

## ARMADA TEA

For All Occasions.

IT SATISFIES.



If your Grocer hasn't got it—  
He hasn't got it's equal.

Put up in one pound tins—never in bulk.

### Human Nature in Advertising.

I often read and hear advertising men preaching "Human Nature." They say, "One must study human nature to be a successful advertiser." They will specify further and say, "Consider human nature in writing your ad; do not forget human nature in drawing your illustration; make your slogan appeal to human nature; let your trade-mark be something that human nature is attracted by." Human nature, human nature and more human nature. I have heard enough of this and it seems to me that some of our advertising experts have put enough human nature everywhere except where most of it should be put. I have never heard any of these experts preach "Human Nature" in the selection of advertising media, one of the most important factors—the most important factor in advertising.

Suppose I have written an advertisement and put so much human nature all over it—copy, cut, border—that the whole thing combined looks like human nature itself typified. Now, could I derive any benefit from this "ad" if I kept it in my pocket or desk? Would it do me any good unless it was seen and read by human beings? Certainly not. I must place this "Human Nature" advertisement in some place where it can be seen by human beings, and common sense teaches us that the safest way to accomplish this end is to link our ad with the kind of literature that human nature forces the human being to read.

What is that literature? Is it history? Well, there are some people who read history, but they do not read it every day. Is it philosophy? I believe we have a number of philosophers and philosophy students, but they form but a small portion of the population of this world of ours. Is it scientific reviews? Yes, I have quite a number of friends who like to read such literature when they have time, but I am sure they read something else much oftener than, and in preference to, any reviews. Is it love stories? I asked a friend of mine the other day if he ever read love stories, and he said, "Yes, I used to read love stories when I was young and just trying to learn what love is, but not since."

Now then, what is it that is read every day by everybody—the rich as well as the poor, the banker as well as the clerk, the automobile owner as well as the truck driver, the society woman as well as the working woman, the millionaire's daughter as well as the factory girl, the scientist, the philosopher, the artist, the musician, and even the love-sick? There is something that all these people—in other words, the general public—sim-

ply cannot do without reading. There is something that human nature—so widely preached by some of our advertising experts—simply compels the human being to read every day and everywhere.

What is it? Most certainly the current news. We all want to know early in the morning, and in fact all day long, what happened yesterday, what is happening or likely to happen to-day, what happened in our own town, what is going on in other towns, and in other countries, who was killed, who was robbed, what is being sold, what is being bought. Sometimes, even the telegraph and cable are too slow to answer all these questions.

We want all the news as quickly as we can get it. Now, what do we do to get the news? Do we go out and buy last week's Leslie's? Do we place a standing order with our newsdealer to deliver it to our house every morning? Do we go to the Standard Oil stocks, do we buy the Review of Reviews printed last winter? When a lady wants to know what is being sold at Wanamaker's to-day, does she read short stories?

What do we do to satisfy that unquenchable desire human nature has put into us human beings? There is only one thing that I know we do. We read the daily newspaper. We read it every day and under all circumstances. If we ever happen to be too busy to read the newspaper, we certainly have too little time even to think that any such thing as a magazine ever existed.

It is, therefore, self-evident that the safest, most efficient and most economical way to communicate your "Human Nature" advertisement to human beings is to place it in the daily newspaper. The daily newspaper is the only regular carrier of literature of the keenest and most constant interest to human nature. Consequently, it is the only natural medium of national advertising.

The advertising man or the advertising agent who denies this truth either lacks the necessary qualifications for his profession or is guilty of unfaithful service to his client or employer, whichever the case may be. I presume that the average advertising man will refuse to recognize my views as anything new. He will probably say that he knows as much about it as I do, and perhaps more. But that is not enough. The only way to derive any benefit from our knowledge is to act accordingly. To quote the distinguished writer Bailey: "The great end of our life is not knowledge but action." I think it would be quite

appropriate also to quote the French writer who said: "Vivre ce n'est pas respirer, mais agir." In other words, "To live is not to breathe, but to act."

### Some Curious Things About Popular Songs.

Who can imagine a nation without its patriotic songs? It is said there is music in everything, and this is doubtless true; nevertheless, it requires an artist or a poet to detect it. Then, and not until then, does it become a living force to move masses of mankind.

Cases of this kind are by no means rare.

As far back as 1687 Lord Wharton published an Irish revolutionary ballad, entitled "Lillibullero."

It ridiculed King James II., and in a very short time the whole army got the right swing, then the people of both city and country were singing it perpetually. In 1688 it was whistled and sung in every street. Wharton afterward boasted he had rhymed King James out of his dominions.

Our Popular National Anthem.

Even our own National Anthem, "God Save the King," was first introduced in 1740 to celebrate the capture of Puerto Bello, South America, by Vernon.

The air was very similar to the present tune, and so popular was it that the French eventually adopted it in 1776, and it has also been used as the Danish, Prussian, and German national tune.

The words and music of the "Marseillais" were composed as far back as 1792 by a soldier—Rouget de Lisle—a captain of Engineers, stationed at Strasbourg. More than one lay claim to having composed the piece, however.

About the middle of that year it was sung at a civic banquet at Marseilles with such effect that it was immediately printed and distributed to the volunteers of the battalion just then starting for Paris.

They were singing their new hymn when they entered Paris; and again as they marched to the attack on the Tuilleries on August 10th, 1792. From that day the "War Song for the Army of the Rhine," as it was originally called, became known as the "Marseillaise."

On what depends the success of a popular song such as we hear these days—the words or the music? In nine cases out of ten, a song is really successful simply because it possesses an attractive, catchy, musical setting, as, for instance, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "The Rosary," etc.

From \$5 to \$1,200.

Scores of poems which appear in the magazines every year could be converted into songs, with popular handling. For instance, "The House of Too Much Trouble" was originally printed in one of Munsey's publications, for which the author was paid about five pounds and considered it a decent price. Later on, Heelan and Helf came into possession of it, made some alterations, set it in music, and six months later they collected something like \$1,200 in royalties.

Should any reader aspire to become a song-writer, a valuable hint may be welcome here. First, see that your song rings true to life; secondly, that simplicity is your keynote; and thirdly, that nothing exists which can be misconstrued with vulgarity. I wish I could emphasize this latter point sufficiently.

Artemus Ward declared he did not put swear words into his writings for two reasons. One reason was that it was wicked, and the other was that they were not funny. There are many lyrics to-day which are so vulgar and crude that only the musical accompaniment makes them endurable. When a song has a suggestive title, the attention of the listener is directed to the words. He remembers the words, not the music.

Song-Writers Not Musical.

Curious as it may seem, only a small percentage of song-writers are really musical. Of a census taken some time ago by an American musical journal devoted to professional song-writing, it transpired that only fifty out of five thousand were really musical.

Even Irving Berlin, with all his

musical "hits," has often remarked, "I would sooner have written four lines of Poe's Raven (for which only about four pounds was paid) than all the popular songs I have ever written."

It is generally conceded that a really successful popular song should earn from \$1,000 to \$7,000, though some have made larger sums and many others yielded smaller sums.

All popular songs, however, do not win favour immediately. Some, in fact have been on the market as long as two or more years before becoming big sellers. "Tipperary" was an instance of this.

\$2,000 a Line.

Songs which sell slowly, though steadily, for a period of years are considered to be the best investment, as the demand is both steady and permanent. This often means that a higher price per copy can be obtained.

Contract the rewards of songs with the amounts which some of our fiction-writers receive to-day, and the song-writer would seem to hold the sway, considering the amount of energy each puts into his work. What fiction-writer ever received as much as \$2,000 a line, the amount which was paid for "My Pretty Jane?"

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," on the lyric of which Ballard MacDonald spent about two hours, brought him, as his share, \$2,000, or nearly \$139 per word.

"Marguerite" netted over \$28,000, and "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back" earned the substantial sum of \$20,000, as also did "Yankee Doodle" and a few others of Mr. Cohan's.

"Alexander's Ragtime Band" sold to the extent of 900,000 copies and made \$12,000, and "Everybody's Doing It Now" netted \$10,800. In the \$10,000 class may be mentioned "The Boney Man," "After the Ball," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "The Lost Chord."

No Bar to Beginners.

Lower down the scale come "Conco Love Song," with \$8,000, while "Violeta," "Hawatha," and others realized \$5,000 each. "Dearie," "Mandy Lou," and "Break the News to Mother" each made a profit of \$4,000, while "Don't Cry, My Honey" and "School Days" made \$3,000 each.

It should be remembered there is no bar, as there often is in literature, to the beginner in the song-writing field. The work of a hod-carrier to-day may be next season's best seller. Competition is keen, sure enough, but as one popular writer recently remarked, "If you can write a good song and you feel called to write it, come up and be one of us; there's always room for one more song-writer."

St. Isidore, P.Q. Aug. 18, 1894. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours truly,  
DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

Wednesday and Thursday,

The Cosiest Place in Winter, the Coolest Place in Summer.

A BIG HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.  
MAE MARSH in

### "THE RACING STRAIN."

(It's a Goldwyn Picture.)

An interesting Ford Educational, "THE MILKY WAY."

A Flag Cartoon, "THE SPOILED GIRL." Also a Metro Comedy, "THE FUTURE MAN."

NEW SELECTIONS BY THE ORCHESTRA.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

### DUE BY "SABLE I" TO-DAY:

100 cases Sweet Mixed Pickles,  
100 cases Sweet Mustard Pickles,  
100 cases Sour Mixed Pickles,  
100 cases Chow Chow,  
100 cases Tomato Catsup,  
100 cases Pimento Relish,  
200 cases Syrups,  
200 cases Ass'ted. 12 oz. Jams.

### P. F. FEARN & CO., Ltd.

June 28, 6m

We are revising our mailing list and getting it in shape for a big stock campaign for the Fall months.

We would like the names of all investors who have been or may become interested in our promotions, and if our literature is being sent to anyone at present to whom it is unwelcome, we would appreciate your telling us, as we have no desire to annoy any investor or to waste time and post.

No client need send in his name who has ever invested through us, because all clients' names will be retained on our lists at all times.

### J. J. Lacey & Co., Limited,

City Chambers.

St. John's, Nfld.

### Does Dictation Make Novels?

Is it possible to test the dictum that dictation makes bad novels? A list of, say, fifty novels—twenty-five good and twenty-five bad—with authentic information as to which of them were dictated and which produced direct by the author's use of the pen, might help. Who will collect the facts? And who will decide as to the quality of the novels? Was G. A. Henty a "bad novelist"? His practice was, as he stated, to "dictate every word," smoking the whole time. He dictated in twenty days a story containing 140,000 words! He claimed that by dictation he obtained "larger sentences." Herbert Spencer dictated many of his works—in early years to amanuenses who wrote in longhand, later to shorthand-writers; and he was always watching the ef-

fect of the process on the quality of his literary product. He experimented. Of his essay, "What Knowledge is of Most Worth?" he dictated one half and wrote the other half. He afterwards asked "a competent judge of composition" the question whether he could decide where the transition was made. The answer was that he was unable to do so. Spencer discusses the topic at length in his "Autobiography." He makes one comment which may be pertinent to the present discussion. "Setting forth ideas already reached is accompanied by but little emotion, whereas evolving ideas from moment to moment while writing causes exaltation of feeling—the latter leading to the use of 'picturesque phrases and vigorous metaphors.'" This raises the further question whether it is more conducive to good work to think out your details before dictating or to "evolve" them during the process.—John O'London's Weekly.

### \$100 Ford Motor Car Shares

NOW WORTH \$12,500 EACH.

(From the St. Louis Post Dispatch.) The minority interest in the Ford Motor company, which has just been sold, comprises a little more than 600 shares, which, at \$75,000,000 figure out at the rate of about \$12,500 a share. This probably establishes a record in the appreciation of corporate stock, barring possibly the case of a sulphur company in Louisiana.

Figures printed in connection with the sale show that the company was started June 16, 1903, and sold the first year 1,708 cars, from which the profit enabled a 100 per cent dividend to be declared. The stockholders having got back the first year all they ever put in—and of the \$150,000 capital only about \$50,000 was in cash—everything they have received since has been velvet. The company sold thirteen fewer cars the second year than it did the first and ninety-six fewer the third than the second, but by 1907 it was selling at the rate of 8,500 a year and after 1909 production never fell below 10,000 cars a year, and reached 700,000 in 1917. It was not until 1906 that Mr. Ford obtained a controlling interest.

The Dodge brothers retired with \$25,000,000 to divide equally between them and six other stockholders retire with from \$6,562,500 to \$12,500,000 each. In 1908 a majority interest in the property whose minority interest has now brought \$75,000,000 was offered for \$5,000,000 and refused. Mayor James Couzens of Detroit remains in the company with 2,130 shares, valued at \$29,250,000, which would probably make him the richest mayor in America. It is not so many years ago since the municipal budget of Detroit was hardly greater than his present income.

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The GÜDDRICH  
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### Editors of To-Day.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL  
AND THE "BRITISH WEEKLY."

A frail little man in his sixty-fifth year, with a Scotch accent, which over thirty years of London life has done nothing to mitigate. A little man whose appearance only in itself indicates his force of character, the frequent fierceness of his opinions. This is a bald superficial depiction of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, editor of the British Weekly, under the Bookman, literary adviser to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, a discoverer of poets and novelists, a teacher, theologian, critic, and most pertinent popular journalist.

As Versatile As A Syndicate. Sir William's range of interest is limitless. Hymns and politics, Charles Fronte and the Greek Testament hold his interest in almost equal degrees, and on them all (and on a great number of others) he has a scholar's knowledge. Incidentally, he has an amazing working, and so many of his various are his vocations that it is almost impossible to declare a belief that William Robertson Nicoll was the name of a syndicate and not of an individual.

High Priest of the Kallyard. Some of us (alas!) are old enough to remember the vogue of the "Kallyard school" of fiction, and how it was used to struggle manfully to displace the meaning of the Scotch words and the Scotch phrases. Sir William was the high priest of the Kallyard. Many generations before he was born the Scotch had conquered England. But he was the man

### THE DIFF

"SHERIFF'S ESSENCE OF V  
PERSON WHICH IS SAID TO  
DOPE ON THE MARKET."—Ext  
News, Aug. 29, 1919.

FLAVORING

If you want Flavoring Extra  
"Dope" for drinking purposes, u  
GOLD EXTRACT, the favorite e  
years.

The Pure Gold Mfg. Co., Ltd.  
and they positively refuse to sell  
legitimate Grocery trade, and o  
trade whom they are convinced  
cooking purposes only and not fo  
the dozen since the Prohibition i  
is carried in St. John's.

Orders will be booked from the  
the understanding that Pure Gold  
holders for cooking purposes only

P. E. OUTE  
Agent The Pure G  
KING'S ROAD (cor. Gower St.)

Aug 29, 61, 1919

### HE'S SOME "CARD."

By Wood Cowan

Directed by George Matthew Adams

