

The Evening World

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Approved!

By J. H. Cassel

How to Be A Better Salesman And Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.

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NO. 2.—THE ROMANCE OF MERCHANDISE.

It has been several years now since the day I went into a clothing store in Indianapolis to buy a couple of collars. That was in the good old days when collars were two for a quarter.

Seeing that my interest was only casual, he didn't make any strenuous effort to make an immediate sale. Instead, he began to tell me all about how the silks were woven, how the dyes were prepared, how the patterns were produced by the interlacing of particular wool threads with other warp threads.

Without saying a word about "wonderful values," he somehow made me feel that these were truly marvelous examples of the art of neckwear making.

This incident will remain in my mind probably as long as I live, because, with all due respect to retail sales people, such occurrences have been distinctly unusual in my life.

Knowing all about your goods, not only from the standpoint of the selling value, but also the history and process of manufacture of them, is an extremely valuable asset to a sales person.

The world of to-day seems to be organized on a basis of hurry, rush, speed. As a consequence, sales people take pains to learn only the bare selling points about their goods—only those things which make for commercial value and utility.

This is all very well, perhaps. To be successful in selling, you positively must be familiar with all the reasons why your goods should be purchased. But if your knowledge of your goods stops there, doesn't your presentation of them get just a trifle stale, monotonous, routine-like?

Study thoroughly the history of almost any article of merchandise and you will be brought in touch with the history of the whole civilized world. Education is based largely on a knowledge of history.

Study such as is recommended in this article will increase your sales, it will broaden and educate you, and it is intensely interesting besides.

THE PRICE OF BUTTER.

EIGHTY and ninety cents a pound is what New York housewives have to pay for butter these days. Consumers have been told they had better be prepared to see butter retailing at \$1 per pound.

Yesterday it became known that a big butter-making concern, the Beatrice Creamery Company of Chicago, had announced a special dividend of 31-2 per cent. on its common stock, while at the same time its distributing subsidiary, the Fox River Butter Company, declared an extra dividend of 10 per cent. for its common stock holders.

In the face of related facts like these, can any public be bamboozled into accepting the amazing increase in the retail price of butter as part of an inevitable economic rise of prices during and after war?

Talk of propaganda! Why has nobody called attention to the huge amount of propaganda devoted to preparing consumers for unlimited boosting of the prices of necessities above and beyond actual economic rise?

Does a purely economic advance in the price of a commodity carry extra profits and special dividends for those concerned in its production and distribution?

Butter is not the only article of common need concerning which the above demand should have been long since insistently reiterated.

The luckless consumer is now charged \$15 for a pair of shoes that used to cost \$6, and the polite salesman is instructed to suggest to him gently that next time they will probably cost \$20.

Millions of people will testify that for months past this has been their experience in buying most of the things they need.

Always the increase of price since previous purchases, always the preparation of their minds for higher prices still to come.

There can be no question but that this sort of thing has tended to produce throughout the country a psychological acceptance of the inevitableness of soaring prices—a mental state in the highest degree favorable to the plans and policies of those who see in it sure guarantee of extra dividends.

But are high prices reached in this way to pass for strict economic consequences of war, to be reckoned as such whenever they turn up in problems of reconstruction?

Not if capacity for clear seeing and straight thinking can be counted on in those whose business it becomes to state and seek solution for those problems.

We dwell on the price of butter as an example because there is no household rich or poor to which ninety cents a pound for butter does not appear preposterous. Also because the light now thrown upon that price by the extra dividends of the creamery companies is particularly timely and illuminating.

The price of butter, however, is but typical of many present price levels which American consumers are in danger of having imposed upon them and of accepting as appalling but inevitable, unless some of the extra profits and dividends sprouting in the shadow of these towering prices are disclosed.

Letters From the People

Unorganized Labor a Voice.

I saw your splendid editorial, "Give Unorganized Labor a Voice," and also the letters which appeared in your issue of last night. Believe me, the condition of things as regards salaries in the Navy yard is terrible and unbelievable, particularly in this department. All we men get who have been here ten years and over, with wives and families to support, who have faithfully served our Government, and subscribed to the limit for Liberty Bonds and run ourselves into debt in order to pay for them, is the same wage as is given to girls just out of school, \$2.48 per diem, equal to about \$2 a couple of years ago.

Our petitions are unheard. We get up one a week ago and had it signed by 100 per cent. of those interested, and addressed it to the Secretary of the Navy, and our good friend the Commandant held it back and refused to forward it.

We are practically starving. It is a disgrace to our country and a reproach to civilization. Will you please side with us, and in the name of humanity assist us by bringing our case to the attention of the public?

A. NORTON, CATERER, New York, Dec. 12, 1918.

Our "Unorganized Labor" editorial, and your correspondents' letters on the same subject, are very just and timely, and are appreciated unreservedly by thousands of sufferers under present conditions. But just the same, they are the hardest kind of people to get to try and help themselves.

who was one of the ones who wouldn't have anything to do with a such organization. Then again I have met lots of "unorganized labor" in politics, and I am free to say they are, as a rule, the most arrogant and insolent of all the factions that make up a political party. I can justly say that nine out of every ten of them knew more about "running the party" than the leaders, and they were absolutely unscrupulous for their vote on election day. It is true in the affairs of to-day unorganized labor is down and out, and it is also true that they are doing some real suffering, and unfortunately there is no sunshine in prospect for them, but there is no one to blame more than themselves. My candid advice to each and all of them is to get together, work together, and above all things, pull together for their own benefit and advantage, and they will not be long in the class of "unorganized labor."

WILLIAM MADDELL, Peekskill, N. Y.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Your editorial on unorganized labor is certainly very amusing to a great many of us. It's like a person standing indoors looking at others out in the street getting wet in a rain storm. Some say it's a pity to see them getting soaked, but it doesn't occur to any of them to come in out of the wet.

In other words, why don't they organize? Do you or any of those letter-writers know of any profession or trade that doesn't have its organization to look after its interests? If you knew all the law that ever was printed but did not belong to the lawyers, would you would not be allowed to practice it?

A UNION MAN, East Orange, N. J.

Advise Navy Men to "stick."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where does H. E. D. get the idea that there was no No. 10 Reserve in April, 1917? I joined the N. R. F. on April 15, 1917, and did two trips across the country for four years and got married, thereby getting \$15 a month more and now wants to get out. He is a man H. E. D. and O. S. N. too. You agreed for four years; do it and don't squeal. C. W.

How Great Wars Were Ended

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 13—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THIS is the story of a war which left Germany pretty much where the present war is likely to leave her. It was a conflict that raged from 1618 to 1648 and that was fought, allegedly, in the holy name of religion. It is known to history as "The Thirty Years' War."

The war began in Germany. One by one other nations were drawn into it until almost all the civilized world was fighting and suffering.

A quarrel between two religious sects in Northern and Southern Germany started in 1618 and led at once to arms. At the same time Bohemia sought to throw off the Austrian yoke. The North German states backed the Bohemian cause.

A North German and Bohemian force invaded Austria and threatened Vienna. Bad weather rather than Austrian prowess drove this army back when victory seemed at hand.

Then the Emperor of Germany attacked Bohemia and thrashed the rebels as well as their North German allies. These allies next obtained money from England and soldiers from Holland and Denmark and sought to hold their own against the Imperial German armies.

Guens, Wallenstein and Tilly of the Imperial armies thrashed the allies, including the Danes, and the city of Magdeburg, seizing the place after a seven months' resistance. Then of the city's 35,000 men, women and children Tilly massacred more than 30,000 and razed Magdeburg to the ground.

A historian speaks of the sack of Magdeburg as "the foulest blot on German history." If the same historian could read of the Germans' exploits in the present war he might consider Tilly's behavior at Magdeburg almost merciful by contrast.

Just when the allies were about to surrender to the Imperial power a new element came to their aid. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, joined the alliance. He not only wanted to help the allies, but to cut down Austria's growing strength and to gain a foothold for Sweden on the Baltic coast.

Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes carried everything before them. They defeated Tilly, near Lutzen, and swept all opposition from their path. Tilly met the Swedes again with a still stronger army. But they defeated him with fearful losses and left him dead on the field of battle.

Wallenstein, with a mighty force, then opposed Gustavus Adolphus at Lutzen Nov. 6, 1622. But the Swedes routed him even more decisively than they had beaten Tilly.

This victory, however, was won at high cost. For the gallant Gustavus Adolphus was killed in the battle. His Swedes sought to avenge the death of their adored King by pillaging Bavaria and rivaling the Austro-Germans themselves in deeds of murderous barbarity. They devastated Saxony and Thuringia and then overran the King of Denmark, who had gone over to the Imperial standard.

By this time France and England had been brought into the war as the allies of Sweden, and they laid waste Bavaria and Saxony for a second time.

So in the course of time the war fought itself out, until, through sheer fatigue, all parties agreed to end it. Peace terms were patched up, every warring nation seeking what it could for itself—and Germany, perforce, paying the bill.

The war ended in 1648, leaving Germany a total wreck. For nearly a century thereafter the German people felt the crushing effect of this conflict which they (or their rulers) had brought on.

The Baby Beater

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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Are You Doing Your Bit in This Great New York to Make the World Safe for Little Children?

THIS is one of the most brutal and inhuman acts ever brought to my attention. I would like to take you into my chambers, strap you and beat you with a horsewhip for about two hours. I know of no punishment so severe for a brute of your calibre."

In these words Magistrate Francis Mancuso, in the Harlem Police Court, scored the culprits who had beaten a baby, a few months old, with a leather strap.

It was only by accident that this deplorable condition was found. It seems that this parent had formerly whipped another child, but was not convicted and was on probation. It was the probation officer, on a visit to the home, who found the other child black and blue from the blows inflicted.

I hope this monstrous man will be punished to the full letter of the law. To my mind, there is no punishment great enough for a man who stoops to the level of the brute to the point where he beats a little baby in a cradle. He does not belong in a civilized country. He has ceased to be human.

To be commended is the person who found the affair and reported it. And this article is written in the hope that all such criminals will be brought to justice.

I know of another child who suffered for months at the hands of depraved parents. Two or three of the neighbors knew about it. But they were loath to interfere. They went on the theory that it was a "family matter" and "none of their business."

Finally, it was through the courage of a young girl, a servant in one of the neighbors' families, that the matter was reported, the pair punished and the little child saved from further violence.

I wish it were possible for every person to reflect on this case, for it answers the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

If people would only reason that they are their brother's keeper—where he is a weak brother, as in the case of the little one.

Money cannot buy the glow of gladness that comes to the spirit of him or her who has stopped in his haste on the byway and has set something right that was wrong, especially in the direction of helpless little dependents.

When we talk about making the world safe for anything we had better first consider the one element necessary—the personal equation—the personal interest—the personal touch.

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Sometimes It Is Hard to Explain That Extra Bank Roll

MEET me at the Hotel St. Croesus," had been Mrs. Jarr's command. "Mrs. Stryver, like all rich people, doesn't believe in Christmas gifts. I promised to go with her to this meeting of the Spugs."

So Mr. Jarr dropped in. As he entered Mr. Frederick Foddick Futt, the chairman, clapped his hands together for attention. And the members and sympathizers of the Society for the Suppression of Useless Christmas Giving directed their gaze at the platform.

"Our speaker this afternoon has just arrived, and he needs no introduction," began Mr. Futt, the Chairman. "His name is a household word. As Secretary-at-Large of the Eclectic League of Esoteric Sociology his momentous book, 'Comments and Compilations of Facts and Figures of Tribal Traditions' will go thundering down the corridor of time!"

A polite patter of applause followed as Mr. Futt paused for it. And Mr. Jarr found himself taken by the hand and being solemnly introduced as Prof. Benjamin Babcock Bannister.

Mr. Jarr didn't care. It was his afternoon off, anyway, and one John W. Rangle had enticed him to help destroy the last liquor store of a non-producing nation. Mr. Jarr didn't know why he had been mistaken for a speaker invited by correspondence, while Prof. Bannister, the missing, was doubtless on a belated train.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. Jarr, "your invitation to address you is appreciated. You find me the uncompromising foe to useless giving as such. But is there any such? At this season of the year the insidious habit of giving Christmas gifts is undermining the whole framework of society."

"Let me cite you a case from real life," said Mr. Jarr, gracefully pushing his collar back in place with one hand as he made an oratorical sweep with the other. "I shall not go far afield to cite the evil aftermath of the gift madness that now sweeps the land."

"I know a man—I know him personally, intimately—nay, I know no one better—who this very day has been parted from a wife he dearly loves by this deplorable practice. At this moment that wife, estimable

otherwise, is going down one bargain aisle after another, buying things she cannot afford for people who will not appreciate them, while her husband—where is he? He wanders helplessly, unhappy, seeking her!"

Here a loud sob from Mrs. Spington, the heaviest contributor to the Spugs, and a murmur of approval from the others indicated to Mr. Jarr that he had made an oratorical ten-minute strike.

Mr. Frederick Foddick Futt passed the hat, and Mr. Jarr, with encouraging words such as "Let the good work go on!" and "Every little helps!" and "He gives well who gives early!" kept up the fervor of those present and their pocketbooks open.

And with such urging to back his efforts, the chairman returned to the platform with some thirty dollars, as Mr. Jarr afterward ascertained, in bills and silver.

"And now," said Mr. Jarr, as he took the collection from the collector. "To apply this fund to practical use. Mr. Frederick Foddick Futt will address you, while I seek out the wife of the man I speak of and reason with her, and also while I help that man himself. I bid you good day."

He departed after handshakings and enthusiastic good wishes. And, after calling up Mr. John W. Rangle, and again securing his aid in destroying the last remaining liquor in a free land, he returned home and reproached a contrite wife.

"Yes, forgetful woman," he said solemnly, "while you make an urgent appointment with me to join you at a meeting of the Society to Suppress Useless Giving, and while you forget all about that meeting and your devoted husband amid the lure and enticement of the holiday goods department, I am eloquently pleading with the Useless Givers to do some useful giving. Here is the result of my fervid and compelling rhetoric—thirty fish. If you buy me a smoking set or a smoking jacket—or anything to smoke with or buy it or any part of it, we part forever, and I go off to the wars to join the Y. M. C. A.!" And so saying, he sobbed and then fell asleep on the sofa.

"Now, I wonder how much he originally had and how he got it?" said Mrs. Jarr, as she gazed in astonishment at the \$30 in small bills and currency he had handed her in his hat.

"I know a man—I know him personally, intimately—nay, I know no one better—who this very day has been parted from a wife he dearly loves by this deplorable practice. At this moment that wife, estimable

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