

HOW I WON SUCCESS AS A SALESMAN

By JAMES C. SCOTT

In a recent issue of Opportunity I read an article in which a leading Chicago banker declared that selling offered the best chances of today. And so, as a sequel to that article, let me say that my own experience more than justifies the banker's statement.

My own story is the same as that of hundreds of other men who have broken away from poorly paid positions and found success and independence in the selling field. And because of this fact I thought it might be of interest to other men who are facing the same situation today to learn the secrets of my success.

I had always wanted to be a salesman. That's true. I could see, and was repeatedly told, that the big money in every business was on the selling end. But some way or other I never seemed to have a chance to break into the game. And that, as I have since found out, was because I started out with the wrong idea.

Like other men in the pay-roll rut I was, to put it frankly, afraid of myself. I lacked confidence in my own ability. I didn't admit it, of course, but that is the fact. I didn't have the courage to break the shackles that had always bound me to a steady, but small, weekly wage. I was so accustomed to walk up to the window each Monday and draw my pay that I was afraid to attempt any other course. I was in a rut and knew it. But, like other men, I lacked the courage to step out.

Today, as I look back, I see the folly of this idea. I know now, as do all other salesmen, that the big

money in selling is made by men who work on a commission basis. In fact, of all the salesmen I know, not one would work on any other basis; you couldn't hire them to take a salary of any size.

In my own case it was not until the responsibilities of a growing family made it impossible to longer live on the salary I was making that I decided to make some sort of move. The first thing I did was to "strike" my boss for a raise. In reply I was told that, on account of business conditions, it was out of the question; that other men could be secured at the same salary and that—in short—I ought to be glad to be retained at all.

It was this turn-down that proved the actual turning point in my life. It was the spark I had always needed to bring out the manhood in me. So, that same night, my blood fairly boiling with new ambition, I went home and told my wife that the die was cast—that I had decided to get out of the old rut and go into the selling game. I expected a good, old fight with her over my decision.

But instead she heartily approved the plan and, much to my surprise, went over to the library table, pulled out a magazine and showed me an advertisement. "This," she said, "looks to me like a splendid chance."

"This ad," she went on, "says that any honest, ambitious man can get the exclusive county agency for the Robinson Portable Bath Tub, appoint sub-agents and get a commission on what they make, too. You wouldn't be a common agent then," she appealed to me. "Don't you see you would be general agent for the whole county and have a lot of other salesmen working under you?"

There was no mistaking that appeal. I knew that my wife, too, was beginning to realize that our meagre income had to be increased. She knew that if I only had the nerve I could earn enough commission to have the comforts and little luxuries we were entitled to. I decided to try.

Our town had no sewer system. There

wasn't more than two or three semi-modern bathrooms in the town. Ninety-nine per cent. of us were compelled to put up with all sorts of clumsy makeshifts. Even at our own home we used zinc tubs that were such a nuisance that bath-nights were dreaded. I knew that conditions were practically the same in eight or ten neighboring towns with which I was familiar.

I knew that I myself would jump at the chance to buy one of these portable tubs. In fact, my wife had already decided to order one for our own home, whether I took the agency or not. The price was not high, yet by getting the exclusive agency for the county I could make \$5 on every sale. So it did look promising. The exclusive county agency appealed to me, too. It gave an added touch of importance and dignity to the business.

Finally, I decided that while I had better hold on to my job until I was sure that I could make a go of it—that I would at least make the try. I had never sold a thing in my life, but I believed that it was largely a question of nerve. As it turned out, however, there wasn't much of that required, for the tub actually seemed to sell itself.

After we had received the sample tub and tried it out in our own home, we knew that we had discovered a winner. The only time I had to spare was during the evening, and so I decided to use that for the try-out. The first night was dark and rainy and there was a strong temptation to wait for more auspicious conditions, but on second thought I concluded that I would be likely to find people at home with nothing to do but listen to me, and that decided it. In five minutes the tub was emptied, dried and rolled up into a package but little larger than an umbrella, and again I was impressed with the wonderful convenience.

I didn't use any long-winded speech in trying to make a sale. I simply said that we had discovered a bathtub that was so amazingly simple and convenient that we thought they'd like a chance to get one like it. They seemed amused at first at the idea of carrying a bathtub around like an umbrella, and when in another instant they saw the ready-to-use tub, all set up ready for

use, they gave me a look very much like a six-year-old bestows upon the magician who produces a live rabbit from an apparently empty silk hat. And they were just as pleased as they were surprised.

I visited only three houses that night and I sold three tubs, or rather three families insisted on buying, and I agreed to accept the orders. If this was selling, it certainly had no terrors, and to think that I had earned \$15 in a little less than two hours—almost as much money as my usual seven days of disagreeable, boss-dominated routine paid me.

Three more evenings were devoted to the try-out and I had a total of eleven tubs sold to my credit. So I decided to quit the office job altogether. You can imagine how tickled I was and how overjoyed my wife was, too, to know that our petty penny-pinching was no longer necessary.

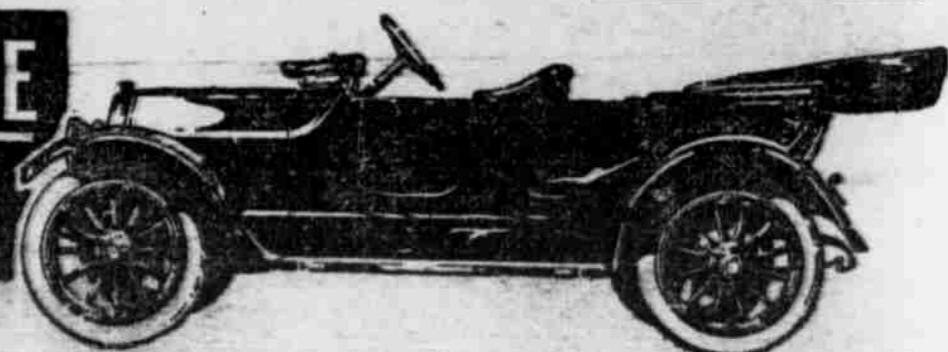
In the next few days I got several orders without soliciting them at all. Mrs. Smith simply saw the tub at Mrs. Jones' and telephoned me to order one for her. Sometimes when I came home at night my wife would have an order or two waiting for me.

Then I began to pay attention to my opportunities as county agent. Lots of fellows wanted to compete with me when they learned how well I was doing, but Mr. Robinson protected me and referred each of them to me as the county agent. Soon I had a crew of four men working for me in neighboring towns, and as I made a nice, fat commission on their sales, too, it wasn't long before I was enjoying an income eight or ten times greater than my old office job.

The fellows who are working under me are doing almost as well. They range from 13-year-old schoolboys to one old man just passing the 60 mark. One is a woman, and she, too, is succeeding finely. Every one of them left a meagre-pay, boss-ridden job and every one of them has succeeded here.

I wish that every man and woman who is tired of low wages, long hours and exacting bosses might follow our example. You can if you only will. Remember, 70 per cent. of all the people in the United States are without proper bathing facilities. That spells opportunity for you. Mr. H. S. Robinson, the president of the company, tells me that he still has quite a few exclusive county agencies open. You'll find full particulars in the advertisement below.—Adv.

\$60 A WEEK AND THIS FREE AUTOMOBILE



BE MY GENERAL AGENT IN YOUR COUNTY! Get Into an Honest, Dignified Business of Your Own!

The man who makes big money doesn't depend upon his own efforts. He organizes other men and makes a profit from their labor, too. I show you how to do just that. Give you valuable exclusive sales territory absolutely free. Put you in a position to manage a large crew of successful agents and make fat your own sales and the sales of from six to ten men working under your direction—YOU SIMPLY CAN'T HELP BUT SUCCEED.

You are an opportunity seeker. All you want is the chance. I know you will do your part. If anyone will convince you that he can establish you in a paying, honest, dignified business where big money is practically sure, you'll take the job, won't you?

All right, I'll take you up on your own proposition. I'll appoint you as my representative on that very basis. I'll convince you that we've got the best selling specialty in existence. I'll prove to you that when you secure the exclusive representation for your county that you're not entering into a dinky, paltry agency proposition. You're putting yourself in line for an amazingly big paying business of your own with profits of from \$30 per week upward.

Over 70 per cent Are Without Bath Rooms

In country and small towns and cities the percentage is vastly greater than that. These people have gone without the exhilarating, invigorating, health-giving bath, simply because until now they could not get it. They have used all sorts of makeshifts, sponge baths, wooden, zinc and metal tubs of various kinds. Heavy, clumsy, unsanitary, in-the-way tubs. Lugging them in and out before and after the bath. Taking up valuable space all the time.

I have invented a practical bath tub that can be used in any room—bedroom—sick room—kitchen—anywhere—a tub that can be sold at a price within reach of the masses—a tub that is light and yet durable, one that can be folded up and stood up in any corner when you are through with it—THE ROBINSON STEELINE PORTABLE BATH TUB.

I wish I could show you this wonderful tub. Look at the picture. See how it folds up after the bath. Pick it up with one hand and stand it away in a corner just as you would an umbrella. Isn't that the climax of convenience? In use it's as simple as the stationary tub—as luxuriant a submergent bath as any city bathroom affords—can't tip or splash, equipped with a handy self-emptying device—plenty of room—just the right shape—simple—perfect, absolutely ideal.

We build it of STEELINE, the wonderful new material and guarantee it for ten years.

YOU MAKE \$5.00 ON EVERY SALE

Think of it! What's the use of wasting your time and effort pushing some specialty that sells for a few cents when the same time and energy will make you \$5? You get exclusive territory. We protect you. Give you county rights. No cost to you to secure exclusive territory. Then you can appoint sub-agents. If you are a hustler you can make more on this proposition than many a high-class salesman makes on a straight salary. In fact there is no limit to what you can earn. Just one sale a day means \$30 a week. Think of that—two a day means \$60 a week.

No Experience Necessary I don't care if you never had a day's selling experience in your life. I know that you can sell this tub and sell it fast enough and often enough to make big money. I know it because 50 per cent of my best representatives are men and women and even boys and girls who never sold a dollar's worth of any kind of goods in their life before they started to work for me.

This is no fairy tale. No dream of mine. Every word I write is founded on what has been done by the representatives who are now working for me. I know that they are ordinary men and women. I know that they can sell these tubs as they are selling them that YOU can do the same thing—that YOU can make the big money just as they do. I want to tell you all about it—what my men have done and what you can do. Let me send you full descriptive matter about my goods and convincing testimonials from others I have helped to succeed. Write today—NOW—this very minute—either a postal or letter. These exclusive county agencies won't last long. Pick one of these plums while you can—NOW.

H. S. Robinson, President.

THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO.

4029 Factories Building, Toledo, Ohio



Demonstrating Tub FREE

I grant credit—Furnish sample—Help you out—Back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building homes, bank accounts—so can you. Act then quick—SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny postcard for free tub offer. Hustle!