

THE DRUMMER.

The drummer has an EZ way
When he SA's to sell;
He spreads before you an RA
Of samples that XL.

Then talks and talks with NRG
Until you DZ grow,
And feeling he's your NME,
An IC manner show.

You say you don't want NE thing;
No PT he displays,
Then, getting mad, say UL fling
Him out in case he stays.

He'll SQ then to take a "smile,"
And tell HS nut tale,
And thus LA your anger while
In PC makes a sale.

If you should CK place to hide
With glee he'll CQ too
And when at EV he leaves your side,
He's sold his goods—& U.

A drummer cannot CA snub,
And will XQ's a kick,
Like YZ doesn't fear a club,
And to UE will stick.

H. C. DODGE.

A "SHE" DRUMMER.

Suddenly the whole atmosphere of the reception room underwent a change by the entrance of a strikingly attractive little woman. She wore a long ulster, faultlessly perfect in fit, a black velvet toque with a dash of black wings in the trimming, neatly fitting gloves, and carried a silk umbrella neatly twisted scientifically into a walking stick. Her face, as she gave a quick, observant glance around the room, would be hard to describe. Finding no attendant, she touched the annunciator. Divesting herself of umbrella, gloves, and ulster, she seated herself at a writing desk and wrote something on a card. As the bell-boy made his appearance she said in a sweet voice and with pure Boston accent:

"Take this card to the office and register my name. I will see about a room later." When the bell-boy made his appearance with the paper, envelopes, and time card, with a pleasant "Thank you," she commenced to write. The last letter—and there must have been a dozen—was directed and sealed; the time card consulted; the bell-boy called again. In the same sweet, low voice she said:

"Please mail these letters for me. And—wait a moment—take the trunk this check calls for to a sample room; give this key to the porter; have him open the trunk and lay out those leather jackets for me."

Trunk, sample room, leather jackets! When asked how she came to take up that line of goods she replied:

"I had an interest in the manufacturing of 'wigwam shoes.' In a business complication it became necessary for me to visit a customer, and I discovered accidentally that it was an easy thing for me to sell goods. This little experience forced upon me by circumstances gave me the courage to take a trip in that interest, from the fact of my

husband being in failing health and the responsibility of business cares falling upon me eventually, staring me in the face. I met with wonderful success. My present employer had commenced the manufacture of these leather jackets, and knowing my success with the wigwam shoes suggested that I take the jackets as a side issue, and offered me a good commission. On my return my sales had been so large he objected to paying me the commission mentioned, but offered me half. The matter was settled by my accepting a salary, he taking the management of the shoe business and combining the two factories."

MR. WILLIAM H. NIDDRIE.

Mr. William H. Niddrie is the oldest traveler in the employ of the large, wealthy and popular house of John Macdonald & Co., wholesale dry goods, Toronto. He is a native of Scotland, having been born at Old Meldrum, Aberdeen. He learned his business in Glasgow and came to this country some twenty years ago settling in Chatham N. B. There he started out on his own account but after continuing for six years he decided on coming west and obtained a position with Donald McInnes & Co, of Hamilton. He



remained there only a few months and has since been with John Macdonald & Co. When the firm determined to put travelers on the road Mr. Niddrie, who was at this time salesman of the dress department, was one of those selected to test the new departure. The selection was a wise one as Mr. Niddrie has proved to be one of the best travelers of the house and has given every satisfaction not only to them but to their numerous customers. He is what might be termed a "high grade" traveller, sober, gentlemanly, and courteous at all times, and thoroughly reliable in anything he says or does. He is also well-informed on matters outside of his special sphere. He is an enthusiast in his business, and to hear him talk "Prints" is a caution. For instance, when equipped with a range of the firm's print samples, which often consist of nearly one hundred books representing 7,000 or

8,000 different patterns, he is like a young colt that cannot be reined in. It would be safe to back him to talk "Prints" against any other man on the road, and so well is this understood that throughout the west he is known as the "print fiend." Shrewdness is a characteristic of Scotchmen and Mr. Niddrie has shown that in this respect he is true to his native land. During the real estate boom in Toronto he dickered a little when off duty on Saturday afternoons, to such advantage that he is looked upon—to use an American phrase—as "pretty well-fixed." He has been often heard to say that he would rather be what he is than almost any merchant in any part of Canada; or in other words that he thoroughly understands the benefit of being possessed of a contented mind. He has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Commercial Travelers' Mutual Benefit Society.

IT NEVER PAYS.

Traveling men find that it never pays to speak disparagingly of any town or village where they do business. The town itself may be sleepy, dull, lacking in enterprise, and the accommodation of the poorest, but those who live there, who have grown up with the place from infancy, have a local pride and interest in it, which nothing can alter. A St. Louis traveling man recently discovered this to his cost. The story as related by a friend of the victims is as follows:

My friend said he traveled from St. Louis and pulled up in a small Kansas town. He had the good luck to sell the leading merchant a big bill, but while waiting for the next train made a bad break that cost him his order. Sitting at the stove he entered into a tirade of abuse against the town asking the merchant how he could live in such a Godforsaken place, and wound up by saying he would rather spend a day in jail than in the town.

Getting up, the merchant quietly asked my friend to let him see his order book, he hastily complied with the request. The merchant turned the pages until he came to his own order, and giving the page a yank, tore it out and threw it in the fire. "Anybody having such an opinion of this town as you have, ought not to ask the merchants for orders," remarked the merchant, and the result was my friend took the next train a sadder but wiser man.—Merchant Traveler.

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

"I declare, Jack, I can't understand why you always succeed in selling so many more goods than I do!"

"I'll tell you why it is," replied Jack; "but," he added, "it's a trade secret, and you mustn't give it away."

"Of course I wouldn't do such a thing," was the answer.

"Well, then," said Jack, impressively, "I succeed because when I'm after business I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."