

DANISH HOUSE APPROVES SALE

Lower Chamber of Parliament Willing U. S. Should Get the Islands.

UPPER HOUSE IS REPORTED HOSTILE

Ratification May Have to Await Result of the Elections.

Copenhagen, Aug. 14.—The Folketing, or lower house of the Danish Parliament, today voted in favor of selling the Danish West Indies to the United States, if a plebiscite favored the sale. The vote was 62 for the proposition to 44 against, one member being denied a vote and six being absent.

HOTEL LENOX BOSTON



Boston's Smartest Hostelry. Reflecting in every phase of its distinctive service your idea of what a good hotel should be.

REMOVAL SALE

With prices previous to reduction already moderate, the exceptional values comprised in this sale would interest all who are familiar with our standard of "Correct Dress for Men."

New & Stylish Suits

\$14, \$17, \$21 & \$28 Savings of \$3, \$4, \$6, \$8 or \$12 on garments which were excellent values at their former moderate prices. \$12.50 is the reduced price of many Spring Overcoats that were \$18 & \$20.

George G. Thompson Fifth Ave. Building - Broadway Cor. 24th St.

THREE LUMPS IN TEA AT LYCEUM

Farce from England Is Always Polite, Often Diverting.

ANN MURDOCK IS CONSISTENTLY CUTE

"Please Help Emily" Is Cut Along Well-Established Imported Lines.

"Please Help Emily," a farce by H. M. Harwood, at the Lyceum Theatre, with Ann Murdock. Presented by the Charles Frohman Company.

BRENON SUES FOX OVER SCANTY PUBLICITY

Director Says Manufacturer Has Not Exploited Him Properly.

Herbert Brenon, director of the Fox Film Corporation, has entered suit for \$500,000 against William Fox, alleging that he has been denied proper publicity in the advertisements of the cinema spectacle.

Animal Industry Experts Meet

Employees of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry opened their third annual convention yesterday in the Hotel McAlpin and declared for standardization of salaries in the bureau.

WILL NOT STOP PAY OF GUARD, SAY FIRMS

Lackawanna Would Like Men Back by September 1.

GRACE LA RUE SINGS WELL AT THE PALACE

She Proves Entertaining, but Mr. Willis Does Not.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Blue Serge Suits at \$22.50

Exceptionally large stocks at \$22.50—we can fit almost any figure now. The very latest models in Varsity Fifty-Fives and Pinch-Backs, as well as Conservative styles. Every one is genuine, all-wool, true-blue Serge, guaranteed absolutely as to color, fit and quality. At \$22.50—with conditions as they are now—they're values such as we rarely are able to offer.

Wallach Bros.

Broadway, below Chambers Broadway, Cor. 29th Street Third Ave., Cor. 122d Street 246-248 West 125th Street

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"Nothing but the Truth" Brings Collier Back to the Drama.

William Collier, who devotes a majority of his time to furnishing anecdotes for magazines by making snappy retorts to somebody or other at the Lambs, is about to return to the stage in James Montgomery's farce "Nothing but the Truth."

CITY'S LANDLORDS AID GUARDSMEN'S FAMILIES

Active Service Auxiliary Finds Many Needy Cases.

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24 GUARDSMEN START FOR HOME

Leave McAllen To Be Mustered Out Under Dependent Act.

HASKELL TAKES COMMAND OF 69TH

General Parker Reviews 2d Brigade and Is Well Pleased.

EX-CONVICTS' AID PROMISED WOODS

40 Dine with Police Head and Osborne—Columbia Offers Hall.

ALL ARE GUESTS OF DR. WHITIN

Commissioner Says He'll Help Men League Members Indorse.

AGREE TO WORK TOGETHER

In the end it was agreed by the Commissioner and his fellow guests that they would do their best to work together.

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The Ad-Visor

August 15, 1916. 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.

Some time ago an agent from the Grayce Studio, at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, came into my office peddling coupons valued at 25 cents, which entitled bearer to three pictures when balance of fifty cents was paid at the time of sitting. I purchased a coupon and paid 50 cents at the studio. When proof was shown me I told the photographer he could finish the three, although I was not satisfied. He became very impertinent and said he could not think of making up less than a half dozen, and that I would have to pay a dollar for the extra three, which made one dollar and seventy-five cents. I had to pay before he would get my pictures. I told him what his coupon stated and he laughed at me.

Trust you will place this before the public, as I don't want it to happen to others, as his agent was in the office a few days ago trying to sell more coupons.

The Grayce Salon of Art denied this charge. So a Tribune investigator tried her luck. Every effort was made to induce her to order a dozen of a more expensive sort, the price of which was quoted first at \$12 a dozen, but then at \$5, instead of taking three for the 25 cent coupon plus 50 cents. But she stood pat. When the work was finished it was not mailed home, as directed. That would have given no chance for the salesmanship which sought to increase the order when she called. Her experience confirms the gist of the original complaint. The Grayce Salon of Art is as poor a place to have your picture taken as it is an excellent place to have your money taken.

I clipped this from The Woman's World, a woman's magazine issued in Chicago monthly, and I believe this guarantee is without any flaws whatsoever, and therefore different from the usual guarantee given by so many periodicals.

"The Woman's World," after "absolutely guaranteeing the advertisements," states that "you can have your money back from us if you are a subscriber for and mentioned 'Woman's World' when you wrote for or bought the goods," and adds that any claim must be made within sixty days. These two qualifications, aside from the fact that there is no specific guarantee of satisfaction, take it out of the class of real guarantees and make it a scrap of paper full of holes.

Perhaps the enclosed may serve to illustrate courtesy extended to patrons. After telephoning for a 20 cent purchase, I was rather surprised to find the same delivered without delay, and to receive in the package this ticket, to which was glued a nickel. The ticket reads: "This is to repay the telephone charge; please call again. For ready, accuracy and promptness call 879 Broadway, A. A. Jackson, druggist, 51 West 138th Street, near Grand Avenue." It is quite certain that the druggist made no profit on this transaction, but I am also certain that I shall heed his polite request of "Please call again," and in person, instead of on the phone, unless the order be larger.

An example of how an unusual little courtesy may pay big dividends. Some days ago one of your admirable, sharp comments contained: "All, all are gone, the old, familiar fakers! as Charles Lamb almost said." And as Clement Wood said in the letter from my "The Callum" in The Call last September 15. CLEMENT WOOD.

To give credit where credit is overdue, let us quote: We have been buncoed, we have been defrauded, From the days of childhood to the very present; All, all are gone, the old familiar fakers.

Old "Three-card-monte," and the simple shell game, Charming us, cheating us, till our wads were empty; All, all are gone, the old familiar fakers.

Fake Patent Medicines, dirt and dope and water, Sworn to cure everything, warts or fat or T. B., All, all are gone, the old familiar fakers.

O—did I mention, starting this bewailment, This should be dated ninety thousand A. D., Then they'll be gone, the old familiar fakers.

You're too pessimistic, Mr. Wood—by about 88,000 years. The cashier of the York Theatre informed me that the enclosed tickets had no recognized purchasing value; that no reduction in the price of their best seats (50 cents) is made upon presentation of a lithograph ticket. Upon a second and more thoughtful reading of the enclosed, I saw that nothing specific is promised. Yet I think that an intent to deceive the holder of a lithograph ticket is made, which I consider is an unwise business policy.

On the face of the ticket appears the clear statement that "on payment of a small advance, bearer can secure reserve seat." This is followed by the statement that the "management reserves the right to revoke this ticket and refuse admission on same."

What, then, is the object of the "lithograph ticket"? To get you to the door on the theory that the bright lights and general atmosphere of anticipation will persuade you to buy? Apparently—inasmuch as the York Theatre did not take advantage of two opportunities given to offer some other explanation. Just a cheap form of bally-hooing in print.

I noticed in Thursday's edition of that thriving Bronx journal (with due apologies to William Randolph Hearst), the Bronx Home News, an ad of the Goldberg Furniture Company, of 1433 Street Third Avenue, which states that they are the only credit house that sells goods for the same price—either cash or credit. Prices marked in plain figures—nothing up my sleeve to deceive you, ladies or gents. But when you inquire of Mr. Salesman the price of an article he looks at the tag and says, "Forty Dollars." If you tell him this is a cash transaction, he then immediately drops 10%, making the cash price \$30. If you do not decide to buy that article he then calls the manager, Mr. Klein, who will show you a special and says: "This is a sample; if you want it you can have it for 20% less the list price." Of course, this is a one price store for either cash or credit, but if the manager likes your face he will give you a discount.

Figuring that a 10% reduction from \$40 makes \$30 is an achievement in itself. But not at all unbelievable in the light of an experience of The Tribune investigator who went to buy furniture. She was waited upon by a shirt-sleeved salesman who smoked placidly while she pried out of him by questions all that she learned about his merchandise—all, that is, except the price, which she found out by hunting for the tags. His quotations didn't agree with what the tags said any better than his statements about the stock. Upstairs he said his store would get no more shipments this year; downstairs he said that \$200,000 worth of new goods would come from Grand Rapids August first. Discounts of from 10% to 25% were mentioned. It's a show-up-price store, all right—one price for each customer.

As an outguying part of the whole experience is that Goldberg was an advertiser in The Tribune Graphic when this complaint was received—gratifying, because as soon as the claim was substantiated he passed out those columns to return no more, unless he radically revises his business methods.

Have taken The Tribune since the "Conning Tower" was first published therein. Naturally enough, I find the "Ad-Visor" column equally interesting, and therefore desire to acquaint you with my version of "How it works." On a recent business trip to Philadelphia I had occasion to walk on Market Street, a few doors above the Reading Terminal. To my great surprise I found there one of those open-faced jewelry shops, in which was being conducted an "auction sale," and by none other than our friends from East Fourteenth Street, New York. My point, it is.

Although civic pride can be reduced to hero worship, nevertheless I would much rather see those birds carrying on this queer sale in Market Street, in Philadelphia, than in Fourteenth Street, New York. It is within reason to presume that you will make this town an undesirable location for a few more of this genre before you finish.

T. S. L. Driving such gentry out of town is good; driving them out of business altogether is far better. But we can't hope for a business millennium yet. All we can aim at is a localized millennium. No, it's not here. But it's beginning to make a noise like an impending approach.

What do you think of the enclosed "Ad" from The New York Evening Mail? "You will note that "Evening Mail readers respond." H. A.

The advertisement enclosed is an offer to sell stock in a transatlantic aeroplane concern, signed by a Captain C. H. Flint, whose picture, with that of a speeding aircraft, adorns the tale. It had all the usual earmarks, reminding the reader that Bell was treated with contempt, that a working model is finished, that all the promoter's own money is invested in this project, that he would not ask the public for one cent if he could communicate with his friend in Europe (which friend is not previously mentioned)—but need we quote more to indicate the esteem in which the Mail holds its readers' intelligence?

Let me cast my vote for the Saturday matinee box office man at the Hudson Theatre who refused to send us away when we discovered at the eleventh hour that we had not enough money with us for tickets. Not only did he press the tickets out, but he pushed a dime back through the window, saying: "Here's your fare. It's all right. Send it all to me in stamps." Please see that the recording angel gets wind of this. M. A. R.

The Recording Angel doesn't need to know of this. Such treatment inevitably brings its own reward—on earth.

(The next Ad-Visor will appear Thursday, August 17.)