

“WHY SHOULD A MANUFACTURER SUPPOSE IT HELPS THE SALE OF HIS SHOES TO ADVERTISE THEM WITH A PICTURE OF A BALD-HEADED MAN?”

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

“This Here First-to-Last-the-Truth Advertising Is Driving Women to Moving Pictures,” Zapp Adds, in Discussing the Publicity Question

Then, After the Conversation Passes Through Various Devious and Tortuous Channels, Birsky Winds Up With This Bit of Wisdom: “There’s Just Enough Rubé in Each and Every Feller So That Sooner or Later, Mit Kidney Pills or Otermobiles, the Fake Advertiser Will Get Him if He Don’t Look Out”

“There is no more pleasure in reading advertisements nowadays,” said Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, to Louis Birsky, the real estate.

“Why not?” Birsky asked.

“Well,” Zapp said, “what for a simcha is it to read in a paper?”

REMOVAL SALE
196 Fair to Middling Suits,
Season-before-last’s Make
\$18 to \$25.

Used to was \$16 and \$21, but on account of moving we marked them up, because some people has got an idee that when you move you reduce prices, and maybe they wouldn’t see this advertisement.

B. SCHLEMIEL & CO.
BROADWAY AT 277TH ST.

“And who would go to work and pay money to put in a paper an advertisement like that?” Birsky inquired.

“Everybody nowadays,” Zapp said. “They dassen’t do otherwise, because what with the Federal and State pure food laws and newspapers which is paying fellers fifty thousand dollars a year to show up advertisers so that no advertiser would take a chance on advertising, Birsky, if you want to advertise your merchandise, y’understand, you’ve got to tell the truth or the least that happens you is \$10,000 bail on a certificate of reasonable doubts. So that’s the way it goes, Birsky. Former times a lady reads in the paper

Women’s Tailored Suits
THE LATEST FROM PARIS
Was \$120. Now \$16.25

“And right away she forgets that she is going to take dinner Friday night with her husband’s folks.”



husband’s friends is getting otermobiles and couldn’t afford it no more than he could, Birsky. Yes, Birsky, all them troubles is gone just so soon as she sees it \$120 suits marked down to \$16.25, and she goes down town to look ‘em over on a new lease of life. But what is it nowadays for such a woman? She reads

WOMEN’S SUITS
Bankrupt Stock of
Morris Schlecht

Hamburg Avenue Brooklyn
Schlecht’s price\$16.35
Our price\$16.25

and not only does all her troubles come back on her, but she thinks she is also developing a peculiar pain in her side.

“Maybe the advertisement give it to her,” Birsky suggested.

“Sure it did,” Zapp replied. “This here first-to-last-the-truth advertising in driving women to moving pictures, Birsky. Another thing is the way drygoods stores is acting nowadays. Former times a woman buys a dress at a drygoods store on April 2 and wears it up to and including July 15, when she brings it back with symptoms of a beefsteak supper, two weddings and a chocolate nut sundae on the front panel. Birsky, and for the next six months she has the time of her life trying to get a credit check for it. It gives her a fresh interest in things. Her eyes get bright and her cheeks is got fresh color in them the same like an advertisement for a complexion cream before the enactment of Sec-

tion 31416, Subsection A, of the Penal Code in relations to False and Misleading Advertising. Aber what is it nowadays, Birsky? A crepe de Chine dress could have enough Locksen soup spilled on it to make it look like molre velour, Birsky, and when a woman returns it with the pleasant expectations of never being so insulted in her life, Birsky, before she could even open her mouth to say “Listen, y’understand, the floor walker pulls a credit check on her.”

“And I suppose,” Birsky commented, “for the next few days she walks around looking so downhearted that whenever her lady friends see her they come and practically throw the meals at their husbands and gives as an explanation that they’d like to see themselves worrying themselves to death over any man.”

“Well, I’ll tell you,” Zapp said, “maybe the drygoods stores is getting done on their money back guarantee, Birsky, but that’s because they are suffering from the fact that people ain’t acquainted with up-to-date advertising ideas. Their customers still thinks that when a drygoods store says: ‘If anything you buy here proves unsatisfactory, it will be exchanged or your money will be refunded—’ Birsky, it must be understood that such a guarantee means:

If anything you buy here proves unsatisfactory by the evidence of six uninteresting witnesses which a croaker jack A number one trial lawyer couldn’t rattle on cross-examination, it will be exchanged or your money will be refunded when so ordered by the Supreme Court of the United States or a Justice thereof after the last appeal gets taken, and judgment is confirmed in an action brought for that purpose, it being understood and agreed that nothing in

this guarantee shall apply to or bind the party making the same, his heirs, executors, administrators, Mishpocha and assigns.

“But them things is all changed now. Before a newspaper accepts an advertisement nowadays, it is censured the same as an interview with General Joffer, and if an advertisement comes in from a shoe manufacturer with his picture on it, they send a reporter up to Boston to make sure that the feller is bald like his photograph claims he is, and if he isn’t they wouldn’t print the advertisement. Also, Birsky, if a patent medicine advertisement says that it ain’t genuine without a fac-simile of the manufacturer’s signature on the bottle, y’understand, the proprietor of the newspaper wouldn’t accept the advertisement till the manufacturer comes down and signs his name in the presence of the managing editor, the art editor, two prominent clergymen and a handwriting expert, and if the signature don’t look enough like the fac-simile, it’s all off.”

“A feller is so stuck on his handwriting that he wants to advertise his goods with fac-simile of his signature,” Birsky said, “he don’t deserve no better than that they should take him at his word and that the advertisement on the newspaper if the bank paid the forged checks, it should ought to be held that the feller is guilty of contributing a negligence and has got to stand the loss himself.”

“Aber what I couldn’t understand is: Why should a manufacturer suppose it helps the sale of his shoes to advertise ‘em with a picture of a bald-headed man, even supposing he does chots va shalom look that way?” Zapp said.

“For that matter, Zapp, my wife’s brother Sig as a young feller used to rub talcum powder on his upper lip, because he thought it would make grow for him a moustache like the feller on the box,” Birsky said.

“Was there any such claim on the box outside of the picture?” Zapp asked.

“No,” Birsky said, “but Sig had just come over from the old country and couldn’t read English.”

“Well, all I could say he is lucky he didn’t want to raise a bald head instead of a moustache,” Zapp replied, “because he would of been set back at least \$3.50 for shoes instead of twenty cents for talcum powder.”

“A feller who thinks he could get bald-headed by wearing any particular brand of advertisement,” Birsky said, “never mind he couldn’t read English.”

“Well, that only goes to show how careful a newspaper should be if it doesn’t want its readers to be swindled,” Zapp said.

“Some people which is too foxy to believe anything they read in the news section of a newspaper gets fooled very easy by advertisements,” they could read it in the paper how seals has become so scarce that if all the seals in existence was divided up among the inhabitants of the State of Kansas there would be only .00062 seals to an inhabitant. Also they could see in a Sunday paper how the Secretary of Commerce and Labor gives out an interview that the United States is keeping a line of battleships in Alaska to prevent poachers from killing seals, Birsky, but that owing to the high price of sealskins in New York, the poachers takes a chance on getting shot, starved, frozen and drowned and sometimes catches as many as twenty-eight and a half seals in a season, y’understand, and yet, Birsky, when a concern by the name of the Paris and San Francisco Fur Importing Company advertises fur overcoats with Baffin Bay Seal lining and genuine Prussian Lamb collars at from \$19.99 to \$21.50 apiece, them newspaper readers figure what does a Secretary of Commerce and Labor know about seals anyway.”

“Maybe they figure that way, and maybe they figure that the feller which is running the Paris and San Francisco Fur Importing Company is just some poor Nelschik that has got a hold of a line of seal overcoats and don’t know their real value, Zapp, and never mind if the Schlemiel WOULD have a wife and family depending on him, Zapp, that’s HIS lookout. If he is fool enough to let them seal-lined overcoats go at from \$19.99 to \$21.50, he shouldn’t be in the fur busi-



Briggs

“Signs his name in the presence of the managing editor, the art editor, two prominent clergymen and a handwriting expert.”

ness if he don’t know no more about furs than that; so they buy an overcoat off of him, Zapp, just to teach him a lesson as it were.”

“Sometimes they also figure that the reason why the Paris and San Francisco Fur Importing Company could sell genuine sealskins at \$19.99 is that the overcoats was stolen, Birsky,” Zapp said, “so they go to work and buy ‘em on the principle of what the eye don’t see it, what is it the heart’s business.”

“Then what is the use of newspapers protecting them crooks by not printing fake advertisements?”

“I don’t know, Birsky,” Zapp said. “In



“Gets so red in the face that you’d think they was discussing labor unions.”

fact, Birsky, I ain’t got no sympathy for a bargain hunter anyway, and if he gets stuck by a Schlog store which advertises in a newspaper, y’understand, it’s my idee that when the Recording Angel enters up the score in the *Seper Chaym*, Birsky, he credits the Schlog store and the newspaper with a double buy, while all that the bargain hunter gets is a error.”

“And quite right, too,” Birsky said. “It’s always Miznsh to stick a bargain hunter, Zapp, because if he wasn’t out to stick somebody himself a bargain hunter wouldn’t be a bargain hunter. There is feller in this town, Zapp, a millionaire and college gradwatee—which when they talk about Schlog stores gets so red in the face that you’d think they was discussing labor unions, Zapp, and in the very next breath, y’understand, they’ll tell how they was mooring in the mountains of West Virginia and how they come across a log cabin where an old feller and his wife was raising a little corn for a living and eating it off a broken-down mahogany table mit bandy legs, club feet and all the other deformities which turns a human being into a helpless cripple and a table into \$1000 antique. Zapp. Then they’ll tell you how they bought the table from the poor mountaineer for \$3.38 and brought it back to New York and had it polished for \$10 and sold it for an antique dealer for \$1275.00; and they never stop to consider that while a Schlog store proprietor may sell a fur overcoat for \$21.50 by representing that the lining is genuine seal, the garment probably stands him in as much as \$10.50, reckoning what he paid the tailor for manufacturing and the S. P. Co. for the skins.”

“At the same time, Birsky,” Zapp said, “if I would be a reputable merchant, and I wouldn’t I TRY to be, Birsky, I wouldn’t advertise my goods in a paper which also accepts advertisements from Schlog stores because I figure that if a bargain hunter wouldn’t know of an advertised store where he THINKS he could get a \$100 overcoat for \$2.15, he would go to an advertised store where he really and truly could buy a \$100 overcoat for \$100, and anyhow \$110.50. So you see, Birsky, censuring advertisements is really for the benefit of the advertiser and not for the feller who reads ‘em.”

“Maybe you’re right, Zapp,” Birsky agreed, “aber it don’t make no difference how small and grossartig its circulation

would be, a newspaper couldn’t overestimate the foolishness of people that read advertisements.”

“I believe you,” Zapp said. “Now you take me for instance, and I am a pretty hard proposition. If I see in a newspaper that I am recommended to drink sparkling Graperins made from the juice of the ripest Illinois grapes, I take it for granted that on the bottle it says: ‘The contents of this package is composed from grape skins, grape stalks, grape boxes and grape barrels, sweetened with sakkarano and artificially colored and carbonated, contains 8-10 of 30 per cent. Benzoboracid acid and 6-11 of 70 per cent. something or soda and 4 per cent alcohol by weight and 38 per cent. by volume.’ Also I never fail for advertisements of cheap clothing, cheap straw hats, cut price furniture or specials in watches and jewelry, aber when I see in a newspaper

“And right away she forgets that she is going to take dinner Friday night with her husband’s folks.”

“And who would go to work and pay money to put in a paper an advertisement like that?” Birsky inquired.

CHAROS SIX ROADSTER
made by the Charos Motor Car Corporation.

This car has the elegant, refined lines of the most expensive cars. Seats eight and a half passengers and is finished in genuine walrus leather with four knife blade pleats and a belt of silk braid to the hip line, trimmed with narrow bands of fur and otherwise is equal in every respect to any car selling for over \$4,250.

\$610

F. O. B. Ryan, Jeff Davis Co. Tex.

“And just then the bell that announced the hour of study rang clear and commandingly.

In trooped the varicolored sweaters from their respective places rose the three figures and their letters. The little girl looked at each other, wondered at the general silence and passed on into the house.

NEVER SAY FAIL!

Remember—Safety First!! News and Views of Farmer Smith’s Rainbow Club NEVER SAY FAIL!

“WRITE ABOUT KITCHENER”
Dearest Children—Your Editor got scolded the other day by a very beautiful and loving critic who accused him of writing too much about HIMSELF.

Therefore he has CHANGED THE SUBJECTS somewhat lately. Today he asked the very beautiful and loving critic WHAT to write about and she suggested the talk for today.

The late Earl Kitchener, Great Britain’s premier soldier, never married. He claimed that married life and army life did not go together.

He was drowned.

Have you ever noticed how, far away from battle, great generals fall asleep?

In running hastily over the great generals of history, how many do you find were killed in battle? Stonewall Jackson was shot by his own men.

Lord Roberts, another flower of the English army, died in service but not in action, if our memory is correct.

Earl Kitchener paid the price of greatness, for he was accused of “never once being right.” Now that Mother Ocean has claimed him for her own, he has been proved to have been always right.

To be great is to be misunderstood, even as Kitchener was misunderstood by those he tried to serve the most.

Surely, greatness has its penalties.

We cannot all be Kitcheners, but we can stick to what we know (from experience) is RIGHT.

JIMMY MONKEY’S DREAM
By Farmer Smith

Jimmy Monkey was looking at himself in the looking glass when he happened to think how scroody he was.

He scouted downstairs to the pantry and looked and looked, but he could not see even one piece of pie. “This is serious,” he said to himself. Then he had a happy thought.

Going out to the front porch, he waited for the Baby Baboon to come along.

Sure enough, in a little while along came the Baby Baboon.

Jimmy closed his eyes and the Baby came and sat down beside him. Jimmy opened his eyes quickly and then sat them, FOL! His companion hadn’t seen him. By and by Jimmy yawned and stretched himself.

“Asleep?” asked the Baby Baboon.

“Having a day dream, that’s all,” answered Jimmy.

“And what’s a day dream? I never heard of that kind of a dream,” the little fellow looked up at Jimmy in an inquiring manner.

“That’s because you aren’t a monkey.

THE RAINBOW VIOLET HEARTS



Reading from left to right: Top row—Catherine Cohen and Celia Kaufman; middle row, Pauline Parker, Rosa Morrison and Edith Kats; bottom row, Ida Cohen, Essie Wyman, Florence Louindy, Anna Levin, Anna Kovalsky and Ethel Radeo.

MERCY ANNE PERKINS AT BOARDING SCHOOL

The terraced lawn of Miss Stone’s School for girls resounded with the usual four o’clock noise. The green grass and trees formed a happy background to the flock of bright colored dresses and still brighter colored silk sweaters. Fifteen more precious moments out in the beautiful open! Who wouldn’t laugh and shout and make the most of them?

In truth, though, every one did not laugh and shout. At 3:45 the mail had been distributed, and as a result three various-sized figures had separated themselves from the gay crowd and were now seated at points far apart, eye-deep in freshly opened letters.

May Belle Idelle Smith sat solemnly on the summer house steps and read again what she had understood all too well the first time. “Dear Mabel: Your letter was received and I am sorry to say I cannot let you do as you have asked. The \$500.00 that your uncle left you is not yours yet, and maybe it will never be. The son that he cut off without a dollar and his wife, whom, as you know, he did the same to, have put the case in a lawyer’s hands. So you see spending money on an elaborate vacation trip is out of the question. Your mother will need you this summer to help her with the children’s clothes. So make up your mind to come home and be a sensible girl, Lovingly, YOUR PAPA.”

Mary Belle bit her lips and thought hard. Mercy Anne Perkins, stretched out on the green grass, read bewilderedly a second time what did not sink into her bewildered mind the first time.

“Little Girl dear: Daddy has had news for his big, brave daughter. He won’t be able to get home from San Francisco this whole coming summer and, what is worse, he won’t be able to have his own daughter with him. Do you think, dear, that you

would like to stay at school this summer? Or would you like to come with your cousin of your own dear mother, who lives in the State of New Jersey.

“Be brave, little Mercy Anne, just as you have always been since the first day you fell down the cellar steps and didn’t cry. Never mind, daughter mine, some day we’ll have marble steps with gold pillows on them, for here’s a secret—Daddy thinks he is going to make some money! Good-by, and God bless my little girl. DADDY.”

A tear slid down the cheek of Mercy Anne!

Jerry Patton swung her feet hard against the cinder stone wall, cupped her chin in a pink little palm and didn’t know whether to be happy or sad. Again her eyes traveled over the last paragraph in her mother’s letter:

“And now, Jerry dear, about vacation plans—there’s a little disappointment for you, I’m afraid. Father won’t be with us this summer. He has to spend most of his time in the West on business. Please don’t fret, Jerry, because he has thought of something nice to make up for it. He says he just won’t let you and Jack and me get lonesome, so guess what? We’re going on a combination motor and camp trip, and Dad wants you to bring one of the girls from school with you and Jack to bring one of the boys. Isn’t that fine?”

Jerry looked up from the paper. Suddenly the fun of it all dawned on her—And just then the bell that announced the hour of study rang clear and commandingly.

In trooped the varicolored sweaters from their respective places rose the three figures and their letters. The little girl looked at each other, wondered at the general silence and passed on into the house.

The Outdoor World
By DOROTHY BOTTE, Lumberville, N. J.
“The whole world is a picture to me, painted by the hand of Our Father. From the verdure of the trees and the grass to the beautiful blanket of sparkling snow, all things were painted by the Great Artist. Then, too, are the little wood creatures and the large wood creatures and the birds, upon the tiny humming bird to the largest eagle; all these are part of the wonderful picture—the world. Truly, sometimes earth seems as though it must be a real piece of heaven.”

A Talltale Party
By ALICE WILLIAMS

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose mother told him never to take any of her blackberries without asking. One day she went out and left him alone. He met another boy and they took some berries and ate a pound of sugar on them. When the mother came home she took him to a mirror and showed him himself with sugar on his mouth and she told him to stick out his tongue.

He said, “Mother, don’t ask me! I went into the berries, she will never do it again.”

“Now that whatever you do will be found out some time.”

Honor Roll Contest
The prizes for the week ending July 1 were won by the following members:

- Elizabeth Gaudoin, East Moyamensing avenue, S.E.
- Mae Lelzer, Germantown, Pa. 56 cents.
- Celia Decker, North Franklin street, 83 cents.
- John G. Gault, Junksburg, Pa. 75 cents.
- Dorothy Galt, Broad street, 70 cents.
- Doris Leifer, Broad street, 23 cents.

A Picnic for Twins
By KATHERINE and ELEANOR MILLER.
Not a long ago we went last Sunday school picnic and had lots of fun. We went in a large bus and sang all the way. We had some blue played bean bag. We had some juice and had all sorts of good food. We had the cream and enjoyed it.

Things to Know and Do
1. What is that question to which we must always answer yes? (Sent in by Charles Wasberg)
2. Who invented the present style of sleeping pants? (Sent in by Miss Hannah Potashnik)

The Philadelphia Rapid Transit SAFETY FIRST CONTEST spans July 1st to \$100 in PRIZES to the Balloons. For rules, see Club News Wednesday, July 12.

Basball Scores
A. M. B. 21
Quakers 23
Baltimore—Cross and Fallster; Goidman and Dagobert.

FARMER SMITH’S EVENING LESSONS:
I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name

Address

Age

School I attend