

SALESMEN'S COURTESY.

What is it that impresses the dealer most in connection with his purchases from the wholesale house, when he pays his weekly, monthly or yearly visits thereto? Is it the neatly kept sample room, the handsome and conveniently arranged warehouse, the general appearance of thrift about the place, the greeting of principals? None of these are without effect on the mind of the dealer, and all of them, if he be of a reflective mind, will leave an impress on his mental chart; yet none we venture to assert are to be compared with the lasting effect produced by the friendly hand-shake, the cheerful greeting and the thoughtful consideration of the salesman.

The thorough salesman, with the true instincts of his calling in his heart, is the loadstone that attracts the merchant, and he it is who makes or mars an account for the house. A churlish, curt, inattentive salesman acts like a shower bath to the visiting country merchant, and a feeling takes possession of him that his presence is not so welcome or of such importance as he anticipated. There is in the bosom of every man, no matter what his position on the mercantile scale, a certain amount of self-importance, whether he admit it or not, and it is always a gratification to him to have his presence acknowledged with the recognition he deems himself worthy of, and not unusually the smaller the account the more attention is desired. It requires a knowledge of human nature on the part of salesman to properly gauge the unspoken egotism of the customer. With the travelling salesman the conditions are somewhat altered; the merchant is in his own castle and does not require or demand that looking after which he expects when visiting the city, though if the traveller meet his customer in the warehouse or while in the city this desire for attention is uppermost in the mind of the dealer, and he is a wise traveller who looks after his accounts.

The sample room salesman possesses opportunities and the power of being agreeable, tending to leave better impressions in the mind of the customer than any attention that can be bestowed on him by the traveller, for the plain reason that the latter is seen often, while the former is a comparative rarity with most dealers, and attentions from strangers are generally more acceptable than from those from whom we have a right to expect them. A pleasant word with a few general inquiries after the state of trade, etc., constitutes the bulk of the average salesman's attention. Very few think of presenting the customer to the principals, or showing him through the establishment, or explaining things about the premises likely to

prove strange or interesting. It is these little outside of "well, what-do-you-want-to-order-to-day," attentions that are pleasing to the trade and which are a standing and profitable advertisement for the house.

In our peregrinations among the wholesale trade we have frequent opportunities of observing the different methods of handling customers by salesmen, and we are daily more and more impressed with the importance and necessity of courteous reception and friendly treatment of visiting merchants by sample-room salesmen, and we feel safe in stating that the proper display of attention will always bring its reward, both to the salesman and to the house.

TRUTH FROM HIS LIPS.

Our bright and original contributor, "Hec. Secord," is complimented upon the realism of his poem, "Elegy in a Country Store," by a correspondent whose words we give below. Fidelity to fact is the strong point in that bit of verse, and nobody is a better judge of its deserts in this respect than the friendly critic quoted below. He has grappled both literally and metaphorically with the subject of that poem, having written in this paper letters upon the Patron movement that did good wherever they were read, and having waged a successful business campaign against one of the Patrons' chosen vessels. He is competent to pronounce upon the Elegy, not only by virtue of his insight into the movement, but also by virtue of his literary ability—himself being one of the best read men in business to-day. Here is what he says:

"I thoroughly digested and assimilated the 'Elegy in a Country Store.' The ideas contained therein were desperately familiar, and one of the expressions seemed peculiarly like one of my own coinage, and I at once concluded that 'Hec. Secord' must be not only a careful reader of THE GROCER, but a close observer of men and their expressed thoughts. The subject is one, which about nine months ago was as close to any commercial heart as anything well could be, but after getting my brains a-moving I conceived and executed a bold piece of policy, which resulted not only in a knock-down but a complete 'knock-out' of the Farmer Jones and Rodd gang in this section. They have never recovered their mental equilibrium sufficiently to tackle the job again, and I think we can safely sing the Te Deum for deliverance from the horde.

A great deal (and favorable at that) might be said in addition to the few remarks I have made on the power. Only for being worked so hard and so incessantly I should gladly give friend McLean more articles for THE GROCER. The paper is a good one and he is deserving of it too. Elegy excellent, phraseology striking, rhythm very good, subject opportune, and the sequence of ideas well sustained and logical.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE GROCER.

Read the following:

HAMILTON, April 22, '92.

BREADMAKERS' YEAST CO., TORONTO.

DEAR SIRS,—Enclosed you will find the names of fifty of our customers who have bought your yeast from us and are pleased with it. We will expect the clock as per advertisement in to-day's CANADIAN GROCER.

Yours, etc.,

C. H. PEBBLES.

WHERE THE JOKE COMES IN.

Tommy—Say, paw?

Mr. Figg—Well?

Tommy—Do they get chicory from a henery?

"Put that kid to bed!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Is th'r boss in?" "Whose boss?" "Yourn." "I ain't got no boss. Ef ye mean the man what pays me \$3 a week to answer fool questions, he's out, and won't be in agin till you're gone."—New York Truth.

UNCONSCIOUS FLIM-FLAM.

Even a mathematician will get mixed in his calculations sometimes when changing money back and forth, says the Savannah News. The telegraph operator at the De Soto realizes this fact and nine men out of ten would have done the same thing that he did without thinking.

One night last week a guest of the hotel handed in a message. The operator counted the words and announced that the charge was 50 cents. The gentleman handed over a \$10 bill, which the operator mistook for a \$1 bill, and gave him back 50 cents. The gentleman left the hotel without noticing the mistake. Presently he discovered it and returned to the operator's desk.

"Wasn't that a \$10 bill I gave you awhile ago?" he said.

The operator opened his drawer and looked at the bill.

"Why yes," he exclaimed; "I thought it was a one. Here it is," and he handed over the bill.

"Now I owe you 50 cents," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no you don't," said the operator.

"Oh, yes I do," replied the gentleman. "The telegram was 50 cents, you know," and he handed over a half dollar and walked off.

"I'm into that fellow 50 cents," remarked the operator to the bookstand keeper, "and I can't make him see it."

"Not much," returned the bookstand man. "He's into you 50 cents," and the operator has been trying to figure it out ever since.