THE CANADIAN COURIER

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

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TORONTO - - - ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

HUMILITY becometh an editor. In the presence of the advertising expert, who sells space, more humility. In comparison with the man who makes copy—salaams.

Who is the man that sets the pace for space value? Not the editor who pays ten—or less—cents a word for a story or an article.

We quote 10 because that is the high average in the 99,000,000 market in the land of many magazines. In Canada the cipher may be placed before the 1—except in special cases. Because our market is one-twelfth the size of the one over the way. Everything else about in proportion. Facts not only speak louder than words; they govern the price of words.

Neither is it the highly paid author who makes space valuable.

No, it is the writer of ad. copy, whose business it is to prepare words that cost the payer of space anywhere from 14 cents to \$1.75 a line; or maximum about 35 cents a word.

He it is before whom editor and author are humble. And of him a shrewd American writer makes

A BOOST
FOR AD. WRITERS.
On this subject,
Gerald Stanley Lee,
In His Book,
WE,
says:

A S time went on, I gradually discovered that from the point of view of a humanist or of a man who liked to sit by and watch our common human nature in this world, working away on itself, the advertising pages not only had more meat in them than the rest of the magazine, but they had more style. Men who were

trying to make their words really do things were forced to use better words, apparently, or more fit for their purpose—or the words wouldn't do them. And even when the men who wrote the advertising pages did not make their words do things, they tried to. I was drawn to them because they took words seriously. They seemed to have discovered what words were for. They knew what style was, and if they had any in them, it seemed to me, they were on the right road and were going to get it.

I noticed that some of the advertisements were written by men who had a great deal of style—a sense of fitness of words for their purpose. Others had comparatively little.

I noticed that some of the advertisements were written by good men. Others were written by bad ones.

I discovered that the advertisements by the good men were the ones that had style. They did what they were meant to do. They made me believe them.

I discovered that the advertisements by the bad men did not have style. They could not make



their words do with me what they tried to do with me. They did not make me believe them.

I then discovered that advertising was a great profession, because great success or permanent efficiency in it depended and was bound to depend upon the greatest gift in human nature—the gift of being transparent—of just being good inside, of being radiantly and contagiously good.

A man has to have such a genius for being sincere that even on paper one can hear his voice. One sees him when he is not there. One hears him when he is still.

Another reason I have found myself often liking the ad-authors better than I do the average run of regular-line authors that all our advertising magazines have to have of course is that the adauthors seem to me to be more independent. They are not merely trying to be polite to me and to everybody, slaving away all the while the way the regular authors do to make me and everybody like them and bow low to them. They are more serious, and they make me feel they are really trying to do something serious with me. However, they may go on fooling in that innocent-looking way about my pocketbook, I know that there is something they really care to make happen and that they propose to make this something happen to me.

JOCULARITIES

He—"They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike."

exactly alike."

She—"Then you must consider my refusal final."

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?" "Why, lady," responded our hero,

"Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

"My wife is certainly hard to please!"

"She must have changed a heap since she married you?" "She certainly has; but how did you

"She certainly has; but how did you know—er—think you're funny, don't you!"

"Managers say that grand opera stars are more tractable in vaudeville."

"Well, even a grand opera star can see the incongruity of being jealous of a performing chimpanzee or a trained seal."

"Are you going to the exposition?"
"Nope; can't afford it."

"But your wife bought an entire new outfit to wear at the exposition." "That's why we can't afford it."

"I'm going to ask her to be queen of my home," said the enamoured youth.

"Yes," replied the cynic, "and she'll accept with the idea that the home is to be an absolute monarchy."

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