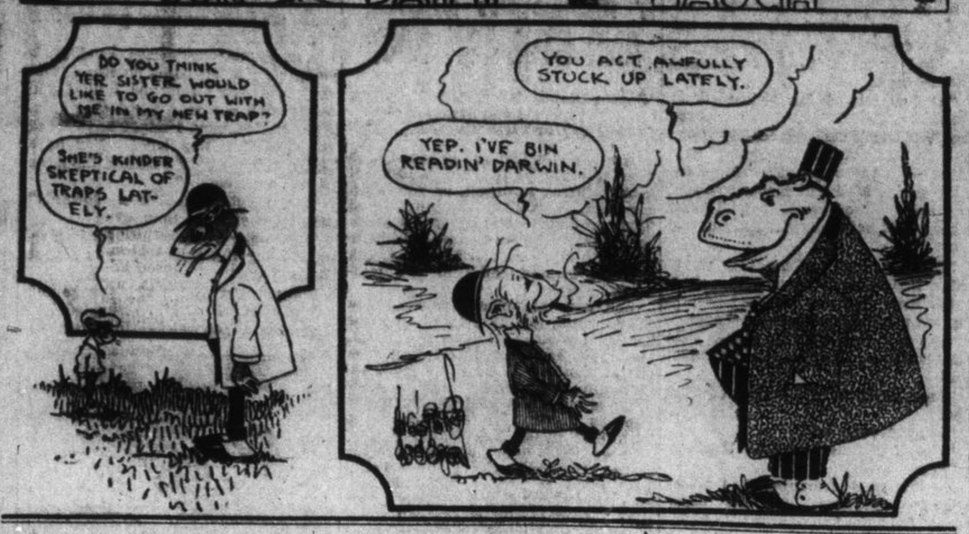
"Because he isn't to be trusted with it."

"But, madam, our new machines are all foolproof."

"Ordinarily perhaps. But you haven't met my husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Maybe the exposer of wrong doing and graft may take to the tall timbers, were one of his kind after him. How it does disturb us when all we get for our money is the worst of it!

OUR DAILY LAUGH



WANTED ONE MORE RIDE.

But Neither Pride Nor Glory Figured In His Ambition.

The Boston Transcript tells an amusing story of one of the subjects of Lord Kitchener, consul general in Egypt, who turned the power and influence of the famous English soldier to his personal profit.

While driving one day Lord Kitchener noticed an old man in the street whom he recognized as an acquaintance from the Sudan. The consul general ordered the driver to stop and invited the old man to take a seat in the carriage. So the two drove together through the town to the place to which the Sudanese wanted to go.

A few days later the dark friend of Lord Kitchener was seen hovering about the British agency. At last an officer asked him what he wanted.

"I should so much like to drive out with Lord Kitchener once more," the old man replied.

"Why?" the officer asked.

"You see," the Sudanese answered naively, "after my friends and acquaintances saw me sitting at the side of Lord Kitchener they came to me, one after the other, and from one I received £5, from another £2, from others £1 and 40 piasters from the very poorest. They all believe that I could speak in favor of El Lord.

"And," the old man added, "I should very much like to see that happen all over again."

VARYING FORCE OF RADIUM.

Powers of the Three Different Rays—Alpha, Beta and Gamma.

There are three kinds of so called rays having their inciting origin in radium. The three rays are known as alpha, beta and gamma rays, and each of these has characteristic peculiarities.

The alpha rays have a range inside of half an inch from their source, the beta rays reach about three times as far, and the gamma rays are yet more penetrating. A thin sheet of paper or a film of tin foil or mica will effectually halt the alpha rays. A millimeter of lead or five millimeters of aluminium will stop the further progress of the beta rays, but the gamma rays will go through nineteen centimeters of iron or seven centimeters of lead before their original intensity is reduced 1 per cent.

The alpha rays consist of positively charged atoms of helium advancing at a velocity of 12,000 miles a second, and the beta rays are negatively charged bodies projected at a speed of quite 150,000 miles in the same interval of time. Roughly, the beta rays are a hundred times more penetrating than the alpha rays, while the gamma rays, in their turn, are a hundredfold as searching as the beta rays.—Exchange.

Primrose League.

The Primrose league was formed in 1884 in memory of the late Lord Beaconsfield, whose favorite flower the primrose is thought to have been. Beaconsfield died on April 19, 1881, and the anniversary of that day is termed "primrose day," when the flower is generally worn by his admirers and also placed upon his statue in Parliament square. The joke of it is, the primrose was not the great statesman's favorite flower. It was, however, the favorite flower of Queen Victoria, and when asked about the floral tribute to be sent to Beasonsfield's funeral she advised sending "the primrose, my favorite flower." In some way the matter got mixed up, and the delusion sprang up that materialized in the Primrose league.—New York American.

Persistent Carlyle.

The father of Thomas Carlyle was a stonemason and a good one, so his son said. The elder was as proud of his stone walls as was the son of his own "French Revolution" when he threw the complete manuscript on the table and said something like this to his wife:

"There, let the world have it. I have put my best blood into it."

But his patience and pride in his work was to receive a severer test. He lent the manuscript to a friend, who did not safeguard it. As a result a servant threw it into the fire. The author was not mirthful by nature, yet he went cheerfully at his work again and for the second time put his best blood into it.—Boston Globe.

Music may have charms for savages, but the girl who does a continuous on the piano evidently forgets that her neighbors are partly civilized.

The cemetery is common ground for both the millionaire and pauper.

When a man gets to be a thief he never is bothered much because the Lord sees.

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY.

(By Bliss Carman.)

I know a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep with shade it lies,
A mighty cleft in the green bosoming hills,
A cool, dim gateway to the mountain's heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut; here and there
Through the deep forest laurel spreads and gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness—
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

Far overhead against the arching blue
Grey ledges overhang from dizzy heights,
Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed,
The road winds in from the broad river lands,
Luring the happy traveler, turn by turn,
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods the mountain stream comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree-trunks hang,
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.

There, light of heart and foot free, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills,
And in my cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool leafed beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening hymn—
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
It well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

Rudimentary Astronomy.

Hypatia—Did the young collegian express interest in the solar system?

Muriel—He said he'd got no further than the solar plexus.—Judge.

Less Severe.

"Did you ever, my good woman, castigate your children?"

"Never, marm. I only wallops 'em."—Baltimore American.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Eye Strain.

One makes a great mistake by saying that the eyes are tired and the retina or seeing portion of the eye is fatigued. This is not the case, for the retina seldom if ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeballs and the muscles of accommodation which surround the lens of the eye. When a near object has to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its retractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied by some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to rub the eye and its surroundings as far as may be with the hand wet in cold water.

The agents of scandal, as a rule, never object to working overtime.

DICKENS' ROMANCE.

His Early Love, Who Jilted Him, and Her Pathetic End.

The story of how Charles Dickens was jilted is particularly interesting. When he was eighteen Dickens became acquainted with the three daughters of George Beadnell, a Lombard street banker. With one of them, Maria (the original of Dora in "David Copperfield"), who was a year his senior, he immediately fell in love, and Maria flirted with him very desperately. But the love making of the future novelist was not treated very seriously, for he was not considered by any means an eligible party, and even Maria herself adopted an attitude of amused tolerance.

For three years the affair went on, and then Dickens realized that his case was hopeless. He pleaded in vain with the girl, whose caprices maddened and gladdened him alternately, for, as a matter of fact, Maria Beadnell was a willful coquette. The end of it all was a reply that held out no hope, and so the parting came. For twenty years they saw no more of one another.

Ultimately Maria Beadnell was married to Henry Louis Winter, and when Dickens met her again time had wrought sad havoc on his youthful ideal. Mrs. Winter wrote to her old lover, but Dickens did not care to renew a correspondence with his old sweetheart. Then Mr. Winter failed, and the chagrined wife appealed to the lover of her girlhood for help, but without avail, and the romance ended long before the death of Dickens in 1870.—Exchange.

THE LADY EXPLAINED.

Then He Probably Smiled, but It Must Have Been a Sickly Effort.

A woman with fifteen bundles boarded the street car the other afternoon when I was on my way to my suburban residence. She was a very pretty young woman. I felt sorry for her. She was returning from a shopping tour. Being a man with a kind heart, I helped her upon the car and piled her bundles about her. A man got on at the same time and took a seat on the other side of the young lady.

When the car came to my street I was surprised to see her rise and begin to pick up her bundles. Instantly my sense of chivalry prompted me to help her off the car, and, as I was going in the same direction, I asked permission to carry her fifteen bundles. The man got off also and started on ahead.

I was loaded down like a camel crossing the desert. In those packages she had everything from an electric flatiron to a five pound bag of prunes. We trudged along about a half mile. The man turned in at a gate.

When we reached this gate the young lady thanked me and said: "This is as far as I go. I live here. Thank you very much."

"But the man ahead of us, the man who came out on the car with us, turned in here too."

"Yes," she said. "He is my husband, but he hates to carry packages through the street."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Muscular Christianity.

Muscular Christianity found an exponent in the curate of an English diocese of whom James Bryce tells in his "Studies In Contemporary Biography." He "had once, under the greatest provocation, knocked down a person who had insulted him, and the bishop wrote him a letter of reproof, pointing out, among other things, that, exposed as the Church of England was to much criticism on all hands, her ministers ought to be very careful in their demeanor. The offender replied by saying, 'I must regret that, being grossly insulted and forgetting in the heat of the moment the critical position of the Church of England, I did knock the man down.'" The bishop—it was Fraser of Manchester—retaliated by asking the curate to dinner.

Indian Caricature.

Humor is more or less a secular enjoyment, and its suggestion in pictorial art therefore necessarily has a secular significance. And as the chief motive of Indian art was religious expression, secularism in the form of caricature was never very much emphasized. But this aspect, though not very frequently represented, was not entirely absent in Indian art. Even the oldest records of Indian painting bear evidence to the fact that the sense of ridicule or satire was not altogether divorced from the canons of art of those times.—Calcutta Modern Review.

The rule of ruin plan is never adopted by men of fairness and honest intentions.