

# Your Chance in the Home Town



By JOHN F. THORNTON, JR.  
(From the American Boy, Detroit.)

REMEMBER distinctly the parting words of my old schoolmaster that June morning my class graduated. "What are you fellows going to do now?" he asked. "I suppose every one here has several ideas of what he would like to do flitting around in his head. It's pretty hard to decide between them on a day like this—when the fish are biting up in 'Old Sandy'."

"My advice to each one of you is to get your fishing pole and carry the question along with you. Near the shores of 'Old Sandy' you will find schools of pollwogs. Learn a lesson from them."

"These pollwogs are on their way to froghood. You fellows are on your way to manhood. But the pollwogs are not in any particular hurry. I don't think you'll find them trying to leap around and lift their voices like frogs. As a matter of fact they are going to assume several different shapes before they settle down into froghood. For the present, however, they are content to go right on being pollwogs."

"You fellows are in the pollwog stage. Your powers and abilities are only half revealed. Look around before you decide what you want to be or do. In a few years you may become aware of qualities in your makeup whose existence you never suspected. At the same time, abilities that you think you now possess may fade away. Take your time. You may save yourself from the fate of a misfit. You've heard of them—the doctors are unhappy because they are not lawyers, the chemists who would be of more service to the world as newspaper men."

I have passed on these wise words to many boys. And I pass them on now with a new application—to the small-town boy who dreams of achieving success in the city.

His mind is crammed with Horatio Alger, Jr. stuff. He has read the picturesque life stories of some of our big men who left the farm for the city. The whistles of a locomotive among the hills makes him yearn for the city, bristling with opportunities. He looks upon the glistening rails as the one avenue to his opportunity.

He is short-sighted. A few years ago, a big city was the place for an up-and-coming young man. It needed him, and it was prepared to reward him with money and position. Today, however, the story is reversed. "America has grown too fast," say our deep thinking economists and publicists. "She has spread herself thinly over a large area. The future of the country lies in its undeveloped small cities and towns."

Are you looking for opportunity? Examine that little old "one-hoss" town of yours, before you think of buying a one-way ticket from it. There are many ambitious, and very wise, young men who are deliberately leaving the larger cities and moving into towns such as yours.

A few months ago I visited a country store in a typical small town of the West. The owner is a young man. Ten years ago he left the town and went to Chicago for a "real job." But he had not worked long before he realized that it would be many years before he could get the kind of job he wanted. There were opportunities for foremen, managers, superintendents and other "bosses." But they were purely administrative jobs. He wanted to create and build up a business of his own.

The death of his father called him home to care for his mother, and he got a job in a general store of the town. It was a terrible grind. The work itself was not back breaking. But the daily round of little things to do—the same dull routine, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, got on his nerves. Weighing out a bagful of this, wrapping up a handful of that—it was hard work simply because it was not interesting.

Did this young fellow settle down and wear himself deeper and deeper into the rut? He did not. He simply began to look around to see if he could live things up.

He suggested to the owner that he advertise. "Advertise!" snorted the owner. "What for? Why—p'tu!—everyone 'round here knows we're here. And open for business all the time. P'tu! And carrying almost anything in stock that they'll ever want. Advertise! What for?"

He suggested specializing. "Why not throw out some of these slow-moving articles and put in goods that sell more quickly?"

"No," said the merchant. "We depend on the farmers for the bulk of our trade, and we've got to carry a general line—a little bit of everything. No—p'tu!—we'll go right on with our line of staples."

The next year the young man bought out the old man and started in to be a business-builder. His first reform was to get rid of half the stock. You know what a collection of junk the average country general store is, with its haunting odor of harness grease, calico, soda crackers, horse liniment and cheese.

He had observed that the women did most of the buying. So he molded his store's service to meet their needs. He investigated their buying habits. He learned that those who could afford to buy flattery patronized the large city stores, or sent away to the mail order houses.

The young man visited the jobbers and manufacturers in the city. He brought back a large consignment of hats, suits, dresses and other stylish things that women wear. Then he fitted up a special department in the space from which he had thrown the gun oil and ten-penny nails

and skunk traps and a lot of other odds and ends. The other merchants of the town predicted ruin for the youngster. So did the banker of the community.

"He'll never be able to compete with the city stores," he said.

But the young merchant surprised them. He sent letters to a list of prospective customers. The women's wear was sold in two weeks.

From that time on he gradually turned the old general store into a women's and children's store. He did not specialize on clothing. But he limited his stock to those things in which a woman is naturally interested—clothing and house furnishings and groceries.

And he advertises. That is one of the main reasons for his success. The town alone could not support his store. One new business idea he uses is very effective. He has appointed "agents" in the surrounding small towns. Their work is to report to him weekly, on printed forms, any information that will put him in touch with new customers. If a girl becomes engaged, or a couple is married, he knows about it, and is after the business that usually results from such events. He knows also whenever a new house is built, or an old house is remodeled, or a new family moves into his territory.

In seven years this young man has built up a business that is known for miles around. Seventy-five per cent of his business is done with farmers and their families, who drive or motor in from points fifty miles away. That is the reason why, during the past year, he has been able to do a business of more than \$750,000 in a town whose population does not run much over 2,500.

Hundreds of small towns hold similar opportunities for young men. If ever there were "golden opportunities," small-town merchandising holds them today. For American farming is fast becoming a mighty fine paying business. Wealth is actually increasing faster in the rural districts than in the cities. And the American farmer and his family are no longer satisfied to exist on the very barest necessities of life. They are buying luxuries and conveniences in large quantities. The introduction of electricity alone into farming communities is creating a tremendous demand for electric churns, washers, irons, fans and vacuum cleaners. Water system, porcelain sinks, wall paper, paint and varnish, better house furnishings—these are only a few of the things that are selling heavily in the rural districts.

An expert has figured that the American farm market has a wealth of \$80,000,000,000. Part of that market is around you. The chain stores are spreading out from the cities. The mail order houses have secured quite a hold on the farmer's trade. But if you decide to build up a business in your community you need not worry over their competition. The mail order houses give no better values than it is possible for a local merchant to give. And a man or woman always prefers to trade with a friend whenever that is possible. The young man with a capacity for friendship and a goodly share of brains and energy has every assurance of success in small town merchandising.

But merchandising is only one of several fields in which the small town offers excellent opportunities.

The president of one of our big Pacific coast banks devotes an unusual amount of time to the development of his employees. One day he called two clerks into his private office.

"I believe," he said, "that you two young men are going to make good at banking. But you need a little broader experience with banking problems than your work here affords you. In a big place like this, you know, you are liable to lose your sense of perspective."

"I have made arrangements with two of our correspondents. There is a job awaiting each of you in a country bank. On these jobs you will be called upon to do a little of everything. You will become banking factotums. When your education is completed there is an executive position here for each of you. You have a week to think it over."

The young men thought well of the proposition, and disappeared into the "bushes." But the president's plans went awry. Neither man returned to him. One wrote him a long letter in which he listed some of the advantages of a small-town job over a city job—the cheaper living cost, the more healthful surroundings, and the chance to make more intimate friends. The other man, in a telegram, quoted Caesar, according to Longfellow: "Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

There are something like thirty thousand banks in the United States. More than three-fourths of these are situated in towns of less than ten thousand population. It is in these small-town banks that many of our future banking leaders are being formed, for here a new idea in banking is being developed.

As one banker has said, it has been found good business to take interest in people as well as from them. In other words, the bankers of the country are going out of their ways to help their clients to grow richer.

I could mention many instances of the rise of young men in the banking world because of their ability in this direction. But space permits of only one.

In a certain Eastern farming community there were, a few years ago, two banks. They were very strong competitors. A young man in one of the banks said to the cashier:

"There is just so much money in this community. Both banks here are falling over each other, trying to induce farmers to bring their business to them. We have a great many good accounts already. Why not roll up our sleeves and help our

depositors to become richer? If non-depositors see us doing this they have the best argument in the world for bringing their accounts to us."

The farmers of the community were hard workers, and intelligent. But they had no leader. Without a single "by your leave" the bank assumed the leadership. It organized a "Farmers' Forum." On the bank's recommendation the farmers employed a "field demonstrator," thoroughly grounded in the theory and practice of scientific farming. The federal government paid half the expenses of this "soil doctor." He spent his time traveling from farm to farm, making soil tests and advising the farmers regarding the products best adapted to their acres. The bank purchased a carload of purebred cattle, selected by a government dairy expert. These were sold to the farmers at cost.

That was three years ago. Today, that community is one of the most prosperous agricultural districts in the country. There is only one bank. The business of the competing bank has been taken over by the "live" bank.

The young man is president of the enlarged bank. He has been offered a vice presidency in a large city bank, with a salary double that which he now receives. He prefers to remain in the "bushes." He, too, would "rather be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

On a trip last year through one of the richest agricultural sections of the Middle West, I was continually hearing the name of one man. I call him Jim Ingalls because that is not his name.

Five years ago he was an overworked reporter on a big city daily. His work did not seem to be getting him anywhere. There were half a dozen men ahead of him in the line for promotion, and the best that he could hope for was an assistant editorship in about ten years.

When his two-weeks' vacation period rolled around, he made a trip through the rural districts of his state. He did not return to the city. For in a little town he found the subject of many day-dreams—a run-down country newspaper for sale. And into it he put every cent that he had managed to scrape together on his city job.

Not a very promising "baby," you say. But Jim Ingalls had a vision of possibilities. The town was in the heart of a prosperous farming region that was well populated. Most of the farmers had a big city daily delivered at their gates. There was a growing community spirit among the county dwellers. Jim saw the need for a real community newspaper.

The first thing that he did to improve the appearance of the paper. Then he toured the county, and created a chain of correspondents. Railroad agents, school teachers, doctors, lodge secretaries, justices of the peace—everyone in a position to gather news was supplied with stationery, and given free subscriptions. There were few who did not consider it a privilege to send in news items.

He gave up foreign news entirely, leaving this to the city dailies. His news policy has always been one of intensive reporting of the affairs of town and county. His correspondents pour in to him every week a steady stream of the gossip and chit-chat of every hamlet and crossroads village. If Farmer Porter's wife holds a pie social, she knows where she will find a full account of it, and her guests know where they can find their names in all the glory of print. Farmer Lawler and his neighbors are interested in the hay, grain and forage reports from up state. They look in Jim's paper for them. He keeps close tabs on the developments at the county experimental farm, and nothing gets by him at the meetings of the county agricultural societies.

The paper's circulation is now nearly four times what it was when he took it over, and it is recognized as a valuable advertising medium. Jim no longer has to worry over his income. But he has made more of his paper than a mere chatterbox of the county's gossip. He realizes that, in his little newspaper, he has a powerful tool. And he uses it to encourage the dwellers of the county to carry out the improvements which will add to the comfort of all, and make every town a better place in which to live and bring up children.

There are openings for a great many more "Jim Ingalls." In the United States there are about ten thousand centers of population where newspapers are published. There are about twenty-five hundred daily newspapers, and nearly six times as many country weeklies.

Our smaller communities are beginning to awaken. There is increased political activity within their boundaries. And they need fearless, independent local papers.

Which brings us to the question of the small-town boy and politics. The young man who plans to follow a political career can do no better than to begin at the bottom in his own village, township or county. By mixing in local affairs he will learn how to handle human nature. And he will learn to be practical.

Let not the young man think that participation in small-town affairs will stunt his growth. If he is destined for larger things, a few years will find him, as a matter of course, functioning on a larger scale. And a record of things done—that new school for Beaver Hollow, the park at Four Corners, the new municipal lighting plant, or the new railroad branch—all will serve as recommendations when he goes before the voters.

## ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

There You Are.  
"What is the shape of the world?" asked the village schoolmaster.  
"Don't know sir," piped the class.  
"Well, what is the shape of my snuff box?"  
"Square, sir."  
"No, no; I don't mean that one. I mean the one I use on Sundays."  
"Round, sir."  
"Now, then; what is the shape of the world?"  
"Square on week days and round on Sundays, sir!"

Refresh a Heavy Skin  
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

It's a pity that the good old summer time can't come in the winter, when we do so appreciate the heat.

The things that delight the heart of the wife are apt to deplete the purse of the husband.

## "That Tired Feeling" Often Forecasts Sickness

When you are tired without good cause, lack ambition and feel out of sorts generally, you may be heading straight for a sick spell. These symptoms often show the whole system, especially the blood, is disordered. Don't wait 'till you are sick in bed. Almost every ailment can be ward-off if attended to in

time. Any doctor will tell you that. Start at once to drive impurities from your system and help enrich your circulation with famous S.S.S., the vegetable blood tonic of fifty years' standing. Get S.S.S. from your druggist today, and write about your condition to Chief Medical Advisor, 847 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.

Painters certainly are touchy, when ignorant people dare to comment upon art. A woman of no importance as an art critic was studying the work of a well-known artist and remarked: "Really, of these two pictures, I don't know which I like best."  
"Don't bother, madam," said the quiet voice of the artist, who was standing just behind her. "It doesn't matter."

World-Famous Buildings Occupy Sacred Sites in the Old "Capital of the World."  
Ancient Rome was built on the hills south of the River Tiber. Tradition regarded the Palatine as the site of Romulus' Urbs Quadrata. Excavations have brought to light remains of earlier settlement and a pre-historic necropolis. The capitoline was the center of republican and imperial Rome. One of the principal ancient monuments is Hadrian's mausoleum which, as the castle of St. Angelo, was the citadel of medieval Rome. West of this stood Caligula's circus in which Nero tortured the Christians; its site is now occupied by St. Peter's, the chief shrine of Roman Catholicism, reputed to be the largest church in the world, occupying 18,000 square yards and measuring 435 feet in its highest part. North of St. Peter's is the Vatican palace, which covers 13½ acres and comprises over 1,000 halls, chapels and rooms. The pantheon, built by Agrippa in 27 B. C. and restored by Hadrian, is said to be the best-preserved ancient building in the city.

Law Was Obeyed.  
"I see it was against the old blue laws to kiss your wife on a Sunday."  
"True."  
"What was the penalty?"  
"Dunno. No husband was ever brought up on charges."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.  
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Of No Importance.  
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## BIRDS AS STREET CLEANERS ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME

Vultures Employed for the Purpose in Costa Rica, and Traveler Says They Are Efficient.

Garbage collectors in Costa Rica enjoy their occupation, because they eat what they find. In his book, "Sailing South" Philip S. Marden writes as follows:

"I was awakened on the first morning in town by a sound of wheels in the street below, and looked out. It was an impressive sight. The garbage man was abroad on his scavenging rounds. Ahead of his open wagon walked in a sober platoon four enormous vultures, all in sable and maintaining the chastened demeanor of undertakers at an open grave. Behind the wagon walked half a dozen other vultures similarly sedate. And around the rim of the cart, perched in solemn row, sat twenty-one other birds of the same species and same somber hue. I would fain have immortalized the scene, but the camera, alas, wasn't loaded. I began to understand why the streets of San Jose, which leave much to be desired in other respects, are at least so notably clean. The buzzards attend to that!"

To Be Washed.  
"What do you think of the elephant, Bud?" "Glad I haven't got ears like that."

Men fight with their fists, women with their tears.

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Sound nourishment for body and brain with no overloading and no tax upon the digestion, is secured from

## Grape-Nuts

It embodies the nutrition of the field grains, and it makes for better health and bodily efficiency.

Ready to serve—an ideal breakfast or lunch. "There's a Reason"