

How I Built a Profitable Business At Home in My Spare Time

DICK'S salary couldn't possibly be stretched another bit. That much was final.

But somehow, we had to find a way to meet skyrocketing prices and declining dollars.

About six months ago, Dick and I decided that something must be done. Either our income must be increased, which wasn't at all likely to happen immediately, or we must get along with even fewer things than we now had, which seemed impossible.

We worked on a budget until after midnight, but no matter how we manipulated our figures, our income wasn't big enough to make both ends meet.

And soon the month's bills would come in; Dick needed a new overcoat badly; there were numberless things the two kiddies could use; and I hadn't had the cheering effect of a new dress or hat for a long, long time.

Every week there was some extra expense to be met—shoes to be mended—stockings to be replaced, gloves, buttons, the small incidental expenses, each so negligible in itself, but so formidable when money is scarce.

And besides, we wanted so badly to save enough for a little summer bungalow at the beach, where Dick could come for his well-earned rest after each day's hard work—where the kiddies could revel in the bracing air and water.

But that was looking too far ahead. We were concerned only with the present. We needed money now. How to get it was our problem.

Dick couldn't expect an increase in salary for at least six months, so it was clearly up to me to see what I could do.

I had earned my living before I was married, and I was quite willing to do it again.

But that would mean working in an office all day, and who would take care of the children, do the cooking, the cleaning, the mending. No, that was not to be thought of. Typewriting or sewing at home were not to be considered. They were too exacting, uncertain and not at all profitable.

Then quite suddenly and unexpectedly, we came upon the solution to all our difficulties.

The high cost of living doesn't bother me now. We have all the things we did without before. Dick has his new overcoat, I have new clothes, the kiddies have wonderful woolsens, and we are certainly enjoying each of our luxuries.

Why shouldn't we have these things? I have, at home, in my spare time, an excellent and well-paying position. I still give my children their usual care—my home is never neglected—yet in my spare minutes, I have found the means of making enough money to give us the comforts we have so missed.

My extra income is due to a little machine. I call it my "miracle worker" for it not only is bringing us bodily comforts, but mental comfort as well. I am so thankful for the opportunity it presents to me to earn money in such an easy way, yet enables me to give my home and family their usual attention. Let me tell you about it so that you can make the same good money that I make in exactly the same way that I am making it.

In Buffalo, N. Y., there is a big manufacturing concern that makes progress, in one respect, by going back about a century.

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A hundred years ago great factories did not exist. The dismal manufacturing town with its thousands of hard-worked and discontented employees were unknown. Things were made in the home. The craftsman's business life was so closely intertwined with his family life that you could not separate one from the other.

The occupation of the man of the house was



also the occupation of the entire family. Wife and children helped him; even grandmother did her bit. In those days quality came first.

The artisan's pride and family reputation were tied up in his work. As education was not general, many could neither read nor write so they stamped the products of their trade with their individual marks or symbols—trade-marks; the sign of individual quality then as now.

The concern I work for knows the traditions and history of the knitting industry; they know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid and contented people in happy homes, who work when they feel like it, and who are not bothered by bosses, time-clocks, work-hours and working rules. They believe in the independent employee. So they have thousands of women—and men too—making socks for them in their own homes.

In this respect they have gone back to the happy ideal conditions of a hundred years ago. But in all other respects they are up to date.

I make socks (and dollars) with the machine I mentioned above, the Auto Knitter, which is far better than a hundred hands, because it knits from sixty to two hundred and more perfect even stitches at every turn of the handle, and makes a complete sock without removal from the machine.

It is the Auto Knitter that will pay for the little bungalow we want so badly, as it is paying for so many things now.

And, as my Auto Knitter is light and small, I can do my work wherever I happen to be—even on the beach, or the porch of the bungalow-to-be.

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The company pays me a fixed and liberal wage rate for every dozen pairs of socks I make. They also replace free the yarn I use. The yarn they supply Free is the famous Qu-No Brand, the softest, the warmest and the strongest. It is a joy to use it.

My position is permanent and I am protected by a contract by which the company agrees to take all the socks I make. On the other hand my contract allows me to be full mistress of my time. I can work as much as I please and as little as I please; full time or spare time.

Now the Auto Knitter makes other things besides hosiery. It made beautiful warm woolen bathing suits for all of us for next summer's swimming. It has made superior things for this winter, too; especially caps and mufflers for the children, and all at a very low cost.

The high cost of hosiery does not bother us at all because I have made a wonderful assortment in wool, cotton, lisle and mercerized silk for the whole family. Or rather the Auto Knitter has made them for me.

They are the kind of stockings I long wanted but simply could not afford. When Dick saw them he wanted socks of the same kind. Just think of having such rich hosiery for the mere cost of the thread.

Naturally my neighbors see these things and, naturally they want things just like them. And of course they want them from me. I am making these articles for my friends and getting excellent prices for my work.

This business has come and is coming to me regularly. I really have more than I can handle, even with my husband's help.

The company lets me do this; it lets all its workers have their own home factory if they want to. And it sends free a fine shade card of Qu-No Quality Yarns which shows a complete line of samples and colors. This shade card helps us wonderfully in planning our work.

Now the company would like you to join our organization of well-paid and happy workers. The same wage agreement that they made with me they will make with you.

Because they cannot fill their wholesale orders their need for more workers is very acute; that is why they have asked me to tell you about the prosperity and the peace that comes with prosperity that the Auto Knitter has brought to our family.

You may never see this offer again. Be sure to write today. Address The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Department 174-K 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will tell you all about everything. It will cost you nothing to get this information; just send them a two-cent stamp to cover postage, etc. The coupon below is for your convenience.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc. Dept. 174K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter and Shade Card of Qu-No Quality Yarns. I enclose a cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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