

Men Who Mix Live Ideas With Printer's Ink Congregate in Omaha



I. A. Young



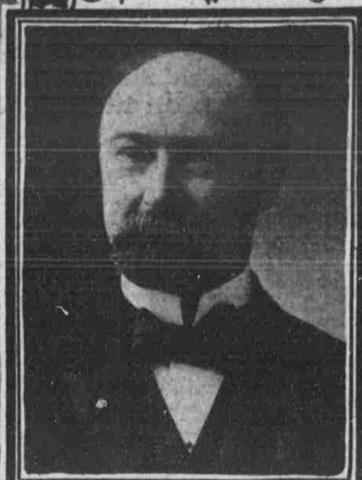
Victor White



Arthur Brisbane



Convention Committee - Omaha Ad Club



Chas. W. Fairbanks



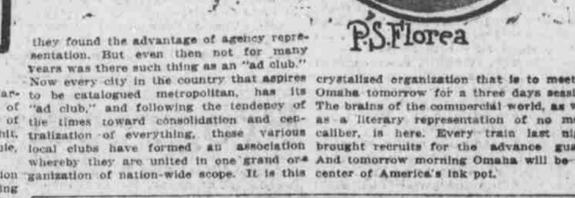
A. O. Eberhart



Chicago Ad Club Quartette



S. C. Dobbs



P. S. Florea

No unmet light before the glowing tint of Omaha's horizon, for the ad men are here. "Ad men" is the climax of terseness by way of announcing these distinguished visitors, but it must be here considered that terseness is a telling thing, and the business of the ad man is to tell, telling—always telling this or that glad story in most effective form. Persons of serious mind and dignified trend might prefer to say that "The Associated Advertising Clubs of America" are assembled in Omaha for national convention.

Printers' ink is a moment how much glistening ink is wasted in expressing that long name—"The Associated Advertising Clubs of America." Whereat, the more forcible short cut, "ad. men," is taken into general acceptance.

Printers' ink is the stock in trade of the men who have congregated in Omaha. Some of them buy it—but they all deal in it one way or another, which brings to mind the fact that printers' ink of itself, is a dull, lifeless mass, little more potent than so much axle grease, except when mixed with ideas. But, when the ideas are added, printers' ink at once takes on mercurial alquidity, vested with unrivaled convincing power, reaching more people the world over than is possible by any other means of communication.

This convention, which begins tomorrow, continuing three days, has brought to Omaha the world's most prominent representatives of publicity in the world. The program also includes celebrities in other walks of life, for instance, Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, Dr. H. W. Wiley of pure food fame, ex-Vice President Fairbanks, Governor Shallenberger, ex-Governor Folk and William Jennings Bryan. Of course Mayor "Jim" Dahlman of Omaha is down for a speech of welcome. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York Evening Journal,

has given up a part of his vacation time in order that he may be here to deliver an address. Mr. Brisbane is not a peddler of space, neither is he a buyer, but his paper has space to sell, and he has been reared in close proximity to the odor of printers' ink. Possible a chemical analysis of printers' ink would fail to disclose an odor of any kind, yet tradition has it that any man once taken by the "smell of printers' ink," is held so fascinated that he is never contented elsewhere. So eminent an authority as former Governor Hoch of Kansas is on record with the assertion that there really is a smell secreted somewhere within the murky mess of printers' ink and that it is a fascinating smell that time and distance will not eliminate.

But to wander back to Arthur Brisbane. He is a big man in the editorial end of newspaper work—a thinker and writer of international fame. Just what particular angle of publicity Mr. Brisbane will discuss in his address has not been made public, but his name on the program is sufficient to attract much interest.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, whose name is known from coast to coast in connection with "what is whisky" and other questions relating to food and drink, is going to talk about the pure food law, its uses and abuses, and such an address will be of interest not only to the advertising craft, but to the public in general.

Of magazine publishers there will be ample representation, and some of the most energetic and widely known of daily newspaper makers will also take part in the program.

Omaha's fame as a convention city has already gone abroad, and it is predicted that the volume and character of entertainment given to the ad men will still add greater lustre to that fame. In providing entertainment, the Omaha Ad club has from the very start been active. The preliminaries began one year ago, and since that time the tireless boosters have "kept overlastingly at it," as the agency man advises. The Bee and other Omaha newspapers have lined up with a solid front on this proposition, and nothing that will tend to make lasting and favorable impression of Omaha as a convention town will be omitted.

The Ak-Sar-Ben den will be invaded. In fact, Ak-Sar-Ben will play a prominent part in impressing the visitors, and all of the Ak-Sar-Ben impressions thus far given have been of the lasting variety. The visitors will be duly initiated into the mystic realm of the king, and then by way of panopied for the trials incident to initiation, there will be a Dutch lunch. After the Dutch-lunch is saved by leaving off the "lunch," and letting it go plain "dutch,"—there is to be a stunt entitled, "Tracing the Trail of John Jacob Astor." This is a hard journey, it is said, but those who survive it are always ready to see of brotherly love, seems to indicate that after all, there must be something good about it.

The Omaha Bee, with C. C. Rosewater presiding, will give a luncheon at the Rome hotel, and other local newspapers are also to give feasts. "The City of Peoria" is not the biggest boat in the world, but it is named for a city that rekindles memories of "My Old Kentucky Home,"

despite the fact that Peoria is in Illinois, and this boat will weigh anchor from the root of Douglas street, carrying the visitors for a moonlight cruise along the Missouri. The man from seashore towns may look askance at the dimmutive scope of Omaha's water front, but let the scoffer withhold judgment until he has returned from this trip—then he will admit that he has been somewhere.

Of course there will be more or less "shop talk" during the three days of this convention. That naturally follows; otherwise there would be no convention. But, sandwiched in between business, there will be a wealth of entertainment features, for advertising men the world over are noted for the upward curve of the upper lip—so pessimism among them. Their song is ever the song of the optimist. They turn lethargy into action, they show the merchant how to sell two pairs of overalls where only one was sold before, they avert panics, they are the motors that turn the great machine of commerce in this country. Obviously, then, these radiators are entitled to some entertainment. And they'll have it.

One of the unique features of the convention will be the vocal work of the Chicago Club quartette. The personnel of this quartet is George W. Mason, Chicago manager for The Omaha Bee, first tenor; A. E. Chamberlain, manager for O'Mara & Ormsbee, second tenor; W. G. Watrous, manager for Sherman & Bryant, first bass, and L. D. Wallace, manager for Egg-O-Se, second bass. This quartet is widely cele-

Convention Committee of the Omaha Ad Club.

From left to right, lower row—Walter Mander, entertainment; F. W. Harwood, chairman general committee; Walter Mandelberg, treasurer; Olanest Chase, women's entertainment; G. E. McCune, general committee; Henry K. Geising, vice president Omaha Ad club; Frank Keating, entertainment of speakers.

From left to right, upper row—P. F. Follen, press; Ralph Hamerlund, president Omaha Ad club; A. E. Scott, place of meeting; Harry Kelly, general committee; C. C. Rosewater, finance; Will A. Campbell, advertising; E. R. Swobbe, general committee; Colonel William Kennedy, music.

Members not in the photograph—Victor White, reception; George Gillespie, invitations; George Pray, badge; I. S. Homan, printing and engraving; E. Miller, automobiles; Richard Shabazky, registration; J. D. Weaver, Thomas Coleman and Mel Val, Jr.

Three Days' Work for the Ad Men

Registration any time after 6 o'clock a. m. at secretary's office, Hotel Rome.

FIRST SESSION, 9:30 O'CLOCK A. M.
 Convention hall, Hotel Rome.
 Call to Order—S. C. Dobbs, president Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

Invocation—Very Rev. George A. Bescher, chaplain, Omaha Ad club.
Welcome—Ralph E. Stenderland, president of the Omaha Ad club, in charge.
Address—Governor A. C. Shallenberger of Nebraska.
Address—Mayor James C. Dahlman of Omaha.
Address—Gilbert M. Hiltchcock of the Omaha Ad club.
Response—For the South: A. L. Lipscomb, Louisville, Ky.
Response—For the East: Joe Mitchell Chappell, Boston, Mass.
Response—For the North: A. H. Vandenberg, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Response—For the West: Pot Clayton, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Adjournment—11:15 o'clock a. m.

11 O'CLOCK NOON.
 Luncheon—Given by the Omaha Daily Bee and The Twentieth Century Farmer at Hotel Rome.

SECOND SESSION, 1:30 P. M.
 Convention hall, Hotel Rome.
Address—Arthur Brisbane, editorial director Hearst newspapers.
Address—"Outdoor Advertising," A. E. Frost, legal department Associated Billposters and Distributors of America.
Discussion—Led by D. G. Ross, New York City; E. L. Ruddy, Toronto; J. E. O'Malley, Jersey City.
Address—"Successes and Failures in Advertising," I. H. Scurlock, Kansas City.
Address—"Lafayette Young," sr., publisher The Des Moines Capital.
 Adjournment—5:30 o'clock p. m.

5 O'CLOCK P. M.
 Ak-Sar-Ben initiation—Special cars from Hotel Rome for "The Den," where visitors will be initiated into the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, witness the indomitable tragedy, "Halley's Comet," and be served a "Dutch" by the Omaha Ad club.

Tuesday.
FIRST SESSION, 9:30 O'CLOCK A. M.
 March from Hotel Rome to Brandeis hotel.
 Opening—Routine business.
 Appointment of committees.
Address—"How a City Should Advertise and What an Advertising Club Can Do to Aid It," Herbert E. Houston, vice president Doubleday, Page & Co.
Address—"Advertising Abroad," Charles Warren Fairbanks, former vice president of the United States.
Address—"Trade Mark," John Lee Mahlin, president Matlin Advertising company.
Address—J. E. Higginbotham, National Advertisers' Association.
 Adjournment—11:15 o'clock a. m.

11 O'CLOCK NOON.
 Luncheon—Automobile trip over the city to the office of Omaha boulevard, arriving at the Field club for a luncheon given by the Omaha World-Herald.

SECOND SESSION, 1:30 P. M.
 Travelling in the Field club.
Address—"A. E. Meritt, Street Railway Advertising company, New York.
Address—"The Country Newspaper as an Advertising Medium," W. N. Hise, publisher of the Norfolk Daily News, Norfolk, Va.
Address—"Benefits of Organization," W. R. Emery, western manager of Everybody's Magazine.
Address—"Post-Graduate Advertising," L. E. Pratt, the American Art Works, Co., Houston, O.
Address—"R. J. Gunning, former president of the Gunning System, Chicago.

Adjournment—5:30 p. m. Special cars to Hotel Rome.

THIRD SESSION, 6:30 P. M.
 Summer Garden, Hotel Rome.
Dinner—Given by the Omaha Daily News, Mel Uhl, president of the Daily News company, presiding.
Address—H. D. Wilson, Cosmopolitan Magazine.
Address—"The Advertising Power of the Newspaper," Louis Wiley, general manager New York Times.
Address—"State Advertising," A. O. Eberhart, Governor of Minnesota.
 10:30 O'CLOCK P. M.
 Moonlight Excursion—Leave Hotel Rome in special cars for the docks, where a moonlight ride on the Missouri river, with sacred concert by the Kazoo band of Chicago will occupy the latter hours of the evening.

Wednesday.
FIRST SESSION, 9 A. M.
 Convention Hall, Hotel Rome.
 Opening—Routine business.
Address—C. M. Wessels, representing the grocery and allied trade press of America.
Address—"Advertising," W. C. Freeman, New York Evening Mail.
Address—"The Future of Agricultural Advertising," F. B. White of N. W. Coy & Son.
Address—"Farm Trade and How to Get It," Marco Morrow, advertising director of the Copper publications.
Address—"The Responsive Chord in Advertising," Julius Schneider, The Fair, Chicago.
 Adjournment—12 o'clock noon.

SECOND SESSION, 1:30 P. M.
 Convention Hall, Hotel Rome.
 Address—Presentation of loving cup to club showing greatest progress and record of accomplishment, by John Irving Romer, editor of Printer's Ink, done.
 Unfinished business. Election of officers. Selection of meeting place for 1911. Adjournment.

Quaint Features of Everyday Life

Fowl's Bite Kills Woman.
RS. GERTRUDE CRAMTON of 546 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, died at the Bryn Mawr hospital, according to the physicians, from rabies. The woman had been bitten at her home several days ago by a large rooster, and this is the first time in medical annals that rabies is known to have developed from the bite of a fowl.

Mrs. Crampton, who was 54 years old, was found last Sunday by the Ardmore police, wandering about in an apparently dazed condition. She was taken to the hospital where the physicians were at first puzzled to diagnose her case, but she later developed all the symptoms of rabies.

Before she lapsed into unconsciousness she told the doctors that her 5-year-old daughter, Marion, had been set upon while feeding the chickens at the same time and was a close watch is being kept over her condition.

Object to "stork" Feins.
 Running of "stork" trains from New York to New Orleans will be checked if authorities of the latter city heed the demand made at a conference of parish and municipal health officers from every community in Louisiana, backed by the State Board of Health. Resolutions were adopted condemning the importation of babies concerning whose parentage nothing is known. Dr. Clarence Pierson, superintendent of the state insane asylum at Jackson, La., said: "The deposit of babies coming possibly from tainted progenitors into our midst is simply planting the seed of greater degeneration—more defectives, idiots, imbeciles and alcoholics—and will add greatly to demoralization and leproaches in homes where babies are located."

Alcoholism, Dr. Pierson pointed out, extended through the fifth and sometimes the sixth generation, as proved by statistics at his asylum.

An Experiment that Failed.
 Will an Indian work? Certainly he will. A Sioux Indian, who has wandered so far from home as Trenton, N. J., got a job to unload 100 tons of soft coal and set his wife, who happens to be white—or was before she tackled the coal-to shovelling it. This arrangement continued for a little while, but presently the wife proved that she was an emancipated woman of the twentieth century by hitting her husband over the head with a shovel, and one more effort of

the red man to adapt himself to civilization and rise by industry has collapsed.

Stunts of a Crazy Man.
 Perched on the top of a trolley pole some twenty feet from the ground, a man who the police said was insane and described as John Marks, 41 years old, living somewhere in the borough of Queens, amuse a crowd of spectators for a long time at Harrison avenue and Walton street, Williamsburg, N. Y., by his acrobatic stunts in midair.

His first antic was to seize the round top of the pole and gradually raise his legs into the air. The performance was worthy of an expert acrobat. His efforts to regain a normal position scared the crowd into believing he would fall, but he was successful, and then he jammed his toes over the hooks on each side of the pole and suspended himself head downward for several minutes.

Patrolman Debes then reached the scene and tried to coax Marks to descend, but instead, he started hand over hand along one of the wires, and while dangling there Debes gave a wild yell which startled him and he dropped.

Debes was expecting this, and caught the man in such a manner as to break his fall and save from injury.

Pet Dog Fights Bear.
 Three little children of S. B. Wait, who lives on the mountain near Tyrone, Pa., the eldest of whom is but 9 years old, were saved from being clawed to death by an infuriated female bear by a faithful pet dog, who was torn to ribbons in their defense.

The small pet fought the big bear until the children had made their escape. The body of the dog was carried home and buried, the parents of the children and their playmates acting as chief mourners.

Over the grave a marker was placed with the inscription: "He was only a dog, but he died for his little friends."

Unique Idea of Bravery.
 To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "Bravery," little Johnny delivered himself of the following:

"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short too run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."