Evening World Daily Magazine

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How to Be a Better Salesman And Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.

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In Mr. Griffith's "Answer Column" he will be glad to aid salesmen in their salesmanship problems. His replies will be published, using only the correspondents' initials.

Answers to Questions.

QUITE a list of questions has been received from S. G. Here they are:

(1) I often ask a man how much time he can give me. Do you approve of this? (2) What can a salesman say when a man shows you his shelves loaded up with a competitor's goods and tells you he is overstocked now? (3) When a man has been buying from a competitor for years and is satisfied, how can you switch him over to your goods? (4) What can you say when a man tells you the price at which he bought goods when you positively know he is not telling the truth? (5) How can you get a concern's business when the buyer is a personal friend of your competitor?

1. Instead of asking a man how much time he can give you, tell him you can only give HIM a few minutes of YOUR time. Then you are not asking for anything but are offering to give something which you consider to be of value to you.

2. Try to sell him just a small order of your goods, so that he will have a variety. Every customer does not favor the same brand of goods. They resent being told "here is something just as good." The progressive merchant has a representative stock from which a customer can choose.

3. You can't usually. But you can give him about the same line of argument as in (2) above.

4. Don't contradict him. That will only antagonize him. Tell him, "Well, that may be true, but I know something of the costs in this line of goods, and if you are buying goods for the price you say, the firm you buy from is not making a legitimate profit. They must make it up somewhere—either in quality or service. No firm is in business for their health. If they can afford to sell you for that price, buy from them—but watch them. I am selling an honest line at an honest price. That's the best I can do."

5. Friendship and business don't mix very well. I will buy from my friends as long as they give me the same as any one else. If they don't, I'll buy from some one else. That's business. The only way to get business in such a case as you mention, is to beat the competitor in price or quality or service. If you can do this, the buyer isn't going to let friendship stand in the way of his buying from you. If he does, he's a poor business man. Tell him that, if necessary, and SHOW him where he will benefit by buying from you.

W. D. M. plans to start manufacturing a salve which is, I understand, made from a "chiropodist's prescription." He asks about the best method of distribution of such an article. He has in mind direct distribution through agents and selling to drug stores.

In this case I would favor mail order distribution. I believe it would entail less "lost motion." The article could not possibly interest everybody. An agent would spend too much time calling on people who would not, by any chance, be interested in buying. In the drug store there would be a great deal of competition and it would cost quite a sum for counter displays, advertising, etc. In direct mail selling you could present the merits of the article to a large number of people and there would be a certain percentage of them who would be interested. It is only a question of devising a sales plan which will reach the largest number of possible customers in the shortest time and at least expense. To those interested the article would practically sell itself. And you couldn't afford to waste much time on those not interested. It isn't so much a question of persuasive salesmanship as a question of intelligent distribution.

Such Is Life!

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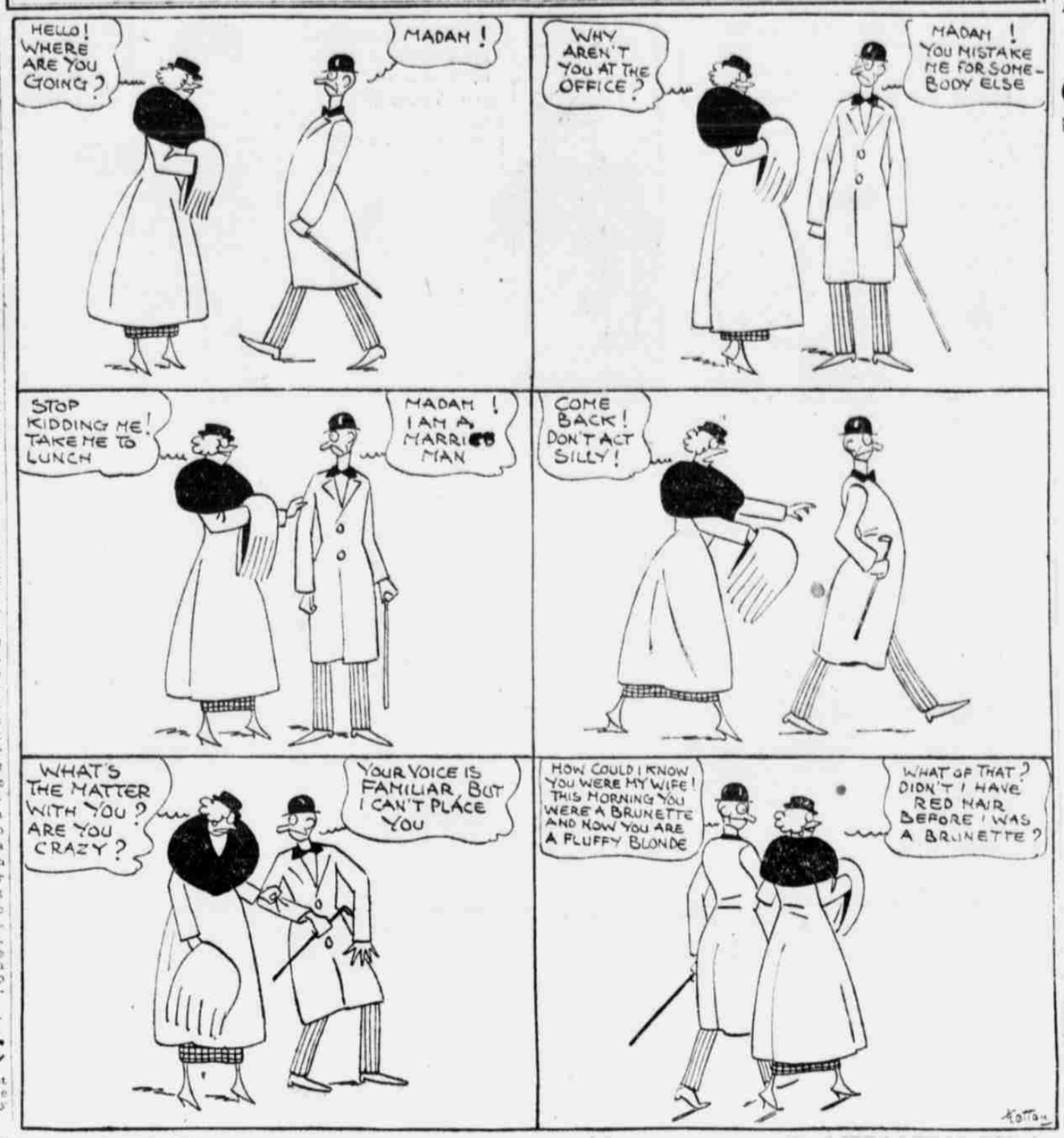
By Maurice Ketten



The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

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Child Health Alphabet

By Mrs. Frederick Peterson of the Child Health Department

W is for *Water*,
the best thing to drink
Between Meals
as often as ever we think.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

We had entered the war to help dear France,
And to give poor Belgium a little chance,
There were other reasons we did it for, too
But these the important ones I mention to you.

All on this large earth was upside down,
The Kaiser had even given up his crown,
But one day the Germans gave up for fair
And raised a white flag away up in the air.

And on November 11th America, who is so true,
Raised the flag, the Red, White and Blue,
America heard the news as soon as given
And the Germans back into Germany were driven.

By OLGA REBOLI, aged twelve years, Stony Point, L. I.

FEBRUARY CONTEST AWARD WINNER.

"Welcome Home."

"Welcome Home!" The words ring out everywhere in the good old U. S. A. Even on the broad Atlantic as the ship tosses to and fro the wireless operator gets the message for the soldiers on the transports, "Welcome Home."

Let us follow John Smith of the United States Army, who represents every American soldier from the time he gets the message until he gets home.

Seventh day at sea. New York City looms into sight. John glances up at the Statue of Liberty. She seems to smile and say, "Welcome home, my heroes." A little tug steams out to the big transport with the words in blazing letters, "Welcome Home."

The transport docks and the soldiers get off amid the shouting crowd and amid the shouts of "Welcome Home." On through from camp John walks through New York. Everywhere there are signs to greet him. As John reads these smiling faces in the windows greet him. Then honorable discharge, a train ride, his station, and then home! Mother! Father!—a fond embracing and the words, "Welcome home, our hero!"

By HAROLD CLEMENKO, aged twelve years, Edgewater, N. J.

MARCH DRAWING CONTEST.

Subject, "Springtime."

Ten pins or four Thrift Stamps (the equivalent of $1.00) will be awarded each of TEN Kiddie Klub members, ages from six to fifteen inclusive, who make the best drawings of "Springtime."

The indorsement of the teacher or parent of the contestant, saying the drawing is, to the best of their knowledge, original and has not been copied, must accompany each drawing.

Drawings must be made in black crayon, pencil or black drawing ink.

Contestants must state NAME, AGE, ADDRESS and CERTIFICATE NUMBER.

Address Cousin Eleanor, Evening World Kiddie Klub, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes March 28.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

Beginning with any month, cut out six of the coupons, like this, for 4-H, 4-H, 4-H, and mail them to Cousin Eleanor, Evening World Kiddie Klub, 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note in which you must state your NAME, AGE and ADDRESS.

"Klub Pin"

All children up to sixteen years of age may join the klub. Each member is presented with a silver star Klub Pin and membership certificate.

COUPON No. 442

The Housewife's Scrapbook

ALL milk puddings, such as rice, tapioca, &c., should be cooked slowly. Rapid boiling destroys the flavor and causes the milk to evaporate. Allow four hours for the baking of a milk pudding.

Make banana sandwiches for the children's noon meal. Bananas contain nearly the same nourishment as meat and children usually prefer them to meat.

Potatoes are served with meat in order to neutralize the acids. One potato will neutralize the acids of two slices of roast beef. While rice is a substitute for potatoes it only provides the starch and in order to obtain the potassium necessary for neutralizing the acids you should include cabbage, beans, celery, nuts, apples or prunes in the meal.

Biscuits should be handled as little as possible in mixing. If you like a crusty exterior place them in the pan so they do not touch each other. They will look better if baked close together, but they will not bake as quickly as they will if separated.

When you wash silver or glass add a teaspoonful of borax to the suds. Rinse well in hot water and polish with a linen cloth which sheds no lint.

Clean chinchilla furs with talcum powder well rubbed into the skin and then shaken out. Hot salt will clean sealskin and beaver beautifully.

For cleaning mahogany furniture and removing the white spots caused by dampness, gently rub with a soft linen cloth dipped into olive oil.

It is said you can polish boots quickly and beautifully by rubbing them with a piece of orange. Let the juice dry in, then polish with a soft brush.

Keep flour in a dry place and keep it away from strong smelling foods to avoid its spoiling.

If unpleasant odors from cooking linger in the house, put five drops of oil of lavender into a pan of boiling water. Let this boil for five minutes and the rooms will smell sweet and clean.

Silver will require no special cleansing if it is regularly washed in hot soapy water and thoroughly dried. Add a few drops of ammonia to the soapy water.

To wash picture glasses use a pad made of newspapers dipped into warm soapy water, then rub with a soft cloth dipped in methylated spirits.

Try kerosene oil for washing windows. Dampen a cloth with it, clean the glass, then polish with a dry cloth.

Do not throw away the old tennis racquet. It will come in handy for beating rugs, carpets and furniture. It is so constructed that it will not destroy the goods. Remove all the cord from the racquet and use only the frame.

The GOLF COURSE MYSTERY.

BY CHESTER K. STEELE.

Harry Bartlett Returns and Is Subpoenaed for the Inquest

(Copyright by George Sully & Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A golf match is arranged at the Meadow Golf Club between Mr. Carwell and Major Wardell. Viola, Mr. Carwell's daughter, accompanies her father on the course in their new car. They are met by Gaye, Harry Pollard and Harry Bartlett, both of whom are in love with her, though there has been some disagreement between Bartlett and Mr. Carwell. Viola tells Bartlett to make things up with her father. Bartlett approaches Mr. Carwell and speaks to him. They have a heated argument, during which Colonel Ashley intervenes. Leaving her father in the crowd, Viola approaches Jean, their chauffeur, asking if he has seen Mr. Carwell. Jean gets a startled answer. Later the same starts and at the end of 9 holes Mr. Carwell is found dead. An autopsy is held and it is decided that Mr. Carwell died of poison. Viola sends Bartlett to see Col. Ashley, the famous detective, and ask him to take charge of the case. Ashley consents, and sent Bartlett home the little town where he has been taking a vacation.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

"NOW if you'll tell me the best hotel to stop at here," said the Colonel, as they alighted from the train, "I'll put up there and see Miss Carwell later in the day."

"She requested me to bring you at once to her home," said Bartlett. "You are to be her guest. She thought perhaps you would want to examine the—to see Mr. Carwell's body—before"—

"Oh, yes. I suppose I had better. Then the funeral has not been held?"

"No, it was postponed at the request of the County Physician."

"Has there been a coroner's inquest?"

"No. Inquests are less often held in New Jersey than in some of the other States."

"Well, then, I suppose I may as well go to the Carwell home with you."

"Yes, I wired for my car to meet us. It's here I see. Right over here."

Bartlett led the way, the colonel following, and Shag bringing up the rear with the bags.

As the car drew up in front of the Carwell mansion, from the bell of which fluttered a dismal length of crape, a man stepped from the shadow of the gate posts and held out a paper to Harry Bartlett.

"What is it?" asked Bartlett.

"A subpoena," was the rather gruff answer.

"A subpoena? What for?"

"The coroner's inquest. You'll have to appear and give evidence. They're going to have an inquest to find out more about Mr. Carwell's death. That's all I know. I'm from police headquarters. I was told to wait around here, as cars were expected, and to serve that on you. Don't forget to be there. It's a court order," and the man slunk away.

"An inquest," murmured Bartlett, as he looked at the paper in his hand. "I thought they weren't going to have any," and he glanced quickly at Colonel Ashley.

CHAPTER IX.

COL. DOUGLAS LEE ASHLEY was not to surprises. This was natural, considering his calling, and at some of the surprises he was a silent spectator, while at others he furnished the surprise. In this case he served in the former capacity, merely noting the rather startled look on the face of Harry Bartlett when handed the subpoena to the Coroner's inquest.

"I thought they weren't going to have any," Bartlett repeated, but whether to himself in a sort of daze, to Col. Ashley, or to the man from headquarters was not clear.

"Don't feel over badly," advised his companion, with a calm smile. "You probably aren't the only one. A coroner's inquest is, as some one has said, a sort of fishing excursion. They start out not expecting much, not knowing what they are going to get, and sometimes they catch nothing—or no one—and again, a big haul is made. It's merely a sort of clearing house, and I, for one, will be glad to listen to what is brought out at the hearing."

"Well then, I suppose it will be all right," assented the young man, but the manner in which he looked again at the legal document was distinctly nervous.

"Had we better tell—now?" and he distinctly motioned toward the house, on the steps of which they stood, Shag having passed the bell for his master.

"Miss Carwell probably knows all about it," said Colonel Ashley.

They found Viola waiting for them in the library, passing on their way the darkened and closed room which held all that was mortal of the late owner of The Haven—do not quite all of him, for certain portions were, even then, being subjected to the minute and searching analysis of a number of chemists, under the direction of the county prosecutor.

"It was very good of you to come, Colonel Ashley," said Viola, quietly. "I appreciate it more than I can express—at this time."

"I'm very glad to come," said the Colonel as he held her hand in his warm, firm grasp. "I am only sorry that it was necessary to send for me on such an occasion. Believe me, I will do all I can for you, Miss Carwell. Your father was my very good friend."

"Thank you. What most I want is to clear my father's name from the imputation of having—if having killed himself," and she halted over the words.

"Oh, I don't know what to think, and certainly I don't dare suspect any one!" exclaimed Viola. "It is all so terrible! But one thing I would like all father's friends to know—that he did not take his own life. He would not do such a thing."

"Then," said Col. Ashley, "we must show that it was either an accident—that he took the fatal dose by mistake or that some one gave it to him. Forgive me for thus brutally putting it, but that is what it amounts down to."

"Yes, I have thought of that," returned Viola, and her shrinking form and the haunted look in her eyes told what an ordeal it was for her. "I leave it all to you, Col. Ashley. Father often spoke of you, and too often said, if ever he had any mystery to clear up, that you were the only man he would trust. Now that I am alone I must trust you," and she smiled at the colonel, it was something of her former smile—a look that had turned many a man's head, some even as settled in life and years as Col. Ashley.

"Well, I'll do my best for the sake of you and your father," replied the detective. "I don't mind saying that I hoped that I was done with all mystery cases, but fate seems to be against me.

"Mind, I am not complaining!" he said quickly, as he saw Viola about to protest. "It's just my luck. And I can't promise you anything. From what Mr. Bartlett told me, there seem to be very few suspicious circumstances connected with the case."

"I realize that," answered Viola. "And that makes it all the stranger. But tell me, Colonel, haven't you often found that the cases which, at first, seemed perfectly plain and simple, afterward turned out to be the most mysterious?"

"Love, but that's true!" exclaimed the former soldier. "You spoke the truth then, Miss Viola. My friend Leach never put a statement more plainly. And that's the theory I always go on. Now, then, let me have all the facts in your possession. And you, too," he added, turning to Bartlett. "You might remain while Miss Carwell talks to me, and you can add anything she may forget, while she can do the same in your case. I suppose you know there is to be a coroner's inquest?" he added to the girl.

"Yes," she answered. "I have received a subpoena. I think it is best to have it, for it will show the public how mistaken a verdict arrived at when all the facts are not known may be. I shall attend."

"I just received a summons," said Bartlett, and he seemed to breathe more easily.

"Shag— Where's that black boy of mine?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"I sent him to the servants' quarters," said Miss Mary Carwell, coming in just then. "How do you do, Colonel Ashley. I don't know whether you remember me, but"

"Indeed I do. And I remember that the last time I dined with you we had chicken and waffles that well the taste lingers yet!" and the Colonel bowed gallantly, which seemed to please Miss Carwell very much indeed. "So you have looked after Shag, have you?"

"Yes. We have plenty of spare rooms, and I thought you'd want him near you."

"I want him this moment," said the detective. "If you will be so good as to send him here I'll get him to open my bag and take out a notebook I wish to use."

A little later Col. Ashley had thrown himself heart and soul into the "Golf Course Mystery," as he marked it on a page in his notebook.

Between them Viola Carwell and Harry Bartlett told the Colonel such facts leading up to the death of Mr. Carwell as they knew. They spoke of the day of the big golf matches, and the exhilaration of Mr. Carwell as he anticipated winning the championship contest.

The scene at the links was portrayed, the little excitement among the parked cars, caused, as developed later, by a blaze in a machine standing next the big red, white, and blue car belonging to Mr. Carwell, and then the sudden collapse of Carwell as he made his winning stroke. The finding of some peculiar poison in the stomach and viscera of the dead man was spoken of, and then Viola made her appeal again for a disclosure of such truth as Col. Ashley might reveal.

"I'll do my best," he promised. "But I believe it will be better to wait until after the inquest before I take an active part. And I think I can best work if I remain unknown—that is if it is not published broadcast that I am here in my official capacity."

To this Viola and Bartlett agreed. As neither of them had, as yet, spoken of bringing the Colonel into the case, it was a comparatively easy matter to pass him off as an old friend of the family, which, in truth, he was.

So Col. Ashley was given the guest chamber, Shag was provided with comfortable quarters, and then Viola seemed more content.

"I know," she said to her aunt "that the truth will be found out now."

"But suppose the truth is more painful than unfortunate, Viola?"

"How can it be?" asked the girl, as tears filled her eyes.

"I don't know," answered Mary Carwell softly. "It is all so terrible that I don't believe it can be anything worse. But we must hope for the best. I trust business matters will go along all right. I confess I don't like the forgetting on the part of Leonard Blossom of attending to the bank matter."

"It was probably only an oversight."

"Yes. But it has started a rumor that your poor father's affairs were not be in the best shape. Oh, dear, it's all so terrible!"

But there were other terrors to come.

Following his plan of acting merely as a guest and an old friend of the family who had journeyed from afar to attend the funeral, Col. Ashley went about as silent as though on a fishing trip. He looked and listened, but said little. He was not yet ready for a cast. He was but inspecting the stream—several streams, in fact, to see where he could best toss in his baited hook.

And it was in this same spirit that he attended the Coroner's inquest, which was held in the Town Hall. Over the deliberations, which were, at best, rather informal, Coroner Billy Tell presided.

The office of Coroner was, in Lakeside, as in most New Jersey cities or towns, much of an empty title. At every election the names of certain men were put on the ticket to be voted for as coroners.

Few took the trouble to ballot for them, scarcely any one against them, and they were automatically inducted into office by reason of a few votes.

Just what their functions were few knew and less cared. There used to be a rumor, perhaps it is current yet in many Jersey counties, that a coroner was the only official who could legally arrest the Sheriff in case that official needed taking into custody. As to the truth of this it is not important.

Certain it is that Billy Teller had never before found himself in such demand and prominence. He was to act in the capacity of judge, though the verdict in the case, providing one could be returned, would be given by the jury he might impanel.

There was a large throng in attendance at the Town Hall when the inquest began. Reporters had been sent out by metropolitan papers, for Horace Carwell was a well known figure in the sporting and financial world, and the mere fact that there was a suspicion that his death was not from natural causes was enough to make it a good story.

Billy Teller was, frankly, unacquainted with the method of procedure, and he confessed as much to the prosecutor, an astute lawyer. As the latter would have the conducting of the case for the State in case it came to a trial in the upper courts, Mr. Stryker saw to it that legal forms were followed in the selection of a jury and the swearing in of the members of the panel. Then began the taking of testimony.

The doctors told of the finding of evidences of poison in Mr. Carwell's body. Its nature was never undetermined, for it was not of the common type.

This much Dr. Lambert stated calmly, and without attempting to go into technical detail. Not so Dr. Baird. He spoke learnedly of Reinsch's test for arsenic, of Marsh's method of the distillation process. He juggled with words, and finally, when pinned down by a simple but homely question from Billy Teller, admitted that he did not know what had killed Mr. Carwell.

There was a stir of expectancy at this question when Viola was called, but in good testimony that she could was in his usual health when he went with her to the golf game, she could throw no light on the puzzle, nor could the dead man's sister or any of the servants.

"Call Jean Forette," said the prosecutor, and the chauffeur, a decidedly nervous man on whom the excitement of testifying plainly told, came to the stand.

He made a poor showing, and there were several whispers that ran around the courtroom, but poor Jean's rather distressing manner was improved when Mr. Stryker took him in hand to question him. The prosecutor, observing that the man was more frightened than anything else, soon put him at his ease, and then the witness told a clear and connected story. He admitted frankly that because he had not the facility, or, perhaps, the desire to drive the big, new car, he and his late employer were to part company at the end of the month. That was no secret, and there were no hard feelings on either side. It was in the course of business, and natural.

Yes, he had driven Mr. Carwell and his daughter to the links that day in the big red, white and blue machine. Mr. Carwell had been in his usual jolly spirit, and had greeted several acquaintances on the road.

Had they stopped at any place? Oh, yes. The golfer was thirsty, and halted at a roadhouse for a pint of champagne—his favorite wine. Jean had alighted from the car to get it for him, and Viola, recalled to the stand, testified that she had seen her father drink some of the bubbling liquor. It was obvious why she had not spoken of it before, and that point was not pressed. It was known she did not share her father's love for sports and high living.

"LeGrand Blossom!"

Now something might come out. It was known that Blossom was Mr. Carwell's chief clerk, and more than one person knew of the impending partnership. For Mr. Carwell was rather talkative at times.

"Mr. Blossom," asked the prosecutor, after some preliminary questions, "it has been intimated, not here but outside—that the financial affairs of Mr. Carwell were not in such good shape as might be wished. Do you know anything about this?"

"I do, sir."

"Tell what you know."

"I know he was hard pressed for money, and had to get loans from banks and otherwise."

"Was that unusual?"

"Yes, it was. Before he bought the big car and the yacht he carried a good balance. But I told him"—

"Never mind what you told him or he told you. That is not admissible under the circumstances. Just tell what you know."

"Well, then I know that Mr. Carwell's affairs were in bad shape, and that he was trying to raise some ready cash."

"How do you know this?"

"Because he asked me to put a large sum into his business and become a member of the firm."

"He asked you to invest money and become a partner?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is not unusual, is it? Many a business man might do the same if he wanted to branch out, might he?"

(To Be Continued Monday.)