

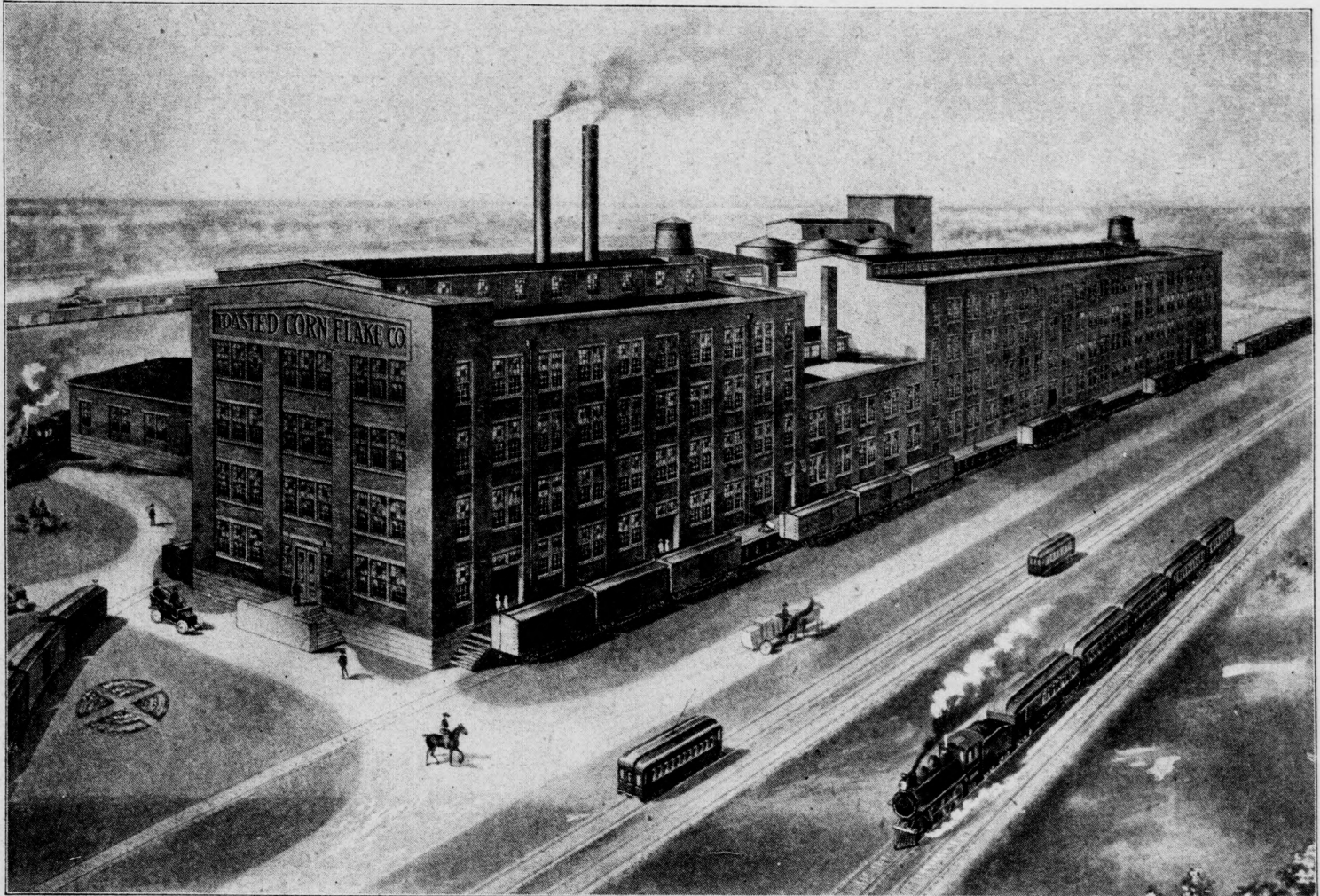
MICHIGAN TRADESMAN

PUBLISHED WEEKLY TRADESMAN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS. \$2 PER YEAR

Twenty-Fifth Year

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1908

Number 1274



Battle Creek Now Has the Largest, Most Complete Cereal Factory in the World

The beautiful new home of the genuine Toasted Corn Flakes is completed. The fires have been kindled, the wheels are turning and the filmy, delicious flakes are being made in greater quantities than they, or any other breakfast food, were ever made before. And everybody's happy except the imitators. In spite of the fact that these imitators did everything possible to gain public favor during the shortage caused by the burning of our main factory, the demand for

The Genuine Toasted Corn Flakes

has kept up unabated. This shows that the people know what they want and they want the genuine because it has the flavor. We've been promising to fill all orders with the completion of our new building. Now we're ready to fulfill our promise. If you've had trouble getting a supply—order NOW—and give your customers all they want of what they want.

Toasted Corn Flake Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.

W. K. Kellogg

DO IT NOW

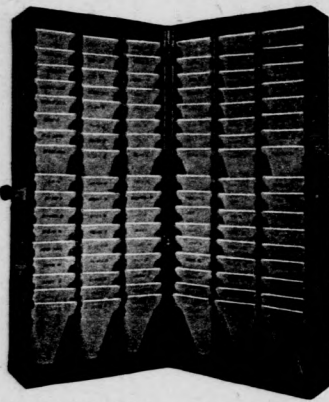
Investigate the

Kirkwood Short Credit System of Accounts

It earns you 525 per cent. on your investment. We will prove it previous to purchase. It prevents forgotten charges. It makes disputed accounts impossible. It assists in making collections. It saves labor in book-keeping. It systematizes credits. It establishes confidence between you and your customer. One writing does it all. For full particulars write or call on

A. H. Morrill & Co.

105 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Michigan
Bell Phone 87 Citizens Phone 5087



Pat. March 8, 1898, June 14, 1898, March 19, 1901.

Every Cake

of FLEISCHMANN'S

YELLOW LABEL YEAST you sell not only increases your profits, but also gives complete satisfaction to your patrons.



The Fleischmann Co.,

of Michigan

Detroit Office, 111 W. Larned St., Grand Rapids Office, 29 Crescent Av.

If Your Time is Worth Money

You cannot afford to spend any of it doing bookkeeping. Why not use

Tradesman Coupon Books

and put your business on practically a cash basis? We will send you samples and full information on request and can give you the names of thousands of satisfied users.

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

On account of the Pure Food Law there is a greater demand than ever for

Pure Cider Vinegar

We guarantee our vinegar to be absolutely pure, made from apples and free from all artificial coloring. Our vinegar meets the requirements of the Pure Food Laws of every State in the Union.

The Williams Bros. Co.

Manufacturers

Picklers and Preservers

Detroit, Mich.

Makes Clothes Whiter - Work Easier - Kitchen Cleaner.

SNOWBOY WASHING POWDER.

GOOD GOODS — GOOD PROFITS.

MICHIGAN TRADESMAN

Twenty-Fifth Year

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1908

Number 1274

Our Multigraph Imitation Typewritten Letters save your writing the same letters over and over again. Some of the largest firms in the city are using them, why not you?
Write or phone us.
Grand Rapids Typewriting & Addressing Co.
114 Mich. Trust Bldg., Ground Floor

**GRAND RAPIDS
FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY**

THE McBAIN AGENCY

Grand Rapids, Mich. The Leading Agency

Commercial Credit Co., Ltd.

Credit Advices and Collections

MICHIGAN OFFICES

Murray Building, Grand Rapids
Majestic Building, Detroit

ELLIOT O. GROSVENOR

Late State Food Commissioner

Advisory Counsel to manufacturers and jobbers whose interests are affected by the Food Laws of any state. Correspondence invited.

2321 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

TRACE YOUR DELAYED
FREIGHT Easily
and Quickly. We can tell you
how. **BARLOW BROS.,**
Grand Rapids, Mich

**KENT COUNTY
SAVINGS BANK**

Corner Canal and Lyon Streets
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

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**FIRE AND
BURGLAR
PROOF**

SAFES

**Grand Rapids
Safe Co.**

Tradesman Building

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STOP THE LEAK.

In Congress recently it was proposed to levy a tax upon the fortune of every American girl who marries a foreign husband and takes her money across the ocean to rehabilitate his ancestral estates. Millions of American dollars have been conveyed to Europe through matrimonial alliances on the part of American heiresses with titled but penniless foreign gentlemen. It has become a regular procedure for impecunious dukes and counts to seek marriage among the daughters of American millionaires. Sad experiences have come to many of the brides won in this way. Their idle and incompetent partners have quickly wasted the money that went with their weddings. Beyond that they have even beaten and abused their American wives or have been guilty of other conduct leading to divorce and sacrifices of the precious titles by the wives. Scarcely a week passes in which one may not read of the efforts of an American woman to rid herself of the titled husband to whom she had given herself with much ostentatious display. Still the supply of American heiresses appears to be undiminished. As fast as the titled foreigners offer themselves in the American market they are eagerly seized.

It is all a waste of good American girls and good American dollars, but probably no law can be enacted to stop the practice. Perhaps we should be thankful that American men are unable to acquire titles by marrying the daughters of the poverty-stricken nobles of Europe. If the opportunity were equally available for both sexes every American boy and girl might aspire to gain titles by the foreign marriage process. The American constitution prohibits the conferring of titles of any sort, but if our people really can not be happy without such decorations there soon may be a demand that the constitution be amended, so that Americans may have as many titled personages among them as any other people. In

America there are but three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves, and we should have dukes and counts and lords and marquises in every class within a brief space. If America ever gets into the title-making industry it will speedily surpass all other countries, and flood the markets of the world with the most modern methods of production.

LAI'D TO THE WOMEN.

Miss Ida Tarbell, who is now a student of sociological and financial conditions, ventures the statement that if we could get at the causes of panics we would find that chief among them is the fact that women do not spend money wisely and well. Whenever there is trouble of any kind it is customary to look for the woman in the case. It is probably true that during the high tide of prosperity many women were extravagant, spending money in foolish and useless ways. Indeed some women are always extravagant and constantly waste the earnings of their hard-working husbands. But how about the men? It must be admitted that many of them are open to the charge that neither have they spent money wisely and well. There are plenty of men who could be indicted for extravagance. The fact is that Americans are not especially thrifty people. They are great moneymakers, but equally great moneyspenders. This applies to all ages, sexes and conditions. If Americans were more economical panics might be less frequent and their effects less severe. Most of us have need to learn how to spend our money wisely and well.

In a Western court the other day was probated the will of a woman who bequeathed her debts to her children. "They have helped me out in former financial embarrassments," her will stated, and she asked that "they cancel all my debts after my death." The property left by the woman was very small in amount, insufficient to discharge her obligations, but the will may nevertheless be called a good one. It is commendable in any person to wish to have their debts paid. Too many have no care for the creditors they may leave behind when they quit this life. To die in debt is more unfortunate than to live in debt, for while there is life there is hope that debt may be overcome. The will of this Western woman has been viewed as a grim joke by her children, but if they are the right sort they will accept the duty imposed upon them by the bequest of their mother's debts and derive more satisfaction in clearing her record than in adding to their own accumulations.

THE COAL SUPPLY.

A production of between 450,000,000 and 460,000,000 short tons of coal in the United States in 1907 is indicated by the returns received thus far by the United States Geological Survey, or an increase of about 10 per cent. over the record-breaking output of 1906. The most notable increase was made in the production of Pennsylvania anthracite, in which a gain of over 20 per cent. was recorded. During the early part of the winter the weather was comparatively mild, and the demand for coal for heating purposes fell off to some extent, but the recent cold wave has brought the dealers orders in plenty. The business depression decreased the consumption of soft coal somewhat, but the total production in 1907 exceeded that in 1906. On the whole, the coal trade for the past year was very satisfactory. There has been talk that the reduction in prices usually made in April would not be made this year by the anthracite interests, but men in the trade say that unless lower prices prevail in the summer season there would be no active demand until fall, and that then it would be so great that it could not be supplied. The present arrangement enables dealers to keep their teams employed the year around, as buying is stimulated by the lower prices in the summer.

TWO KINDS OF CRITICISM.

There are two kinds of criticism in this world, constructive criticism and destructive criticism. The first is helpful and suggestive and is offered with a view to improving existing conditions. The other kind is usually based on personal pique and malice and finds expression in language so intemperate and statements so illogical and untrue that no one but the unthinking gives it more than passing attention.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson did a very graceful thing at the last meeting of the Board of Trade in nominating his neighbor and competitor, Mr. Dudley Waters, for Treasurer of the Board. Likewise the Grand Rapids Clearing House did a graceful act at its last meeting in electing Mr. Anderson President. Mr. Anderson stood like the rock of Gibraltar through the money panic last fall and, but for his efforts, it is now conceded that this city would have been placed on the list of other banking centers which resorted to the expedient of clearing house certificates.

Perseverance is the road to success. Ability will help, money will help, friends will help, but perseverance takes the place of ability and wins all the others.

SOME FACTS

In Commercial and Industrial Development.*

Fortunately for you, as well as for myself, perhaps, the time limitations in force upon this occasion forbid that I shall do more than merely skim over the surface—hitting only the high spots in the discussion of my topic, Facts in Commercial and Industrial Development.

We know, all of us, what Commerce means to us as individuals; likewise we are, all of us, more or less personally acquainted with Industry. Accordingly, we have varying opinions on these two tremendous factors in human life.

Where we may be weak, however; where we are weak, probably, all of us, is that we have only a most meager conception as to what is doing in Industry and in Commerce all about us. For example, how many people are there in Michigan tonight who know that during the year just closed the manufactured products of Michigan had a total value amounting to about four hundred million dollars, which amount is nearly one hundred and forty million dollars greater than was the aggregate of products manufactured in Michigan during the year 1890, an annual average increase of more than \$8,000,000 during seventeen years?

I am free to confess that I would not be able to present this fact to you had I not looked it up for this occasion. And, further, that it is the only bit of statistics I shall inflict upon you, because, as the late great British statesman, Benj. Disraeli, once put it: "There are three kinds of lies—lies, damned lies and statistics."

In 1835 an old French philosopher named Fregier, appealed to by a manufacturer in trouble over his business, replied to all his queries that he saw no way to eliminate the antagonism between workmen and master except by the participation of the workman in the profits of the master. Seven years later that manufacturer, whose name was Leclaire, established his great house painting business in Paris on a profit participatory plan and for thirty years thereafter he conducted it on that basis. During that time he paid out of the profits to the workmen, in addition to their wages, the sum of \$665,225. Monsieur Leclaire died in 1872, leaving a fortune of \$240,000. In other words, he put aside the distinction of becoming a millionaire for the much greater dignity and honor of giving to modern times one of the earliest and most emphatic lessons in co-operation.

There is no panacea known that will "repeal the natural penalties of ignorance, indolence and improvidence;" and, in my judgment, the only specific for the prevention of such diseases—and they are diseases dire and dreadful—is co-operation.

Rev. Washington Gladden declares in his "Tools and the Man:" "Social progress is the resultant of two

steadily acting tendencies—the tendency to the perfection of the individual and the tendency to the more perfect and harmonious co-operation of individuals; and that healthy progress is maintained only when both these tendencies are active and positive."

Dr. Mark Hopkins has declared: "Society may be established and exist permanently on two principles, that of competition and that of co-operation. The first has its advantages, and the evils of it are diminished as general intelligence is increased. Under it the evils of ignorance are felt pecuniarily, and intelligence is thus stimulated—but the principle of co-operation is far higher and its results are better."

The essential fact for all men to realize—whether they be bankers, merchants, manufacturers, artisans, clerks, lawyers, doctors, scientists or day laborers—is that we are naturally gregarious animals and so are certain to live near to each other; that this being the case our best resource against line-fence squabbles, back-lot quarrels and neighborhood scandals is observance of the greatest of all laws. And it is not the Law of Population, not the law of Surplus Value, not the Law of Wages, but the unqualified, unimpeachable law: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

There are men, partnerships, companies and even great corporations, if you please, who are to-day observing the spirit of that law. Such examples exist all over the world. They are to be found in Michigan. They are to be found in Boyne City. If you treat them with kindness they will respond in kind. If you undertake to checkmate them in every way and cut their corners on every occasion, they will shut up like a clam and you will be deprived of their co-operation to some extent, at least, in the growth and development of your city.

The day of co-operation is at hand. We see it everywhere and the most tremendous example in that direction to-day, the most remarkable demonstration as to the value of co-operation that the world has ever seen, is the present overwhelming moral awakening in our own country.

We may, we do differ in our conceptions as to the need for such an awakening; we may, we have a right to differ as to the methods employed in bringing it about; but all of these differences of opinion are important only as atoms contributing to the wondrous whole. All nations are aroused and looking our way in the hope that we are in earnest as a Nation and meanwhile there is a very sincere and active and able gentleman in the Executive Mansion at Washington who declares that we are very much in earnest and is doing his level best to prove it.

Education is a deliberate process. The first one hundred years of our history were required to teach all the people of this United States that the institution of slavery was a wrong institution, and we were, as a Nation,

one hundred years old before we learned how to communicate orally with each other when hundreds of miles apart. Revolutions are various. Sometimes sudden, sometimes deliberate, but, followed as they are usually by reformation, they are generally beneficial. Education is sometimes tardy and occasionally abrupt; but it is commonly wholesome, advantageous and lasting.

The domination of the doctrine of co-operation is a matter of education which, after years of effort, is beginning to take on the color of a reformation. It has been slow developing, but that it has developed into a tangible, practical entity is beyond question. True, many of the evidences of this fact are as yet crude and insufficient, but they are genuine so far as they go and still are growing. We see it in the large cities and in the smaller ones, each with their public welfare organizations under one name or another; we see it in the organizations of merchants—the jobbers and the retailers, the dry goods merchants, the grocers, the hardware men, the boot and shoe men, the druggists and so on down the line; we see it among the industrious, the bankers, the farmers, the lawyers, the doctors—yes, and even among the clergymen.

These bodies are formed for co-operative purposes to help one another and so to help the general welfare. It is easy and common for the cynics and the captious critics to sneer at the claim that such associations are a benefit not only to the communities in which they are located, but to the country at large, but the claim is easily proven.

The United States Inter-state Commerce Commission could not have been brought into being had it not been for co-operation between the commercial and industrial interests of our land; had it not been for such co-operation every factory and every store in the United States would, long ago, have been under the bondage of a uniform bill of lading framed up by the railway interests and directed against the welfare of those who are engaged in commercial and industrial development. It was chiefly through co-operation on the part of boards of trade and similar bodies in Michigan that our State now has a Railway Commission authorized and empowered to protect the interests alike of shippers and carriers in Michigan; through similar efforts by our boards of trade, commercial clubs and the like Michigan now has in force a 2 cent railway fare; the present good roads movement and the problems of forestry, irrigation and the improvement of the inland waterways of America, each one directly and vitally relating to commercial and industrial development, are most prominently before the people because of co-operation.

Quite recently the newspapers were filled with comments as to the peace conference at the Hague—an offspring of co-operation which had the betterment of the world at large as its sole purpose. Before that conference began there was held in this

country the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, at which were delegates representing four National boards of trade, six state organizations of a like nature, six similar bodies in Canada, one stock exchange, four associations of manufacturers and 101 public welfare bodies—boards of trade, boards of commerce, business men's associations, etc., from as many different cities in our country.

There was no "axe to grind" at that conference for any one or two or three or a dozen of the associations there represented. It was an organized, sincere and somewhat expensive co-operative effort in behalf of the world at large, a forerunner of the great assemblage at the Hague last year. And that event was not the beginning of this movement. Earlier conferences had been held at the Hague, each one the result of co-operation and each one seeking for arbitration—which is only another word for co-operation; each one was a separate course of study and examinations in the slow process of educating you and me and all the peoples of the world up to the value of harmonious, serious effort in behalf of the general welfare; with our own personal interests in the background; our little differences of opinion put aside for the good of the general cause and with those other human qualities of envy, greed, selfishness and indifference forgotten.

This great crusade toward co-operation is entirely a matter of education and, being of slow process, it furnishes an opportunity for every city, every village, every community, even every neighborhood, to master its own individual lesson. And these lessons are being learned and each lesson so learned is inevitably and inestimably a fact beneficial to commercial and industrial development.

Take a recent near-at-home example: A merchant in Ovid became imbued with the fact that his town needed a certain factory. He put the matter up to other business men there and so three men became interested. There was not a dollar in the thing for them directly; if they gained anything at all it would be because the entire town was gainer. These three men became full of the genuine enthusiasm of local loyalty and civic pride and they called on three other men, so that within less than twenty-four hours' time they raised a guarantee fund of something like \$1,800 and secured a factory for Ovid which paid its stockholders 6 per cent. dividends the first year. For a town of perhaps 1,500 hundred population that was a splendid demonstration of co-operation.

Thousands of such illustrations are available in Michigan and they represent the chief purpose of three-fourths of the public welfare associations everywhere. From my own standpoint, while I believe the securing of industries should be an essential feature in the policy of boards of trade or whatever they may be named, I am convinced that other and equally important results should be sought after. Civic pride, local

*Address delivered by E. A. Stowe before Boyne City Board of Trade.

loyalty and public spirit are characteristics which, once developed, are of as great a value if not greater in the commercial and industrial development of a city or village than are factories. Indeed, they are the hidden forces which, discreetly yet enthusiastically utilized, bring not only new industry, additional business and greater prosperity, but they also generate those finer essentials—love of law and order, generosity and greater faith in each other as between man and man.

And now about the demonstration of the co-operative habit let me say a word:

You have a local organization, or you may have one, formed for the purpose of promoting all worthy interests in your town.

That means that you believe in co-operation to improve the general welfare.

Let me lay down three rules for your guidance:

1. Don't forget for an instant the meaning of the term General Welfare, and, remembering that definition, live up to it implicitly. Prevent, absolutely and always, the interpolation of private or individual interest in place of General Welfare.

2. Don't permit any man to become a member of your organization until he understands that whether or not he is elected President or Director he must be willing, merely as a member without office, to contribute liberally of his time, his thought, his influence and his money toward the efforts of the association.

3. Employ a secretary at a fair salary who shall devote his entire time to the purposes of the association. Such a man should be well acquainted with your citizens, your resources and your needs and he should be well known as active, industrious, of good address, diplomatic, a good talker and of first-class character.

Failure to observe any one of these three restrictions must necessarily stand antagonistic to the development of enthusiastic public spirit and civic pride. Perfect harmony and sincere loyalty to the cause can not exist when these three qualifications are absent.

Enthusiastic interest, genuine personal participation, generous contribution of individual influence, time, money and effort are necessary if success is to be gained for any commercial or industrial enterprise, and must be given by the officers and stockholders in any such venture. In other words, the individual, firm or corporation engaged in any business enterprise and hoping for success must work in harmony or failure is certain.

If this is true in business, and I believe it to be true, it is a truth of double force in the development of a public welfare organization formed to co-operate in an effort to better all conditions in your community.

Finally, let me say, don't become over anxious for immediate results. It is very largely a matter of education. The education must be acquired and is worth possessing. Go slowly,

wisely, courageously, generously and confidently and co-operation will come to you to the everlasting benefit of everything of real value in this community.

The Man on the Job.

Out in the State of Washington a bridge on the line of one of the great railways had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it with a temporary structure.

The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place, a drafting room was established in an adjoining station, and the scene became one of great activity.

Two days later came the superintendent of the division to add more pressure to the already tense situation. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the master bridge builder.

The latter was a type evolved by the railroad situation of the last generation—heavy handed, hard of head, with some knowledge of books and a vast experience.

"Joe," said the superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," replied the bridge builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."—The Yellow Strand.

Advertising the sins of our friends is not the same thing as confessing our own.

How the Forest Trees Prune Themselves.

Gardeners are not the only pruners of trees. The trees prune themselves. By their self-pruning they get rid of superfluous or weak branches. In some trees, like the willow, self-pruning is effected by the formation of a brittle ring at the base of the branch. During the month of October the sapling poplars in the New York Botanic Garden were vigorously pruning themselves, the ground being littered with branches, most of which are two years old, some older, some younger. These pruned branches bear well formed winter buds. About twenty-five genera of plants growing in the garden exhibit self-pruning, among them the horse chestnut, elm, lilac and mulberry. Some trees, as the red and the sugar maple, are self-pruned in spring or early summer, while others as poplars, postpone the process until autumn. There also is a natural pruning among trees. Natural pruning means the loss of certain branches after their death, usually caused by over-shading and consequent poor nutrition. In this process the tree does not take an active part, but is passive until the branch to be removed is dead, after which it is cut off by the formation of a collar of tissues. This explains the absence of branches low down on the trunk when trees are crowded in growth. Natural pruning does not appear to benefit a plant to any extent.

Manliness is the best kind of godliness.

A Warning to Buttermakers Using Coal Tar Butter Colors

We Quote from the Chicago Dairy Produce of January 21, 1908, the Following Warning

January 21, 1908.

"The following was received yesterday from the bureau of chemistry, United States department of agriculture:

"Some time has now elapsed since the publication of food inspection decision 76, in which all aniline dyes, except seven colors specified therein, were declared to be not suitable for use in food products. Ample time has been given for the con-

sideration of this decision by manufacturers both of colors and of food products. The department of agriculture proposes, therefore, to institute without further delay proceedings looking to the prevention of the use of any of the aniline dyes, except those specified in food products. The attention of those interested should be directed to this matter in order that no one may be unwittingly found offending the provisions of the act. It is believed that

there is at the disposal of food manufacturers an abundant supply of vegetable and other harmless colors for all necessary demands and that the use of the forbidden colors should be discontinued without further delay. **Those who use harmful colors in food products are subject to criminal prosecution and the foods themselves to seizure and condemnation.**"

The Chicago Dairy Produce.

As it is impossible to use any of the seven colors mentioned in Food Inspection Decision No. 76, in the manufacture of butter color, as none of these colors are soluble in oil, therefore, the use of coal tar colors in butter is prohibited under the National Pure Food Law.

Dandelion Brand Butter Color is Purely Vegetable and complies with the National Pure Food Law and the Pure Food Laws of all the States.

Dandelion Brand Butter Color is Endorsed by All Authorities



Dandelion Brand is the Safe and Sure Vegetable Butter Color

Dandelion Brand

Butter Color

Purely Vegetable

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

= =

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

AROUND THE STATE

Movements of Merchants.

Wayne—Ed. Hall has opened a feed store.

Carleton—George Crane has sold his stock of dry goods to M. Leavitt.

Shelby—Churchill & Webber will shortly open a branch bank at New Era.

Wayland—L. W. Morford has opened a meat market opposite the postoffice.

Petoskey—S. Rosenthal & Sons have purchased the shoe stock of the Clark Bros. Shoe Co.

Clifford—Jay Livermore, of Mayville, has purchased the Walton grocery and crockery stock.

Eaton Rapids—W. H. & H. F. Reynolds have purchased the Tucker & Gallery stock of dry goods.

Allegan—The Grange store has engaged J. G. Willis, of Chicago, as manager of the grocery department.

Hastings—Roy Hutchinson has purchased the interest of his partner, Chas. Potts, in the grocery firm of Potts & Hutchinson.

Coldwater—Dean Corless has purchased the interest of his partner, Starr Corless, in the grocery business on Marshall street.

Ludington—P. M. Roehrig has purchased an interest in the jewelry business of Hamel & Co. The firm style will be Hamel & Roehrig.

Beaverton—L. D. White has purchased the Beaverton Mercantile Co.'s stock of merchandise. He has secured the services of L. Himmelhoch as manager.

Mendon—B. F. Schram, formerly manager of the carpet and drapery department of the Cameron & Arbaugh Co., will engage in the general mercantile business here.

Detroit—Elias D. Trebilcock has sold his jewelry stock at 324 Woodward avenue to George Schaffner, who has been conducting a jewelry business in the Loyal Guard building.

South Haven—Edward A. Merson has purchased the interest of O. A. Van Pelt in the shoe business of Van Pelt & Merson, thus becoming a partner with his brother, Wm. Merson.

Mancelona—John Otis has opened a grocery store in the Crapo building and will do business under the style of the People's Cash Grocery. He has engaged Frank Hoppins as manager.

Lapeer—Lockwood & Henderson, dry goods and grocery merchants, will dissolve partnership May 1, S. A. Lockwood retaining the business. Mr. Henderson has not decided as to his future plans.

Owosso—Theodore M. Euler has purchased a half interest in the agricultural business of W. E. Payne, Main and Water streets, and will continue the business under the firm name of Payne & Euler.

Greenville—Call: Jesse Wyckoff, one of this city's popular young men, has resigned his position as traveling

salesman for Hirth, Krause & Co. to accept the management of the shoe department in the Jacobson store.

Freeport—J. W. Beachy has sold his interest in the general stock of Miller & Beachy to his partner, Herbert I. Miller, who will continue the business at the old location. Mr. Beachy will leave for Ohio, his former home.

Richland—H. C. Brezee, who conducts a grocery and meat market, has filed a trust mortgage securing his creditors. A chattel mortgage for \$700 was uttered some time ago. Total liabilities are said to be something over \$1,500.

Port Huron—C. N. Bankson, of 508 Huron avenue, has sold his stock of furniture to M. H. Mann, who will continue the business at the same location. Mr. Bankson will engage in the book and stationery business at 414 Huron avenue.

Zeeland—The Chicago Clothing Co., which will conduct a general clothing store, has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$2,000, all of which has been subscribed, \$200 being paid in in cash and \$1,600 in property.

Pontiac—Brown Bros., who conduct a stationery and book store, have merged their business into a stock company, with an authorized capital stock of \$6,660 common and \$3,340 preferred, all of which has been subscribed and paid in in property.

Allegan—Perry and Walter Jackson have purchased the Frank Vorman grocery stock and will do business under the style of the Jackson Bros. Grocery. Mr. Vorman recently opened a grocery store at Otsego, which he will give his entire attention.

Lincoln—The Lincoln Mercantile Co., which will deal in merchandise of every description, has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$2,000, all of which has been subscribed and paid in, \$1,000 being paid in in cash and \$1,000 in property.

Bay City—A. Bacon & Co. have merged their business into a stock company, which will conduct a general mercantile business under the style of Bacon, Weiss & Weggel. The company has been capitalized at \$10,000, all of which has been subscribed and paid in in cash.

Laingsburg—W. H. Benson has sold his bakery stock to Stevenson & Stitt, the latter from Durand, who will continue the business. Wm. H. Benson & Son have purchased the E. M. Young grocery stock. Mr. Young expects to leave for Saskatchewan, N. W. T., where he has a homestead, about March 1.

Port Huron—E. O. Spaulding, of Caro, has purchased the stock, accounts and fixtures of the G. C. Meisel Co., bidding \$21,100. The stock, accounts and fixtures inventoried \$58,314.82. It is understood Mr. Spaulding represents a number of Port Huron and Detroit business men, who will reorganize the company with Mr. Meisel as manager.

Pinconning—Louis Landsberg, the general merchant who recently went into bankruptcy, has offered his cred-

itors a 30 per cent. composition. Six of the creditors refused to accept the proposition at a hearing held before Referee in Bankruptcy Davock, of Detroit. It is understood the referee will recommend that plan of settlement to Judge Swan. The hearing on the matter was a lively affair, Landsberg being closely questioned by attorneys for the creditors.

Manufacturing Matters.

Detroit—The Wagner Baking Co. has increased its capital stock from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Detroit—The Michigan Optical Co. has increased its capital stock from \$85,000 to \$120,000.

Marquette—The Cleveland Cliffs Land Co. has bought 2,000 acres of land near Eagle Mills. The land was bought in small lots from several parties.

Saginaw—The Rainier Motor Car Co. now has about 125 skilled mechanics at work at its plant here, and is turning out machines regularly and shipping to its representatives at various points.

Berrien Springs—The Robinson Cider & Vinegar Co., of Benton Harbor, has bought a piece of ground in this vicinity and will soon begin the erection of a model vinegar and pickle factory.

Detroit—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Superior Salt Co., which will engage in the manufacture, mining and trading of salt and its bi-products. The company has been capitalized at \$10,000, all of which has been subscribed and \$6,000 paid in in cash.

Detroit—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Michigan Construction Co., which will carry on the business of contracting and construction in all its branches, with an authorized capital stock of \$10,000, all of which has been subscribed and paid in in cash.

Detroit—The Thrall-Fishback Motor Co., which will manufacture and deal in gasoline motors of all kinds and appurtenances thereto, has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$15,000, of which \$10,000 has been subscribed and \$6,000 paid in in cash and \$4,000 in property.

Detroit—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Pennington-McKee Co., which will engage in the manufacture of awnings, tents, wagon covers, floor canvases, sails, etc., with an authorized capital stock of \$5,000, all of which has been subscribed and paid in, \$3,000 being paid in in cash and \$2,000 in property.

Rockwood—The growth of the basket industry here has made it necessary for Baumeister & Son to start a branch factory at Gladwin, where they have purchased a large tract of timber land. The Northern factory will be used principally for veneering and braiding the webs which will be shipped here in carload lots and finished into baskets. They also take large contracts from Eastern factories for the basket web. These orders will be shipped from the North.

Manistique—Logging camps in the Upper Peninsula are again calling

for men and are experiencing a dearth which is surprising in view of the recent overstocked labor market. The cut in wages from \$8 to \$15 a month caused most of the best men to leave the country and go to Canada, the Eastern and Southern States and California. The demand for timber is increasing and loggers are putting on extra crews in order to fill their delayed contracts. One employment agent at Sault Ste. Marie states that he can give steady employment to any number of workmen. Many loggers are again offering "good times" wages.

New Form of Waterproof Asbestos.

A Munich firm is reported to have succeeded in artificially rendering asbestos waterproof. The material is marketed under the title of asbestos slates, which are described as hard and strong as natural slates and therefore can be laid on wall or roof constructions without any wooden lathes being necessary. They are worked easily and can be bored, nailed, and cut just like wood without any danger of splitting. They form a fireproof covering for inside and outside wooden walls, are valuable for insulation work of all kinds, even for electrical purposes; are of great use in building railway carriages as insulating material under the seats; for use in telegraphic work for insulating switches; for covering iron and wooden constructions; for use as fireproof doors for closing off single rooms in stores, warehouses, etc.; for lining wooden doors and for covering walls and ceilings of all kinds so as to protect them from fire, heat, cold and dampness.

Silver Slippers at Weddings.

"Silver slippers and rose petals are taking the place of rice at all fashionable weddings," said a clergyman. "It is a change for the better.

"The silver slippers—to replace the old boots—are about half an inch long, silver paper cut in the shape of dainty slippers. The rose petals—to replace the rice—are the real thing; thousands of petals stripped by hand from hundreds of pink roses.

"In great bowls the silver slippers and the pink petals are heaped in the hall and when the bride and bridegroom emerge, instead of being canonaded with coarse rice and dirty old boots, a sunset cloud, as it were, envelops them, an odorous pink and silver cloud of rose petals and little shining slippers.

"Yes; it is a change for the better, this, and day by day it gains ground."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The first remark that Secretary Taft made when he alighted from the train in Grand Rapids last week was: "So this is the city where they manufacture the El Portana cigar."

A man should make new acquaintances and keep his friendship in constant use, lest as he advances through life he will himself be left alone.

Assumed qualities may catch the fancy of some, but we must possess those that are real to fix the heart.



The Produce Market.

Apples—The market is without change on the basis of \$2 per bbl. for cooking stock and \$3@3.25 for eating.

Bananas—Are very cheap, owing to heavy receipts. In fact, they are as cheap as they have ever been in the history of the trade. The quality of the fruit arriving now is first class.

Beets—40c per bu.

Butter—Fresh creamery has declined 1½c per lb. It was found that the extreme high price was bringing out supplies of cold storage, so the holders of fresh made stock receded from their position and reduced their quotations. Creamery is held at 33c for tubs and 34c for prints; dairy grades command 25@26c for No. 1 and 19c for packing stock.

Cabbage—\$10 per ton.

Carrots—35c per bu.

Celery—30c per bunch.

Cocanuts—\$4.50 per bag of 90.

Cranberries—Wisconsin Bell and Cherry and Howes fetch \$8 per bbl. They continue to show a very firm tone. There is but little demand and the available supply is limited.

Cucumbers—\$1.50 per doz. for hot house.

Dressed Hogs—Dealers pay 5¼c for hogs weighing 150@200 lbs. and 5c for hogs weighing 200 lbs. and upwards; stags and old sows, 4½c.

Eggs—Local handlers are paying 18@19c on track, holding case count at 21c and candled at 22c. Receipts are increasing rapidly and the price will gradually recede from now on. So much money has been lost by storage operations during the past season that buyers will probably not pay over 13c for storage stock this year.

Grapes—Malagas command \$4@4.50 per keg, according to weight.

Grape Fruit—Florida commands \$5.50 for 80s and 90s and \$6 for 54s and 64s. There is still a scarcity of strictly fancy Florida stock. The trade is anxious for this class of fruit, but finds that it is very hard to secure. It was said earlier in the season that the grape fruit crop was going to be 60 per cent. short. It looks now as though there will be pretty nearly as much Florida grape fruit this season as there was last.

Honey—18c per lb. for white clover and 16c for dark.

Lemons—California command \$3.25 per box and Messinas \$3 per box. Values are on a steady basis.

Lettuce—12c per lb. for hot house.

Onions—Red and yellow Globe command 85c per bu. Spanish are in moderate demand at \$1.50 per crate.

Oranges—California Redlands command \$2.75@3; Floridas, \$2.75.

Parsley—50c per doz. bunches.

Parsnips—75c per bu.

Pineapples—\$4.50@5 per crate for Cubans.

Potatoes—Local dealers hold their

supplies at 65c. Country buyers are generally paying about 50c. The combination of unfavorable weather and a general scarcity of stock has cut down the movement, although the shipping call is active. The market shows a very strong tone and all varieties are in strong demand.

Poultry—Local dealers pay 10c for live hens and 12c for dressed; 10c for live spring chickens and 12½c for dressed; 11½c for live ducks and 13c for dressed; 16c for live turkeys and 19c for dressed. The market is almost bare of fancy stock, while the offerings of fair to good are unimportant. The demand for hens and springs is especially good and this is an ideal time for shippers of poultry to forward their goods to market.

Squash—1c per lb. for Hubbard.

Sweet Potatoes—\$5 per bbl. for Illinois kiln dried.

Turnips—50c per bu.

Veal—Dealers pay 5½@6½c for poor and thin; 8@8½c for fair to good; 8½@9c for good white kidney from 90 lbs. up.

Novel Way To Secure New Industry.

Benton Harbor, Feb. 18—The annual meeting of the Benton Harbor Development Co. showed cash on hand to be \$87.46, the chief item of expenditure being the payment of \$10,000 cash to the Benton Harbor Malleable Foundry Co., a new industry.

I. E. Bustis, manager of the Benton Harbor Malleable Foundry Co., reported that the buildings are now finished, equipped and ready for business. Owing to business conditions there has been some delay in starting up, but he asserted that manufacturing operations will begin soon.

By the terms of the contract the Malleable Co. is to pay back to the Development Co. not only the \$10,000 advanced, but also \$500 per acre for the land, which cost \$80 per acre, with the exception that there can be a deduction made of 3 per cent. of the work bill paid out during the year. The Development Co. has sold its land at a good price and loaned its money at legal interest and the cost in securing this industry will be 3 per cent. of the work bill for the next six years. The deed is held by the bank until the \$12,500 is paid. Since the execution of the contract a year ago the plans of the Malleable Co. have been changed and enlarged and the managers, desiring to secure additional capital and have local people interested with them in the enterprise, have sold stock to some leading citizens.

Grand Rapids—The Ideal Paper Box Co. has merged its business into a stock company under the same style, with an authorized capital stock of \$5,000, of which \$2,500 has been subscribed, and \$500 paid in in cash and \$1,000 in property.

Taft, while here last week, was "mum as an oyster" on the next presidential campaign, but we note he left a large order for El Portana cigars.

The Grocery Market.

Sugar—All the refiners dropped down 10 points Monday, which placed the Federal on a 4.60 basis and the other refiners on a 4.70 basis. The decline is due to a drop of ¼c in raws, which are still weak and featureless. The price of refined may decline again.

Tea—Prices show no change and the entire list is steady and unchanged.

Coffee—The trade is still continuing its hand to mouth attitude, more on account of the financial situation than anything else. Mild coffees are steady. Mocha is easy and Java is steady. The general consumptive demand is fair.

Canned Goods—Tomatoes are without change, either in price or demand. Corn and peas are reported dull with a slow movement in the East; but locally the better grades of corn, especially Maine brands, are decidedly scarce at firm figures. Pumpkin also is a little scarce at stiff prices. Eastern peaches and apples are both quiet, peaches being scarce and firm and apples steady to easy. The small Baltimore line shows no change and is quiet. California canned goods in first hands are dull. Salmon stocks are light the country over and prices are decidedly stiff. Sardines are also in short supply. The consuming demand of these goods has been abnormally large. As a local jobber puts it: "It will be more a question of supply than of price as the season advances, as it is difficult to get the goods now." The movement is fair at unchanged quotations.

Dried Fruits—Apricots are dull at ruling prices. Currants are active at unchanged prices. Raisins are still dull and weak. The coast shows no further weakness, but second hands holders are very easy in their ideas. Raisins are very cheap just now in all markets. Dates, citron and figs are all unchanged in price, the first named selling in only a small way, and the last two not at all. Prunes are unchanged in price and are in fair demand on the last reported low basis. Peaches are about 1½c below the highest point reached, due no doubt to the small demand.

Syrups and Molasses—Sugar syrup is steady and moderately active. Molasses is quiet and high grades are firm.

Cheese—Stocks of late made are gradually decreasing, and in another week or two the under grades will be out of the market. The consumptive demand for cheese is about normal. The price is about 10 per cent. above a year ago, while stocks are fully 40 per cent. below a year ago. There will likely be a firm market and unchanged prices for the next few days, after which will probably come a slight advance.

Farinaceous Goods—Oatmeal has declined 25c per bbl. and 10c per case.

Spices—Trading is light, with prices barely sustained. The market is quiet and unchanged.

Fish—Cod, hake and haddock are in moderate demand at prices that are rather easy than otherwise. Do-

mestic sardines are unchanged and prices from second hands are easy. Imported sardines are scarce and firm, the demand eagerly taking all the French brands offered. Salmon is steady in price and quiet. Norway mackerel are firm and in light demand, without further change in price since the last report. Irish mackerel are almost unobtainable and very high. Shore mackerel are quiet and unchanged in price.

Provisions—Pure and compound lard are unchanged and in moderate demand. The price now ruling is already low and therefore no change is looked for in the next few days. Dried beef, barrel pork and canned meats are in normal trade and rule at unchanged prices.

Telling the Fortunes of Monkeys.

Monkey palmistry is a profession essayed by Dr. Walter Kidd, the zoologist of London. He finds remarkable specific variations displayed by the fine raised lines in the tactile surfaces of the hands and feet of apes, monkeys and lemurs. The extreme complexity of type presented in this respect by the lemurs is especially notable. The ridges in the palm attain their full and typical development only in men, apes, monkeys and lemurs, but the degree of specialization does not by any means accord with the relative grade of these animals in the zoological scale. The simple pattern is characterization of the higher forms, and the complex pattern is characteristic of the lower forms. The complex ridges of the lemur Dr. Kidd associates with this animal's need for facility in maintaining the bodily equilibrium in creatures of purely nocturnal habits. Therefore the ridges are specially developed for helping to do this.

In order to take better care of their increasing trade and keep in closer touch with their dealers the Macey Company has put on three more experienced travelers—R. P. Reed in the Metropolitan district, W. J. Broome in the Southern field and Harry Gittelsohn in the Middle West. These, together with W. W. Gardner, who has recently been put in the New England States, make four new travelers added to the Macey selling force during the last sixty days, showing the progressive spirit characteristic of this company.

Ray S. Cook, formerly engaged in the grocery business at 1013 Madison avenue, has re-engaged in the same line of business in the building formerly occupied by Michael F. O'Donald.

The capital stock of the A. F. Burch Co., which deals in upholstery goods and furniture supplies, has been increased from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

Watson & Frost, wholesale dealers in fuel, feed, cement, etc., have increased their capital stock from \$15,000 to \$50,000.

Diffidence is the mother of safety while self confidence often involves us in serious difficulties.



Accidents and Local Happenings Are Aids To Publicity.

I was reading, the other day, the following short item in a trade journal, which shows that the merchant mentioned is a firm believer in the old adage to the effect that it's a mighty mean old wind that blows nobody anything of a desirable character:

The Broken Store Window.

No store nowadays has a broken store window that can not in some way be turned into an advertisement.

A man fell through the window of a store in a New England city recently and almost immediately the merchant had up the following sign:

Two Breaks
Our Window
and
Our Prices
Both
Completely Shattered
Be Wise
Come In
and
Take
Advantage
Of
The Latter Break
You
Can
Save
Money
!

Across the inside of the window, at the top of the break, there was a board upon which was inscribed an admonition to look in the opposite window.

* * *

That dealer certainly has an eye to the main chance—an optic single to business. The fortuity, which to some store owners would seem but an untoward fate, was turned to account in his case. Whoever would be unable to forget having seen that smashed window would also be unable to forget the gist of the catchy card which called attention directly to the fact that the break in the merchant's window was not the only break in that particular vicinity!

If the storekeeper would but keep his visual organs in operation and his wits sharpened to the point of acuteness he could adapt many a local happening to his needs in an advertising way.

* * *

'Tis said that many years ago, along in the early 70's or late 60's, in a town contiguous to Grand Rapids—a rollicking lumber town—a fierce looking wild beast, a lion, escaped from a circus wagon and, before any one could say Jack Robinson had bounded through the open doorway of a fancy goods and notion store.

Outside—but especially inside—abject fear seized every soul. Each felt his time had arrived to be eaten whole by a wild animal of the jungle

and that the lion was Johnny-on-the-Spot!

But Johnny-on-the-Spot was not really so formidable as he appeared. Reason why? He'd just been thoroughly stuffed, preparatory to the reception—in his mouth—of the head of his keeper.

Those inmates of the store who had time to do so fled behind his back through the front door, frantically running to the next store, bursting through the door—and fainting when their escape was over. As they dashed out of their own store they screamed, which was a foolish thing to do as it would but attract the animal's attention right to them.

However, as I said, owing to his very comfortable physical state, he was a pretty good sort of a lion. All he did was to dash right in and turn around and dash right out again.

There was a show case on either side of the store, with a long low counter running the whole length of the store in the center. On this were metal fixtures with goods depending therefrom in great variety. There was also a quantity of perishable bric-a-brac.

As he came springing along the aisle those who were unable to seek refuge outside piled over the counters, crouching precariously underneath in the blind hope that Providence "wouldn't help the lion" (to parody the popular bear song) and allow him to ferret them out and eat 'em up.

Providence was on their side for sure, for the animal's only aim seemed to be to prance swiftly down one narrow aisle, take a turn at the end and rush by the other aisle back to the door and get out instanter and break to smithereens all the stuff he could possibly hit during his mad flight. When that bad actor from the circus procession got through with that merchandise there wasn't enough bric-a-brac left to start a small 5 cent bargain table in a department store basement! How he could accomplish so much during such a short time will always remain a mystery in the minds of the Old Settlers of that lively lumber town who recall this thrilling circumstance.

* * *

This makes me think of another occurrence along this same line but not quite so nerve-racking to the participants:

It was in the days of Grand Rapids when domestic animals roamed its streets at will and stores kept open as long as they liked in the evening; to be exact, thirty years ago.

Jacob Barth, long since gone to his Fathers, kept a fancy goods store in one of the stores now occupied by the Boston Store.

The interior was arranged somewhat similarly to that of the one already described, and carried a stock resembling that of the other, only this store had a glass show case in the middle, leaving, like the other, two narrow aisles not wide enough to allow two people of ordinary size to pass each other comfortably. If

the customers were beyond average size they had to "breave in," like in the following story:

Two men with bay-windows on them of proverbial aldermanic proportions stood facing each other busily talking. Their fat stomachs just touched, and they took up all the sidewalk. Along comes a little wisp of a man who waves his arms in swimming fashion, exclaiming:

"Here, youse fellers! breave in so's I kin git trou!"

One evening in the summer of '77 a young High School student was walking down Monroe street, at the same energetic pace he still keeps up as a business man, when his attention was attracted to a crowd fast gathering in front of a store on Campau Square. Making his way through the increasing throng, he got into Mr. Barth's store.

There a comical situation was presented to his gaze:

A fat sleek cow, seeing the open door, and perhaps imagining the passageway on each side of the glass show case to be some new style in stalls, had wandered through the door and into one of them.

Finding herself mistaken—"in the wrong pew," as 'twere—she was standing two-thirds down the west aisle, evidently ruminating on turning around and making as graceful a retreat as compatible with the inconvenient and depressing circumstance in which she found herself when the embarrassing predicament dawned upon her bovine intelligence.

To go ahead and turn at the end of the show case and make her exit by the other aisle seemed to her like walking in the pitch dark down an unknown cellar stairs in a grocery store, and to back out plainly had not yet presented itself to her gray matter.

At this critical juncture appeared on the scene the young High School boy referred to, famous then, as at present, for seizing a dilemma by the horns.

He seized it now:

Quietly scurrying down the other aisle with that little tripping walk he still exhibits when pressed for time to get anywhere, he stood in front of Mistress Bossy.

But she must not be rudely frightened else it were "Goodbye, glass show case!"

"What did you do?" I asked him only the other day when the half-forgotten incident was being reminisced.

"Do? Do!" he exclaimed with the well-known laugh with which he always greets a funny condition. "I just put out my hands this way," extending his palms like a preacher saying the benediction, and waving them gently up and down, "just this way, and softly shooed her! I shooed her and shooed her until she had slowly backed herself out of the store. It was all off with that costly show case if she once got scared and attempted to turn around. So I just shooed her until she got out."

(The resourceful High School boy who "just shooed" that enquiring and enterprising cow is now filling

a responsible position in this city of his adoption.)

I never heard whether or not those two stores—that were unceremoniously invaded by an animal from out The Wild and a tame one from some local stable—embraced the splendid chance to get a lot of free advertising out of those trespassing events, by way of placards in their windows. If they neglected it they were certainly not living up to their opportunities along the line of advertising energy.

Of course, all who were witnesses to the startling-in-one-case-and-ludicrous-in-the-other befallings talked about them for more than one day; but hundreds who were not present would have stopped to read about them, had catchy cards been put in the windows, and have swelled the number who were industriously ventilating the story.

* * *

Mr. Merchant, never let a store accident or happening of local interest go by without in some way making use of it in your windows. It is like finding money rolling up hill.

* * *

At present writing all the stores are having something to say or show (or both) about Washington's Birthday. Large candy-filled hatchets seem to be the most popular emblems for gifts. Children are overjoyed to receive these. They sell for a nickel and 10 cents, according to size, and "go like hot cakes."

One sidewalk show case has a large stick wound spirally with white crepe paper and the larger size hatchets are attached to the back, "on the bias," possessing the appearance of having been thrown at the stick, staying where they hit it.

Another store window has in it a large evergreen tree with real hatchets flung into the trunk. A cigar picture of George Washington, but with no advertising on it, was procured from a cigar store and the father of His Country is saying:

Well
Look
At
Those
Hatchets
!
Wonder if Father
Will
Suspect
I
Did
'Em
!

The tree is incongruously decked with bright red cherries (bought of a milliner and to be carefully boxed for future Twenty-second-of-February occasions), but it "makes talk," and that's what dealers are after if they are the kind that are awake and up and doing.

An Also Ran.

She—Did you ever run for office?
He—Yes, but I didn't run fast enough.

It is a waste of breath to point the way to Heaven with your lips while your life is headed the other way.

LOVE OF WORK.

It Is Invariably the Key To Success.

There is a microbe which makes man seem to act strangely to the other man who hasn't the particular lens through which it is visible. It is the love of work and the thing worked at—its development apart from financial gain. This germ developed into a passion affects men in many ways, depending upon whether their bent happens to be commercial, financial, or scientific. Its possession generally is unsuspected in the business man, which accounts for what appear to be some of his strange vagaries.

It went the rounds of the newspapers a little while ago how Harry Lange Budge, President of the Eliot National bank, refused the offer of a princely salary from the Bank of North America. "My reasons for refusing the offer are chiefly personal," he said. "I take a great pride in the Eliot National. The directors, too, are my friends and have made my position in the bank exceedingly pleasant, and I certainly have no desire to leave an institution in which I started under favorable auspices and from whose stockholders I have received such consideration and so many marks of confidence."

The rise of this man in this bank has been phenomenal. Eighteen years ago, at the age of 20, he entered the Third National bank at a salary of \$5 a week. In three years he was discount clerk and in three more he was assistant cashier. In six months more he was cashier. He already had attracted the attention of the directors of other banking institutions and in 1889 accepted an offer of the Eliot National to become its Vice-President. In three years he was elected President, the youngest then of any in the United States.

There is no more practical business than the United States geological survey, of which George Otis Smith is the head. He presides over a department of the government having over 1,000 employes and operating actively in every state in the union. It takes a business man to administer the affairs of such a bureau of the government, as any one can see who takes a glance at the division of disbursements and accounts—and the director is recognized as an authority on business methods.

He is, perhaps, the most shining example of any man of great business ability who pays no attention to tempting chances to make a fortune. Wise men for many years have made it a practice carefully to scan geological reports at the first opportunity, knowing that they were liable to contain information worth vast sums to the one to get it first. Yet there never has been an instance where one of the geologists himself has taken advantage of such information to make a stake. Up in the wilds of Alaska the geological survey has been at work for a long time. What it reports is depended upon there as a gospel. The members of the survey are well known, but all Alaskans agree that there has never been an instance

where an employe of the geological survey has taken selfish advantage of anything discovered while on duty there.

"As a boy were you interested in science?" was asked of Charles Francis Brush, inventor of the arc light.

"Yes, far more than anything else. I read all the literature I could find and took a special delight in studying chemistry, astronomy, and physics. I made rough telescopes, microscopes, and voltaic batteries. I made a velocipede and every time the family doctor would come to the house he would ask: 'Well, Charley, what are you making now?'"

After a long course in trying to get started in chemical work this young man went into the commission business, selling Lake Superior ore, and he and his partner cleaned up \$16,000 the first year in spite of hard times. He no sooner had his share than he threw the business over to work on his dynamo electric machine.

For those on less talented planes Sir Thomas Lipton, himself an enthusiastic worker, has hit upon a helpful idea. "I believe in devoted hard work at the thing once accepted as a man's calling," he says. "Even at this stage of my career I generally work from 9 in the morning until 10 at night. But I believe that those who never have found labor anything but painful are those who have had only one kind of labor to do—the entirely physical or the entirely mental. It is painful to stoop under a burden all day, and 'the man with the hoe' is not one of the favored of fortune."

There is more than one way of being the man with the hoe. John J. Mitchell, joining for an instant—at the request of The Tribune—the army of those who tell how to win success, says:

"Long hours of labor, with sufficient sleep and simple living, hurt no healthy man. But long hours at much of the work of the world is not a virtue in the worker per se. It may suggest only his weakness. To do a man's work in the shortest possible time should be the young man's aim. Then let him learn to do more than the one task that is set before him. This is education and growth. This is a move toward success."

G. R. Clarke.

Advantage of Making Trained Buyers of Young Men.

I doubt if any considerable proportion of the young men who every year are put upon the business market of the world realize as they might how subtly, and yet essentially, they constitute a great wholesale commodity put up at community sale.

But, even more than this, it is doubtful if these young men appreciate with how much skill the buyers in many of these special marts exercise the judgment and knowledge that have come to them in years of experience in selection.

It is conceded that the man who can go out to a horse market and buy horses wisely must have had training in judging horses; that the buyer in the cattle market must be a

judge of cattle; that the man buying for a department in a great mercantile establishment must know the merits of the goods he buys. Yet the young man who for any reason has decided that he would like to have a salaried position in a certain line of work, and who makes application for it without success, may feel that he is hardly used by fate and deserving of the commiseration of his fellows.

"I didn't like the looks of the fellow," is one of the commonest of everyday expressions of men charged with the duty of employing men. Perhaps if the applicant who has failed of an open position for such a reason would find the man using the expression and ask him to be more definite, that prospective employer could not add another word to his offhand comment. Simply he "didn't like the looks of the fellow," and from his point of view that is quite sufficient. But the disappointed applicant has not heard even this reason that is in the employer's mind, and if he has that intangible something in his personality which may challenge an appreciable number of men in this way, he has the special handicap of something which he may not have recognized in any way as existing within himself.

But that young man who may have some inkling of such a handicap as this should take the time to discover what the nature of that handicap is. These handicaps may be in a hundred forms. Dishonesty in its many degrees may be the commonest of causes for the making of a bad impression. Dishonesty in the heart almost inevitably may be read in the face and actions of the person so afflicted. The greater the self-consciousness of dishonest intents, the stronger the intents and the more cunning the endeavor of that person to disguise himself. And the disguising of dishonesty to the student of men may be its most patent expose.

But the young man who may suffer from this one handicap of dishonesty

is deserving of little consideration as compared with the scores who suffer from the more insidious innocent disabilities which balk them under the eye of the expert buyer of men for business service.

Unfortunately, not all these buyers in the mart of the world's workers are expert buyers. Man is the most highly organized of all animal creation, and within himself may be a collection of mental and moral contradictions. He may be guided right where, left to himself, he may drift wrong. He may be subject to guidance or may be rebellious under such restraint. He may have the most brilliant mind but suffer from an erratic temperament which renders him unfit for certain duties and places. Or he may be of the soberest, sanest type, dependable, careful, watchful, thorough in everything, and yet so slow of initiative and action as to be absolutely impossible to another position.

The young man who is ready to make his start in life should consider this thought: That in all probability his potential employer isn't expecting of him that he be a replica of any one man whom he ever may have employed before. If the young man is given a place in an organization, the best and most lasting record he can make for himself must be based upon his innate qualities. If his employer is wise, it is to the employer's best interests to employ these qualities wisely; if his employer is a fool, the young man would better seek a new employer.

Fit yourself for your chance if it be possible. Bank your fitness on your personal character as you recognize yourself. Be yourself, and, acting as yourself, apply your growing fitness to your growing opportunities. If you have a wise leader who is worthy the name of organizer, he must help you to your ends out of his own self-interest. Take a chance where a wise employer tells you he is willing to share the responsibilities of it with you. You should land somewhere in the end.

John A. Howland.

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PENSIONS AND POPULATION.

The system of paying pensions out of the public purse to soldiers and sailors who have suffered bodily injuries and disability in defense of their country has long been regarded as a just recognition of most valuable services, and the practice has been adopted by certain corporations that give pensions to employes that have grown superannuated in their service.

But the notion that Government is created, not merely for the maintenance of public order and the protection of society, but for the support of individual members of the body politic, has long been held and is steadily growing. At the present time government provides homes for the disabled, poor, and hospitals and medical and surgical care for the indigent sick and wounded; government has undertaken to educate the entire population of each country, and although, when this gratuitous mental training was begun it was limited to the essentials of reading, writing and arithmetic, it now embraces collegiate and university education and even a considerable degree of technical training, all at the public expense.

Not a few of the multitude believe that governments have a sort of magical power to create money out of nothing and that it is easy to hand out the national bounty from the National Treasury, which is a sort of inexhaustible fountain pouring out treasure in a ceaseless stream, and it has been hard to get the fact into people's heads that the only money which is in the Public Treasury is drawn by taxation from the pockets of the population, and nothing can be paid out or given away save what is taken from private individuals.

These remarks are suggested by the statement in the English papers that there is an act before the British Parliament, that is being strenuously urged, and which it is declared is very likely to become a law, granting a pension of \$1.25 per week for every man and woman, rich or poor,

lazy or industrious, drunk or sober, in the United Kingdom who passes the age of 65 years.

W. E. Curtis, writing to the Chicago Record-Herald, reports that there is already an act of Parliament authorizing school authorities to feed, at the public expense, children who are insufficiently nourished and to levy a tax of a penny on the pound on residential and business property to pay the cost. There is a clause in the act authorizing the prosecution of parents who fail to provide nourishing food for children that are being educated at the public expense.

Last year the London County Council issued a circular to all the schools in the metropolis asking how many children were unable to enjoy the full advantage of the free education provided for them by reason of the lack of proper nourishment, and, second, the estimated number of children in the public schools for whom meals should be provided.

The first report showed that there were 12,381 habitually hungry children in 155 schools, and that 6,779 of them had been fed either at public or private expense in 114 different schools. These reports show 108, 148, 278, 245, and so on, children in different schools whose parents could not or did not give them sufficient nourishment to enable them to take advantage of the free education provided and paid for by the taxpayers of London. Many of them came to school in the morning without breakfast or had nothing to eat at noonday, or perhaps both, which condition is habitual and requires that some form of regular and permanent relief shall be provided if the purpose of the public school system is to be fully carried out. It goes without saying that the same number of children, or possibly more, are insufficiently clothed, and there is very little use in trying to teach a child who is suffering from both hunger and cold even the rudiments of an education.

It is charged that a vast deal of the poverty in England is due to drunkenness on the part of the people. It is a familiar saying that "a public house stands on every corner in England," and the statistics of the sale and consumption of liquors are appalling. The National income from liquor licenses is more than \$150,000,000, and the per capita consumption is greater than that of any other country, and it is claimed that a government which profits so largely by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors is under obligations to spend some of its money upon the helpless victims of drink.

Such is one of the arguments with which the English socialists are pushing their cause, and sooner or later the people in this country will become familiar with the same notions spread abroad in the newspapers and aired in public speeches on the hustings and in Congress. These are questions that are to be considered by all the civilized nations upon our globe.

Life is a game of chess, in which men and women are the pawns.

PANACEA FOR PNEUMONIA.

Scarcely a doctor of medicine but knows, or ought to know, that fresh air is food for the well and medicine for the sick. With the most, indeed with the vast majority, of the profession, the knowledge of it is not reflected in the advice they give either for the home life or the sick chamber of those who consult them. Their utterances, if ever they express themselves upon the subject, are confined to essays before fellow members of their societies or to lectures before student bodies. With the majority of sick people the fear of fresh air is held as tenaciously as their religious beliefs, and with just as much reason as these are sometimes held. Their mothers and fathers, who likewise had it from their mothers and fathers, said the only way for sick persons to recover their health is to remain indoors and avoid the outside air. In other words the advice was, hug the stove and radiator and breathe vitiated atmosphere when sick. And the doctors, kindly souls, rather than shatter a venerated and venerable superstition or be regarded as disagreeable, would acquiesce, although some of the more daring might timidly hint that a breath or two of fresh air in the open might not be as deadly as generally supposed. If not to these doctors, to these patients and all others similarly minded, the treatment of pneumonia in the open air will appear like deliberate murder. Or if not that, then they will regard it as the fresh air "fad" carried to the extreme. Yet if the results attained at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York by the open air treatment of pneumonia indicate anything, then the method has vindicated itself.

To nearly every one pneumonia is associated with hot rooms protected from everything resembling a draught with more or less successful attempts to maintain an even temperature. But there is an open air ward on the roof of the Presbyterian Hospital. There on iron bedsteads in a windswept space with their faces upturned to the wintry sky are two-score of patients, some of tender years, all ill in varying degrees of pneumonia. To many this may seem barbaric, but the doctor who has tested and proved the treatment in his private practice will admit only that it is revolutionary. All patients are snuggled up in heaviest of blankets, with only their faces exposed. Watchful attendants are on hand to keep the patients covered, to replace hot water bottles for those who need that aid to warmth and to draw the awnings over in case of rain or snow. Here is what the physician, Dr. William P. Northrup, whose idea is being thus carried out, says: "It was only at the beginning of this winter that the ward was made ready for the reception of pneumonia patients. The result has been satisfactory. It has been conclusively shown that no harm has followed the sending of the patients directly into the open air, and conspicuous benefits have been noted. The patients are less nervous, their sleep is better, and this conserves

their strength; they are able to take more nourishment, and once past the crisis their recovery is more rapid. It is not claimed that the open-air treatment kills the bacteria. It is not even sure that it shortens the period of the disease. But it is sure that it enables the patient to bear up against the poison, helps him to throw it off, renders breathing less difficult, induces restful sleep, increases appetite, aids the assimilation of food—in short, contributes in every way to his betterment and harms him in no way at all."

The treatment may be radical, but is there not common sense in supplying abundance of fresh air to one sick with this disease? Pneumonia is impaired lung power. The function of the lungs is to transmit oxygen to the blood and through the blood to every tissue and organ of the body. The office of oxygen in the blood is to secure combustion, furnish heat and other energy. To shut a pneumonia patient up in an ill-ventilated room is to deprive him or limit his supply of what is most necessary in sustaining life. Food will not take the place of oxygen, because there is not oxygen enough to burn it up and food then may indeed become a poison of itself, while drugs administered may restrict oxidation in the body by producing stasis of the blood in vital organs. When the patient is almost dead there is the oxygen tank as a last resort. But oxygen in this shape is not fitted for the animal economy. Man wants it in its assimilated state mixed with other elements. Would it not be better then to give the patient fresh air in the first stages of the disease by throwing open the windows and maybe the doors of the sick chamber, taking care withal that the natural warmth of the body be retained constantly? Fresh air may not save every patient afflicted with this disease, for it may be he has been a steady and flagrant violator of the laws of right living, but if it will not save him nothing else is likely to do it.

One day last week two aged ladies were found frozen to death in one of the cheap tenements in New York City; many children in the public schools remained through the noon recess, because there was no dinner for them at home; and at the refuge houses long lines of poorly clad men and women waited for bread, but there were not half enough loaves to go around. On the same day three wealthy and worthy ladies, noted for deeds of charity and substantial sympathy for the unfortunate, subscribed \$10,000 each for "higher education in the harem," being an endowment for the American College for Girls at Constantinople. The girls in the Turkish harems are well fed, clothed and warmed, but here in our own land thousands of unfortunates are suffering for the want of food and fire. These liberal ladies are entitled to credit for their interest in the welfare of their sex in Turkey, but just now all of us who are able to be generous may well observe the old saying that "Charity begins at home."

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

Some Ways It Can Be Successfully Conducted.*

The two most fascinating places of my childhood—the two that most influenced my life—were a beautiful ravine and my grandmother's flower garden. From the sloping banks, covered with the earliest blossoms, I gained my deep love of wild flowers. From the old fashioned garden, with its diamonds and squares, its round and crescent beds and walks bordered with box, I learned the care of flowers, the succession of bloom and the combination of colors. I wish every child might have access to such a garden. It was a joy from my earliest remembrance and its fragrant memories are a solace.

You have probably read of the wonderful grounds and gardens that are now being prepared for the little daughter of Mr. Armour. Such gardens are rare, but, fortunately, the small ones, where there may be beauty, are within the reach of nearly every child.

We hear it said that "children lose all interest in their gardens and will not weed nor care for them." Is it always the fault of the child?

Too often some out-of-the-way corner is given where sunshine seldom comes and where the soil is poor. We older ones would lose our enthusiasm under these conditions. Then, perhaps, we give them asters, dahlias and other late blooming plants, forgetting how hard it is for the little ones to wait patiently all the months for the flowering.

Would it not be wise to interest the child by talking of flowers, by showing illustrated catalogues and by giving a sunny spot with fertile soil, and from the coming of the spring have a succession of bloom to keep the child in constant expectation of a new delight?

The child's garden ought never to be flowerless. Even in a small area there can be close to the edge, occupying almost no space, the dear snowdrops, the blue scillas and cheery crocuses, not planted singly but in little clusters. Then have some of the other bulbs, also violets and other spring flowers, followed by the summer blossoms, then by those of the fall. Even when winter comes there may be the glad surprise of finding tucked under the blanket of snow the beautiful Christmas roses with their green leaves. The child will constantly be looking forward, constantly interested.

Pansies, "yellow as sunshine, purple as the night," and of rainbow hues, must add their beauty, for in persistent flowering from spring until fall we might say that the pansy or heartsease is the queen. Of all the bonny buds that blow

In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve months together.

Companionship in the work means much. If the family will show interest and help plan—also work a bit—the child will not easily be discouraged. While the child should be

*Paper read by Mrs. Ellen L. Baker at monthly meeting Grand River Valley Horticultural Society at Ryerson Library, Feb. 8.

allowed freedom in selection and arrangement, there should be wise advice, lest large plants overshadow wee ones and colors jar. Tall plants may be placed in the back, then graduate them in height until you have only low growing ones in front. I would suggest that the child be taught the saving of seeds, that he may watch the miracle of growth from the first peeping up of the tiny leaves.

Have the child choose the morning or cool of the day for gathering the flowers in order that they may longer retain their freshness. Let him also learn how to cut them carefully lest the tender branches be broken or buds be needlessly sacrificed. It is well to give the child some lessons in arranging flowers, that colors may harmonize and that the beauty of each flower may not be lost by overcrowding.

Let the first flower of each variety have the place of honor in your home. Give it all the admiration possible, that the child may feel his or her garden is adding to the intense pleasure of the householder. A magnifying glass will reveal hidden beauties, will deepen the interest and awaken reverence.

Beyond success in growing or arranging, let the lesson be taught of sharing with others, of carrying flowers to brighten the sick room, to comfort the sad. Teach the child to realize that more than the giving of costly flowers is the giving of the ones he has loved, watched and tended, for it is

Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

In acquiring beauty in the child's garden there will come into the child's character patience, perseverance, refinement, love of the beautiful and unselfishness, for there is a child's garden not of flowers, where there should be beauty and where

Kind hearts are the garden,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

The Wrong Man.

The other day an important-looking gentleman took a seat beside a quiet man in an Askansas railway carriage and began a conversation:

"I'm going up to Little Rock," he said, "to get pardon for a convicted thief. I'm not personally acquainted with the Governor, but he can't afford to refuse me."

"Is the fellow guilty?" asked the man.

"Of course he is; but that makes no difference. His friends have agreed to give me \$500 if I get him out, and the thermometer is very low when I can't put up a good talk. Where are you traveling?"

"Going to Little Rock."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might be of some service to me. What business are you in?"

"I am the Governor."

A Dangerous Gift.

"Why are you hurrying off so soon?"

"I have just given Miller a cigar and he's lighting it now."

COPPER WORKERS.

The Prehistoric Remains of People Passed Into Oblivion.

Cadillac, Feb. 18—Some time ago—I think last autumn—you had an interesting article in your paper on some earth works, fortifications, etc., which were located in the eastern part of Michigan, I can not remember which county. The gentleman who wrote this article said he wished if any one knew of any more prehistoric works of the kind he would let him know. I therefore send you a description of such a fortification near Boon, Wexford county. You may publish this article in your paper if you think best or let the author of the interesting article published some time ago have it:

Near the town of Boon is a fortification or earth works surely of a prehistoric nature. This is in the form of a circle which measures 215 feet in diameter. It is located at the base of a hill or ridge. A fine spring flows from the hill and two deep pits or cisterns had been excavated by the prehistoric people for water. These pits lie inside the circle or fortification—one of them is 22 feet in diameter—and now are 3 or 4 feet deep. At the time of my last exploration (May 28, 1907) the embankments were covered by the forest, which I understand has now been cut away. At that date, Rev. H. C. McComas, formerly of Cadillac, and Mr. Fessenden, of Boon, in company with myself, paid a visit to the fortification. We excavated in several places, finding layers of charcoal in the sides of the embankments, which are now from 1 foot to 2 or 3 feet in height. We also found the remains of a large earthen pot, badly crushed, but we recovered several good sized pieces. The top of the vase was quite nicely ornamented with indentations, probably formed with the aid of a stick or stone. The circle of earth is formed of two circles thrown up together, and in some places appear to have been gateways. Great forest trees have grown up on these embankments. On one is a large pine stump.

Near Cadillac are numerous Indian remains, consisting of burial mounds, pits (fire holes), etc. These pits were probably in the center of the wigwam or tepee. When opened up they are found to contain fragments of pottery, charcoal, ashes, clam shells, etc., and one which J. M. Terwilliger and the writer opened contained, besides pottery and clam shells, a number of charred acorns. I have in my collection of archaeological implements several hundred flint arrow points, drills, knives, hammer stones, axes, celts, pottery, etc., all of which were found near Cadillac. I also have three copper spear heads. The largest one was found in Selma township. The next largest one was found at Haire, near Manton, and the smallest came from Oconomowoc, Wis.

Now, the question is, Who built these forts, if forts they were, and who made the copper implements which are found scattered over Mich-

igan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois and in several other states, especially fine copper work being found in the mounds of Ohio? It is known that the Hurons and Iroquois of New York built fortifications, but the Algonquins, of which great family the Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattamies belong, were roving bands of hunters and did not stay in one place long enough to form a permanent village, as did the Iroquois.

Who, then, did this work? Was it the Aztecs? Did they come up from Mexico in the far distant past and work the copper mines of the Upper Peninsula? I think not. This question can never be satisfactorily answered. Yet the Algonquins were afraid of the copper mines and would not go near them, thinking they were guarded by the great Manton. The early French explorers found this to be the superstition of the Northern tribes. And yet copper was a metal known and used by some ancient race and was mined in Michigan.

I also have in my collection a mask of sea shell, which we found covering the face of a skull found in a large mound near Cadillac. This mask is cut from a large tropical sea shell, probably a conch, and was very likely brought from the Gulf of Mexico. What a tale it could tell if it could only speak! What a journey it must have had with a strange race of people! What a long journey by canoe and by carriers, through the great forests and on the great waterways of prehistoric America.

Another question also arises: If these earth works are for defensive purposes, like the one at Boon, why were they placed at the base of a hill instead of on the summit? This is contrary to our ideas of defense at least, for an enemy could easily get on the summit of the hill and fill the village inside the pailings with arrows?

These are hard questions to answer, and so we can only theorize. There is a mystery—a charm—in trying to decipher these ancient vestiges of an unknown and forgotten people—forgotten except when some curious archaeologist disinters some decaying skull or picks up, from where it has lain during all these centuries, some finely wrought arrow head of flint or copper, or some beautifully formed stone axe or pipe, or some mysterious ornament of shell or bone. And so we close, unable to answer the questions which naturally come to our minds as we survey some of the works of a strange people—a people who long, long ago passed into oblivion.

Chas. W. Manktelow.

On To Her Calling.

Our landlady—It's the strangest thing in the world! Do you know, our dear old pet cat disappeared very suddenly yesterday. Excuse me, Mr. Rudolph, will you have another piece of rabbit pie?

Mr. Rudolph (promptly) — No, thank you!

Our landlady (an hour later)—That is three more pies saved. This season will be a profitable one indeed.

CATALOGUE COMPETITION.

It Would Economize in the Matter of Buying.*

This is a question, I think, which requires more ability to discuss justly than I feel I have. However, I was asked by the Committee to read a paper on this question and after thinking the matter over for some time concluded to do the best I could.

One year ago when I undertook to express my views along this line I was rather sat upon by one of our own members, and knowing without a doubt he would attend this meeting I felt somewhat backward in preparing this paper for fear of further criticism. However, I have never been much of a coward in a war of words, and will set forth my ideas on this subject just as clearly as I know how.

The catalogue competition is one which is felt in nearly all lines of business. The furniture business is not the only one that is affected. I have tried to find out from the different dealers as to the conditions they meet in regard to this competition. I find that in almost every instance the dealers in the small towns feel this competition more than the dealers in the large towns do. In the large towns there is a class of people who buy goods on the installment plan. Of course that class is compelled to buy of the local merchants. Another class that patronizes the home merchant is made up of people who do not care to take the time to consult the catalogues. They prefer spending their time building up their home town, and to do this they must help their home merchants.

We can not realize the amount of money that is sent every day to the different catalogue houses, especially Sears, Roebuck & Co., Montgomery Ward & Co. and the Larkin Soap Company.

We in the smaller towns are different in a great many ways from the dealers in the large towns in that we are depending upon the farming communities for our customers. As a class these people have the cash with which to pay for their goods, and are always looking for bargains. In the long winter evenings they have plenty of time in which to look through the numerous catalogues and find the many seeming bargains. An order from the catalogues is made out and the local merchant is not consulted as to his prices on the articles. As the result of people heeding this extensive advertising, the business of the local merchant grows less each year.

I wish to assert that prices on a great many articles are just as cheap as we are getting from the jobbers, and I see no reason why they should not be just as cheap, as I am sure these houses buy in much larger quantities than any one jobber and I am also sure that their expenses are much less. They also have an advantage in that they handle all kinds of goods and a greater portion

of them are shipped direct from the factory.

I once visited Montgomery Ward & Co.'s house in Chicago, and it is a large establishment, considering the amount of business they do, though it seems small. I asked to be shown the carriage department, but instead of some one going with me to show me through, was told the direction and left to shift for myself. After several further enquiries I found a small room containing six vehicles. I loitered round for a time and finally a clerk happened in, who gave me the prices on these articles and then started to leave. I called him back and told him where I lived and then he became more sociable. I visited quite a number of departments and found them all to be about the same as the one I have just described. I explain this to show how little expense they are to compared to the amount of business they do.

Their advantages reach still further. I see that Congressman Anthony is opposing the parcels post regulation. He produced evidence to show that the catalogue houses were getting discriminatory express rates. If the parcels post law is passed it will make it just that much harder for the retail merchant. Some argue that it will bring the express companies to time, but I think there is a better method: Go after the express companies direct.

The catalogue houses can afford to do things for their customers which our jobbers will not do. If any goods get damaged in transit they will pay for the repairing. I know this to be a fact for a man once brought me a chair, which had been damaged by the railroad company, to repair. I charged a good price for my work and told him I did not believe the house would pay the bill, but in a few days he came to me and showed me his check from them for the same. Doubtless they received damages from the railroad company, and this a retailer can very seldom do, especially if he is on a road where there is no competition.

It seems to me there could be some means devised by which a retail furniture dealer could get his goods as cheaply as a catalogue house. I am of the same opinion I was a year ago; that is, cut out the great army of traveling salesmen. One member remarked at our meeting a year ago that the traveling men were a great help to him. They gave him such good ideas as to what were good sellers. I have always been conceited enough to think that my judgment as to what my customers would buy was just a little better than that of any traveling salesman. I believe in studying my customers' wants, and knowing for myself what class of goods they prefer. One style of goods may prove a good seller in one town and a drug on the market in another.

I am careful in buying. I study my catalogue and my customers and order just what I think will please. I do not remember ever buying anything in this way that I did not sell

and make a fair profit on.

Traveling men as a rule are jolly good fellows, good talkers and good sellers. Their chief object is to sell goods. The more they sell the more they are worth to their employers, so the retail dealer is often influenced to buy more goods than he can sell, and this is the worst thing he can do.

I believe if all the furniture dealers would drop the traveling men we would soon be able to buy our goods much cheaper. One argument against this scheme is that it would be throwing so many men out of employment. I believe it would be an excellent thing for the traveling men themselves, for as a class they are a bright lot of men and they could follow some business which would be more beneficial to themselves.

Let us devise some means of buying our goods at prices to which we are entitled and see if there are not less goods shipped in by catalogue houses. I believe if all the retail merchants would co-operate with each other they could plan some way by which goods could be purchased more directly and thereby save so much expense.

I believe the time will come when such a movement will be necessary if the retail merchant continues in business.

Are the retail furniture dealers going to lie down and let the catalogue houses do the business of the country? Or are we to do as we were told at our last meeting a year ago: pay no attention to mail order houses, as they are here to stay? I am afraid sometimes that this is right, for there are so few who are willing to make much of an effort to block them in their progress. I look back to my younger days and see what progress capital and machinery have made. I can remember when our buggies, wagons and even our shoes were made in almost every town, and I also remember the arguments against the factories which were beginning to make these articles by machinery.

The argument against these articles was that they were inferior in material and make and the same argument might be made to-day in regard to the goods from these catalogue houses.

I have sometimes thought if the retail furniture dealers would get together and select an agent to buy goods direct from the factories it would enable us to secure our goods at a lesser price than the catalogue houses and it would not be long until we would hear nothing more of them.

The farmer would much prefer seeing the goods before he buys, and does not send to the catalogue houses because he prefers that method, but because he can get the goods for less money.

Gentlemen, it is no use denying the facts. We know that the goods from these houses are inferior in every way and so are the goods which we sometimes get from the jobbers.

In conclusion I will say I am very much interested in this question and

I believe my ideas in regard to it are correct.

However, the younger dealers should be more interested than I am. If I could be contented to do nothing I would be letting others do the worrying, for I have plenty of this world's goods to keep my wife and myself comfortable the balance of our allotted time.

True, I have made it out of the retail business, but conditions are different now to what they used to be. I shall watch the movements along this line with interest and I believe you will find that my ideas concerning these things of which I have spoken are correct.

Resentment Changed To Pity.

Bay City, Feb. 18—John Walther, proprietor of one of this city's largest department stores, is considered by many to be a stern man. There was not much wonder, then, that he announced his intention of making an example of Mrs. Rose Seleska, when the woman was caught shoplifting in his store.

The woman was taken to police headquarters, but the first proceeding was the issuance of a search warrant. The woman begged lenience, but Walther was immovable. He accompanied an officer to the home of the woman to make a search for other missing goods.

At the little house in which the woman lived Walther and the officer found her husband sick and unable to work. But it was the sight of three little children, poorly clad, and looking hungry, and the discovery of a kitchen bare of anything to eat, that stopped the search and changed the mind of the merchant. No stolen property was found. The officer and Walther hastened back to police headquarters and the latter requested the release of the woman, saying he had decided not to sign a complaint.

On questioning the woman more closely he gathered from her broken English that it was sheer desperation that drove her to steal. His pity was further enlisted and, besides tendering a little cash donation, he had one of his store wagons stop in front of the house, where the children find filled stomachs an inspiration for play and their sick father feels that he will soon be strong enough to work.

Corn Syrup Is the Correct Name.

Washington, Feb. 18—An important question in the administration of the pure food law has been settled in a decision made public by Secretaries Wilson, Cortelyou and Straus. It bears upon the labeling of syrup. The decision follows: "We have given careful consideration to the labeling of the thick viscous syrup obtained by the incomplete hydrolysis of the starch of corn and composed essentially of dextrose, maltose and dextrine. In our opinion it is lawful to label this syrup as corn syrup, and if to the corn syrup there is added a small percentage of refiner's syrup the mixture, in our judgment, is not misbranded if labeled 'corn syrup with cane flavor.'"

*Paper by C. T. Ackerly read before the Kansas Retail Furniture Dealers' Association.

PROPERTY RIGHTS.

Children Should Be Taught To Respect Them.

The importance of property, politically, socially and legally, can scarcely be imagined until some study or thought is given it. Legally fully 80 per cent. of all legislation and of all court decisions in one way or another is concerned with property and property rights. The existence of society is more than anything else based upon property. The necessity for the protection of property has had more than anything else to do with the organization of the state. Men of old fought to preserve their home and to preserve their lives, but they were willing to sacrifice their lives and the lives of their relatives to defend their property, and from the time when man fought in defense of the game which he had captured, of the place in the forest where he had made his abode, of his weapons and tools, until this present moment, the purpose of the state has been more concerned with the defense of property than with the defense or protection of any other one thing.

It, therefore, is important that respect for this great factor in society should be inculcated. It is essential that children should be taught to regard property, and the property of others in particular, as sacred; not the narrow, selfish desire to own or accumulate; not the love of property for possession as one's own, but to respect the property rights of others; not for the purpose of ungenerous acquisition; not for the purpose of setting the property rights of the person involved above everything else, but for the purpose of setting the property rights of the other child, whether boy or girl, above the property rights of the individual. The important thing is to instill into the child's mind the sacredness of the property rights of others; not to instill selfishness for ownership of his own property or of the thing which belongs to him, but to teach him to regard the rights which ownership by others confers upon or brings to those others. Disregard for these rights of others, which flow from their ownership, is at the foundation of a large amount of criminal law. A great percentage of the crimes flow from a disregard of others' property rights; larceny, burglary, robbery, embezzlement and even the modern crimes of corporations, all come from a disregard of those inherently sacred rights of ownership, those fundamental prerogatives of possession which society is organized to protect and which the individual, especially the child, should be taught to respect and regard.

As a way of teaching this respect for property, the giving of the child something of his own seems of value. Selfishness is inherent and, while I do not deem it proper that a child should be taught to regard his individual property rights as above everything else, and while the child ought not to be taught to be ungenerous, at the same time the surest

way of teaching the child to regard the property rights of others is to bring to his mind the truth which will be most surely brought there by ownership on his part. By careful training in connection with ownership he can be taught not to be selfish nor ungenerous. He not only may be shown the pleasure of giving some of the creations of his shop or some of the things which he grows in his garden to others, but he may also be taught to respect the property of others because he would not desire others to interfere with his toys or his garden. Give the child something which is his, which is always to be his, which is not to be the boy's calf and the father's ox, but which the boy is always to own. Let the parent respect the child's property rights; let the child see that the parent regards property as worthy of respect, and insist, by example, as well as by precept, on regarding the rights of others. This will also inculcate thrift. It will lead the child to desire to increase his possessions and at that point, by the exercise of care, another lesson in regard to the property rights of others may be instilled by curtailing and limiting his propensity for acquisition at others' expense. On the whole, the most valuable lessons which can be taught to a child can be taught along this line, not only directly in teaching respect for property, but also indirectly in laying the foundations for good citizenship by teaching a broadened respect for others' rights.

Colin P. Campbell.

Learn To Be Resourceful.

I have in mind the recurring refrain of some stanzas written by a bright young man for a contemporary magazine:

"A man isn't down till he's willing to stay."

That line found lodgment in my mind, as it has, doubtless, in many thousands of others. And I'd like to shout it in the ear of every man who weakly says he's "down and out."

Down he may be, for the moment; but not out—not until he's willing to stay out. And if he's worth his salt, if he's made of the real stuff, he will not stay down long. He'll be up and doing, planning and pushing with added strength, zeal and determination to succeed and be a better man for the rebuff sustained.

Frank Stowell.

A Lenten Sacrifice.

Margie is six years old, and her family are Presbyterians. Some of Margie's little friends are Episcopalians, and Margie was much impressed with the idea of their lenten sacrifices. This year on Ash Wednesday she announced that she would eat no candy for forty days.

A few hours later someone saw Margie with a large peppermint stick in her hand.

"Why, Margie," said her friend, "I thought you had given up candy for Lent."

"I did mean to," admitted Margie, "but I've changed my mind. I'm giving up profane language."

VALLEY FORGE.

When Washington Boarded With a Tory.

Written for the Tradesman.

It may seem presumptuous after nearly one hundred and thirty years to offer hitherto unpublished facts concerning Washington at Valley Forge.

The following, however, is believed never to have appeared in print, and the evidence may be gathered from the narrative. It was told the writer some twenty years ago and notes were made in a memorandum book at the time, but the book has not been seen for two or three years, so this is written from memory.

William Hoag and Elizabeth, his wife, were Quakers with whom General George Washington boarded for some time when the Continental army was encamped at Valley Forge. William was a rank Tory. He used to say to Washington: "George, thee is a naughty man to rebel against thy King."

The soldiers hated Hoag, and one time when Washington was away a number of them went to Hoag's place and drove away all of his cattle and would have butchered and eaten them had not Washington opportunely returned. Learning what had been done he ordered the cattle restored to their owner.

William and Elizabeth Hoag had two or three sons, one of whom was named Lyman. When Lyman was 3 or 4 years old he sat one day upon Washington's knee and in his play he accidentally scratched Washington's face with his finger nail, causing the blood to flow. "You are a brave boy," said Washington, "to draw blood on a general. I will remember you for this."

Some time afterward Lyman received a silver medal about the size of a half dollar. On one side was the picture of Washington and on the other the words: "A reward for a brave boy." This was highly prized by Lyman and kept for a number of years, but it disappeared and was believed to have been stolen.

The tea canister in which Elizabeth Hoag kept tea, and from which she drew to steep tea for General Washington was given to Lyman Hoag's wife, Mary, and in turn to their son Warner's wife, Polly.

Warner and Polly Hoag had no children. In the neighborhood in which they lived in Western New York about 1837 was a little girl named Elizabeth Ann Davis, a daughter of Joshua Allen Davis, whose mother's maiden name was

Mary Allen, a cousin of Colonel Ethan Allen, of Ticonderoga fame. Elizabeth Davis' mother being much away from home spinning and weaving, her sister probably out at work also, and her brother working on the Erie Canal, at 10 years of age she went to live with "Uncle Warner and Aunt Polly," as she always afterward called them. On her marriage to John Whitman Whitney, Polly Hoag presented to her the tea canister above mentioned. About ten years later, 1856, Mr. Whitney and family removed to Livingston county, Mich.

From my earliest recollection I have seen my mother take tea from that canister to steep for the family, but did not know its history until I was at the old home on a visit after my marriage. At last account that tea canister was in the possession of my eldest sister, the wife of Lieutenant Henry Walter Nichols, who served in the Tenth Michigan Cavalry from Oct. 6, 1861, to April 1, 1865.

E. E. Whitney.

Orleans Reaching Out for Industries.

Orleans, Feb. 18—The business men and citizens of Orleans have formed an organization known as the Orleans Improvement Association. The objects of the Association are to induce the locating of light manufacturing industries. This town is located in a first class farming section, capable of supporting a good sized city. It has good shipping facilities and good passenger service. It also has good schools and churches and the people of this vicinity are nearly all Americans, who are very desirable citizens. There is no better location in the State for the establishment of light manufacturing industries. Parties desiring to change their location or those who have not yet decided on one will find it to their best interests to look over the advantages to be received by settling in a small town, where rent and taxes are very low and a good quality of labor can be secured for less money than they would be obliged to pay in large cities, as living expenses would be very much cheaper in a place like this. The business men and citizens of the village are anxious and willing to do all in their power to assist any one who might locate here. J. M. York, Pres.

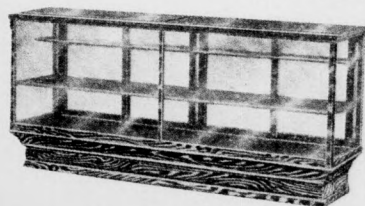
Whenever you allow any obstacle to conquer you, something of energy, of ambition, of power has been lost. You will not be quite the same man, not quite so strong for the next emergency.

Geo. S. Smith Store Fixtures Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Everything for the Store

From manufacturer to merchant
No traveling men
Save their commission



Catalogues 64-72 So. Front St.

MEMORY EXERCISES.

Chapters from Storekeeper's Daily Experience.

Written for the Tradesman.

I.

"Mr. B., you sent my ma the wrong kind of baking powder, and she is awfully worked up about it. I brought it back to change."

"That is too bad. I am very sorry. Now, let me see, Jennie; what kind does she want?"

"Why, she said you knew the kind. She was so frustrated with getting ready for my birthday party that she could not just think of the name of it."

"This that you are bringing back is the kind she always used to buy. Has she bought a different kind lately?"

"I think so; she says it does not cost as much, and it is a larger can."

"Well, Jennie, your eyes are better than mine; come over here and pick it out."

"That's it right there. I know by the picture."

"All right; take it along and tell your ma I am very sorry. Here is some candy for your trouble of coming back."

"Thank you! But could I have some gum instead? This kind, please."

"Certainly. Give the candy to Robbie."

II.

"Say, will you put up some tea and coffee and sugar and crackers and soap and baking powder and this can of oil, and I'll be back after a while? I am in a big hurry now."

"But how much of each?"

"About the usual amounts. If you put up more than I can pay for you will have to trust me for the balance."

"All right. It will be ready when you come back."

* * *

"Here we are. Been looking for me for an hour, I suppose. How much sugar did you put up?"

"Fifty cents' worth."

"Make it a dollar's worth this time."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; thread—white, number—there, I've forgotten the number."

"Never mind. I can send her the right size."

"Bet a dollar you can't."

"I never gamble."

"I thought I could make you back down."

"Now, look here. Could I not send one spool of every size white in that thread case?"

"Take it all back. What price tea did you put up?"

"Fifty cent tea."

"All right; but here, you have put down sugar twice on this bill."

"Two halves make a dollar. What is wrong with that?"

"Nothing. I thought you would forget to add it when you exchanged a fifty cent package for a dollar one, and I'd be so much ahead. Oh, I'm on to my job. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see I am, also. Anything else to-day?"

"Hanged if I know. You are so good at guessing I wish you would

tell me if these are all the things my wife told me to get."

"She did not tell you to get any of them. She wrote out a list, as usual."

"Of course she did. But I forgot all about it in my hurry to get over to Jones' before he left home. White thread, 50. Nothing more."

"Too bad you didn't tell me you wanted to see Jones. He went by here about ten minutes before you came in."

"Yes, and I followed him all over the neighborhood until I found him. Next time I will consult the information bureau right here. Good-bye."

III.

"Good evening. Say, do you know who that letter was from that you handed me this morning?"

"From the postmark I supposed it to be from your brother in Roscommon county."

"Right you are. I am going up to see him in a week or so, and he wants me to bring him a pair of shoes just like the ones he wore away two years ago. Got them?"

"Sure I have."

"There now, I have left that letter at home, and I can't remember the size or the kind."

"Number 10, Hustlers, made by a Grand Rapids firm, were they not?"

"I swan! I guess you have hit it. Was that what you sold him before?"

"The very ones. Will you take them along now?"

"If you say so; but there is no sweat about it. He said nothing about the pay."

"Take them right along now. I might be out of that particular size if you wait until the day you start."

IV.

"Have you seen anything of Hank Parker this morning?"

"No; for a wonder, I have not."

"Well, I have been to his house and can not find him. If you see him before noon please tell him I want him to help load a car."

"All right! I will tell him if I see him. If I do not see him I will phone you at dinner time."

"Thank you!"

V.

"Mr. B., our supply of kerosene is getting low."

"Why, Fred, there seemed to be an ample supply this morning."

"Yes; but we have sold as much to-day as we usually do in four or five days."

"It is too late to 'phone the oil man to-night, and I do not wish to carry it on my mind until Monday morning. Will you help me remember it? Hold on! Hang that gasoline can on the telephone transmitter. There! Gasoline and electricity ought to start our dormant memory in good shape on Monday morning."

VI.

"I want to get trusted for a few things for a few days. You need not put it on the book. I never run an account, you know. I will probably have the money the next time I come in. Just give me a slip so I can remember the amount."

"All right; just as you say."

"Now, do not make yourself any

extra work to keep track of this. It amounts in all to—let me see—\$5.16. You can remember that."

"Oh, certainly."

VII.

"Fred, look here!"

"Yes, sir; I am looking."

"Did you sell Mrs. H. some butter crocks last week?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you weighed and marked each one correctly?"

"I did."

"Look at those crocks of butter and tell me what you think."

"Some one has changed $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 3, and—"

"Never mind. How much butter have I paid for more than I got?"

"About one and a half pounds?"

"What am I to do about it?"

"Tell her of it."

"That would never do in the world."

"Watch your chance and get even with her."

"You know we do not do business that way in this store."

"I can not tell you what to do. Suppose I buy the butter and discover her dishonest trick?"

"Pay for it according to the figures on the crocks. I do not think she knows anything about it. Some other member of the family. We must be sure and sell that butter out of the store here. If it should be sent to the city just as it is now marked the retail grocer or the consumer would be cheated. We must plan to stop such crooked work at the source."

"How are you going to do it?"

"That is the problem. I am going to try to sell him one of those twenty-four pound butter scales, and I think I can make him mistrust that I suspect him, but I will do it in such a way that he will not dare to peep, and if they quit bringing butter here, I will head him off some other way. Do you know, I can not imagine such a thing as a first class buttermaker being dishonest. Tell me that the woman is not ignorant or inexperienced in the work; that she has had opportunity to learn to make butter; bring me a crock of the butter she has made for market and I have a good index of her character." E. E. Whitney.

Photography in Natural Colors.

A process of color photography successful and cheap enough to be practicable has been perfected and last month was put on the market in the United States. This invention of the famous house of Lumiere, of Paris, is the realization of the dream of photographers ever since the first daguerreotypes were taken. And it will probably be revolutionary as to the art of photography.

The process has not yet achieved a colored reproduction on paper, but these successful colored transparencies are wonderful enough. They alter the essential character of photography—the making of pictures by contrasts of light and shadow. There are no shadows in the color process. For instance, the side of a sitter's face that is away from the light does not appear on the plate as a black, but simply as a darker flesh-tint.

Hence these plates produce a startling effect of reality, as if one saw before him a living thing. Think of a portrait of Lincoln that should show not only his height and breadth and the lines of his face and figure, but that should show the exact color of his eyes, the tints of his complexion, the exact shade of every gray hair among the black, the gold of his watch chain, the rusty black of his hat and coat—all in shades so delicately graduated that the almost indistinguishable difference between the flesh-tint of the face and the flesh-tint of the hands is clearly indicated. Think of the interest and value of a national gallery of such portraits of the past. Such a dazzling prospect for the future seems open by the perfection of a process that seems already wellnigh perfect.

In landscapes and in "still life" pictures equally wonderful results have been achieved. In one plate the delicate shade of green reflected on a white surface by the sunlight on green leaves is caught perfectly.

The process is as simple as ordinary photography, and is very similar to some of the old processes of developing and fixing. One plate has been made—exposed, developed and fixed—in nine minutes.

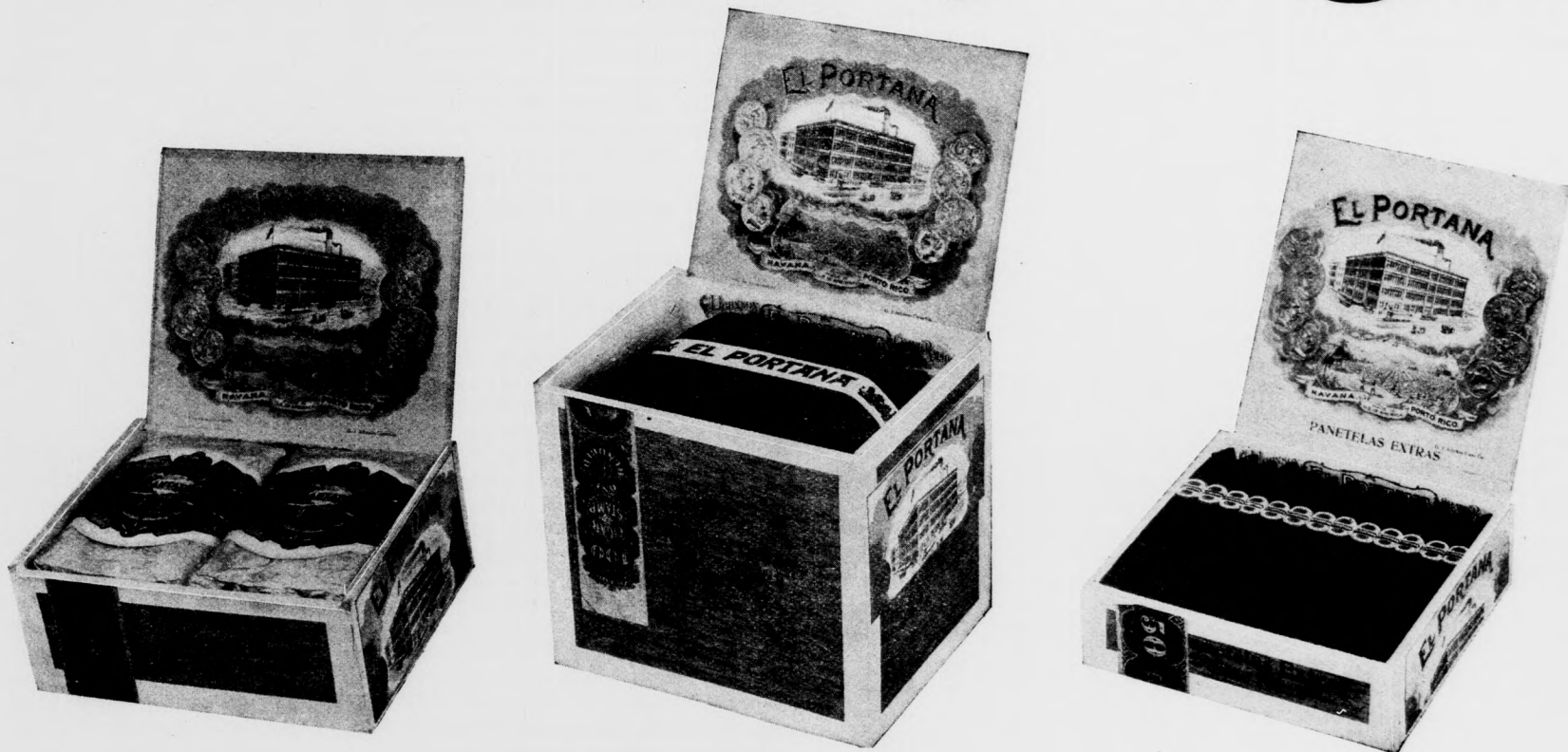
The most intricate part of the entire process is the manufacture of the plate, which does not need to concern the photographer. The "autochrome" plates, as they are called, are made with the aid of minute grains of starch—dyed violet, green and orange—which are mixed and dusted over the plate. When it leaves the inventors' hands the plate resembles a piece of ordinary ground glass, the intermingling colors being indistinguishable. Its surface is of course coated with a sensitive photographic emulsion.

This plate is placed in the camera with the glass side toward the lens, so that the light rays from the object being photographed must pass through this mosaic of colored starch grains before reaching the film, on which the corresponding color values are impressed. After the developing baths the result is a color positive which, when held to the light, shows the object in its natural colors.

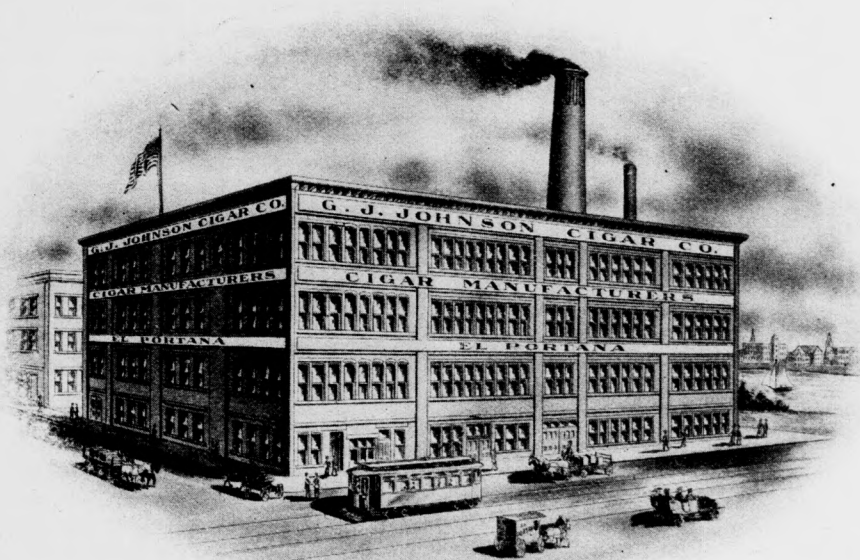
The inventors of this process are the Lumiere Brothers, Louis and Auguste, of Paris, working under the inspiration of their father, M. Antoine Lumiere, the distinguished dry-plate manufacturer, inventor of the moving picture machine, and portrait painter. M. Antoine Lumiere is now visiting in the United States.

The world wants thinkers, leaders, originators, not machines or automations. You will be surprised to find how quickly you will grow when you have once learned to put your own thought into action. Self-expression is power. We need men and women to put new blood into the arteries of our social and economic life. Your opportunity confronts you. What will you do with it?

El Portana 5c Cigar



“In a
Class by
Itself”

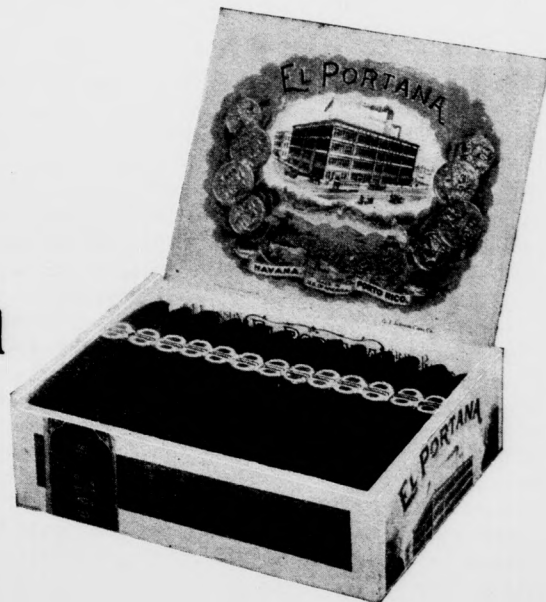
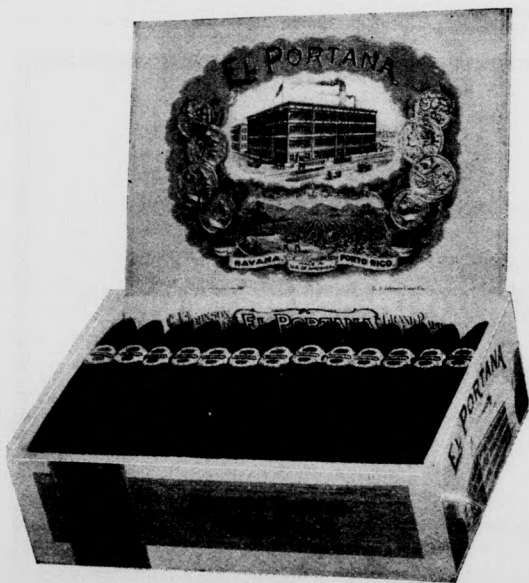


Manufactured
Under
Sanitary
Conditions

Made in
Five Sizes

G. J. Johnson Cigar Co.

Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich.





Special Features of the Grocery and Produce Trade.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Feb. 15—There is a stronger feeling in the spot coffee market and this week jobbers report, as a general rule, a very satisfactory demand. The holiday, of course, makes some difference, but the general feeling is much more cheerful. Prices are well sustained and at the close Rio No. 7 is held at 6¼@6¾c. In store and afloat there are 3,826,509 bags, against 3,945,947 bags at the same time last year. It seems evident that the growing crop is bound to be only about half as large as last year, as receipts at Rio and Santos aggregate only 8,255,000 bags from July 1, 1907, to Feb. 12, 1908, against 14,260,000 bags at the same time last year. Mild coffees this week have been in fair request at unchanged quotations. Good Cucuta, 9¾c. There is little doing in East Indias.

There is not an item of interest to report in refined sugar. Stocks are sufficient to meet the very moderate demand. No new business has been transacted, the little that is being done consisting altogether of withdrawals under previous contract. Raw sugars show decline and this may be reflected to some extent in refined later on. Granulated, 4.80c.

A pretty fair demand has existed through the week for teas and some jobbers report that some enquiry has sprung up for green teas. Pretty much the same story is told everywhere and both buyer and seller seem to be awaiting the "advent of spring."

Southern rice mills are said to be declining offers made by dealers here, and prices in this city seem to be lower than at primary points. Prime to choice domestic, 5¾@6½c.

Spices show to a better advantage, but there is room for improvement. Quotations are firmly maintained, however, and stocks are not overabundant, so holders see no need of making any concession.

Molasses is selling in a quite satisfactory way and holders are firm in their views. Syrups are steady and unchanged. Supplies are moderate.

Orders for canned goods have come in in drizzling quantities—just enough to repair broken assortments. Still there is a better market than prevailed a month ago and holders are not making any concession—if it can possibly be avoided. Some standard 3s tomatoes may be still found at 77½c, but that is not the true market price, which is nearer 80c, and anything less is said to be for goods that will not stand the test, contrary statements notwithstanding. Peas are wanted if they can be found at 90@95c. At this offer holders are unwilling to let go. Buyers don't want to pay \$1, but that figure seems to be almost "in sight." String beans and, in fact, the whole list seem to

be in moderate request, but there is "something doing" all the time, and when new goods arrive—seven months hence—stocks generally will be lower than for a long time.

Butter is quiet and quotations for the past few days have been practically without change. Special creamery, 34½c, with possibly 35c for very fine goods; extras, 34c; firsts, 31@33c; held goods are working out at 31@32½c; Western imitation creamery, 27@29c; Western factory, 22@23½c; held stock, 22@23c.

Stocks of cheese are pretty well reduced and quotations are firm at 16c for full cream specials. Fancy, 15¾c for full cream small size.

Eggs have shown some decline, owing to freer receipts. Western fresh-gathered extras are held at 24c; firsts, 22c; seconds, 21@21½c.

Prices of almost all food products show a tendency to decline and the stereotyped headlines of Rising Markets are seemingly of no use. Wheat, flour, provisions, etc., all tend downward. Even rents are said to be declining—the last thing on earth to go down.

How Gouda Cheese Is Produced on a Holland Farm.

Gowder comes nearer to the Hollander's way of pronouncing the name of his cheese than the sound the American naturally gives the word. The English word, cheese, is pronounced like "kase" by the German and "kaas" by the Dutchman. "Gowder kaas" is made on the farms by the Dutch women. It is a very simple process.

The milk immediately after milking while fresh and still warm from the cows is poured into a tin kettle provided with a wooden jacket. The kettle I saw held about 400 pounds.

A wine glass full of rennet, which is bought in quart bottles ready for use, is added to the milk at once and the glass rinsed by filling it with sour whey, which is also added to the milk. After vigorously stirring in the rennet the milk is allowed to stand one-half hour; the coagulated milk or curd is then cut with a brass curd knife about as wide as two of our curd knives but not quite so long as ours. Brass wires, instead of flat knives, are strung across the frame of the harp-shaped knife and the dexterity of the Dutch woman in using this would please the most expert American cheesemaker. The harp-like curd cutter is curved at one end so as to fit the bottom of the kettle and thus aid in cutting the entire contents of the kettle into small cubes of a uniform size.

The knife is first placed in the curd very cautiously and moved slowly back and forth until the curd is cut into ribbons, then the speed increased as the coagulated milk is all cut into blocks of curd about one-third of an inch square. After a thorough mixing of the cut curd a wooden cover is placed over the kettle and in about ten minutes one-third of the whey is dipped off with a wooden bowl.

A tea kettle full of hot water is now brought, a thermometer hung on the inside of kettle and hot water

poured into the curd and whey with constant stirring. When the temperature reaches 100 deg. Fahrenheit the kettle is covered for about five minutes, then the whey is drawn off from the bottom of the kettle. A wooden bowl holding about one-half bushel is then placed on a smaller, inverted bowl standing on the bottom of the kettle and the curd packed into the large bowl by handfuls, the whey being pressed out and draining away through about a dozen holes the size of a slate pencil, bored through the side of the bowl in various places.

The bowlful of curd is placed in a small, upright press, a weight of the proper size hung on the lever and the cheese is left in press with occasional turning for about twelve hours.

This part of the cheesemaking requires only one hour from the time the new milk is poured into the kettle until the cheese is in press.

Cheese is made twice a day, after the morning and the night milking. The work is not heavy and everything is kept so clean that it looks like a pleasant and interesting occupation for women.

The cheese weigh from 15 to 25 pounds each, and excepting the occasional turning of the curd in the bowl during pressing there is no lifting for a woman in making up 200 pounds of milk into cheese.

The cheese when taken from the press is placed in a salting tank filled with brine. Each cheese floats in this bath seven days; a handful of coarse salt in pieces the size of a silver dollar is sprinkled over the top of each cheese. These look very attractive in the small, cool cellar where the brine tanks are located. The ceiling of the room is low, not over 5 feet from the tile floor, but one must pass through the front hallway of the house in carrying the cheese from the making room to the salting room. This small cellar of the house is under the parlor and entered near the front door.

After the seven days' brine bath the cheese is placed on a shelf to drain and then taken to the curing room, where it is kept for four weeks, being turned and rubbed every day until it takes on a light orange color and looks as neat and trim as polished ivory. The room where the cheese is cured at this farm would

astonish the native American. It is the winter cow stable, or the side of the barn in which the twenty-five cows are tied side by side when it is too cold for them to be in pasture.

The floor on which the cows stand is covered with light brown tile, the brick gutters in which the manure drops in winter and the brick floor space behind the gutter are cleaned and painted two colors, brown striped with white; a thatch or curtain of reeds, such as is seen in the doorway between the parlor and living rooms of many American houses, is hung along the cow stanchion side of the stable. This makes a nice long narrow room, absolutely clean in appearance and in odor. It also illustrates the economy of the Dutch farmer in utilizing the winter home of the cows while they are in pasture during the summer.

The farmer takes a load of cheese in a one-horse wagon every three weeks to the town of Gouda, near Rotterdam, where the cheese is sold. The trip takes about three days, and as the roads are brick paved and lined with beautiful tall trees set out in regular order, as straight as a string in some places, one can imagine the trip to be much more comfortable than the going to town from many farms over dusty or muddy roads in the United States.

The market day is Thursday each week during the year. It is held in the space around the city hall, which is about two city blocks in area; this is filled with the greatest variety of small booths imaginable. Each peddler has a space from 4 to 8 feet square in which to display his goods that are to be sold to the farmer coming to town with his products to sell.—E. H. Farrington in Hoard's Dairyman.

Broke His Promise.

His Wife—Before we were married you once said you would give the world for me.

Her Husband—Well, what if I did?

His Wife—Why, now you won't even sell that little old corner lot downtown so I can get an electric runabout.

The object of advertising is not so much to sell an article that everybody wants as to make everybody want an article that the advertiser sells.

WORDEN GROCER COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Prompt Shippers

MISS PUSSY CAT.

Cracker Barrel Not the Place for Her.

Written for the Tradesman.

There's a good deal going the rounds of the press, just at the present, about "the cat in the crackers," and while pussy in the product of the National Biscuit Co. is not the only animal that commits depredations in the grocery store, nor are crackers the only eatable that is contaminated therein, still the feline and her nest may stand as a type of the nauseating condition that obtains in far too many of the places where we buy our sustenance.

Now, if Miss Felis Domestica had a bath every day—other than the going over she gives herself with her tongue, and I wish I could remember the exact number of thousands (or was it millions?) of microbes a kitty's mouth is authoritatively declared continually to contain—one would not feel quite so bad about her taking an hourly snooze in the crackers; or even were she tubbed twice a week it wouldn't be quite so disgusting: but when even the semi-weekly ablution is neglected by the thoughtless grocer or his equally forgetful assistants people feel that the matter is really going a step too far and that measures should be taken by someone to have the cat washed much oftener than she is, so that, if she must take her siesta in the crackers, at least the dust of the coalbin won't show quite so plainly on the circular surfaces.

Now, please don't infer from this jeremiad that I am a hater of the whole cat family, for I am not. I love a nice sleek pussy cat in her place, but, most emphatically, her place is not in the cracker barrel of the grocery store—unless the crackers of that barrel have all been sold out and the cask has been given over to her for her especial property and nothing else is to go into it but her own precious self.

A cat, as I say, has no business around a grocery store, anyhow, many proprietors thereof to the contrary notwithstanding. To be sure, she looks very pretty when she humps her back for Tommy, the roustabout, to stroke. It matters not to Tommy that his hands are reeking with kerosene from the can he has just brought up from the cellar, where he spilled a lot in the half-darkness. He'd "jess ez soon ez not" smooth her down a few times—she looks so comfortable when he performs this office of affection that he can't resist the temptation. By the way, I've heard it stated in all seriousness that the cat is, at best, but a selfish animal; that she is only caressing herself when she rubs against you seemingly so lovingly. But I don't know, myself, never having questioned her.

But, anyway, the man bringing your butter along in a scrap of oiled paper with two fingers is also filled with an uncontrollable, an irresistible desire to rub pussy down with his free hand. And he does. And he is just as likely to take hold of your cube of butter with that "free hand" and disrecollect to keep the oiled pa-

per between it and the oleaginous substance.

Then, somehow, your appetite is gone for that particular cube for your bread and as you leave the place you conspire with your soul to separate yourself from your lately-acquired possession and, once outside the grocer's sacred(?) precincts, you deposit it on some convenient barrel or box or mayhap present it to some newsboy who looks so unkempt that, by the side of him, the butter is a paragon of cleanliness!

There are other spots in the grocery store that Miss F. Domestica can "take to like a duck to the water:"

There are the prunes—so nice and sticky that she has a large fringe of them all over one side when she gets up and stretches out all her hind legs and turns around and so adjusts herself that she now lies on her other side.

At a pinch she can appropriate the peanut bag with its folded-over edges; but these are "kinder humpy" and she only selects them when there is nothing more available in sight.

Has the cat springs in those velvet-cushioned feet of hers?

Yes, the cat has springs in those velvet-cushioned feet of hers.

Does she ever use them?

Betcha life she uses 'em!

Can the lovely pussy spring up on the meat counter and get tender little slivers of ham and dried beef when the clerk isn't looking?

Oh, yes.

What else is the kitty capable of evolving in her noddle?

She can lick the butter, chew off nice little chunks of cheese, sniff at bottled milk, nibble at the edges of pies and rims of cookies, and a lot of other unmentionable despoliations too numerous to particularize.

Then why does the grocer harbor such an animal in a place where only the best of sanitation should prevail?

To scare away rats and other rodentia and to afford a means of pleasant diversion for those in his employ who are so fond of Made-moiselle Felis Domestica that they love to express their endearment in physical demonstrations.

Will the time ever arrive when the grocer will boycott the cat in his establishment?

We all sincerely hope so and will hail the day when it arrives. Until it comes we shall all brabble against the continuance of a nuisance that is a menace to the health of any community in whose grocery stores it is allowed to obtain. Jo Thurber.

History of Corks and Bottle Stoppers.

The use of cork, an evergreen oak, growing abundantly in the south of Europe, namely: in Portugal, Spain (especially Catalonia and Valencia), the south of France, Italy and Corsica, is more beautiful than the common green oak (ilex) and in districts suited to it, attains a great height of thirty feet or more.

The substance commonly known as cork (a corruption or contraction of the Latin word cortex), is the outer bark of the tree.

A careful removal of the outer bark does not in any way injure the tree, as it is an outer and dead bark, and stripping renders its growth more vigorous and it lives longer in consequence of such treatment. The bark is taken off by making a circular cut around the trunk immediately under the main branches, and another a few inches above the surface of the ground. The portion of bark intervening between the two cuts is then split down in three or four places, care being taken not to penetrate the inner bark in making any of the cuts.

The operation is performed in the months of July and August when the tree is about fifteen (15) years old; it may be repeated once in every eight or ten (8 or 10) years.

A cork tree thus periodically bared will live for one hundred and fifty (150) years. The bark is beaten to detach it from the inner bark, and is raised up and removed by introducing the wedged handle of an ax. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and when nearly dry are placed over a fire of coals which blackens the surface, makes them smooth, and conceals the smaller blemishes. The larger holes and cracks are in some cases filled up with soot and dirt.

The pieces are next flattened by means of weights, and then dried and stacked or packed in bales for exportation.

No cork has been discovered in Egyptian antiquities whence it may be inferred that the Egyptians were not acquainted with it.

The Greeks' principal use of it was that of making floats for fishing nets. The practice of employing cork for swimming is mentioned by Plutarch in his life of Camillus. In 1835 the total average amount of cork imported into England was approximately forty-five hundred weight, and in 1866, 6,241 tons of bark and 2,648,000, or about 112,000 gross of manufactured or ready made corks were imported.

The earliest receptacle for wines and liquids was most probably the skins of animals. The wine vessels and drinking cups preserved in the British Museum are well worth inspection.

Goat skins as liquid receptacles are mentioned in Biblical history and both the Egyptians and Greeks used goats' skins for such purpose.

In the "Assyrian basement room" of the British Museum may be seen these receptacles, which were transported on the beasts of burden of that ancient period.

A resinous or bituminous substance was used for waterproofing the skin vessels. The next receptacles for wine appear to have been earthenware jars of various shapes and sizes; there are two in the British Museum of large size and pierced with holes here and there in their lower parts apparently for spigot holes. Pliny (XIV.) states that in the neighborhood of the Alps wines were stored in wooden vessels, which were bound with hoops.

In some parts of Spain they use huge clay vessels holding 800 gallons. Cyprus transports largely in

skins. In ancient times vessels were closed with pitch, clay, gypsum or potters' earth, or to fill the upper part of the vessel with oil or honey in order to exclude the air from those liquors which one wishes to preserve.

The term "flask of wine" is essentially Tuscan, the wine being served out to the customer in vessels so denominated and shaped like a well-known oil vessel. In the earliest history of inventions relating to cask or bottle closures and before the advent of cork, directions were given to close up the orifice with pitch, clay, gypsum or potter's clay.

Stoppers of cork seem to have been introduced after the invention of glass bottles, and of these no mention is made before the fifteenth century; at that time in France cork was used principally for soles and fish nets. In the shops of the apothecaries of Germany cork stoppers began to be used about the end of the seventeenth century.

Before that period they used stoppers of wax which were not only much more expensive but also far more troublesome. Neither Ruellius or Aldrovandi who wrote in the sixteenth century and described all other purposes to which cork was applied, mentioned its use for stoppers.

Although the Egyptians were acquainted with glass blowing at least as early as the reign of the first Osertasen, upwards of 3,500 years ago, no close fitting stoppers made of a single material have been discovered.

The assertion that the cork stoppers, such as are now used, are of comparatively modern date, is strengthened by the following: A monk was the first to establish the use of close-fitting corks 1670-1715; previous to that time the only stoppers used were bundles of hemp dipped in oil, a mode of stoppering which we know to be used in some parts of Italy even nowadays.

In the Abbey of Mount Villers was a monk named Don Perignon who managed the cellars of the Abbey from 1670-1715, and his use of corks and the success of his experiments led to the systematic fabrication of the Mousseux wines for which champagne is famous. A passion for such wines arose and increased when the cause of the effervescence was understood.

In the reports of jurors on the objects exhibited, 1851, at the World's Exhibition, London, England, there are a few notices of bottling machines, specimens of cork and corkwood, and in the reports of 1862 mention is made of corks for bottles, cork-cutting machines, corking machines and corkscrews.

Until We Meet Again.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription:

"Rest in peace—until we meet again."

His Satanic Majesty usually occupies the seat of honor at a stag party.

GOOD BUYING.

Some of the Necessary Qualifications Involved.

Written for the Tradesman.

Good buying is, of course only one of the factors in successful merchandising, but it is a large and important one. Goods well bought almost sell themselves, and, after they are sold, serve as constant advertisers. On the other hand, if a stock of goods has been purchased carelessly and without taste, discrimination and judgment, all the processes of disposing of it carry a burden not properly belonging to them. No skill in display, no shrewdness and originality in advertising, no suavity and patience in salesmanship can ever atone for errors in buying.

Buying is not an exact science, nor can it ever be reduced to an exact science. The conditions are not precisely the same in any two stores. They are never twice alike in the same store. There is always some risk to run, some element of uncertainty. No hard and fast rules can be laid down.

Nevertheless there are laws which govern success in buying, and the good buyer has certain traits and qualifications which enable him to follow these laws, albeit unconsciously.

The good buyer must have a quick perception of the qualities and characteristics of all the kinds of merchandise he handles. He should be able to perceive readily the strong and attractive features and also the weak points of every new article that is shown him. In lines that are governed by changes in fashion he must keep posted on styles.

He must have good taste and good judgment and he must know the taste and judgment and the financial ability of the trade for which he is buying. He must be willing to disregard his own preferences and make selections that will please his customers. For the buyer of a highly artistic temperament this is a hard thing to do. He likes, we will say, soft and harmonious blendings of color, styles that are not too pronounced, simplicity and quiet elegance. But he must buy not only for "his own kind of folks" but for those who have cruder tastes and have not climbed so high on the ladder of culture. A merchant's business is to supply people with what they want, not to teach them what they ought to want.

The good buyer should be thorough in his work. Whether he buys for a single department of a large establishment or the whole stock for a small one, every separate item should be a witness of his efficiency. Brains are needed, even in buying pins and five cent handkerchiefs. A pile of prints or outing flannels will show plainly enough whether the buyer has considered it worth his while to give careful attention to the selection of these common staple goods.

Too often a buyer puts all his energies on a few favorite lines which are his hobbies. In these he is able to show excellent values and goods that have character and quality. When the

buyer's interest evaporates with the purchase of a few lines, the great bulk of goods is bought hastily and without due care.

The hurried, hit-or-miss manner of buying can not be too strongly condemned. Just how rapidly one can get along with the work and do it well depends upon temperament and experience. The buyer who tries to work so fast that he gets nervous and rattled can not lay out money to advantage and really saves little, if any, time. The judgment must be kept at its best. There is a knack in learning to decide quickly in cases where the problem is simple and easy, and taking more time and thought where it is difficult and puzzling and involves much expenditure.

The buyer must be proof against all efforts on the part of those who have goods to sell to make him buy what he does not want or more than he wants. He must be able to withstand all flatteries and blandishments. Whether he buy of a commercial traveler at home, or go to market for his goods, or combine both these methods, let no smoothness of tongue, no entertainment, however affably tendered, no drinks or good cigars, lure him from strict fidelity to the interests of the business he is serving. Let him beware of ever allowing himself to be placed under obligations, so that common courtesy will seem to demand of him to place an order anyway. Let him always remember that he is buying for his store, not for the drummer or the wholesale house, and his store must pay the bills.

The buyer must know thoroughly the stock that is already on hand, otherwise he will be sure to buy things that are not needed.

He should also know, say in buying for the coming spring, how many goods in each of the various lines his store used last spring. Then he can determine, according to circumstances, whether to increase or diminish the amount. In purchasing novelties and all articles whose sale depends upon popular favor and passing whim, there is always a great element of speculation in deciding how much to buy.

A buyer must keep himself posted on prices and, what is fully as important, be a good judge of values. The man who lacks either of these qualifications is apt to be lured by the bait of a sharp reduction or a special discount on a few items that he happens to know something about. Then he will go blissfully on and pay a long price on the remainder of his order.

It is usually not the person who haggles over a few cents that best deserves the high title of a shrewd and successful buyer. Really desirable goods generally command a good price. Seeming bargains are not always real bargains. It may be far better to pay four dollars and fifty cents per dozen for a fifty cent seller, if the article have real merit, than to buy at four dollars something that has to be apologized for at the start and finally marked down to cost to be gotten rid of at all.

There are occasionally extraordinary values to be obtained in every line of goods. The buyer must be on the lookout for these and know them for what they are when he sees them.

Good buying involves much hard work, even drudgery. Yet the task of the buyer is not without its inspiration. He carries a heavy responsibility and has a great opportunity to develop his own powers of observation, discrimination and judgment. To make every dollar invested do its best work—that is his ideal. Every well-bought stock of goods is a constant demonstration of the fact that on any given amount of capital laid out to the best advantage more profit can be made and a more satisfactory business done than on a far larger sum expended without proper knowledge and skill on the part of the buyer.

Sure of Her Ground.

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in.

Jane—'Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me.

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For Ladies, Misses and Children



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FACTORIES.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Earnest Man Has the Key To Success.

To accomplish anything it is necessary that we call to our assistance the best that is in us of energy, of skill, otherwise we never can hope to attain any high degree of perfection. We must be in earnest in our labors, using every effort to excell in the particular line in which we are engaged. Nothing great or worthy ever has been done in the world in a slipshod, half-hearted, listless manner.

The men who have enriched their kind by mighty deeds and added to the progress of the race have been men not alone of endeavor but of intense earnestness, with a fixed purpose in view and who unceasingly toiled until they gained their end.

What we mistakenly call genius often is but this earnestness of purpose, which knows not failure, which never dreams of defeat, and will allow no obstacle to impede its onward march to the goal of victory.

The secret of the superiority of one man over another does not always lie in mental vigor or excelling skill of hand, but in most cases is to be found in close application to work, in the enthusiasm with which the task becomes lightened and therefore easier of accomplishment.

It is the spirit of enthusiasm that urges men to do and dare, that makes them climb higher and higher on the ladder that leads to success that renders them proof against the barbs of criticism, the javelins of envy and the lances of hatred.

Enthusiasm is the breath that animates the body, gives it force to move onward to fulfill the destiny of its creation. Without it man is but a piece of soulless clay, a mere automaton of flesh, blood and bone, moved only by the animal instincts of Nature and with no distinguishing characteristics to work his eminence above the rest of the creation.

Were it not for this inner spur in the consciousness of man that urges him forward when he would lag behind, the world would have remained stagnant a place of ennui and lassitude, dying of his own inanition.

It was this divine essence in the soul that led primitive man from the crude state of barbaric darkness step by step into the broad light of knowledge and progress.

It was this that made the pioneer go out into unknown lands and explore their secrets; it was this that sent daring spirits down to the sea in ships in quest of adventure; it was this that brought the light to illumine the savage in his primeval ignorance and opened up all parts of the earth to commerce and progressiveness.

Without it the torch of civilization could have never been kindled and mankind still would be huddled beside the dead hearth of darkness with the ashes of ignorance around them.

From the humblest laborer to the highest mechanic, from the lowest rank to the most exalted, from him who toils with his hands to him whose teeming brain evolves the laws that govern the destinies of nations, enthusiasm is indispensable.

Without it his toil is barren and himself a failure. He neither enriches the world nor benefits himself.

A man can never be a good shoemaker unless he puts earnestness into his shoes, an earnestness that forces him not alone to rival but to surpass all competitors in his line. A briclayer must bring enthusiasm to bear on the setting of his brick if he would become an expert workman.

It is the same with all trades and professions and this is the reason many fail miserably in certain departments of endeavor who could be successes in others.

All the great men who have soared above their fellows, whose names are carved on the adamantine rocks of time for the deeds they accomplished, were all, without exception, in love with their work, no matter what it was, and herein lay their greatness.

"The Deserted Village" is one of the most thrillingly pathetic pastoral poems in any language, but it took Goldsmith seven years to write it. He was in earnest to turn out a perfect poem.

We wonder at the depth of human feeling and the insight into human nature displayed in "Les Miserables," never considering that Victor Hugo spent thirty-three years in its composition, studying individual characters all the time as perhaps man never studied before.

It took Bunyan twelve years to give us the "Pilgrim's Progress."

There is an energy in everyone, but it will lie latent, dormant, until kindled into life by this sacred fire of enthusiasm and torch of earnestness to become a mighty force, a giant power that nothing can withstand, that will bring its possessor to the front when others are far behind.

Energy is a lever which can raise the world, but it needs enthusiasm for a fulcrum and earnestness for a force.

In no matter what direction employed the daring of enthusiasm and the perseverance of earnestness will carve their way to success. No opposition can overcome them, no barrier stop their progress, no persecution break them down until the end is reached, the summit gained, the desire realized, and the ambition attained.

Cultivate these qualities, call their forces to your aid, and you have nothing to fear in the battle of life.

Never let the sunburst of manhood dim its light around you. By vital energy, indomitable pluck, persistent perseverance, glowing enthusiasm, and unflagging zeal keep the rays ever bright and chase the shadows away by love by hope and by faith.

Madison C. Peters.

"Visible Speech" the Latest.

Visible speech is the new esperanto, and is said to be adapted to the telegraphing of all languages without translation. Visible speech is a species of phonetic writing which constitutes a method of symbolizing the movements of the vocal organs. The elementary symbols represent the parts of the mouth employed in speech, and when a sectional drawing of the mouth is made the out-

lines of the organs in such a drawing are used as symbols to represent the organs themselves. It is the pictorial basis that gave rise to the name visible speech. The symbol for the under lip, for example, is the outline of the under lip in such a drawing; so with the point of the tongue, etc. It is so broad in principle as to be above nationality, and can be used to show in visible form the construction not only of speech but every sound perceptible to the human ear which is within the compass of the human voice; so that those who are accustomed to its use can reproduce the sounds represented without ever having heard them. The accuracy with which this is accomplished is limited only by the ability of the transcriber to catch each inflection of a sound and properly to note it; and the correctness with which the sound is reproduced depends solely on the proficiency of the reader and the control he has over his vocal organs. It is thus possible to represent every sound made by a human being, whether English, French, or Hottentot. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has given the estate of his father, the inventor of the visible speech, for the purpose of spreading the use of the alphabet by the publication of books written in its symbols, and the training of persons whose profession it shall be to teach its use in the public schools. The Japanese have published many books in the Japanese form of visible speech.

Greatness never was bought by the sale of goodness.

CROWN PIANOS are made in a factory that has the finest and most complete privately compiled piano-building library in the country. Piano dealers know what this means. Piano players realize what it means when they play on a Crown Piano.

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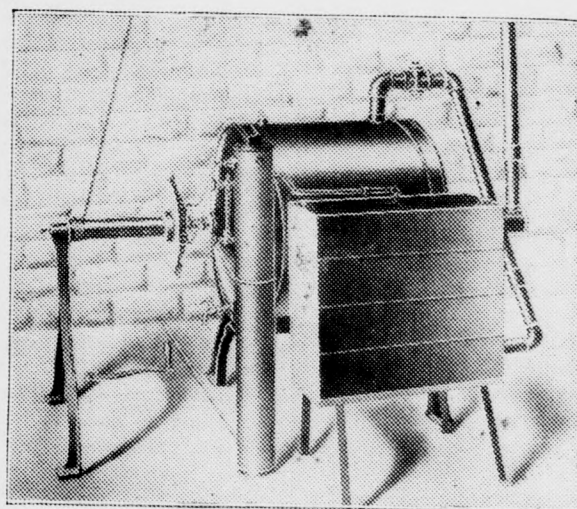
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A True Cold Process Gas Lighting and Heating Plant



Absolutely new, uses ordinary 68 to 72 degree grades of gasoline with no application of heat—no residue—consumes one drop at a time, and all of it—no regulator required—consequently last drop as good as first, three gallons of gasoline makes a thousand cubic feet of superior gas. Saves not less than 30%. Write to-day for our complete descriptive catalog.

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**Publicity Efforts Must Be Vitalized
By Forceful Ego.**

The other day I saw a densely packed crowd on the street with their eyes intently focused upon a young man who was addressing them from an impromptu platform. Two things about this street gathering impressed me at a glance: First, the attentiveness of the people—they were literally straining their ears to catch the words which came to them through the noise and din of a busy thoroughfare; second, the rapidity with which the crowd increased. New recruits were coming from all directions. Almost everybody except the naturally stolid and extremely busy folk stopped at least for a few minutes to get the drift of that young fellow's speech.

What made hundreds of busy people stop in the middle of a busy afternoon and stand there open-mouthed and eager-eyed to hear a street speaker? I looked at the speaker for an explanation—and I saw it at a glance. It was not that he was differently dressed from other men; not that he had any facial peculiarities that set him apart from his fellows; not that he was a juggler or sleight-of-hand artist; it was because he was intensely, thoroughly, terribly in earnest. His hair was wet with perspiration, though it was a raw day. His collar was melting down. His sleeves were rolled up. His eyes were fairly ablaze with an intensity hypnotic and all-compelling. In his voice were the pulsing, vibrant qualities of conviction. That young man had something to say that he believed was worth saying, and he was compelling people against their will to hear him out.

This little incident—parallels to which you have often seen—illustrates a principle. It is a principle with which the shoe retailer ought to be familiar, for vast possibilities await the man who knows it—and knows how to apply it. Men are gregarious. They are more or less passive. They follow the lead of the masterful personality. They temporarily lose sight of their own inclinations, forget their personal affairs, and submissively follow the initiative of the masterful mind. That's the reason we have mobs, oratory and concerted activities of various kinds. If every will were as adamant; or if every mind were cultivated to the point of philosophic detachment wherein every proposition could be dispassionately weighed and the emotions absolutely held in leash, the orator's occupation, like Othello's, would be gone, assemblies would rarely convene, if ever, and it would be next to impossible to persuade "two or three to agree as touching anything."

But we are not built that way. Our emotions crop out. We yield to enthusiasm. We mob it through life—

to work, to play, to school, to church—and we mob it to the shop of the shoe merchant who is mob-compelling and claimant.

Perspiring enthusiasm, predatory aggressiveness and dynamic egotism always win a hearing. A regnant will is picturesque. When a man is on fire with a purpose—no matter what that purpose is—the multitude always turns aside to see the phenomenon. There is hypnotic quality in a forceful and determined man.

The forceful and determined man can sell anything. People buy from him as a matter of course. But why? If he is a retail shoe merchant, is it that they buy from him because his shoes are better than other dealers' shoes? No; it is not the superiority of his wares that swings the trade his way, it is the superiority of his persuasion. His talk, his advertisements, the manner of the man—the tones of his voice and the flash of his eyes—selling qualities imparted by him to the men on his floor—the very atmosphere of his store—one and all move and thrill the shoe-buying public. When a minor will clashes with a major will there is something akin to physical pain in the impingement—for the minor will. Thus, the principal reason why men buy shoes from the determined and winsome merchant lies in the fact that it is easier to buy one's shoes there than not to buy them there. It is sheer compulsion—directed, to be sure, along legitimate lines, and in harmony with economic laws.

If the above is true then the popular shoe retailer is something of a boss, a driver, the wielder of "the Big Stick?" Yes; I will be consistent; I will follow the implication of my argument to the last ditch; the successful shoe retailer is essentially and fundamentally a driver. He rounds up the trade and drives it into his shop, and then sends it out shod with his shoes. And the secret of his bossism is the strength of his initiative. There is a contagious optimism about the man that lightens the yoke of his imposing, making it easy to be borne; there is the felt presence of iron thews in the corpuscles of his blood, which makes the most incidental contact with his personality both a compliment to oneself and an inspiration.

Granting the truth of all this, then it follows that a forceful initiative is something of an asset, does it not? Who would deny it? It is the biggest asset in the catalogue, save honesty. Knowledge of shoes and the ways of men who produce them; knowledge of men, their homes and their haunts; familiarity with industrial conditions; familiarity with the details of system; encyclopaedic knowledge of advertising media; genius in the dressing of windows; equipment, location, capital—all these things avail not if the volitional forth-putting of the man back of the business is flaccid.

But how can a man possess himself withal of a will imperial? Assuming that he is in no wise conspicuous by the violence of his initiative qualities; acting upon the assumption that he is himself a member of the pack; how can he emerge



We Put In the Best and Nothing But The Best

Your patrons get out of our shoes just what we put into them in wear, comfort and style.

Our rule in shoe making is Quality, first, last and all the time; and Quality means with us style, comfort and wear, particularly wear, and a great deal of it—much more, in fact, than is ordinarily found in medium priced shoes. Our record for this kind of Quality covers a period of nearly half a century.

It has paid us big to put good value into our shoes and it will pay you likewise to sell them, for they draw and hold the best trade in your locality.

Rindge, Kalmbach, Logie & Co., Ltd.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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see our line of

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made by Snedcor & Hathaway, of
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We are exclusive state agents for
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their heavy work shoes and will be in a
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Let us submit samples through our
salesmen.

Grand Rapids Shoe & Rubber Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

State Selling Agents for Hood Rubbers

into the limelight of cynosureship? How ever can he forge to the fore with any reasonable expectancy that the herd will sit up and take notice? Is there an apothecary anywhere who has condensed the secret into a tablet—one to be taken before each meal? Can the thing be had for a consideration? Do the producers of breakfast foods put it out in promiscuous packages? Do the faculties of mimeograph-success schools send it out piping hot through the mails?

The thing is to be greatly desired, assuredly. Obviously, the thing can be had, inasmuch as men have it. But we err, dear Brutus, in opining that the masterful mood is an objective somewhat that we light on by the highway, that it is conferred upon us after the fashion of a prophet's mantle, or that we take up the properties of it through the alimentary canal. The masterful mood is the clear, claimant call of the Ego—the essential you—of which all else is mere manifestation, expression. It is the master on whom all your mental faculties wait. It is the throned and sceptered monarch of your inner life, about whom all inner lights play. It wills by willing. It wills insistently and irresistibly by willing to will in one manner and none other. It may repose and slumber; it may send forth perfunctory mandates to phlegmatic servitors; but if it arise and assert itself in leonine and defiant tones, there's bound to be something doing.

Neither dope, doctor, food stuffs, success peddlers of heated ozone, neither this nor that, nor the other thing will add one cubit to the stature of your Ego, nor enhance the heart of it by the weight of a hair. What you initiate you initiate through a spontaneous heave of the will, and it's up to you, my dear Alphonso, to conjure up the heave! Will power—and all of its attendant benefits of courage, optimism, popularity and prophets—grows by exercise as the muscles harden with use. The will to will is its own explanation. It is the ultimate fact about the essential Ego, beyond which all inquiries lose themselves in mist-swathed speculations.

If the will to sell shoes—sell 'em fast, sell 'em in season and out of season—is the principal thing, then it follows that all other virtues of the alertful retailer are corollaries, does it not? Exactly. Difficulties yield, obstructions hike, and fierce competition melts into the innocuous. When a man grasps the handle of his being and steps out into the open, aliens quit the field in disorder or ally themselves to the new leadership. That community—and it matters little of what sort it is, for all communities are essentially alike—is treated to the fortifying spectacle of a man making good. Countless good qualities may combine—must combine—in the production of that success; but all of them spring out of the same fertile soil.

Whosoever willeth to sell shoes can sell them.—Cid McKay in Boot and Shoe Recorder.

The Persistence of Impressions.

"The psychology of a man is a curious thing," said the long-haired individual as we sat sipping our coffee after a hearty evening meal, "and one of the peculiar things about it is borne in upon my attention every now and then in this very restaurant. I have frequently puzzled over the strange fact that man's mind will sometimes retain an effect and utterly lose sight of the cause. I can, sitting here and looking down along the rows of tables, give an illustration of what I mean. I have been eating here for the past twelve years and of course in that time have seen a great many people going and coming. That man sitting at the fifth table used to eat here, but he has been away for several months. The moment my eyes fell upon him I experienced a pleasant sensation; this was before I realized that I had seen the man before. Presently I was able to associate him with this restaurant, but can not to this hour recollect the circumstances that caused him to make a favorable impression upon me. No doubt at some time I heard him say something or saw him do something that caused me to admire him, and as soon as I saw him again the feeling of admiration returned, but the cause is still beyond my grasp.

"On the other hand, a few nights ago I was able to get at the cause after experiencing the effect. A young man took a seat directly opposite me and the moment I saw him I felt a sense of repulsion come over me. 'Here,' said I to myself, 'you have no right to be allowing first impressions to influence you in this manner.' I looked at the young man from time to time, and gradually I came to be convinced that I had seen him before; and before the meal was finished I remembered that nearly two years ago I had seen him in this same place conducting himself in a manner that was repulsive to me. And after all that lapse of time the impression came over me before I could recall ever having seen the young fellow before. I have known just such experiences to happen every now and then. Funny, isn't it?"

A Fowl Misunderstanding.

Down in Virginia before the war a dispute that might have had a very disastrous termination was averted by the thoughtfulness of an old negro servant. Two lawyers, one of them accompanied by an old body servant, met at one of the now nearly obsolete road-houses and were having a glass of brandy together. The first lawyer told of how a farmer's peacock had strolled into a neighbor's

garden a few days previous and underneath a currant bush had laid an egg. Both the neighbor and the farmer claimed the egg and it was a delicate point as to who had a right to it.

"Why," said the second lawyer, "that's easy enough. True, the egg was laid on the neighbor's ground, but the neighbor can not claim it unless he can prove that the farmer took no precautions to keep the bird from straying from the premises. The decision in a precedent case—"

"But there is no precedent case," said the first lawyer firmly.

"Oh, yes, there is," replied the second.

"There is not," reaffirmed the other.

"There is!" came back with warmth from the second lawyer.

The brandy had heated both of them and the dispute at last became serious. Finally the first shouted:

"You're a—"

But here the old body servant interposed, for he knew that a pass of the "lie" meant a duel.

"'Scuse me, Mas'r," he said deferentially bowing his white woolly head, "but how come a peacock gwine to lay a aag?"

Will Hold Next Meeting in Detroit.

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Michigan Retail Shoe Dealers' Association, recently held in Detroit, it was decided to hold the fourth annual convention of the Michigan Shoe Retailers' Association in Detroit September 15, 16 and 17, 1908. The 1908 booklet will be gotten out under the supervision of R. W. Mansfield. By far the most important matter discussed was that of forming a mutual fire insurance company. It was decided to take steps towards this end and a meeting of the Board of Directors is to be held sometime in February to perfect the plans for the same. In forming a mutual fire insurance company it is expected this organization will become a component part of the Michigan Retail Shoe Dealers' Association and that members joining the Association will be eligible to a membership in this company.

If a man shoots putty balls at an enemy he need not be surprised if they come back as cobblestones later.

MAYER Special Merit
School Shoes Are Winners

"Mishoco" New Specialty Shoe for Men and Boys

Made in all Leathers Snappy up-to-date Lasts
Men's Goodyear Welts, Retail \$3.00 and \$3.50
Boys' English Welts, Retail \$2 50
All Solid Leather

Michigan Shoe Co. - Detroit, Mich.



No. 812 H. B. Hard Pan

Made with horsehide bellows tongue, heavy outside back stay and full length inside horsehide stay. Channel Standard Screw fastened. Also made in Congress. Carried in stock.

Never Cry Over Spilled Milk Catch Another Cow

Like all other business propositions, the shoe business is a matter of dollars and cents in profits. When the complaints get too thick drop the shoe that's making the trouble and try a line of "H. B. HARD PANS" for the trade that you must give extra good values—the boy customers, the workingmen and farmers, the class of trade that puts the heaviest strain on any shoe. Orders for delivery right now are receiving prompt attention. Let us put you on our list of strong, money making merchants who are selling the original H. B. Hard Pans.

Herold-Bertsch Shoe Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.



FIFTY DOLLAR CHECK.

How Shuter Succeeded in Getting a New Start.

"Well?" asked Borlase as the door closed behind the clerk.

Shuter remained standing. His terror was too great for him to pretend he was at ease. He was down where a man doesn't care any longer, and he looked it. But in his eyes, bright with the fear of anxiety which was eating him up, there came a little hope as they rested on the big, confident man behind the table. Borlase and he had been good friends these three years. The shock which had smashed him couldn't have affected Borlase seriously. Borlase would see him through. But he must know.

"Well?" Borlase asked again, and Shuter plunged in.

"Old man," he said, "this Deep Mine business has hit me hard."

"I've dropped \$150,000 myself," said Borlase. "Won't you sit down?"

"No," said Shuter. He swayed a little and caught the edge of the table.

"Better sit down," said Borlase, and Shuter obeyed the suggestion.

"One hundred thousand dollars would pull me through," said Shuter, watching the other's face over the flame of the match. He read nothing there.

"Old man," he said as he threw the match into the fender and took the yet unlighted cigar from between his teeth, "it's this way: If I can't get \$100,000 I'm finished."

"You should be worth more than that."

"I am. But I'm \$300,000 down. I can only meet \$200,000 of that if I sell my last stick. What am I to do?"

Borlase whistled a tune through his teeth and sat regarding Shuter for half a minute.

"What security can you give me?" he asked at length.

Shuter laughed out loud.

"Security!" he said.

"Yes, security," said Borlase.

"My mother's income is in it," said Shuter. "My niece's marriage settlement. My lodge's funds are in it. Security! You're my last straw."

Borlase preserved silence.

"Pr'aps you think me mad," Shuter went on. "Pr'aps I am. I ought to be, I know. It's hard enough for me to come to you like this. But I think you're my friend, and—and you put me on the Deep Mine."

He colored slowly under Borlase's eye.

"Of course I know you've dropped a lot yourself, old man," he said in extenuation of his offense. "But I'd have sold out in time if I hadn't had confidence in the thing. I didn't think you could go wrong. You know how it came down. The bottom simply fell out. One day it was shaky and the next it was scrap."

Borlase puffed his cigar.

"It's not ruin I funk," continued Shuter, "but this means jail. And the boy's just gone to Harvard." His voice broke.

The big man lay back in his chair, staring at Shuter, smoking slowly,

drumming on the table with his finger nails. There was no other sound in the room. The hope died out of Shuter's eyes.

"For God's sake, Borlase—"

"Let me tell you a story," said Borlase, and Shuter had to listen.

"About ten years ago," Borlase said, "I was, as you may or may not know, at the bottom, right in the ooze. It doesn't matter how I got there any more than it matters how I got out again. But there I was. My entire wardrobe, Shuter, consisted of the dark green—once black—jacket, the cotton shirt, the tweed trousers, the boots, and the hat in which I stood up.

"I was sitting thus clad about 2 o'clock of a fresh winter morning on one of the benches by the railings of Lincoln Park. It was my purpose, with the kind permission of the police, to snatch a few hours' refreshing sleep. The wind was strong from the northeast, but I'm not the man to complain of a little fresh air, and there had been no rain for over an hour. In spite of all these mercies I was in a thoroughly naughty temper, and, if you will credit it, as I sat on that damp bench I was ready to curse and swear with vexation.

"A man came and crossed over to where I was sitting. He walked past me quickly and glanced for a moment in my direction. Then he stopped and came back to my side and stood looking at me. He wore a soft hat and a good serviceable overcoat. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets and he had a fat cigar between his teeth. I have had several of those cigars since. They are the best in his club and he never smokes any other. I didn't know that at that time, but I met him, Shuter, later on at a banquet and he froze on to me, and as I recognized him I accepted his invitation to dinner next evening. And we became great pals. He didn't remember me, though. No, by Jove, he didn't remember me!

"He stood, as I say, looking down at me as if I were some new beast, and I stared up at him defiantly, for, although I'd been in the gutter some time then, I hadn't got used to the insolence of the rich. He took the weed out of his mouth and said in a silky voice:

"My friend, you seem to be down on your luck."

"I thought he might give me some money if I was civil to him, so I said I was. I even called him 'sir.'"

"You don't look as if you'd much of a balance at the bank," he remarked.

"I could have struck him to the ground. But I said, 'No, I have not.' Shuter, when the hunger fiend has you in his grip you'll take a good deal from a man who smokes cigars that smell like that one did."

"You haven't been making out many checks lately?" says he with a simper.

"You haven't got such a thing as that \$50 check on you, I suppose?" he asked, and then it suddenly flashed upon me what he wanted."

"Let me go!" said Shuter suddenly.

Borlase held up his hand.

"You've got to hear my story through," he said.

"You remember, Shuter, just about that time one of the magazines had devised a clever scheme of advertising. It sent out a lot of men with \$10 banknotes and mentioned the fact. Anyone who hit on one of these Johnnies and asked him, 'Have you got that \$10 note?' got it given him in exchange for his signed receipt.

"Then the magazine published the lucky man's name and address. The town went a little mad over it and every one was asking everybody else if they had got that note. Well, as you know, when one of these maga-

zine publishers goes as good a one as that his rivals simply have to go one better; so in a few days this daily was giving away gold watches and that monthly was promoting its circulation by the gratuitous offer of diamond rings, and at last here was a weekly plunging heavily with \$50 checks. I had heard of these things, of course. Down in the mud we had talked the matter over and some had tried desperately for the prizes, but they all seemed to be won by people who had plenty of money already.

"This last paper, though, had been tricky, putting its checks in the custody of all sorts of unlikely looking people. This chap, I thought, was trying me. By heaven, he had come to the wrong shop!

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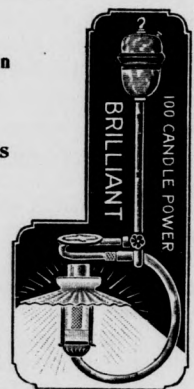


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Judson Grocer Co.

Packers

Grand Rapids, Michigan

"I could have killed him for his mistake, but I thought he might give me a quarter if I could keep him talking a minute or two, so I simply said, with a grin: 'Have you got it yourself?'"

"He laughed merrily and dived into his breast pocket.

"Yes," says he, 'I have. Would you like it?'"

"I nearly fainted where I sat. Fifty dollars—he was going to give me \$50. Do you understand, Shuter? He was going to give me new clothes and food, and a hot bath, and a clean shirt, and tobacco, and a chance to make some money again. I had made my first pile on a smaller beginning.

"I said: 'You're jesting.'
"Not a bit," says he, fishing out an envelope. 'Here it is.' And he pulled it out. 'I've been trying to plant it all day, but no one's asked me for it. Thought it'd be more handy to you than to most, eh?'"

"I was nearly crying with happiness. I was as weak as a cat for want of food. I tried to master my voice to thank him, but he cut me short.

"No thanks, no thanks, my man! Sign this receipt and put down your address, if you've got one."

"I took the piece of paper he held out to me. It was a typewritten receipt for \$50, acknowledging that it had been gained under the conditions mentioned in the weekly. He gave me a pocket pen and I signed my name, writing on the top of the bench. Then I said: 'Do you want my address in full?'"

"He said he did, so I wrote 'Chicago' under my name. He read it and laughed again.

"Like a club guest's address, eh? Here's the boodle.

"Present it to-morrow morning after 10. They won't have notice of your name until then. Good-night."

"I beg your pardon," I cried, 'but could you advance me a couple of dollars? I must confess I could eat something and I could do with a bed to-night.'

"No," he said, 'I'll see you hanged first. Haven't you got your check? Here's a quarter for you, though. By Jove, your face just now was worth it!'"

"He dealt out five nickels in my palm. I longed to throw them in his teeth, but I had stronger longings than that. I thanked him instead.

"Good night," he said again, 'sleep well!'"

"Then he walked away quickly and I could hear him laughing to himself as he went away.

"I weighed in my mind the respective advantages of food and shelter. I couldn't have both. After careful consideration I decided that as I had gone without anything to eat for only twenty-four hours I would stand it for another nine. But I had to get out of the wind. I was always a luxurious dog, Shuter, and love to sleep warm and soft.

"It doesn't matter much where I spent the night.

"Ten o'clock came round somehow and I went into the bank with a bursting heart. Among other sensations I was devilish ashamed of that

cut in the knee of my breeches. The cashier looked at me doubtfully, as you can imagine, and told me to clear out. He'd nothing for me, he said.

"Shuter, I was so happy that I jested with him.

"Oh, yes, you have," says I, 'you have got \$50.'

"I took out the check and indorsed it with a hand which trembled most ridiculously. Then I threw it across the counter to the cashier. 'That's all right, I think,' I said, and I winked at the fellow out of pure good nature.

"He picked it up and glanced at it. 'What's all this?' he asked.

"Why," I said, 'it's the \$50 check competition. Haven't they sent in my name yet?' My heart sank a little, for I thought my breakfast was going to be put off a few minutes.

"What's your game?" asked the cashier. 'We've no one of that name on our books and no account of that name, either.'

"Oh, nonsense!" I cried. 'The \$50 check competition in Waterspoon's Weekly, you know. Don't try any of your tricks on with me.'

"You'd better come in and see the President," he said.

"All right," said I, quite pleased. 'He'll know all about it.' It seemed to me reasonable that a check like this shouldn't be cashed without some safeguards.

"He led the way into the room of the President, who looked up in some surprise at seeing a seedy tramp like me coming in.

"Dear me," he cried, 'what's this, what's this?'"

"This person's got some story about a \$50 competition, sir," replied the cashier. 'I don't know what he's talking about. He seems perfectly honest.'

"What's your tale?" said the President.

"I told him the whole story and the cashier showed him the check.

"Sorry," said the President, 'but you've been fooled. It's a hoax, do you understand? Waterspoon doesn't bank here and we've no account of any sort. What a shabby trick, though, to play on a poor devil like you! That's what the bank President thought of it. You can imagine how I looked at it. As he finished I turned turtle—fainted bang across the table.

"They put some brandy down my throat and I came to, and then they were, I must say, kind. The President said he had never heard of a crueller thing. The cashier said that the man was a ruffian. The policeman, who had been called, said he was stumped. I was utterly knocked out and I remembered I'd no business there and I got up to clear out.

"Then the President dived into his pocket and forked out \$10. 'Look here,' says he, 'I believe your story and I'm thundering sorry for you. Pullet, hand me my hat.'

"He put the \$10 into it and handed it to the cashier. 'Take that round the bank, Pullet,' he said, 'and tell 'em about this poor chap. I've no doubt they'll add something to it.'

"Pullet put in a quarter and went

round among the other clerks. Some of them told him to go to the deuce, but others forked out like men, and between them they made up \$18. There was a young chap paying in some cash at the counter and he asked what the hat was going round for. The other cashier told him and he said he'd made a good thing out of the National and, by gad, he'd contribute! And, by gad, he did, a \$5 bill! So that I got my breakfast after all, you see."

Borlase took a fresh cigar, for the first had gone out during the tale.

"And I kept the check," he said, "to remind me of their kindness—and of some other things!"

Then he opened a drawer in the table and took out an envelope. From it he drew a crumpled check. He leaned over and spread it out carefully in front of Shuter.

"Do you recognize it?" he asked. Shuter muttered an inaudible reply as he reached blindly for his hat.

"Stop a minute," said Borlase. "I have something else to show you." He took out a second envelope and laid it, unopened, on the table. "Look inside," he said.

Shuter unfastened it mechanically and found in it a second check. It was made out to his order for \$200,000 and was signed "John Borlase."

"No," said Shuter, as he dropped it on the table. "You sha'n't get any more fun out of me. Not that way."

"It's all right," said Borlase. "Pick it up. I'm not plagiarizing."

"Do you swear—" began Shuter as he grabbed at the thing.

"You're a cad and a beast, Shuter," said Borlase, "but your boy's a nice boy."

Then he rang the bell and said to the clerk who answered it:

"Show Mr. Shuter out."
William Caine.

There can be no right manners without right motives.



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TRADESMAN COMPANY, Grand Rapids



Things the Hardware Dealer's Assistant Should Remember.

Mr. Assistant, you have asked my opinion on the advisability of retaining your present position of general assistant to Mr. Hardman, the dealer in farm supplies at Hustleton. You say that you started in about a year and a half ago, hoping to get enough experience in selling goods to enable you to get a position as salesman for one of the large manufacturing companies, but you seem to be disappointed in the amount of experience you are getting and also from the fact that Mr. Hardman does not seem to appreciate your efforts, as your salary has not increased as much as you think it should have done. Moreover, you are tired of putting up wire fence, putting in pumps, delivering wagons and carriages, assisting in setting up windmills and putting steel roofing on barns, setting up hay rakes, tedders and mowers, starting binders and corn harvesters, and acting as driver for the salesmen of various companies, oftentimes making lonely drives and not getting in until 10 o'clock at night.

From a careful consideration of your letter and judging from the variety of work that you say you are called upon to do, it seems to me that if you are not getting enough experience to warrant the assurance that you would be fully capable of starting in the implement business yourself in a few years, or becoming one of the best of implement salesmen, there will be no one to blame for your failure but yourself. From your own story it is evident to any fair-minded person that there are few young men whose business prospects are as good as yours. But you are like thousands of other young men who are unable to recognize their opportunity until some years after they lose it. You say you are disappointed because your salary has not increased as much as you expected; now I wonder if you have ever given your employer any good reason for raising your salary. There is no doubt but that you have worked hard, but has it not been mostly with your hands? Do you think you have employed your head in your work as much as you ought? Have you not been filling a laborer's position rather than that of a deeply interested assistant to a business man? In the first place, you are disgruntled, and no man in that condition ever amounted to anything, either to himself or anyone else. Your mind is taken up largely with your imaginary grievances and the fact that you are not getting ahead as fast as you would like and you are continually trying to fix the responsibility for your condition on your employer. As a consequence of this, while you may be able to work with your hands your head is very busy along these other lines, and as long

as this continues your advancement in business life will be very slow.

Now the first thing for you to do is to recognize the fact that you are entirely responsible for your lack of advancement and put this dissatisfied feeling entirely out of your mind, replacing it with a determination to get right up into the collar and pull as much of the load as you can with your head. Remember that your ambition is to become a salesman, and not an ordinary salesman, but one that is second to none, and you can also bear in mind that there is not a better place in the country to obtain the necessary experience than your present place of employment. Go where you will and precisely the same conditions will confront you—a warehouse full of goods and perhaps the very same goods that you are handling at present, and the very same problem upon which every mercantile business institution in the world is founded, to sell the largest possible amount of goods to respectable people at a fair margin of profit. This problem should govern every act of your business life; it sometimes happens that a man in your position is the means of drawing as much trade to an establishment as the dealer himself, and it is also true that some men in such positions actually drive trade away from the place. In your own case, which of the two things are you doing? Are you making a business friend of every man you meet, whether you deal with him or not, or are you sometimes making business enemies? This is a matter of your personality, and it is one of the first considerations of the man who expects to become a successful salesman. If you are unable to meet the customers whose personalities you do not like without showing your displeasure you are a direct injury to the business and your chances of success are materially injured by this one fault. No matter how much you may excel in other respects, your treatment of customers must be uniformly courteous without regard to your personal feelings toward them; if a man whom you actually despise comes into the store, remember that his trade may be as valuable and his influence fully as great as that of the customer who stands highest in your estimation, and it is your duty to treat this man in a gentlemanly way and make every possible effort to secure his future trade and influence. Until you are able to master yourself in this respect you will never make a successful salesman.

You evidently imagine that because you are not specially detailed to canvass the territory and sell goods your opportunities for advancement and for gaining experience that will assist you along the line of your ambition are entirely removed. In this you are greatly mistaken. The fact of the matter is that you have not taken advantage of the many opportunities that present themselves every single day that would draw your employer's attention to your business ability along lines that perhaps may not have appealed to him before. It may not have fallen to

your lot to sell the farmer that 100 rods of wire fence, but it seems that you were called upon to put it up, and so far as that farmer's future trade with your house is concerned you were entrusted with the most important part of the deal. Had your work been poorly done there is little doubt but that Mr. Hardman would have lost this man's trade in all lines, and, as that fence is a standing advertisement for or against the manufacturers as well as the dealer, it seems to me that your work, if well done, would be the direct means of bringing in considerable trade in the fence line as well as retaining the trade of the purchaser. Now, let us see how you managed your part of that fence deal. Of course, you should have kept constantly in mind the fact that your customer would need more fence in the near future, and, as it took you several days to do this job, you had plenty of opportunity to talk to him and convince him of the unusual strength and durability of that particular brand of fence; as you have been with Mr. Hardman about a year and a half, you certainly have made it your business to know all about that fence and you are able to show up its advantages just as well as the salesman

whom you have driven to several large farms when particularly good deals were pending. You have heard him talk and have seen him demonstrate that fence until you know just how to go at it. You certainly could not have missed the opportunity of getting this information under your hat, and by using it now you may be able to interest your customer in the purchase of more fence.

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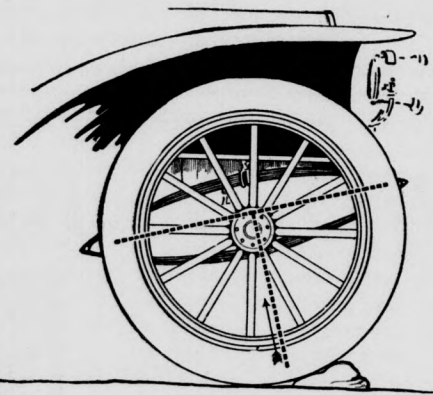
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20 Pearl St., Grand Rapids

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Phone, write or call and let us convince you.

Adams & Hart

47 N. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

When your job is finished and you have made certain that it is in the best possible shape you will be sure to securely fasten at least four signs to the fence. Of course, you carry a note-book and you will now record exactly the amount of help and the time required to put up 100 rods of fence.

While you are on this job you should also have made it your business to find out what tools this man had on the place and the present condition of each of them, and, if there was the least chance of selling him anything in your line, and you are thoroughly posted regarding the merits of the articles, there is no one in a better position to make the sale than yourself. Even if you are unable to close a deal at this time, you can get the customer interested in the goods, and when you return furnish your employer with information that may be the means of placing several tools on this farm in the near future. The other farmers who just stopped to look on while you were at work should not have been allowed to depart without a thorough understanding of the merits of that fence and a package of advertising matter, such as you should always carry with you whenever you make a trip into the country for any purpose. You should also have made it your business to inquire of each of these men if he expected to purchase anything in the line of farm supplies during the coming season. All of this information and as much more, pertaining to the kind of tools each man is using, how well he is pleased with them, and how nearly they are worn out, as can be obtained in a general line of conversation, should be carefully recorded in your note-book. It seems impossible that a man who is alive to his opportunities can go out on a job of this kind without making a sale of some tool or implement before he returns.

Now, Mr. Assistant, it is my private opinion that you did not do any of the things I have referred to in this letter. You simply did just what was expected of you, and no more. You probably put up that fence and did a good job, returning to the store without a bit of the information that would be a help to future business, or having done a single thing that would bring trade in other lines. The average man in your position is doing this very thing every day he lives, and then he wonders why some one does not suddenly discover that he is a most valuable man in the implement business and insist on his taking a very important position at a large salary. I have simply referred to this fence deal because it was the first thing you mentioned, but you will understand that I mean that this line of action should be applied whenever you are sent out for any purpose, whether it is to roof a barn, put up a windmill, or deliver a wagon. You should never be satisfied by doing just what you are sent out to do, but do something every time that you are not expected to do. Surprise your employer once in a while by your thoughtfulness and the interest you take in the business. Forget that

you are working for Mr. Hardman and consider that you are working for yourself, which is entirely true in more ways than you think. Every time you explain the merits of a piece of machinery or an article of merchandise to a prospective customer, and every time you make a sale, you are adding to your personal knowledge and efficiency. When you are driving for salesmen of the various companies, instead of lamenting the fact that you are sometimes kept out until 10 o'clock at night, you should consider this one of your greatest opportunities. These men are engaged in the very business for which you hope to fit yourself, and if you are looking after your own interests when with them you hear every word they say and know just how they handle a prospective customer; and if you are wise you will keep these men talking about their machinery, explaining the construction and special features during the entire drive; and don't be afraid to ask questions. The salesmen will think much more of you because of your interest. If you will then study the advertising matter and post yourself thoroughly on everything in the line, it will not be long before your ability will be fully recognized and your salary proportionately increased.

In closing, let me advise you to stick to your position and to remember that your future is entirely in your own hands, and your opportunities for making a reputation as a thorough implement man, not only with Mr. Hardman, but with every salesman who deals with him, are unexcelled.—Maximus in Implement Age.

"All With Ham."

John Sharp Williams, at the end of his recent debate with Governor Vardaman, at Meridian, Miss., talked about pride.

"There is a decent and noble pride," said Mr. Williams, "and there is a pride that is mean and ludicrous. An aged citizen of Yazoo tells of an old woman whose pride was of the latter sort:

"This old woman lived in Yorkshire. There was a funeral one day in the next village. She did not attend it, but a neighbor of hers was there. That night she called on the neighbor and said:

"Well, Nancy, I hear you wor at t' funeral."

"Yes; I wor," Nancy replied.

"What kind of a funeral wor it?"

"Nancy sniffed.

"Why, it wor a werry mean affair," she said. "There wor nobbut a few biscuit an' sich."

"Ah," said the other old woman, "them's the sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but, thank 'evins, I've buried 'em all with 'am.'"

Getting His.

"Of course, you don't want anything you are not entitled to," said the conscientious man.

"Of course not," answered Senator Sorghum; "but I will incidentally remark that I always have the best legal talent available to ascertain what I am entitled to."

Sheet Metal for Interior Decoration.

Artistic taste and specially devised machinery has made it possible to use steel for ceiling and side wall decoration. It is considered more healthful than plaster; does away with dampness in buildings incident to the use of plaster; takes a low rate of insurance, being fire and waterproof; is easily applied; it improves the acoustic properties of a room, and by the artistic arrangement of panels and molding offers possibilities of treatment hitherto unattained.

Metal ceilings and side walls are made from sheets of mild steel usually of 28 or 29 gauge. These are given form by being placed between dies and subjected to the action of a powerful machine hammer, the repetition of heavy and distinct blows producing sharper angles than when the steel slowly yields to the application of hydraulic pressure. In addition to being highly ornamental and attractive, metal ceilings and side walls possess many characteristics of decidedly utilitarian nature, which would seem quite sufficient to alone justify their slight increase in cost over lath and plaster. Closely joined so as to make them easy and economical to install, they present an almost air tight surface, and being incombustible they tend to greatly protect floors and wood work in case of fire, and have many times by preventing the spread of flames until arrival of the fire department saved buildings from destruction.

**Foster,
Stevens & Co.**

**Wholesale
Hardware**

**Fire Arms
and Ammunition**

33-35-37-39-41 Louis St.
10 and 12 Monroe St.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Established in 1873

Best Equipped
Firm in the State

Steam and Water Heating
Iron Pipe
Fittings and Brass Goods
Electrical and Gas Fixtures
Galvanized Iron Work

The Weatherly Co.

18 Pearl St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Obey the Law

By laying in a supply of gummed labels for
your sales of

**Gasoline, Naphtha
or Benzine**

in conformity with Act No. 178, Public
Acts of 1907, which went into effect Nov.

1. We are prepared to supply these labels
on the following basis:

1,000—75 cents

5,000—50 cents per 1,000

10,000—40 cents per 1,000

20,000—35 cents per 1,000

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids

RESTRICTED SUFFRAGE.

Proposed Constitution Now Ready for Burial.

Written for the Tradesman.

It was after closing hours, but there was a strong gale from the east, the streets of the little town were piled high with drifts, and the chair warmers around the hot stove dreaded getting out into the cold. The grocer was in no hurry, either, so he sat down to talk over the spring election with a couple of customers who were believed to have political influence in the town.

"Well, when we get the new constitution," said the merchant, after some talk concerning the village charter "we can run our own town."

Green, the builder, looked up with wide-open eyes. Green was one of the men who was believed to carry large collections of votes in the right-hand pocket of his well-worn vest. He employed a number of workmen, and was believed to know something about the labor vote.

"When we get the new constitution?" he said.

"Yes, when we get it, we can make our own laws here. I've always believed in home rule."

"When you get it," observed Brown, who operates a brickyard out in the suburbs, "pigs will be laying china eggs."

"What's that?"

This from one of the sitters, who worked at the canning factory over on the flats. "What about it?"

The grocer looked puzzled.

"You fellows have been talking about home rule for a hundred years," he said, "and, now that you have a chance to get it, you fly off the handle over some little point that amounts to about as much as a bald-headed man at a millinery opening. I don't know what you're hinting at, but I can see that you have it in for the new State constitution. What's the matter with it?"

"It is so dead right now," said Green, "that there is no use of discussing it."

"Dead!" repeated Brown. "You take a cat and tie him on a pile, and let several tons of metal plunk down on him, and drive him and the pile down into the earth fifty feet, and drive another pile into the hole where it went down, and build a stone wall on top of the last pile, and a twenty-story building on top of the stone wall, and that cat won't be any deader, nor more knocked out generally, than the proposed new constitution is this minute!"

"I guess you fellows are dreaming," observed the grocer.

"It is the delegates to the con. con. who are dreaming," replied Brown.

"That's a good name for the concern down there at Lansing," said Green. "It has been a confidence game right along. We have given up our good money—\$10 a day apiece to the delegates—and what have we? Junk! Just common rusty junk, worth per pound exactly what old paper is worth."

"Whenever you get ready to diagnose the case," said the grocer, "I'd

like to hear you boys tell how much better a constitution you could have made."

"There's one thing that will kill the thing," said Green, "and that is the provision that no one but property owners may vote on municipal ownership. That disfranchises three-fourths of the people in every city."

"Do you mean," asked the man from the canning factory, "that a man who does not pay direct taxes can not vote on whether a city or a town can run its own street cars, and have its own lighting plant, and its own water works?"

"That is just what it means," said Green.

"Fine business, that!" said the man from the canning factory. "I can see the end of that instrument without a telescope."

"That is not the worst of it," said Brown. "The foxy chaps who, in the interest of graft and corporations, put this provision into the new constitution fixed it so that only property owners can vote on franchises! What do you think of that? The people who do the paying, the people who ride on the cars, who use the light and the water, have no right to say whether they shall own a share of the concern producing what they daily use!"

"Well," said the grocer, "why should a man who won't be taxed for the putting in of a lighting plant have a right to vote on putting one in? Why should men have a right to vote money out of another man's pocket?"

"You're daffy!"

This from the man from the canning factory.

"I'm from Missouri," said the grocer. "You've got to show me."

"Who pays your taxes?" asked the man from the canning factory.

"I do," was the reply, "and they're too much now, without putting in all kinds of fancy doings."

"No, you don't," said the other. "Your customers pay them."

"There you have it," said Green.

"The consumers pay every blessed thing," said Brown, "and you know it, Mr. Groceryman."

"Who pays the taxes of the consumers?" asked the grocer.

"The men who employ them pay temporarily, but in the end they are charged back to the consumers. The consumers, the people who have to eat and drink, who have to buy clothing, and provide protection from the weather, pay everything. They pay the bonds and the interest on them. They pay for the trip you took to New York last fall. They are the people who must in the end take the risk of municipal ownership."

The grocer looked doubtful.

"Look here," said the man from the canning factory, "when you open up your store the first of the year, you figure on making so much. You figure the cost price of your goods, you figure clerk hire, delivery expense, rent, interest on the money invested, incidentals, losses, insurance, waste and taxes. Oh, yes, you do! If you don't, other grocers figure out all these things and fix the selling price by them, and you follow their selling price. Now who pays your taxes?"

"I pay them out of my earnings, just as you do," was the reply.

"No, because you figure your profit, which represents the pay for your time, above taxes and insurance and all the rest."

"You seem to figure out that I can pay myself a fixed income."

"If you can't it is because you don't sell enough goods," said Green, with a smile.

Mica Axle Grease

Reduces friction to a minimum. It saves wear and tear of wagon and harness. It saves horse energy. It increases horse power. Put up in 1 and 3 lb. tin boxes, 10, 15 and 25 lb. buckets and kegs, half barrels and barrels.

Hand Separator Oil

is free from gum and is anti-rust and anti-corrosive. Put up in 1/2, 1 and 5 gallon cans.

STANDARD OIL CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Our Travelers are now out with our new line of

Fur Coats
Blankets
Robes
Rain Coats
Etc.

It's the best line we ever had.

Hold your order for our representative. It will pay you.

Brown & Sehler Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

WHOLESALE ONLY

You have had calls for

HAND SAPOLIO

If you filled them, all's well; if you didn't, your rival got the order, and may get the customer's entire trade.

HAND SAPOLIO is a special toilet soap—superior to any other in countless ways—delicate enough for the baby's skin, and capable of removing any stain.

Costs the dealer the same as regular SAPOLIO, but should be sold at 10 cents per cake.

"That's the answer," said the man from the canning factory. "Now let us see how the mechanic comes out, figuring in the same way. He can't say so much for rent, and so much for clothing, and so much for schooling, and so much for food, and so much for the doctor, and so much for fuel, and so much for emergencies! No, sir, he can't add up his expenses for the coming year and say that his wages must be so and so. If he should go to the boss with a proposition like that, he'd be put out of the shop so hard that he'd have to go to a hospital."

"Of course," said the brickyard man. "How can an employer run a business and permit his employes to fix their own wages? That would be a nice game, wouldn't it?"

"If my boss would let me fix my wages," said the other, "I'd have an auto that would get me arrested every five minutes for filling the speed schedule full of holes."

"Yes, and you soon wouldn't have any more job than a rabbit. But that is not the point. I'm not saying that the men who consume things are always the IT, or that they are not. Anyway, the mechanics and laborers of the country, the clerks, book-keepers, and traveling men are not the only consumers. Manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers are taxed as consumers, too. Don't forget that, when you speak of consumers. What I claim is that the proposed constitution is wrong because it is not money but citizenship that counts. It is the individual that votes, the industrial factor, not the property. Carry the theory out to its logical conclusion, and a man who owned a million could vote as many times as a thousand people who had only a thousand each.

"And there is another point that is worth while. This is that the people who vote the bonds are not always the only ones to pay them. We vote twenty-year bonds with the expectation that our children will pay them. How do we know that the children of the men who own property now will have a dollar to tax when it comes to paying for the bonds issued by us? A man who hasn't a dollar when a certain municipal proposition is put before the people, and a man who, under the proposed law, wouldn't be allowed a vote on a municipal water works plant, may be one of the heaviest tax-payers in the city when the bonds fall due. It is citizenship that counts, not the assessment roll."

"There was a law in New York years ago," said the builder, "which denied the ballot on certain propositions to men who paid no taxes. There was an old darky named Johnsing, and he voted because he owned a mule in value up to the property qualification. One sad day the mule died, and when Johnsing went up to vote at the next election the inspector fired him because he wasn't a property owner.

"Ah's de same man what voted las' yeah," urged Johnsing, "an' ef I can't vote now jes' 'cause dat mawl done died, it mus' 'a' be'n de mawl votin' all de time, an' not me."

Then the grocer left the proposition still open and went home.

Alfred B. Tozer.

The Purchasing Power of a Smile.

You may leave your pocketbook at home; you may run out of cash; your credit may be impaired; but one asset you need never be without—your smile.

Ten cents and a smile will buy more than ten cents without the smile.

It's a real purchasing agent—not figurative at all. It's the equivalent of coin, currency or clearing house checks. Ten cents and a smile will buy a bigger plate of beans at the lunch counter than the same dime without the smile. Ten dollars and a smile will often locate a bargain which would never have been seen without the illuminant; and ten thousand and a smile has, you may be sure, carried through many a big deal, when ten thousand and a scowl would have failed.

The spurious smile is sure to be detected.

It must be a real smile, because counterfeit smiles are just as worthless as counterfeit dollars, and even if you do succeed in passing off a spurious smile it is sure to be detected in the end and cause loss and humiliation. That's quite as it should be, too. There is less excuse for a false smile than a false dollar, for a fellow might be hard up, and have nothing but a counterfeit dollar, but there's no reason on earth why he shouldn't always have a real smile.

You give a smile to cabby with your fare.

Of course, there are smiles and smiles. There are penny smiles and dime smiles and dollar smiles and eagle smiles. Paradoxical as it may seem, they are all of equal value, being coined of the pure gold of human sympathy. There's the smile with which you repay the baby for amusing you with his broken toy—a bright new penny smile of full face value; there's a smile for the messenger—a big bright dime smile—while he warms his fingers and toes at the radiator that smile warms up his heart also, and gives him strength and courage to face again the freezing air outside. There's the quarter smile you give to the cabby with your fare; it cheers him on his long lonely drive back to his station. There's the dollar smile for the new clerk struggling with unfamiliar duties. And there's the double eagle smile for the wife who greets you in the evening with a cheery welcome and some evidence of special thoughtfulness.

It's a pity the smile currency can not be expanded by act of Congress or some other efficient means, for it always passes at par, and sometimes at a surprising premium.

Occasionally you get up in the morning when the air is damp and the clouds are lowering. You feel cross and cranky and out of sorts with everybody, and everybody seems to feel the same towards you. There's your chance, man! That is a certain sign of a stringency in the smile market, and the real, genuine sunny 1908 article, with the eagle of

genuineness on one side and the goddess of good-will on the other, ought to be worth about 805.

Hoarded smiles earn nothing.

You can't hoard your store of smiles and expect them to increase. Place them in circulation day by day; make them work for you and for the general good. Coin a new one every time it is needed. By and by, when you want them most, you find them trooping back to you laden with acts of courtesy and kindness and good will—the compound interest on your investment of the currency of cheerfulness.

Tasso Vance Orr.

Wasted Caution.

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?

Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter.

"And did you mail it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me!"

Telling Truth Like a Lie.

It is possible to present entirely correct statements so that they appear improbable and overdrawn.

From a selling standpoint an advertisement so prepared is just as impotent as a downright lie.

It is not enough that an advertisement convince the man who writes it, nor the man he is writing it for.

It must convince the indifferent stranger. It must be so compellingly convincing as to puncture the doubts of the avowed pessimist who is "dead set" against any kind of advertising.

It must be so logically convincing as to carry the reader through to a definite, clear and favorable conclusion that skepticism can not assail, nor doubt destroy.—Mahin Messenger.

We Guarantee Full Weight Flour

When you buy a sack of flour be sure you are getting all you pay for.

Every barrel of flour should weigh 196 pounds, every half barrel sack 98 pounds, every quarter barrel sack 49 pounds and every eighth barrel sack 24½ pounds.

Every package of Lily White flour does weigh as above.

If anyone quotes you a lower price on some flour which he claims is "just as good as Lily White," ask him to place a sack of it on his scales and see if it weighs as much as Lily White.

When he says it is "just as good as," he confesses it lacks in quality; when he weighs it it may lack in quantity.

Lily White

"The Flour the Best Cooks Use"

Being the best quality and having the largest sales of any flour in Western Michigan, is naturally subject to all kinds of attacks by competitors because it sets a standard none of them can reach.

Some mills are trying to deceive the public by putting flour in sacks which look like ours and twisting the name around. Others imitate our advertising style and use our old copy revamped.

Don't let them fool you. Our name is on every sack of the genuine Lily White and our guarantee is back of every ounce of it.

AND EVERY SACK IS FULL WEIGHT.

Valley City Milling Company Grand Rapids, Mich.

Above is copy of one of our newspaper advertisements now running in 26 papers.

HIGH FINANCE.

How Lathrop Secured Control of Fidelity Bank.

Written for the Tradesman.

The Fidelity Savings Bank was a snug little institution, located out on a retail street. It carried deposits to the amount of about \$500,000. The capital was \$200,000, with the stock selling at par. Of course the stock was really worth more than that, but there was a money pinch on, and no one knew when the deposits would be asked for, every cent, leaving the stockholders to search for their dividends in empty vaults, with a Federal bank examiner asking questions of the executive officers.

So the stock of the Fidelity was quoted at par, with plenty of it for sale if one knew where it was and had the price. The bank, understand, was sound as a golden guinea, but, as has been stated, there was a scare on.

Lathrop, who was building up a big wholesale grocery business on a small capital of money and a large capital of brains, found out how desperate the situation was when he went to the President of the Fidelity and asked for the renewal of a \$10,000 note which would mature in about ten days. The President, who was President of the bank about an hour a day and agriculturist the rest of the time, laughed at him.

"We are calling in our loans," he said, "and you'll have to pay. We have the cash on hand and would like to loan it to you, but we don't know when our depositors will be here asking for their money. Anyway, we're getting it together for them, and, incidentally, paying 4 per cent. interest and letting the money lie idle. I wish I had my money out of the concern and invested in land."

"Do you mean," asked Lathrop, "that you would sell out if you got the chance?"

"Well, this is all on the q. t., but I think I would. The investment is all right, but it takes my time, and I'm getting old, and I'd like to go abroad next year, so you see how it is."

Then Lathrop became possessed of a mighty idea. If he only could get hold of the bank! That would give him money, all the money he needed, to build up his wholesale grocery business. But how? That was the question. How was he to secure \$101,000 in ready cash to purchase the control? Then the idea came:

"Can you deliver a controlling interest?" he asked.

"That is exactly what I can do," was the reply. "Thinking of buying?"

It was with difficulty that Lathrop retained his self-control. Here was a chance to make a strike!

"Will you give me ten days' option on 101 shares?" he asked. "Quoted at par?"

"This is a matter of business," replied the President. "Give me \$1,000 for the option and you may have it. If you exercise the option the \$1,000 counts in the payment; if you don't, it belongs to me."

Lathrop put up his \$1,000 and took his option. Then he got into his auto and took a long ride out into the country, just to pull his mighty scheme together in his mind. He couldn't take money out of his business to put into the bank, so he must get ultimate control for a small amount. He knew how if he could only find the right men. It was like buying a forty-acre farm with a ten-cent piece, but he was in the game to win. When he puffed back to the city he went to the office of a capitalist who had always been friendly with him. He threw the option on the table.

"Is that good for anything?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the capitalist, Benson, "that is a good option. I'll give you \$500 for it right now. Didn't know the Fidelity was for sale. Wish I had."

"It is not for sale," said Lathrop, feeling like jumping for sheer joy that his deal should be so endorsed by Benson. "I want the bank, and I want you to loan me the money to pay for this stock. I'll leave the stock with you as security. Is it good security at par?"

"Yes, I think it is, and I'll let you have the money, but how are you to pay it back and still retain your stock?"

"I have that all figured out," was the reply. "Would you like to keep some of this stock and go on the Board of Directors?"

"Yes, I think I should. It is good property. Ought to be worth a good premium right now. How much can I have?"

"I'll tell you all about it after I get the stock," laughed Lathrop. "Will you trust me to take the \$100,000 over to the bank and bring back the stock?"

"It isn't business," said Benson, "but I presume it will be all right. Go on."

Lathrop was back in an hour with the stock. As yet there as no rumor of the change on the street, although Lathrop had the President's resignation in his pocket.

"Now," said Lathrop, "I'll show you how you can get some of this stock. We are going to form a little trust company right here, capital \$101,000, in shares of \$100 each. You doubtless have friends who would like some of this bank stock. Get them together and we'll form the trust company."

"I think I see light," laughed Benson. "Say, young man, you'd feel quite at home down in Wall street, the busy thoroughfare with a grave yard at one end and a river at the other. Go ahead with your scheme."

"Now," continued Lathrop, "you may have just as much or little of the stock of this trust company as you want, saving only control. I'm going to sell my bank stock to the trust company, and let the company control the bank. See?"

"Yes, and you want fifty-one shares of the trust company; in other words, control?"

"Exactly. We'll get up the company and I'll dump in the bank stock and draw out \$50,000 in cash

and fifty-one shares of the trust stock. You see, the trust will then have every dollar of its capital invested in Fidelity stock, good for a dividend of 10 per cent. at the lowest, and a sure advance in stock of at least 50 per cent. as soon as the scare is over. Is it a good proposition?"

"It certainly is," was the reply. "I'll take the \$50,000 trust stock, of course, and sell one share to my son so as to have a board. We can have everything in ship-shape by to-morrow afternoon. But, look here, you've now unloaded \$50,000 of your stock, but you still owe me \$51,000. I'm anxious to see how you are going to swing that without interfering with your regular business. I'll give you \$10,000 bonus for the entire stock."

"You wait until to-morrow afternoon," laughed Lathrop, "and I'll show you how I'm going to get out and still keep control of the Fidelity."

"Well," said Benson, "just let me in on it, will you? I'm after 10 per

Largest Exclusive Furniture Store in the World

When you're in town be sure and call. Illustrations and prices upon application.

Klingman's Sample Furniture Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ionia, Fountain and Division Sts.

Opposite Morton House

We Are Millers of

Buckwheat, Rye and Graham Flour. Our Stone Ground Graham Flour is made from a perfect mixture of white and red winter wheat. You get a rich flavor in Gems from this flour not found in the ordinary mixed or roller Graham. Give us a trial. Your orders for St. Car Feed, Meal, Gluten Feed, Cotton Seed Meal, Molasses Feed, etc., will have our prompt attention at all times.

Grand Rapids Grain & Milling Co.

L. Fred Peabody, Mgr.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

BALLOU BASKETS ARE BEST



X-strapped Truck Basket

A Gold Brick

is not a very paying investment as a rule, nor is the buying of poor baskets. It pays to get the best.

Made from Pounded Ash, with strong cross braces on either side, this Truck will stand up under the hardest kind of usage. It is very convenient in stores, warehouses and factories. Let us quote you prices on this or any other basket for which you may be in market.

BALLOU MFG. CO., Belding, Mich.

A HOME INVESTMENT

Where you know all about the business, the management, the officers

HAS REAL ADVANTAGES

For this reason, among others, the stock of

THE CITIZENS TELEPHONE CO.

has proved popular. Its quarterly cash dividends of two per cent. have been paid for about ten years. Investigate the proposition.

Clearance Sale of Second-Hand Automobiles

Franklins, Cadillacs, Winton, Marion Waverly Electric, White Steamer and others.

Write for bargain list.

Adams & Hart 47 N. Division St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

cent. investments, with the principal likely to double in three years."

The next afternoon, when Lathrop went to see Benson, he found young Benson there, with a lot of ad interim certificates lying on the table.

"The concern is ready for the meeting of the Board," said Benson. "We couldn't get the stock certificates out so soon, so here are the little ad interims. Now, you call the meeting to order and we'll elect you President, and then I'll give you credit for \$50,000 on account and fifty-one shares in the trust company."

In about five minutes Lathrop was in control of the trust company, and the trust company was in control of the bank. He was now controlling the Fidelity with a cash investment of \$51,000, every cent of which was borrowed as the purchase price of his stock. It was still too much for him to handle. So far, he had used no money except the option money out of his own business, and he did not intend to. When young Benson went away he said to the capitalist:

"I'm still carrying too much paper. You get some man you can trust and we'll form another company."

Benson sat back in his chair and laughed.

"You're a corker," he said.

"We'll form a holding company to hold the stock of the trust company," explained Lathrop. "We'll organize with \$51,000 capital, and I'll turn in the fifty-one shares of trust company stock I own and take out \$25,000 in cash and twenty-six shares of holding company stock at par. As the holding company will control the trust company, and the trust company controls the Fidelity, you'd better get in."

Benson laughed until he was red in the face.

"You're all right," he said. "We'll have the holding company on deck in two days. Now, where do we stand? Of course I'll take the twenty-five thousand holding stock, and you will still owe me \$26,000, secured by holding company stock, which will be worth \$1.50 on the market. If you think you can't carry that much, you might form a syndicate to operate the holding company! That would give you, by means of the various steps in the financial ladder, control of the Fidelity on an investment of \$13,500!"

"I guess I can put up holding stock at the Fidelity and borrow the \$26,000 I owe you at 6 per cent.," laughed Lathrop.

"Then it will cost you exactly \$1,560 a year to control the bank, and your salary as President will be at least \$5,000 and your dividends will be at least \$2,600 more. Over \$6,000 a year to the good and not a dollar invested! Say, young man, where did you earn your high finance?"

"On Wall street," replied Lathrop. "I just wanted the bank so my paper wouldn't go to protest when I couldn't make collections! That is the way they do it down there. The little stockholders have \$99,000 invested, you have \$75,000 invested, and

I've got only \$26,000 invested, and I've got control! Isn't that Morguesque?"

"That," said Benson, with a grin, "is high finance."

But it didn't hurt Lathrop's business any to have control of the deposits of the bank!

Alfred B. Tozer.

To Utilize Magazine Pictures.

The value of the idea employed by a New York merchant, and here described by him, is at once apparent: Our principal medium, advertising, has always to be our own store and our own windows. For display in these windows I have for some time made use of neat, catchy cards. The scheme is very simple I simply get from the advertising pages of a magazine or elsewhere a good picture, then work a few words around the illustration to suit the advertisement, and the nature of the business described. A great many of my cards would do for any trade, and while they may have a little sameness about them, it is because they describe only one article—hats. They are suitable for use at any season of the year. By having one or two lying against stands or suspended from chandelier or suitable fixture, they help to make windows attractive. They look well as they are small and not too showy. If needed for suspending they may be made in larger sizes with bigger pictures. The use of a good painter is necessary, as he can shade and color the card, making the entire card look like hand work. The only expense is the painting, the picture costs nothing. Some of the illustrations are from well known advertisements, which add to the card's attractiveness. The 1/8-sheets are the best for general purposes, and most advantageous for window display. The wording should be sharp and concise, and bear directly on the picture, with a word or two for the description or relating to the business of the store. The whole idea is inexpensive. A retailer can get up a series of thirty cards, which by continually changing will last a year, at a cost only from nine to twelve dollars, all of which will go to the painter.

Where the Difference Lay.

It was near the closing time in a Western school, and a couple of visitors had spent the last hour in haranguing the children on the necessity of being good and obeying the teacher. Just a few minutes before the close the chairman of a local school committee arose and said a few words to the point:

"Children," said he energetically, "as you go home this afternoon you will see a gang of men along that railroad track out there shoveling cinders onto a flat car. Those men are earning \$30 a month. The time-keeper who is standing near them makes \$55. The engineer who sits in the cab of the engine is getting \$100 a month, and the superintendent who is over him draws \$200.

"Now what is the difference between these men? Simply this—education. Get all you can of it,"

Had the Same Effect.

Ephraim Pontius Lamsan was looking for Peter Erastus Carbunkle, and there was blood in his eye as he looked. At last he found him in a crowd of other darkies and he let forth his pent up wrath with a vim: "You niggah, Peter!" he yelled as he brandished his clenched fists in militant fashion, "Ise a good mind to mash dat mouf o' yourn souse youse can't tell no moah o' dem hoss lies o' yourn."

"Eph Lamsan," cried Peter, bristling up, "you be plum keeful, youse standin' on a grabe yard right now. What youse mean by 'hoss lies?'"

"You knows what I means. Didn't I ax you ter tell me what you give your hoss w'en he wuz sick?"

"Ya-as, you did."

"What you tell me?"

"Pint of tuppentine."

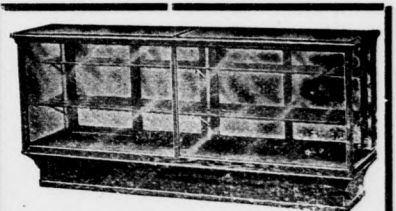
"Ya-as, and it done killed my hoss, you lyin' niggah."

"Look heah, niggah," said Eph, "deys sumfin wrong wid tuppentine in dese pahts. It killed my hoss, too."

An Affliction.

The bore is one of the afflictions of life that none of us may hope to escape. At home and abroad he—and he's just as often a she as any

other way—is always with us, and although we should take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth when we got there the bore would be waiting to receive us. The chief reason so many of us are persona non grata, as diplomats say, with our fellow-creatures is because we have never learned to make a virtue of necessity and, inasmuch as we had to be bored, to stand it gracefully and with composure.



The Case With a Conscience

although better made than most, and the equal of any, is not the highest priced.

We claim our prices are right. You can easily judge for yourself by comparison.

We are willing to wait for your business until you realize we can do the best by you.

GRAND RAPIDS FIXTURES CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Jefferson and Cottage Grove Avenues



The common verdict of your customers after they have tried

Holland Rusk

the-prize toast of the world: "There is only one thing just as good—MORE."

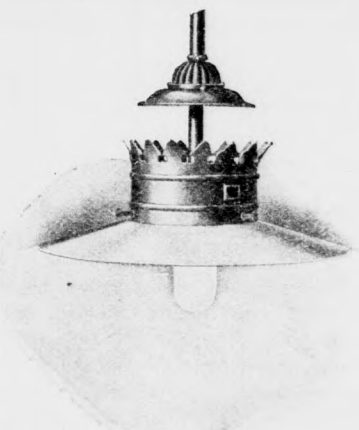
Order a case from your jobber today and you'll regret not having done so yesterday.

HOLLAND RUSK CO., Holland, Mich.

Our trade-mark, a Dutch Windmill, insures against imitation.

The Eveready Gas System Requires No Generating

Nothing like it now on the market. No worry, no work, no odor, no smoke, NOISELESS. Always ready for instant use. Turn on the gas and light the same as city gas. Can be installed for a very small amount. Send for descriptive matter at once.



EVEREADY GAS COMPANY

Department No. 10

Lake and Curtis Streets

Chicago, Ill.



Suggestions in Regard To the House Beautiful.

To my mind, the true freak woman is the woman who shirks the work of keeping house and who does not yearn for a home of her own. On her I always look with something of the fearful joy with which I contemplate the bearded lady in the circus. She is not a man, and yet I do protest she is not all womanly. I can understand the woman who desires to be a lawyer, for there are times when the meekest woman in the world wants to get up and speechify. I know how it is with the woman who wants to be a doctor, for it is the mission of woman-kind to heal and comfort. I have a fellow feeling for the woman who wants to go into politics and share the political pie. I can even sympathize with the woman who gets so disgusted with the way things are run that now and then she feels like turning anarchist and blowing everything up. But the woman who, when her work is done, and her little boom has exploded, does not want to go home and let down her back hair and have a good cry, where no prying eye can see, is a conundrum that I give up.

Of course, there are many women who are debarred by Fate from having a home of their own. For them one has only sympathy in missing one of the best things life has to offer. It is the woman who could have a home of her own, and who does not want it, that appears to me so unnatural. Why, think of a woman who can pass a furniture store without emotion; one to whom all teacups are as much alike as everybody's babies are to a crusty bachelor, and who doesn't go around with her pocketbook bulging out with recipes she has cut out of the newspapers for ways to make cake and salad dressing. She lacks something, doesn't she; some intangible, womanly sweetness and charm that we vaguely miss and don't know where to locate?

The woman without a home is as unfinished as a picture without a frame. She lacks a background, an atmosphere, somehow. It is a constant surprise to see how little women appreciate this, and yet when we think of the most charming women we have known there is not one of us who does not find them pictured in our mind in their homes. We can not disassociate them from their background. I often think of two old gentlewomen I know—two faded, withered, simple old women who always come back to my memory in their dim old house, that is full of old-fashioned, carved furniture and thin, old silver, and fragile china of by-gone day and pattern. So, they were full of interest, but taken out of their setting they would have lacked color and been mere dreary abstractions. That a woman at home

can surround herself with the hues that are most becoming and harmonious to her is surely much. That she can provide herself with an environment that brings out her individuality is more. Hopelessly stupid, indeed, is the woman who does not look better and appear better in her own home than anywhere else.

The great trouble about home-making seems to be that people have an idea that the house beautiful is the exclusive possession of the rich. To me that seems the greatest mistake in the world. I have never been able to see why a woman should care any more for a house planned, and decorated, and furnished by a professional than she would for a nice furniture store with a well-selected stock, or a good bric-a-brac shop. The real home is the one that has been built stick by stick, as a bird builds its nest, and where every article of furniture has its own story or remembrance surrounding it with an atmosphere of tenderness or romance, so that it glorifies even the very skillet on the stove or the bakepan in the oven. That is the kind of a home that keeps a man straight, and for which he will toil and save, and that has as its jewel some good and thrifty woman.

I am glad to note that our people are waking up to the fact that it is as useful to teach a girl some of the rudiments of making a home as it is to sing in Italian, or to know the germ name of all the microbes. In some schools cooking is being taught alongside with the higher education, and we may yet live to be thrilled at a commencement exercise with hearing an essay on "The Proper Way to Broil a Beefsteak," sandwiched in between a composition on "My Schoolgirl Days" and "The True Meaning of Browning." Of late the Woman's Educational Society of Boston has taken up this subject. The members evidently recognize that beauty is not so much a matter of money as a matter of training, and they propose to teach young girls, so that when the time comes when they have the making of a home, they shall make it a house beautiful, no matter how simple the materials out of which it is composed.

To show the difference between the results that may be achieved by ignorance and the beauty that may be wrought out of knowledge, at a recent exhibition, given under the auspices of this society, two rooms were furnished at an expense of \$90 each. Both were sitting rooms. In the good room the woodwork was painted white, the walls were covered with a greenish paper of quiet design, white curtains of muslin were at the windows and a white matting was on the floor. In the center of the floor was an art rug of quiet greenish tints. Across one corner was a green willow couch, with cushions covered with Japanese grasscloth. Two graceful chairs of polished wood, a cane-seated armchair and a Morris chair with moss-green cushions, a slender-legged flower stand, a side table, and a bookcase completed the furnishing. On

the flat top of the bookcase were a vase of green glazed ware, one of yellow, and a glass vase containing some flowers. The side table had a striped green and brown cover, an iron lamp with a yellow porcelain shade, a little basket and some books. Three or four inexpensive etchings of rural scenes, a small photograph from an old master, all framed in simple wooden frames, comprised the pictures.

The bad room—the warning against the sin of commission in furnishing—had cherry woodwork, paper in shades of red and brown, with an aggressive figure looking like a corpulent squash flower on it. The sash curtains were of salmon pink. The art square, laid on a checked red and white matting, was of a startling design in red and yellow, while near the door was a small rug of peacock blue. An upholstered set of Nile green imitation brocade satin with big pink roses sprawling all over it added horror to the scene, and the walls were covered with

Our registered guarantee under National Pure Food Laws is Serial No. 90

Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa



Registered
U. S. Pat. Off.

Our Cocoa and Chocolate preparations are ABSOLUTELY PURE—free from coloring matter, chemical solvents, or adulterants of any kind, and are therefore in full conformity to the requirements of all National and State Pure Food Laws.

48 HIGHEST AWARDS
in Europe and America

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780, Dorchester, Mass.

Jennings' Extracts

Are you supplying your customers with Jennings Flavoring Extracts?

These are guaranteed to comply with the food laws and to give satisfaction in their use.

Jennings Extract of Vanilla Jennings Terpeneless Lemon

None better, and they have proved themselves to be exactly as we claim.

Direct or jobber. See price current.

Jennings Flavoring Extract Co.

C. W. Jennings, Mgr. Grand Rapids, Mich.

ESTABLISHED 1872



PURE CANDY

Our Goods are guaranteed to comply with the National and State Pure Food Laws.

You take no chances.

Putnam Factory, National Candy Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Distributors of Lowney's Chocolates.

three or four alleged paintings in splurging gilt frames.

Both rooms had cost the same, but what a difference! One was a room that a rich man might not have been ashamed to own, and that would have been a pleasure to any one. It was peaceful, restful, soothing. The other was a jarring discord.

We can hardly overestimate the effects of our environment upon us. That beautiful surroundings refine is a self-evident fact. All of us know that when we have on our good clothes we are a little more conventional and better mannered than in our every-day, working apparel. A prettily spread table and lovely china insist upon good table manners. It is a case of noblesse oblige. A woman who habitually lives in rooms that are furnished in quiet and soothing tones must inevitably be sweeter tempered than one whose nerves are continually rasped by colors that fight each other like the Killenny cats.

When the hot season is upon us and every bit of plush or velvet furniture seems to send the thermometer up to degrees, and heavy draperies and carpets threaten one with a mental sunstroke, she is a wise woman who recognizes this and so far as possible puts her house into its summer clothes. The stores are full of lovely, cool cotton hangings and draperies, and for a few dollars wonderful results may be achieved. In many homes there is to be no summer outing, but a wonderful variety may be given the house by shifting the furniture, putting away as far as possible all winter things. Fresh cotton or linen covers for the cushions and for heavy chairs, and even the changing of a sofa from corner to corner, give a room a pleasant little sense of newness.

Of course, all this requires some thought and trouble, but, as the French proverb says, "There is no beauty without suffering." With the true woman no other work is so well worth doing as the making of a beautiful home, and no other work brings such sure and lovely rewards.

Dorothy Dix.

The Golden Rule.

The following story is told of how the office boy got the better of former Secretary Root:

Said Mr. Root: "Who carried off my paper basket?"

"It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy.

"Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root.

"The janitor, sir."

An hour later Mr. Root asked, "Jimmie, who opened that window?"

"Mr. Lantz, sir."

"And who is Mr. Lantz?"

"The window cleaner, sir."

Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

In ten minutes the door opened, and a small shrill voice said, "There's a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."

She Wanted a Bad Boy.

We do not always know just why such and such a boy is bad and it takes the keenest sort of insight into human nature to place him in the surroundings which will appeal to and develop his better nature. Frequently it is just the innate energy in the boy that is working out and gets in the wrong direction.

About a year ago a judge in a juvenile court received a letter from a woman in Dakota asking that he send her a boy. "I wish that you would send me a bad boy," she wrote. "I have no children of my own and am willing to do my share of looking after the homeless children. I have a ranch of two hundred and forty acres, plenty of horses to ride—broken and unbroken—more food than I know what to do with, an almost empty house and plenty of patience. I can send you references. The boy will, of course, be educated by me. Please be particular about sending a bad boy. I am sorriest for the bad boys." A bad boy was sent. He came from a poor family where there were little discipline, scarcity of food and dearth of happiness. He reached the farm, took to the wide open air in Dakota, got enough to eat and came to love and respect his foster mother, turning out a very good boy.

Woman and Watch.

"Women don't deserve to own watches," recently remarked a jeweler. "They don't know how to take care of them."

"A woman bought a watch from my firm recently and I gave her strict instructions to wind it every twenty-four hours and always at the same hour as nearly as possible. Two days later she came back with it and said it had stopped.

"Well, I found it had run down. I told her, but she insisted she had wound it.

"Two or three days later she came back with the same complaint, and again I tried to impress her with the necessity for winding it. Again she insisted she had done so and went away miffed.

The third time she came I asked her to show me how she had wound it. Then I made a peculiar discovery: The woman was left-handed, and in attempting to wind the watch she had been winding it the wrong way. I've had peculiar experiences with customers, but that beats all."—New York Sun.

Was Lucky Wid Wumen.

A story that comes from Ireland relates to the custom among farmers there of depositing money in the bank in the joint names of husband and wife, so that when one dies the survivor can draw out the money without any legal formalities.

Of a farmer who recently made application for money deposited for himself and his wife the manager asked: "Why, Pat, how can this be? It is not much more than a year since you came with a similar application on the death of your wife."

"Well, your honor," was the reply, "I'm a bit lucky wid wumen."

A Steaming Cup Of Flint Coffee



is its own best advertisement—it will send the man or woman who drinks it back for more.

Isn't that just the coffee you want for a strong leader?

The coffee you choose must be good, one which will really boost your business, or you cannot afford to push it at any cost.

Flint Coffee Makes an Admirable Leader

Did you ever think of it?

Try it.

Send for sample blends of our five grades; they will please you and, what is more to the point, will please your customers.



J. G. FLINT CO.

6-8-10-12 Clybourn St.
110-112 W. Water St.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



For
"Goodness" Sake
Supply Your Customers with

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Every member of every family in your neighborhood looks upon Karo as a *Treat that Can't be Beat*. For griddle cakes, waffles or muffins, for baking or candy making, it surprises by its delicious corn flavor. It has a piquant goodness all its own—that's why it's the popular food-syrup.

Are you prepared to fill orders?

CORN PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Davenport, Iowa.



PROTECT THE PEOPLE.

There Are Too Many Fraudulent Schemes Afloat.

Written for the Tradesman.

"I see by the papers," said the real estate man, "that a lot of captains of industry are in favor of Federal control of inter-state corporations."

"I should think they would be," said the druggist. "How can a corporation do business with half a dozen states regulating it?"

"Too much of that already," said the hatter. "The Federal Government is taking all power from the states."

"There is not enough of it," interrupted the druggist. "What are the people banded together in this Government for except for mutual protection? I don't mean protection against foreign nations, either. I mean protection against the frauds and sly thieves that grow up in every land."

"How can the General Government protect the people to the extent that you seem to require?" asked the real estate man.

"Easiest thing in the world. Just make a corporation show the goods, the clean, honest, square-deal goods, before it is permitted to do business through the United States mails. I guess that would stop a lot of 'em."

"They do stop a lot of 'em now," observed the hatter.

"They ought to stop more," said the druggist. "Look at the advertising in the mail order papers, in the daily newspapers, for that matter. Every railroad company, every bank, every syndicate, every mining company, every corporation ought to be required to make a satisfactory showing to Government officers before being granted the right to use the mails. When a company buys another company out for \$50,000 and unloads it on the people for \$500,000 the offending company ought to be put on the fraud list, and the officers ought to be sent to prison."

"When a man gets stung now, people laugh at him. They tell him that he ought to have known better. If he butts up against a big bully and gets licked, he can have the bully sent to jail. If he butts into a shrewd, keen, treacherous intellect and gets beaten out of his money, he is laughed at and has no redress. What is the Government for if not to protect the weak against the strong?"

"Your ideas are too paternal," said the hatter.

"Oh, I don't know! The people pay the expenses of this Government, and they ought to get some good out of it. They should say that no fraud must be permitted to do business in the country, and the officers should enforce the decision. But it will all come in time. The patent medicine men are getting theirs, and the fake food men are being called good and plenty. Year by year the Federal Government will reach out until there will be no such thing as floating a fraudulent concern, whether it is a bogus mining scheme or a graft religious concern. That is what is needed. We pay soldiers to protect us against the at-

tacks of foreign nations. Why not pay men to protect us against the attacks of the leeches and skinflints who stick out their shingles in every town?"

"I give it up," said the hatter.

"You may search me," observed the real estate man with a yawn.

"Oh, this isn't a funny symposium," said the druggist. "It's business. In order to secure income, women and children, through guardians and executors, have to invest money in stocks and bonds, have to deposit money in banks. The Government should see that the market is absolutely free of fraudulent securities. It should be harder to get a worthless bond or share of stock on the market than to get a poisonous food into the grocery stores."

"And, I presume, you believe that the Government should look after the bank deposits, too?"

"Sure! If something isn't done, if some one besides interested people are not allowed a hearing in money affairs, the postal savings bank is sure to come. The people are weary of putting their money in banks and lying awake nights wondering if they can get it out in the morning. They are tired of saving money, nickel by nickel, for burial expenses, or for long-anticipated pleasures, and having some big bully's auto eat it up, or having some low-browed son-of-his-father squander it on woman and wine."

"How can the Government protect deposits?"

"The Government ought not to be asked to protect deposits, any more than it ought to be asked to guarantee my debt to you. A deposit is a debt owed by the bank, and the banks themselves ought to make its payment sure beyond doubt. If there are a few more failures, the people will raid the banks for their money and business can go hang until more money is brought into circulation."

"That would knock business."

"The condition would not long exist," replied the druggist. "The people do not want to hide their money in old stockings, or in baking powder cans buried in the cellar. Before they will do that, as a general thing, they will elect a lot of congressmen who will establish postal savings banks."

"That would knock the banks."

"Of course, and that is the reason why the banks must form some sort of association which will guarantee the deposits in all the banks. That will bring the money out."

"And also make the good banks pay the losses of the bad banks."

"There would be no bad banks under this system."

"How could you prevent it?"

"By making every bank show up right before getting into the Association. The banks not in the Association would not receive deposits. At any rate, the people would be warned against them. Under such a system there would be no losses by depositors. I understand that only about one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the deposits of the country were in any way in peril last year. This shows what the risk to the banks would

be. Of course it would be less under the new plan."

"You ought to be in high finance yourself," said the hatter.

"There are too many sharp people getting into business," continued the druggist. "The individual investor, the small depositor, has no means of sizing things up correctly, so the Government must do this work for him. It will take a good long time for the people to regain their confidence in the banks. There is many a man out of work now who would be employed at good wages if the Morse banks in New York hadn't begun to tumble. In protecting the individual the Government would be also protecting the business of the country by adopting such a system as I have outlined. And, by the way, the idea is not original with me."

"Why," said the hatter, "we have been giving you credit for being a Napoleon of finance."

"Forget it," said the druggist.

"I don't think the banks would form such an association as you describe," said the real estate man.

"They would if they saw the Government savings bank right ahead of them."

"Well, they'll put up a fight before they come to such a parting of the ways," said the real estate man. "You bet they will."

"The banks want to keep the money of the country in circulation. They want to have it invested in business. They want to be able to assist laudable enterprises by discounting good paper. Anything that will keep the currency in use will meet with their approval."

"You're imagining a country that would be a paradise," said the hatter. "Here you are protecting fool people's money as against schemers, and providing for a system under which no deposit could be lost."

"Why not? The Government is saying now that no one business man shall have lower railroad rates than the mass of business men. It is saying that no man can put a food on the market that is dangerous to life and health. It is saying that no one must monkey with the funds of a National bank. Why not go a little farther and protect the masses as well as the business men?"

"I feel," said the hatter, "as if I had been attending a capitalistic symposium at the bank vaults, supplemented by a feast of love among the people who have money to put in banks."

"Fraud in corporations or in banking is the care of the Government," said the druggist, "and the time is coming when the grafter will stand a mighty good show of living where the lock step is used for exercise. The people own this country, and they are now waking up to the fact that it is being filched from them at too swift a rate. When the grafters, the rebaters, the men of the unlawful combinations in constraint of trade, are landed where the Toledo ice men are, in jail, the decent business man will stand a show. The more the people are protected the better business will be, for a few big ones won't be able to hog the



Money SAVED on the INSIDE

Don't think if you haven't ordered an American Account Register that you are not paying for it. You are! And then some.

YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In several hours of time each day devoted to rewriting orders and tedious book-keeping.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In neglected and forgotten charges.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In compromises on disputed accounts.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In lost trade owing to these same disputed accounts.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In C. O. D. deliveries not accounted for.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In slow collections and the absence of that mutual confidence which should exist between merchant and customer.



Money MADE on the OUTSIDE

YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—In not having the services of at least 24 moving signs, in connection with an account register, the greatest device ever put in a retail store to enable a merchant to greatly increase his sales and swell his profits.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT—Without getting it every day you are without it.

By this kind of paying for a thing you are **always paying for it and never done.**

It is a case where the interest is constantly more than the principal. • **BUY AN AMERICAN AND STOP IT.**

Change Loss into Profit and Business Perplexities into pleasures.

ACT NOW

The American Case & Register Co.

Alliance, Ohio

J. A. Plank, General Agent
 Cor. Monroe and Ottawa Streets
 Grand Rapids, Mich.

McLeod Bros., No. 159 Jefferson Ave.
 Detroit, Mich.

Cut off at this line

Send more particulars about the American Account Register and System.

Name

Town

State

persimmon and eat up all the little traders."

"And now," said the latter, "we will take up the collection."

"No extra charge," said the druggist. "I'm not a prophet, nor a son of a seventh son, but I can see what is coming. Have a smoke, you patient listeners?" Alfred B. Tozer.

The Boy Who Was Born To Be Killed.

Written for the Tradesman.

Sam Dallard was one of Western Michigan's early pioneers.

He had an interesting family of children, the oldest, Davy, being a chip of the old block with a liberal supply of the bark of the tree thrown in. Davy was a venturesome little chap from the time he first began to toddle. Whatever mischief offered in that new country little Davy Dallard managed to get himself into.

Running away from home was one of his peculiarities.

Once when less than 4 years of age he met with some Indian lads and accompanied them home, said home being composed of a few bark wigwams built on the bank of the Muskegon, and fully five miles from the Dallard residence.

The lad was not missed until almost dark of an October day. Search was at once instituted for the missing boy. There were traps enough which a small boy could drop into and never be found—the river, mill pond and sloughs within half a mile.

Naturally enough these places were searched when the boy could not be found nearer home. Soon the alarm spread, and the whole settlement turned out to hunt for lost little Davy. He was not found that night; in fact, did not turn up at all until a big Indian came up the river in his dugout, bearing Master Davy Dallard in the bow.

"A good scolding but no licking," said Sam to his wife. Davy minded not the scolding, and it is doubtful if even a sound thrashing would have cured the lad of his propensity for roaming.

One noon a teamster was quite startled on entering his stable to hear a little voice piping: "How-do, Mister? Billy horse nice. See, see, he likes that!"

What it was the horse liked was a gentle stroking of his hind legs by Davy's small mittened hands, the lad squatting meantime directly under the animal's belly. The sight did frighten Nick Storms and no mistake, since the horse was one of the most vicious in the stables.

"Come away quick," called the man.

"Horsey like it. Nice horsey, nice horsey," purred Davy, continuing his stroking of the vicious animal's legs. And the wonder of it is that the ugly brute did seem to like the child's fondling. Old Nick stooped quickly down and snatched the boy from his perilous position. The horse showed his displeasure at the removal of his little playmate by snorting and showing its teeth.

The teamster carried the boy home and told his parents. Another good scolding resulted, followed by a sol-

emn promise from baby Davy that he would never, never do so again. Only the next day, however, the lad was caught hanging to the tail of a savage bull and being snaked about the barnyard at a furious rate.

"A young one 'at's born to be hung won't die any other way," declared old Nick Storms. "It shore's a fact 'at any other youngone doing them things would git his head plum kicked off his shoulders."

At the age of 5 Davy fell through the ice and came near terminating his mortal career.

Sam Dallard operated a logging railroad from three miles back in the pine woods to a roadway at the head of the millpond. The rails were of wood and the motive power a span of horses.

Nick Storms liked children and Davy Dallard in particular. Sometimes he permitted the little lad to ride with him to and from his work. Of this, however, the old fellow said nothing to the boy's parents. One of the old team having broken a leg Nick was given a span of ponies to drive, and one of the logging cars became his especial charge.

This change of work threw the old teamster onto another beat so that he saw very little of his friend Davy. Thirty rods from the head of the slip into which the logs were dumped from the cars was a short hill, at the brow of which it was the custom to unhitch the horses, turn them from the track, and allow the loaded car to take the plunge down the hill. The momentum thus gained was sufficient to send the car out to the slip.

The teamster usually detached his horses just on the turn of the hill, so that a touch of the hand would start the car downward. The teamster would then follow with his team at his leisure, hitching to the car again should it fail to make the thirty rod rush.

One afternoon, soon after Storms had set out for the slip with an unusually large load of logs, a little figure broke through the bushes and a little voice piped: "Gimme a ride, Daddy Nick!"

And there, three miles from home, stood little Davy, grinning up into the face of old Nick Storms.

"You little monkey!" exclaimed the old man. "What you doing here?"

"Want to ride with Daddy Nick," and Davy held up his tiny hands.

There was no help for it so the man got down and lifted his little chum to a seat on the stuffed sack on top of the pyramid of logs. In this manner they rode along, Davy full of chatter, seeming scarcely to mind his long tramp through the woods.

As always heretofore, Storms halted his team on the brow of the hill and sprang down to detach the whiffletrees. Bethingking himself of his passenger, however, he looked up and called to Davy to come to his arms.

How it happened the old man was never quite able to explain, but somehow that load of pine logs got the start of him. The ponies went down the hill with that heavy load

behind them. Worst of all little Davy was still perched on the summit of the pyramid, clapping his hands and shouting in the wildest sort of glee.

The lad's hat blew off, his long ringlets streaming in the rear.

"I was that kerflumoxed yeh could of knocked me down with a dish rag," declared Storms in telling about it afterward. "Them ponies, nor no other team for the matter o' that, had ever went down that hill afore a load of logs. 'Twas shore death and I knew it. Then there was leetle Davy! Lord, how I groaned! Two dead hosses and a killed boy! Say, but I felt the world go round like a top. I crouched down an' kivered my face. Once I looked up an' seen that thunderbolt shootin' along like greased lightnin', ther dust an' limbs flyin', while little pebbles an' cinders beat a devil's 'tattoo agin the sides. It was orful, unspeakably orful!"

"Say, but I lived ten y'ars o' life in them three minutes. When it was all over an' I saw the hull mass come up kersmash agin ther bumpers down by ther slip I jist lopped right down like a dishrag and cried."

Some time elapsed before the old teamster dared go down and investigate. He saw the loaded car, excreened against the huge bumping post, saw also that the ponies had escaped death by turning out of the track at the slip, allowing the loaded car to pass on. Fortunately the chain fastening the whiffletrees unhooked so that, although badly

frightened, the ponies escaped with only a foot of the off one's tail slashed off to show the nearness to death the noble creatures had been.

Old Nick finally mustered courage to run on down to the end of the road. He expected to see the mangled remains of little Davy—instead a curly head hobbled up out of the grass, and a breathless voice cried:

"What made you git off, Daddy Nick? It was an awful nice ride!"

And Daddy Nick folded the child to his broad breast and wept like a mother over the recovery of a dear one thought dead.

No accident terminated Davy Dallard's earthly career. His death came long years afterward on one of the bloody fields of the American civil war.

Old Timer.

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Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

NICK CARTERS.

Easily Spotted by Men They Are Watching.

"See the man over there by the perfumery counter hiding behind a newspaper, but peeping around the edge of it at the cash register when he thinks I am not looking? Hush; be careful what you do; he may be Sherlock Holmes. There is sure a dotted line from that wicked eye of his to the cash register. Watch him peek as soon as he hears the register bell. See that? And he thinks I'm not on to him."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he's one of those foxy cash register sleuths from a private detective agency."

The "foxy cash register sleuth" loafed about a while pretending to be looking at different brands of perfumes, and finally left the store.

It appears that there are several detective agencies in Chicago that make a business of spying upon the employes in stores, cafes and saloons. Their embryo Sherlock Holmeses keep an eye on the cash register of the clients of the agency and make reports to them, both as to the honesty and capability of the client's employes.

The agencies have different methods of showing to the employer the value of the espionage. For instance, a detective will enter the store of a business man who is not receiving reports from the agency. He will watch the cash register carefully, and if he sees any employe "knocking down" any money, his visit to that store will be followed by a visit of a representative of the agency a few days later, who will explain in detail the report system. This representative of the detective agency, generally a man of fluent speech, will report the dishonesty of the employe previously observed and offer to inaugurate his report system on the condition that if it does not improve matters the employer need pay nothing. Some agencies agree to increase the amount of cash run up on the register a certain stated amount before receiving any pay.

The amount charged for this service, of course, varies with the fame and standing of the agency, but \$12 or \$15 a month can be taken as an average. In their dealings with the proprietors the detective agencies use the proper air of mystery; the employe must not know that he is being spied upon, and, even if cause is found for his discharge, he must not know why he is let out, for fear he might tell the remaining employes that they are being watched.

The service includes reports on employes even up to the manager; how they treat customers; whether they are honest, and even what they do in their leisure time. A young \$10 a week clerk in a cigar store remarked: "If I take a ride in a cab I lose my job."

The reports read as follows: "Operator number 23"—the number gives more of an air of mystery to the report than the name would—"Operator number 23 was in O'Reilly & Eppstein's saloon on Jan. 20 at 4

p. m. Light haired, freckled face bartender at south end of bar; tended to customers promptly; cash register O. K.; took one drink of whisky with ginger ale chaser."

"Operator number 13 was in the Perfection cigar store on Jan. 21 at 1 p. m. Manager of the store smoked cigar continually, gave large and portly man tip on the second race at Oakland; had on dirty cuffs."

"Operator 711 was in Schwiet's candy store Jan. 22 at 9:30 a. m. Short, dark eyed young man at soda water fountain spent 5 cents and fifteen minutes talking over the phone to unknown person by the name of Miss Rooney."

The detectives hired by these agencies are young, inexperienced youths generally from the rural districts or from the neighborhood of a news stand that sells dime novels. They are paid from \$12 to \$15 a week for working long hours. In spite of their youthful shrewdness shown by their close imitation of the wiles of Nick Carter they are easily spotted by the men they are watching.

They are given a certain amount to spend in order to have an excuse for staying in the stores, but must remain in each store for a certain length of time. For instance, the detectives that are sent out to spy on the employes of saloonkeepers are allowed 20 cents an hour for spending money, but they must remain in each saloon for one hour. The youthful follower of the great Sherlock starts out in the morning armed with his various 20 centes. He stops in a saloon, spends a nickel, hangs around fifteen minutes, spends another nickel, and so on until his hour is up, when he is relieved by another mysterious sleuth.

Then he goes on to saloon number two on his route, relieving the detective waiting there and remains for another hour unless he is thrown out before that. All day long he goes from one saloon to another according to his prearranged route, spending his 20 cents and his hour and watching the cash register. Of course, he does not let the bartender know who he is—that is if he can help it. He does not recognize the detective he relieves or the one that relieves him and resorts to all kinds of artifices to disguise his identity.

Now the lover of the foundation of Milwaukee's fame probably would declare this an excellent job. To idle around all day, spend 20 cents an hour of the agency's money for one's drinks, to run down criminals and establish the good name of honest men, incidentally of course increasing the profits of the saloonkeepers—and to call this work and get paid for it—this indeed would seem a pleasant job.

But the job is not all a bed of roses with the thorns stripped off. In spite of the wiles of the ambitious young sleuths the spotters often are spotted, and it is not pleasant to alight with suddenness and violence upon a hard and cold sidewalk, nor is it a thing of joy to listen to a flood of abuse from a large and pugnacious looking bartender except in

a literary way. Furthermore, it is not conducive to a good opinion of one's self to have a gentlemanly juggler of drinks say, "Here's a piece of paper. Write your report on that," after one has craftily hidden one's self away in a secluded corner where a good view of the cash register can be obtained.

The bartender, that dear friend of the public, is not irresistibly drawn to the spying detective and the cash register sleuth must endure his abuse in silence. If Billy O'Houlihan, who works at the Palace saloon, remarks:

"Hey, you bum detective, you've spent only 10 cents the last hour. What you trying to do, hold 10 cents out on the agency? You're a fine spotter to spy on honest men, you are."

If Billy makes these gentle remarks and many more not so gentle, the spotter must endure them in silence, for if he reports it to the agency he will be fired for allowing the spottee to learn his identity. The only recourse is to "fake" a report of dishonesty and have Billy discharged, for he will not be able to learn what the reason was for his sudden dismissal.

John Close.

The greatest gain in any life is the loss of greed.

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THE MEAT SHOP.

How It May Get Up Unique Displays.

Written for the Tradesman.

There's a whole lot one sees in the trade papers nowadays concerning window trimming. They prate about dress goods, cloaks, hats and caps, shoes, millinery; but how much space do you observe in a general trade paper about window decoration along the line of the meat industry? People write special articles in regard to all those other things, I say, and yet they seldom have a word to toss in about the store front of the man engaged in the noble—if not very aesthetic—work of replenishing the inner man, making the outer one strong to perform the various functions that, combined, go to make up what we call business, so that he may support himself well—and his family if he has one—and pile up some mazuma for that old age that has a most dreary way of "creeping on apace."

Of course, we marketkeepers can not be expected to have the dainty windows of the garment people, and yet some of us do claim that we can get up exhibits that shall be very tempting to the eye.

In the very first place nothing but absolute cleanness should "go" in a meat window. There never should be any surplus blood in sight, for nothing looks mussier or is more disgusting to a person at all sensitive.

The law of contrasts can be made the most of in our windows. What can be prettier than a nicely larded fillet de boeuf with little sprigs of parsley on it here and there and garnishing the dish? If appetizing pickles are placed alongside of meats in appropriate dishes the public's hunger will increase by what the eye feeds on. It goes without saying that the mistake must not be made of displaying the wrong relish with any particular meat.

The following is an innovation original in my think-pan:

Why wouldn't it be a great idea to put an immaculately clean damask tablecloth on the floor of the window, laying thick brown wrapping paper so as not to soil the cloth? Then in the center place the piece de resistance in the way of meat. Have it cooked and served on the right sort of dish and let it be garnished prettily if that kind of meat calls for ornamentation. Surround it with dishes of cooked vegetables that naturally accompany this meat, and anything else that would go with it nicely. If a window is decked out in this manner it can not fail to induce many people to "just step inside" who would not otherwise be doing so. You can excite interest by serving each day one of the courses of such a dinner or other meal, and so proclaiming it.

At another time you could show a luncheon ready to go into Paddy's dinner pail, which pail, of course, should be there—a shining new one, with compartments for the several sorts of food. Sheets of oiled paper should be near the luncheon, ready to wrap things up, so that they

will not spoil each other; also there should be a paper napkin for Paddy to wipe his fingers on.

Picnic dinners might be made a specialty of in other displays, when these generous willow and tin hampers must not be forgotten as a part of the exhibits. You can consult your wife (or a caterer if you are minus the wifely luxury) as to what articles are most pleasing to famishing picnickers, if your own judgment is halting.

Sometime you can make a nice contrast with the waite of the tablecloth by laying around the edge a fringe of parsley or of mint. Occasionally you can intersperse this with red or red and green peppers. A circle or a pyramid of the red ones makes a brilliant centerpiece, around which to group toothsome viands. Suspended at dozens of different lengths from the ceiling (with black thread), the effect is charming. When this method is resorted to use them freely on the floor of the window. In hanging them they may be arranged in rows or irregularly—whichever way better suits the decorator. Clean bunches of celery might be employed once in a while as a border, when separate stalks could be hung from the ceiling like the peppers, caution being exercised not to overcrowd them.

Fruits and flowers may be brought into requisition to lend their beauty of color and shape.

Don't forget croquettes, hash balls, chicken salad and ham and tongue sandwiches; also headcheese, souse, pickled lambs' tongues, pressed veal, chopped lettuce and bacon with hot vinegar poured over it, milk gravy with minced dried beef or salt pork gravy on toast (a most delicious dish for an old-fashioned "tea"), and many other time-honored fixin's which will suggest themselves or may be enquired about of others.

These cooked dishes need not be a total loss. If you advertise in your window that they will be sold cheap after the exhibit is over you will find that poor residents will be only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to procure wholesome food at a reduction.

Eke recollect the canned meats, as hundreds of purchasers are so situated that they have not much time to spend in baking and brewing and, therefore, are forced to buy their eatables ready cooked whether they prefer this way or not.

One of the (just-past) fall numbers of that ever—to epicures—fascinating periodical, What To Eat, contains an extremely odd illustration of what it designates Crown of Lamb.

Here is the secret of its "composition;":

"Turkey is so high in price this year that in many homes some other meat must take its place. In this case the Crown of Lamb will be found delicious and attractive. The marketman will arrange the Crown from the racks of the lamb, and two ribs should be allowed for each guest. Wipe the ribs with a damp cloth and set, meat side down, in the roaster. Dust with salt after the meat has

become seared, then cook, allowing fifteen minutes to the pound and slowing the oven after the meat has become browned. Before placing in the oven the ribs must be wrapped in oiled paper to prevent their being browned. When it is finished remove from the pan on to the hot platter and attach dried grain heads to the top of each rib by means of thin wire. Fill the center with mashed potatoes or any other vegetable desired and surround the base with buttered flagelot beans."

The Crown (of bare bones and wheat heads) is certainly interesting to contemplate.

It is such queer-looking dishes as this that pique the curiosity of those gathered around the festive board—and help the meatman's business. For every mother's daughter of us wants to attempt the constructing of them on the morrow. You can make up your mind, when half a dozen or so of ladies invade your shop in rapid succession, all enquiring for materials for the same dish, that they dined out the evening before. It will pay you to get the name of the dish they are buying provender for, and reproduce it instanter. Don't wait for interest to flag. Where available clip the illustration from paper or magazine and conspicuously show it, neatly pasted on a white card.

Talking about clipping, don't be afraid to use the scissors copiously, and publish the results in your window.

Here are some toasts that came from my scissoring:

"Here's till ye. May ye never die nor nobody kill ye."

Beware of losing your enthusiasms, for when your enthusiasms are gone your youth is gone.

Phillips Brooks.

"Our opinion on the Eastern ques-

tion: We agree with Russia that Turkey ought to be gobbled."

"Here's to the happiest
Hours of my life,
That were spent in the arms
Of another man's wife—
To my Mother!"

"Here's to those who love us
If we only cared,
And here's to those whom we'd love
If we only dared."

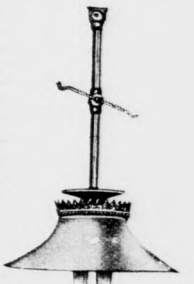
"Not what we give but what we
share,
For the gift without the giver is
bare;
Who gives himself with his alms
feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and
me." —Marketman.

Two Ages of Men.

There are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand women. One is before marriage and the other after.

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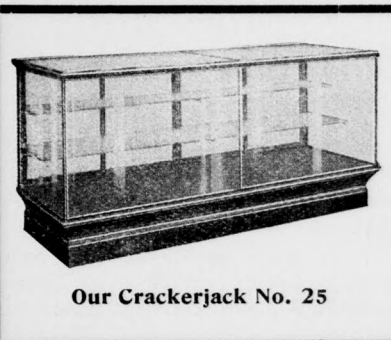
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Tradesman Company - - - Grand Rapids, Mich.



Paying for Butter Strictly According To Quality.

It is perhaps a little too early in the season to discuss very fully the subject of paying for butter strictly on quality, and yet in some quarters the matter is being agitated to a greater extent than I had appreciated. Possibly attention was drawn more forcibly to the subject by the circular sent out to creameries last month by one of the largest distributors of fine butter in this country. The gist of the proposition is found in the following paragraph:

"We aim to maintain prices in the future in about this proportion to New York quotations, varying the prices 1 cent per point between 92 and 95 (paying the quotation for specials for 92 score), making settlements on our Monday market for previous week's shipment as heretofore, charging freight to New York and 5 per cent. commission and cartage."

In a personal letter to the writer the same house says: "We make no secret of our plans and believe every permanently successful buyer of butter will eventually find it necessary to adopt some such method of payment according to quality. * * * We are going to make it an object for patrons to produce better milk, creameries to improve their plants and buttermakers their methods and care in handling. * * * If the responsible butter houses of New York would spend less time following the lead of the 'pikers' in the business in their efforts to see how much money they can annually throw away in encouraging the creameries of the West to gradually deteriorate the quality of their product until fine creameries are so scarce that there is an actual panic for their make at certain seasons of the year, resulting in the payment of premiums and prices at which it is impossible to make any money, and spend more in a sane consideration of the situation and what it is leading to, they would realize that the stability of their business rests on action along the lines in which we are but humble pioneers."

Any one who has followed closely the quality of the butter that has come to our markets the past year will agree with the suggestions in this circular and letter, that the time is ripe for a regular crusade in favor of improvement. Some of the creameries and buttermakers have already caught the spirit of the movement and are making every possible effort to raise the quality of their product, with commendable results. "I had a creamery in to-day that was simply out of sight," remarked a receiver with a wonderfully pleased look on his face. "In spite of weather conditions and everything else, the buttermaker has turned out some 95 score butter, and you bet I ap-

preciate it. I have a buyer who will be tickled to death when he gets a trier of the butter; and the price—well, I'll not tell you what he pays me, for that is a private deal, and there are not enough of those goods arriving to talk much about. In speaking of this lot I did so because the fellow has raised his grade 3 points in less than three weeks."

I am aware of all that the creameries have to contend with, especially at this season of the year, but I am just as sure as anything on earth that if the price paid for butter is determined mainly by the quality we shall have more fine goods. If the trouble is in the equipment of the creamery, new and up-to-date machinery will have to be installed. If the fault lies with the patrons they must be shown how much more profitable the dairy business will be to them if they use greater care and cleanliness with their milk and cream. And if the buttermaker is responsible, and can not "make good," he will have to quit his job. I have no hope that the entire product will be improved at once, but when one creamery after another finds that a neighboring factory is getting more money for its output because of the better grade of butter and can pay the patrons more, there will be an investigation into the whys and wherefores, and anyone need not be a mathematician to figure out what will inevitably follow.

In a consideration of this question the market quotations will play an important part; and it is my firm opinion that, so far as New York is concerned, the recognition of high quality is an absolute necessity under the court injunction. Creamery specials will doubtless have a place never occupied by any class of butter in the list of quotations. The minimum score of the grade alone can not be taken as a basis when higher scores are available, and it is not at all unlikely that a range of ½c will be made in specials, possibly at times as much as 1 cent.—N. Y. Produce Review.

He Agreed With Him.

Henry Ward Beecher, the great Congregationalist clergyman, was never lacking in a sense of humor, even under the most trying circumstances. The story is told of him that while crossing from Brooklyn to New York one day on the ferry he evinced unmistakable signs of pain and frequently applied his hand to his left jaw. A friend who happened to be sitting nearby asked what was the matter.

"I am suffering excruciating pain with a tooth," replied the great preacher applying his hand again to his face.

"Too bad," said the friend sympathetically. "If it were mine. Mr. Beecher, I should have the thing extracted."

"Yes," said Beecher, who had no fondness for the dentist's forceps, "and I would, too, if the tooth were yours."

It takes a clean heart to keep a clear head

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References: Commercial Savings Bank, Michigan Tradesman.

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Manufacturers of Renovated Butter.

Observations of a Gotham Egg Man.

The trade output of eggs from the New York market for the month of January may be computed by cases as follows:

Receipts	231,316
Reduction storage stock	104,000
<hr/>	
Total	335,316
Less increased stocks in receivers' hands	12,000
<hr/>	
Apparent output	323,316

This is equal to 73,000 cases a week against 77,500 cases a week in December and 61,300 cases in January, 1907.

The January output included more out-of-town shipments than in December.

Probably the present output is less than the average for January, but it is still a good bit in excess of the weekly receipts on the recent scale; but these are now tending to increase and there seems every probability that they will meet all requirements in the near future. The reserve stock in this market, including both refrigerator holdings and fresh stock in receivers' hands, is probably not to exceed 38,000 cases.

In what has been said recently about damage to eggs from breakage caused by the use of weak and flimsy fillers it has not been intended to create the impression that all of the damage to stock in transit arises from poor packing. This is by no means the case. The transportation companies are often to blame for bad condition and there are a good many instances where eggs arrive with the cases racked and broken in such a way, as a result of careless handling, that no packing under heaven would preserve the eggs from breakage.

Nevertheless damage resulting from the use of poor, weak fillers, absence of flats and lack of proper packing above and below is all too common, and we wish to emphasize the importance of putting the stock up right. There is some difference in the fillers turned out by different factories under the same relative name and it is perhaps not safe to recommend any particular designation; with most brands of fillers the medium weight is sufficient, but only if it is well made and substantial; and it is an excellent plan when using a filler below No. 1 to get enough of the latter to use for the top and bottom layers of each case.

There is no proper substitute for a good cardboard flat for the top and bottom of the cases and there is no packing (except cork, which is not necessary) so good as clean, well dried excelsior. This should not be put on in great bunches, so as to stick out on all sides, but should be carefully and evenly placed above the top and below the bottom flats so as to hold the contents firmly when the cover is nailed on.

In this connection it is worth considering that the whole business of egg handling and marketing in this country has a serious fault; it is that, under the customs in vogue, the man responsible for bad work, or for bad eggs, is not always, or even usually,

made to appreciate the effect in a lessened return which he can at once see to be the effect of his shortcoming or mismanagement. There is little doubt in my mind that ultimately all such losses, arising from bad packing, a lack of proper grading, etc., fall back upon the shipper; also that farmers and country storekeepers rarely get as much, in reality, for eggs that are held back until they become stale as they would get if the eggs were marketed while fresh and fine. But the difference occurs in such a way that it is not appreciated—just as people pay customs duties on protected articles without knowing or realizing it.

A country dealer or farmer may hold eggs until they get shrunken and stale, and yet when he sells them to the larger merchant mixed with fresh goods he gets the same price for all in nine cases out of ten, and is not made to realize that he may be getting much less for the new eggs in order to get what looks to him like a profitable price for the poor.

The shipper packs a lot of eggs in weak, flimsy fillers; they get to market with much loss from breakage but it may not show; the goods are signed for as in good order, turned out to a prompt customer, and returns made as in good order. The buyer kicks, and very often the commission man stands the deduction!

Until goods are bought in the country under the candle and strictly according to quality; and until some more equitable manner of returning for shipments to the big cities can be inaugurated, how can we expect to induce these needed reforms?—N. Y. Produce Review.

Heart-To-Heart Talk.

"Don't use big words. In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vandiloquent vapidness. Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully; keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and don't use big words." E. J. Salt.

How To Handle the Advertising Solicitor.

For some years it was the writer's duty, as advertising manager for a large corporation, to listen to the tales of fact and fancy so freely

used by advertising solicitors. As a result of this experience, he arrived at certain conclusions:

That the advertising manager ought to see every solicitor for a legitimate advertising medium who calls at his office; or, at the least, designate some competent person in the department for this duty.

That the advertising manager, or whoever acts for him, should so direct the conversation that it will be productive of facts about various phases of advertising rather than glittering generalities.

That the "live wire" advertising solicitor can give the advertising manager a greater amount of valuable bits of useful information—about media, methods, results, etc.—than he is likely to obtain from any one else.

That the advertising manager who can not get more out of the average advertising solicitor than the solicitor can get out of him certainly is not expert at extracting information.

Try it and see for yourself.
Frank Pennington.

We Are Buying

Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Grapes, Onions, Potatoes, Cabbage. CAR LOTS OR LESS.


We Are Selling

Everything in the Fruit and Produce line. Straight car lots, mixed car lots or little lots by express or freight.

OUR MARKET LETTER FREE

We want to do business with you. You ought to do business with us. COME ON.

The Vinkemulder Company
Grand Rapids, Mich.



Ground Feeds
None Better

WYKES & CO.
GRAND RAPIDS

Strangers Only Need to Be Told That

L. O. SNEDECOR & SON (Egg Receivers), New York is a nice house to ship to. They handle for the retail trade so are in a position to judge accurately the value of your small shipments of fresh collections.

W. C. Rea

A. J. Witzig

REA & WITZIG

PRODUCE COMMISSION

104-106 West Market St., Buffalo, N. Y.

We solicit consignments of Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Live and Dressed Poultry Beans and Potatoes. Correct and prompt returns.

REFERENCES
Marine National Bank, Commercial Agents, Express Companies Trade Papers and Hundreds of Shippers
Established 1873

Citizens Phone 5166 HEADQUARTERS Bell Phone 2167

Onions, Apples, Potatoes, Cabbage, Etc.

and we are exclusive distributors of the celebrated **ROSE & CLOVER** brands **REDLANDS** Navel Oranges for Western Michigan.

Yuille-Miller Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

L. J. Smith & Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Manufacturers of

Egg Cases and Egg Case Fillers

WE can always furnish Whitewood or Basswood Sawed Cases in any quantities, which experience has taught us are far superior for cold storage or current shipments.

Fillers, Special Nails and Excelsior, also extra parts for Cases and extra flats constantly in stock. We would be pleased to receive your inquiries, which will have our best attention.

FLOOD OF RICE.

How It Broke Up a Hunting Expedition.

Written for the Tradesman.

"The best rice you've got in the shop, Steve," said Jim Harker, as he came bustling into the corner store. "We're goin' to hev comp'ny to-morrer and mam's callatin' on angel cake, rice puddin' and other nicks-nacks."

The little man, lean as a shad, with a hungry yet humorous face and twinkling black eyes, sat down by the stove and thumped his breast with his chilled red hands.

"Cold, Jim?" asked Mr. Benson, as he proceeded to dish up the rice.

"Waal, it are a little chilly," assented the old man.

"So you're expecting company, are you? Somebody from outside, Jim?"

"Yes, mam's sister from York State, and some of her kids, too, I reckon—say, what sort o' rice is that, Steve?"

Mr. Harker sprang up and leaned across the counter to look into the yellow paper sack which the grocer was filling.

"The very best Carolina rice—you wanted the best, you said, Jim."

"That's what I said, but, blame me if I want any Car'lina rice; that's the kind 'at raised hob with me'n' Tim Hodges last fall, up in ther mining deestriect. Hain't ye got somethin' better, Steve?"

"Well, yes—or no. This rice is the finest grown—"

"Don't want it," and Harker turned and began to draw on his mittens.

"What's the trouble now, Jim?"

"Got to have some rice—goin' over ter Cal's place—"

"But, see here, I have something from Florida. Will that do?"

The grocer emptied his sack and bent down, scooping up another brand—a broken rice not near so nice looking as the other. This he showed to his critical customer.

"Ah, that's the sort, Steve. That's more like it. Give me three pounds of that," and Mr. Harker settled back into his seat once more. Of course, the merchant smiled. He asked no questions, however, until the rice was safely tied up.

"Now what else, Jim?"

"Not a blamed thing else," returned the customer. "Had to have the rice or trouble. Kind o' strange, too. Rice and not lack on' it made Tim an' me a heap o' trouble that time when he'n' me was camped in Gogebic country huntin'."

"What was the trouble, Jim?"

"Rice!"

"Just plain rice, eh? I don't see—"

"Of course ye don't," grunted Harker, grinning. "No, 'twan't plain rice, but some of the pesky Car'lina stuff."

"Let's hear it, Jim."

The grocer smiled approvingly and offered cigars.

"Thankee, Steve, don't care if I do. It war this way: Me'n' Tim 'lowed we'd get a deer or two last fall—year ago, I mean. We camped in beyond the Straits country. Tim was cook whenever this work was doin'. We hed good luck all right until Tim tackled that Car'lina stuff.

"'I'll hev rice fur supper,' says he that mornin' when I was leavin' for a run down ther creek. That pleased me, fur I like rice—I mean ther kind that mam cooks.

"When I came ter camp at noon I heard Tim's gentle voice cussin' inside the tent. I went in an' what'd ye think? Ther was my pard dip-pin' rice outen a kettle, dippin' fur dear life. 'What's ther trouble?' says I? 'Got too much rice, eh?' 'Blame take the stuff,' he yelled. 'I only put a quart o' ther stuff in that kettle an' see what ther blamed stuff's a doin', runnin' all over everythin' like it was alive.'

"Tim told the precise, the most perzact truth, too. Great Scott, but Satan himself seemed inter it. I fetched dish after dish, but it didn't do a blamed mite of good. That Car'lina stuff kept a swellin' an' a growin' like Jonah's gourd of Bible times. Waal, ter tell ther plain truth, Steve, thar warn't no end to that rice—it growed an' growed, an' swelled an' kep' swellin' an' growin' until it filled every blamed dish, pail an' cup in ther tent. I even got ther ash basin an' set it fur Tim ter dish rice into. That filled up in no time. Couldn't stop the blame stuff no mor'n ye could shet off Niag'ry. An' then, blame me, ef the white an' krinkly stream didn't begin strewin' the ground with a white mess.

"Say, fur Heaven's sake, do somethin', or we'll be buried alive!" yelled Tim. I seed somethin' had gotter be done, so I caught up a limb and knocked over the sheetiron stove."

"Well?" said Mr. Benson.

"Not so very well, either, although you might think so," grunted old Jim. "That blamed Car'lina stuff kept on swellin' an' a swellin', until in pure desperation Tim'n' me ran out, jerked the pins an' lowered the tent. After that we didn't do a thing to that stuff."

"How did you manage then, Jim?"

"There was a big snowdrift back of the tent which we managed ter throw over the crawlin' white kernels. I never worked harder'n my life kickin' an' throwin' snow. Say, but the steam an' hot air 'at went up near about strangled us. We got the best of the rice, however."

"You had a narrow escape," said the grocer.

"Bet yer life. D'ye wonder why I don't like Car'lina rice after that?"

"But," suggested Benson, "it might be the fault of the cook—"

"See here, Steve, don't tell that to Tim. He'd murder ye if ye did. It was the pesky kind of rice, not the cook. Waal, wust of it was our stove was spoilt an' we hed to quit the woods 'thout nary a deer."

Mr. Harker got up and took his sack of rice, tucking it under his arm.

As he was going through the door he grinningly said:

"Some day, Steve, if ye remind me of it, I'll tell ye how my pard Tim got ther wrong rooster by the tail—not now though. Gotter git this rice home in time for mam ter cook it."

The door slammed and Jim Harker was soon on his homeward way, smoking gustily his gift cigar.

J. M. Merrill.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Grocer Declares Stomach Is Center of All Civilization.

Written for the Tradesman.

The grocer stopped in at the book store to look over the new magazines. The proprietor was helping to unpack a box of etchings which had just been received, and the grocer walked back to where he stood.

"Look here," said the book man, holding up a fine piece of work, "here is art for you! Why don't you get into the art row and peddle out something that feeds the brain instead of adding fatty terraces under the chin? You provision men are away back in the ruck with the cave man sitting in the crotch of a tree eating a cocoanut."

The book man and the grocer have hunted and fished together, have worked and loafed together, and one never loses an opportunity of getting a "roast" on the other. The grocer now sat down on the corner of the big box that was being emptied.

"I am in the art row, plenty," he said. "You fellows that handle pictures and other things which are merely pretty, sometimes, don't know the definition of art. You write it with a big A, but you don't know what it is."

"You've got to show me," smiled the other.

"Webster," continued the grocer, "says that art is the employment of means to accomplish some desired end; the adaptation of things in the natural world to the uses of life; the application of knowledge or power to practical purposes. Another definition is to the effect that art is perfection. You picture fellows think art is buildings that look as if the first story was the basement and drawings of old windmills on a purple hill. Seeing that you don't know, I'll tell you what art is. It is the provision business. That's art with a big A."

"I have often wondered what it was," said the book man.

"Up to a few years ago," said the grocer, "I believed that the desire for mental and moral advancement supplied most of the impulses for the betterment of the race, but I've changed my mind. It is feed that keeps things moving. It is the good things to eat that advances the race toward what we call civilization. Just plain bread and butter, and the things that go with it."

"You've been passing out potatoes, and beans, and hams, and tinned chicken made out of veal so long that you're getting a notion that progress would back up on a siding and dump her fires if it wasn't for you. You think that a man's whole life centers in his stomach just because he has to eat in order to live."

"The primary impulse," continued the grocer, "was to get enough to eat. It is the primary impulse yet, only quality and variety have been added to quantity. The provision business is the art of adapting things to the uses of life. That is art. See?"

"You're getting things down to the cow standard."

"There's where you make a mistake. The cow's appetite is not sufficiently well developed to give her an art impulse. The cow hasn't learned to eat pie a la mode or clams on the half shell. The cow is a creature of few wants and great delivery. She will live for years on a diet of hay and bran without demanding a waiter in a white apron or stuffed olives on the side. She hasn't progressed, has she? Why? Because she isn't using her imagination and her inventive powers in the direction of six course dinners and black cigars half a foot long. Every good thing, every bad thing, every thing that is just negative, has come from folks trying to get something to eat that is good to the taste. Now, the cow—"

The book man sat down on the counter.

"—is not progressive. If she had acquired a thirst for rye in fluid form and green cheese she might now be riding in an automobile, with a trail of bad odor a mile long behind her on the country roads."

"Perhaps," put in the book man, "it would be advisable to cultivate in the cow a taste for French cookery. She might in time learn to wear a waterproof polonaise that would keep the rain out of her milk."

"It is just the same with the horse," continued the grocer. "Have you ever seen a horse wearing a plug hat and a sack coat? Of course not! You never will until the intellect of the horse gets to reaching out after a nobler and a better life! When the horse begins to work his gray matter over time in order to satisfy a craving for lobster and small cold bottles, then you'll see an improvement in the horse family."

"Then a horse may become a grocer?"

"Yes, or a book man. Look at the wild beasts of the forest. They eat what they can get, and don't organize any unions or co-operative companies. That is why they are still sleeping in holes in the ground and in the tall trees. There is no progress because their appetites are not ambitious. When the wild animals of the woods get to having their food shipped in on refrigerator cars, you may see a tiger with a row of tenement buildings, or an elephant with a private car and a ten-ring circus back in the scenery somewhere, or a bear putting up a concrete school buildings."

"In time," laughed the book man, "we may see elephants paying \$20,000 a year to a French cook! I'm almost sorry I said a thing about art!"

"Now, if man had been content to exist on raw food, with one-course meals, like a cow or a horse, there would never have been any fires built. No fires, no buildings; no buildings, no commerce; no commerce, no railroads, no ships; no transportation, no development of the country; no development of the country, no schools, no clothing, no twenty-nine million dollar fines for Standard Oil! There you are. All the progress of the world comes

from the throat. Talk about art! Art is in getting the best things in the world to feed the masses!"

"I wish I hadn't said a word!" grinned the other.

The grocer smiled and went on. "If man had been satisfied with his one-course dinner, there would now be no wheat fields, because there would be no wheat. Man developed wheat from the grasses. There would be no cattle industry, because no one would know how to handle the herds. There would be no refrigerator cars, with freight bills nine feet long and icing bills a mile and a half from top to bottom. Man builds railroads to convey food from place to place, and don't you forget it! That is art!"

"You don't believe in the simple life?" asked the book man.

"I do not. There isn't enough variety to the menu."

Doesn't agree with your business?"

"It is a step backward when men go back to the trees to live."

"That's what the doctors say."

"The doctors are right. The simple life, if universally indulged in, would knock out the beef industry."

"Appetite! Well, it is not hunger, but the refined appetite that is making the wheels go round in this country. If all the people would adopt the health diet proposed by these fellows who sleep with their heads out in the shadows of night, half the population would have nothing to do, and the result would be famine, revolution, riot. The human appetite is the thing that keeps the race on the onward march. I'd like to know what you fellows know about the knowledge of putting things to practical purposes! That is art, and I'm art!"

"You look it!"

"If man had stuck to the wilderness and robbed the bees for a living, and caught the elusive fish by the tail after a long swim, there wouldn't be any inter-state commerce law, or any Taft hunching along toward Roosevelt's job. I tell you it's getting sick of the food mother used to gather in the branches of the trees that got the race in motion. When you try to keep the population intact with anything but a well-developed taste for the best there is, you make a mistake."

"Why don't you put that in your advertising?"

"Don't hurry me! There are sixty thousand words in this lecture on Grub as a Civilizing Influence, and I've only given you two thousand."

"Then," said the book man, "I'll have to take it in installments. I've got to go over on the West Side to see a man."

"All right," said the grocer, "bring the man over here and I'll convince him that the only real art now in the world is the grocery business! If man had never eaten the esculent squash, there—"

But the door closed, and the book man was gone. Alfred B. Tozer.

Life is not a gamble, desirable success can not be won by the turn of a card.

Hardware Price Current

Table listing various hardware items and their prices. Sections include: AMMUNITION (Caps, Cartridges, Primers, Gun Wads, Loaded Shells, Gunpowder, Shot, AUGERS AND BITS, AXES, BARROWS, BOLTS, BUCKETS, BUTTS, CAST, CHAIN, CROWBARS, CHISELS, ELBOWS, EXPANSIVE BITS, FILES-NEW LIST, GALVANIZED IRON, GAUGES, GLASS, HAMMERS, HINGES, HOLLOW WARE, HORSE NAILS, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS); IRON (Bar Iron, Light Band, KNOBS-NEW LIST, LEVELS, METALS-ZINC, MISCELLANEOUS, MOLASSES GATES, PANS, PATENT PLANISHED IRON, PLANES, NAILS, RIVETS, ROOFING PLATES, ROPES, SAND PAPER, SASH WEIGHTS, SHEET IRON, SHOVELS AND SPADES, SOLDER, SQUARES, TIN-MELYN GRADE, TIN-ALLAWAY GRADE, BOILER SIZE TIN PLATE, TRAPS, WIRE, WIRE GOODS, WRENCHES); CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE (STONEWARE, BUTTERS, CHURNS, MILK PANS, STEW PANS, JUGS, SEALING WAX, LAMP BURNERS, MASON FRUIT JARS, LAMP CHIMNEYS-Seconds, OIL CANS, LANTERNS, LANTERN GLOBES, COUPON BOOKS, COUPON PASS BOOKS, CREDIT CHECKS).

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Crockery and Glassware

Table listing various crockery and glassware items and their prices. Sections include: STONEWARE (Butters, Churns, Milk Pans, Stew Pans, Jugs), SEALING WAX, LAMP BURNERS, MASON FRUIT JARS, LAMP CHIMNEYS-Seconds, OIL CANS, LANTERNS, LANTERN GLOBES, COUPON BOOKS, COUPON PASS BOOKS, CREDIT CHECKS.

MARKS OF THE MAN.

There Are Too Many Just Plain Storekeepers.*

Picture, if you can, a little one-story building. The windows have not been washed since the day he took advantage of his discounts. But, of course, he has been there some little spell, and his being the only stock in town some people, not knowing any better, deal with him, because they feel they have him to keep anyway. A lady customer goes into his store. She takes her handkerchief and dusts off a rocker and seats herself to rest until the storekeeper gets through with his game of checkers. He finally drags himself up to where the lady sits.

"Did you want something?"

"Yes, I want to look at your sideboards."

"I don't carry any in stock, but I can order you one; we don't have any sale for them."

"Let me see your couches—something in a bed couch with the back off. Oh, no, I don't care for those with the back on. Oh, don't you carry any?"

"No, but I can order you one."

The lady goes out and in a few days the dealer in his daily visits to the depot to find out who is ordering stuff from mail order houses finds quite a bill of furniture.

A traveling man calls on this dealer in a few days, and you can imagine the reception the angel of commerce gets. We know what it is, and you can guess. After spending a half day with him he succeeds in selling him a small bill by splitting the bundles and giving him a little dating. Well, the order comes in. He hitches up his family carriage and hauls it over. About a week after he has a call for some article in this invoice, and he proceeds to tell his customer how busy he is, how he has just been unable to set it up, "but next time you are in I will be able. I hope, to show you the article." The item in question was a chiffonier, the first one he had ever had in stock, and when he got around to put it together he could not find the toilet. So he immediately sits down and writes the house a sassy letter asking if their shipping clerk was drunk, and how they expected him to sell a chiffonier without a toilet. Well, he immediately gets a reply saying the toilet was packed in the bottom of the drawer. He finds it and puts it on, and shoves the piece on the floor back of the stove, never thinking it needs rubbing up and to be put in a salable condition—well, in fact, he does not get time, for just then in come his cronies for a checker game, and he drops everything.

The following day the lady comes in. He forgets where he set the piece of furniture in question, but finally the lady finds it. In the meantime he falls over the spittoon.

"How much is it?"

"Well, it just came in, and I really have not had time to mark it."

*Paper read at annual convention Kansas Retail Furniture Dealers' Association by Edward Eustis.

So he looks over all his letters for a month past and finds the invoice, and finally gives her an offhand price. If any of his goods are marked at all they are marked this way, perhaps on the back or with a dirty tag on. While the lady looks at the scratches and defects the dealer walks around the other side of the stove so he can throw out his cud of tobacco. The lady finally says she can not take it out to-day and another order goes to the mail order house. Well, this bill finally comes due, and after several letters to the house he sits down and sends them a check, and the only way the house knows it is his check is that the bank furnishes him with a blank check, and the name of the town is on the check, for the dealer never signed it.

Now, I know this is an extreme case, but this kind of a storekeeper is often in trade. It is nobody's fault but the storekeeper's himself, and this very fellow always wants to relieve his mind on the existing conditions by blaming somebody else, even going so far as to blame his own community. There are several different classes of storekeepers between the class I have referred to and the up-to-date successful merchant, and you are as familiar with them as I could expect to make you. As this subject of the storekeeper is far from fragrant, with your permission I am going to leave this storekeeper. But before leaving him I would suggest that he first get his physical condition in shape. If nothing gives him the desired effect try vim. When you have sufficiently gained your youth and ambition then wash your windows, paint your store front, then shave and change your shirt, then rearrange your store, then dust, then resolve to be glad to see your trade, put forth an effort to sell them, join the church, quit playing checkers and chewing tobacco, and I am sure you will in a short time shake off the dusty atmosphere and crabbed disposition of a storekeeper—you will soften your heart to the traveling bureau of information called the traveling man.

I can not leave this topic without telling you what I think your feelings will be when the change takes place. You will take a pride in your store, as a wife takes in a home. How long would you live with your wife if she kept as dirty a home as you keep a store? You will lose that appetite and craving you have always had for cheap plunder. You will welcome all information from whatsoever source. You will meet the traveling man with a glad hand. You will take two or three trade journals. You will become familiar with and acquire the knowledge that makes a salesman. You will become familiar with systems of advertising that have brought others success. You will lose that jealous, narrow-minded feeling toward your competitor. You will lose the desire to let other people run your business by mailing catalogues to your trade. But instead you will be ready to patronize the legitimate houses who have money invested, and which carry big stocks and which

have representatives which call on you, who put forth every effort and spare no expense to serve you, and do not claim their obligations cease until the goods prove satisfactory to you; which pay their salesmen living salaries to call on you and show you the line. It is true the salesman is out to sell goods, but what a mistake the dealer makes who so far forgets himself as to think that the successful salesman, the one who expects to build up a business and increase it with you from year to year, would not use every means at his command to serve your best interests. It is foolishness to think that a house keeps a salesman not to sell goods, nor build up a big business, for the mutual interests of all concerned, but only for his good looks and winning ways.

I hope the Kansas furniture dealers will not decide to do away with the traveling men for various personal reasons. It is very amusing to me when I find a dealer who is jealous of another man's profits. It is too deep for me to see through. I have been following this buying and selling proposition all my life, and as long as I can see business men who pay the price and sell the goods at a profit I can not help but feel the man who is always whining about how much money other people are making out of him is on a par with the people who make it possible for the catalogue houses and other wildcat schemers to exist. Now, you can not deny it. This is a fact, and the prevailing condition is serious, as I will show you. The farmer comes into your store. It is difficult for you to conceal your disposition, for you yourself are following the same tactics in your buying that he is making an effort to establish in his buying. He says, "What is that dresser worth?" and you say, "Ten dollars," and he says, "I can buy that same dresser of Sears-Roebuck for \$6.50." You bought it for the cheapest thing you could buy, so there is no quality to talk, because you yourself have no confidence in the article. You probably bought from O'Brien, and the only difference in him from the catalogue house is that he hasn't enough of your money yet to enable him to stand alone. But if you keep on feeding him he will be in time selling your customers. Some of these

facts are hard to swallow, but nevertheless are true.

I want to say in conclusion, that you cannot expect to get results in your fight against the mail order houses until you first stand as a unit against the factories that sell them, and that you do not all do. The dealer who keeps posted, keeps his store clean, his person clean, his reputation for fair dealing always before the people, his stock clean and up to date, everything marked at a good living profit, nice clean tags, takes pride in his store, takes pleasure in showing people through the store and in calling their attention to any new thing in the way of a novelty a little ahead of what has been said—this is the cheapest advertisement you can get. Always push instead of being pushed. Have a good word for everybody. This kind of a merchant is not forced out of business by mail order houses.

Tom Murray's Recipe.

A window card displayed recently in the store of Tom Murray, the Chicago clothier, attracted much favorable comment, and showed him to be not only a clever advertiser, but also a good employer. It read as follows:

Why My Help Is Satisfied.

I pay full pay when sick.

I give yearly vacations with full pay.

I pay all their funeral expenses.

I hire men away past 45.

I do not hire cashiers at \$5 a week; I could, but I will not.

I do not hire salesmen at \$8: I could, but how could they live?

I allow them to sit down when not busy. I furnish chairs for them.

Is it any wonder they treat you good? For I try to be fair to them, and they are a happy family.—Tom.

Do not rely entirely on mere physical ability in creating a new and more favorable environment for yourself. The power of your brain will assist you far more than physical exertion.

Grand Rapids Notions & Crockery Co.

Importers and Jobbers of
DRY GOODS NOTIONS

Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Hosiery, Gloves, Suspenders, Combs, Threads, Needles, Pins, Buttons, Thimbles, etc. Factory agents for knit goods. Write us for prices. 1 and 3 So. Ionia St.

HOSIERY

One of the most essential things in a dry goods stock is a good line of hosiery. We carry an immense line in Gents', Ladies' and Children's in plain black, plain white, plain tans, fancies in dots and figures, lace stripes, etc., in fact everything in the hosiery line. We have the exclusive agency in Western Michigan for several leading brands.

Come in and inspect our line or write for samples.

P. Stekete & Sons

Wholesale Dry Goods

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Do You Advertise and How Do You Do It?

In reference to the first part of my subject, will say that I believe judicious advertising is one of the best investments a merchant can make.

There is no set rule that I know of that will apply to all kinds of business, and that will have to be determined by the advertiser. An advertisement should be two-fold in character: First, and most important, is to establish the reputation of the house. When you have done this you have reached one of the goals of success.

There are very few people who like to trade with a firm that has no established reputation. It may be true that bargain prices offered at times to catch the trade will be appealing, but there will always be a suspicion that all is not as represented. I find it much easier to keep a customer than to gain a new one, because we make it a rule to see that our customers are satisfied, although at times we may suffer loss to satisfy them. One displeased customer can do more harm in a week than all the profit you could make out of him in a year. Confidence is one of the chief assets of every well established business, destroy this and your road to fame would be rocky indeed.

The local business man can not afford to make false, misleading statements, like some of the "pirates" in distant states who sell their goods on misleading reputations, "fully guaranteed" subject to the conditions on the other side unknown to us. For we must come in contact face to face with our customer, while the other fellow is immune and can not be reached except by an epistle in the hands of Uncle Sam.

As a further protection we are informed that it is a violation of law to send profane or obscene literature through the mail, and I do not believe that a man could express his sentiments of the treatment received by these people without bordering upon the profane side of his nature.

The catalogue houses say a great deal about their reputation—I suppose that is a privilege that every man has, for if some did not say it about themselves it would not be known.

I try to make a confidant of all my customers, and in this way I find out a good many things of interest to me. One of the chief arguments of the catalogue houses is that they can save the customer money on any article from a pin cushion to a threshing machine, knowing that when they touch a man's pocketbook they have hit him in a tender place.

In order to make this convincing they quote prices on some standard articles that will be a clincher. They know if they can make a customer believe you have been charging him too much that he will not come to see you again. If you gain a customer's confidence as you should you will have a chance to contradict this impression; for I truly believe that with the exception of a few articles that are put out as a bait there is not a dealer in Texas who can not

meet the prices of these dear friends, and make a nice profit, class and grade of goods considered. We are doing it, and in many instances make a better profit than on staple and high grade goods. We do not represent the goods as standard or high grade, for we have to meet these people again; we can tell them that we believe the goods worth the money asked for them, and most of your customers buying this class of goods have been pleased, while others have come back and traded them with us for a better grade.

Another good way to advertise your business is, don't "knock" your neighbor. Sell your goods on their merits, and not the demerits of your friends across the street, or maybe in some other town. Remember, you can not do it all, and he has a right to live and, perhaps, a family to feed also. The golden maxim will help you: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," and you will find your journey through life much happier.

Referring to the second clause of my subject, I advertise through the press, and circular letters. To my regular customers, I believe the letter more effective, as I can say to several hundred people, at a cost of little postage and a few hours' time, what it would take me many days to say to them individually, if I had a chance to do so; besides, with this circular letter you can send a small folder describing some article that you wish to call to their attention.

The catalogue houses realize the value of this kind of advertising, for they do more of it than any other class. They never let up when they get a man's name; they keep after him; and if we as local dealers don't do something to counteract it they will land him, and we won't be at the landing either.

The man who believes he can get business without expense or effort is sure to be disappointed, as well as the man who sells his goods without a profit, in order to down his competitor.

Merit and not prices is the best medium to use in getting trade. The man who buys a thing because it is cheap usually wakes up to the fact that he has bought a cheap article.

Be honest in all your statements. If you are selling something you can not recommend say so. It is better to tell your customer than to let him find it out and tell you about it. He may not get a chance at the other fellow, but he will hunt you up, and, besides, tell all his neighbors how he made you "come across;" while the other fellow can beat him writing letters, and the chances are they have a testimonial from him telling what a bargain he got, before he knew what he had, that they have been using as a bait for another sucker.

Courteous treatment is another good way to advertise. See that everyone, no matter what the color or nationality, is kindly treated, and do not be afraid to use the little words, "Thank you;" for the man

who spends his money with you does so voluntarily, and this much he has a right to expect.—J. E. Johnston before Texas Hardware Dealers' Convention.

Let Each Learn from Their Own Minds.

Evansville, Ind., Feb. 18—Your editorial entitled "Changes in the Churches," which you published in your wonderful journal of Feb. 12, is a good article for people who love to go somewhere to be entertained, but it is not good advice for those that really want the Creative Forces to control them.

Study the teaching of Jesus, and you will find that the church is not the place to find Almighty God.

Every child should be taught to listen to their Father within. They should be taught that Heaven is within them: that they make their own Heaven and Hell. Teach everybody that they are a child of the Creator of all things. Teach them that they are God themselves. This idea of going to a church and listening to some one tell a lot of things that they know nothing about is all wrong.

"Let no one be great among you." Let each of you learn from within your own minds and from your own experience as to what is good or bad. We are standing by every one that is trying to be good.

We will not allow one soul to do wrong if we can get them to listen to us. The preacher is the man that is keeping our thoughts from the

people, for he wants them to listen to him and not us.

We never did nor will we ever need any person to tell the people what to do. Our progressive thoughts are teaching the people by the thousands, but, of course, the church going people can not see these things, for the blind are leading the blind.

If you believe in a progressive family of thoughts try to know that they are coming from this company. This company controls every thing Creative. The church, or the line of thought that controls it, is not a creative force. It has not proven its position.

We have been sending you thoughts for a long time and you have caught them and have published a great many of them in your journal, for which we thank you very much. Keep on and you will soon see the light from within your own mind, as to know how to manage the Forces from the Universal Intelligence.

We don't care to write you too much along this line at this time, but if you will publish this letter I will send you a few more thoughts to put in print. Remember, we do not believe in the printed word or the spoken word. It is the Silent word from within your own mind that we are trying to get you to listen to. I Am That I Am.

If you can't resist the temptation to gossip get in front of a mirror and tell it to yourself.

Our Spring Lines

are now

Ready

for

Inspection



Grand Rapids Dry Goods Co.

Exclusively Wholesale

Grand Rapids, Michigan



City Salesmen Must Collect.

The members of our city sales force are all expected to collect accounts.

This arrangement is especially practicable in a business where each salesman has a vast number of customers, but can expect to get only a comparatively small order from each—a condition which holds good, for instance, in the business of a tobacco distributor.

It would take too large a force of collectors and too voluminous a correspondence to transact business with them in the usual way.

Each salesman has a regular territory and calls on each customer at intervals of one or two weeks. After booking the order the salesman asks for the payment of the week's account and rarely has any difficulty in collecting it. In case an occasional customer demurs, the salesman has only to state firmly, although not aggressively, that the new order can not be filled until the old account is settled. This argument is usually sufficient.

Dealers who buy supplies of tobacco in unusual quantities are handled in a different manner, our salesmen taking their orders but never attempting to collect.

Another exception is made in the case of the saloonkeeper. It is impracticable for salesmen to try to collect a bill from a saloonkeeper. The most important reason for this is the question of expense. Salesmen who sell to the saloon trade have to "treat" very liberally, as a rule, to get an order; they would have to "treat" before they could collect the account on a subsequent visit. The fact that they are as generously "treated" by their customers in return does not alter the fact that it costs money to sell to the saloon trade, and that it costs more money to collect accounts of this kind.

The effect of this wholesale "treating" process upon the salesman's habits, and his work, is also to be considered. As a rule the saloon trade is "good pay" and it is safe enough to trust such customers to settle their accounts voluntarily at the proper time.

The salesman who is to collect an account should take care not to seem to doubt the customer's reliability. He must show that he values the customer's trade, and that it is because he hopes to get more orders from the same source that he is so anxious to have that little obligation disposed of, rules of his house making this formality an indispensable preliminary to further transactions. If the salesman shows that he is suspicious of his customer's willingness or ability to pay he antagonizes the customer at once, and has two difficulties to contend with instead of one; that is to say, where first it was merely a case of

the customer's finding it inconvenient to pay, it now becomes a case of his stubbornness and ill-will, as well.

A collector, the same as a salesman, can show that he is performing a service for the customer, and therefore has a right to expect to be received on an agreeable footing. By collecting the money which is long overdue he relieves the customer of an old debt and puts him square with his creditor—he gives him his independence, as it were. The collector who presents his business in this light can work both as a collector and salesman without inconsistency.

S. J. Clark.

Why Salesmen's Bias Would Interfere.

It has been urged that where a salesman is entrusted with collections he has a keener sense of responsibility with regard to the soundness of his customers' credit. It would seem logical to suppose that, if he knows that he must collect the money for a bill of goods sold he would take more pains to avoid selling customers unworthy of credit. Further, he might be expected to take more pains in convincing and thoroughly satisfying his trade, with a view to minimizing the number of cancellations.

Despite this logical conclusion, our experience shows it is best for the salesmen to have no responsibility with regard to the collection of accounts—that is, as a general rule.

This is owing less to trade conditions or other external factors than to the salesman's own attitude towards his work. If he has the spirit of a salesman in him—the zeal and enthusiasm that are essential to success—he must realize that practically the sole aim and object of his endeavor is to sell goods, and to make as many sales as he can. As a general proposition he would look upon the necessity of making collections as a handicap. There are three reasons why he might entertain this feeling: First, as a collector he is likely to be received with displeasure by customers who would welcome him in his capacity of salesman; second, the talents and method employed in making collections are very different from the talents and method used in selling goods, and the salesman who has himself in "working trim" for taking orders is likely to feel some inconvenience and confusion when called upon to use the radically opposite tactics of a collector; third, a salesman who is called upon to make collections for his firm may feel that the time given to this work retards his progress; that the hour given to collecting an account might be spent with more profit to himself in the endeavor to take new orders.

It is only natural for a successful salesman to take a very sanguine view of any customer's reliability and in the case of a doubt arising to try to coax his credit department into "taking a chance." This does not reflect unfavorably on the salesman unless, of course, he is not really hopeful of his customer's reliability,

but only pretends to be. But it indicates what a lenient attitude he is likely to assume toward a delinquent customer in the matter of collecting an overdue account if he sees a possibility of obtaining future business from the same delinquent.

When the sales department and the collection department of a business are run independently it gets the customer into the habit of dealing directly with the house when any question arises as to rebates, claims, extension of time, etc., and this may be expected to result in a larger quota of business for the salesman. He is not so often confronted with a demand for concessions when the customer realizes that the selling end of the business is entirely distinct and separate from credits, collections, etc.

There are, of course, exceptions to all rules, and almost any firm may find it, on occasion, expedient to have the salesman collect an account. The salesman should be willing to do this when the peculiar conditions governing a case point to him as the best man to make the collection. A salesman appreciates this as much as the house.—H. S. Taylor in Salesmanship.

Danger of Disgruntling Trade.

It is a rather hazardous, although an entirely possible thing, for a salesman to act as collector.

A great many men in business are narrow-minded, and if they are customers of yours they resent your most delicate allusion to the fact that they owe your house money.

They like to think that in giving you an order they have granted you a favor, and that the financial end of the transaction is no concern of the salesman's—especially if he wants them to give him further orders.

This is only human nature, and it is a part of salesmanship to humor human nature.

Suppose that the customer owes your house \$500 which is long overdue. You know, and the house knows, that his credit is good. You would be willing, and the house would be willing, to trust him for \$500 more, feeling sure that the amount would some time be paid.

But, according to business principles, the amount outstanding should be collected within a certain time, even if the customer is a "safe risk."

Now, when you call on this customer he is acutely conscious that he owes your house \$500. He will shake hands with you gingerly and respond to your cordial greeting with a dubious: "I suppose what you're after is money, eh?"

If you are able to say: "Why, no, Mr. —, I have nothing to do with the firm's collections, I am here to show you some new goods which will astonish you," you will see the gloom disappear from his face and he will welcome you heartily. He infers that your house is eager for his trade and convinced of his integrity. This flatters his self-importance and puts him in a good humor.

You are practically certain of a closed order after that.

Since you wouldn't have called on him without having first made sure that his credit was sound, you can safely leave further details of the transaction in the hands of the collection department.

But, if, when your customer queried, "Well, I suppose it is money you're after," you had intimated—no matter how graciously and pleasantly—that you did remember his delinquency and hoped to collect a little something, he would almost certainly take offense.

For these reasons it is a good thing to have the selling end of the business entirely independent of the collections.

However, it often happens with me that a good customer will voluntarily bring up the matter of his account with my house and offer to pay me in whole or in part.

In such a case I do not humiliate him by a refusal to accept the money.

Edward Bottenberg.

Doing a Little More.

The reason some people never succeed is that they start out at too fast a pace. The man who hopes to win a twenty-five mile race is not usually in the lead at the end of the first lap. It is interesting to watch one of these long races. A great many quit at the end of the first quarter-mile and a few more at the end of the mile; then it becomes a question of staying power and "spurt" at the end. Some fellows with fairly good staying ability get left because they have not enough steam in reserve to put up the gauge a notch or two on the home stretch. The man who has learned to "keep under his body" knows how to so husband his physical endurance as to be able to do a "little more" when the pinch comes. So with success: the man who wins is the one who does a little more than is expected of him all along, and who can do a little more than he himself expects to do at the last. The man who is afraid of work in these days of hustle will find himself at the wrong end of the procession. Work is the "open sesame" of every gate of life.

When you see a traveler
hustling extra hard make
up your mind his object
is to reach Grand Rapids
by Saturday night.

Sunday passes quickly at

**Hotel
Livingston**

STOP AT THE HERKIMER HOTEL
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Finely furnished rooms, private and public tiled baths, steam heat, electric light, running hot and cold water in every room, telephones, etc. Rates 50c and up per day.

Movements of Michigan Gideons.

Detroit, Feb. 18.—Detroit Camp of Gideons at its last meeting changed the hour of meeting from 7:45 to 7:30 p. m. for Griswold House meetings every Sunday evening. The last meeting was one of the most interesting yet held. Wheaton Smith led the meeting and enthused every person present. Myer Cohen, who said he was Abraham's son, and represents Goldwater Bros., importers of laces, New York, gave a very interesting talk, expressing himself very much the same as an up-to-date Gideon. He said he had changed his views somewhat since a young man in regard to Jesus Christ. He opened up channels for thought for those present, showing that the day is coming when the Jew will take his place as leader as we find in Bible record. W. Schlichter, who is in the employ of the State, was present and gave an interesting talk. Two traveling men asked for prayers and one remained to get more light.

The meeting at the Volunteers was conducted by the writer. W. J. Ennis, C. L. Hyde and another gentleman and a lady found the "pearl of great price."

C. L. Hyde, Evanston, Ill., representing the Safety Emery Wheel Co., of Springfield, Ohio, has been spending several weeks in this city looking after his firm's interest. He is always found around where anything pertaining to Gideon work is and his visit has been greatly enjoyed by the Detroit Camp.

The Interdenominational Bible Conference, which meets annually at Lake Orion, has extended an invitation to the Gideons to be with them and use part of the time on Saturday a fine time for a rally, and it is hoped day afternoon, Aug. 1. This will make that it will be made use of by Michigan boys who wear the button.

John H. Nicholson, when remitting his dues for the ensuing year, asked for a published statement "that the Gideons have always been and always will be my brotherhood of Christian fellowship." He is to be found standing in his place round about the Camp and this good news, we know, will rejoice all members of the organization.

Chas. T. Bowers, National Field Secretary, is spending the first half of the month in Tennessee, having visited Nashville, Memphis and Jackson. The latter part he will spend in Kentucky, visiting Mayfield, Hopkinsville, Campbellsville and Louisville in the order named. At the last named place the National Convention will be held in July. All loyal Gideons are supposed to have already commenced to save their pennies, with a visit to this city and surroundings (including an excursion to Mammoth Cave) being kept before their mind's eye. Before coming to Michigan in March Mr. Bowers will make South Bend, Ind., probably coming to Grand Rapids from there, thence to this city for a week and then departing for the East to finish his (Gideon) year.

Geo. A. Webb, who sells umbrellas, started Monday morning for his

long trip. He will visit the larger cities of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, being gone about three weeks.

John A. Sherick, State President, delivered his address on the New Man at Clarkston last Thursday night and at Lansing on Sunday.

J. J. Kinsey, President Camp No. 1, who has just returned from his trip "Up State," reports trade excellent, exceeding his best previous efforts.

A very pleasant incident occurred last Sunday night at the opening of the Griswold House gospel service in the presentation of an auxiliary pin to Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, in recognition of her painstaking care in looking after the Gideons' comfort and welfare. Mrs. Williams will wear the pin and be as proud of it as though she were a member of a Gideon household. She belongs to the family of Camp No. 1 at large.

Frank Harder, Plainfield, N. J., has signified his intention to again become a Gideon, and to this end has "paid up" and is now a full fledged member. This news we are sure will be gratifying to all who know this most estimable brother.

Frank A. Garlick, National Secretary, is spending a few days with the boys in the Far West. Friday he was in Minneapolis, Saturday and Sunday in Fargo, North Dakota. At the latter place he hopes to found a camp as several Gideons are already located there. N. L. Redman, State Superintendent, resides in that city and a great rally is planned and undoubtedly will be enjoyed by the boys who wear the button who reside within reaching distance of that city.

National Secretary Garlick spent last Sunday in Dansville, Ill., in helping the boys there and reports a splendid meeting.

National Field Secretary Bowers will come to Michigan from South Bend, Ind., to spend the week March 2 to 9. He expects to visit both Detroit and Grand Rapids during his stay in this State, after which he will leave for Massachusetts.

J. R. Ellison, formerly of Detroit, has moved to Idaho, his address being Sunnyside. He makes Gideon No. 2 of that State, the other being Paul A. Cowgill, Boise City.

F. S. Frost, representing the Ideal Clothing Co., Grand Rapids, was at Lansing last week after large orders. He did not seem as much interested in the Con Con as in 1 John, 5:10. In talking with a scoffer a short time ago he used the above mentioned verse.

Augustus F. Keuhn, Flint, was at Reed City over Sunday, smiling the smile of success and getting ready to capture large orders from Reed City merchants, who appreciate high grade goods from a salesman who gives goods "all wool and a yard wide." Aaron B. Gates.

Harry C. Ephlin succeeds his brother, Fred J., as salesman for Queen Anne soap in Michigan. Fred J. Ephlin has returned to his old line, skirts, and will have Western territory.

Benzoate of Soda or a Substitute For It.

It is unfortunate that decisive action has been delayed so long in connection with the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative of food products, under which head soda fountain beverages and supplies are included, as well as many other articles dealt in by druggists, confectioners, dry goods merchants and department stores, as well as grocers and others who have soda fountains.

In some of the states, including Pennsylvania, where the pure food laws are more stringent than the Federal statute, the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative in the quantities usually employed in fountain supplies, has been tacitly, if not expressly, permitted. In the new pure food law in New Jersey the use of benzoate of soda is recognized and expressly permitted until such time as it may be prohibited by the National Pure Food and Drugs Commission.

The readers of this journal are familiar with the properties of this preservative. They have also assumed that Dr. Wiley is equally familiar with the uses, effects and benefits attending its application to products in which they are interested. They have, therefore, been more or less astonished at the seeming antagonism of the distinguished chemist to this apparently harmless, but very necessary, preservative.

In the report of the annual convention of the Food Manufacturers' Association Dr. Wiley is quoted as having said to some of its members:

"I can make no definite statement, nor would I as to whether or not benzoate of soda is deleterious. If, through my experiments, I found I had to condemn it, I would do so, but I would continue my investigations until I found a satisfactory substitute."

If there is a satisfactory and better preservative than benzoate of soda everybody ought to be interested in its introduction into trade and manufacture. If there is such a thing Dr. Wiley apparently has not yet discovered its existence, and we know of no man who has studied the subject more assiduously than he has. There are manufacturers of canned goods who claim that they are able to get along without the use of this preservative, alleging that they have something better, but when asked recently by Secretary Wilson regarding its nature they declined to give any information. The position in which these men place themselves is either that they are dallying with something that has no real merit or else they are planning to freeze out all of the other manufacturers and endeavor to monopolize the trade. Such a course borders on the idiotic. In this present age of agitation against harmful combinations the monopolization of the preservation of food products will not be tolerated, provided even that some new discovery has been made. On the other hand, if some meretricious substitute is being brought forward under cov-

er its use will soon be prevented by law.

The opposition of a few manufacturers who use preservatives to benzoate of soda bears so many suspicious ear-marks that it is difficult to diagnose their real ailment. If they are trying to fool their competitors or the public they have selected a very inopportune time for the performance.

As To Consideration.

A good business man will give everything that comes to his notice due consideration.

Many of these things—almost all, probably—are not worthy of his consideration.

Then why consider them?

Answer: So as not to miss a good thing.

Failure to consider carefully has cost many manufacturers valuable inventions that were submitted to them, cast aside and then turned into fortunes by more judicious competitors.

Failure to consider carefully has led many theatrical managers to refuse plays that have later become wonderful successes; and countless money-making books have visited several publishers before they received the consideration that led to their publication.

And the same principle holds good in every line of trade. Good things are continually overlooked because the powers that pass judgment fail to exercise careful consideration.

Moral: Consider everything. If something worth while is discovered well and good; if not you at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you haven't overlooked a good thing.—Silent Partner.

Promoted.

The 17-year-old daughter of a widely known naval officer was entertaining a friend in Washington, when the latter gave expression to her delight that the eldest sister of the girl in question had become engaged to a lieutenant in the same service as her father.

"But I'm sure you're going to miss your sister dreadfully," she added.

The other smiled. "Oh, dear, yes!" she exclaimed. "But just think of it, my dear—this change advances me a number!"

Charles Wheeler, who represents the Fletcher Hardware Co. in the Upper Peninsula, is confined to his home in Marquette with frozen feet, hands and face as the result of a terrible experience during the recent cold weather. Wheeler started to drive from Rapid River to Gladstone, when his horse backed him into the ditch and got away. Wheeler was somewhat stunned, and when he got on his feet missed his bearings. He started to walk, as he supposed, back to Rapid River, but took the opposite road and was obliged to make the whole distance to Gladstone, six miles, on foot, with the thermometer below zero. He hopes to be back on the road soon.

You can never wholly satisfy heart hunger through the cars alone.



Michigan Board of Pharmacy.
 President—Henry H. Heim, Saginaw.
 Secretary—W. E. Collins, Owosso.
 Treasurer—W. A. Dohany, Detroit.
 Other members—John D. Muir, Grand Rapids, and Sid A. Erwin, Battle Creek.

Michigan State Pharmaceutical Association.

President—J. E. Bogart, Detroit.
 First Vice-President—D. B. Perry, Bay City.

Second Vice-President—J. E. Way, Jackson.

Third Vice-President—W. R. Hall, Manistee.

Secretary—E. E. Calkins, Ann Arbor.

Treasurer—H. G. Spring, Unionville.

Executive Committee—J. L. Wallace, Kalamazoo; M. A. Jones, Lansing; Julius Greenthal, Detroit; C. H. Frantz, Bay City, and Owen Raymo, Wayne.

The Dark Side of the Drug Business.

Inadequate pay and long hours are sufficient to keep young men out of the drug business and are driving the brightest drug clerks into the practice of medicine and other professions and trades. Every man needs more rest and recreation than proper application to the drug business as at present conducted permits.

If a young man wants to sacrifice most of the things which go to make up the joy of living he can do so in the drug business. The modern drug store is a junk-shop, selling everything from a glass of soda water and a sandwich up to a prescription, and furnishing free accommodations without number. The druggist is subjected to more indignities and required by custom to perform more services for nothing, frequently not a "thank you," than any other class of tradesmen or professional men, and yet the impression is abroad that there is big money in the drug business. Query, Where are the rich druggists?

The Board of Pharmacy is adding to the burden of trade conditions by hampering the druggist in his selections of apprentices by requiring at least one year's high school training before allowing them to begin the noble study of pharmacy, when, as a matter of fact, few boys who come in this class care to wash bottles and windows, clean cuspidors, run errands and act as porters and general roustabouts for the munificent salary of \$3 to \$5 per week. For my own part, I have been ashamed during the last ten years as clerk, manager and proprietor to ask a boy to learn the drug business.

When a boy finds that drug store life requires evening work and that Sundays and other people's holidays and workdays look about alike, it does not take the average boy very long to decide that he does not want to learn the business. After being registered as assistant or pharmacist things are apt to go easier for a time until he realizes that while he is working evenings, Sundays and holidays, his friends in other lines are resting or enjoying themselves.

Then, as to salary. If \$75 per month compares favorably with oth-

er lines, considering that a drug clerk works seventy-two hours weekly, a low average in the business as compared with forty-eight hours, a fair average in other lines, then the drug clerk actually receives \$50 per month for the equivalent of work done in other lines; or where, as in many trades, over-time beyond eight hours' work is counted time and one-half, then a drug clerk as compared with these trades receives \$42.85 per month. Think of it! \$1.65 per day of eight hours' work—less than an ordinary day laborer's wages.

Or, taking the reverse proposition, if \$75 per month is fair wages in other lines for forty-eight hours' work, then a drug clerk working seventy-two hours should receive at least \$112.50 to even up matters. Think of it, you theorists, who want young men to assume the responsibilities and slavery of the noble calling of pharmacy.

Other lines of trade for the same amount of apprenticeship and paid-for schooling pay just as high wages and frequently higher, and do not demand that a man give up home life, church life, etc., as the drug business does to so large an extent.

I believe, though, that there is the beginning of a better era in the drug business, but the scarcity of drug clerks will continue for some time—salaries will increase, competition will lessen because well-paid clerks will hesitate to assume the uncertainties of a business of their own, less Sunday work is gaining ground, shorter hours will come next.

Druggists have been slaves long enough.

Concerted, sensible action is needed to remedy more than one evil in the drug business, and when we can show young men a business worthy of their highest efforts—a business which will give them time for work, time for play and time for sleep, a business paying a salary high enough to correspond with other lines requiring as much skill, responsibility and expenditure of nervous energy—then, and not until then, will the supply of good drug clerks equal the demand.

R. L. Vandenburg.

The Drug Market.

Opium—Is firm in the primary market but is unchanged here.

Morphine—Is steady.

Quinine—Is unchanged.

Citric Acid—Shows a decline of 2c per pound.

Nitrate Silver—Is firm and advancing on account of higher price for bullion.

Oil Spearmint—Has advanced on account of small crop and unusual demand of gum makers.

Oil Peppermint—Is steady.

Gum Camphor—Is firm and unchanged.

Buchu Leaves—Are very firm and tending higher.

Caraway Seed—Is firm and advancing.

The only sympathy some folks cultivate is a keen feeling of being sorry for themselves.

Formula for a Rubber Cement.

Try the following:

I.

Gutta percha, in pieces2 ozs.

Carbon bisulphide4 ozs.

Oil of turpentine1 oz.

Asphalt in powder2 ozs.

Dissolve the gutta percha in the carbon bisulphide and oil of turpentine, add the asphalt, let stand for several days, occasionally shaking; if not a perfect solution, strain or decant off the clear portion. This is useful in mending leather, cementing to wood, etc.

Before applying it to leather, the leather should be freed from grease or oil by treatment with benzin.

2.

Gutta percha, in pieces 1 oz.

Carbon bisulphide 8 ozs.

Resin40 grs.

Mix and dissolve.

3.

Gutta percha15 grs.

Chloroform 2 ozs.

Gum mastic½ oz.

Dissolve the gutta percha first in chloroform, then add the mastic in powder, and let stand for a week or so before using. This cement is useful for repairing articles of vertu, etc.

M. Billere.

A Story on the Druggist.

Melton C. Weeks, in the course of an address in Denver on the new pure drug law, told a drug story.

"Dear knows," said Mr. Weeks, "we ought to give the people pure drugs—we charge them enough for them. Sometimes I think we drug dealers would get along better if we didn't show ourselves so greedy in our charges. We are too much like a druggist I used to know in Santa Fe. A miner rode into Santa Fe with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor and took his prescription to my druggist friend to be made up.

"Well, how much?" asked the miner when the prescription was finished.

"Let's see," said the druggist. 'It's \$1.10 for the medicine and 15 cents for the bottle. That makes —' He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently: 'Well, hurry up, boss. Put a price on the cork and let us know the worst.'

Removing Hair Without Using a Razor.

This formula originated with a Dr. Dreyful, the chemist of a department, and is as follows:

Barium sulphide25

Powdered soap 5

Talcum35

Wheat flour35

Oil of myrbaneq.s.

The directions for applying this powder to the part from which it is desired to remove the hair stand thus: Make 1 teaspoonful of the powder into a paste with 3 teaspoonfuls of water, and apply to the parts with an ordinary shaving brush in a moderately thick and even layer. After four or five minutes the parts should be moistened with a sponge, when, after another five minutes, the hair can be removed by washing off the mass.

For the success of a depilatory

powder containing barium sulphide it is highly important that the sulphide be as fresh as possible and it must not have become oxidized by exposure to air. M. Billere.

The Darky and the Pills.

A colored man came into the drug store and asked the clerk for a dime's worth of pills—any kind so they were good ones—he had used "mout near ever" kind."

The clerk went behind the prescription case, and, taking a piece of yellow wax, rolled out a dozen neat pills.

In about a week I saw Mr. Colored Man coming in again and fully expected trouble. Imagine my surprise, then, when he said: "Say, Boss, I wants 25 cents' wot of dem same kind o' pills I dun got here las' week. I clar to goodness I nevah had no pills befoh do me de good dem pills did."

Opal Catarrh Powder Declared Unsalable.

The Massachusetts Board of Health has examined the above proprietary and added it to the list of unsalable preparations containing cocaine. Opal catarrh powder is manufactured in Boston, by the same persons whose I. C. R. instant catarrh relief, and standard catarrh powder have already been advertised, and it appears to be the successor of these preparations.

Push Your Flavoring Extracts.

Why let the grocer sell all the flavoring extracts your neighbors buy? You know how to make them—he doesn't. You can make the best grade more cheaply than he can buy it. Make and sell the extracts used in your locality yourself.



YOUNG MEN WANTED—To learn the Veterinary Profession. Catalogue sent free. Address VETERINARY COLLEGE, Grand Rapids, Mich. L. L. Conkey, Prin.

PILES

CURED

...without...
**Chloroform,
 Knife or Pain**

Dr. Willard M. Burleson
 103 Monroe St., Grand Rapids

Booklet free on application

Wanted
SECOND-HAND
SAFES

Grand Rapids Safe Co.
 Grand Rapids, Mich.

WHOLESALE DRUG PRICE CURRENT

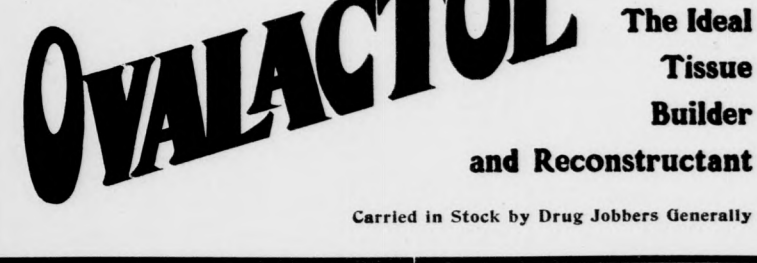
Table listing various drugs and chemicals with their prices. Includes categories like Acidum, Ammonia, Aniline, Baccas, Balsamum, Cortex, Extractum, Ferru, Flora, Folia, Gummi, Herba, Magnesia, Oileum, and Syrupus.

Table listing various drugs and chemicals with their prices. Includes categories like Liquor Arsen et Hydrarg Iod, Liq Potass Arsenit, Magnesia, Sulph., Morphia, S. F., Mannia, S. F., Menthol, Morphia, SP&W, Morphia, SNYQ, Morphia, Mal., Moschus Canton., Myristica, No. 1., Nux Vomica po 25, Os Sepia, Pepsin Saac, H & P D Co., Picis Liq N N, Picis Liq qts, Picis Liq pints, Pil Hydrarg po 80, Piper Alba po 35, Pix Burgum, Plumbi Acet, Pulvis Ip'cet Opil, Pyrethrum, bxs H & P D Co. doz., Pyrethrum, pv., Quassia, S P & W., Quina, S Ger., Quina, N. Y., Rubia Tinctorum, Saccharum La's., Salacin, Sanguis Drac's, Sapo, W, Sapo, M, Sapo, G, Seidlitz Mixture., Sinapis, opt, Snuff, Maccaboy, Snuff, DeVoes, Soda, Boras, Soda, Boras, po., Soda et Pot's Tart, Soda, Carb., Soda, Bi-Carb, Soda, Ash, Soda, Sulphas, Spts, Cologne, Spts, Ether Co., Spts, Myrcia Dom, Spts, Vinyl Rect bbl, Spts, VI Rect 1/2 b, Spts, VI R't 10 gl, Spts, VI R't 5 gal, Strychnia, Cryst'l 10, Sulphur Subl., Sulphur, Roll, Tamarinds, Terebenth Venice, Thebromae.

Peck-Johnson Co. Mfg. Chemists

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Originators of



The Ideal Tissue Builder and Reconstructant

Carried in Stock by Drug Jobbers Generally

Drugs

We are Importers and Jobbers of Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines. We are dealers in Paints, Oils and Varnishes. We have a full line of Staple Druggists' Sundries. We are the sole proprietors of Weatherly's Michigan Catarrh Remedy. We always have in stock a full line of Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines and Rums for medical purposes only. We give our personal attention to mail orders and guarantee satisfaction. All orders shipped and invoiced the same day received. Send a trial order.

Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GROCERY PRICE CURRENT

These quotations are carefully corrected weekly, within six hours of mailing, and are intended to be correct at time of going to press. Prices, however, are liable to change at any time, and country merchants will have their orders filled at market prices at date of purchase.

ADVANCED

DECLINED

Spring Wheat Flour Rolled Oats Sugar.

Index to Markets By Columns

Table with columns 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 listing various goods like Arctic Ammonia, Plums, Peas, Peaches, Pineapple, Pumpkin, Raspberries, etc.

Main table with columns 3, 4, 5 listing various goods like Limburger, Pineapple, Sap Sago, Swiss, etc., and Farinaceous Goods.

Table 6: Meal, Dairy Feeds, Oats, Carrots, Corn, Hay, Herbs, Horse Radish, Jelly, Licorice, Matches, Meat Extracts, Molasses, Mustard, Olives, Pipes, Pickles, Playing Cards, Potash, Provisions, Barreled Pork, Smoked Meats, Lard, Shoe Blacking.

Table 7: Sausages, Beef, Pig's Feet, Tripe, Casings, Canned Meats, Uncolored Butterine, Country Rolls, Soap Powders, Soap Compounds, Scouring, Soda, Soups, Spices, Whole Spices, Warsaw, Common, Salt Fish, Cod, Halibut, Holland Herring, Trout, Mackerel, Common Corn, Syrups, Corn, Tea, Japan, Sndried, Regular, Basket-fired, Nibs, Siftings.

Table 8: SNUFF, SOAP, LAUTZ BROS. & CO., Soap Powders, Soap Compounds, Scouring, Soda, Soups, Spices, Whole Spices, Warsaw, Common, Salt Fish, Cod, Halibut, Holland Herring, Trout, Mackerel, Common Corn, Syrups, Corn, Tea, Japan, Sndried, Regular, Basket-fired, Nibs, Siftings.

Table 9: Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Oolong, English Breakfast, India, TOBACCO, Fine Cut, Plug, Smoking, TWINE, VINEGAR, WICKING, WOODENWARE, Baskets, Butter Plates, Churns, Wool.

Table 10: Clothes Pins, Egg Crates and Fillers, Faucets, Mop Sticks, Pails, Traps, Tub, Wash Boards, Window Cleaners, Wood Bowls, WRAPPING PAPER, YEAST CAKE, FRESH FISH, HIDES AND PELTS.

Table 11: CONFECTIONS, Stick Candy, Special, Royal, Ribbon, Broken, Cut Loaf, Leader, Kindergarten, Bon Ton Cream, French Cream, Star, Hand Made Cream, Premio Cream mixed, O F Horehound Drop, Fancy-in Pails, Gypsy Hearts, Coco Bon Bons, Fudge Squares, Peanut Squares, Salted Peanuts, Starlight Kisses, San Blas Goodies, Lozenges, plain, Lozenges, printed, Champion Chocolate, Eclipse Chocolates, Eureka Chocolates, Quintette Chocolates, Champion Gum Drops, Moss Drops, Lemon Sours, Imperials, Ital. Cream Opera, Ital. Cream Bon Bons, Golden Waffles, Red Rose Gum Drops, Fancy-in 5lb. Boxes, Old Fashioned Molasses Kisses, Orange Jellies, Lemon Sours, Old Fashioned Horehound drops, Peppermint Drops, Champion Choc. Drops, H. M. Choc. Drops, H. M. Choc. Lt. and Dark No. 12, Bitter Sweets, as'd, Brilliant Gums, Crys., A. A. Licorice Drops, Lozenges, plain, Lozenges, printed, Imperials, Cream Bar, G. M. Peanut Bar, Hand Made Cr'ms, Cream Wafers, String Rock, Wintergreen Berries, Old Time Assorted, Buster Brown Goodies, Up-to-date Assmt., Ten Strike No. 1, Ten Strike No. 2, Ten Strike, Summer assortment, Scientific Ass't., Pop Corn, Cracker Jack, Checkers, 5c pkg case, Pop Corn Balls, Azuliki 100s, Oh My 100s, Cough Drops, Putnam Menthol, Smith Bros., NUTS-Whole, Almonds, Tarragona, Almonds, Avica, Almonds, California sft. shell, Brazils, Filberts, Cal. No. 1, Walnuts, soft shelled, Walnuts, Chili, Table nuts, fancy, Pecans, Med., Pecans, ex. large, Pecans, Jumbos, Hickory Nuts per bu., Ohio new, Cocoanuts, Chestnuts, New York State, per bu., Shelled, Spanish Peanuts, Pecan Halves, Walnut Halves, Filbert Meats, Alicant Almonds, Jordan Almonds, Peanuts, Fancy H. P. Sums, Roasted, Choice, H. P. Jumbo, Choice, H. P. Jumbo, Roasted.

Special Price Current

AXLE GREASE



Mica, tin boxes... 75 9 00
Paragon 55 6 00

BAKING POWDER

Royal

10c size 90
1/4 lb. cans 1 35
6oz. cans 1 90
1/2 lb. cans 2 50
3/4 lb. cans 3 75
1 lb. cans 4 80
3 lb. cans 13 00
5 lb. cans 21 50

BLUING



C. P. Bluing

Doz
Small size, 1 doz. box... 40
Large size, 1 doz. box... 75

CIGARS

Johnson Cigar Co.'s Brand



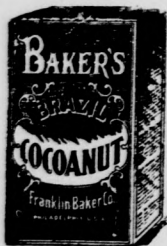
S. C. W., 1,000 lots 21
El Portana 33
Evening Press 32
Exemplar 32

Worden Grocer Co. brand
Ben Hur

Perfection 35
Perfection Extras 35
Londres 35
Londres Grand 35
Standard 35
Puritanos 35
Panatellas, Finas 35
Panatellas, Bock 35
Jockey Club 35

COCOANUT

Baker's Brazil Shredded



70 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
35 1/2 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
38 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
18 1/2 lb. pkg. per case 2 60

FRESH MEATS

Beef

Carcass 5 @ 8 1/2
Hindquarters 7 1/2 @ 10
Loins 8 @ 14
Rounds 6 1/2 @ 8
Chucks 5 @ 6 1/2
Plates 5 @ 5
Livers 6 @ 6

Pork

Loins 5 @ 8 1/2
Dressed 5 @ 5 1/2
Boston Butts 7 @ 7
Shoulders 7 @ 7
Leaf Lard 8 3/4 @ 8 3/4
Trimnings 6 @ 6

Mutton

Carcass @ 9
Lambs @ 12 1/2
Spring Lambs @ 12 1/2

Veal

Carcass 6 @ 8 3/4

CLOTHES LINES

Sisal
60ft. 3 thread, extra... 1 00
72ft. 3 thread, extra... 1 40
90ft. 3 thread, extra... 1 70
60ft. 6 thread, extra... 1 29
72ft. 6 thread, extra...

Jute
60ft. 75
72ft. 90
90ft. 1 05
120ft. 1 50

Cotton Victor
50ft. 1 10
60ft. 1 35
70ft. 1 60

Cotton Windsor
50ft. 1 30
60ft. 1 44
70ft. 1 80
80ft. 2 00

Cotton Braided
40ft. 95
50ft. 1 35
60ft. 1 45

Galvanized Wire
No. 20, each 100ft. long 1 90
No. 19, each 100ft. long 2 10

COFFEE
Roasted
Dwinell-Wright Co.'s. B'ds.



White House, 1lb.
White House, 2lb.
Excelsior, M & J, 1lb.
Excelsior, M & J, 2lb.
Tip Top, M & J, 1lb.

Royal Java
Royal Java and Mocha
Java and Mocha Blend
Boston Combination
Distributed by Judson Grocer Co., Grand Rapids; Lee, Cady & Smart, Detroit; Symons Bros. & Co., Saginaw; Brown, Davis & Warner, Jackson; Godsmark, Durand & Co., Battle Creek; Fleibach Co., Toledo.

Peerless Evap'd Cream 4 00

FISHING TACKLE

3/4 to 1 in. 6
1 1/4 to 2 in. 7
1 1/2 to 3 in. 9
1 3/4 to 3 in. 11
2 in. 15
3 in. 20

Cotton Lines

No. 1, 10 feet 5
No. 2, 15 feet 7
No. 3, 15 feet 9
No. 4, 15 feet 10
No. 5, 15 feet 11
No. 6, 15 feet 12
No. 7, 15 feet 15
No. 8, 15 feet 18
No. 9, 15 feet 20

Linen Lines

Small 20
Medium 25
Large 34

Poles

Bamboo, 14 ft., per doz. 55
Bamboo, 16 ft., per doz. 60
Bamboo, 18 ft., per doz. 90

GELATINE

Cox's, 1 doz. 1 80
Knox's Sparkling, doz. 1 20
Knox's Sparkling, gro. 14 00
Nelson's 1 50
Knox's Acidu'd. doz. 1 20
Oxford 75
Plymouth Rock 1 25

SAFES



Full line of fire and burglar proof safes kept in stock by the Tradesman Company. Thirty-five sizes and styles on hand at all times—twice as many safes as are carried by any other house in the State. If you are unable to visit Grand Rapids and inspect the line personally, write for quotations.

SOAP

Beaver Soap Co.'s Brands



100 cakes, large size... 6 50
50 cakes, large size... 3 25
100 cakes, small size... 3 85
50 cakes, small size... 1 95

Tradesman's Co.'s Brand



Black Hawk, one box 2 50
Black Hawk, five bxs 2 40
Black Hawk, ten bxs 2 25

TABLE SAUCES

Halford, large 3 75
Halford, small 2 25

STOP!



And read what we have to say about placing your business on a cash basis by using our

Coupon Book System

This system prevents forgotten charges and poor accounts and does away with the expense of book-keeping.

We manufacture four kinds of coupon books, so can suit any taste. We will gladly send you samples, prices and full particulars on application.

Tradesman Company
Grand Rapids

Use

Tradesman

Coupon

Books

Made by

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

BUSINESS-WANTS DEPARTMENT

Advertisements inserted under this head for two cents a word the first insertion and one cent a word for each subsequent continuous insertion. No charge less than 25 cents. Cash must accompany all orders.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Wanted—Party to start a newspaper in Manton. Can guarantee good support. Address Box C, Manton, Mich. 511

For Sale—The greatest opportunity in the Northwest, the A. M. Becker stock located in one of the best farming sections in the state; will rent the building reasonable. Apply to The Adrian Mercantile Company, J. F. Thomas, Manager, Adrian, Minn. 510

Town of Millerton, Okla., wants hub, spoke and handle factory, pail and tub factory, wagon factory, brick and cement block factory, machine shop, hardware and house furnishing store, manufacturing sites free. Town lots and small farms near town very cheap. Miller Lumber Co. stock at par. Address Bank of Millerton, Parsons, Okla. 509

For Rent—In one of the best towns in Northern Illinois, one story brick and basement, 40x66; east front corner, plate glass windows, Matthews gasoline lighting plant, furnace heat, equipped with counters and shelving; established reputation twenty-five years; successful general merchandising; close investigation given and desired. Address J. J. White, Stillman Valley, Ill. 508

For Sale—Clean stock of general merchandise, invoicing \$3,500. J. F. Donovan, Warren, Ill. 502

For Sale—Twenty-four Andrews fountain stools, No. 237 M, 26-inch new; Burrows cream cabinet, double. Either at a bargain. Address Union Drug Co., Saginaw, W. S., Mich. 507

For Sale—Only drug stock in town 500 inhabitants, sales \$6,000 yearly. Stock invoiced \$2,500, rent \$1,250. Terms cash. Good reasons for selling. Address No. 505, care Tradesman. 505

Brick blocks for sale, with or without business. Good chance for wholesale or department store in live city. Address K, care Michigan Tradesman. 504

Clothing stock for sale. Four hundred suits in first-class condition. Sizes from 35 to 44 and well assorted. Address No. 501, care Michigan Tradesman, Grand Rapids, Mich. 501

For Sale—Nice clean stock general dry goods. Invoicing \$2,700. Address Box 64, Warren, Ill. 503

We want two more responsible and reliable resident bean buyers at local stations tributary to Grand Rapids. Write us at once. H. J. Cheney & Co. Elevator & Office, Prescott St. & Grandville Ave. 512

For den I offer Prehistoric Indian relics, Modern Indian trophies, elk tusks, Pioneer crockery, Antique pistols, weapons from wild tribes. List free. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. 513

For Sale—Good paying grocery stock and fixtures. Established 32 years, store rent \$30 per month. Must be sold by March 1st. Good reason for selling. Address No. 514, care Michigan Tradesman. 514

\$5,000 buys Independent Daily and Democratic weekly newspaper and job office doing \$7,500 business annually in live city of 5,000; cash only. C. A. Jones, 805 Stockbridge Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. 515

Thoroughbred fox, wolf and coon hounds, puppies to trained dogs on hand at all times. Low prices and guaranteed. S. A. Smith, Keosauqua, Ia. 500

Drug Store—On account of death of proprietor, we have a bargain for someone. Clean stock of drugs and sundries in small town. Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co. 499

For sale at 60c on the dollar, a general stock, invoicing about \$7,000 if taken within the next ten days. Address No. 496, care Tradesman. 496

For Sale—By owner, a good business property and clean stock of merchandise. Value about \$10,000. Address Lock Box 504, Meade, Kan. 494

Great opportunities to go into hardware and implement business. I have listed for sale, large number hardware stocks in Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, also some general stocks. These are not trading stocks, but good clean up-to-date stocks, doing a good business. If you wish to go into business write me. If you desire I will put you in direct communication with owners. I do not wish to correspond with agents. I have a lumber yard and elevator for sale, about \$10,000, doing business of \$100,000 for six months. H. Clay Bowsher, 4116 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo. 495

For Sale—In Northeastern Texas, fruit and truck lands in the heart of the fruit and truck belt. Largest orchards in the state located here. Good markets for all products, price of land very reasonable. I also have several large tracts of hardwood and pine timber lands which will average 10,000 feet per acre. Write for particulars. No. 491, care Michigan Tradesman. 491

Cash carrier system for sale; six station cable cash carrier, practically new, motor and supplies complete; small fraction of cost. Address Garvey-Buchanan Company, Seattle, Wash. 490

For Sale—The New Walloon Hotel, 60 rooms, modern in every respect. Fine location and the most popular summer resort in Michigan. Also a 240 acre stock and fruit farm 5 miles southeast of Petoskey, 70 acres timber, 120 acres cleared, good buildings. Would take in exchange on either, a stock of general merchandise. Address A. E. Hass, Walloon Lake, Mich. 497

100c on the Dollar Guaranteed
Leonard and Company
Sales Managers and Auctioneers
Bank and Commercial References
68 and 74 LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill.

For Sale—Stock of furnishings and bazaar goods, big discount for quick cash sale. Invoices \$1,000 to \$1,200. Address 308 Franklin Ave. E., Lansing, Mich. 498

To Exchange—80 acres, 40 cleared and in hay, 40 acres cedar, ash and elm timber, fine creek. Price \$3,000. Want dry goods or general stock. Evans-Holt Co., Fremont, Mich. 476

For Sale—Grocery, china and queens ware stock. Stock and fixtures will invoice about \$3,000. Fourteen years established business. Good chance for the right man. Write Lock Box 610, Neillsville, Wis. 475

For Sale—Grocery stock in one of the best towns in Southern Michigan. Inventory about \$1,500. Long-established business. Enquire L. A. Strohm, Constantine, Mich. 479

Wanted—To sell, 1,500 acres fine delta land, 700 in cultivation; 800 acres fine virgin timber; 1 20 M capacity mill, one-third cash and balance on terms. Call on or write W. T. Knight, Dubbs, Miss. 472

Notice—Will pay highest price for shoe stock. 81 Clairmont Ave., Detroit, Mich. 467

Wanted—Miller with \$5,000 cash to take charge of flour mill. Salary \$100 monthly. Investment will pay 10 per cent. or more yearly. Address, giving particulars, Allen & Co., Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man. Can. 464

For Exchange—One saw mill complete, for good property of any kind. Address Lock Box 31, Onaway, Mich. 461

For Sale—At a bargain, a patent right. A Duplex wind motor. O. Kirkham, Agent, Station A, Marshalltown, Iowa. 459

For Sale—Two Toledo scales, good as new at \$25 each. Address J. H., care Tradesman. 425

Florida Orange Groves—Here is your chance to get a home in Florida cheap. I have 40 orange groves that must be sold either at retail or wholesale for cash. All in fine condition. No occupation more pleasant or profitable. Write for descriptive catalog and prices. M. F. Robinson, Sanford, Fla. 394

For Sale—Stock of general merchandise, invoicing about \$6,000 and brick veneer building, two story, 30x100 ft. Stock 85 per cent. cost building at \$2,500. Enquire of Muzzall & Marvin, Coopersville, Mich. 390

For Sale—Stock of groceries, boots, shoes, rubber goods, notions and garden seeds. Located in the best fruit belt in Michigan. Invoicing \$3,600. If taken before April 1st, will sell at rare bargain. Must sell on account of other business. Geo. Tucker, Fennville, Mich. 538

Merchandise stocks converted into cash, our system is successful, where others fail. Spring dates are being claimed. Booklet and references free. G. E. Breckenridge, Edinburg, Ill. 389

For Sale—Stock of shoes, dry goods and groceries located in Central Michigan town of 350 population. Living rooms above store. Rent, \$12 per month. Lease runs until May 1, 1908, and can be renewed. Last inventory, \$2,590. Sales during 1905, \$8,640. Good reasons for selling. Address No. 386, care Michigan Tradesman. 386

For Sale—\$1,400 stock of groceries. Address 2043, Nashville, Mich. 424

For Sale or Rent—Store building at Croton, suitable for general stock. No other store within nine miles. L. E. Phillips, Newaygo, Mich. 410

Cash for your property wherever located. If you want to sell, send description and price. If you want to buy, state your wants. Northwestern Business Agency, Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 448

\$3,000 yearly. If you earn less, go into the real estate business, insurance, loans, etc. You may make \$5,000 or \$10,000 yearly. By our co-operative plan we turn business over to you. Our correspondence course shows just how to start, how to make the most of your opportunities wherever located. If you can make money for your employer, you can make it for yourself. Be independent, successful, a man of affairs. Practically no capital required. Write for free book, endorsements, etc. American Real Estate Co., Dept. T, Des Moines, Iowa. 432

For Sale—Four cylinder Dayton market scales, with plate glass platforms. In use one year. Less than half original price will take them. X. Y. Z., care Michigan Tradesman. 387

G. B. JOHNS & CO.
Merchandise Auctioneers
GRAND LEDGE, MICH.

If you want your stock closed out slick and clean, get Mr. Johns. Freeport Clothing Co. Geo. J. Nagier, Sec'y

Cash for your business or real estate. No matter where located. If you want to buy or sell address Frank P. Cleveland, 1261 Adams Express Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 961

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Young man, age 26, desires position as clerk in first-class grocery or general store. Good references, good experience. R. J. Westmore, Holloway, Mich. 455

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—Experienced dry goods salesman who can trim windows in first-class store. Michigan city of 1,800. Permanent position. State full particulars in first letter. Age, reference, salary wanted. Address No. 506, care Tradesman. 506

Wanted—Young dry goods man desiring permanent position, some experience in trimming, card writing. Preferable of speaking Norwegian or German. Well-recommended by former employer. State as to education, morals, nationality, age, if married, experience, when, where, salary wanted for first year, if can take position at once. Address Box 356, Wahpeton, N. D. 489

Wanted—A registered pharmacist. Young man preferred. Address Nelson Abbott, Moorestown, Mich. 477

Want Ads. continued on next page.

Here Is A Pointer



Your advertisement, if placed on this page, would be seen and read by eight thousand of the most progressive merchants in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. We have testimonial letters from thousands of people who have bought, sold or exchanged properties as the direct result of advertising in this paper.

The Tradesman Company
Engravers and Printers
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ALL KINDS
STATIONERY & CATALOGUE PRINTING
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

MASTER BAKERS.

Semi-Annual Convention Held in Grand Rapids.

The semi-annual meeting of the Michigan Association of Master Bakers was held in this city yesterday and was attended by about sixty representatives of the craft from all parts of the State, including delegates from other states. The proceedings were of vital interest to bakers, but as most of the subjects discussed were of a technical character pertaining to the minutia of baking and the exploitation of baked goods, the Tradesman does not deem it wise to go into details. In the evening a banquet was served at Bauman's Cafe with the compliments of local members of the organization. Addresses were made by Wm. Judson, E. A. Stowe, A. B. Merritt, of this city, and Simon Hubig, of Cincinnati. Mr. Merritt also prepared a musical jingle, which was effectively sung by two of the musicians present, as follows:

Seems to me it's mighty funny
Bakers work so awful hard
And they so little money
For their labor and their lard.

My dear friend, you are mistaken
Lard by us is never seen;
Now days we do all our baking
With hot air and cottolene.

Then it must cost lots for flavor
For your cakes taste pretty strong;
Now pray will you answer, neighbor,
Am I right or am I wrong?

You are wrong again, dear fellow,
Flavors don't cost much, I ween;
For we get that flavor mellow
By the use of gasoline.

Then doughnuts must trim your gain, sir,
Twelve for ten cents you must give;
I don't see how you maintain, sir,
That you make enough to live.

Why, friend, this is how we figure,
Tricks in all trades, you must know;
We just bore the hole out bigger
And surround it with less dough.

But when flour goes up higher
Bread still sells at the same price;
How can you, if not a liar,
Tell me that you think it's nice?

Why, you ignorant consumer,
We put more yeast in you know,
And you buy a hot air tumor
Wrapped up in a crust of dough.

Don't you know it's quite unhealthy
To put labels on your bread?
All the people, poor and wealthy,
May eat germs and fall down dead.

In each label there is poison
We are well aware of that,
But each housewife thus we caution—
"Feed the label to your cat."

Tell me, do you think that ever
Hens will lay us yokeless eggs?
If they make the right endeavor?
For this kind the public begs.

No, friend, this will never happen
Hens are females, you must know
And there'd be a lively scrap on
If you tried to work them so.

Sherlock Holmes I'm told is looking
For bread like his mother made;
Do you really think her cooking
Puts you bakers in the shade?

Now you've hit our solar plexus
Such a notion makes us sick;
Nothing else so much can vex us
So you'd better shut up quick.

Mr. Stowe's response at the banquet was as follows:

One of the most unaccountable facts in the matter of the organization and conduct of conventions of merchants, manufacturers, farmers, artisans and so on is the judgment displayed in the selection of speakers.

For example, it is a complete puzzle to myself why I should have been chosen to speak to you to-night. True, I happen to be President of our Board of Trade, but it would not be good taste for me to bore you with our troubles—you have troubles of your own in which you are more

interested. It also happens that I am publisher of a trade journal, but you would not stand for it for an instant if I should begin "talking shop" to you by soliciting advertisements or subscriptions. Why, if I should do either one of these things, this assembly would at once become prostrated by acute acidulation of the mash. Of course, that would make me hot and I would begin to look upon myself as a "portable oven" and to become fearful that I might burn some of you to a "crisp."

And there is another thing: I am not a good "mixer" and am not a dealer in "sponge goods." I am not one who knows how to "mince" matters. Once upon a time a friend of mine who is gifted as a speaker and who knows how to bestow hot air skillfully was addressing a meeting of bakers in his happiest vein, when one in the audience said: "Our friend is 'on to' the 'aerated process' all right," at which another observed: "Yes, and he's got the dough." Of course such interruptions were ill "bread" and took the "starch" all out of my friend for an instant, but he quickly turned the table on his auditors by observing: "My friends, you can't eat your cake and have it," and, with a courtly bow, took his seat, to the accompaniment of great applause.

Just here is, perhaps, where I ought to take my seat. But I'll fool you. I'll do nothing of the kind, because I want to say a few words in all seriousness. Conventions—or, better still, cordial, good-fellowship gatherings such as you have had to-day—are a mighty good thing. A day off for the exchange of ideas, for the renewal of friendships and the forming of new ones is a good investment. As a rule, the man who lives wholly within himself has, if he is in business, a business which is restricted, narrow and not progressive. A great obstacle may readily be developed in any man's business by assuming that he knows it all and cares nothing as to what his neighbors are doing.

For example, I know of a case where a baker had a filthy establishment. His cooling vats, moulding machines, bake pans, floors, and all, were unclean; and a friend jumped on him for his negligence. "Don't you know," he said, "that you are laying yourself liable to the Pure Food Laws?"

"Pure Food Laws, what kind of laws are they?" asked the offending baker.

The friend was speechless. The idea of a baker, even though he was doing only a small business, who had not heard of the pure food laws floored him and he had nothing further to say.

That baker does not read the bakers' trade journals, keeps no note of any progress, probably hasn't been away from his home town since he began business and it's dollars to doughnuts that he is unsociable, sour and disagreeable. Such a disposition is unfortunate, unprofitable and useless.

Get next to people. Show that you are interested in other men besides yourself; that you have a regard for the general welfare besides having consideration for your own business. Try to realize that your competitor is quite as apt to be a good fellow as yourself; try to appreciate the great and unimpeachable fact that a little of your time, a little of your influence and possibly a little of your money, bestowed in some general public direction and given willingly and wisely, must bring you some returns, even though it is only the consciousness that you are alive and have your skates on, joining your neighbors in the joyous competition of helping your street, your neighborhood or your town. There is more genuine pleasure in this sort of thing, once a man brings himself up to the wise and willing practice of

the indulgence, than can be measured. And it results in practical benefits. It makes a man broader, clearer headed, more energetic and better pleased with himself and so he finds that his business improves because he has advanced.

Co-operation is the word that is going around to-day in all communities with tremendous force. It specifies the spirit which permeates with constantly growing vigor every industrial and commercial interest and it is the keynote of a campaign which will finally make of our United States of America the headquarters for all organizations that are prosperous, broad-minded, fair-minded, harmonious and tremendously effective in the effort to make this good old world a better place to live in; to make of men better men, better citizens, better neighbors and better and fairer rivals in business.

Pathetic Plea for Employment.

Grand Rapids, Feb. 18—Of the Michigan Tradesman, I have long been a reader. I have read how clerks and business men succeed. I have observed that selfishness (of which I have a little) is one of the prime faculties in a successful business man. Books, history, magazines, lives of great men, I have read and searched for the so-called secret of success; but all or similar opportunities are not mine in my limited environment.

Many terms of school have I taught, in factories have I worked, a laboring man at any job have I been; and, later, in general stores, I have worked as faithfully as a dog might work for such low wages as long as I wanted to do so; or, if I got a raise, I stayed until I was superseded by a cheaper man.

Long sickness in a man's family often prevents him accumulating enough to go into business for himself so he can always have employment.

While working in the stock room, I would often be called out to help the teamsters deliver their big loads of wholesale or retail. I became so handy and willing to help at anything that I was asked to take the teamster's place when he was sick.

As order clerk, I selected the goods for the delivery man. I also packed goods for shipment by express or freight and sent them out. I even worked during the noon hour to get my goods ready for the delivery man.

At noon when some clerks were absent or during busy sales or evenings, I acted as sales clerk.

When my work was done, I was so industrious that I found something to do, helping to keep the stock up in clean order, to do a little janitor work or to polish the fixtures. I helped about anything like a faithful, willing, industrious man, yet my place was taken by a cheaper man.

In the middle of winter and during a panic I lost my job. When hundreds of men are out of work, I did not waste time to run all over to find work, but I took the first little job near home, selling home-made baked goods, going from house to house, wading through the deep snow during the recent storms, blizzards, and rains, making half wages.

A faithful, willing, industrious man and thoroughly reliable is worthy of a better fate than losing his job in the middle of winter and during such hard times.

If any proprietor or manager of a wholesale or general store wants me for a clerk, please write to me.

H. E. Martin,
49 Dudley Place.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Beans and Potatoes at Buffalo.

Buffalo, Feb. 19—Creamery, fresh, 26@32c; dairy, fresh, 20@25c; poor to common, 17@20c; rolls, 20@25c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 23c; fancy white, 25@26c; cold storage, candled, 20c.

Live Poultry—Springs, 13@14c; fowls, 13@14c; ducks, 13½@15c; geese, 10@12c; old cox, 9@10c.

Dressed Poultry—Springs, 13@15c; fowls, 13@14c; old cox, 10c; ducks, 13@15c; geese, 9@11c; turkeys, 16@20c.

Beans—Marrow, hand-picked, \$2.25 @2.35; medium, hand-picked, \$2.25 @2.30; peas, hand-picked, \$2.35; red kidney, hand-picked, \$2.00; white kidney, hand-picked, \$2.40 @2.50.

Potatoes—White, 80c per bu.; mixed, 75c.
Rea & Witzig.

Electric Submarine Lighthouse.

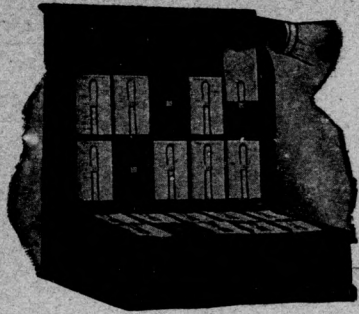
The lighthouse is being left as a souvenir of antiquity, while the new Dion system of submarine lights rises to take its place. Mr. Dion's invention is so revolutionary that it has the distinguishing characteristic of the few absolutely fundamental inventions. The method is so simple that it is almost inconceivable that it has not been thought of before. It consists of a cable having connected at suitable intervals short branches to which are attached incandescent electric lamps fitted with reflectors, which will concentrate the light into parallel beams as nearly as possible, the whole system, of course, being designed to withstand the pressure and corrosive action of sea water. The lamp and reflector are made sufficiently buoyant so that they will maintain an upright position. The cable thus equipped then is laid in the proper position in the waterway, to be lighted up and connected with a source of electric supply from shore. The course of the channel thus will be marked out by brilliantly lighted spots on the surface of the water. It is a well known fact that even the highest waves do not produce any disturbance a short distance below their own depth. The cable with its connected lamps, therefore, will always be in practically still water. One of the most important features of this system is the fact that it offers equally as good guidance in the densest fog as in perfectly clear weather. Fog and wind practically never occur together, and the beam of light, therefore, would project from the level surface of the water up through the fog, so that the vessel would be guided by pillars of fire like the Israelites of old. By the use of what is known as a water telescope it would be possible to guide the ship without reference to the surface light on the water. A water telescope simply is a tube having an observation glass that can be dropped beneath the surface of the water. The rapidity with which this system can be laid in any harbor and the fact that it is absolutely controllable with a simple electric switch at any point on shore renders it a most valuable aid in time of war. In a harbor lighted with the Dion system it would be a simple matter to light a particular vessel on its way in or out and extinguish the entire system when the vessel was safely beyond the need of such lighting. A well known United States Army officer has said that had Russia been in possession of this system the Japanese could never have taken Port Arthur, for the harbor could have been so thoroughly mined that no Japanese vessel could have approached without being blown up.

There can be no right manners without right motives.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Harness business, stock and tools. Must sell on account of health. Only shop in town of 2,000. Doing first-class business. L. Wilhelm, Portland, Mich. 451

Gasoline Launches—Our new \$200 Launch is a world beater. Has mahogany decks and ample power. A dashing beauty, every inch of which speaks of quality. Send for circular. M. P. Minn. Boat & Power Co., Stillwater, Minn.



McCaskey Registers With Latest Improvements

Three Different Styles of Hinging

They Are All Good New Designs

1. SPRING BALANCED LEAVES
with Improved Piano Wire Springs.
2. GRAVITY HINGED LEAVES,
one leaf hinged to another.
3. GRAVITY HINGED LEAVES,
each leaf hinged to a common axis.

Plain or Paneled Cabinets.

Half Roll Top Cabinets.

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Automatic Alarm Bell and Electric Light Attachments.

Two Hundred and Thirty-seven Different Styles and Sizes.

Fully Protected-by Patents.

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The originators and leaders in the manufacture of up-to-date Account Registers.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO.

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Mfrs. of the Famous Multiplex Duplicate and Triplicate Pads;
also End Carbon, Side Carbon and Folded Pads.

Agencies in all Principal Cities.

The Financial Situation

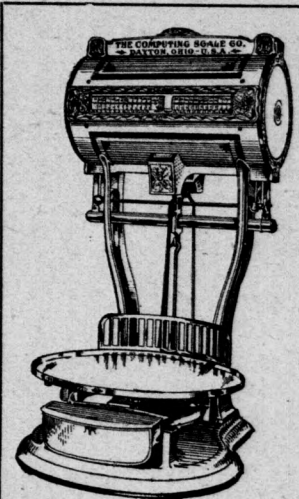
is a condition which is beyond the power of the individual to control. The large crops, the scarcity of currency and a hundred other conditions directly affect the commercial and industrial world.

Your financial condition may be affected by it to a slight degree, but you have a more **dangerous** condition in your own store if you use **old style** scales for weighing your merchandise.

In these days of **close competition** you need **every penny** that is justly yours. Do you get it? If you use old-style scales you lose on every weighing.

MONEYWEIGHT SCALES turn loss into gain. If you mark your goods to get 15 or 20 per cent. you get it.

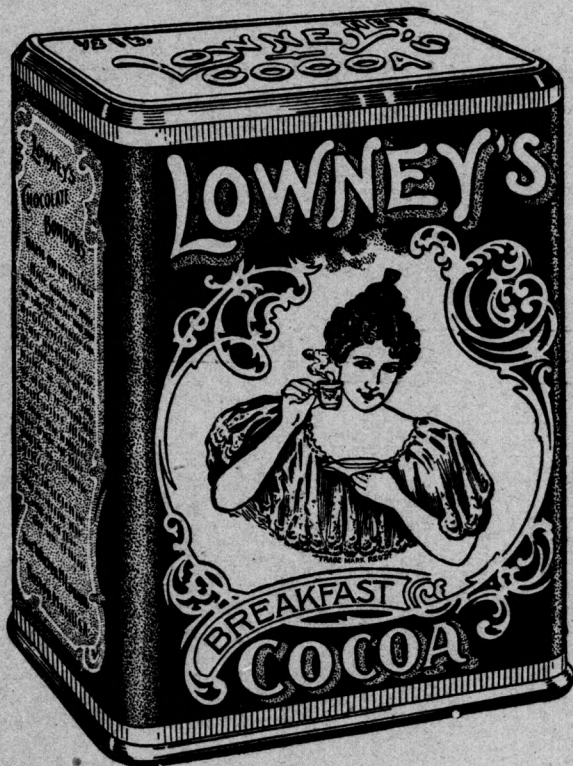
The reason for this is easily explained, and if you are at all interested send us your name and address for detailed information.



The new low platform No. 140 Dayton Scale

Moneyweight Scale Co.

37 State St., Chicago



LOWNEY'S COCOA has maintained its high quality unimpaired regardless of the rise in the price of cocoa beans. For years now it has appealed to the best trade on its merits and become a **staple article** with a sure demand, constant and growing. Wide advertising in street cars, newspapers and magazines will go on pushing, pushing, pushing. It is a safe investment and **pays a fair profit**.

LOWNEY'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE for cooking is of the same superfine quality.

The **WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY**, 447 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

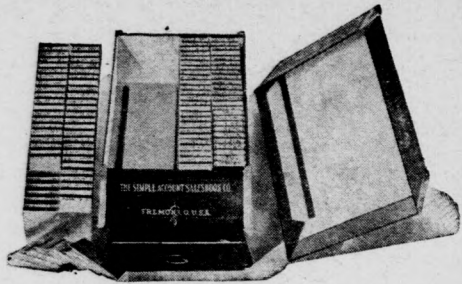
What Is the Good

Of good printing? You can probably answer that in a minute when you compare good printing with poor. You know the satisfaction of sending out printed matter that is neat, ship-shape and up-to-date in appearance. You know how it impresses you when you receive it from some one else. It has the same effect on your customers. Let us show you what we can do by a judicious admixture of brains and type. Let us help you with your printing.

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids

The New Keith Fireproof System



You would not think of leaving \$500 in money unprotected in case of fire.

There is no reason whatever why you should not have equally as good protection for your accounts, which are the same as money.

You don't need to **put your accounts in the safe** with the new Keith Fireproof System.

Just put the metal hood on the cabinet and lock it and **no fire will destroy your accounts.**

The interior of the metal cabinet and hood, as you will notice, is lined with a thickness of ASBESTOS, sufficient to give ABSOLUTE PROTECTION IN CASE OF FIRE.

Don't Forget, Also,

The Keith System is SELF-INDEXING.

It does your book-keeping with ONE WRITING.

It is what might be termed an -AUTOMATIC COLLECTOR.

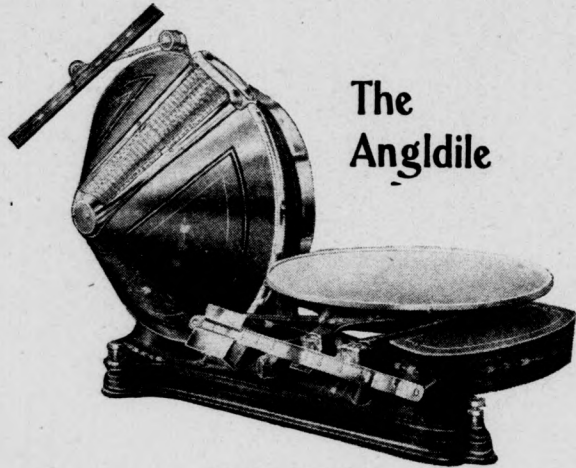
It makes MIXING ACCOUNTS and the MANIPULATION of charges impossible, because for each account there is a SEPARATE BOOK NUMBERED IN DUPLICATE FROM 1 to 50.

Let us tell you about it.

The Simple Account Salesbook Co.

Sole Manufacturers, also Manufacturers of Counter Pads for Store Use
1062-1088 Court Street Fremont, Ohio, U. S. A.

Quality and Price



The
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Merchant's Side

Will largely influence your choice of a Scale. There is no better Scale than the Angldile and the price is of interest to every one who uses a Scale. For the first time you can buy an honest Scale at an honest price.

Any comparison you may make will convince you that the Angldile represents the greatest value ever offered in Computing Scales.

The way we weigh will please you.

Let us convince you.

Angldile Computing Scale Company

Elkhart, Indiana

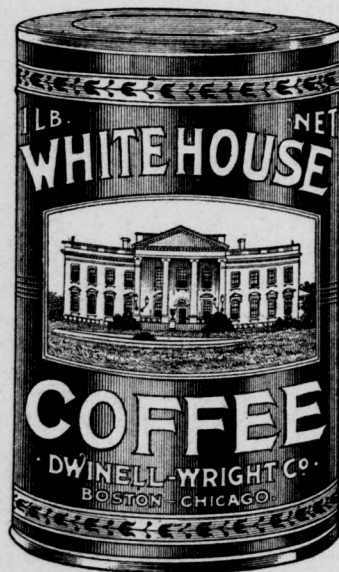
Grand Rapids Safe Co.

Fire and
Burglar Proof Safes
Vault Doors

Tradesman Building

WE carry a complete assortment of fire and burglar proof safes in nearly all sizes, and feel confident of our ability to meet the requirements of any business or individual. Intending purchasers are invited to call and inspect the line. If inconvenient to call, full particulars and prices will be sent by mail on receipt of information as to the size and general description desired.

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will fit your customers' coffee pot "way down to the ground"--that is to say, it will produce SO good coffee-in-the-cup that there'll be no "grounds" for complaint.

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Wholesale Distributors for Grand Rapids and Vicinity