

ADVERTISING—PLUS

By James Montgomery Flagg

With Shirts and Furnishings by the Author



These happy people prancing on the beach - they look like white people, do they not? Well, they're all Ethiopians until - well, read our adv. of Heavenly Soap!

MODESTY is a charming, mid-Victorian virtue which seems to have no bearing on the life of to-day. Women used to be modest. Yes, they did!

Well, anyway. No, I won't discuss it. Nevertheless the pantalette is a thing of the past! Yes, modesty is dead! It is dead even among the hens and chickens.

When Mrs. J. Plymouth Rock, and the hens of grandma's time, laid an egg, what did they do next? Did they cackle all over the place? I should say not! They coughed faintly behind their wings and, with an embarrassed manner, walked quickly over to where the ducks were and spoke to them in a low tone about the lovely sunset. Do the hens do that sort of thing to-day? Hardly! They prefer laying eggs in automobiles so that they can at once step on the Klaxon!

But there is still one modest anachronism; one odd sort of leftover from those sweetly modest days of Victoria. A type that seems strangely out of keeping with our vain and boastful modernity. A type that breathes the self belittling quaintness of those lavender yesterdays—the ADVERTISER!

THIS article is written in the hope that it may reach some of these modest and shrinking people! That it will, perchance, inspire and hearten them to come out in the open and discard their present forms of puny understatement. Advertising costs money. Why waste that money with veiled hints and anæmic quarter truths? You manufacturers of HEAVENLY SOAP! Why not mention some of the things it will do? Don't leave so much to the imagination of the reader! Why not come right out courageously and say:

“You see those happy people on the hotel piazza, on the tennis courts, in the ballrooms or, as shown in our picture, bathing in the summer seas? Do you imagine that they were always as you see them now? They look like white people, do they not? Of course they do! They couldn't be mistaken for anything else! Is that so? Well, here are the facts:

“Two weeks ago this was a summer colony of negroes! Actual Ethiopians! Shunned by all the whites. Then we gave them HEAVENLY SOAP! We only gave them the ‘once over’ treatment but it did the trick, as you can see for yourself! They are now white! Have you any little Nubians in your home? Do you wish to be a white person? It's too easy! Try HEAVENLY SOAP! IT FLOATS! IT SWIMS ON ITS BACK! IT DIVES! IT DOES THE CRAWL STROKE—LIKE ANNETTE!”

James Montgomery Flagg



At the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House. The men of fashion who wear our eighty-eight cent shirts are so deucedly proud of them that they will not cover them up!

AND, again, why don't you shirt makers put a little snap into your ads? Your shirts are not merely beautifully fitting garments! They are more! They are *much* more. Why don't you let us hear from you? Something after this style:

"This magnificent painting entitled 'The Opening of the Metropolitan Opera Season' was made especially for the 'Shirt of the Evening,' by the famous portrait painter VELASQUEZ! Mr. VELASQUEZ has refused to paint shirts for any other concern than ours during the coming year! This represents the 'STILTON,' a 'Shirt of the Evening,' in actual usage—at the first Metropolitan performance of 'AIDA.'

"We are responsible for the latest fashion in vogue at the opera—that of the discarded coat and waistcoat! Why! Because the men of fashion who wear our eighty-eight cent shirts are so deucedly proud of these garments that they will not cover them up!

"The mere wearing of one of our magnificent shirts insures the wearer against social obscurity! He has an immediate *entrée* into the most exclusive circles. He cannot be overlooked! He is the cynosure of every eye! He needs nothing else but a pair of trousers. Next season we hope still further to perfect this exquisite garment so that even trouserings will be regarded as redundant!

"Have you one of our 'STILTONS'? No! Then hustle around to your haberdasher and pick one out!"

AND how about you "ALMOST Coffee" fellers? While you're knocking coffee why not go to it? Like this:

"HEY! DROP THAT CUP! IT'S POISON!

"We used to drink it ourselves but, thank Heaven, we found out what it was doing to us!

"We began by having flat foot and moral collapse. Coffee done it!

"Then we began to suffer from old age, and things! Coffee done it!

"Then our son Hildegarde was mangled by our pet bloodhound! Coffee done it!

"Our chauffeur, dear to us all, broke his arm and hind legs cranking up our runabout! Coffee done it!

"Then what happened? The whole of Europe went to war? Coffee done it! And when my wife went to sleep in the bath tub and nearly drowned herself, I said! 'That is sufficient! We will can the coffee.' We did so. What next? We had to drink something, didn't we? Yes. So I invented a brown drink. I called it 'COFFENE.'

"COFFENE is made from the dust of the best carpet sweepers and a trace of neat's-foot oil. It is not alone a food-drink, but a bath-shampoo. It is nourishing alike to the stomach, the scalp, and the hardwood floor. It is not only a delightful substitute for coffee but for after-dinner cordials, salad dressing and bath soap. Merely to keep a jar of COF-

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FENE in your cupboard insures the whole neighborhood—within a radius of four miles—against hiccoughs, hydrophobia and book agents.”

AND you Coat-Cut and Knee-Length Brethren! Why have you left so much unsaid about your wares! Listen:

“Remember, unless they are C. O. D.’s they can’t keep you cool! It is the Magenta woven label with the letters C. O. D. that keeps you comfortable! These helpful little letters also prevent you from catching cramps in swimming. You see, no other underwear manufacturer can use these mystic letters! Even if you wore a heavy winter suit and a fur overcoat while you played tennis you would still be absurdly cool and comfortable! See the picture! If you had on your C. O. D.’s you would have the guffaw on all the other men who were in their shirt sleeves, no matter how high the thermometer.

“You like to be thought a snifty dresser, do you not? You take satisfaction in overhearing people say, as you pass them by: ‘There goes a titled man from London,’ don’t you?

**Lucky
Overall
Tobacco**



Lucky Overall in your funny, sunny little pipe is the thing! Don't be afraid of its burning your pinky, dinky little tongue!

Well, no matter how cheap and ragged and covered with eggs your outside clothes may be, if you are wearing a suit of C. O. D.’s everyone will turn and whisper, ‘That’s my idea of how a gentleman oughter dress!’ People seem to know!”

See what I mean? Make the text zip! Otherwise, why advertise?

AND again, all you tobacco advertisers are missing a great opportunity by not employing more adjectives. Adjectives are quoted to-day as low as ninety cents a barrel, and this in spite of Eleanor Hallowed Abbott.

“LUCKY OVERALL TOBACCO, in your funny, sunny, little pipe is the thing! Don’t be afraid of it’s burning your pinky, dinky little tongue! Every member of the sporty, naughty, haughty, snorty, tennis-courty set, including men, women and children, has his or her little rusty, dusty, musty, lusty, crusty package of LUCKY OVERALL in his fully, bully, wooly little pocket! No wonder! It comes from the juicy, woosy South! It is MELLOW, MILD, MAGNIFICENT, MONGOLIAN, MELODIOUS, MORPHINATED, MYSTERIOUS. It is more MODERATE

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and MERITORIOUS than ever! There is no tobacco on the market that makes such a corking, elegant, fat, gorgeous, dreamy, chummy, homey, golden, silvery, liquid, dry, full lipped, straight-backed, knock-kneed, bow-legged, academic, scholarly, Utopian, ambidexterous, eugenic, cheesy, foamy, shouting, antiseptic, willowy, god-like, ferocious, heavenly smoke!!!!!"

AND you gentlemen who have Chewing Gum to sell. Why, why are you so reticent?

"WIGGLEJAW GUM. Don't buy it by the piece or by the box—buy it by the car-load! You probably won't be having guests this war-time winter, so fill up the spare room with it! The flavor never leaves it! You can chew it for months, pass it on to your Cousin Ed and still the flavor lasts.



Even if you wore a winter suit and a fur coat, you would have the guffaw on all the other men in their shirt sleeves!

"Everybody's chewing it! It's the craze. People are going insane over it! Chew it in your sleep! Chew it at your mother and father! Chew it with berries and oatmeal! It gives you an appetite—and takes it away from everybody else! Chew it at the opera; at the cabaret.

Chew it at the club; at the dentist's; while dictating a letter; while smoking your favorite weed; in the subway, at a ball, on the avenue!

"**C**HEW it in your own ear! Chew it for dessert! It stimulates conversation. It prevents cholera, bubonic plague, and berri-berri. It builds up the nerves and tissues! It's refined! It's elegant! It prevents useless talk! It's man's best friend and woman's crowning glory! It's non-skidding and puncture proof. We guarantee five thousand miles in every package.

Put a silver-plated speedometer on your jaw and try us on adjustments! No weed-chains necessary!"



**CHEW
WIGGLEJAW
GUM
ON
The AVENUE!**