

Advertising Talks

ADVERTISING HOPE OF HOME

How a Woman With a Wife-Beating Husband Secured Results That City Officials Denied.

Advertising does pay. A woman in Seattle has a husband who had formed the habit of beating her. She did not like the treatment, but saw little chance of alimony, so she advertised in a Seattle paper for "a man to thrash a wife beater; ten dollars reward; easy work."

A young man applied, administered the prescribed treatment, received his wage and went off smiling.

The woman said she had applied for relief to the mayor, the chief of police and the prosecuting attorney without satisfactory results, but when she advertised in the newspaper she secured instant response. All of which goes to show that if you want a thing done advertise for some one to do it for you.

The business of beating wife beaters is one that should appeal to husky young men who carry "a kick in either mitt" and, likewise, "the punch," comments the Wichita (Kan.) Eagle. It is a form of chivalry, and we might expect soon to see established in large centers of population an order, the Knights of the Ready Fist, or the Society for the Discouragement of Wife Beating. The newspaper columns may carry many advertisements, not only those placed by wives who have been beaten, but by active and progressive human thrashing machines, who will appeal thus:

"Wanted—By enterprising and ready young man, the position of thrasher of husbands who beat their wives. Husbands weighing under 148 pounds preferred. No wives with husbands weighing over 169 pounds need apply. Can punch with either hand."

Of course, if there is too much of this wifely retaliation and hired sabotage introduced into domestic life, husbands addicted to the habit of wife-beating may form a combination and hire their own defenders.

The moral of the whole matter is, however, that it pays to advertise. Let any maltreated wife now say to her bully of a husband: "If you are not good I'll advertise."

The end of wife-beating is in sight. And yet some say the newspapers do no good!

DROP ALL AD. SCHEMES

Laporte (Ind.) Merchants Sign Agreement to Patronize Nothing But Newspapers Hereafter.

Merchants and professional men of Laporte, Ind., members of the Merchants' association, to the number of over 80, have signed an agreement, in which they bind themselves not to patronize any individual scheme of advertising other than those offered by newspapers of Laporte county or bona fide publications. In the office or place of business of every signer of the agreement a card has been posted setting forth the agreement and being explanation sufficient to the advertising solicitor why it is impossible for him to do business with members of the Merchants' association. The text of the agreement follows:

"We, the undersigned business and professional men, do hereby agree among ourselves and with the Merchants' association of Laporte, that from and after April 1, 1912, we will positively refuse to patronize any individual scheme of advertising, other than those offered by newspapers of Laporte county or bona fide publications.

"Program advertising, donations, tickets and all such similar schemes that have been the cause of so many unjust demands upon us are especially referred to in the above agreement, and from the date mentioned we bind ourselves to the agreement, signed herewith, pledging our word that no such scheme will be aided by us, either individually or collectively, unless the same be first endorsed by the advertising committee of said Merchants' association of Laporte."

Had to Agree With Gladstone.

In his "Recollections of a Court Jester," Mr. Thaddeus relates that when Mr. Gladstone sat to him at Florence he was accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, who "whispered to me as she entered, 'Above all things, my dear, agree with him in everything he says.'" This true story might be capped by the remark of one of Lord Beaconsfield's characters in "Endymion" that "an agreeable person is a person who agrees with you." But one would like to see what Thaddeus thought of Gladstone disagreeing.

The "One-Time" Ad.

The "one-time" advertiser abandons the field right after the sowing, and the weeds of public forgetfulness grow over his immature plant. To be sure, there are exceptions to this rule. Some "one-time" advertisements are highly productive, just as some seeds yield crops a hundredfold with practically no care or attention having been bestowed after the planting. However, these only prove the rule.—John A. Reddan.

DON'T BE AN IMITATOR— ORIGINALITY WILL WIN

By BERT M. MOSES, President Association of American Advertisers.

Roughly speaking, I should say that more than half those who fall do so because they try to imitate somebody who has succeeded, and this is particularly true in advertising.

Just the minute the word goes along the line that a man has succeeded in some advertising plan, that minute a dozen or a hundred imitators spring up.

They try to copy his plans, and imitate his packages, his advertisements, and his procedure generally.

They do not seem to understand that success is not so much a matter of plan, or of copy, or of medium, as it is a matter of personality, and sometimes even a matter of chance.

It is not given to the human family to look into the future far enough to see what the public is going to do, because the public is the most fickle thing on this earth.

A man who comes along and promotes something that the public "takes to" is heralded as a "wise guy," or a man with wonderful intuitive proclivities.

If he promotes something that the public rejects he is set down as a fool, sometimes preceded by an adjective.

I am willing to admit that one man can do a whole lot more than another, but I will not admit that any living human being can say in advance what any certain line of advertising of any certain article is going to surely do. We must simply take our chances with the rest, and follow the three or four set rules in advertising which are so broad and general that they can be said to apply not only to advertising, but to every human endeavor.

One of these rules is that permanent success comes only from truth telling.

It comes only when promoting an article of merit for which there is or can be a widespread use.

It comes only when promoted by a man who believes in the article, and who takes a pride in keeping up its quality and in dominating the field.

It comes only by adopting forms of advertising which reach the most people at the least cost, chiefest of which is the evening newspaper.

It must be advertising that creates a favorable impression and stimulates a desire to buy.

It doesn't make any difference whether the field is apparently all ready fully taken up with articles of a competing nature.

It doesn't make any difference whether somebody else has tried practically the same thing and failed.

It doesn't make any difference whether everybody says such a thing is impractical or not.

If the right man comes along at the right time with the right article, and does the right sort of advertising, he is going to win out in spite of Hades, high water, and court injunctions.

A Lesson From the Hen.

Here is a bit of philosophy which we strongly commend to the attention of those merchants who, selling just as good wares as their more successful competitors who advertise, cannot understand why the volume of their sales, and hence of their profits, is relatively small.

When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg there's a whole of a noise.

The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hen's eggs instead of duck's.

Keen analysts may object that it isn't the noise the hen makes, but the superior flavor of her eggs, that impresses the consumer. The answer to that is that the public taste is largely a matter of educational advertising. If the duck and her ancestors had been advertising as long as the hen has her product would undoubtedly occupy as high a place in the popular favor.

The Customer You Are Waiting On.

Spillers says "a man behind the counter" is like a man on the bank of a stream catching driftwood. The point is not to worry over the logs that may be coming down the stream, or to worry over the ones that have already gone down, but to catch the logs that are right before you and get them high and dry on the shore. The customer you are waiting on is the only one worth considering, wait on that one as though it were the only one you ever expected to get—as though your future business existence depended on giving absolute satisfaction, and so handling this particular case that the customer would never deal elsewhere.

Unprofitable Advertising.

"There are two kinds of advertising that do not pay—dishonest advertising and advertising that isn't lived up to," says Jerome P. Fleishman in the Baltimore Sun. "By not living up to advertising I mean not backing it up with service to the customer—something that every advertisement implies and something that every reader of advertising has a right to expect."

Getting Even.

Mrs. Much-wed—Henry, I'm not going to put up with this a bit longer. I'll take the baby and go away to mother's.

Mr. Much-wed—Yes, an' I'll take the jewelry and go away to uncle's.—Pall Mall Gazette.

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD.

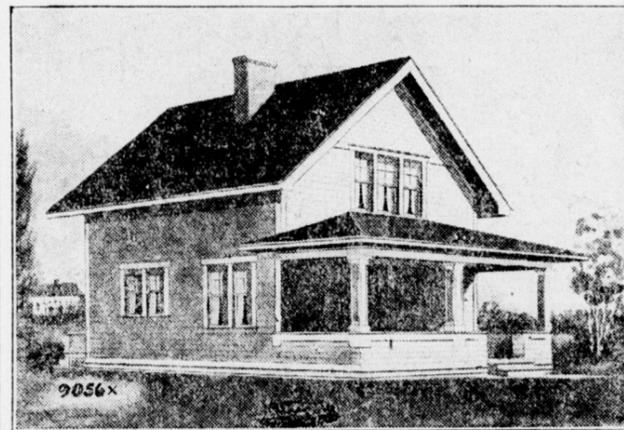
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The building of small cottage houses has lately assumed the dignity of an art. Adjacent to large cities are suburbs that may be reached by surface trolley roads; and in the vicinity of all the larger cities are outlying residence sections where steam roads make a specialty of carrying city workers back and forth at very low fares.

Usually the prices of suburban lots range from \$400 to \$1,500, including sidewalks and sewers. There are lots for more money, and there are lots for less money than these figures stipulate; but they are not in active demand. You can't get something for nothing; and when the price is exorbitant, sales are few. Prices vary a great deal in different parts of the country. There are suburbs where \$1,000 lots have all the civic improvements, including gas and pavement; while in other places you are lucky if you get a good-sized lot having sewer connection with the privilege of building your own roadways and sidewalks. But for those who are tired of living in cramped, badly ventilated quarters in the city, there is suburban relief if they are willing to put up with a few minor inconveniences in exchange for the greater comforts of pure air, bright sunshine, a lovely garden with beautiful flowers, and—which is better than all the rest—an opportunity to secure perfect health.

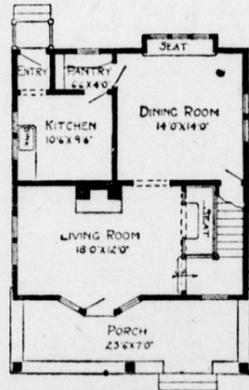
The two little cottages represented were designed especially for newly married people who wish to commence life under the best social conditions open to them on a salary such as the ordinary clerk or office man receives.

The first cottage is a little square box of a house, 25 feet 6 inches in



width by 26 feet 6 inches in length. As the floor plan shows, the interior is laid out in three rooms, with pantry and closets, besides a large coat closet which may be made into a bathroom either at the time of building or afterwards. A little house like this may be built for such a small amount of money that any young man could build it and pay for it in a few years at about the same cost as rent. In the meantime he could improve the property by planting the lot to choice flowers and the best kinds of fruits, and probably sell it to advantage if he wanted to do so.

Slightly more elaborate is the next plan. It is 26 feet in width by 30 feet 6 inches in length, and has a

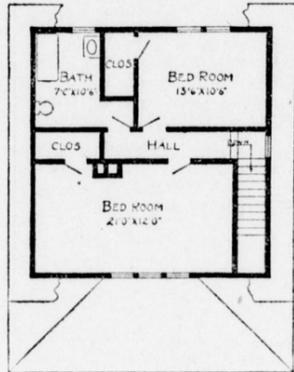


First Floor Plan.

large chimney with a fireplace in the living room. There is a very neat open stair going up out of the living room to the second floor, which is laid out to accommodate a family of two to four persons. This little two-story cottage is very attractive in appearance both outside and inside, as it comprises some of the most valuable architectural effects, such as usually are intended to embellish larger and more pretentious houses. The pro-

jection from the dining room adds a great deal to the appearance, whether it is used for a seat or for a built-in sideboard. It is useful and looks well in either capacity. This little cottage is supposed to have a good cellar and a hot-air furnace for heating. It is so small that the grate in the living room and the range in the kitchen will keep it comfortable, except during the colder winter months, so that the coal bill will not be very heavy.

The living room is a fine, big, attractive room. It is worth very careful attention at the stairway end. There are possibilities of building a comfortable cozy nook under the turn of the stair, with a hood over it which will add greatly to its appearance as well as its comfort. A seat placed by



Second Floor Plan.

the side of an open stair is draughty unless protected in some way. You don't want a door to shut off the draught, because you wouldn't like the looks of it, and because one great value of an open stair is the service it renders in the way of ventilation. There is always a current of air going up or down. The air goes up when the air in the living room is warmer than the air upstairs, and this may

HAD RATS IN TRUNK LIKE OLD WILD WEST

THE OPENING OF WHICH WAS CAUSE OF SCRAMBLE.

After Making Voyage Across Atlantic in Packing Case Owned by Family of Germans, Over Score of Rodents Are Killed.

Baltimore.—Customs inspectors—at least some of the old-timers like William H. Richardson, Charles H. Brannan, Lewin J. Heathcote and others—expect to run across things that are strange—and sometimes dutiable—in the baggage of steamship passengers from the other side. Even the younger members of the force are on the lookout for experiences that are out of the ordinary; but in the more than a quarter of a century of service under Uncle Sam Inspector Richardson the other day encountered something new under the sun, as far as the United States customs regulations are concerned.

And did he add another page to his record? He certainly did. So did several other inspectors.

Examination of baggage, especially that of immigrants, is not the most pleasant occupation in the world. Ask any customs inspector about this. But to open a box of personal belongings and then to jam one's hand into a nest of rats—or rather three of them—is just a little bit more than even a blase inspector cares to go through. And because of this there hangs a tale—or, to be more exact, nearly two dozen tails—and the following is the yarn:

The Breslau, with 1,153 passengers from Bremen, docked at pier 8, Locust Point, the other afternoon, where the cabin passengers were landed that night, and the steerage kept aboard until the next morning. There were 1,105 in the steerage, the majority of whom were men, but there were a number of women and several families among the immigrants. One of the families was that of Heinrich Popken, a thrifty German, who had with him a splendid family of seven full-grown children, in addition to his wife—six handsome daughters and one son—each of them well dressed, apparently well educated, and, needless to say, the cause of considerable comment. The family had numerous packages containing household goods and personal belongings. Inspector Richardson opened the first box and found nothing dutiable. While he was taking out the belongings of the Popkens, a second case had been opened. As soon as the lid was lifted the inspector saw that nothing but ruin lay before him.

"Rats!" he cried. "So what rats have done?"

With the cry the case was surrounded by customs officers, railroad men and immigrants. And it was a sorrowful sight to the Popkens. The case had been filled with clothing; but not even a ragman would have taken the articles as they lay. They were eaten to small particles, and reduced to worthlessness.

Inspector Richardson took charge of the situation and there began a search for the marauders. They were soon uncovered. First one and then another of the rodents was unceremoniously chased out of his comfortable quarters. The cry spread among the immigrants, and in a few seconds the whole pier was in an uproar. The cry of "Rats!" in half a dozen languages rang through the building. Here and there scurried the rats. After them sped former Cossacks, Austrians, Romanians, Bulgarians, Germans, Poles and Hungarians. Not one rat managed to escape, and when the carnage was over there were 23 of them stretched lifeless on the hard, cold floor.

MAKES MISCOUNT; KILLS SELF

Rich Cattleman Thought He Was Pulling the Trigger on Revolver's Empty Chamber.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Gen. Frank Canton of the Oklahoma National Guard, has returned from Benjamin, Texas, where he attended the funeral of his nephew, Roy Burnett, a rich young cattleman of New Mexico.

"The cattleman of the range country," says General Canton, "place only five cartridges in their six-shooters and keep the vacant chamber under the trigger, to lessen the chance of accident at discharge. But Roy had a habit of playing with his revolver by slowly pulling the trigger so as to turn the cylinder without firing, and counting the chambers as they passed before the trigger gave. After counting five he would give the trigger a hard pull and snap the weapon on the vacant chamber, scaring some friend the while by pointing the revolver at him."

"Roy and his wife and two young men of New York who were visiting them had been to a party a few miles from the ranch the evening of March 12. When Roy and his wife retired to their room Roy said he would like to give her a pistol exhibition. He did the usual counting of chambers, or thought he did, and then placed the muzzle to his temple on what he thought was the vacant chamber and pulled the trigger. The chamber had a cartridge in it and he was shot dead."

Will Move Often.

Chicago.—Falling to agree on one of two suburbs in which they want to live, Louis P. Wernecke and his bride, elopers, have decided to move every six months between Evanston and Benick.

CRIMINALS HAVE PEOPLE IN A STATE OF CONSTERNATION.

Sale of Pistols and Other Arms Increased Fifteenfold of Late—A Well-Known Author Gives Advice Against Bandits.

Paris.—The sale of pistols in Paris has increased fifteenfold since the latest exploits of the ruthless automobile bandits. This fact, ascertained by your correspondent, is only one phase of the excitement which is sweeping over the nation as the result of a series of daring crimes in which bandits have shot down all comers at sight.

Many are urging the adoption of the long-delayed law regulating the carrying of weapons; others argue that since criminals are still able to arm themselves, buying guns in Belgium if necessary, it is incumbent upon all citizens to be alert and armed for self-defense. This thought prevails widely, hence there are probably more armed men in France today than in any other civilized country. The idea of carrying a revolver appeals to the Latin imagination and the Chamber of Deputies is likely to debate long before passing a law making it difficult for citizens to protect themselves by carrying firearms.

The newspapers devote whole pages daily to the alleged movements of the phantom bandits, and cinematograph shows are advertising pictures of the automobile crimes. Men, women and children are talking on the subject, and mothers are hushing their babies by terrifying them with the names of Bonnot, Garnier and Carrouy. Some writers compare life in Paris to life in California in the days described by Bret Harte, while others assume that it is like life in the United States today, as almost the only news transmitted from America to Paris concerns lynching and train robberies.

Jean Renaud, author and a member of the Paris police, offers the public advice as to how to evade the attacks of the murderous robbers known here by the name of "Apaches."

"Do not allow yourself to be approached on any pretext," he writes "Beware of the well-dressed individual who advances with exquisite politeness, hat in hand, to ask for information, for suddenly, without waiting for an answer, he will strike you a violent blow in the face with the hat and trip you as his accomplices spring forward. Never approach curiously a group surrounding a man supposed to be injured, nor individuals who appear to be fighting, nor those feigning to send in a fire alarm. An excellent defense consists in taking flight. If you are a good runner do not hesitate. Do not pride yourself on a heroism which under such circumstances is ridiculous."

CAT TESTS COINS AND RINGS

Theosophist Holds That "Tabby" May Possibly Represent the Reincarnation of a Miser.

Jersey City, N. J.—A cat which bites coins and rings them on a counter to test them is the property of Steven Oliver and his wife Mary, who keeps a small fruit stand at the intersection of Newark avenue and Montgomery street, was studied the other day by a theosophist who holds that "Tabby" may possibly represent the reincarnation of a miser.

For some time after Tabby came to take up her abode with the Olivers, it was noticed that frequently when a customer left a coin on the counter for a few seconds it mysteriously disappeared. The Olivers finally saw the cat in the act of stealing to a corner with a dime and depositing the coin in a hole. Mrs. Oliver discovered 38 pieces of money—dimes, nickels and pennies—where Tabby had placed them.

The Olivers at once set about to develop her remarkable traits, finally placing her in charge of the cashier's desk.

When a customer enters the shop now the cat pounces forward and the moment that he lays a piece of money on the counter she eagerly gleans it up in her mouth and tests its worth by the old-fashioned method of biting. She will then drop it on the counter to see if it rings true.

If any one doubts her ability to test a coin let him give her a bad piece. She will throw it on the counter and back away, refusing to touch it. But if the ring of the piece of money satisfies her she takes it in her mouth, leaps over to her little box in the corner, where she drops it, and sits on guard until another customer appears.

Of late she has taken to receiving paper money when it is offered, although at first she paid no attention to this form of exchange. It is not thought that Tabby can yet discriminate between a bad and a good bill. Neither has she learned to make change.

Some Record!

Untontown, Pa.—Ninety years old, married 59 years, member of the Odd Fellows for 63 years and of the Methodist church for 75 years and a justice of the peace for 25 years—this is the record of George W. Cameron, of Bethelboro.

Admired Little "Chink."

New York.—Chinese suffragettes and their American sisters held a joint meeting. However, they spent most of their time admiring little Fung Li, attired in red pantaloons, who munched a rice cake.