The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

The News, Established 1881.
The Journal, Established 1877.

THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Many people shorten their days by lengthening their nights.

With that European war cloud gone it is time for Castro's army to loom up large on the horizon.

The persons who have the biggest time at each carnival raise the biggest howl about hard times.

As fringes are in style at Paris, the man with the frayed trousers ought to look pretty swell for once.

The Harmon presidential wave strikes shallow water when it gets as far west as the river Platte.

The query is being made "Who owns the streets?" It is evident that the street loafer thinks he does.

Mayor Gaynor says that no saloons are open in New York on Sunday. The mayor evidently isn't thirsty.

If the advertising men had met in Boston before, this far reaching ignorance about baked beans would never have existed.

One of our exchanges gives it as its highest idea of human luxury to be able to "get tired sitting round the house all day."

A Chicago doctor recommends yawning as a daily exercise. Says it promotes health. He must read the Congressional Record.

Chicago is doing a lot at building model tenements, but the bath tub will no doubt remain a mighty handy place to keep the potatoes in.

As New Jersey has a law against wearing the feathers of song birds, no woman can safely wear a rooster's feather while in that state.

A woman has been appointed examiner of the government mint, and now the goddess of liberty on our coins will have her hair properly curled.

Several of the American travelers who met the queen while in London agree that she did not ask them to call whenever they were in town.

While prosecuting the magazines, we wish the government would get after them for using old-fashioned comic valentines for cover pictures.

Think of Medicine Hat with a temperature of ninety-four degrees. That was a fact last week. Must be trying to establish a reputation as a summer resort.

President Taft is supposed to censure Dr. Wiley, but the lemon will probably be a very little one deftly concealed in the middle of the fruit basket.

Standard Oil is split into thirty-three companies, and how the consumer will feel if he has to pay for multiplying the bookkeeping expenses by thirty-three.

One advertising manager told the convention to deal with women shoppers as if each was their mother, but some merchants amend by substituting mother-in-law.

Rear Admiral Bowles says a hostile fleet could destroy New York City in an hour, but they dassent do it if they saw the national guard lined up on Manhattan beach.

The crews of the submarines boast of theoretically destroying the battleships in the war game, but somehow they are not satisfied with being fed on hypothetical bacon.

Jaeger Schmidt may be able to get around the world in thirty-nine days for a Paris newspaper, but could he walk two miles to the office from his home in the suburbs?

As the reapportionment bill increasing the size of congress by forty-two will only benefit forty-two men and their families, there was no general popular demand for it.

Upton Sinclair, the novelist, was arrested for playing tennis on Sunday. We hope it does not become illegal to throw Mr. Sinclair's books into the waste basket on Sunday.

The democrats think they have President Taft in a cavity, but the voters are looking for statesmen that spend their time building bridges instead of digging cavities.

Speaker Champ Clark may have lost $1,000 in lecture dates by the extra session, but it was worth that to swipe Uncle Joe's steam roller and run it over the old gentleman.

The validity of the two cent fare laws is being tested in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, but the stockholders ought to be thankful that the public did not decide to be carried for nothing.

New York business men complain because the hurdy gurdies distract the attention of their clerks. Thus the fine arts make but slow progress against the spirit of commercialism.

The farmers of the country produced one hundred million dollars worth more stuff last year than they ever did before in any one year. No wonder they are buying automobiles.

If reciprocity brings with it a larger prosperity for the people of the United States, William Howard Taft will be re-elected president by a sweeping majority regardless of who opposes him.

Good roads have long been regarded as an index to the civilization of a nation. It is complimentary to this generation that it is contending more and more for better public highways.

The Georgia "ad men" treated the convention at Boston on watermelon, and from the appearance of the delegates, it was seen that they are very clever at filling space in more ways than one.

The importation of champagne and diamonds has fallen off heavily. This indication and other signs of the lack of the long green on the part of the lobster, forecast a hard winter for the chorus girl.

Delays are dangerous—even in Canada. Laurier knows it. That is why he has put the question of reciprocity directly up to the people. There is every prospect that it will carry by a very large vote.

The president of Haiti has fled from the capital with his rifle on his shoulder. Until it is learned whether he carried the treasury in his pocket, it will not be known whether the revolution was successful.

Judge Levine of the Cleveland police court sentenced a young offender to open a savings account, the other day, as a tonic for moral upbuilding. Sounds like a sane kind of sentence for a certain class of young sports.

Representative Underwood of Alabama called William Jennings Bryan a liar on the floor of the house and his remarks were received with great applause. The harmony in the democratic party constantly grows more deafening.

It is estimated that there is being spent in this country at the present time more than a million dollars a day for the improvement and maintenance of roads. If this money is spent wisely and the roads are built under careful and skillful supervision it means a splendid investment for the people.

And now it is reported that Miss Catherine Elkins is about to be married. This announcement has been so repeatedly made that her marriage would be a great surprise. Moreover it would be another blow to the news columns of the daily press should Miss Elkins really follow Col. Roosevelt, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and other stars of the first magnitude where the daily searchlight of publicity wouldn't reach her.

The department of justice at Washington promises to keep busy in its war against illegal trusts. It has over 1,000 complaints which are to be investigated and many suits will result. The Taft administration hasn't made much noise about what it was going to do but it has steadily sawed wood against the unscrupulous combinations in business and is more and more giving them to understand that they must obey the provisions of the Sherman law or quit business altogether.

The state of Minnesota is not acting very decently in the case of the man who bought "school land" and found that it was water. Minnesota sold that land under misrepresentation. And a great state like that ought to set an example of fair play instead of an example of small-caliber land agent trickery. If the man didn't get what Minnesota was supposed to sell him, he ought to have his money back. A great state is in small business when it has to fleece its private citizens.

Secretary Stimson is taking hold of his new work in the war department vigorously. Last month's visit to the canal zone to note the progress of the great work there, was most satisfactory. He also paid a visit to Porto Rico, to San Domingo and exchanged courtesies with the Cuban government. This puts him in personal touch with the nearest points under his supervision. He inspected the progress of the work on the wreck of the Maine which is going on satisfac[illegible] though it will take [illegible] the hull of the [illegible] which it is [illegible]

The passage [illegible] by congress does n[illegible] tle all our commerc[illegible] Canada, the most im[illegible] ing of which is the pa[illegible] schedule. Probably this [illegible] sion of congress would [illegible] been called had it not be[illegible] urgent demand of the new [illegible] the country for free pap[illegible] There is going to be a determined fight in Canada against reciprocity on many grounds, and it is still uncertain what they will do with the measure. Meanwhile the demand here for immediate action on this particular schedule grows stronger daily. The democrats lost an opportunity to win much deserved public appreciation when they failed to act on this schedule independently of anything else.

VICTIMS OF THE DROUTH.

The fact that there are at present some thirty odd cases of destitution in Norfolk, driven here from drouth stricken regions in search of work, shows the wisdom of the organization of the Board of Charities, which was created in Norfolk some months ago. In fact, even that organization is unable at present to cope with the situation, and greater membership and more funds will be required, if it is to succeed in providing relief for the destitute within the city's limits.

THE "RAIN BELT."

A good many pretty well informed people will tell you right today that the Rosebud reservation, and the Pine Ridge country, are "out of the rain belt."

Their mythical theory will be badly shattered by publication in The News of today of the government records showing that the Rosebud reservation out near Rosebud agency, north of Valentine, has actually had more rain during the past five years (the government figures only give five years' record for that region) than the state of Nebraska.

The older a country becomes, and the longer its acres are cultivated, the better use can it make of every drop of rainfall that it gets. A new country will bake where an old country will more easily form a mulch and preserve its moisture.

But with a little age and a little cultivation, the Rosebud and Pine Ridge lands are apt to open the eyes of a good many people, when it is considered that they get fully as much rain, on an average, as Nebraska does.

CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

The dissolution of the Canadian parliament, and the order for an election to choose its successors, to come September 21, must impress Americans as an exceedingly speedy way of settling an electoral contest. Imagine an attempt on the part of our politicians to conduct a presidential campaign in seven weeks!

With us the preliminary fight for delegates to the national convention is hotly under way a year in advance of the election. Indeed, wire stringing and pipe laying are well advanced at a date two years in advance.

The typical Canadian is a calmer creature than we. He may have a certain routine passivity that seems uninteresting to the more high strung American. But he is thereby enabled to attend quietly to his business more months in a year, without falling into hysterical panics about election results that are characteristic of American business men.

The Canadian system of irregular elections would hardly work among our nervous people. Our capitalists would be paralyzed by seeing the shadow of possible political disasters always just ahead of them.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING.

The necessity of literal, exact truth for successful advertising, was given a foremost emphasis at the meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America at Boston the past week.

One speaker declared amid applause that a code of ethics for advertising could be made out of just one word, that word to be "Honest." To this, he said, might be added the Golden Rule.

The profession of advertising has within the past decade attracted the devoted energy of a host of the brightest men in our country. They have pretty thoroughly learned the principle that the only way to build a successful business is on the foundation of the satisfied customer.

The dissatisfied customer is not an asset. In fact, he is very much of a liability. Any business man of keen perceptions would far rather that such a customer should never have entered his establishment. The slight profit that may be made off the stuff he bought is far more than offset by the left-handed advertising that he supplies to his friends to vent his dissatisfaction.

The only way to secure a satisfied customer is to represent goods precisely as they are. If the goods have defects, and the nature and extent of these defects are fully explained by the seller, the customer is never dissatisfied. Often he rather enjoys the defects, as he feels that they do not injure the goods for his purpose, but have been the means of enabling him to make a saving in price. He boasts of his bargain to his friends, and [illegible] ut the faults, to show how es-[illegible] rifling they were, compared [illegible] uction that they made pos-[illegible]

[illegible] er would soon have dis-[illegible] h defects, even had the [illegible] ained silent about them. In [illegible] if he bought the goods [illegible] rever believe that he [illegible] d.

[illegible] many cheats and [illegible] trade that the [illegible] his advertis-[illegible] f his goods [illegible] contrast, and wins a community of permanently satisfied customers.

TOGO.

Admiral Togo, commander of the Japanese naval forces in the campaign that annihilated the Russian fleet in one of the greatest sea fights of history, has just landed on our shores. It may be safely predicted that little after dinner speaking will be secured from this great commander.

When Togo got off his sick bed to respond to his country's call to fight Russia, he remarked characteristically "I shall be well when I get on the bridge."

When the minister of war said to him in a historic interview, "I have the honor to announce that it is the august pleasure of his majesty the emperor to confer on you the honor of the command of the united fleets of Nippon," he expected a response of some elaboration.

But Togo just said: "I shall execute your order." Then the two dignitaries sat around like awkward and blushing school boys for a few moments, saying nothing, until Togo clumsily bowed himself out in silence.

It was feared that he was not in harmony with the ideas of the government. But his true attitude of mind came out later when he gathered his officers in a final banquet. On the table before them was a dagger, a sacred sign in Japanese symbolism. Said Togo, "We have just bade farewell to our wives and children in a pleasant feast—and to life." Under that impassive and taciturn exterior was all the resolution and defiance of death of the mystic oriental temperament.

In spite of all this reticence, Togo is called a great master of human nature. It is a current proverb that he controls his subordinates like the fingers of a hand. He preserves his nerve in perfect poise under the most critical strain, and abhors defeat as nature abhors a vacuum.

Togo was one of the young Japanese who studied abroad, and received his naval education on the English training ship Worcester. There he seemed like any of the commonplace nice fellows that abound in British naval life.

His true force of character came out the day in 1894 when he fired on Chinese transports carrying soldiers to Korea under the British flag, precipitating the China-Japanese war. He felt that in a few moments the fate of his country had to be decided by him, and he was ready to answer with his life if a mistake were made. Our garrulous American temperament has much to learn from this silent man of steel.

TAFT SHOULD VETO THEM.

President Taft's plain duty is to veto the grandstand revision bills which have been put up to him by the democrats and their insurgent allies. The only logical thing to do, now that we have a board of tariff experts investigating the cost of production at home and abroad, and trying to get at the matter from a scientific rather than from a sentimental viewpoint, is to await the report of that expert tariff board before taking action on revision.

The insurgents have been howling for years for a non-partisan board of experts to get at tariff schedules on a strictly scientific basis. This is just what President Taft is trying right now to do, and the board of experts are this moment at work along that line. Their investigation into the question will be thorough. It cannot be completed in a minute. By the time congress meets next December the report will be ready and revision can be entered upon with a clear, intelligent understanding of what ought to be done. Intelligent revision on the hit-or-miss plan is just as impossible now, in the hands of the democrat-insurgent coalition, as it always has been in the past in other hands. The revision bills passed by this alliance might have the political effect of satisfying the clamor against the wool schedule of the Payne bill, but it wouldn't be one whit more intelligent or defensible.

President Taft has already declared that the wool schedule is unjustifiable. He has declared for downward revision of it. But he wants to go about the work scientifically and with some intelligent understanding of how far down the revision should extend. And he should have the support of the American people in that sane desire.

The democrats are shrewdly attempting to make political capital out of the situation. With a majority in the house, they saw opportunity to stir up a noise over the wool schedule, which had already been conceded even by Taft as a bad spot in the present tariff law. The democrats planned to pass the bill in the house and thought the republican majority in the senate would defeat it, thus giving them a chance to cry out that their efforts to bring tariff revision had been smothered by a "trust owned" senate. And the insurgents, hearing outcry against the wool schedule and not being in the habit of standing by their republican president when they could make grandstand political capital for themselves, voted with the democrats and passed the bills in the senate, thus putting the matter up to Taft.

If the insurgents had been sincere in their demand for a non-partisan, scientific tariff board and an intelligently framed tariff bill, they would have practiced what they preached and upheld the president in his desire to take no action until such a scientific report could be rendered. But it was a chance to make political claptrap.

If it has been impossible in the past to make a tariff bill intelligently without scientific data, then it is just as impossible now and to make a terrific gash in the wool schedule, without getting at the true facts of the industry, would be just as indefensible as any tariff fraud ever enacted.

AROUND TOWN.

This Was Tactful.

Imagine a man's state of mind, just after he'd taken out the fifth tack of the week to puncture a tire, when his wife up and asked him, in all earnestness, to bring home a box of tacks.

Morning, Togo, old top. Welcome to our city.

Somehow, we just can't get over feeling good about that rain last Wednesday night.

What sort of English do they use in Ohio? A press dispatch from that state says: "The death list may grow larger." Could a death list "grow" at all, if it didn't grow "larger?"

One of the cheapest ways of getting notoriety just now is to file your candidacy with the secretary of state for president of the United States. But you'll have to hurry, for it's going to get stale awfully quick. It'll be overdone.

Now that there's to be no more war, maybe the Rah Rah boys can get out of drill easier, down at the uni.

Now the dove of peace has pictured that war cloud that Europe got so excited about.

The presidency of Haiti isn't much surer than aeroplaning.

The Union Pacific railroad officials belong to the Ananias club, if the Norfolk depot proposition is any guide.

West Norfolk is still paved with good intentions.

The North Fourth street crossing is still dangerous to life and limb—and will be until the railroads are compelled to keep a flagman there to warn the public.

Speaking of rain—

It's getting the habit.

But what's a chautauqua good for, anyhow, if it can't bring rain?

But speaking of having a button off your shirt—it's bad enough any time, but it's worse when you're playing a match game of golf. To have the shirt front fall open just at the instant you're about to make a stroke, and to have the handle of the club get caught in that goldarn shirt and make you dub the ball—say, that's what you might call tragedy.

Ever notice in the pictures of sportsmen—whether they be fishermen or marksmen or golfers or baseball stars—that they always have a jolly, contented look about them? It's a pretty good scheme to have some athletic diversion for a hobby. It's good medicine.

Try climbing a fifteen foot swing rope, hand over hand, if you want to know how stale your muscles have got. It'll make you sore across the stomach for four days.

The Union Pacific and M. & O. have been awfully slow about it, but Norfolk will forgive them if they'll really get down to brass tacks and build that new depot this summer, as they say they will.

Wearing rats to make it look as if they had more hair than they had, has caused what little hair they really did honestly own to fall out, so that now when rats have gone out of style the women have to wear switches in order to have any hair at all.

How many names will the Ad club add to that Norfolk avenue paving petition?

ED HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Three or four dull days in succession cause business men to become panic stricken.

When a woman with a family is on the street at noon, the people are as shocked as when a reliable old married man comes down town after supper.

When a girl begins to look like her mother, it is a sign of age.

Country town storekeepers complain that customers are becoming scarcer, and traveling men more numerous.

Do you "talk" about your friends on slight provocation? A good many do it; and it is a dirty trick.

Most men claim that they have "done a great deal" for the town in which they live. But nowhere will you find a man who does not owe the town in which he lives more than it owes him.

We're all more or less disposed to neglect much that is practical and sensible, and devote time to Higher Walks where we cannot possibly get a footing.

Some fools are smarter than others; indeed, some fools almost have sense.

The Wise Men do not know it all; everyone knows a little.

There are a few men who will not take advantage of you, if you give them opportunity; but they are so scarce that probably you will not find them during your short life.

People never become so old that it does not hurt them to be scolded.

In this country, we always live well in the present and we diet calamity for the future.

A man regards his newspaper as he does his wife; something to be found fault with, and something he never entirely approves of.

What Great Wrong should be righted next? We should have at least two grinding at once.

No one would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next.

We Americans have a way of worrying a man into his grave by abusing him unfairly and then telling what a Good Man he was.

A candidate's promises to the people are not any more worthless than the people's promises to a candidate.

I have great admiration for the woman who can repel inquisitiveness or impertinence with a single look. And most women can do it.

Don't show your nerve by running the risk of losing your life; show it by quitting dangerous habits that are shortening your life. You eat too fast; brace your nerve and quit it.

Most men are poor not because they are lazy, but because they are careless. Carelessness is the greatest American sin.

A man frequently says: "I can't do it all." Intimating that those with whom he is associated put more on his shoulders than he is able to bear.

Any man who will tell his wrongs will exaggerate them.

Did you ever repeat a compliment for yourself that you didn't exaggerate it a little?

When you invite anyone to your house, they always say, "Don't go to any trouble." But they expect you to.

There is no get-rich-quick scheme equal to a poor girl worrying a rich man.

A man always thinks he can do better than he does do.

The real necessities of life are inexpensive; it is the extra frills that cost money.

The man who never attempts to sing at any other time, will break out when in a picnic wagon.

Because there is plenty of business in a big town, it doesn't follow that a man from a little town can get it.

UNCLE WALT.

The Flight of Time.

The summer's swiftly gliding by, it couldn't well be fleeter; and soon we'll cease to curse the fly, and howl at the moskeeter. A few more busy, hustling weeks, and summer will be over! The frost will sparkle on the leeks, the sandburs and the clover! The sun behind the wintry clouds will sulk, its task forgetting; and we no more in wilted crowds will tell how hard we're sweating. And when the snow has hid the flowers, which now the fields are thronging, we'll talk of golden summer hours with tears of idle longing. And that's the way we all are built; our heads are made of leather; in summer, when our collars wilt, we long for wintry weather. And when the fires of winter burn, when come the snow and blizzard, we wish that summer would return, to thaw our frozen gizzard. I sometimes think that when we leave this world of sin and sorrow, we'll weary of the harp and crown and of the snowy pinions, and seek a chance to amble down to these profane dominions.

UNCLE WALT.

Before and After.

It is really rather funny how the man who's burning money finds a legion of admirers any place that he may stray. Everything he says is witty; all the johnnies in the city gather round him to adore him while there's wealth to throw away. When he grows exceeding frisky in the gilded home of whisky, e'en the barkeeps make confession that he has a wealth of charms; and the peelers, evidently, love him, for they treat him gently, when his feet become entangled and he falls into their arms. O, the world is soft and tender to the lavish money spender and he thinks that people love him for his merits and his face; but when all his wealth is melted, he is hustled, he is pelted, and the barkeeps calmly kick him from the portals of their place. And the people who were smirking when his money he was jerking, call him names that hurt his feelings when he seeks a helping hand; and the haughty cops surround him, draw their little clubs and pound him, load him in the hurry wagon, and he's fined to beat the band. All the friends you gain by blowing money where the booze is flowing are not worth a cent a dozen—they're not worth the half of that; they will shake you when you're busted and will turn away disgusted when, to buy a little fodder, you attempt to pass the hat.

After Attell's Scalp.

Kansas City, Aug. 8.—Tommy Dixon, a Kansas City featherweight, has been matched to fight Boyo Driscall in Memphis, Tenn., Monday night, according to an announcement today by Jimmy Hirst, Dixon's manager. Driscoll is now in Memphis, training. After the Memphis bout Dixon will go to New Orleans to take part in an elimination contest in which the winning featherweight of the six entered will fight Abe Attell for the championship.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY

REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

Text, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—Isa. lxvi, 13.

"But what's the use, pastor?" a woman telling of troubles even her husband did not understand said to me. "It's just the same, even God is a man!" But she was mistaken. We only call God "him" for lack of a better term. There is no sex with God nor with angels nor with us in the world to come. However, I can understand how craving of human heart yearns for motherhood in religion. I can readily comprehend the grip which a great church has on the masses by its veneration of "the Virgin Mother." She's the embodiment of divine grace and compassion. To the understanding heart the Word of God is a warm letter of affection from a mother to her child. Does it point to God's sheltering love? Then it shows the hen and her flock of little ones. There's a sound of alarm to the scattered brood. Danger's near. There is a quick call, a fluttering of tiny wings, a pattering of feet to a trusted refuge. There's a picture for the sinner flying for refuge, a symbol of open gates of heaven for human soul when terrors of night of eternity are coming on.

Why as a Mother?

Oh, because a mother's love is so different! I've seen nurses at children's hospitals cuddle up their little charges. Beautiful, but not quite mother love. They weren't their own. When a regiment was leaving Buffalo for the Spanish-American war I saw at the armory a woman step out and kiss a stalwart young fellow. As they marched off the little woman swooned away. "That was Bill's mother." Bill died in the fever camp at Chickamauga. Every time I left for college my widowed mother stood at the doorstep and waved goodby till I was out of sight. Sort of provoked me. No use making such a fuss. "Don't be impatient with me, my boy. You're all I have in the world to live for." 'Twas a mother I saw sitting by the prisoner at the lawyer's table all day long. It was she who sat with dry eyes and agonized face when the jury brought in its verdict. Her lips the last to kiss him through grated bars before his execution. Poor mother! She brought him into the world, nursed him at her breast, mothered him through every spell of fevered sickness. She knew him better than any one else. No wonder she would believe in him against every lawyer, judge and jury in the world. That's like God. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are but dust." "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." Oh, the motherhood of God!

Seeking and Forgiving.

The crowd gathers on the street corner. Big policeman has little sobbing child in his arms. "Is she hurt?" "Was she run over?" "Naw, nobody hurt. She's lost. Her mother 'll be along in a minit." "Here's a penny, baby." No penny wanted. "I want my muvver!" Suddenly a woman hurries into the crowd. "That's my baby!" Every one's heart thumps. The big policeman pushes her off coolly. "How do I know that?" "How? I guess actions will tell!" Baby arms are outflung. "Oh, mamma," the curly head cried, "I fought I had losted you." "Can you tell now?" "I guess you'll do," beams the officer. The crowd cheered and laughed and cried a little—the fathers and mothers in it. Hum! What did that woman say? "Actions will tell." Say, brother, can the world tell whether you belong to God or not? Ever read the parable of the good shepherd and the lost sheep? That's God seeking men. And God's forgiveness is like a mother's. Boy goes wrong, disgraces family. Father says: "Let him go. He's made his bed; let him lie in it." He's lost his job; his friends cut him on the street; his father will not let his name be mentioned in the house. Who is it gives him food and money secretly? Who is it holds no grudge and forgives as freely last time as first? Ever read the Bible, my wayward friend? It'll grip your heart in the tenderest place. "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." "Though your sins be as scarlet"—that sounds like a mother saying, "No matter what you do or where you are, remember your old mother is your friend."

Forgetting Mother and God.

I have sat in parlors when my heart ached. "Mother's busy." I could hear the footfall of that poor drudging mother. Never mind. Some day pilgrim shoes will be loosed from those tired feet. The shadows will gather in that home. It's mighty doubtful if the angels will count the number of expensive floral designs when the crowd has left the cemetery. Is your mother dead? Now in heaven? Motherless forever? Remember how she pinched and scraped for you? "No, I still have her." Then go home and put your arm around her. Give her a real, living, warm kiss. Tell her that you love her, that she's the greatest mother God ever made. Insist on her having a nice bit of pin money every week. It's only part of what you owe. Some day you'll give your good right arm to have the chance. And her God? Well, you can afford to tie up to your mother's God. You'll want to be with both some day.

What used to be called—sometimes derisively—"bargain hunting" has evolved into the practise of intelligent buying. The advertisements make it possible.