

ALFRED DARLOW WHO HAS MADE ADVERTISING A FINE ART

Something About the Man Who Has Made the Union Pacific Railroad and the West Well Known Throughout the World by His Persistent Use of Printers' Ink

NO SPHERE of commercial enterprise has developed more extensively in the last two decades than the advertising business. No line of industry has radiated in as many different directions, no occupation has exacted a greater amount of keen intellectual endeavor, or versatile thought or action, or produced more varied results of success. No large business today is complete or securely entrenched in its channel of competition without an advertising agency or department. Whereas a score of years ago staid conservatives scoffed the necessity of such an adjunct, today the leaders of American commerce lay most emphatic stress upon the essentiality of a well-ordered and highly skilled advertising system.

Advertising, then, as an independent vocation and an agency to trade, has grafted itself firmly and finally on the body politic of business. Long ago it passed the stage of experiment and temporary expedient. Demonstrating its indispensability, it has gone on progressing and developing, and finally has become a science of itself, and in the hands of its best exponents an art. It has enlisted in its field of operation men and women of the highest mental attainments, many of whom have devoted years in special preparation for their profession. It has led keen intellects into new channels of thought and research. Aside from its intrinsic value to the business directly involved, this exploitation has proved of incalculable benefit to the world-at-large, contributing in a vast degree to the sum total of its wisdom and learning.

The advertising agent who does not believe in his work, who cannot faithfully and conscientiously give his talents to the promotion of the interests that have employed them, would do himself injustice and his employer severe injury if he did not abandon his field. That is one of the virtues of the profession. Success in this, as in most other lines of occupation, depends upon a complete mastery of and faithful subservience to business. This is peculiarly true of advertising. The evils of pretended devotion, whether it takes the form of high-sounding rhetoric or fictitious personality, are obvious and inevitably fatal, reacting with equal detriment upon the representative and represented. A man may for a time exploit to the world an interest in whose merit he does not believe and seem to succeed, but if he pursues this course long enough it will in all probability lead to mutual failure, or at least come far short of the possibilities which a genuine faith might attain.

High Exponent of Business

Alfred Darlow, the advertising agent of the Union Pacific, who completed twenty years of service with that company and resigned September 1, is a high exponent of the advertising business. He is one of the men who has given to it and derived from it those elements of constructive and productive value that have made of it a science. In the nature of things Mr. Darlow would have produced the same influence on any business, for his is a zealous, faithful character, impatient of success, intolerable of failure, thorough, exhaustive in whatever the task may be.

Fortunately Darlow was eminently fitted for his work; and yet not trained with any reference to it. He received a thorough classic education at old Oxford, England, traveled extensively and read prodigiously. This, supplementing a natural craving for knowledge, a discriminative intelligence, ability to read men and things with prompt decision, and the power to gather and present facts in their most formidable manner—these elements are a few of those that enabled this man to succeed in the advertising world and leave for himself an imprint which will require a longer period than that he has devoted to the business to efface.

Railroad advertising requires a wider range of research than does many another line of trade and demands a more varied class of productions. For this reason it really is necessary for a man to devote some years to his work before he can hope to become of any great value to his road. And yet the task of the average railroad advertising agent today, under the new order of things, is not to be compared with that which confronted Alfred Darlow when he took up the work on the Union Pacific or at various stages of its progress. It must be remembered that the Union Pacific has had an unique history in the railroad world. From a government-subsidized railway it became a bankrupt line and went into the hands of receivers, where it remained for several years. The crucial test of advertising came when this road was redeemed from the receivers, purchased by E. H. Harriman in 1897, and by him reorganized. Darlow took full charge of his department at that time and entered upon an epoch-making campaign of advertising. When he, rather unexpectedly, handed in his resignation a few days ago and the matter was brought to the attention of Vice-President Mohler, the operating head of the Union Pacific, the comment was:

"It will be a keen loss to the Union Pacific."

No One in His Place

When General Passenger Agent Lomax was asked who would take Mr. Darlow's place, he replied:

"No one, the passenger department will look out for the work." Mr. Lomax, of course, meant no reflection upon the man who was to take up the details of the work, but he spoke a great truth when he said "no one would take Darlow's place." A man who could not make a place for himself in such a capacity would come far short of measuring up to the possibilities of the office. And Darlow made that place. It was because of this fact and the general appreciation of it that prompted the epitomized tribute from the vice president of the company.

Darlow has a faith in the power of advertising that is as simple and sound as the faith of a child in the unerring rectitude and wisdom of its parents. To him there is no limitation to the possibilities of printer's ink. And why should there be? Why should a man who has wrought such results with legitimate advertising doubt the magic of its charm or the power of its possibilities? It is no untried experiment with him; it is a proven fact, a demonstrated principle. He knows, for instance, that the widely circulated newspaper is the voice that speaks with a million tongues to tens of millions of ears. He knows that men depend for their information very largely upon what they read in the press, the daily press taking precedence in his judgment as the most potent factor in this system of education. But in the vast and varied campaign of railroad advertising the little pamphlet, the folder, the chart, map, book and brochure have their place, and they were employed to excellent advantage by this man in his many years of service. Indeed, the fine, finished skill of his talents found much of their best play and versatility in the wide scope given them by this interesting line of work.

Work for Union Pacific

It has been given to few men in the advertising business to exploit interests of such far-reaching importance as those which engrossed the efforts of Darlow. In the first place, here was the greatest of transcontinental railroads just released from the bondage of financial stringency, reorganized and set on its course of development. It traversed the most rapidly developing empire of natural resources in the world. With its main line and tributaries it penetrated the remotest corners of this kingdom of agricultural and mineral wealth. Its tracks were the arteries that permeated a system of untold and unfathomable riches. Beneath its roadbeds lay gold, silver and coal in inexhaustible volume, and along its right of way stretched land and reared mountains pregnant with undeveloped fortunes. Its terminus on the east was the gateway to this realm of wealth, its extremity on the west led to the Golden Gate, which opened on the trackless trail to the Orient, the objective point of the kings of American and European commerce.

It was such a subject that invited the efforts of Alfred Darlow, an opportunity few could have. Under the new regime the Union Pacific was destined to become a vital element in the development of this empire, and on its advertising department much depended. A campaign of colonization was one of the means decided on. Irrigation was another. The physical reconstruction of the road was still another. The people of the United States, of Canada, Mexico,



ALFRED DARLOW.

of Europe, of the world, must hear about this land of opportunity. This could be accomplished in just one way—intelligent, scientific and persistent advertising.

Student of the West

Well, Darlow had already been a student of the west, but now he redoubled the intensity of his zeal to know this country. In short, he became an authority on the west. With its early and current history, its resources, its development, topography and population he became familiar. He exploited the country more thoroughly, perhaps, than has any other one man. This great kingdom became the playground of this man's energies and talents. Over every mile of its boundless area he has traveled and retraveled, and on every phase of its character he has written, having his work illustrated with artistic excellence, and to every quarter of the globe his works have gone. Today he has a library of several hundred books pertaining to the west, and many of them are his own production.

Nature's handwork—whether along the rolling prairies of Nebraska, up the lofty summits of the Rockies and Sierras, in the wild and fantastic nooks of the Yellowstone, or even on the placid waters of the Pacific and the lakes and rivers intervening—has been made more vivid and precious to hundreds of thousands of people by the power of this man's pen and his artist's brush or cam-

era. The Union Pacific has indeed been well advertised. Its advertising has been of a high order, too. Darlow, unlike many men who see in such an occupation only the means of earning a good living or advancing to a higher plane commercially, brought to his work the fine, sensitive touch of the man of letters and made of it a sphere of literary excellence that attracted universal attention and multiplied the benefits to the Union Pacific.

As the advertising agent of the Union Pacific, and as an advertising man, Darlow has a national reputation. He was one of the most widely known and popular railroad advertisers in the United States. Among the newspaper and magazine workers it is questionable if he was not the most prominent. He had a good acquaintance with newspaper men in almost every state in the Union, and they knew him and liked him. They do yet, and always will. They and Darlow were friends, and are friends yet. True, they can't do for Darlow and Darlow can't do for them just what they used to do for each other, but the friendship established in those years that are gone will endure and on memories' tablets will be inscribed lasting impressions of pleasant associations.

Why did Darlow cultivate this extensive acquaintance among the men of the press? Why, if not directly to help the Union Pacific? The old Union Pacific was dear, and no doubt will always be dear to Darlow's heart. His devotion to its interests and welfare

knew no bounds. It burned into the life of the man until he thought in Union Pacific.

When E. H. Harriman took a trainload of railroad and newspaper men as his special guests formally to open and dedicate the Lucin-Ogden cut-off he unconsciously gave Darlow the opportunity to achieve his most distinct advertising success. Darlow with avidity seized the opportunity. He did something stupendous, colossal in the line of advertising for the Union Pacific. He had the story of that wonderful line of track across Great Salt Lake told and illustrated in daily papers, weeklies, monthly magazines and periodicals of every description all over the world, and they kept telling it and retelling it for months. It made fine reading, yes, but it made excellent advertising. Darlow knew this. Mr. Harriman soon perceived it, and railroad and advertising men everywhere showered their congratulations upon the passenger department of the Union Pacific. How much was this worth to the Union Pacific? No telling. More than it would seem modest to estimate. The publishers realized they were giving the road great advertising; they also appreciated its value as legitimate news.

Triumph for "A. Darlow"

Simple matter, easy enough. True. How many of those simple, easy things get away from us, though! Strange! To many and many a man it would not have been a simple matter, and many a man would have met failure where this man encountered success. There was a popular personality back of it all, a certain magnetism that does not radiate from every bosom. Anyway, it has gone down on the records as a distinct triumph for "A. Darlow."

For many years Mr. Darlow has compiled and issued for the Union Pacific crop and soil bulletins and reports that have given him some claim to being a statistician, and ingratiated him and his company in the good graces of the farmer and business man. Hypercritical in the detail of his work, Darlow's statements always had the element of scrupulous fidelity, and this gave to them a standing of much value. Annually he has issued volumes pertaining to the products of the various states in Union Pacific territory. They involved laborious work, but filled a large want.

Diverting his efforts into such channels as these marked Darlow as no ordinary hack and showed him to be not only equal to his task, but, larger, a man of resource, initiative and creative force. He raised the sphere of his profession to a high standard and set a difficult pace for those who follow.

And all this is recognized by the best and most scientific advertising men in the country. A few such, fifty in number, recently formed a select organization under the inspiration of the distinguished St. Elmo Lewis of Michigan. When Mr. Lewis got ready to select his associates he called on Alfred Darlow, bidding him come in. He did. This little company meets once or twice a year in some city of the country and indulges in social intercourse.

With a weather eye always open to the future, Darlow has been able by making good investments to accumulate until the present finds him in comfortable circumstances. When he decided that the end of the second decade would be a good time for him to lay down the work of the Union Pacific he stepped out of the railroad headquarters where he was an employe into another office uptown, where he was the employer. Some two years previous he had secured control of the Thompson Advertising agency, to which he annexed a large clipping bureau, and he resigned to take full charge of this business, which has grown extensively since he acquired it. Aside from this, he possessed other interests that demanded more time than he could give them before.

His Private Life

Mr. Darlow was born and reared in London and educated at Oxford, taking a classical course. He traveled extensively over Europe and other portions of the Old World and came to the United States when a young man. He went to St. Louis, and from there came to Omaha in 1888, beginning his service in the passenger department of the Union Pacific. He held a subordinate clerkship at first, was later ticket agent, cashier, and finally became the advertising agent. His scope of authority and operation was much wider than that usually given advertising agents. He was in fact, though not in name, manager of the advertising department.

Mr. Darlow was married to Miss Anna Borglum, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Borglum of Omaha, some eighteen years ago. They have three interesting children, Ida, Clarence and Dorothy. Mrs. Darlow, who is a sister of the distinguished artists and sculptors, Gutson and Solon Borglum, is a talented woman, and she and Mr. Darlow went from the altar before which they became man and wife to the hearthstone and there established another altar, an altar of the most genuine, beautiful domestic felicity. Their home, their children constitute a world of comfort that grows bigger and better each day to them. A large and well-ordered library is one of the chief features of this home. That library has been selected with staid discrimination as to the tastes and needs of each member of the family. Each child, as it comes into a new stage of childhood, finds the exact food for thought best calculated to nourish and develop its mind. It is one of the largest, most complete and valuable libraries in the city.

Mr. Darlow is a member of the Omaha and Commercial clubs and is decidedly popular among business and social acquaintances.

Incidents That Go to Mark the Revolution in Turkey

USKUB, Macedonia, Aug. 16.—Some time between 12 and 1 o'clock each day the so-called express on its way down from Serbia to Salonica draws in to the railway station here. It awaits then the coming of a mixed goods and passenger train from Metrovitsa, on the border of Albania, that closed country, the most westerly of the Turkish empire, which Abdul Hamid has always kept lawless as a barrier to Europe.

All Uskub in these days goes to the railway station for the arrival of the trains, which usually takes place within the hour. Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Serbs, Greeks and Tziganes (gypsies), each distinguishable by their dress, made way yesterday for a line of troops—picked men, chosen for the scarcity of patches in their trousers, for there were present also a number of foreign consuls and newspaper correspondents, and the young officers now conducting the Turkish government are thoroughly ashamed of the sultan's ragged men-of-arms.

There could be, however, no choice of musicians from the single band of the garrison, an almost shoeless, threadbare crew, whose martial conductor leads them not with a mere baton, but with his sword. The soldiers had been brought to do honor to five young Turks who had long been exiles, but were now returning in triumph from Paris to the new headquarters of their party at Salonica.

Being a privileged character, the correspondent of an American paper, I entered the station restaurant, where the local committee of young officers had served a lunch for their five compatriots in European dress. There was a brief speech of welcome by Jafer Bey, a thin young man with a slight lisp, the leader here; a speech by one of the exiled followed; then the three long cheers for liberty, people and country—no longer

the ominous shout of "Padishahimiz chok yasha!" ("The Padisha, long may he live!"), which one could hear up to a few weeks ago, delivered horribly over the ruins of massacred villages.

The lunch had begun and every one was putting questions—"What does Europe think of us now?" "What is the latest news here?"—when a loud, significant murmur from the crowd without lulled the chattering and all eyes turned toward the door.

With curses, two other young officers stumbled into the room dragging a third, a tall Turk with a terrible nose—a bald-headed man with a heavy white mustache. No fez, no sword had he, and his dark blue jacket was rent at the shoulders, where his epaulets had been torn off. He was pale as death and sweat rolled from his hooked nose and his chin and clung in drops to his thick gray eyebrows.

"This is Hifsi Bey," the newcomers told to their fellows. All the army knew Hifsi Bey, a trusted man of the sultan.

In the center of the room, under an oil lamp to which were hung little Turkish flags, the word "Liberty" in Turkish, sewn in below the star and crescent, was a square table covered with a white cloth, though unoccupied. Someone shouted to put the frightened prisoner there and, half-dragged by his captors, up he went.

His head struck the lamp, for, as I have said, he was tall, and set it swinging over him, tauntingly waving the blood-colored flags, now no longer the emblem of ghastly despotism. The two young men on the table with the prisoner shoved his bowed head back upon his shoulders and spat into his eyes.

"So be it to spies!" they shouted, and spat again. "So be it to enemies of their brothers!" Again and again, muttering phrases like these, which the whole room cheered, they spat into the

face of their fellow Moslem.

Amid hisses and shouts and the clapping of hands Hifsi Bey, the man who escaped when Shimsi Pasha was shot, and who made his way secretly from Monastir into Albania, there attempting to stir the ignorant tribes against the new regime—Hifsi Bey, the "palace spy," was dragged back to the train which would take him down to Salonica and to prison. As the train moved on its way, conveying with Hifsi the returning exiles whom he and his like had caused to be driven from the country, the ragged band struck up the Turkish "Marseillaise."

When the soldiers started back to their barracks high above the Varder (the Axios of ancient times) they were cheered everywhere, even by Bulgarian and other komitadjes, revolutionists, still armed, whom a few weeks ago under the sultan's government they would have shot on sight. The following of Mohammedans who trailed through the dust on the heels of the soldiers, did not now, as in other days, go out of their way to push Christian women off the footpaths. Even the Albanians—a wicked-looking crowd of brigands recently let out of prison in the general amnesty—did not swagger as they hitherto were wont.

I went with the mob out over the Roman bridge that spans the river and up to the heights of the citadel; for the telegraph office is there, and I had a dispatch to send off. I knew the old censor from other days and was greeted as of old, with proffers of cigarettes and Turkish coffee. Around him were the same old satellites, sitting on divans, legs crossed under them—the civil administration has not yet been purged of its unnecessary numbers.

"There is no censorship now; you may send what you please, effendi. We are now all Young Turks," said the old frock-coated villain.

"Yes," I wanted to say, "because it is good for your skins to be Young Turks." I could not say this, of course, but an opportunity came in a moment.

"What do you think of the way our young men have treated Hifsi Bey today? Do you approve? Do you think we do right?" There was a good deal of audacity in that "we;" none of them would have dared to use it had any of the young officers been present.

"In my opinion it was very gentle treatment," I replied. "In America we would hang spies."

"Hang them! You mean—" and the former censor gurgled and put his fingers significantly to his neck.

"Yes," I nodded.

A shudder went through the room; the old Turks looked at one another, and there was a moment of significant silence.

There have been several well known palace men brought down from Albania this last week, among them Muzaffer Pasha and Ismail Pasha, scoundrels of the old regime. They had to see somewhere when the Young Turks began shooting spies and went up into Albania, and in a last desperate effort attempted to rouse the Albanians "to save their sultan."

Their mission had a certain effect, which for a day last week seemed threatening to the youthful reformers. Stirred by the stories of the spies, the old Albanian chiefs sent for the members of the Young Turk committee at Mitrovitsa, told them that they had heard that the sultan would be assassinated, or at least dethroned, and demanded assurances that he would not be molested and would be allowed to remain Padisha, supreme religious head of the nation. To this the ever conciliatory Young Turks agreed, giving assurance in writing. FREDERICK MOORE.