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"Boost the Booster!"

That's the official slogan of a certain town in Arkansas which through boosting itself and boosting its boosters has doubled its population since the 1900 census. **BOOST THE BOOSTER!**

The Arkansas town had been quarreling among itself for years, and standing still. It had boosters, but it had others who refused to boost the boosters, refused to stand by them and yell, "Good boy—keep it up!" **BOOST THE BOOSTER!**

Finally the town got together with itself, organized a "Boost the Booster Club" and began to boom. Now its principal thoroughfare, which was a streak of mud, is a stretch of asphalt, and it has new buildings to match. Now everybody boosts the booster and booms the boom.

BOOST THE BOOSTER! This town might take a hint from that one. We have our town boosters—every town has some. But sometimes they get discouraged because of opposition right here in our midst.

BOOST THE BOOSTER! Cut out the criticism! Quit the queering! Boom the Boom! Then watch the old town perk up and plunge forward. You can see it move.



WHEN YOU BOOST THE BOOSTER YOU BOOM THE BOOM.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

His Influence on National Finance During Crop Harvesting.

Enter the small town for almost any purpose—to sell books, to seek a location, to look up land titles, to write life insurance, to get a news story, to collect a debt—and early in your visit you will go to the ornate, imposing building on the corner of the two busiest streets. You will pass a lattice-crowned counter and be admitted to a room large enough only to hold a desk and two chairs. There you will come face to face with the town's financier, the Pierpont Morgan of the community, the banker. Not an enterprise, not a considerable business undertaking, is started without consultation with him. The man who sells a farm and wishes to put his money where it will earn interest goes to the banker. The widow with a few thousand dollars of life insurance—more money than she ever saw together in all her life before—asks the banker how to invest it. It would be better if more of this class would take the banker's advice when it is given. Then there is the merchant who owes for a large portion of his goods. He comes nervously asking if the bank will "see him through" the dull season. The banker gives assent to one, explains to another, refuses a third and comes at last to read unconsciously the business record of every man he meets on the street.

The country banker exerts his greatest influence on national finance during the crop harvesting season. Whether it be in the gathering of fruit in California, of cotton in the south or of wheat in the plains region, the banker comes in direct touch with the worker.

Take the wheat harvest as covering the widest area and creating the most intense demand during its existence. In a single state 20,000 harvesters are needed besides those already at work on the farms. Through the labor bureau and railway departments whole train loads of workers are secured from states at a distance. These helpers are mostly itinerants, and they have no local standing. A grain raiser went among his laborers one Saturday night and, asking their names, proceeded to make out checks for the week's work. "What shall we do with them?" asked one.

"Cash them at the bank, of course." "Who will identify us?" The employer saw the point, tore up the checks and secured currency with which to pay the men. That made a demand on the bank. Scores of other farmers were doing the same thing. Hundreds of other communities did it. The result is that the country bankers draw millions of dollars from the "reserve centers" every harvest and to some degree change national financial currents thereby.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic Monthly.

Helping the Postoffice. "It is surprising," said a postoffice employee, "how many people there are who think they know better than the postal authorities the most direct way for a letter to reach its destination. It is quite common for us to handle mail that has instructions in regard to speedy delivery written in one corner of the envelope. Not only are we directed to send domestic mail by a certain railroad or steamboat line, but the route by which the writers wish foreign bound letters to travel is also designated. These instructions frequently denote a lamentable ignorance of transportation facilities on the part of the writers. If they were obeyed the delivery of the letters would be delayed rather than expedited. Fortunately such directions are disregarded by the postal authorities unless they happen to coincide with the government's arrangements for handling mail, so nobody is inconvenienced except the clerks who read the unnecessary advice."—New York Sun.

Mother. At a mothers' meeting a young woman recounted with some pride a number of proverbs about mothers. "It's easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother." That sad and striking proverb," she said, "is from the Swiss.

"A mother's love is new every day." "He who will not mind his mother will some day have to mind the jailer." "Better lose a rich father than a poor mother." "A father's love is only knee deep, but a mother's reaches to the heart." Those proverbs are all German. "The Hindoos say poetically, 'Mother mine, ever mine, whether I be rich or poor.' "The Venetians say: 'Mother! He who has one calls her. He who has none misses her.' "The Bohemians say, 'A mother's hand is soft even when it strikes.' "The Lithuanians say, 'Mother means martyr.'"

Novelty in Cement Wall. There is a wall of cement in Los Angeles which shores up one side of a building lot that has an artistic value never intended by the builder. He had moved his bags of cement on to the ground to be ready for work and was then called away on some other job for a day or two. In the meantime one of the very infrequent rains came on, and each sack turned into stone under the action of the water, and the fabric of the sacks themselves was absorbed into the cement so that it was impossible to remove it. Consequently each sack was wrought into the wall as if it had been a bowlder on the line of an old stone wall. They were then chinked and bound together with worked cement, and after a time the weather disposed of the gunny sacking, but left the blocks marked with the impress of the weave. The result is a highly ornamental cement wall, resembling at a little distance a wall of some woven material.

A Fine Pair. "What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during a recent contest.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get in."—London Telegraph.

Through Her Head. "Bugby gets out of all patience with his wife. He says she can't get a thing through her head."

"That's funny. He told me everything he said to her went in one ear and out of the other."

Hot Water. Hyker—Troubled with indigestion, eh? You should drink a cup of hot water every morning. Pyker—I do, but they call it coffee at my boarding house.—London Express.

FOUND ITS SOUL.

The Story of a Violin That Was Wrecked in a Fire.

After the Lucky Baldwin theater and hotel fire in San Francisco years ago there were nine feet of water in the basement, where the instruments of the orchestra were stored. When a little of it had been pumped out, August Hinrichs, leader of the orchestra, hired a man to swim in and get out his famous Amati violin.

It was wrecked—water soaked, warped, twisted and broken up into sixty-eight pieces. The hot water had soaked out all the old glue, and every piece had fallen away from its neighbor, besides a good many patches of wood put in when repairs had been done. To all appearance the thing was smashed beyond recall.

Nevertheless Herman Muller, a local violin repairer, who knew and loved the old fiddle, took it in hand. Twice he carefully joined the time darkened pieces of wood. Twice he decided that the Amati would not do.

So once more he soaked the sixty-eight bits of wood apart. Then he carefully modeled out of clay an arch such as he remembered that of the old Amati to have had and for nine weeks kept the bits of wood bound to it until they had gained the proper shape.

Once more he put the bits of wood together. Then for five weeks more he patiently varnished and polished the more than 200 year old fiddle until it shone. Then Hinrichs once more drew his bow across the vibrating strings, and the violin spoke. It sank, wept, bubbled with life and joy.

The Amati had found its soul.—San Francisco Examiner.

JOHN AND HIS IDOLS.

The Chinaman is Utterly Devoid of Reverence in His Religion.

How the Chinaman regards his idol is told by the Rev. John MacGowan: "The Chinese is a person utterly devoid of reverence, sentiment or devotion in his religion. With him it is a matter either of fear or of business, but mainly the latter. A house is plagued with sickness, which is put down not to bad sanitation or other natural causes, but to the presence of evil spirits. This leads to a visit to the nearest temple to get the idol to drive them away. A new business is going to be commenced, but before doing so it is deemed essential to get the support of the idols. If one idol says it will not succeed another is appealed to for its opinion, and if it is favorable it is at once accepted as the correct one. "Should the venture turn out a failure no reproach of any kind is uttered against the god whose prediction has been falsified. The man takes the blame upon himself. His character has not been pure, he says, or he was born under an evil star, or he was naturally

unlucky and so was bound to fail in anything that he undertook.

"Men never dream of thinking about their idols as we do about God. No affection is shown for them. It is most amusing to watch the faces of the Chinese when you ask them if the idols love them. The eyes gleam, the face broadens into a wide grin, and soon hearty laughter is heard at this most facetious and side splitting joke."—Chicago News.

A Remarkable Church.

At Stivichall, near Coventry, England, there is a unique place of worship. In 1810 John Green, a stonemason of a strongly religious turn of mind, laid the first stone of the edifice, and seven years later he completed the building. In all that time he had assistance from no one, doing all the work with his own hands until the church was ready for its interior fittings. Wooden and even brick buildings erected by one or two men are not uncommon, but this is the only structure in England and probably in the world of which every stone was laid by one man. The building accommodates quite a large congregation, and the church derives a considerable revenue from the contributions of sightseers who are drawn to the place through curiosity.

The Equinox Storm Fable.

The United States weather bureau has denied that the coming of the equinox brings with it a storm. The belief, it says, that the old fashioned people put in this theory is all misplaced. Any big storm that happens to occur within a week or two of the time that the sun is crossing the line, say the weather men, is dignified by the name of "equinoctial storm," when, as a matter of fact, there is generally some atmospheric disturbance every week or two, and those that occur about the time of the equinox are just taking their turn and are not the result of the crossing of the sun.

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