

DO NOT ACT ON IMPULSE

Howland Gives Advice to Young Men
Against Acting Hastily

(By John A. Howland.)

Young man, whose advice are you taking as you work your way along the road which leads to your ambition?

It is taken for granted that every young man, according to his temperament, is asking advice somewhere of those with whom he comes in contact. Quite as naturally it may be accepted that the young man is not asking his way along which he passes smoothly and successfully. It is when he is in the dark of difficulties—real or imaginary—that he is most likely to turn somewhere for a confidential talk which prompts advice. Of whom are you asking light?

There is a subtle weakness in human nature in time of trouble or of doubt which prompts the victim of distress to go to some one who is in a mood to share his pessimism. Men who have grown gray in experiences of the world have not learned the folly of the impulse. It is something against which the young man needs to prepare himself.

There are frictions and sorenesses and disappointments along the whole road of life. These are necessary as the accompanying comparative experiences against which pleasures and contentment may stand in true worth. But until the young man has accepted these worries as inevitable, he is likely to distort them out of all true proportion. He will see tragedy in what is a mere annoyance.

It is when the young man is disturbed by these influences that he is most disposed to seek the confidences of some one who will share his mood with him. Here lies the certainty of his mistake, no matter if he does or doesn't accept the advice of that person who in a like position is experiencing the same distress which is his.

One of the last possible circumstances which a doctor would choose for his patient who is seriously ill would be to have that patient associated day after day with other persons suffering from the same ill. Recognition of this impossibility by physicians making a specialty of tuberculosis has been one of the leading factors in developing the "home cure" for the consumptive. The health resort environment which brought scores or hundreds of these ailing ones together, far from home, more than counterbalancing a favorite climate. Exchanging symptoms under the depressions of homesickness was shown to be fatal.

Yet it is just this course of procedure which thousands of young men are taking in order to relieve themselves of the small distresses of a business career which is in its infancy. The blind leading blind is wisdom in comparison. Can a morbid Jones be of possible benefit in his judgments rendered to a morbid Smith?

"Why didn't you come to me before you decided on this move?" has been the discouraged question of many an employer when a young man of promise, suffering from dissatisfaction, has told that employer of his intention to leave.

There is all the keener regret in the inquiry if it has come to that employer's knowledge that his man is leaving him largely through the ill advice which that young man has got from fellow men immeasurably his inferiors in caliber. It comes to that employer with a keen sense of the helplessness of his own position. In most businesses it is essential that all grades of men be associated among the beginners. Time only can be depended upon in the necessary weeding processes which shall determine the successful few among the many. It is the beginner who is most susceptible to the influences of bad advice from his associates. It is the beginner of mediocre caliber who is most prone to give the bad advice. And the processes go on and on.

Let the young man who finds himself among the small worries of his environment stop and take stock of himself and his position. If in the beginning he could feel that he was choosing wisely the field of his opportunities, surely he cannot so stultify his first judgment as to

weigh it against the opinion of another beginner who may have had less experience and who he knows has far less judgment than himself. Yet this is the one thing which all his nature may prompt him to do. He finds himself with the blind impulse to talk to somebody. Manifestly it will be useless to take up the subject with the cheerful optimist who is working smoothly at his side. The optimist would not understand. It is the other man with the "grouch"—no matter how it was acquired—whom he must depend upon for sympathy. And no matter how unworthy the cause of his confidant's pessimism, the troubled beginner will find him out.

Talking pessimism with a pessimist always reacts upon the pessimism of both parties to the conversation. For the pessimist to challenge the optimist, each of the two extremists having something to shade down toward the levels of worldly sanity, at least is a mental stimulant to both. But the influence of confiding pessimism between two young men regarding their prospects for the future always must result in the distorting and magnifying of the cause of that complaint. If the practice be indulged all sense of proportions may be lost after a time.

One of the weaknesses of untutored youth lies in expecting too much of the world. Too frequently the young man has been trained studiously to expect even more than the buoyancy of youth makes possible in his mind. To this extent he has been led into a fight without arms or armor. He must get back for himself this sense of sane proportion which shall guide him sanely in his expectations. Then, having it, he can do no better than be guided by this new judgment, keeping his own counsel. There is no surer measure of a man's resources and strength than his ability to move and judge for himself. If the young man shall begin this course, merely, he must find it redounding to his every interest in life.



CY YOUNG.

Oldest pitcher in the big leagues. He has been a professional player for seventeen years.

Early Marketing in France.

Consul General R. P. Skinner of Marseilles, writes that no agricultural region of Europe is more interesting, either for the variety of its produce or the prosperity of its farmers, than the sheltered corners of old Provence, whose fruits, flowers and vegetables are first after those of Algeria to reach the northern cities. He continues:

Each particular locality has its special sources of profit, one crop usually succeeding another upon the same land with such frequency that the seasons lose much of their ordinary significance. With such energy and persistence has the soil been exploited and the market studied that Germany alone purchases early vegetables and flowers in Provence to the value of \$1,200,000 annually, and the demand is steadily growing. Hyeres, Ollioules, St. Remy, Barbentane, Chateaufort and Cavillon are names to conjure with as effectively in London, Geneva, Brussels, Rotterdam and Berlin as they are in Paris. This large volume of business is handled without the use of refrigerator cars, but with considerable celerity, as the garden truck express trains from Carpentras reach the frontier of Belgium in 30 hours. Four kinds of tariffs are applied—one upon the individual shipments to the interior of France, one for the return of empty packages, one for carload shipments, delivered in France, regardless of weight, and one for shipments to foreign destinations.

A very important element in the success of Provencal market gardeners, and particularly as refrigerator cars are lacking, is the care exercised in packing. So vitally important is this feature of the business that at the late Marseilles Colonial exposition an interesting exhibit was organized, composed exclusively of packing and shipping devices. Nearly all the vegetables

and flowers exported from France are shipped in receptacles which are not returned, and they must therefore respond to three requirements—cheapness, solidity and attractiveness. As a rule these "lost" containers are made of split reeds, but there is also some use made of split sorghum stalks. Sorghum stalks and corn stalks would replace the split reeds very frequently if this were a region in which corn and sorghum were grown. I should think that in the United States they could be employed very profitably. These reed boxes are especially desirable for the transport of flowers, but for many kinds of vegetables crates of very light wood are to be preferred, and within them are packed smaller containers of various descriptions.

A Spool-Cotton Swindle.

Quite an interesting example of Japanese industry was brought to my notice today, says a P. and T. Times correspondent, and it is of special interest as we recently learned that an amalgamation has just been effected between the old established firm of Coats & Co. and the Japanese. A lady friend of mine purchased some cotton from a Japanese peddler, and made what she believed to be that dearly loved of women, a bargain. As every man knows who has had to have his buttons sewn on, cotton is an item in China, but this lady saw offered three dozen large reels of cotton for 75 cents, reels to all appearance such as she usually pays 20 cents for in the foreign shops. The cotton was purchased and shown to her husband with pardonable pride. He, simple man, praised her discovery and congratulated himself on at least one item of the domestic economy being cheapened. There they were, three dozen large reels marked "Brook's Best, 200 yards." What more could a seamstress demand? But she presently did just command that, and more. One or two swift turns of the reel and what did she behold? Plaster of Paris, wood or what not, anything in fact but cotton. The reel, the dummy 200 yards of stout thread, Brook's Best, stands before me as I write, a monument to the alliance and a tribute to the future prosperity of Coats & Co.

To the skeptical I can only say "call and see this thing," this gigantic impudent fraud, for yourself at the office of this paper, and it will be shown you with pleasure. It is only a pity that the name of the Japanese agent or real home of the fraud is not added to the "Brook's Best" or the "two hundred yards." It is certainly one of the neatest swindles that I have ever come across, and those who buy bargains in the way of cheap sewing cotton in future will do well to test the reels ere paying for them and see whether the cotton goes more than one row deep. The Chinese, who are presumably the principal purchasers, are not so foolish as to be caught by this sort of thing for long, and if this is the way the Japanese are catering for the Chinese market they will not be such formidable rivals for good old British trade as has been feared.—Japanese Gazette.

Napoleon Bonaparte

showed, at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc. A. C. Pitts, Rodessa, La., says: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unequalled for sore chest, headache, corns, in fact for anything that can be reached by a liniment." Sold by D. J. Fry.

Mania for Cheap Amusements.

The very fact that we derive pleasure from certain amusements, wrote Lecky, creates a kind of humiliation. Anthony Comstock and Police Commissioner Bingham have spoken eloquently on the moral aspect of the 5-cent theater, drawing far more strenuous conclusions than that of the great historian. But both the general and the purity commissioner generalized too freely from particulars. They saw only the harsher aspects of the nickel madness, whereas it has many innocent and harmless phases.

Crusades have been organized against these low-priced moving picture theaters, and many conservators of the public morals have denounced them as vicious and demoralizing. Yet have they flourished amazingly, and carpenters are busy hammering them up in every big and little community in the country.

The first "nickelodeon" or nickel-elet, or whatever it was originally called, was merely an experiment, and the first experiment was made a little more than a year ago. There

was nothing singularly novel in the idea, only the individualizing of the moving picture machine. Before it had served merely as a "turn" in vaudeville. For a very modest sum the outfit could be housed in a narrow store or in a shack in the rear yard of a tenement, provided there was an available hallway and the space for a "front." These shacks and shops are packed with as many chairs as they will hold and the populace welcomed, or rather hailed, by a huge megaphone horn and lurid placards. The price of admission and entertainment for from 15 to 20 minutes is a coin of the smallest denomination in circulation west of the Rockies.

In some vaudeville houses you may watch a diversity of performances four hours for so humble a price as 10 cents, provided you are willing to sit among the rafters. Yet the roof bleachers were never so popular or profitable as the city tiny show places that have fostered the nickel madness.

Before the dog days set in licenses were being granted in Manhattan borough alone at the rate of one a day for these little hurry-up-and-be-amused booths. They are categorized as "common shows," thanks to the board of aldermen. A special ordinance was passed to rate them under this heading. Thereby they were enabled to obtain a license for \$25 for the first year and \$12.50 for the second year. The city fathers did this before Anthony Comstock and others rose up and proclaimed against them. A full theatrical license costs \$500.

Three hundred licenses were issued within the past year in the



SONOMA GIRL.

Celebrated mare upon which the mantle, or blanket, of Lou Dillon is likely to fall.

borough of Manhattan alone for common shows. Two hundred of these were for nickletheaters. They are becoming vastly popular in Brooklyn. They are springing up in the shady places of Queens, and down on Staten island you will find them in the most unexpected bosky dells, or rising in little rakish shacks on the mosquito flats.

Already statisticians have been estimating how many men, women and children in the metropolis are being thrilled daily by them. A conservative figure puts them at 2000,000, though if I were to accept the total of the showmen the estimate would be nearer 500,000. But like all statisticians, who reckon human being with the same unemotional placidity with which they total beans and potatoes, the statistician I have quoted left out the babies. In a visit to a dozen of these moving-picture hutches I counted an average of ten babies to each theaterette. Of course, they were in their mothers' or the nurse-girls' arms. But they were there and you heard them. They did not disturb the show, as there were no counter sounds, and many of them seemed profoundly absorbed in the moving pictures.—Barton W. Currie in Harper's Weekly.

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Metamorphosis of New Bedford.

Twenty-five thousand mill operatives will be the chief participants in the New Bedford old-home-week, which began recently.

Half a century ago the main figures in such a celebration would have been the crews of the whaling fleets which carried the renown of New Bedford and Nantucket around the world. Where be now the Captain Ahabs and the Captain Bildads, the Cape Codmen, the Gayheaders, the occasional cannibal sailors picked upon the South Sea Islands?

Gayhead, whence the unerring Indian harpooners came, has dwindled to a hamlet of 170 souls. The dark-skinned sailors from the Azores, who in Melville's time made up the complements of the crews, survive in the "Portuguese" who now man the few vessels of the decayed industry.

The two whaling craft fitting out at New Bedford for a cruise will lend an old-time flavor to the celebration. Are the little betnels with their mournful memorial tablets to sons and husbands lost in the North seas still standing or any of the Try-Pot inns, at which whalingmen ashore found a secure haven between their three years' cruises?

Nantucket sent out the first American whalers, soon losing its prestige to New Bedford, which for a century was the world's great whaling port. Ten years before the Rockefeller were beginning the business which was to end the whalers' usefulness that industry gave employment to 750 vessels, valued at \$20,000,000, and carrying crews numbering 18,000. The yearly harvest of whale yielded \$7,000,000. What nation has had a harder seafaring race? "Not a sea but was vexed by their fisheries." In their pursuit of the whale they rounded Cape Horn as if it were Montauk point and explored the Pacific to northern latitudes.

Does not the Columbia river perpetuate the name of an adventurous Boston sea captain's boat? Some of the spirit of a Frohisher or of a Captain Cook lived again in the God-fearing Quaker whaling masters of Nantucket and New Bedford.—New York World.



FRANK B. KELLOGG.

St. Paul lawyer who, as deputy attorney general of the United States, is endeavoring to dissolve the Standard Oil trust.

Twice Told Tales.

Knox—That fellow Gabbie makes me weary.
Blox—What's the trouble?
Knox—Every time he makes a statement he winds up with "or, in other words," then goes all over it again.—Chicago News.

Julius Caesar

was a man of nerve—but sickness left its mark and he became aged before his time. Sickness is often caused by a torped liver. Herblene will regulate your liver and give you health. Mrs. Carrie Austin, Hollon, Kan., writes: "I consider Herblene the best medicine I ever heard of. I am never without it." Sold by D. J. Fry.

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