WILSON TO SPEAK BEFORE 'AD' MEN

Will Try to Attend Big Philadelphia Convention To-Morrow.

VALUE OF HONEST ADVERTISING SHOWN

R. H. Waldo Tells Delegates How the Policy Has Stood Test of Time.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Philadelphia, June 27.—In the midst of a busy session, officials of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World received a message from the White House to-day, stating that President Wilson probably would come to this city and address the convention.

If the President comes, it is planned to have him address an all-America meeting, on Thursday afternoon, in Independence Square. Many believe that in his address to the ad men, Mr. Wilson may have an important message to the country bearing on the impending international crisis.

The telegram from the President's secretary to Herbert S. Houston, president of the organization, read as follows:

"The President hopes and expects to be able to attend meeting Thursday afternoon, but, as you will realize in the present circumstances, it is absolutely impossible for him to make a definite promise. If you are willing, I suggest that you go ahead with your arrangements for the meeting. Will advise you definitely as soon as I possibly can."

At the general morning session of the convention in the University Museum, Llewellyn E. Pratt, chairman of the National Education Committee, discussed the abuses of advertising and some of its unrealized possibilities.

Frank Stockdale, secretary of the same committee, said that all small retailers in the country were getting interested in advertising and efficiency as applied to modern business, and that a new era for the small advertiser was approaching through the efforts of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World to make better methods general.

John Hart, of London, spoke on various features connected with advertising in the British Isles.

Value of Honest Advertising.

R. H. Waldo, of The New York Tribune, told the delegates that "in the advertising department of a newspaper lies the alpha and omega of publishing success. In it," he added, "confidence is made or unmade, and in vain will the editorial page thunder or woo with sweetest threnodies, if the leprosy of unclean advertising has taken hold of the paper's vitals."

In telling of the opportunity which came to him of turning into practice his theory of the value of honest advertising to a newspaper, Mr. Waldo said:

"It was my privilege to become identified with a property which, once the foremost in its city, had long been losing advertising revenue at the rate of $50,000 to $100,000 a year. Once the leader in annual revenue, it had gone back so far that the paper which had taken over the leadership carried $10 to every $1 spent with the old-time property. Heroic efforts had been put forth, and there had been no stint of money spent, but still the tide went down, though circulation rose slowly, as circulation must always rise when unaided by the power of clean advertising.

"Into this situation I was injected, with absolute liberty of action and such backing from the owners as a man might expect to know only in his dreams. A little time to get my bearings, and there was written a money-back guarantee for every line of advertising carried that represented the ultimate refinement of simplicity which many minds could conceive.

Stood the Test of Time.

"'Not more than fifty words and not a string on it' was the rule laid down. The combined product has stood the test of time, and is offered here, without money and without price, to every publisher whose property is less prosperous than he would have it be. Take the guarantee and use it, making refunds at every chance that a kind Providence will give you. Charge the expense to advertising account—and at the year's end tell me if you have ever seen $10 work as well for you as each $1 will work that is put into this service fund.

"It has been my pleasure to refund a good deal of money, but it is my increasing regret that there has been so little that I have been given the opportunity to refund. No stone is left unturned in our organization to find ways and means whereby the public shall take money from us, and it is the hardest task we have to-day. For each thousand dollars of advertising carried we average ninety-eight cents in money given back, and we have prospered twice as well as though the cost had been but half of that tiny sum.

"Our guarantee, widely advertised, revealed a normal state of public skepticism. Believed? Not by a very large margin was it believed! All the simplicity and all the wit that had gone to its creation—all the space and all the planning put into making it known—did little more than produce a crop of letters mocking the perpetrators of the 'joke.' In the city of New York it was an inconceivable thing to the public that any publisher should be willing to say that the publication of a false or fraudulent advertisement could only be due to his own mistake and that he was prepared to pay for such a mistake in money out of his own pocket.

Going After Recalcitrants.

"Disbelief being rampant, strong action becomes necessary. In the virile pen of Samuel Hopkins Adams—he who ripped the patent medicine business of the country from throat to waistband—we found the action, and we have wiped out the unbelief. To-day the money-back guarantee of The Tribune is as much a matter of course in New York City as its price of one cent per copy, and it is equally a matter of course that any case of malpractice in merchandising will be dealt with by The Tribune as no other paper in this country will deal with it—more's the pity!

"Some of the biggest drygoods stores have been pilloried and their methods absolutely changed. Some of the smaller schlock stores have been dissected and their owners put into bankruptcy. Some of the oldest abuses in advertising and selling retail goods have been brought out into the glare of pitiless publicity, and some of the clean young men, who for years had been fighting for their chance, have been given the opportunity to show their firms that the word of truth in an advertisement will pay sevenfold and that the unfair competition of the liar cannot long endure.

"And we have gone after that unfair competition tooth and nail. As we see it, the elimination of unfair competition will lower the cost of doing business for every man who competes fairly, and it is an absolute law of social economics that only the fair, the just and the honorable can permanently survive. With that belief firmly fixed in mind, every step of our task has been as clear as the open way of Broad Street.

Only Paper Feared.

"Although backed up with a steadily better paper in every department, we hold it to be largely due to the campaign for truth in advertising that The Tribune has again become a powerful factor in the newspaper world of New York and all that touches that world. A leading Western publisher said to me within a few days, 'The Tribune is the only paper in New York of which the others are afraid.' Gentlemen, it is the campaign for clean advertising—a campaign that has marked out a definite, clear-cut individuality for the paper—that is responsible for that very accurate statement."

In closing Mr. Waldo paid a warm tribute to the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in spreading the gospel of clean and honest advertising.

HOTEL THERESA
7th Avenue, 124th to 125th Sts.
ENTIRE BLOCK
Very Accessible Prices Moderate
Within a few minutes' walk of N. Y. Central Railroad Station.
One block from "L" and Subway. Surface cars and Bus line to all points at door.
FAMILY AND TRANSIENT
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS
Single room with running water and some with shower $1.50
Single room with bath 2.00
Room with bath (for two persons) 2.50
SPECIAL RATES by MONTH or SEASON.
Dining room on twelfth floor. Delightfully Cool. Superb Scenery. Board $10.50 per week. Breakfast, 50c; Lunch, 50c; Dinner, $1.00. Excellent Cuisine and Perfect Service.
Tel. 8270 Morningside.
R. P. LEUBE, Manager.

Luchow's
14th Street, near Fourth Avenue.

NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES.
NEW AMSTERDAM West 42 St. Evs. 8.15. Mats. To-day & Sat. MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2:10.
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
After the Show SEE (Atop this Theatre) ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC
HUDSON WEST 44TH ST. Evenings 8.20. Mats. To-day (Pop.) & Sat., 2.20. The Cinderella Man
LIBERTY WEST 42 STREET. 2.15 AND 8.15. TWICE DAILY. Incl. SUNDAY. 400 CHOICE SEATS at 50c & 75c. 300 BEST SEATS @ $1.00. BOXES, $15. GALLERY, 25c. THE TAIL OF THE LION. Photo Spectacle.
CANDLER West 42d St. Evgs. at 8.20. Last Mats. To-day & Sat., 2.20. LAST 6 TIMES. JOHN BARRYMORE in JOHN GALSWORTHY'S MASTERPIECE. JUSTICE
BELASCO West 44 St. Every Eve., 8:30. Except Saturday. THE BOOMERANG. MATINEES TO-MORROW & TUES., 2:20.
ASTOR B'way, 45th St. Evgs 8:10 SHARP. Matinees To-day and Sat. 2.10. GEO. M. COHAN REVUE 1916
CITY THEATRE B'way & 44 St. Twice Daily. 2.15 and 8.15. Thos. H. Ince's $1,000,000 Film Miracle CIVILIZATION. SEATS SELLING 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.
HARRIS WEST 42D ST. Evenings 8.15. Mats. To-day (POP.) & Sat., 2.15. HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY. with FRED NIBLO as "BILLY HOLLIDAY."
ELTINGE WEST 42D ST. Evenings 8.15. Matinees To-day & Sat. 2.15. FOR PLAYGOERS WHO WANT THE BEST. FAIR AND WARMER
HOW BRITAIN PREPARED. A Motion Picture Lesson in Preparedness. LYCEUM Twice Daily (no Sun.) 2.15 & 8.15. Nights 25c to $1. Mats. 25 & 50c. Last Wk. this Theatre. Nat. Wk. Standard Thea. Special: Capt. McGrath, the one armed Irish hero of the trenches, will address audience every night this week.

LOEW'S NEW YORK THEATRE & ANNEX. ROOF OPEN UNTIL 1 A. M. NIGHTLY. Combined Capacity 3,000. Prices 10c, 15c, 25c. To-day—MARY MACLAREN in "SHOES." Loew's American Roof. 42d St. & 8 Av. Every Eve. at 8.15. GALLAGHER & CARLIN. Hippodrome Four. Wallace Galvin, Jeannette White and others. ALL SEATS RESERVED. 25c, 35c, 50c.
GLOBE B'way, 46th St. Daily, 2 to 11. 25c and 50c. BILLIE BURKE in "GLORIA'S ROMANCE." ALSO CHAPTERS 8 AND 9 KITTY GORDON in "THE CRUCIAL TEST." A five act pre-release World Picture.
B. F. KEITH'S PALACE B'way & 47 St. Daily Mat. 25c-$1. Stella Mayhew & Taylor, Jack Wilson, Vanderbilt & Moore, Geo. White & Lucille Cavanagh, Theodore Kosloff & Vlasta Maslova. Delicious Lemonade Free to All.
RIALTO B'way & 42 St. 15—25—50c. Douglas Fairbanks in a Triangle Picture, "Flirting with Fate." & Keystone Comedy. Regina Vicarino, M. de Frece & Robert Gottschalk, Soloists.
BROADWAY THEATRE, at 41st St. (This Week) ANN PENNINGTON "SUSIE SNOWFLAKE."
NEW Mat. Today BRIGHTON Brighton Beach. Dorothy Jardon, Walter C. Kelly, 12 Auto Maniacs, Franklyn Ardell, Britt Wood, others.
CONEY ISLAND LUNA PARK. BOSTOCK'S ANIMAL ARENA WITH BONAVITA and Other Big Features. Free Attractions—Dancing. Dancing Contests Wed., Thurs., Fri. Nights.
COLUMBIA B'way & 47th. Twice Daily. Pop. Prices. Lew Kelly in "Hello New York."
SHUBERT. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. To-day, Sat. & July 4. LEW FIELDS STEP THIS WAY
CASINO 39th and Broadway. Evenings 8.20. Matinee To-day, Sat. & July 4th. POPULAR MAT. TO-DAY, $1 & $1.50. VERY GOOD EDDIE. A Musical Comedy That is Different.
Maxine Elliott's. Evs. 8.20. Matinee To-day, $1.50. Last Week. MARIE TEMPEST in a Comedy, "A Lady's Name."
LYRIC 42d, West of B'way. Evenings 8.20. Mats. To-day, Sat. and July 4th. Musical Success of the Season. KATINKA
STRAND B'way & 47th St. Noon to 11:30 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "The World's Great Score." Strand Orch. and Soloists.

RED CROSS READY FOR 400,000 MEN

Heads Believe It Can Cope with Any Border Exigency.

FUNDS SOUGHT FOR HOSPITAL ADDITION

Committees to Consider Pressing Need of Motor Ambulances for Transporting Wounded.

So many offers of hospital units have been received that, with those already organized, the Red Cross believes it will be able to cope with any emergency on the border. On the present plans, it is estimated that a force of 400,000 men can be cared for without congestion. This allows for the entire force of regulars and militia now under command of General Funston, with a margin of 150,000 volunteers, should the President issue a call for them.

Applications for two more base hospitals were received yesterday by the Red Cross. They will be considered this afternoon at a meeting of the Military Relief Committee at the Hotel Manhattan.

A committee just formed, called the American Committee for the Maintenance of the Border Hospital of Brownsville, Tex., and headed by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, yesterday began the work of collecting funds sufficient to build an addition to the small hospital now standing in the Texas town and to endow and equip it. The American Red Cross has donated $1,000 to the committee and has promised supplies.

Cared for 350 in 1915.

Mrs. Harriman pointed out yesterday that there was no other hospital within 100 miles of Brownsville, and, further, that the Red Cross was to be counted on only in time of war.

"The hospital at present consists of only a few frame cottages, with little equipment," she said. "Despite this, however, 350 patients were taken care of in 1915. Most of them were men from the American armies patrolling the border; some were Mexicans wounded in small engagements across the river." She emphasized the fact that the hospital was intended to care for the wounded and the sick from the constantly increasing force of Americans along the Rio Grande.

One of the problems to be taken up at the meeting of the Military Relief Committee, the executive committee and the membership campaign committee of the American Red Cross will be the supplying of hospital units after soldiers have left for the front. Another will be the question of forming ambulance corps to transport the wounded.

It was pointed out that the Federal government was practically without any of the light motor ambulances that have proved so effective on the European battlefield. With great distances likely to prevail in Mexico, these are believed to be indispensable. The corps of machines presented by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is, so far, the only available equipment of the kind.

Nurses Mobilize Rapidly.

Six thousand Red Cross nurses and the medical staffs of twenty base hospitals are now mobolizing, in preparation for possible intervention in Mexico. New York will supply five of these hospitals, each equipped with 500 beds and having fifty nurses and twenty-five physicians. They cost $25,000 apiece. The staffs include the most distinguised of New York's doctors, who hold military commissions in the reserve corps and receive volunteer commissions the moment they are called into action.

BUSY AT BANDAGES FOR RED CROSS.

© International Film Service.

Miss Mimi Scott and Miss Dorothy Lee Mills at the organization's headquarters, working in anticipation of Mexican trouble.

LEON BAKST GOES TO HIPPODROME

Corey-Williams-Riter Dissolved — Other Notes of the Stage.

Leon Bakst, the renowned designer of the scenery and costumes of the Russian Ballet, yesterday cabled Charles Dillingham an agreement to perform the same service for the new Hippodrome show, which opens on Labor Day. This is the first time M. Bakst has undertaken a production exclusively for America. He will come to New York in the late summer and remain until after the opening. Bakst's brazen and daring color combinations have lately been the sensation of European stages, and his riotous costumes are now the vogue in Paris and Petrograd. The advent of his art in this country is a distinct achievement for Mr. Dillingham.

Corey-Williams-Riter, Inc., the newest of the producing firms, has dissolved because the members of the partnership failed to agree in the matter of selecting plays. Directly upon the inception of the corporation John D. Williams advocated the production of Galsworthy's "Justice," now in its last week at the Candler Theatre, to establish for the firm a position of distinction. Williams's partners did not favor this play, and so he produced it himself, and it is acknowledged to be the year's dramatic event. "Mavourneen" was the next play considered, and Mr. Williams advised against it, whereupon Corey and Riter produced it without Williams. The latest disagreement and the one which brought about the breach occurred when one of the partners insisted that a prima donna he named have the leading role in "The Amber Princess," which had its premiere at New Haven about a week ago.

Marie Tempest will close her engagement in "A Lady's Name" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre Saturday night. She will reopen in this play in the fall.

Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tentmaker," announces that he will present a new play from his own pen at the Lyric Theatre on Labor Day. He has been working on the manuscript three years, and the play will be of a spectacular nature, requiring a large company and elaborate scenery. Other plans of Mr. Tully provide for the production of a new play for Guy Bates Post written by John Hunter Booth, and a play entitled "The Settlement" by Edwin Bradford, which he expects to give next year. "The Bird of Paradise" will start its sixth season on tour, and there is some likelihood that "The Rose of the Rancho" will be presented in London. Tully's new enterprises have been incorporated under the firm name of Richard Walton Tully, Inc., with James G. Peede as general manager.

Bird Millman, the wire dancer, is no longer in the "Follies." She started an engagement at Mr. Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic," atop the New Amsterdam, last night.

Entire Stock of Hart Schaffner & Marx Fancy Suits Reduced

Excepting Tropical Weights (Dixie Weaves, Palm Beaches, Mohairs, Silks) and Blue and Black Suits.

Frankly, we did not expect to make any reductions this season—on account of the rising cost of materials.

But our policy "not to carry over" gives you this chance—although every suit in this Sale is to-day worth more than its regular price.

Don't let the opportunity pass—there may not be another.

Every $18 and $20 Fancy Suit	$16.50
Every $22.50 Fancy Suit	$19.50
Every $25 and $28 Fancy Suit	$22.50
Every $30 and $32.50 Fancy Suit	$26.50
Every $35 and $40 Fancy Suit	$32.50
Every $45 and $50 Fancy Suit	$38.50

No Charge for Alterations.

Wallach Bros.

Broadway, below Chambers
Broadway, corner 29th St.
Third Ave., corner 122d St.
246-248 West 125th St.
Open Evenings

TANZER TANGLE TO JURY TO-DAY

Rae Says J. W. Osborne Is Oliver, and He Denies It in Hot Finish.

HER EX-LAWYER SURE SHE ADMITTED ERROR

Slade's Sharp Words Bring Threat of Contempt—Hammerstein Aids Girl's Case.

Rae Tanzer is still certain that James W. Osborne was her Oliver and James W. Osborne is just as certain that he never laid eyes on Rae Tanzer until after she had accused him at the first Oliver Osborne trial.

It was with this paradox that the taking of testimony in Miss Tanzer's perjury trial before Federal Judge Wolverton closed yesterday afternoon. The lawyers will sum up their cases to-day, and before 5 o'clock the jury will have retired to decide whether the woman or the lawyer swore truly in identifying or denying the ubiquitous Oliver.

Miss Tanzer's final accusation of James W. Osborne was made just before yesterday's session closed.

"James W. Osborne is the man to whom I gave the 'Oliver' letter," she asserted firmly. "I put it in his hand, and I am certain I have made no mistake."

Where Miss Tanzer's accusation was simple and direct, James W. Osborne's denial was fiery and dramatic. He preceded Miss Tanzer on the stand. Carefully weighing each word, he declared:

"On my honor as a gentleman, on my word as a man and on my oath as a citizen I swear that I never laid eyes on her before that day in the commissioner's room."

Harold Spielberg, the attorney who had acted with the Slades for Miss Tanzer in her original suit against James W. Osborne, took the stand to tell of how she had admitted to him that Mr. Osborne was not her Oliver. As he told his story, Miss Tanzer herself, sitting close by, punctuated his declarations with "Oh, it's not true," "This is terrible," and "How can he say such a thing?" Another dramatic scene came near the close of the session, when Judge Wolverton intimated that contempt proceedings would be brought against Benjamin Slade, Miss Tanzer's counsel.

Spielberg Makes Denial.

Mr. Spielberg denied that he had caused Miss Tanzer to recant her original accusation against Mr. Osborne by promising that no harm would come to her.

"She first made the admission of her mistake to me," he told the jury. "It was then that I told her I did not believe she would come to harm if she had been honestly mistaken. 'If James W. Osborne is the man, says so,' I told her. 'If he isn't the man, get down on your knees and kiss his hands, because you can never undo the wrong you have done him.'

"When she told me she could not face the Slade boys and tell them her error, I guaranteed to do it for her. I called David Slade on the 'phone, and asked him to come at once to my office. He was very much agitated when I told him of Miss Tanzer's confession. He smoked cigarette after cigarette, drank glass after glass of water, and finally, turning to Rae, exclaimed:

"'My God, little girl, what have you done to me? Haven't you repeatedly assured me that James W. Osborne was Oliver? If you had only consulted me first, I could have proved that he was the man.'"

"I'm the only man in this case who has the nerve to call a spade a spade," Benjamin Slade interjected.

"You are wrong, and you lie every time," Mr. Spielberg shouted back.

The quarrel was brought to a sharp close by Judge Wolverton's gavel.

Later on Mr. Slade brought down another thunderstorm on his head when he asked Mr. Spielberg:

"Don't you know that if the things that are said about you are true you will be disbarred?"

"I order you to withdraw your question," Judge Wolverton cut in.

Question Called Contemptible.

"I refuse," retorted Mr. Slade sharply.

"If you are obstinate, your refusal will remain on the record, and you will take your chances," angrily called the judge. Before Mr. Slade could reply, Mr. Spielberg had sprung to his feet, and, waving his fist, shouted:

"I am willing to be disbarred if I have done wrong. That is a cowardly, contemptible and dastardly thing to do. Slade only wants to get his talk of disbarring me into the newspapers."

Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical manager, appeared as another witness yesterday, asserting that Mr. Spielberg had come to him to seek a stage job for Miss Tanzer.

"Mr. Spielberg told me he had enough evidence against James W. Osborne to convict him in five minutes," Mr. Hammerstein avowed. "He was sure that James W. and Oliver were one. When I offered Miss Tanzer $1,000 a week she said to me:

"'No money can buy this until I have proved it.'"

1 DYING; 3 WOMEN HURT BY AUTO CRASH

Car, Crowded, Hits Wagon—Driver's Skull Fractured.

One man is believed to be dying at the Harlem Hospital and two women were seriously hurt as a result of a collision between a crowded automobile and a bakery wagon at 119th Street and First Avenue yesterday.

The motor contained four men, the chauffeur and two women. One of the women, Mrs. John Phelan, wife of a saloonkeeper who owned the car, was treated for cuts and bruises and sent home. She lives at 2401 Eighth Avenue. Her husband and the chauffeur have not been seen since the smash, police say. The other woman was Anna Martin, cabaret singer, of 235 West Fifty-seventh Street.

The man at the hospital is L. K. Kemmell, of 320 East Ninety-fourth Street. He was thrown to the ground from his seat on the bakery wagon and sustained a fractured skull and internal injuries.

Three men who had been in the car, Charles Johnson, Arthur Williamson and Jack Canavan, were arrested.

$1 Received for Woman's Aid.

The Tribune acknowledges receipt of $1 for the relief of Mrs. Nessel, janitor of 115 Hinsdale Street, East New York. The story about the destitution of the Nessel family was published in The Tribune of June 13. The dollar was contributed by C. L. D., of Brooklyn.

The Ad-Visor

Wednesday, June 28, 1916.

Conducted by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

This department has entered the second stage of service to Tribune readers. Primarily it was intended merely to separate the sheep of advertising from the goats—and hang a bell on the goats. But now it goes beyond mere identification. It embraces a human nature study of both sheep and goats. You are invited to assist. For every letter printed in this department describing experiences—pleasant or unpleasant—with advertisers of merchandise, excepting only patent medicines, The Tribune will send $2.00, payable in any merchandise of any Tribune advertiser. For the most important letter each month a special prize of $50.00, payable similarly, will be awarded. Name printed or withheld—as you prefer, but must be signed or we will not know where to send the prize order. Address: The Ad-Visor, The Tribune, New York.

If only you offered $50.00 for the most ridiculous, instead of important, letter each month I should expect to win this time. Did you ever see anything more worthy of ridicule than the inclosed Editor's Say from Good Housekeeping Magazine? D. O. B.

Hearst is at it again! In his "Good Housekeeping" he quotes The Tribune's April announcement that no advertising of alcoholic stimulants would thereafter be admitted to its columns, and thus comments:

"In this commendable stand the proprietor of The Tribune was but following the lead of Mr. William Randolph Hearst."

Hardly. The Tribune announced the elimination of alcoholic advertising and eliminated it. Mr. Hearst prates about his non-alcoholic advertising virtue—and then takes money for such advertising of Ruppert's beer as this, which is not only alcoholic but absolutely ridiculous.

"It feeds the body, steadies the nerves and builds strength as no other beverage has ever done."

Follow the "lead of Mr. William Randolph Hearst"? Heaven forbid! To follow where he leads would make a gyroscope giddy, and put kinks in a corkscrew.

When is a guarantee not a guarantee and is it? Note the inclosed slip. The "Thank YOU" is prominent, but the statement underneath does not carry much weight.

These people might word a much better guarantee; in fact, it does not seem to spell out a guarantee at all. The Kassell Shoe Shop will be glad to rectify any error should it be theirs—but what about rectifying an error of the customer's?

I have not had any business dealings personally with these people, but the card when presented to me was attractive by the prominent "Thank You." A thorough reading, however, of its contents indicated a policy that could be much improved.

BENJAMIN F. STEINBERG.

"Thank You," begins the Kassell Shoe Shop card and goes on, "I appreciate this favor and trust that you have been satisfied as to fit, quality and style, and I shall be glad to rectify any error, should it be mine."

Not, as Mr. Steinberg indicates, a very convincing offer. It is too much in the conditional mood.

The Ad-Visor has proven himself eminently fair in giving space to both sides where there is dispute; perhaps, therefore, I may be allowed to defend "The Siege of Verdun and Zeppelin Raids," which was recently put on at the Circle Theatre by the New York Globe. Like your correspondent, P. W. A., I saw this war film as an entirely disinterested spectator; I admit that everything he says is likely to be true and can add, from a knowledge of the processes of movie photography, that the anti-aircraft shells were daubs of opaque applied in the laboratory; yet I must pronounce the film unqualifiedly the best that I have ever seen and give my reasons.

I disagree with The Ad-Visor that "there is a good deal of fake about the motion picture business"; my opinion is that it is all fake. I went to this film prepared for this condition, but assured, at least, that I would not have to watch an Angel Child, a Curly-Haired Hero, a Large-Eyed Damsel and an Arch Villain go their usual course through an impossible scenario. And I did not go for amusement—the subject didn't seem to promise that—but for a glimpse or two of realities in the war zone.

Ten seconds I shall never forget. They were prepared for, in characteristic movie style, by an announcement that the photographer had lost his life, by a showing of his camera front smashed by a shell, the piece being extracted by a fat hand wearing rings. I sat back prepared to see a fine picture directed on Long Island.

I sat up suddenly. The scene was so dark as to be almost indistinguishable. Straining my eyes, I saw the backs of grenade throwers—beyond them, barbed wire and trees. Below the line of vision was a trench fork, through which a soldier was coming toward the camera. We were above him—entirely in the open. A tree branch snapped mysteriously and fell. Through the incessant smoke, one end of the trench suddenly burst upward in a dull flash surmounted by raining gravel. The rest of the grenade throwers, obscured for a moment, seemed to run that way—smoke and spots held the film—and then, through all the darkness I saw another flash—another—the film wavered—and stopped.

"Gee, that ain't much!" said some one to his girl. It wasn't; it was only about forty lives, done. But it brought my heart in my mouth as nothing seen, read or described has yet.

Granted: In the very proportion that it was real, it was not amusing. If we Americans look for movie amusement we had better stick to our regular films. In this case, certainly, there was enough investment in the genuine to make the film, in my opinion, deserve encouragement. VERNON RADCLIFFE.

Whether the picture was as good as Mr. Radcliffe believes, The Ad-Visor cannot say, not having seen it. But there is no doubt of the quality of Mr. Radcliffe's word picture of the screen picture.

The bootblack around the corner usually greeted me with a smile and a cheery hello. With judicious care I could make one shine last a week. And his earnings on that one shine a week were $5 a year.

One day, when I had comfortably ensconced myself in his trouser-worn chair, the bootblack launched into a bitter diatribe against his transient trade. He who had his shoes shined but once a week was a piker. That bootblack lost my $5 per annum right there. But, in his own inimitable way, he has grasped the atmosphere which prevails in selling circles on this side of the pond.

I go into a haberdashery store. I ask for two collars. I want nothing else. My quarter is in my hand. I am in a hurry. I want my collars, and I want them quick. But no. The clerk places the unwrapped collars on the glass counter, and with his shop-practised smile asks me if there is nothing else I want. I say no. He grows more polite. In five minutes he has tried to sell me a hundred things I do not want—now.

Finally he gives up. He looks at me in disgust. He doesn't thank me. It isn't worth while. For a quarter? Not on your life. The piker! But he lost whatever chance he may have had of some time in the future thanking me for a $5 bill of goods.

I go to the barber shop. I ask for a trim. The barber smirks and chatters pleasantly. He amuses me. He finishes. Comes the inevitable question—politely:

"Well, m'sieu, shall we start on the 'round trip'?"

The round trip includes a hair singeing, a shave, a shampoo, a massage, a haircut and a tonic. Get it all at once and you save 50 cents. And instead of tipping the barber a buffalo you tip him a quarter. I say, "No, not to-night." He persists. Wouldn't take half an hour. Feel like a new man. I repeat, no. He closes his mouth. Grimly he finishes his work. Not a word. He is tipped—his nickel. He nods, but with an unpleasant smile lurking in the offing. And the proprietor looks at me balefully. It would almost seem as if it isn't worth his while to ring your little quarter up on his cash register. For 70 cents—which he considers he has irrevocably lost—he has sacrificed, counting only the ensuing year, about $15. The barber has sacrificed about $3—in tips. The atmosphere enshrouds them, too. It is in the air.

Mayhap it isn't like that everywhere. But in a very large proportion of cases I have found it to be so, irrespective of your purchase. You are always conjured to buy more if you buy but a small quantity. Your attention is directed to the advisability and the value of this and that. And all the time your smouldering wrath increases. They succeed—the shopkeeper and the clerks—in making you feel ashamed because of the smallness of your purchase, if you do not buy much. And it "kills" the prospect of your future patronage. I have often wondered why these merchants—they're all that—the bootblack, the barber, the haberdasher—cannot see it and figure it out. Two collars now—fifty a year. One shine now—fifty a year. One haircut now—twenty-five a year. And a hundred such customers.

Why don't they think it over? There are a lot of pikers like me in these parts. G. H.

And there are a lot of stores in these parts where G. H. would be as courteously treated for his quarter expenditure as if it were one hundred times that amount. He should change his shopping as he has changed his bootblack.

I had long been a worshipper at the shrines of the "Fire Sale," "½ Price," "Marked Down," "Building Coming Down," "Lease Expires," "Retiring From Business" and those other insignia of modern bunco, fly-by-night merchants. Recently I have taken to patronizing established and reputable concerns, due to the educating influence of your department, but the first opportunity to test the advantages of my changed allegiance came to-day. The following are extracts from my diary:

"April 29th—Pampered my sartorial vanity by buying a pink shirt at Lambert's.

"May 28th—Pink shirt which had made such distinguished appearances at various affairs discovered goods in sleeve worn through and falling apart.

"May 29th—Called on Lambert's. Stated my complaint. Received most courteous reception. Shirt exchanged for another of my choice."

My attention was also called to the following guarantee which appears on all the wrapped parcels coming from Lambert's: "Should anything you purchase here prove unsatisfactory, please return it for exchange, or, if preferable, your money will be refunded." I am satisfied that this promise was absolutely lived up to in my case, and Lambert's are, therefore, deserving of a place of honor in your department. SIDNEY GOULD.

Lambert's have it. They have had it before, and, as they live up to their honest guarantee, will undoubtedly continue to have it.