

*The*  
J. WALTER THOMPSON  
*NEWS*  
*BULLETIN*

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In the United States and Great Britain

J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY

## Mrs. Wilkins reads the Ladies Home Journal

BY DOROTHY DWIGHT TOWNSEND

*New York Office*

THE kitchen clock struck eight. Mrs. Wilkins looked up at it as she took off her apron. She had finished the dishes in good time tonight.

The sink and drain boards were wiped dry, the dish towels rinsed out and hung up and the cereal was in the fireless cooker, ready for breakfast.

Mr. Wilkins did not look up as his wife entered the living room. He was settled down in his Morris chair—the picture of comfort. He had spent three-quarters of an hour on the city evening paper and had now picked up the town's weekly gazette. It was three nights old but there was a chance of finding something overlooked.

At the desk in the corner Junior fought his way through his lessons.

Mr. Wilkins was a lumber dealer in a town of 25,000. He was doing well. Last year his profits went into five figures.

They had built their house seven years before. It stood at the end of a new avenue lined with bungalows. Stiff little trees and half-grown shrubs made it still look underdone. The house was not unlike its neighbors—eight rooms, a generous porch, 500 square feet of lawn and a garage of concrete blocks. What it lacked in dis-

tion and charm it made up for in cleanliness and convenience. They were perfectly contented with it.

They kept no maid. Two days a week Mrs. Sheehan came—on Monday to wash and iron and on Friday to clean.

There was a vacuum cleaner in the kitchen closet, and an electric iron; an electric grill on the tea wagon Mr. Wilkins had given her for Christmas and they were discussing a washing machine.

Their chief worries were what to do with Helen who was fifteen and beginning to be silly about clothes and boys; whether to sell the old Saxon for a new one; and whether Mr. Wilkins was getting fat.

Their chief pride was Junior, who was smart in his lessons, and their home, which was clean.

Mrs. Wilkins sat in her rocker and was reaching under the table for the darning basket when Junior turned his head.

"There's a new Journal, Ma, I left it over on the couch."

Mrs. Wilkins put the basket back and started up. If she had known this she would have hurried through the dishes. Junior had been looking at it. The corners were bent. She wished he hadn't.

She held it off and looked at the cover—a pretty girl in a yellow dress. She liked the baby covers best. There was one two years ago. She had it pinned over her bureau.

Mrs. Wilkins opened the cover with a sigh. She took her pleasures with deliberation. She had two hours to enjoy the most irresistible parts and there would be much left for tomorrow evening. In fact a week from tonight after her darning Mrs. Wilkins would still be fingering these same pages.

She did not know that she had a program for reading the magazine but she rarely varied in her practice.

First a careful turning page by page straight through. She read the titles of each story and the captions under every picture. Sometimes she got caught by a bit of

conversation and before she knew it was half way through the story. And for no reason at all she had a guilty feeling. She had merely intended to save the stories until last, as she did the cherry on her grapefruit. Mrs. Wilkins was from New England and felt ashamed when she enjoyed things too much.

Then there were the articles. Sometimes she read one on her first trip through. A treatise on the modern girl or schools or babies.

And the fashions took nearly twenty minutes. Now and then her ideas swelled to a bursting point and came right out.

"Mrs. Jewett had a dress just like this today at the club, only hers was black and had a collar on it," or "A bustle on this dress here—did you ever!"

And Mr. Wilkins raised his eyes and stared at her and then said "Hmm" and settled back again.

And now the advertising began. It was like riding in the car along Revere Beach with so much to see on both sides; only Junior always drove too fast and here she could take all the time she wanted.

Mrs. Wilkins was never a reader, but her absorption was complete when she had a new Journal. Nine o'clock struck. Junior should be sent to bed, but Mrs. Wilkins did not hear it.

Here was a shopping trip through new and endless department stores but with no tired feet and no embarrassment when you looked too long in the cases and the saleslady said, "Can I help you?"

She looked in at homes she would never dare to enter; studied the get-up of women she never dared stare at in the city. Such smart women—in such beautiful homes—they did things with such an air!

She studied the woman showing her friend the waists washed in Lux. The next morning when she washed out Helen's party stockings she would think of them. Unconsciously she had found herself holding up dainty things with two fingers—her other fingers crooked and outstretched as the Lux women always did it.

Then there was a lovely room with curtains of the same material she had used in her bedroom. This room was much larger and the furniture was more elegant. She had priced some like that once and knew how expensive it was. It was a lovely room. It was lovelier than any room she had ever been in. But *she* had the same curtains.

With Mrs. Wilkins meals were, so she said, a nuisance. "If only we could go without eating!" she had exclaimed to her husband at least once a month since the day she had married. But it was well for her that her wild wish never came true for food and clothes were her two forms of self expression. Without these to think of her mind would have wandered in an unfriendly world.

She went to the woman's club to hear a talk on Europe Since the War, and before it began she asked her right-hand neighbor if she had started her preserving, and the minute it was over she cornered Mrs. Winters and got her to tell her just how she baked her ham so it had such a nice brown crust.

Europe was far away and her family's stomachs very near.

She would as soon have thought of putting a button in the contribution box as of giving her family what she called substitutes. And yet her ideas were changing in spite of herself. Ten years ago she looked with horror on evaporated milk. Last week she told Mrs. Brown it was just pure milk. Nothing added. Nothing taken away but water.

She once apologized for anything in a can. Now if the Winters came for dinner she proudly served canned pineapple fixed the way she had read about.

Ten years ago she threw away a sample of Jell-O. Now they ate it twice a week.

She would have told you her mother taught her all she knew about housekeeping but she had learned more from this magazine than her mother ever knew.

She turned to a page of canned fruits. Such a bowl

of peaches! Her own preserved fruit never looked like that. It mentioned a free recipe book. There was no coupon. She would write for it tomorrow; she had been intending to send for it for months. (It was two months later that she actually wrote the post card and a week after that before she mailed it.)

And then she turned to a new product for softening hands. For years Mrs. Wilkins had been ashamed of her hands. Even in school she could remember her friends had laughed at her red hands. A beautiful miniature bottle for six cents. She would send for it. She read the advertisement through again.

She got up and went to the desk. Junior had just gone to bed and his papers were all about. She stopped to straighten them out. There was that bill from the man who made over the mattresses. She must send that tonight. She made out the check. She yawned and put up her red hand. Then she remembered her coupon. She filled it in and looked in the stamp box—no stamps.

"Have you any stamps, John?"

He shook his head. "Only what's there!"

Oh well—her hands would have to do as they were. She crumpled the coupon and put it in the waste basket. They had been red thirty-seven years, they could be red thirty-seven more.

"Say, wait a minute. Look in that yellow envelope. I paid old man Fletcher too much on the last coal bill. There ought to be half a dozen stamps in there."

There were. But they were stuck together. One corner peeled off but no more.

"What's the matter—stamps stuck? Look here, I'll show you." Mr. Wilkins pulled out his knife and inserted it. Then he blew a few warm moist breaths. "Here you are—good as new. What gimcracks are you sending for now? Come on, let's turn in. I'll mail your letters tomorrow."

But Mrs. Wilkins was hurrying out to the letter box. The magazine had done its work and another coupon was on its way.

# What advertising has done for type design

BY GORDON CHRISTIAN AYMAR

*Art Director, New York Office*

PRIOR to the advent of advertising the best type was to be found in books. Consequently it was of a more or less formal nature. Caslon Old Style, cut in the early 18th century, Bodoni "Book," designed in Italy some years later, the old French types and all the Gothic faces were made with the book page in view.

All the decorative material used with these types was planned to harmonize with them. Type came first and decoration followed. Both the early wood cuts and the later wood engravings of the better kind were given a character which was consistent with the faces used.

Caslon abcdefghijkln

Bodoni Book abcdefg

Such was the situation when advertisements first began to appear in this country in early Colonial newspapers. It was natural that they should be set in the types used for editorial matter. With these were combined, after the tradition of book designing, conventional wood engravings—a sedately rearing horse to illustrate an advertisement for a lost horse; an old gentleman reading, for a book store, and so on.

With the development of advertising in the latter half of the last century entirely new problems were presented. Instead of the formal and decorative, the dramatic and expressive were needed. Competition forced the advertiser to attract attention. The only

type faces available for this kind of work were the crude and debased ones carried by the cheap printer, and these were used with a prodigal hand. Some of the old advertisements contained as many as fourteen different faces and styles. Away went the French Old Style book types which were unfitted for heavy display or quick reading on account of their delicate design and gray tone, and on came the bold, wide, expanded, condensed, extra condensed, and shaded faces—all kinds of tortured variations on the fine old originals. These were used in nearly every kind of advertising until about ten years ago. It was only then that advertising men began to realize the necessity for good type, and the opportunities they were missing in not using it.

The problems of type as used in books and in advertisements are very different. The good book designers of old, whose work we use as models today, regarded their pages as decorations. In general they tried to make the type space a flat unbroken tone. There could be no "rivers." The spaces between words and sentences were reduced to a minimum; paragraphs in the old Gothic pages were indicated only by marks, and in other pages where paragraphing was used, short lines were avoided whenever possible. The ideal decorations and illustrations were those whose even tone formed only a slight contrast to the text.

The advertising page on the other hand presents a more complicated problem, and in so doing, calls upon the utmost adaptability of the type designer. A type must first of all be expressive. The character of the product must be conveyed at a glance, even before a word is read.

If the reader of a paper or magazine in turning the pages gets the sort of impression from a perfume advertisement that really belongs to a motor truck, the work of selling is upset at the start.

The old masters consciously supplemented the actual painting of the features of their sitters by expressing

their characters through the abstract media of line and tone and color, so that even upside down a portrait would be an arrangement of these elements wholly in keeping with and even suggestive of the subject.

So it is possible to select for a product those type faces which harmonize with it, and combine them with the other elements in the advertisement in such a way that the correct impression is created instantaneously.

The quality desired may be grace, dignity, quaintness, strength, sincerity, precision—any of which can be conveyed by the proper use of the proper face. Where types have not been specially designed to meet these needs, the art director has appropriated those employed in other fields.

The use of head and display lines, subheads, captions, logotypes, all place an added burden on the flexibility of type. And instead of having the other elements on the page designed to harmonize with the type, it is now the type which must supplement. At one time it must be direct, simple; at another it must subtly suggest a background, a period. Now it must blaze out a message; again it must quietly decorate.

In order to achieve these results a wide assortment of styles is needed. The number of good faces that has been developed to meet these conditions within the last few years is astonishing.

Cheltenham, produced by Goodhue the well-known architect, and Kimball the printer, was one of the first. Like other faces, however, it has suffered from being cut in many different styles, all of which have been misused.

Frederick Goudy has contributed Kennerly and Forum, and before that Pabst. These have been followed by his Bold, Old Style, Modern, Open, and recently by his New Style. Forum is an adaptation of the formal letter used in old Roman inscriptions and has borrowed from them a dignity combined with a subtle freedom which should make this letter live longer than most. Kennerly, while not so satisfying in its

Cheltenham abcdef

FORUM A B C

Kennerley abcdefg

**Goudy Bold abcd**

Goudy Old Style a

Cloister Old Style a b c

Garamond abcdefghij

**Bookman abcdef**

individual letters, composes admirably and in both its Roman and very legible Italics has a real air of distinction. Perhaps the most uniformly pleasing of his types is the Old Style—a letter of fine proportions with a freedom from oddities which is bound to make it wear well.

Cloister Old Style is also a good modern letter. It has generous ascenders and descenders, which prevent its being set too solid.

Another type whose freedom and grace have given it well deserved popularity is Garamond, recut from the originals made in the 18th century.

Bookman is an exceptionally reliable face. Its absence of hair lines makes it very satisfactory for newspaper work where the printing face is twice removed from the original. All in all they are real contributions to the history of type design.

With the exception of the efforts of William Morris no such revival of good type designing has been felt for two hundred years as the one which is going on today. This progress is directly traceable to the larger opportunities offered in such fields as advertising.

The law of demand and supply is exerting its influence over this craft as it has done over others throughout history.

When the Egyptian religion developed to the point where it demanded material expression in its huge temples, builders and artists were produced whose craftsmanship finds no equal in any civilization.

When the Christian church began to interest itself in temporal power, artists were called upon to express its majesty in the great cathedrals—not only in the arts of architecture and painting, but in sculpture in stone and wood, in weaving, jewelry, manuscript writing and almost all of the minor arts.

So today we are feeling the effects of the accumulated demands of the ever developing profession of advertising which promises to launch us on a new period in the art of type designing.

# Some lessons from early New England foreign trading

BY PAUL T. CHERINGTON

*New York Office*

*Summary of a talk given at the New England Foreign Trade Convention on May 17th in Boston*

NEW ENGLAND as a world trader supplies one of the best available illustrations of the way in which a country's activities are determined by the relative attractiveness of those resources to which it has access. When the first settlers came to New England, they soon learned that agriculture in this section was not a very profitable enterprise, while the fisheries along the coast yielded a profit fairly easily. The accumulation of the surplus of dried fish resources led to trade with the West Indies and this, in turn, to trade with Europe. The interference of wars and embargoes with this sent the traders of New England to all parts of the world.

Manufacturing did not become conspicuous in the economic system of New England until the middle of the nineteenth century, at the time when trading had been rendered less attractive by economic changes in various countries. For the past fifty years manufacturing has absorbed the attention of New England to the exclusion of trading, and it is a serious question just what form of business the newly disturbed balance between the relative attractiveness of domestic industry and foreign trade will produce.

The specialized trader who gradually developed into the commission houses has been virtually driven out of business, and, on the other hand, it is evident that foreign trading by manufacturers on their own account is an expensive form of business which can be profitable only under certain favorable circumstances. The result is that the present situation seems to offer a

chance for the exercise of the same sort of ingenuity that characterized the traders of New England throughout the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in developing new types of business.

Edward Randolph in 1676, writing about New England trade, said: "There is little left for the merchants residing in England to import into the plantations. It is the great care of the merchants to keep their ships in constant employ which makes them trye all ports to force a trade."

This expression, "to trye all ports," gives in a nutshell the picture of the spirit which enabled a group of half frozen colonists to start with dried fish, clapboards, planks and barrel staves and build up a trade with all parts of the world which commanded the respect of "the merchants residing in England."

Perhaps the most brilliant and picturesque period in the trade history of New England is that which followed the War of the Revolution. The year 1780 found this whole region absolutely prostrated. Little by little the coasting business, West India trade and various other shorter lines of commerce were re-opened and about 1790 there was begun the period of Northwest trade for Boston merchants and South Sea trade for the Salem merchants, which formed the basis for the prosperity of New England for nearly a hundred years.

It was of this period that Emerson said: "From 1790 to 1820 there was not a book, a speech, a conversation or a thought in the State."

Timothy Dwight, of New Haven, with somewhat more penetration, after visiting Boston, Salem, and other parts of northern New England, said of their merchants: "Their enterprises are sudden, bold and sometimes rash. A general spirit of adventure prevails here."

Boston, during this time, sent its ships around Cape Horn to the vicinity of Puget Sound for cargoes of otter skins which were then taken to Hawaii and supplemented by sandalwood. These two commodi-

ties were traded in Canton for tea, silk and other Chinese goods which, after a voyage through the Indian Ocean and around the Cape of Good Hope, were sold in Boston at a handsome profit.

Salem East Indiamen were going around the world the other way, trading New England products for Madeira wine in Madeira, or for African products, or for the products of India in Calcutta, which in turn were taken to Canton and traded for Chinese goods to be sold in Salem, or to serve as the basis for subsequent trade to Europe.

When one considers the difficulties and the obstacles that these merchants overcame, this trade and the other scarcely less interesting types of commerce carried on by New England merchants during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cannot fail to stir admiration.

There are one or two points in connection with these brilliant successes in foreign trade which those who are interested in the future of New England ought to keep in mind in their attempts to solve the new problems which are before them.

The first is the fact that from a very early date New England merchants took care to establish New Englanders at the outward end of their trade routes. Thomas Hickling established a house in the Azores in 1790. Preble & Company were operating in Dieppe in 1804. The firm of Loring Brothers in Malaga dates back to 1790. A member of the Perkins family set up a trading house in Smyrna about the same time. Benjamin Franklin Seaver of Boston was established in Buenos Aires early in the nineteenth century and there is a street in that city named after him. When Samuel Shaw of Boston went to Calcutta in 1786 he found Benjamin Joy already established there; and Thomas Lechmere of Salem became an alderman in Bombay. This is only an extremely incomplete list and does not include the Perkins, Russell, Sturgis, Cushing, Heard and other connections in the Far East. These names

serve, however, to emphasize the fact that the early successes of New England in foreign trading did not neglect the outward end of its foreign commerce.

A second point is the fact that all of these early traders made large use of young men. It seemed to be a definite part of their policy to export young brains. Practically all of these who have been mentioned established themselves in their foreign environment while still less than twenty-five years old. Similarly a catalogue of the famous sea captains of the same period shows that a very substantial number were men in their early twenties, while some of the most famous exploits were carried out by boys from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. Captain John Boit, Jr., of Boston, who sailed the sloop *Union* around the world before 1790, was nineteen years of age.

Finally an examination of the trading history of New England indicates the presence of a fighting spirit which is full of suggestions for those who are faced by present export problems. One of the most interesting cases is that of Frederick Tudor, who, at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1805, decided to ship ice from his father's pond in Saugus to the West Indies. His first shipment of 130 tons was a complete failure. Upon receiving the news of it he wrote: "He who gives back at his first repulse and without striking a second blow despairs of success, has never been, is not, and never will be a hero in love, war, or business." It is astonishing what a slightly oratorical spirit of this sort, combined with an ice pond in Saugus, can do. By the outbreak of the War of 1812 Tudor had built up a substantial business in ice with the West Indies. The end of the war found him completely cleaned out. Whereupon he built ice houses in Kingston, Jamaica, and Havana and by 1820 was not only shipping ice to the West Indies and to these two new stations, but also to Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans. A few years later he sent his first consignment to Rio de Janeiro. In connection with this he instructed his

supercargo in charge of this shipment to build a temporary ice house, to teach the people how to preserve the ice at their own homes, promote an ice cream establishment and introduce it into the hospitals.

One noteworthy paragraph from his letter was the following: "If you can make a commencement for introducing the habit of cold drinks *at the same price* as warm at the *ordinary* drinking places—even if you give the ice, you will do well. The shop frequented by the lowest people is the one to be chosen for this purpose."

In 1833 he sent his first shipload of ice to Calcutta, and by 1850 the Tudor ice business covered practically every port of importance in South America, South Africa and the Far East. One outstanding point in connection with Tudor's success was the fact that this led him by perfectly natural steps into many other lines of business, represented by return cargoes from the countries visited.

These thoughts from the past history of trading in New England ought to be built into the thinking system of everyone interested in the trade of New England. No better start could be made than by getting thoroughly grounded in the spirit which has pervaded New England's maritime history. The recently published maritime history of Massachusetts by Samuel Eliot Morrison, from which many of the concrete instances cited here have been drawn, ought to be read carefully by every business man in New England.

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THE value of the 6,500,000 farms in the United States has been estimated at \$75,000,000,000. This makes the average farm a "company" with \$12,000 capital.

# Advertising adventures in France

BY E. MORRILL CODY

*New York Office*

**D**URING the fall of 1921 there was launched in London, a yearbook of American residents abroad. Paris being the principal center for Americans it was found necessary to open an office there. I had the good fortune to be temporarily associated with this publication during the first nine months of its work.

The French, after years of looking down on advertising as a profitless luxury for large companies, are now just on the turning point of taking it seriously. But even today advertising is not considered a science, nor a problem for careful study. It is pretty largely a question of surplus funds.

In general, the Frenchman regards advertising as simply putting his company's name before the greatest number of wealthy people. In this country we differentiate between "publicity" and "advertising"; here an advertising agency never thinks of calling itself a publicity agent. But the Frenchman has only one word for both—*la publicité*.

On arriving in Paris I quickly became familiar, unconsciously, with the name *Dubonnet*. Every newspaper had a small advertisement, it seemed; one saw posters on the streets three or four times a day, and the subways were fairly choked with the large yellow letters. In Paris subways there is a wall light every forty or fifty feet. As I remember, a poster with *Dubonnet* in huge letters screamed from under each and every light. Yet I was in Paris for three months before I learned that Dubonnet was the name of a health wine, and not a soap! Never did I see any illustrations in their advertising to visualize the article. Neither did I ever hear a man ask for Dubonnet in a restaurant or cafe.

Dubonnet is perhaps an extreme, though fairly

typical of French methods. Seventy-five per cent of the advertising has the logotype at the top of the page—the unsurpassable, perfect, marvellous type of adjective being much overworked in the copy. One even sees advertisements for patent medicines “to cure all ailments!”

In striking contrast to the advertising, is the usual method by which a Frenchman buys:

“I want some soap.”

“Oui, monsieur,” replies the clerk, “we have one franc, one franc-fifty, two francs, and three francs. This soap at two-fifty is very good, monsieur.” Only in liquors and perfumes do brand names seem to have been really established successfully.

Advertising in Paris is more poster than periodical—not large billboards, but more like our one-sheet posters. Paris is plastered with these—largely advertisements for liquors, theatres, and patent medicines.

One of the principal mediums for such posters is the *kiosks*, octagonal turrets built on the street corners. These turrets have a metal frame with sides of glass. Inside there is just room for one person, usually a woman, who sells newspapers out of a small door. But the glass sides of the *kiosk* are covered with advertising, sometimes painted right on the glass. A light inside makes them show up at night.

The subways do a thriving business in poster advertising—considerably more than the subways here. The busses and street cars have car cards but much smaller than ours.

The newspapers are built on a different principle from those in this country. Here we want to attract interest by headlines, features, etc.,—there the interest is taken for granted. However, that interest is confined largely to French politics and local sports. You never see newspaper headlines displayed on stands—in fact the papers are folded so that they cannot be displayed. The newspapers are six sheet, six column sizes, and contain only about two pages of advertising—

mainly quite small advertisements. The department stores do not regularly advertise in the French papers, though they sometimes do in the American and English Paris papers. Altogether the French newspapers do not amount to much on American standards. They contain none of the "human" side that some papers over here have carried to such extremes.

Nor do the magazines have any quantity of advertising. Coupon advertising is hardly known.

The Frenchman's idea of an American—any American—all Americans—is of tremendous wealth, "especially because of the exchange." A Frenchman cannot conceive of a poor American—he will laugh at you for the suggestion of such an idea.

Also he considers the American rather a fool. A fool and his money are soon parted, says the Frenchman; "just humor him."

This is partly true. It is not always that the American is a fool, but he likes to throw francs around recklessly—they seem like dollars, "but really they're only six cents, you know."

And so the expression "riches Americains" has come to have a particular meaning. We soon learned never to mention Americans without prefixing the "riches." That word alone undoubtedly closed more than half our sales.

Another strong selling argument was the idea of something free of charge.

We promised to place our book on every transatlantic passenger ship. That made a big hit. Our argument ran something like this.

We will place the book free of charge on all transatlantic liners. All "riches Americains" tourists come over on liners. They are all anxious to learn about the countries they are going to visit. They will all read this book for information. They will all see your advertisements. They will all come to your store when they reach Paris.

Further than that the Frenchman did not inquire.

He might not advertise, but he thought the idea of the book a good one. I do not remember one person inquiring what the circulation of the book would be or who was backing the company!

The haggling point nearly always was the price. We charged 1,000 francs for an ordinary inside page, which was not excessive even for a publication just getting on its feet. But each and every advertiser expected a special reduction for the prestige in having his firm in the book. Without some reduction the man would not advertise.

The process we used, however, was this. Our official price for a page was listed at 1,200 francs, and then we would let each advertiser finally bring the price down "for him alone and to be kept most secret," to 1,000 francs. The only difficulty in this arose in a couple of rare cases where the man was willing to pay the 1,200 francs and we were forced to give him the reduction anyway!

Very often the advertiser would insist on payment in trade—socks, ties, suits, books, and even food!

Nowhere did I encounter anyone who seemed to know anything about advertising as such. Even in American firms, the advertising manager was rarely a man of experience. In the French advertising agencies they either talked about price, or referred us to the company itself for official recognition. All the agency did was to take from the advertiser the burden of haggling about the cost of space.

For years the New York Herald and the London Daily Mail were the only two English language newspapers on the continent. But a few years ago the Chicago Tribune entered the field, and while I was there, the Evening Telegram, an independent paper, was started; also a paper in Berlin.

Some of the methods employed for decoying the Frenchman to advertise are interesting. One enterprising salesman clipped a number of attractive advertisements from the Ladies Home Journal and the

Saturday Evening Post. In each of these he cut out the name of the firm advertising and substituted in ink the name of a department store or shop in Paris. He then mounted these advertisements on cardboard and took them to the shops whose names he had written in.

But he had one failing as a salesman going after French business—he did not speak more than twenty words of French! Undaunted by this, however, he showed his attractive pages to the French *directeur de publicité*.

He got more business by this method than ten other salesmen speaking fluent French! It did not matter that the Frenchman could not read the copy—he liked the layout which smacked of “riches Américains.”

Once having sold the advertising, how about the copy? That was easy—no one bothered much about the copy! Generally we were told to adapt some advertisement previously run in another publication. If it was in French we were told to translate it. Did they wish to see proofs? Why, that was an idea. Yes, perhaps they would like to see proofs. At our convenience, however. It was not important.

There must be dozens of advertisements running in French papers and magazines that have not been changed for years. Many firms do not even change their posters. Make the name of the firm prominent, was the only request.

Very often we were given a logotype and told to “fix up something that looked well.” This was even true of some American firms. After two months of argument a well-known American book concern finally contracted for a half-page of advertising. When asked for copy the manager (an American) handed me his business card and told me to fix up “anything you want—but nice looking, of course.” He did not even want to see a proof.

Advertising in France today stands about where it was in this country in 1880. Yet the French would be quick to adopt American methods of advertising once their value was demonstrated.

J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY

*Advertising*

244 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK



CHICAGO  
LYTTON BUILDING

BOSTON  
80 BOYLSTON STREET

CINCINNATI  
FIRST NATIONAL

C  
H  
S

oiled paper. sandwich.  
bread 4 loaves.

lobsters 2.

chickens 2 ~~and~~

eggs.

butter.

peanut butter.

lettuce.