

## TAKE THOUGHT.

"Think before you act" is one of the best maxims extant. If it were more generally observed, the citizens of this world would suffer much less misery than they do now; for four-fifths of the actors would never act at all.

Habits of thoughtfulness should be inculcated in the very young. They are, sometimes.

Richard was a boy whose mother had taught him to be thoughtful. Richard obtained a situation as office-boy in a large mercantile establishment (a thoughtless boy would have called it a "big store") downtown.

"Richard," said his employer, the fourth morning after the boy's services had been secured; "Richard run right up to the post-office and get the letters. Just wait five minutes," he continued, addressing a customer; "when these letters come I think I can fix you up. The goods you want will probably be invoiced this morning. Run right along Richard!"

Richard ran right along, and so did the time o'clock. Five minutes, six, seven, ten minutes passed. The customer was smoking one of the merchant's fifteen-cent cigars, and giving information about politics up his way. Fifteen, twenty minutes; another boy had been to the office, and found the box empty, showing that Richard had been there. Twenty-five minutes. The customer had left, with the remark that he guessed he would come in again; and boy number two, who happened to follow him, had reported seeing him enter a rival establishment.

Thirty minutes; and there was Richard, breathless, but with the very letters he went after.

"Where have you been sir?" said the merchant in a voice made husky by emotion at sight of the invoice he had been so anxious to get.

"Up Broadway, sir," said Richard, in his frank, manly voice; "up Broadway, to try on a pair of pants."

Thoughtful boy his mother had told him to do that.

There was an intense quiet throughout the office, as Richard received \$1.50 for half a week's services, and retired from active business life. He had made a fatal mistake. He should have said trousers.

Thoughtlessness in little matters! Cause of great annoyance.

Once, in early life, I stayed for a short time at a large hotel in Chicago. It was a truly magnificent place, and dwelling there was very, very costly. And yet—the waiters could never seem to bring me exactly what I ordered for dinner; the bell-boys could never remember two things at once; the fireman would forget to keep my grate supplied with fuel—and so, in this first-class hotel, I was constantly irritated and annoyed by this little failing—Thoughtlessness. I had not thought to scatter the fees.

One day I saw an old book-keeper, a methodical, deliberate man, quietly smoking a cigar at his desk. He was deeply engaged in thought; and, yet, when he took the lighted cigar from his mouth he stuck it over his ear.

Was his singed hair evidence of thoughtfulness or thoughtlessness? Who will say?—Puck.

## PAPER COLLARS AGAIN.

According to the foreign papers, says the Laundry Journal, it appears that we are to be threatened with another attack of the paper collar craze. It is said that in France a paper is now made that so cleverly imitates linen that it is impossible to detect the difference without the closest examination, even to touch the articles made from it appearing to be of real linen. The fear is expressed that this new product may be used to revive the popularity of paper for collars and cuffs, a result that would be full of misfortune to every one in the laundry business. For its own part the Journal is not inclined to share the apprehensions of its transatlantic contemporary. The paper collar craze of a quarter of a century ago can be traced to the absence of adequate laundry facilities, rather than to any

real desire on the part of collar wearers to substitute paper for linen. It was difficult then to get linen collars properly laundered, and hence a substitute for them was gladly welcomed, but now that good laundry work is available everywhere in this country at least, there is not the reason there once was why people should take up with a substitute. Besides, paper has fallen into such disrepute with all people who make any pretensions to correct dress that the task of raising it into popularity will be truly a heavy one.

## BOGUS BARGAINS.

Don't you think the merchants of the city are entitled to some protection, from the press, against the migratory class of dealers who drop into our midst every season and announce, in glaring six-foot letters, some "bankrupt sale," "assignee sale," or some other questionable "sale?" asks a merchant in the Toledo Blade. During the past few years this catch-penny method of gulling the credulous has assumed gigantic proportions. There is hardly a branch of trade but feels the effects of this pernicious system of doing business. The jeweler, the clothier, the boot and shoe dealer, all have the same complaint to make. Let the daily papers consider the advertisements they carry of their local merchants; they amount to considerable every year. Yet they will publish the improbable stories of these traveling mountebanks, whose aim and business is solely to fleece the credulous and unwary.

The press has it in its power to crush this evil which encroaches upon the trade of the local merchants. Public opinion once aroused upon this matter, the state will make such laws as will force disreputable and worthless schemers from the field. The merchants of the city, who have settled places of doing business, must bear their portions of the burdens of taxation. Every tax collector knows where to find these men. The peddler, however, has no settled locality, but goes from place to place, selling his wares without sharing any of the municipal expenses which the local merchants have to bear.

He may palm off absolutely worthless goods upon an unsuspecting public at prices honest goods could be bought for from reputable dealers. He can rob his customers and they have no redress; for, being but a bird of passage, he can easily make his escape should anybody return to demand justice. It is in the interest of the consumers of the city, as well as the merchants, that this class of persons should be placed before the community in their true light. They should, at least, be made to pay a proper license fee for carrying on their business. Start out one of your reporters to interview the local merchants on this subject, and you will realize, as you never have before, the curse of the nefarious system. It is not the intelligent buyer who suffers at the hands of these wanderers, but the poor and ignorant classes, who are led to believe the glittering promises, so ingeniously made by these sharpers; it is those who are invariably the dupes of the great sham "bankrupt," "fire" and "assignee" sales. And they, being citizens, should have these "fake" concerns presented to them through the columns of the press in their true light.

## ANNOUNCED.

Bookkeeper: If you are out when Mr. Owen comes in tomorrow to order a suit of clothes, what shall I tell him?

Tailor: How do you know he's coming in?

Bookkeeper: He sent ten dollars to-day to apply on that old account.

## NO SYMPATHY WANTED.

"I am truly sorry, Johnny," said the friend of the family, meeting the little boy on the street, "to learn that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was nothing saved?"

"Don't you waste no grief on me," replied Johnny. "All of paw's old clothes were burned up in that fire, and maw can't make any of 'em over for me this time. I'm all right!"—Troy Press.