

THE DEPARTMENT STORE MAKES USE OF MANY BIG MEN; GOOD CHANCE FOR AMBITIOUS PEOPLE

To the young man and woman coming out of school the department store offers a field of work wider and more varied than perhaps any other business or profession. They will find opportunities or adventure, romance and reasonable wealth such as no other one calling can furnish.

The activities engaged in by the executives of a retail establishment comprise every branch of human endeavor, and nowhere else does such a diversity of talent and scientific research express itself as in the operation of a department store, writes Thorndike Deland in the New York Herald Tribune.

It calls for business acumen of the highest degree, a thorough knowledge of market conditions and local and national affairs, a brain for finance, an appreciation of art, an understanding of science, and, that rarest of all qualities, organization ability. The chances for success are equal for either sex, with less restriction than in any other line.

Business Vast.

In a department store doing, we will say, a business of \$5,000,000 annually, which is not large, there are approximately sixty to seventy different sections, each headed by a well-paid buyer and assistant buyer. In addition to these merchandise positions, there are the advertising manager, comptroller, credit manager, store manager, building superintendent, personnel director, employment manager, educational director and their assistants. Altogether there are about two hundred responsible positions, carrying liberal salaries, opportunities for broad personal development advancement and helpfulness toward others. In what other line of business or profession does one concern doing a like amount of business, viz., \$5,000,000 a year, offer any greater number of places "higher up" to which a young man or young woman may aspire?

Consider the latitude such a variety of positions offers the ambitious individual to find his "piche." How often a young man goes into a profession or business right out of college, and after years of conscientious study and hard work realizes that that particular sphere of activity is entirely unsuited to him. It becomes necessary virtually to throw away all that experience and

the good record of industry and honesty that he has obtained in that particular firm because it offers no other outlet for his talents. He must start all over again with some new concern.

Places For All.

In an up-to-date department store a man may work in many positions requiring altogether dissimilar qualifications, and may fall in nearly every one before he finds the right place for his special qualifications, and then he goes ahead by leaps and bounds. All of his past efforts have added to his general knowledge of the business and have helped establish him in the organization.

If a person finds it is against his nature to be tied down to routine or indoor work, there is the broad field of travel open to him. The buyers of even the small stores are sent to the market regularly, and many of them go to Europe and other foreign countries quite often. Some buyers spend all of their time visiting far-away provinces and principalities searching for rare novelties and precious gifts to send home to their stores to sell. Can there be anything lacking in such a career for one who craves adventure and romance?

On the other hand, for the more technically minded individual a department store has its practical problems to be handled. The running of a five, six or fifteen-storied building, constantly used by thousands of persons daily, requires the greatest skill obtainable in a building superintendent. Most large stores have their own alteration and repair departments, testing laboratories for merchandise and manufacturing departments, sometimes operating independent plants.

Then the delivery service, where fleets of thirty to sixty motor trucks are used and outside warehouses maintained, calls for more executives of a higher type.

Field of Finance.

The financing of a retail enterprise, with all its ramifications, affords ample field for the man who likes and understands that important end of the business. The advertising and sales promotion give vent to the imagination of the publicity men and artists, and thus the list can be continued almost without end.

The purpose of enumerating some of these divisions of operation is to show

the chance there is for a person to find himself, and never fail to have a goal ahead of him calling for greater effort, self-improvement and richer reward.

There is no industry or profession which has provided its employees in such a liberal and thorough manner with means of attaining these positions. A young man entering a progressive retail institution today may be placed in what is termed a training squad. He is given an elementary education in each major department of the store, so that he can determine which branch of the business interests him the most and for which he is best fitted. Regular training courses have been worked out by competent instructors, and with the aid of department managers and buyers a post-graduate course is provided the embryo executive along with his daily work.

Let us look at the social advantages of retailing as a profession. In the first place, it throws a young man or young woman in contact with the best elements in the business life of a community. The store is always located amid the most congenial surroundings as near the centre of the city as possible and usually on the best street. For the purpose of attracting trade, it is made as attractive and inviting as possible, both inside and out, and the highest class of workers obtainable are employed. These conditions all have a beneficial influence on those that are spending their working hours in its confines, and all combine to produce greater happiness, progress and raising one's self-esteem.

SOVEREIGNS RADIO FANS

London, July 10.—The routine of royalty has been altered by radio just as it has changed the habits of millions of other people throughout the world.

Whereas King George, formerly, spent many an evening over his postage stamp collection, now, with wireless sets in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, His Majesty often listens in to what the radio waves are saying.

Queen Mary, too, is fond of the wireless both she and the King preferring ear phones to the elaborate loud speakers which were originally arranged for them.

Lima Beane thinks the woman who is as pleased to see her husband come home in the evening as she was anxious to see him leave in the morning is pretty well satisfied with matrimony.

MARSEILLES IS RULED BY THE SPIRIT OF THE CRUSADES; FRENCH CITY IS LIKE LONG GONE PAST

No age, no epoch ever dies. There is always some vestige of it that remains. Kings pass and dynasties perish, but the spirit that animated them finds root somewhere and persists. History pauses in its triumphal march, to mark down some red-letter day, to commemorate some battle won, some chieftain slain—but the vast, wide-flowing, ever-changing, ever-continuing history of the common people goes unintercepted on its way, as a writer in the Birmingham Age Herald.

With this difference; the history of the great ones is commemorated in every market place; the houses they lived in, the beds they slept in, the rooms where they met and signed their treaties are reconstructed and preserved, with tablets on the wall and guides at the doorway to show you around. But the history of the other millions—those who marched in the armies the other commanded, who swarmed in the streets while the King in his palace, held his interviews—go unnoticed and unremembered.

One finds the trace of it in the side streets, never in the boulevards, and here and there, in an old crumbling house, built no one knows when and inhabited by no one knows whom, one finds its scent. But it is rare, that one finds a whole city still throbbing to its spirit.

Walled Cities Remain.

So with the middle ages. One can go to Carcassonne, to Perpignan, Avignon, to Chinon and Mont Saint Michel to see the city walls, still standing, where the sixteenth century halberdiers stood their guard. One can visit the chateau forts where fifteenth century nobles held festival and well-informed guides, on payment of a certain fee, will show you through the dungeons where fourteenth century prisoners starved to death.

But one comes away disappointed and depressed. These walled towns, these castle towers. Architecturally, they were superb. But they were fossils. There was an air of melancholy about them, like a stage set discarded long after the actors had gone away. The life of the middle ages—the turbulent, savage, joyful life that built those towns and burned them, and built them up again and filled every corner of them with gusty activity had long since died.

There were two sides to life in the middle ages, and there are two towns left in France—and to my mind only two—that exemplify them.

Rouen—in the streets that zigzag down the declivity from the Palais de Justice through the Colonnade Marche to the indescribable tumult and agitation of the riverside. Here it is that strange dark people come silently to the doors of crumbling houses to stare at you as you pass, and you feel, as you walk down the tilting roadway, damp with Rouen's eternal rains, as if you walked through all the gloomy superstition and intolerance that burned Joan of Arc and tortured the Templars and murdered thousands whose names are not even recorded.

And Marseilles!

Marseilles of Crusades.

Marseilles is the other side of the picture. Marseilles is the hardy, venturesome, childishly, joyously fool-hardy spirit that filled those three great centuries of the middle ages—the centuries of the crusades. Marseilles is the Crusades.

All through those glittering years its roadstead was a haven for the ships of war of all the nations of Christendom, as they gathered forces for those gorgeously ineffective plunges toward the Holy Land. The city rang with the hammers of armorers, the mallets of ship fitters. Forges glowed. Winches screamed. Company after company of men-at-arms marched down to the quay-side and were ferried out to the great, wallowing, sculptured, bedecked and bestreamed galleons that waited in the harbor, their bowsprits pointed to Jerusalem.

Great lords lay in state at the principal inns and hostels, while minstrels, foot soldiers, saltimbanques, adventurers, cut purses and penny merchants swarmed in the inn yard and at the crumbs of the noble table and danced and sang and quarreled. The Duke of Burgundy lies a week there with his retinue, and every day that the wind prevents his departure sees his beard grow longer and his linen dirtier, for he has sworn on all the sacred relics neither to shave nor to change his spirit till the tomb of Christ be freed from the Saracen.

Louis Still There.

King Louis IX—Saint Louis—sits in the chateau fort of the city, wearing a worn brown suit and eating sparingly and watching with crafty old eyes the intrigues and contentions of his nobles.

And then, one day, the wind sets

strong and favorable. The King is carried aboard ship. The Crusaders, in all their panoply, follow. The painted sails rise creaking to the peak. They catch the wind, and the ships dray down to the sea.

And now—Marseilles is a city of half a million, the second largest city in France, but it is the city of the Crusades still. There are telephones, radio, gramophones, high-powered motor cars—all the paraphernalia of the twentieth century—but it is the careless abandon, the turbulent naivete of the thirteenth century that animates the crowds.

There is one great street in Marseilles—the Cannebiere. It is only five blocks long, but it is wide, and it is brightly lighted, noisier, more full of cafes, thronged with large crowds of more races than any other street in the world. When Marseilles was a Roman colony the street was only a ropewalk, where the ship fitters of that ancient day came to twist their hemp into cable. The name remains as its memorial, for Cannebiere derives originally from cannabis, the Latin word for hemp.

Spirit is Lame.

When Saint Louis led his troops down to the harbor it was a quiet, tree-shaded plaisance, skirting the outskirts of the town. Now the Cannebiere is paved and flourishing, jammed with trolley cars and trucks, but its spirit is primitive as ever.

It leads, wide and brilliant, from the heart of the city to the harbor side. It slopes gently as it goes, and perhaps for this reason, or perhaps for the glint of the water at its base, the movement of the crowd is always seaward. There are men from all nations seated at the terraces of the cafes along the way—dark, thin-cheeked Spaniards, fluent Italians, solemn, long bodied Arabs, wearing white burnous and turban, Greeks, Hindus, stocky English sailors, Armenians, Japs, Americans from a man-of-war. They rise and join the crowd, and the crowd sweeps down to the harbor, as you go, the sweep of it takes you—there seem to be bands playing ahead of you, and flags flying. You are off on some gallant, impossible pilgrimage—some new Crusade.

Rightly enough, the French Foreign Legion has its sole recruiting station at the harbor side in Marseilles. I am sure half of the men who join it made the decision while walking down the Cannebiere.

There is nothing in the guide book sense of the word, to see in Marseilles. All the great nobles, all the great names in the history of France have passed through the city. But none of them stopped. They were bent on errands in far crusades. They had no time to build castles, to murder one another in tower stairways, to scratch their names on window panes, or any other of the things that send great names ringing down the centuries.

Ignored by Gang.

There is nothing to see. The guide books pass Marseilles without a word. And yet on the high-back hill that forms the northern arm of the Old Port there is a mediaval city left entire—and with, what is more, a mediaval populace swarming in its crooked, gloomy streets.

The Grand Rue—meaning, roughly main street—at its principal thoroughfare, as it always has been. The Grand Rue is barely twelve feet wide, paved with cobbles the size of small kegs, jammed with a mixture of all the races that find footing in this strange city and lined from end to end with a patch work pattern of bazaars, spice shops, fruit stores, cabarets and more bazaars, whose traffic and bargaining make the place uproarious with noise.

For there are no prices here. The merchant asks what he thinks he can get; you offer what you'd like to pay, and then after half an hour's haggling he splits the difference down to a more or less reasonable compromise. Quick turnover and twentieth century merchandising have no place here; every purchase is an individual matter.

In the great trading days of the Mediterranean, the Grand Rue was the Fifth avenue of the port. Here were the warehouses, the thick-walled vaults of which were stored with silks from China, saffron and damask from the Indies, and in the upper chambers the merchant, in tasseled hat and fur-trimmed gown, sat at the account books or stood at the window over the harbor, watching the galleys put out to sea.

Old Warehouses There.

And they are warehouses still—solid old buildings with wind-weathered walls and gaunt, high windows. The dim, massively pillared rooms are still rich with the aroma of ancient cargoes, mingling with the jute from Bom

bay, the hemp from Africa that fill them now, brought by a fleet of three-masted, coasting to Genoa, Naples and Port Said.

Outside a door at the lower corner of the building a group of hard-handed, broad-backed fellows are lounging—the crew of one of the vessels, waiting at the company offices for their pay. A sash at the waist, beret cocked back on the head, and great felt sea-boots—not rubber—of ancient cut. . . . Hang a cutless at their side and they might pass for the men who manned King Louis frigates, out to Jerusalem.

You turn down a side street, bannered across from window to window with the wash of a hundred families. The paving is half mud, half rivulet from an overflowing spigot at a public hydrant, for there is no more plumbing in the old port than there was five centuries ago. A woman comes to a doorway with a nursing baby in her arms and stares at you, distrustfully, defiantly, at her forebears stood at the Templars. At a corner on old Spanish sailor is knotting his nets for tomorrow's fishing.

Down a way, and the street windens forming a little place behind the old city hall, at the harbor side. Here the flower women, vegetable stalls, bright-painted shops and cafes with curious names—"At the Sign of the Garland," "At the Golden Goat," "At the Sign of Saint Christopher." Over in a corner under one of the plantane trees, a gypsy troupe is putting an old bear through its tricks, to the tune of an accordion played by a brown-faced, bearded man in a red packet with a silver sangles.

At night all the mystery of the mediaeval darkness descends on the Old Port. Shops are closed, windows are darkened and honest people go indoors by 9 o'clock as they did in the old days when the curfew rang. Visitors hurry away to the safer sections of the city; police patrols are doubled and walk with revolvers loosened in their holsters to guard against attack. For Marseilles is not yet free from terror of those gangs of ruffians, the gneux of other days, who held the ancient burghers in terror and ruled the streets at night.

Lights Scarce.

There are no lights except a dim flicker of gas at the corners and here and there the flaring window of a downstairs cabaret, shooting a band of yellow through the oppressive darkness, illuminating the figure of a woman at a doorway beckoning to passers-by ambling along in the darkness.

It is brutal; it is animal; it is barbarous—but the Middle Ages were not all pomp and processional, not all broad-clothed gowns and silk doublets, and it is well to see it as it was. The chieftains went to the Crusades with silken tents and gilded entourages; their armies followed roistering and roaring, and there were vicious villages outside the mediaeval encampments.

Visits to castles and views from carefully restored city walls show only the setting for the paradoxical drama that was the Middle Ages. It is only in Marseilles that one finds throbbing the hardy, venturesome, savage, joyous, superstitious, turbulent spirit that inspired the last act of that tremendous tragedy—the Crusades.

It is only in Marseilles, as one stands of a morning at the harbor side that one still feels the force of it. Behind, the dark streets of the old port are waking after the gloomy impenetrable right. Beyond, across the harbor, two great four-masted, men at the yards and the brown sails rising, are setting out to Africa.

"\$41⁹⁸ as Advertised"

HOW do you spell 'financially'?" asked a college student of his roommate.

"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," said the room-mate, spelling out the word slowly. As an afterthought, he added: "And 'embarrassed' has two r's and two s's."

How often have you said to a salesman, "That's more than I care to pay"? If you had known the price in advance you would have been spared this little embarrassment. That's one of the great services rendered by newspaper advertising.

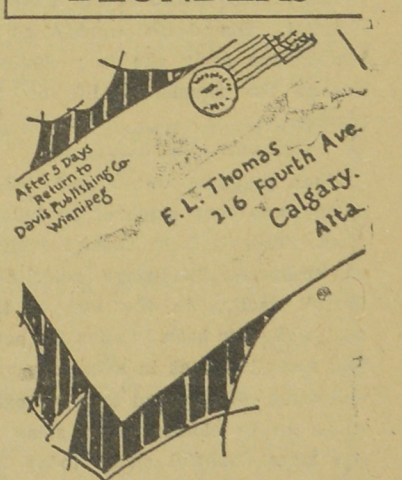
By reading the newspaper advertisements before going to the stores, you know what you will have to pay for an article. You need not reveal your financial status to a salesman. You perhaps do not like to ask the price of goods anyhow. If the merchant has told you the price in his newspaper advertisement, you do not have to ask.

Any way you figure it out, IT PAYS YOU TO READ THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. REGULARLY! The one advertisement you skip may contain just the news you would have welcomed. READ ALL THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. KEEP INFORMED.

The intelligent way to shop is to read the newspaper advertisements and then go to the stores that offer the best values. Make notes beforehand of the articles that interest you. That's the way to get the most for your money. That's the way to save time.

When You Know the Price in Advance, You Can
Ask to be Shown the Goods—
"as Advertised"

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed to memory. Consequently its mail will surely be delayed if persons who must reply to its letters are given no street address.

McKee—I lost \$100 on four acres out west once.

McQuitty—What did the other fellow hold?

McKee—A gun!