

MERCHANTS MUST BE FAIR WITH CUSTOMERS

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

By CHARLES N. CREWSON, 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 what 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, "that 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 especial 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 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 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 'Lucille,' 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 'Lucille.' 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 'Lucille.' He showed me the identical thing for which I had paid \$2.50, and his price, marked in plain figures, was \$1.20; and I didn't do a thing but go right back up to the other store—to 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 slung 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 collar and sending shivers along my spine—one of those raw, wild 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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The Dainty Prairie Dog.

The prairie dog is one of the most dainty of animals. It makes for itself a fresh bed of straw every night,

THE ART OF IRONING.

Easy to Do Well, With a Little Care and Labor.

Some valuable instructions in the art of ironing for the amateur or ignorant professional are given in a recent monthly. Too many people iron carelessly and stupidly, when a little time and labor expended on the care of the irons, and system in arranging things for the work before it is begun will greatly lessen the difficulty and shorten the operation. A good light, a clear bright fire, when gas is not used, a good set of irons, not too light, and not too heavy for slender arms, an ample board covered with a blanket and a clean cloth sewed or tacked, not laid on; with these materials and patience, care and endurance, anybody can with a little practice turn out as good work as a laundry. The irons must be kept in good condition, frequently rubbed with brick dust and oil, and polished on a piece of carpet or coarse cloth every time they are used. And they must never be allowed to rust.

Some fastidious people have an objection to having their underclothes ironed at all, for they know the careless ways of inferior domestics, who use dirty irons, mix clean and soiled garments, and leave the clothes hanging in a smoky, fly-ridden kitchen for days at a time. One particular woman has her lingerie brought up to her from the outside line, sweet and fresh from the winds of heaven, and prefers to wear them with only a little pulling out of the frills, but for most of us that would seem too unfinished and rough. So teach your maids to be neat, clean and quick about these things. Of course, clothes need to be aired thoroughly, but they are not improved by lying around the kitchen or laundry too long. A simple wrinkle is to make your ironholders round in shape, so that they do not hang down over the iron at the corners. A clean cloth at the right hand is the proper thing on which to test its heat. Cotton and muslin garments should be evenly damp or they will not take a smooth gloss, and to accomplish this purpose a clean cloth and a bowl of cold water are the best combination.—Montreal Herald.

WATER AS A DISINFECTANT.

One of the Most Valuable for Use in Sick Rooms.

It is a fact not generally taken into account, because but imperfectly understood, that pure, fresh, cold water is one of the most valuable disinfectants, inasmuch as it is a powerful absorbent. Every sickroom should have a large vessel of clear water, frequently renewed, placed near the bed, or even beneath it. This not only absorbs much of the hurtful vapor, but by its evaporation it softens and tempers the atmosphere, doing away with the dryness, which is so trying and depressing to an invalid, or even to persons in health, for that matter. It has frequently been shown by actual experiment that troubled sleep and threatened insomnia are corrected by so simple a thing as the placing of an open bowl of water near the sufferer's bed. Of the same principle, water which has been standing in an open vessel in a sleeping room or a sick room should under no conditions be used for drinking; nor should any liquid intended as a beverage be allowed to thus stand open to contamination.—Exchange.

A Good Antiseptic.

Boric acid and boric acid are the same. Every housekeeper should have on hand a supply of this very useful antiseptic. For burns it is unusually excellent. Drop two ounces of the boric acid crystals in a glass quart jar and fill with water. This makes a saturate solution. Take a piece of gauze or cheesecloth, saturate with the solution and lay on the burn. Apply very moist, covering with absorbent cotton and then with oil silk. This will keep moist for 12 hours, for the oil silk will prevent evaporation. If you haven't the boric acid use a solution of bicarbonate of soda, which is nearly as good.

Frills Again in Favor.

Tiny frills are again being seen on muslin and other fine-textured gowns. These were particularly noticeable at a recent fashionable function, where several dresses were worn ornamented in this fashion. One was composed of spotted net, and the skirt had no less than 15 graduated frills, each frill being edged with tiny gauze ribbon. The bodice was made in fichu style, with frills to match those on the skirt, and with elbow sleeves also finished with frills. Lace revers, chemise, and high collar, and deep belt of rose-tinted China ribbon gave the finishing touches.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Russian Epicurean Coffee.

This coffee is made of a quantity of coffee, fruit and cognac in an open bowl. The coffee is first laid in the bowl and a quantity of finely chopped apples and pears make a second layer. The whole is then covered with cognac, which is lighted, and there remains a highly aromatic and delicious syrup which is the epicurean's idea of Russian coffee. At first this appears a strange drink, but it soon becomes very popular. The idea of using fruit with coffee seems to be confined to the Russians, but it suggests interesting possibilities for experiment.

Bedstead Silencer.

If a bedstead creaks at each move of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers. This will prove a complete silencer.



WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

HAS NOW BECOME A HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

To Village Too Small to Support One—Good Bread, Pickles and Preserves Find a Ready Market—Family Heirlooms May Be Disposed Of—Designs in Lace and Linen Here Displayed Unequaled by Department Stores—Simple Meals Furnished Shopping People.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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The woman's exchange was originally a happy thought, and is now a fact happily accomplished in all our larger towns and cities. There is no village that might not with propriety have a woman's exchange if women, married and single, found it convenient to organize and carry one on with, of course, a cooperative basis.

The exchange needs only a pleasant room located on a business street or near a business center. Here may be brought for sale articles of beauty, costly wearing apparel with which the owners would like to part for a consideration, and various domestic products. If there is a woman in the community who has a special gift for delicate cookery, she may save her neighbors trouble and add something regularly to her own exchequer by selling her cakes or pastry, her home-made loaves, her pickles and preserves at the woman's exchange.

Sometimes a woman's exchange establishes a reputation for a particular daintiness, and people send from far and near to obtain it for their parties or social teas. It is desirable that orders should be definitely taken for perishable goods or else there will be loss either to the consignee or to the exchange.

Women who wish to consign articles of value to an exchange, must plainly state the amount they are worth and the lowest selling price the owners are willing to accept. They will probably be asked to pay a small entrance fee and a commission will be exacted on the sale of the articles. A pathetic interest sometimes attaches to the beautiful objects seen at a woman's exchange. Here is a lace flounce, evidently an heirloom. Looking at its filmy tissues, priceless in the eyes of any woman who loves real lace, and observing that it will be sold at a sacrifice, one reads between the lines the lack of ready money, the story of wanting fortunes, the decay of an old family, in brief, the mutations of fortune that in due time come to those who have long been prosperous. Few houses there are that do not sooner or later feel a chill breath from the biting winds of adversity. This length of lace adorned the gown of a fair lady who danced at a ball with Marquis de La Fayette. It has been worn by other women of the household, at gay assemblies and bright weddings since that proud day, and now it is to pass into the hands of strangers and its price will procure comforts for an invalid or pay the tuition of a struggling student.

Near the lace is an exquisite shawl of creamy crepe, wonderfully embroidered and deeply fringed. Half a century ago it crossed the water and was the gift of a traveler to his sweetheart. She wore it for years with the sort of pride that women take in raiment that cannot be bought in every shop. To-day you may have it, or I, if we have the price in our pocketbooks. A fan, an ivory carving, a picture, what is there not here that tells its story to those who pause, reflect and sympathize?

There is not a woman's exchange in the land that does not hint at times of altered fortunes borne with noble self-respect and of womanly devotion, not reluctant to give its best if it may add some brightness to the shadowed lot of a loved one.

More cheerful are the suggestions that we find in the table scarfs, doilies, coverlets and tea-cloths embroidered with a skill and grace that rivals painting. Linen is the twin of lace in the affection of the feminine breast. The woman who does not prize exquisite linen is so exceptional that she seems to have an odd twist in her mental outfit. There is a wide scope for decoration in linen for the table not only, but for the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, and often the single opportunity for its sale is in an exchange. The department stores cannot often furnish specimens so unique and designs so artistic as are shown by the lady who presides at the exchange.

A board of managers with president, secretary and treasurer, are essential to the conduct of an exchange. Often it adds to its other sales a luncheon and tea room where simple meals are furnished to shopping people, the peculiar inducement to them being that they may refresh themselves in a quiet place with well-served and well-cooked food. A few viands should form the bill of fare, they should be the best of their kind, and the tea, coffee or chocolate should be beyond reproach

and offered in dainty individual sets at small tables. A lunch room of this kind, if properly administered, is a source of profit except in small suburban villages where homes are within easy reach and no one wishes to take a meal at a restaurant.

The attendants in a woman's exchange must be courteous, accommodating and sensible. They do not decide questions of price, nor do they pass upon the quality and quantity of goods received. This latter duty falls upon the board of managers or a selected sub-committee. The attendants have precisely the obligation of the clerk in an ordinary store; they stand between the customer and the merchant, the merchant in this instance being the consignee. If they are good saleswomen they will often be the means of causing much satisfaction to both parties.

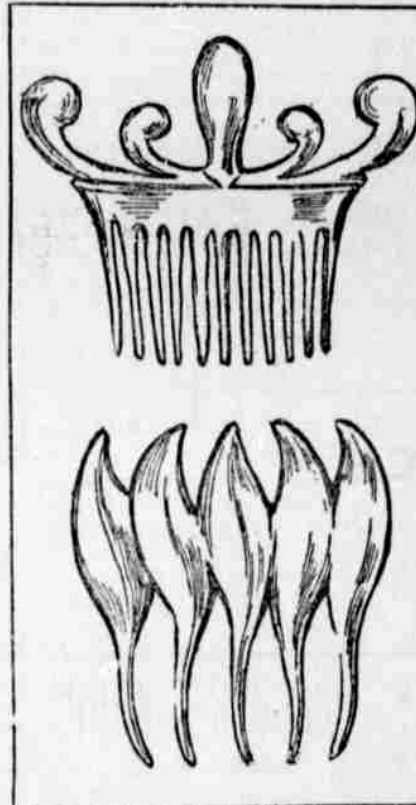
The bookkeeping at a woman's exchange must be accurate and exact and the utmost care must be taken to keep a detailed account of every transaction. Returns to consignees should be extremely prompt. If articles after a suitable interval are found to be unsalable the consignees have no cause for complaint, if their property is returned in good order.

Anyone wishing to address a woman's exchange may do so by the simple method of sending a letter by mail directed to the president of the woman's exchange, appending city and state. The postmaster will forward such letters to the proper place. All that is necessary is to be assured that the town in question possesses an exchange.

TORTOISE SHELL THE BEST.

Style of Comb That Can Be Worn by Everyone.

Let only the golden-haired or black-haired girl risk the gold and ivory combs, and the silver one is for the brunette alone. No shade of hair was ever born or invented which could not wear tortoise shell. Its tints and lights are universally becoming. These combs are all expensive, for



only the genuine materials or the best imitations are worth buying. The handsomest ones are jeweled, which brings them to a fabulous price.

In selecting any comb, be careful to choose one with long teeth curved so that the comb feels firm in the hair. It is both dangerous to the comb and embarrassing to the wearer to have it fall. If you are within reach of any Chinese importer, he is the best one to furnish you an ivory comb. The Chinese have been quick to learn our desires, and they have adapted their handiwork accordingly. Some of their shops display combs carved in exquisite designs. Many of these are set with stones. Two smart examples of the up-to-date coiffure ornaments are shown. The one on top is of shell in amber in Spanish style, the other possesses distinct beauty of its own, and is quite the newest fancy.

Paris Fashion Hints.

Lingerie robes promise to be better than ever during the coming season, only they are to be far more elaborate than ever, representing a fabulous amount of work.

Yokes are conspicuous upon the loveliest of blouses—yokes definitely cut or the lines of a yoke connived at by the way the trimming is disposed. The empire scarf of colored gauze is in high favor and lends the note of color to an otherwise single-toned gown that in Parisienne's eye for dramatic effects requires.

Remarkable Fancy Work.

Some rather remarkable fancy work was recently exhibited in London, the work of a woman living in Cape Town, South Africa. Several screens and some exquisite panels were decorated with flowers and figures made entirely of fish scales. The scales were threaded on silver wire and dyed just the right tints, and the results were quite wonderful in both color and general effect.

A KENTUCKY WOMAN

How She Gained Fifteen Pounds in Weight and Became Well by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Women at forty, or thereabouts, have their future in their own hands. There will be a change for the better or worse, for the better if the system is purified by such a tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. D. C. Wedding, of Hartford, Ky., writes as follows concerning the difficulties which afflicted her:

"I was seriously ill and was confined to my bed for six or eight months in all, during two years. I had chills, fever, rheumatism. My stomach seemed always too full, my kidneys did not act freely, my liver was inactive, my heart beat was very weak and I had dizziness or swimming in my head and nervous troubles.

"I was under the treatment of several different physicians but they all failed to do me any good. After suffering for two years I learned from an Arkansas friend about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided that I would try them. The very first box I took made me feel better and when I had taken four boxes more I was entirely well, weighed fifteen pounds more than when I began, resumed my household duties, and have since continued in the best of health. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many people on account of what they did for me, and I feel that I cannot praise them too strongly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mrs. Wedding to health because they actually make new blood and when the blood is in full vigor every function of the body is restored, because the blood carries to every organ, every muscle, every nerve, the necessary nourishment. Any woman who is interested in the cure of Mrs. Wedding will want our book, "Plain Talks to Women," which is free on request. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

Aunt Mary's "Quiet" Funeral.

A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and shrinking, passed away at Carlsbad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered the body sent back to be buried—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined, when, on opening the casket, he beheld, instead of the placid features of his Aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English general in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt. At once he called to the general's heirs, explaining the situation and requesting instructions. They came back as follows: "Give the general quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."

BABY'S TORTURING HUMOR.

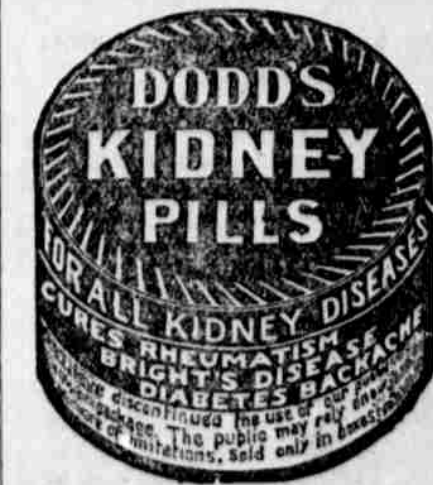
Ears Looked as if They Would Drop Off—Face Mass of Sores—Cured by Cuticura in Two Weeks for 75c.

"I feel it my duty to parents of other poor suffering babies to tell you what Cuticura has done for my little daughter. She broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, they all claimed they could help her, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away; her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a newborn babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Colburn St., Akron, Ohio."

BEES CLOSED A MINE.

Swarmed in Millions and Men Were Unable to Work.

There are instances in great number where mining operations were temporarily suspended by a shortage of funds or by water flooding the property, but it remained for Mohawk, a small station along the Southern Pacific, to furnish a new cause which is unique in the history of mining. The company affected owns the Red Cross mines in the Mohawk mountains. Millions of bees, attracted by the water at these mines and forced from their hives in the mountains by the drought, took possession of the water supply, and their numbers were so great that it was found impossible to drive the swarms away. Consequently the mines have been shut down until the rainy season sets in, when it is hoped the bees will return to their mountain homes.—Sacramento Bee.



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