

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experiences in the Business Cover a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

KEEP YOUR MONEY IN YOUR OWN COMMUNITY.

I have endeavored to arouse in your minds a feeling of dismay at the thought of what you have been doing in sending your money to the mail order houses instead of spending your dollars at home and thereby helping your local communities to prosper.

In unrestricted terms I have characterized the folly of helping big corporations to profit at the expense of your local merchants. I have tried to show you the criminality against yourself, your townpeople and your descendants, of scorning the prosperity of your own communities and deliberately working against the interests of your own towns by sending your funds to the city.

I have depicted the foolishness of buying from mail order houses when you can obtain just as good or better merchandise from your own local merchants and I have exposed the methods in vogue in at least one mail order concern.

These articles have been addressed to those of you who live in the smaller communities and in the country—where you are compelled to rely on individual honesty among yourselves rather than on the pledges of men who do business with brass bands and pages of newspaper advertising.

Experience is the greatest and the best teacher and my experience has taught me that it is preferable to transact business with a man personally known, rather than with an undefinable concern without identity except as a corporation. In the big cities we are compelled to deal wholly with the latter, while in the smaller cities and towns you can meet the former face to face and do your business direct.

In buying and selling there is no dealer or merchant that does not know that the crooked deals come home to roost—therefore it is the better part of discretion, as well as simple honesty, to give full value to a customer. The dealer in the small town cannot hide behind a corporate name or conceal himself in a private office from the customer who has been fooled. He must face the music in case he transgresses, and he realizes that he must satisfy his customers or he will lose them.

Honesty is bred in small communities and is fostered, while in large cities it is only too often lost sight of because of the immunity that comes with not meeting the customer in person. Clerks and other employees must bear the burden of reproach and censure while the "man higher up" never hears of such things. Excuses are all readymade and framed to meet all contingencies by the heads of mail order houses and in case of a complaint from a customer the correspondent as a rule merely indicates a certain form letter.

But in your own home town your merchant meets you face to face and he is always on the job. He can always be found at his place of business and in case of a complaint he is right there to see that you are satisfied before you leave his store. He wants to please you and he will try, sincerely, to please you. He wants to hold your custom.

Now isn't this a much better way to deal than to send your money away to the city? Isn't it much better to deal with a man in your own community, and pay him your money, rather than to send it away to the big mail order house in the city, where it is treated exactly like so many thousands of other orders? Isn't it better to deal at home and keep the cash in circulation in your own community, than to send the dollars away where you or your neighbors will never see them again?

Dollars will breed dollars. Money in your community will create prosperity for yourself and your friends. Keep the cash at home and business will be better all round.

Some of you will say: "There are so many things that I must send away for."

In such a case, why not let your own dealer send for them for you? He is in business. He can get wholesale prices where you must pay retail. That is why he is in business. He must make a profit in order to pay his rent and support his family. He must make a profit in order to be able to carry the things you require on his shelves and counters.

If you need something that he does not carry in stock, just ask him to send to the city for it. He will do so gladly. He will obtain a discount off the retail price and this will afford him a small profit for his labor. You pay to him the same price that you would pay to the city merchant or manufacturer.

Why not let him do this for you? He is responsible. He will do the business in a satisfactory manner and probably give better service and more satisfactory treatment—probably a better value for you.

Live and let live is the motto that makes the world go around smoothly and peacefully in so far as we mortals are concerned. Let your local merchant live, by giving him the opportunity to make a dollar now and then, and you will be much better pleased with yourself as well as much more satisfied with some of your purchases.

Your local merchant is loyal—he and your local newspaper. Both occupy places that you cannot fill by any service through a mail order house.

Think how you will miss them if you lose them. Of course they are so patient and so apparent that you forget about them. You accept them as a matter of course, but, my goodness, how you will miss them if you find that you must do without them.

But it is such advantages as these that we are, all of us, inclined to fail

to appreciate without having our attention called especially to them.

But we must remember, the mail order houses have the merchants in the small towns by the throat. They are waging a fierce battle for the supremacy. If the mail order houses win out it will mean the elimination of practically all of the country dealers and small town merchants.

And when this happens you will find conditions much different. You will then, when it is too late, discover the great value to you and the inestimable convenience of having a merchant near by who can supply your wants without delay.

But the mail order house sweeps on and on. It is grabbing up the dollars with increasing voracity. It is grinding the country merchant down and down until he can hardly make a vigorous struggle for existence.

I believe that these conditions can be helped, even if not wholly removed and done away with.

I believe that there is a remedy for these conditions—a remedy that can be applied in every community, with success.

It would mean a fight—a struggle that would cost some time and some work, but it would bring back the dollars to the country store.

That it would be a success I am confident. That it would win the battle for the country merchants, against the mail order houses, I feel sure.

The fact is, right now, that the big city is growing bigger and bigger year by year, while the small town is growing less prosperous.

It's the work of the mail order concern. They are milking the dollars away from home all the time.

Stop it—that's the only way. Keep your money at home.

That's the only remedy. Think it over.

FRUIT A HEALTHFUL FOOD

Fact is, Mankind Does Not Eat Enough of It, Is Opinion of Expert.

Food can be conveniently divided into seven classes—fruits, nuts, vegetables, grains, legumes, miscellaneous and meat. Fruits, the least known, says an article in Health Culture, are the most important. They include tree products, berries and melons. Only 4.4 per cent of the food we consume in this country is fruit. Man is anatomically, physically, historically, deductively, traditionally and morally a fruit eater. Yet we not only eat little of it, but are restrained from it by superstition that it causes ailments. When ripened fruit is dropped by the plant it is a mass of living cells that form a society of individuals, each independent of the other. When eaten they give life to the consumer. In animal foods putrefaction begins its work immediately on the death of the animal. There is fermentation in fruits, but no "rottenness" until the organized ferments enter through a break in the skin. The subject is a large one and runs to technical analysis that is little help for everyday use. But, generally speaking, one can stand by the axiom that fruit is a healthful food, one that if fresh and clean should be beneficial and not harmful. Waste products which cause the peristaltic action of the digestive tract form an important part of the diet and one that is usually overlooked. Crude fiber is the best waste product. Fruits produce an ideal crude fiber.

Umbrella Mores. "Not long ago at a tea," said a man who frequents such decadent diversions, "somebody walked off with a new umbrella of mine. What I got in return was not fit for publication. I spoke to the host about it—the tea was at a bachelor apartment—and he gave me a list of all those present with their addresses, about twenty-five persons, suggesting that I write and ask who had a new umbrella in place of an old one. "I took it with some degree of hope which he at once crushed by telling me that on one occasion he had lost a new silk hat at a social function and the hostess had given him a list of sixty-four men who had been among those present. He wrote to the entire lot and received four replies in the negative. The others simply ignored his notes of inquiry. "Thereupon I concluded to let somebody have my new umbrella. But stealing's stealing just the same, in my opinion."

Onions. As an exhibit of what ingenious man may do the achievement of an odorless onion is all right. But no onion lover would part with that one distinct and appetizing fragrance for any price offered. From early spring through the year its penetrating, unmistakable pungent smell appeals to the soul of man. Children revel in them. Poets have written of them, at least one has Sydney Smith begs that in his favorite said "onion tastes lurk within the bowl, and half suspected animate the whole."—Oil City (Pa.) Blizzard.

The Turkish Idea. A wealthy Turk once complained about the British rule in Egypt. "Isn't it just?" he was asked. "That is exactly the trouble," he replied. "I have no more influence with the government than the water carrier. Of what use has it been to me to work hard and accumulate riches if they bring me no more favors from the government than the water carrier can get who has no money?"

Reforming Lizardville. "I understand that your nearest neighbor, Lizardville, adopted prohibition." "Yes," replied Three-Fingers Sam, "as leading citizens of Crimston Gulch saw to that. There ain't enough saloon business for two towns in this locality. Crimston Gulch beat the natural center of commerce, me an' Plute Pete an' a few others went over an' reformed Lizardville."—Washington Star.

Woman is a perpetual paradox, a riddle without an answer. She is man's greatest and earliest blessing, yet the cause of most of his misery.

SOLID COMFORT WITH ELEGANCE

Beautiful Residence Designed to Be Lifetime Home of the Family.

BUILT WITH ESPECIAL CARE

Plans and Construction the Result of Constant Growth and Development of Architectural Skill—Magnificent Living Room a Feature.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

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. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The pleasing appearance of this splendid house is due to the blending of a number of artistic features, one of the most prominent of which is the brick front wall of the large veranda, with corner piers, center piers and chimney to match.

The liberal widths of the front door, front steps and cement walk are matched by the spreading roof projection over the front dormer window. Elegant proportions is an expression that fits this style of house treatment.

The width and slope of the roof, the large gables all trimmed to correspond without making exact copies, and dormers to match the end gables, all merge into each other to produce a perfect picture.

The rounded bays with their rounded roofs add a distinctive finish to the large living room end of the building, which harmonizes with the general architectural design, but differs sufficiently to avoid sameness.

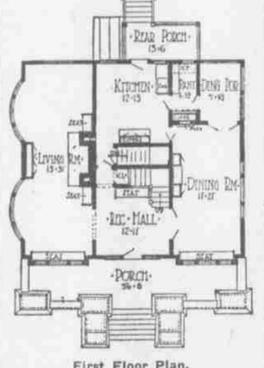
The general character of the windows follows the new type of multiple windows. These windows are built into one large composite frame with box partitions for weights between.



The same style of window is used on all sides of the house in all gables and dormers, but the height of the windows and the design of the front entrance are sufficiently different to vary the window designs to avoid all suspicion of monotony.

The manner of construction is as solid and as substantial as the house looks. Starting from the footings of the cellar walls and going up through the house to the ridge boards we find everything well planned. We find all materials and all proportions carefully worked out to produce a splendid residence.

There is considerable weight to a building of this size, when constructed of solid materials, so that wide footings are provided for the walls and



Second Floor Plan.

special footings under all piers, especially the inside or center piers that carry the weight of all the floors, partitions and the center part of the roof.

When examining houses that have been built for a year or two, we can almost invariably discover cracks in the plaster, and other evidences of settling. Almost always there are doors which do not shut properly. These are indications that the wall footing, and the center piers were not sufficiently well built, or were not wide enough, so that the walls have settled enough to warp the house out of plumb, and the floors are not level.

The extra expense of adding two inches or six inches in the width of the footings is not sufficient excuse for building a foundation that will settle. In planning a house as good as this one the work is being done to last a lifetime. A family moving into such an elegant home is never satisfied to live anywhere else, so that special care in laying the foundation carries satisfaction all through the years.

The floor plans of this beautiful residence show great care in providing both living room and sleeping rooms that are well lighted, large, airy and comfortable. The large reception hall, with its splendid openwork stairway, offers a pleasing reception when entering the large front door.

To the left is one of the finest living rooms ever laid out in a residence of moderate proportions. This great

room is 31 feet long with a magnificent fireplace in the center and space opposite the fire for a \$200 davenport. The one side and the two ends of this splendid room are principally taken up with large windows, so that the room is thoroughly well lighted from one end to the other.

Circular bay windows are especially designed to accommodate large upholstered chairs in positions to command the most interesting view. It is a great room for large modern furniture that is designed to add as much comfort as possible to such an architectural achievement.

The other rooms on the first floor are in keeping with the large living room. The dining room is 11 feet in width by 21 feet in depth, designed especially for a long dining table to accommodate a large family. In addition to this splendid room is a breakfast room inclosed on two sides with glass. These rooms also are carefully planned to save steps in passing back and forth from the kitchen and

pantry. In fact, the combination of dining room, dining porch, pantry, kitchen and rear porch is about as near perfect as the rooms could be arranged.

Upstairs the three bedrooms and bathroom, as well as the different clothes closets, are planned to occupy what would otherwise be a large attic. The height of ceilings, however, is sufficient to make the rooms comfortably in height as well as in size.

The wide dormers that look so artistic from the outside are very useful inside, because they make square rooms with level ceilings. It is a case of utility adored for beauty. The

As his friend had said he had been the crack man of a famous college football team. He had made the record score of the year, had captured his team with glory, but at a terrible cost. A kick on the head had stunned him. When he returned to consciousness the frightful discovery dawned upon him that he had lost his hearing.

For a week skilled physicians and surgeons worked over him. At the last they shook their heads despair-

ingly. They bombarded his anxious friends with a torrent of technical medical phrases. In their opinion Dale would never hear again.

It was anguish to Dale to realize that all the hopes, plans and ambitions of his young life were utterly blighted, his future blasted, the present a dead sea level of mere existence. Of course he had to abandon his college course. Music, his main forte, was forever shut out for him.

All the dreary journey home he had but one thought; how would Myrtle take it—pretty loving Myrtle Parr, his fiancée? The news of his calamity had reached Tipton, however, before he arrived and Dale soon had an added grief to endure.

Mr. Parr refused to allow Myrtle to see Dale. In fact he had sent her away to a relative, where he declined to tell. In a blunt practical business-like way he informed Dale that it would be folly to encourage his daughter to wed a man in a condition even worse than that of a cripple. In a measure Dale acknowledged the wisdom of this, for his business chances in the world would certainly be limited.

There was one ray of comfort amid his loneliness and grief, however. He received a broken-hearted note from Myrtle. She loved him still, she would love him till the end! No matter what her father might say—deaf, blind, a pauper—she would marry Dale the day he asked her, in defiance of all the world!

But that sacrifice of her youth, beauty and happiness Dale felt that he could never consent to ask of Myrtle. She remained away from Tipton at her father's mandate and Dale fell into a dreary humdrum mode of existence.

Time hung heavily on Dale's hands. The doctors had insisted on rest and recreation, for a few months at least. He tried fishing, he would take long strolls out into the country. While in the village, however, he made the local billiard hall a favorite haunt. He liked the game and he watched the players at the tables with interest. Thither he was bound now, they had got to designate him as "Deaf Armstrong." Often he took a cue in hand and had become quite expert with the ivory balls.

Then, without stating his purpose except to his parents and sister, Dale left the town and was gone a month. He returned to face a new sensation. Mr. Parr had been robbed, even beggared, gossip had it. A miserly, narrow-minded old man, he had hulked most of his means in some land upon the river. A colored community had bought it at an extravagant price for all cash. The money Parr had placed in a small safe in his house. The

next morning he awoke from a drugged sleep to find the safe and its contents gone.

The old man had become frantic. He had sent for his daughter, he had hired all the local sleuths in the place, but they found no clue to safe or despoilers. They found no wagon tracks near the house and theorized that the burglars had carried it away bodily. They had probably dumped it in some safe hiding place, as they could not of themselves carry it far, but they had left no trace as to their identity.

Dale looked brisk and bright as he went down to the billiard hall that evening. He had reason to feel that way, for a great blessing had come to him. He smiled as he passed a group of children, and one of them narrated gravely how his mishap had come about through the "explosion of a great big football!" It was a cold dreary evening and there were not many at the billiard hall. Dale passed into its little reading room and scanned the newspapers there.

A man, stranger, struck his head through the doorway, tumbled slightly at finding the apartment occupied and turned to the owner of the place who stood near by.

"I'd like to have a few minutes' confidential talk in there with a friend of mine who will be here in a few minutes," he said.

"Oh, that's all right. Don't mind Deaf Armstrong. He can't hear you."

Dale smiled behind his newspaper. Almost immediately a second stranger appeared. Both glanced at Dale and then began talking in low tones. Dale yawned and seemed to drowse.

"Tomorrow morning you hire an automobile and go out to the place I've described," spoke the first comer finally.

"They were no sooner out of sight when Dale sprang to his feet. He made for the nearest livery stable and sought out its proprietor.

"Murray," he said, "get out a car and load in a lantern and a stout rope and chain. Then drive over to the Parr home."

Murray stared hard at Dale, mystified, but he respected his young client and proceeded to execute the order without cavil. Dale ran up the steps of the home of his fiancée a few minutes later. He rang the doorbell. Mr. Parr appeared.

DEAF AS A POST

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

"Who is he?" "He is Dale Armstrong. He was crack football man of the Columbia college team."

"He looks it," with an admiring glance at the handsome athletic fellow who had just passed by. "Call after him and introduce me."

"It would be of no use to call." "Why not?" "Because he is deaf-deaf as a post."

"What a pity!" "Thus two young men on a street of Virden. Meantime the subject of their conversation went on his way. His face was smileless, his manner stern and grim. He acted as would one who had met some great disappointment or setback in life and, unable to overcome it, had resolutely set himself a hard definite task of submission.

"Deaf as a post" was Dale Armstrong, indeed! Nature was to him a closed book, for his bird and insect orchestra he no longer heard. There was something grotesque, quite terrible to him in this monotonous pantomime life. He could tell that a cheery little fellow who passed him was whistling. On the porch of a pleasant home he had with a mandolin was warbling some mirthful tune. A young lady passed him and bowed and unconsciously she murmured some formal words of recognition, a mere mockery, almost torture to his sensitive spirit, for he could not construe their import.

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"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour taste, and prevent food and foul gases, and fermenting bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripes, sickness or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Knew His Own Past. "Why should not Jiggs patronize the fortune teller? Was he afraid to have his fortune told?" "Oh, no; he said he didn't care what she said about his future, but she threatened also to tell his past."

THE COLONEL'S GOLD MINE

Out in Gregory County, South Dakota, lives Colonel Johnson, the famed Alfalfa King of that great section. About thirty years ago he left Wisconsin for that domain. All he had was willing hands, a clear brain and a bright vision. Today he is the owner of thousands of acres, president of several banks.

Who placed Wisconsin on the Corn map, way at the top? Salzer's creations in "Gold Corn," Barley, Oats, Speltz, and Clover. Salzer's help; do it.

We make a great specialty of seed corn, listing over forty varieties among them the earliest, heaviest and biggest yielders known.

POTATOES. Who placed Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota on the Potato map? Salzer's wonderful introductions in Potatoes helped make the above States famous for Potatoes! The biggest money crop per acre year in and year out are Potatoes, and Mr. Henry Schroeder, the Potato wizard, of the Red River Valley, has made a fortune out of same. Every ambitious farmer boy will want to read his history in Salzer's Catalogue.

For 10c in Postage. We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Cereal Wonder," Rejuvenated White Bonanza corn, listing over forty varieties, etc.

Or Send 12c. And we will mail you our Big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Or send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 700, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their big catalog.

Two rights always make a wrong-speaking of shoes.

A good cigarette must be the purest of tobacco and most choice in leaf. Such is Fatima Cigarettes—the popular, mild Turkish-blend, now smoked universally in this country!

"Distinctively Individual"

20 for 15c

Remarkable Memory. So remarkable is the power of memory in some men that it seems an uncanny mental acquisition. Probably the most remarkable example of the kind was the ability of the celebrated chess player Paul Morphy to play a dozen games of chess at the one time blindfolded—that is, playing the games simultaneously without looking at the chess board, the moves being called to him by number and he calling back his reply.

Honor for Fallen Heroes. The king of Bavaria has commanded that when a standard bearer is killed with the flag in his hand, that a silver plate with his name and a short description of the circumstances shall be nailed on the standard.

Drunk on Beef Tea. Liverpool physicians are interested in the case of a traveling salesman, who shows every sign of alcoholic poisoning, although he is a teetotaler. His illness is ascribed to the excessive drinking of beef tea and other meat extracts, and the physicians believe that this indicates that nitrogenous stimulants have an effect on the system similar to that of alcohol.

Answers Yes After 44 Years. Forty-four years ago, when Robert M. Loveland of Elmer, N. J., was a young man of twenty-seven, he asked Miss Anna Osborne, the eighteen-year-old belle of the village, to become his wife. Miss Osborne declined.

On Christmas day Loveland again asked the woman of his boyhood dreams the same question. "I will," answered Miss Osborne, who lives at 646 Moyamensing avenue.

Forty years ago Miss Osborne left her home in Elmer and came to Philadelphia. Loveland married another girl and became a prosperous farmer. His wife died a few years later and he married again, but became a widower for the second time two years ago.—Philadelphia North American.

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