

HOME-TRADE CLUBS

They Should Be Organized and Active in Every Community.

PATRONIZE HOME MERCHANTS

The Great Danger to Local Interests That Are Found in the Mail-Order Systems—Educate the Public.

(Copyrighted, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark)
Why should we trade at home? Why should we consider home in any way more than any other place unless it pays us financially? First, because it is our home. The pride we should take in the prosperity of our home town and our neighbors should be sufficient inducement to give them the preference. Second, because beyond all doubt or question, it pays from a money point.

The greatest menace to the country merchant to-day is the mail order business, and with the decline of the country merchant comes inevitable loss to the citizens of both town and country. What at first was considered a great convenience and an exhibition of commendable enterprise has grown to be one of the crying commercial evils. The success of the mail order house is the result of constant, extensive and intelligent advertising. It is not by persistent swindling as some tell us, for no business was ever built up in that way. The home merchant can do no better than to adopt the same method, the judicious use of printer's ink.

While the merchants are the heaviest immediate losers, and could do

quainting the community with what he has to sell and with the fact that people could obtain at home, where they could personally examine them and return them if defective in any way, goods at as low a price as any catalogue house can sell them; every man and woman is to blame who sends away for goods; and everyone who fails to raise his voice in favor of home trade. The editor holds the most responsible position and should be the leader in this movement.

The remedy has been outlined in a general way. We will suggest the first steps. Let merchants buy at home—they cannot consistently ask others to trade with them when they do not patronize their brothers in trade. The editors should patronize home, and even at considerable personal sacrifice refuse foreign advertising for lines of goods in competition with the home merchant. The editor deserves more credit than he receives. Many a well-to-do farmer or city man would think himself perfectly justified in sending away for all his groceries and clothing if he thought he could save ten dollars thereby on a year's purchases, but most editors forfeit many times that much every year by refusing advertising from distant firms in the same lines of business as his home merchants; and sometimes the home merchant even then declines to advertise.

Trade-at-home clubs might be organized, with mottos something like Club, or "I Patronize the Home Merchants," or "I Buy Nothing from Mail Order Houses," for members to display. The acceptance and displaying of such a card might constitute a person nor member.

Much of the trading away from home is due to thoughtlessness and ignorance of business principles. Many persons consider only the first



*Oh, where are the girls of yester-year
The girls with blue eyes shining?
The girls who used to cost us dear
When we went valentining?
To whom we sang and meant it too,
Oh sugar's sweet and so are you!
To whom we sent with great ado
Two hearts all intertwining?
If these should meet the eyes of one
Loved in the yester-year
Whose tresses glistened in the sun
Whose blue eyes cost us dear,
We'd like to say and mean it too,
Oh sugar's sweet and so were you!
But time has cut our love in two
Dear maid of yester-year.*

HER VALENTINE

By GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN



ANNE STACEY sat with her back to the light of her existence and the chandelier. But the respective luminaries remained equally indifferent, the one obscured by his evening paper and the other by a pink-tissue shade. So she lifted her pretty foot to the glow of the fire—the only glow that seemed in evidence

anywhere—and engaged in her long-practised game of making the best of things. But the play went dully this night, although the coals arranged the usual pictures for her to gaze into and the castle-building materials were all at hand. Now and then she glanced at a big bowl of violets which stood on the table near her, and in her expression was a curious blending of indignation and triumph. There was silence in the room, except for a slow-pulsed clock, which struck the quarter-hours reluctantly, and the occasional rustling of the turning pages of the newspaper.

She felt strangely lonely. The girls had gone out, wearing their violets pinned in the fur and laces at their bonnie throats. The fragrance of the flowers at her side swept up with the memory of the lines which had come as a valentine to little Jeanne:

*This thing I know, my dear,
My love for you, my dear,
Will last for aye!*

"But it doesn't, Jeanne, child," she whispered sadly. "It does not last any longer than the dew lasts on the roses. But it is so sweet to be deceived!" She sighed. And again her eyes fell on the violets.

"Who in the world could have sent them to me?" she murmured. "And the verses! Impertinent, of course. But rather dear. The writing looks a little familiar, too; but I can't place it." She drew a little note from the dainty little rose-colored bag which swung from the ribbons at her waist, and scanned it by the firelight. A half-pleased smile crept up to her eyes, as she read:

*These tender flowers are sent to you by
To whom you are the starlight and the sun,
Their fragrance bears a message fond
From out a heart that beats alone for you.*

"How dreadful!" murmured Anne Stacey, but with commendable forbearance. "I must show it to Dick!" She rose determinedly, just as there was a sound of a sliding paper and a snore. She turned back and sat down, and the little foot on the fender tapped impatiently.

"Asleep again," she said, "and it is only half-past eight! Another tiresome evening ahead of me. Oh, dear, I don't see why I ever married him! A man so absorbed in business has no right to marry. He is so tired and dull when he comes home that he never talks. I believe I am getting so I dislike Dick, anyway. I just won't try to tell him about the flowers and note. He doesn't take the trouble to tell me anything. I wish I knew who sent it—that's what I wish!" Her cheeks were flushed now, and she looked resentfully at the form in the big leather chair. "I won't tell him a word," she repeated—then called sharply: "Dick!"

Stacey started up, dazedly. "Eh? Yes. All right! What is it, mamma?"

"It's St. Valentine's eve!"

"The deuce it is! I thought it was morning. What's up?"

"The girls have each received lovely big bunches of violets."

"Bully for the girls! Who sent 'em?"

"We don't know. Jeanne's came with a valentine—poetry, you know."

"Well, of course," said Stacey, "that is harder to bear. Know who wrote it?"

Mrs. Stacey shook her head. "No. But it is beautiful. She will always remember it."

"Will, eh? Can't get it out of her head, I suppose. Something like that 'Blue-trip-slip-for-an-eight-cent-fare' business."

Mrs. Stacey gave wifely inattention to his joke. Her mind seemed fixed on other subjects. Finally: "A woman always remembers such things. And sometimes they make dangerous food for hungry hearts."

The man behind the paper became conscious of a meaning in his wife's tone. He looked over the top of the sheet, to see that her gaze was fixed upon a bowl of violets on the stand before the fire. She went on:

"You never sent me a valentine, Dick. But some one else has. I wasn't going to tell you—when you were asleep—"

"Well, I'm glad you didn't then. But what about it now?"

"There isn't anything more about it. At least I only know that I received a valentine and a bunch of flowers, and I don't know who sent them. I wish I did, because I am tired of being left alone and neglected and—so there!"

"Why, mamma! Why—"

"You needn't 'Why' me!" The pitcher of patience indeed had been broken at the fountain. Mrs. Stacey was royally angry and in tears. "What do you mean think women want in this life? Do you think we are satisfied with food and fire and clothes? I tell you we want love and attention as much as we do when we were young girls!"

She stopped, with shamed sobbing. Stacey had risen and now stood beside her chair. "What did he say, Anne?" he questioned quietly.

But she shook her head miserably. "What did he say?" He reached down and took her slender hand in his broad palm.

"I can't tell you. You—never would understand—or appreciate—such tenderness. You—you never have—time—"

"What did he say, dear?"

"Oh, Dick. If only you had made love to me—if you ever—ever had—"

"Tell me what he said. You can't? Then let me tell you."

He knelt down beside her and her wondering eyes saw tears upon his bearded cheeks. But he reached over and took the bowl of violets in his hand as he said:

*These tender flowers are sent to you by
To whom you are the starlight and the sun,
Their fragrance bears a message fond
From out a heart which beats alone for you.*

"Dick! You? You?" She threw her arms around his neck. Her cheek was upon his cheek, her eyes seeking his eyes, as he continued:

*These tender flowers are sent to you by
To whom you are the starlight and the sun,
Their fragrance bears a message fond
From out a heart which beats alone for you.*

Then there was silence in the little room where a man knelt with his wife in his arms and the quick-pulsed clock called blithely the quarter-hours as they ran away with the eve of St. Valentine.

SELDOM THINKS.



Ethylene—Cholly sent me a lovely valentine and a note saying his thoughts are all of me—

Ernest—That signifies nothing; he doesn't think oftener than once a month.

Balcom & Lloyd.

WE have the best stocked general store in the county and if you are looking for reliable goods at reasonable prices, we are ready to serve you with the best to be found. Our reputation for trustworthy goods and fair dealing is too well known to sell any but high grade goods.

Our stock of Queensware and Chinaware is selected with great care and we have some of the most handsome dishes ever shown in this section, both in imported and domestic makes. We invite you to visit us and look our goods over.

Balcom & Lloyd.

LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT

LaBAR'S

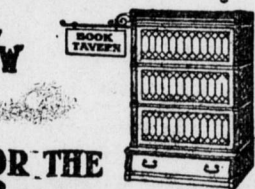
We carry in stock the largest line of Carpets, Linoleums and Mattings of all kinds ever brought to this town. Also a big line of samples.

A very large line of Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price.

Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, from the cheapest to the best.

Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs. A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices.

\$30 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at..... \$25
\$28 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at..... \$21
\$25 Bed room Suits, solid oak at..... \$20
A large line of Dressers from \$5 up.



FOR THE COMFORTABLE LODGING

of fine books in a choice library select the Ideal pattern of Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase. Furnished with bevel French plate or leaded glass doors.

FOR SALE BY GEO. J. LaBAR, Sole Agent for Cameron County.

\$40 Sideboard, quartered oak..... \$30
\$32 Sideboard, quartered oak..... \$25
\$22 Sideboard, quartered oak..... \$16
Chiffoniers of all kinds and all prices.

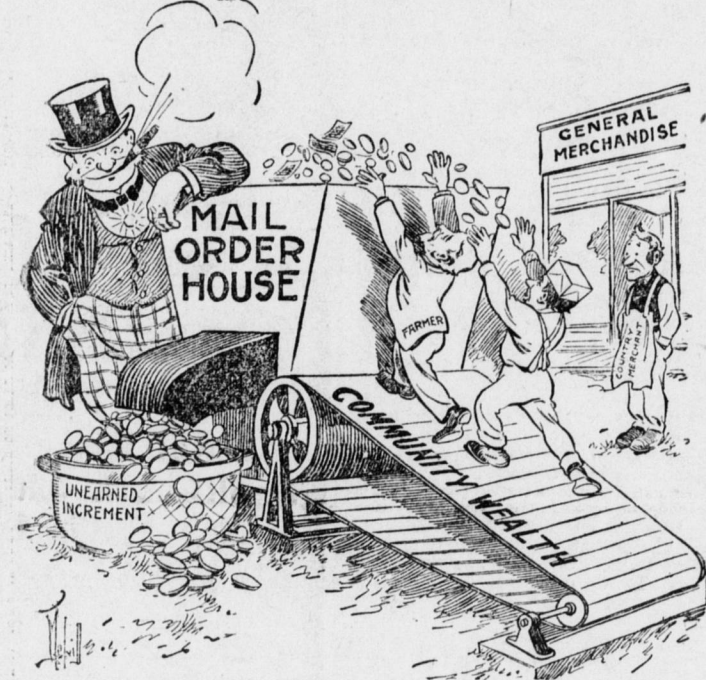
The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "DOMESTIC" and "ELDRIDGE." All drop-heads and warranted.

A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece.

As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all.

Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods.

GEO. J. LaBAR. UNDERTAKING.



Are you operating the tread mill to pour the wealth of your community into the bottomless hoppers of the mail-order house? Are you driving your local merchants out of business? If you are you are killing your town and your own interests.

much toward checking and correcting this growing evil, by liberal advertising and publishing prices, they should not be expected to do it all. Every newspaper should preach home trade, every teacher should instill it into his pupils in the school room, every minister should preach it from the pulpit. The debating societies and political conventions should discuss it. The interests of town and country and newspaper and church, and society generally, are so interwoven and so identical that whatever injures one will eventually injure all. When the merchants are compelled to bring on smaller stocks, and employ less help, and pay cheaper rent, they are not alone the sufferers; the whole community feels the loss. The price of real estate is largely dependent on its proximity to a good town. Rents are dependent on the amount of business. The merchant can move to some other town and establish himself again more readily than can the professional man and many others who have built up business through years of acquaintanceship and establishment of character. If the farmer, or property owner in town, want to sell out they are the greatest sufferers—they can't move their property to some place where people are booming their town and country by patronizing home.

The remedy lies in education and publicity. In many places that education will come through bitter experience, but, in other communities, where they are quicker to detect the approaching evil, and heed more readily the warnings of the press and friends of home, they may correct the evil more readily.

Wealth and power are corrupting influences and the mail order houses are probably not sending out as honest goods as they once did. They have learned the tricks of imitation and substitution and how easy it is to deceive the public. But, if the mail order man is honest, and his methods of advertising legitimate in every way, his success is of no interest to us and will never benefit our community in the slightest degree. If crops should fail or sickness render us short of money we could not expect him to trust us for a dollar—we must always look to the home merchant for credit in times of adversity.

Who is to blame? The mail order house? Not in the least. We alone are to blame. The near-sighted merchant who has lost trade by not ac-

cost; if they save 25 cents on a ten-dollar order by buying from a mail order house they consider that clear gain. They should be shown that a merchant and his family living in their midst, keeps up a house, pays taxes, adds to the social features, contributes generously towards public enterprises, etc. If by buying at home their town gives support to several more local merchants, creating a better home market, they get back a liberal percentage. Every man and woman takes more or less pride in local affairs and is willing to contribute something toward home improvements, if the matter is fairly presented. That is why I say the remedy lies in education.

Most mail order houses claim they are enabled to sell cheaper than country dealers because they buy in larger quantities and get especially low prices. This is often a base misstatement of facts; let me cite an instance: A stock man from eastern Washington was visiting in Kansas City. One morning, walking with his nephew, who was a clerk in a leading wholesale hardware house, he asked where Bland & Co.'s store was located. "Don't think I ever heard of them," replied the young man. "O, yes, I do remember the firm; they have no store, they have an office-in (giving the name of the building), but I don't see how they can sell hardware as low as your home merchants, for while we sell them goods at less than retail price, we don't give them as low prices as regular dealers, because they buy in such small quantities, just as they get orders." The stockman was greatly surprised, he supposed he had been dealing with one of the largest firms in the city.

The mail order business has developed so slowly, and works so quietly that few persons realize the magnitude it has assumed nor to what extent it is now sapping the life-blood of many small cities and towns. Even now we hear the excuse given for sending away for goods, that the merchants carry such poor stocks. The wonder is that they carry any.

The Real Power.

A 17-year-old boy at Worcester, Mass., has a lung capacity of 300 cubic inches. When he grows up and goes to congress he will perhaps learn that it is not the orator but the speaker who affects the course of national legislation.