

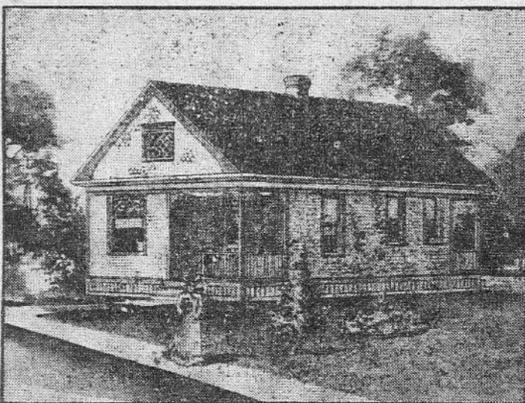
THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

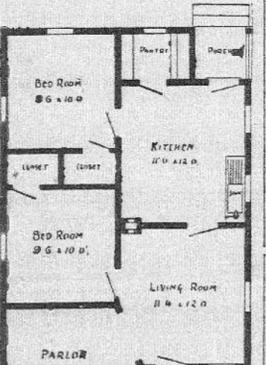
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 124 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Love in a cottage means a house like this occupied by two young persons of frugal tastes who are suited to each other and have many things in common to enjoy together. The greatest happiness in this life is not from the front end of the brown stone mansion. Mayor Jones, of Toledo, once said: "There is more enjoyment in the servant's quarters in those big stone houses than there is in the parlors and spacious chambers. I know whereof I speak because I have lived in both ends of them." In his ambassadorial remarks he told what common sense fun he had when he was doing chores for a living and attending night school. They had the best of everything going just the same as the owner and they had no anxiety. While Mayor Jones probably was right, in a way, the fact remains that the desire to own a home is born with every one and life is never complete until this desire is satisfied. The trouble with most of us is we are not satisfied to commence in a small way. The son likes to commence life where the father leaves off. Our ideas often are elevated beyond our means. We have an appetite for a big house, with a bank account perhaps hardly sufficient for a cottage of this kind.

The plainest, cheapest possible construction for a comfortable house is embodied in this elevation and floor plan. If a young man can possibly trim his tastes to conform to a reasonable ambition he can own a house like this and have it paid for in five years' time. The house can be built



for \$600 or \$700 without the cellar and a lot suitable for such a house should be purchased for another hundred or two, say \$850 for the house and lot if built in one of the smaller cities. Any industrious young man can save \$150 a year if he really has the determination to do it, but he must have backbones enough to let the other fellows smoke the fancy cigars and he must have some system about his finances. He cannot save \$150 a year and carry all his money around in his clothes with him every day. Money under such circumstances has a habit of leaking out in dribs. I knew a young man who could not save money until he formed the habit of depositing



First Floor Plan.

every cent of his pay in the bank every second week. This left him just half of what he earned to get along with and after he made the determination to do that he succeeded.

There is nothing about this little house to run into much expense. It is only 22 feet wide and 36 feet long and the two porches come inside of these dimensions. The material is all common dimension stuff that is turned out by the million feet in the different wood working factories of the country and may be picked up at any lumber yard, but for all its simplicity and cheapness there is something pleasing about the finished house. I have seen just such houses partly covered with vines and shaded with maples that looked very cozy and much more comfortable than some of the more expensive houses in the neighborhood.

A house that is owned by the occupants always is attractive. There is something about it that feels different than a rented house. There is a

sort of air of proprietorship about the place that somehow makes itself manifest. Some of our most successful business men have started in by owning a small cheap house. In some instances additions have been made later, but very often the little property is sold or traded for a more pretentious one in a few years' time. Young folks commencing in this life never forget their early years of married life in the little cottage home. Children are born there and they first toddle off to school from the little house, and the children never forget it. Pleasant home surroundings give a child a start in life that is lasting and valuable.

Such little houses may be made very attractive by using good judgment in the furnishings. But few articles of furniture are absolutely necessary for a small family. It is a great mistake to furnish up a house for the reception of company. It is so much better to buy what you really need and put some thought and care in the purchase. One good solid article of furniture that will be as satisfactory in 20 years as it is when new is worth a dozen flimsy faddy things gotten up for show, but if you have a few pieces of cheap furniture it is not necessary to dispense with them. There are ways to use cheap things if they are strong and rightly proportioned. I have seen a \$1.50 rocker fitted with a home-made cushion on the seat and another on the back that felt more comfortable and looked more attractive than some \$50 chairs of my acquaintance. It is not a question of money in furnishing a house so much as it is in the good taste displayed in the selection and care afterwards. The home-made cushions in the cheap rocker looked well because they were clean and neatly kept. If allowed to get soiled or some of the

fasteners become loose and neglected the chair immediately loses its charm, and so it is with everything in the house.

Pictures have a great deal to do with the furnishing. Small pictures look best when grouped and hung flat against the wall. The old-fashioned way of stringing pictures from the middle and hanging them at an angle has gone out of date. Some one discovered a few years ago that pictures were much improved in general appearance when those of a kind were grouped together. Pictures cannot be successfully grouped unless they are standing upright. We cannot harmonize angles, they won't have anything to do with each other, but we can take a group of a dozen interesting photographs, put them in narrow dark colored frames and make a group of them on one side of the room and if skillfully done the effect will be very artistic. The expense of such a group is not necessarily very great and the satisfaction is considerable. It is necessary to use some ingenuity in fastening the pictures to make them look right, and for security. The old style of suspending pictures by wires never satisfied anyone. Wire was a necessity and was used under protest. It is employed now more than any other means for hanging pictures. I have seen large frames of narrow molding made in which the smaller picture frames sit. Space could be left any width between the smaller frames or extra pieces of molding fitted to slide in the grooves for division panels between the frames.

ONE WOMAN'S SOLUTION OF SERVANT PROBLEM.

"I have solved the servant problem," said the woman with the compressed lips and the determined eyes. "You have?" asked the other person.

"I have. When things get to such a pass that the hired girls want three days out in the week, want the use of the parlor every other night and Sunday afternoon, want me to play soft love-songs while they are entertaining their beaux in the kitchen on other evenings, insist on the privilege of dictating what groceries and meats I shall buy, claim the right to wear my clothes and bonnets, dictate whether or no I shall keep a dog or a child, succeed in having my house decorated and furnished to accord with their tastes, and— Well, when things are as they are, I am just—"

"Not going to keep servants any longer?"

"Better than that. I am going to hire out as a servant and enjoy life!"—Judge.

Out of Office and In.

A well-known radical member has coined this happy phrase: "It is a pity that the government has not as much courage in office as it had conscience in opposition."—Truth, London.

Californian's Terribles Battles with Mountain Lion and Condor

Exciting Experience of a Hunter on the Southern Peninsula—Wounds and Torn Clothing as Reminders of His Adventure.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Attacked by a huge mountain lion in the Cyclopean darkness of a mountain gorge; forced into a battle with a giant condor, measuring 11 feet 7 inches from wing tip to wing tip; forced to hunt deer or starve in a country where deer are very scarce—these are a few of the things that befell T. W. Copner of this city, recently while spending a few days on the famous Malibu ranch in Ventura county.

Copner's tale may sound a bit full of the strenuous life, but he displays a torn coat and a lacerated shoulder as marks of the fight with the lion, the wings of the huge vulture which he was forced to kill to save his own life and a saddle of smoked venison which shows the gigantic proportions of the deer that once bore it.

The Malibu ranch lies on the wild part of the southern California coast, about 35 miles above Santa Monica. So wild and so little traveled by man is this country that Copner's party saw not a soul save the grizzled old mountaineer with whom they boarded during the entire length of their stay.

"The day's trip had been a long, hard one," said Copner, "and we were not exactly looking for game or excitement when we wound down the narrow trail toward the Dexter cabin. It was about eight o'clock and dark as pitch.

"Near the gate is a giant oak tree, with low, rambling branches. As I passed under it I heard a strange rattling noise in the limbs and leaves overhead. With a glance upward I saw the dark head of a mountain lion move out along a large limb and could dimly see the huge body of the cat creeping after. It seemed that I could see the flash of his white teeth in the darkness, and I could feel the low, savage snarl he let go when he saw me.

"Instantly I jumped; a heavy paw grazed my shoulder, dragging my coat to the ground, cutting the flesh through the heavy clothing I wore, and a long, lithe object landed on the ground beside me, almost exactly, indeed, on the spot where I had been standing.

"I could not have been more than eight feet away, and I lost no time in bringing the 30-30 into play. I emptied six shots in the direction of the dark object. At the third of those I heard a wild snarl, saw the black body launch itself through the air, directly toward me, and had just presence of mind enough to fall flat on the ground. I could feel the wind caused by the great beast in passing, and I have no doubt I was as pale as a sheet the moment he went over me. "I seemed to feel, rather than hear, the great beast light on the ground beyond me, and with a bound gained the shelter of the side hill's brushy tangle, from whence, I suppose, he came."

Late that night, when the moon had come out and the fog had fallen a bit, the hunters went out again, but could find no trace of the big cat. Next day there was a trail of blood leading away from the scene of the encounter, but this soon led into rough and rocky ground, and could not be followed with any degree of certainty, so the chase was given up.

Battle with the Scavenger.

On the third day of their stay at the old ranch meat ran short, and the party, dividing into two bands, struck out to get a deer. Copner killed a deer about a mile from camp, and, as the day was wet, was determined to push on in search of another buck. To frighten away chance coyotes or other small animals from the carcass he covered it with his coat, laying a red bandana handkerchief on the top of the pile.

He made a circuit of some two or three miles through the near-by canyons, and, coming down on his deer from above, was surprised to see, seated on the carcass, a bird of the size of a full-grown Newfoundland dog. He recognized the creature as one of the rare California condors, or vultures, which now and then appear in the coastwise hills, and shouted to scare it from its feast, which he could see was rapidly being torn to pieces.

"To his shouts the great bird paid no attention. He walked nearer, and remembering stories he had heard of the ferocity of the giant vulture when angered, Copner fired a shot from his revolver over the bird's head. There is a fine of some \$200 imposed for the killing of a condor, and he had no desire to incur the penalty, but could not bear to see his supper vanishing into the maw of the bird of prey.

Still the condor failed to move, but continued to tear at the deer, from which it had by this time stripped the coat thrown over it for protection. Copner came nearer, and finally picked up a stone, threw it at the bird, striking it on one wing.

Evidently this roused the vulture's wrath, for, spreading its great wings, it rose with a loud hiss high into the air. Copner started forward to see what damage had been done to his quarry, when, without a sound save the rush of air through its great pinions, the condor fell from the height to which it had ascended and struck the man squarely between the shoulders, the while tearing at his head with beak and talons.

Knocked down by the force of the blow, the hunter fell forward over the body of the deer and down into a little gully. Doubtless this alone saved his life, for had the great bird succeeded in landing one blow on his skull with its heavy beak it must surely have split his head wide open.

Rolled into the gully Copner had presence of mind enough to pull a knife from his pocket. Then, raising himself to a sitting posture, he saw the vulture, its hideous head turned sideways the better to watch his hiding place, seated on a huge bowlder just back of the body of the deer. Dropping down again Copner reached for his revolver (his rifle was lying

beside the dead deer) and, raising himself very cautiously from the gully, took a chance shot at the bird. Once again it rose into the heavens and once again fell like a thunderbolt, this time aiming at his head, which he had carelessly exposed when the bird flew up. He drew back just in time to escape the blow and then realized that it was now a fight for life between himself and the vulture, thoroughly maddened by the loss of its meal.

Again and again he fired his revolver, apparently without effect. At length he had but one cartridge left in the gun and determined to end the battle at once, he sprang from his place of concealment just as the bird alighted again on the bowlder. Point blank he fired at the huge black form and this time the shot took effect in one wing, so crippling the vulture that it could not fly.

Copner rushed over to his rifle, intending to end the life of his foe, when, waddling and fluttering from its perch, the vulture struck him again and again. It seemed as if everywhere he turned there was the great bird. His trousers were soon in rib-

bons and the sharp beak of the bird made cruel cuts in his legs and the lower part of his back. As it stood up the condor's head reached far above his waist line, and the battle in the face of so powerful and so heavy a bird was no light one.

At length, however, he succeeded in picking up his rifle, and, clubbing it, struck the bird a powerful blow alongside the head. Even the vulture could not stand such a blow as this and fell over dead or dying in the same little gully from which Copner had just crawled.

Copner was utterly exhausted by the fight, and, after a long rest, dragged himself into camp with a quarter of the venison for which he had battled with the bird. Next day the successful hunter returned with the other members of the party to the scene of the battle and there found the condor, quite dead, beside the deer.

From wing tip to wing tip the bird measured 11 feet and 7 inches, one of the largest of its kind ever killed and larger than the famous condors of the Andes, which are supposed to be the biggest birds that fly anywhere on earth.

In height this bird was exactly four feet; its beak was five inches long, and each one of its talons measured three inches. Its weight was a trifle less than 100 pounds.



BATTLE WITH THE CONDOR.

HE JUMPED UP IN TIME TO AVOID THE LION.

Gems That Can Stand Heat.

Among the precious stones, the ruby, the sapphire, spinel and various kinds of garnets can be heated. In answering this question it is always to be presumed that such heating is done with great caution, and that such stones when heated are cooled very slowly, and that they are not exposed when hot to contact with fluids or cold air.

The diamond, also, may be exposed to great heat, but only at the risk of an increase of the extent of defective marks, cracks and the injury of polished surfaces. Therefore such heating is to be avoided as much as possible, especially when stones of good size are in question.

Emeralds, aquamarine, topaz, hyacinth and some others cannot be exposed to heat, as some of these would lose their color, and opaque and translucent specimens would be cracked by artificial heat.

The Fly in the Ointment.

Watt Smatter—How does your wife like the new hat?

Hezall Wright—She is delighted with it. It would be perfectly happy if it were not for the fact that there's a lot of families occupying the other apartments in the building.—Chicago Tribune.

Woman Rancher.

Mrs. Pauline Whitman is the most successful of Texan women ranchers. She owns 200,000 acres and raises 15,000 cattle annually.

MERITS OF THE APPLE.

Has Medicinal Qualities of the Greatest Value.

A good ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with; the entire process of digestion being accommodated in 85 minutes. There are medicinal properties in the acid of the apple that are not found anywhere else, according to hygienic analysis. These acids are of great value for people of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish, serving as they do to eliminate from the body noxious matters that retained make the brain heavy and dull or bring on jaundice and skin eruptions.

The apple also contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable, and this is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for this reason, though but rudely understood, that the old Scandinavian traditions represented the apple as the food of the gods who, feeling themselves to be growing feeble or old, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of body or mind. The custom of eating apple sauce with roast pork, goose and like dishes has sound hygienic reason behind it, the malleic acid of serving to neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating over-rich meats.

When making a pudding do not forget to make a plait in the cloth at the top, so as to allow the pudding to swell.

If the upper inside edge of the pan is well greased with butter, chocolate, milk, cocoa, or anything of the kind, it will not boil over.

To revive black velvet hats or toques, well sponge the hat or toque with a small quantity of paraffin, then thoroughly brush and leave in the open air for a few moments; this will quickly remove all smell, and cleaned in this way velvet will look equal to new.

When jewelry is put away it is apt to become dull and tarnished. At intervals the articles should be taken from their cotton cases and cleaned in clear soapsuds, using fine toilet soap. Dip them into this and dry them by using a soft brush or a fine sponge, and afterward dry them with old handkerchiefs, and, lastly, with a soft leather. Silver ornaments may be kept in arrowroot, and steel articles will retain their luster if stored in a box containing a little starch.

A soiled black coat can be quickly cleaned by applying with a sponge strong coffee containing a few drops of ammonia. Finish by rubbing with a piece of colored woolen cloth.

A Good Housekeeper.

The successful housekeeper is not essentially the one who has a spotlessly-kept house, always in order, but the one who manages the affairs of the house so that every one is made comfortable and the home is always cheery and bright. A good housekeeper does not worry over very little details that grow wrong, but sets to work to put it in order again. She can always tell you where everything is to be found, as she always has a certain place for certain articles, and sees that they are kept there. The meals are always just on time and well cooked, and the children look neat and happy. This can not be done without good management, says Woman's Life, and the methodical housekeeper will have the day divided out for the different duties that are to be done and she will see that her system of arranging the work does not cause discomfort in the house.

The Meaning of Beauty.

To have the manners of the well-bred women, to move about with grace and dignity, to know poise, character, honesty and deep sympathy, these are the finer lines of beauty. Who cares a cent for the dolly woman who is beautiful to look at and who hasn't sense enough to draw her breath? Such women are not after the right idea, and true beauty will never place its golden halo on their heads. Personal magnetism makes women beautiful, and what is that but the free workings of a genuinely lovely spirit? Perfume the inside of your head with tender thoughts, keep your body strong, well and clean, make up your mind to learn everything you can, and if you do not look beautiful you will be so—and that will suffice.

Proper Care of Silver.

If the box containing silver polish, a small bottle of alcohol, soft flannels, chamol skins and brushes be kept in some convenient place in pantry or kitchen, it is a trifling matter after each meal to rub the few pieces of silver discolored by egg, salad, or what not. By this means, the weekly silver polishing may be lightened or done away with.

Extra silver should be kept in cotton fannel bags with a small lump of camphor in each. It will in this way retain its brightness indefinitely.—Harper's Bazar.

Recipe for Cold Cream.

A simple cold cream is made thus: Take two ounces of spermaceti, two ounces of white wax, five ounces of oil of sweet almonds and melt together in a porcelain kettle over a slow fire. Remove, and while the mixture is still hot add one and one-half ounces of stronger rose water. In which 40 grains of borax have been dissolved. Have the rose water slightly warm. Fluff the mixture to a foam by using an egg beater. When almost thick add a few drops of oil of rose, or any preferred perfume.

London's Open-Air Pulpits.

London has five regularly built open-air pulpits from which there is preaching, and the results have been so good that other churches are considering the question of having such pulpits built upon the outside of their edifices.

Chinese Girls in a Japanese School.

Thirty Chinese young ladies have recently graduated from a Japanese girls' school, which was specially organized for the education of Chinese women in Japan.—Shanghai Mercury.

MERCHANTS MUST BE FAIR WITH CUSTOMERS

Man Builds Business by Giving Special Attention to Children—Women Quick to Appreciate Puiteness—Secret of Success of a Chicago Dry Goods Merchant—Accommodating Women Who Wish Goods Exchanged—The Two-Priced Fellows Lose Out.

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON, Author of "Tales of the Road," Etc.

Watkins, the traveling man, and the son of his boss, who was going along with him to pack trunks, reached Crete, Neb., an hour's run west of Lincoln, at 1:30 a. m.

This time the young man wrote his name on the hotel register, "John C. Witherspoon." Before he had written "J. Charles."

"That's a whole lot better, Johnnie," remarked Watkins, patting him on the back. "After a few more night trains and early calls I think you'll get down to the proper level. By the end of the trip I think you'll have it Jno. C., and before the year is out you'll make it as short as you can—'J. C.' and write it fast at that."

For the first month of this trip Watkins traveled at a lively pace. It is early in the season that the man on the road goes after the doubtful customers. He must hurry them, however, never letting his customers know that he is hurrying. Often being even a day late will cost a salesman a big bill. The young college man caught onto his job and made a really good helper for Watkins. John C. was a worthy chip off the old block. What he needed was that he was getting—a chance to work.

The fifth Sunday out on the trip Watkins spent at Kansas City. He was to be there for three days to wait on country customers to come in from surrounding towns. Two or three of these reached Kansas City on Sunday evening. They, with John C., Watkins and some of his traveling men friends, sat in the lobby of the Baltimore hotel.

Caught the Children.

"Do you know," said Hoover, one of Watkins' customers, "I built my business by paying special attention to children. For the ten years that I have been in my town I have always done something to bring them to me. The very first thing that I did when I started in new in my town was to have made a thousand one-foot rules. On them I had printed, 'Hoover makes it a rule to wait on the children with as much care as on grown people.' I first handed these out to a little group of kids from school who came in. The news soon spread and all the children in town came in droves for these rules. You know the mothers often send their children out to get some little thing and I wanted to get them in the habit of going to Hoover's. I knew that if I had the children on my side the grown folks would soon fall in line."

"Well, you've made a success out where you are, too, Hoover," Watkins remarked.

"Yes, I have. You know it won't do for a merchant to expect to stay in a place and build a business, and mistreat his customers. People believed that if I would take care of children I would also take good care of the grown folks. Two of the most successful retail business men in America—or in the world, for that matter—have built their businesses by following out the same plan, after a fashion, that I did—that is, by pleasing the customer. They are in the dry goods business mostly, and when they started in their customers were wholly women. Now, one of these merchants used to have a little store away down in a little country town in Illinois. When he was a young man he got it into his head that he must satisfy his women customers. He made his clerks take special care to wait on them, and he, himself, when he was behind his own little counter, always made it a rule to please the women. That made him the leading merchant of his town. He was a bright, progressive man, and moved to Chicago, where he took a little narrow store on State street. He carried out in the city the same plan that he had worked in the country. Each year his business grew, until now he occupies a large part of a block and his business is up in the millions, increasing every day.

Pleasing Women Customers.

"Well, you see, women are more or less helpless. If you please them they will become your best friends—if you do not, they will drive many customers away from you. And this other man I speak of hit upon this very idea. He not only gave instructions that his clerks should please customers in the store, but that if the customer, after going home, did not like what she had bought the goods might be returned and exchanged, or 'money back.' Just this thing alone helped this great merchant's business more than any one thing. It gave people who went to deal at his store confidence in that store."

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back," is a good motto for any establishment," remarked Watkins.

"But once in a while, though, Watkins," Hoover continued, "this exchanging goods gives us who do it a great deal of trouble, and the women folks occasionally carry it to an extreme. Now, for example, a lady in fairly good circumstances came to my store the other day and wanted to exchange a brown hat that she had bought from me for a black one—and what do you suppose her excuse was? She said that her mother-in-law had been brought here to Kansas City to be operated on for appendicitis, that she was sure she was going to die, and that she would need a black hat to wear to the funeral."

"Well, you swapped all right, did you not?" asked Watkins.

"Yes, twice. The woman's mother-in-law pulled through the ordeal of the knife and she swapped back for that brown hat again."

"No, sir, you can't afford to take advantage of anyone who comes to buy anything from you, whether the customer be man or woman," spoke up the Philadelphia clothing man.

"Right near our house, on Broad street, are several cigar stores. When I first went to Philadelphia I dropped in one day on one of these places and

asked for a good two-for-a-quarter cigar. The man behind the counter handed me out a box, and I picked up two and gave him a quarter. The cigar didn't please me very well, but you know we are creatures of habit. If we go anywhere for anything, that is the place we naturally go the second time. The next time I dropped in on this store there was a young man behind the counter. I picked up a couple of these same cigars and threw down a quarter. He handed me back 15 cents in change.

Found Out Swindle.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" I asked, "in selling me these cigars for five cents a piece?" He said: "Oh, no; they cost us \$35 a thousand, and you bet your life that I never darkened that fellow's door again."

"At the next place I went into to get my cigars the man was very careful and took a box out of an ice chest, and said to me, as he passed them out: 'Here is a cigar that we pride ourselves on. We sell them pretty close at two-for-a-quarter, but we like to give our customers satisfaction.' That man has my trade to this day. I not only buy cigars from him when I am in Philadelphia, but have him express them to me when I am out on the road. I have confidence in him."

"A man does not like to be done, and I'm not quite so easy as you are," began the cloak man. "I know just before Christmas last year I went in to buy a book for a young lady friend of mine. I had heard her say that she liked Lucile, and I went into a book store to buy for her a nice copy. I was in quite a hurry. I usually buy my books when I am at home, in Baltimore, from an old friend in the book business, but that time I was in a great hurry. I asked the man for a copy of Lucile. He showed me one and priced it at \$1.30. I asked him if he didn't have anything better. He fumbled around and finally brought out another book that looked more or less like the one he had shown me before, and said, 'Here's a copy for \$2.50.'"

"Gave you what you were looking for?" asked Watkins.

"Yes, you bet. It so happened that before I went home I had to go down right near where my old friend in the book business was. Just for curiosity sake I went in and asked to see a copy of Lucile. He showed me the identical thing for which I had paid \$2.50, and his price, marked in plain figures, was \$1.30; and I didn't do a thing but go right back up to the other store—the other man's place. His store was full of customers, and I told him that I wanted him to hand me back \$1.30. I told him he had robbed me outright and that he should give me the money and give it to me quick. He hemmed and hawed for a minute and tried to get out of it, and I didn't give him very much time. I simply gave him the book at his head, and told him not only to take the \$1.30 but to take the book also and go to. Then I went and bought another copy for my friend."

Mistake in Having Two Prices.

"I don't like to deal with those two-priced fellows, and I won't do it," the hat man remarked. "I know one evening, when it was colder than blazes and the wind was blowing down my spine—one of those raw, vile winds off from Lake Michigan—I went into a little store on Wabash avenue to buy a muffler. I usually fight shy of these little joints, but it was after six o'clock and all the reputable stores were closed. I asked the man—he was running the store all by himself—to show me a muffler. As he passed it out to me—it seemed to be all right—I asked 'how much?' and reached in my pocket for the money. I was in a hurry. 'The price of this one is \$1.50, but I will make it to you for a dollar,' said he. 'You won't do any such a thing,' I answered. 'I don't do business with people who will do it that way.'"

"That was the very reason why," said Hoover, the merchant, "this man was able by himself to attend to all the business he had. The retail customer has absolutely demanded that the merchant mark his goods in plain figures, and sell them at one price. It's only during the last few years that this has become the general custom with merchants, but people have demanded honest treatment, and the one who gives it to them is the one who gets the business."

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Fooled the Grocer.

T. Augustus Heinze, at a dinner in Butte, praised a western orator.

"At the start," said Mr. Heinze, "this man secures the sympathy of his audience. There was, for instance, a distracted fellow who entered a grocer's shop and said: 'I believe I am an injured husband, sir, and I desire to verify my suspicions by watching a house in the next street. But I can only do this safely from the rear of your shop. Will you let me sit by the open window there for half an hour?' The grocer, patting the man's shoulder in kindly fashion, said: 'To be sure, my friend. Make yourself at home.'"

"Some time passed. Then the jealous husband rushed through the shop, rolling his eyes and muttering: 'TH kill her! I'll go home and get the gun and kill her now.'"

"Your wife," said the grocer.

"Yes," groaned the man. "My false wife, my adored Mary. I can not doubt her guilt, and before sundown I shall be a murderer."

"The grocer tried to detain him, but he got away. Nothing happened in the way of murder for an hour or more, and then, a little disappointed and suspicious, the grocer made an investigation in the back of his shop, to find that there had been passed out through the open window three tubs of butter, a crate of eggs, two bags of flour and a dozen hams."