



TOO BUSY TO LIVE WELL

I SEE that Lord Northcliffe has been telling the British people that they make the best goods in the world in their "little British workshop"; but that they do not know how to advertise them. He also mentioned that they are pushed less vigorously and packed less attractively, and he might have added that they are adapted to local requirements with less skill than those of their rivals. The Briton goes on the theory that, if he makes the best article of its sort possible, it will eventually win its way. Well, it won't. It might if the world were a lot smaller, and people were a lot less busy, and life were a lot longer. But, as the world is constituted, the most of us go through life as if we were living on the "lunch-counter" system. We are engaged in a persistent, consistent, incessant rush after money, and the "fun" that money will buy; and we only drop in for a breathless moment or two at some "lunch counter" sort of a place to get anything in the way of food or clothing or housing or education or whatever we may need to keep us going.

WE give precious little consideration to our choice of the necessities of life—we put all our time on the prizes and the luxuries. That is why advertising is much the most profitable part of the production of any article. That is why a shop-window on the "front street" can pay so enormous a rental. There are, in a city I am well acquainted with, two or three short sections of main streets where the rents have become fabulous of late—yet by no means prohibitive. The merchants continue to pay them. They do so because they can better afford to pay ten thousand a year on a side-walk, up and down which promenade all the people, than one thousand a year just a short block off that crowded thoroughfare. And this single fact is—to my mind—one of the most illuminating comments upon modern life that I know. We will not take time to chase a well-known and thoroughly good shop one block. We will rather drop in on some unknown and untried establishment which we find just at our elbow. The only shops which can venture to leave the Great White Way are those which do practically nothing but a "telephone business."

WE no longer insist on buying the best—all we insist on is paying the highest price. We seem to reason that, if we pay the highest price, then we have done our share; if the goods supplied us for that highest price are not the best, that is not our fault or our humiliation—that is the fault of the firm which supplied them. Let it bear the shame! It is a funny, topsy-turvy way of looking at the business of buying; but it is very truly the way in which many look at it. The old housewife, who insisted upon getting the best possible for her money, and who was not ashamed to say that she bought as cheaply as she could, has nearly passed away. In her place, we have the social devotee who telephones for things, and comports herself with an amused philosophy when they are not good. The only point upon which she insists is that they must cost quite as much as anybody is paying. If they do not, she will go to another—and more expensive—shop.

I HAVE been saying "she." But "he" is worse. At all events, "he" is more unanimous. There are still—thank God!—housekeepers who pride themselves on being able to buy well; but the heads of the house habitually buy what the gentlemanly clerk tells them they should have. Of course, the root of the evil is the absorption of all of us in far more important pursuits than the mere collection of the gear of life. The man who loved to build a house for himself—who studied the different varieties of wood and knew exactly which was the best for each purpose—who planned verandahs and laid out gardens and cultivated flowers and nosed around the markets in the autumn looking for choice apples and superfine winter vegetables—that man is dead and has left no progeny. We pride ourselves now on being careless about all such things. Ignorance of "trade secrets" had become a badge of social superiority. We simply go to the best shop—the highest priced—and leave the

results to Providence!—or, rather, to improvidence.

THIS is what makes advertising pay so well. Advertising is a method of bringing the show-window of a store right up to your reading-table of an evening, and getting you to glance into it as you are looking for the sporting news. Or, if you are a lady, it had better be put next the social gossip. It is very easy—it gently suggests to you that you need a hat or a suit or a pair of shoes or something or other, and tells you where to get it on your way down-town in the morning. We do our shopping on street-car "transfers." This gives a shop at a "transfer corner" a decided advantage. We ask for the thing we have seen advertised; for we are familiar with its name. If it turns out to be bad or ill-fitted to us, why, we have a sufficient defence. We look at it in a deprecating manner, and

Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

"BEFORE Mr. Rockefeller departed in his limousine, he distributed new Lincoln pennies to children who attended the service. With a smile he told them to put the coins in the savings bank. The children thanked him and nodded assent." This is from one of the press despatches in which the doings of the American royal family are frequently reported to the world at large. A comment on Mr. Rockefeller's reckless extravagance in thus giving away



AFTER THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY FIGHT.
Murphy of Tammany (to the Ghost of Tweed)—"Did you ask what they were 'going to do about it,' Boss?"

his wealth might be made as a warning against prodigality, but I think the most significant thing in the paragraph is that smile which accompanied his admonition about putting the money in the bank. No doubt it was the artless smile of benevolence; but it is possible also that it was a smile of grim irony intimating the suggestion that the donor himself had arrived at the billion mark by carefully husbanding the pennies that were the reward of his personal toil. Old John must be a good deal of a humourist, after all.

I'm afraid my amicable friend, Mr. Phillips Thompson, has Capitalism on the brain. It is a malady which is almost sure to afflict the man who indulges overmuch in socialistic reading-matter. Its symptoms are a tendency to see everything in lurid colours, and to develop an inordinate suspiciousness. In extreme cases the victim of the malady sees a deep laid plot of Capitalism in almost everything he looks at. It is only upon some such ground as this that I can account for Mr. Thompson's alarm at the recent speeches of Messrs. Hawkes and Cooper in favour of a non-partisan settlement of the navy question, and his expressed astonishment that the Liberal papers, in reporting said speeches, have allowed themselves to fall into the palpable trap of the armament monopolists.

Mr. James L. Hughes is writing his reminiscences in the *Star Weekly*. His prodigious memory enables him to begin them quite early, for it appears the first incident he recalls was of his being passed about as an infant among his visiting aunts who declared that he was a very pretty child. "This," says the veracious Doctor, "I distinctly remember as evoking my vanity for the first time." There

remark casually to our friend—"Well, I bought it for a So-and-So, and you know you can't do better than that." And the funny part of it is that that explanation satisfies. We had rather look badly in a thing by a good maker than look well in one bought cheaply from an unknown house.

SO "dear Old England" might as well make up her mind that it will no longer do to merely deliver the goods. She must advertise them as well as the Americans do, and adapt them to local fancies as perfectly as the Germans do, and "commercial traveller" them as well as both. "The good alone survive" has become inspired "tommy-rot." If you are going to put an article on the market, it is better to put twenty cents into the article and twenty-five cents into the box and fifty cents into advertising it, than to bury your whole dollar in the creation of a superfine product. Now, this is not a "knock" for the advertising department; it is a "boost." The advertising man could do worse than send copies of these remarks to very firm he proposes to canvass. Human nature being what it is—and it most emphatically is—they simply must advertise. And human nature is not going to change in our time—except for the worse.

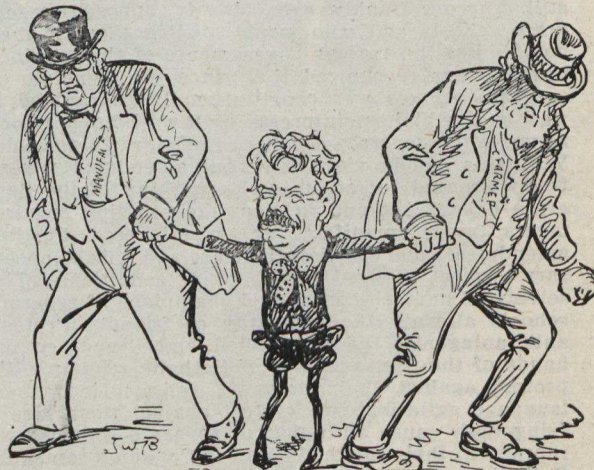
THE MONOCLE MAN.

is some good ground for any vanity Dr. Hughes may now possess; he has turned out a fine boy educationally. But why does he make no comment on the incompetency of his aunts as judges of infantile beauty?

Hon. Dr. Montague, I observe, has broken into public life again after being a "long-lost cheild." He has just been given a portfolio in the Manitoba Government. The doctor is not really an aged man, but it certainly seems a far-away day when as a candidate in Haldimand he put over that clever trick on the newly enfranchised Indians of the reserve—issuing a circular ostensibly signed by Queen Victoria and advising her faithful red children to vote for her dear friend, Dr. Montague. That was surely playing a royal flush.

Professor Stephen Leacock has been lecturing in Montreal on the "Cause of High Living." From a summary of his remarks we gather that living is inordinately high because food, clothing and shelter happen to be unusually expensive. The Professor is undoubtedly on the right track—I forgot to mention that he was speaking in his capacity of incumbent of the Chair of Political Economy at McGill. When it came to suggesting a remedy for the trouble, Dr. Leacock seems to have made a quick change into his other capacity, that of popular Canadian humourist, for he proposed that the thing to do was to appoint a committee of investigation.

Of course our fellow-citizens who have been crowding the theatre to see and hear Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw have been actuated solely by a discriminating taste for stage-dancing and a desire



Quo Vadis?

to encourage the development of that dainty art. The fact that the lady's name was mixed up in a notorious and unpleasant murder trial is something that may or may not have been known to these earnest devotees of art for art's sake, but I don't suppose it could have had any bearing on their desire to see the performance.