

# GRAND OPENING!

# OUR FIRST

# FREE DISTRIBUTION OF SOUVENIRS!

Less than two years ago we were engaged in a small retail butter business, and were practically unknown in business circles. We have now one of the model Butter establishments of Washington, and in addition to our large wholesale Butter, Egg and Cheese business, we are selling Butterine at the rate of over half a million pounds per year. Our success has been TRULY REMARKABLE, considering the short time we have been in business, and we firmly believe it is due to the fact that we sell and have always sold BUTTER for BUTTER and BUTTERINE as BUTTERINE.

## OUR NEW RETAIL DEPARTMENT.

Now that our efforts to establish a wholesale business have been crowned with success, we desire to build up a Retail branch in CENTER MARKET that may be a continued advertisement of our FANCY ELGIN CREAMERY BUTTER and HIGH-GRADE BUTTERINE, and with a view of encouraging patronage at our Retail stand in Center Market, we shall,

Commencing Thursday, November 28,  
**THANKSGIVING DAY,**  
For Three Consecutive Days,  
present to each and every purchaser at either stand

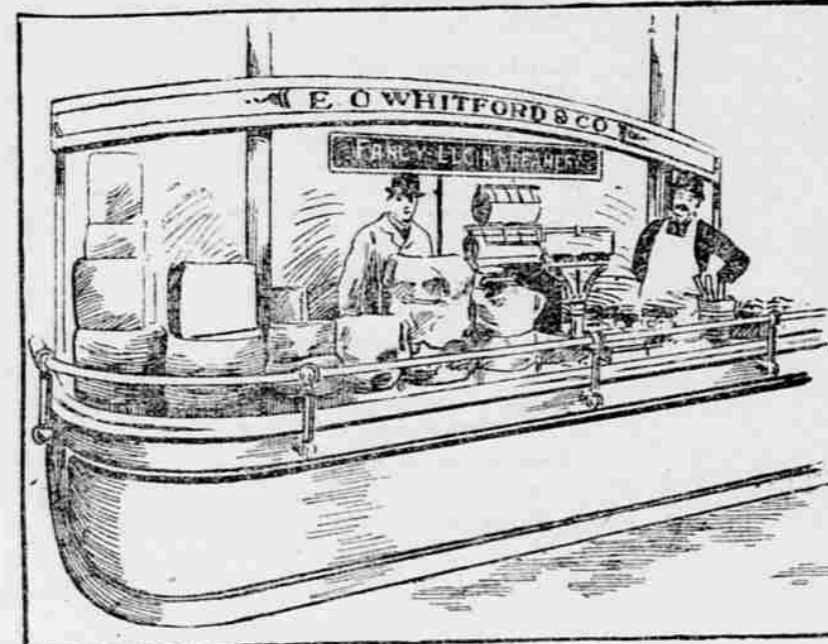
**FREE** A Beautiful Butter Dish  
or  
A Set of Individual Butter Dishes.  
Twenty-five Thousand (25,000)  
**BUTTER DISHES**  
To Be Given Away.

Our list of Souvenirs comprises Butter Dishes of all description, Large and Small, of Fancy Cut Glass and Handsomely Decorated Imported China, and will grace any table in the best homes in Washington.

We are having over 25,000 of these Butter Dishes made and decorated expressly for us in the potteries at Trenton, N. J., and in the glass works at Pittsburgh, Pa.



The above is a cut of our Retail Butter stand, Nos. 29, 33 and 35 Center Market. We sell at these stands only PURE BUTTERINE. Our "Golden Sheaf Creamery" is superior to any other brand on the market.



The above is a cut of our Retail Butter, Egg and Cheese stands, Nos. 15, 17 and 19 Center Market. Nothing is sold at these stands but PURE BUTTERINE—the Best Elgin Creamery Butter sold in Washington.

**Best Elgin Creamery Butter**  
—AT—  
30c per pound.  
5 pounds for \$1.40.

**E. O. WHITFORD & CO.,**  
Center Market.

Golden Sheaf Creamery ..... 25c per lb.  
Best made.  
Excelsior Creamery ..... 20c per lb.  
Best 20c Butterine.  
Choice Dairy Rolls and Prints ..... 15c per lb.  
Cooking purposes.

### ODD THINGS IN THE ADS

Very Queer Phases of City Life Shown in The Times' Columns.

### VERY INSTRUCTIVE READING

Interesting Contrasts Which Picture the Every-Day Needs of a Busy Metropolitan—Methods That Lure the Shopper—Some People Read Them More Than the News.

Casual observers sometimes conclude that the advertising pages of a newspaper are neglected on account of the greater interest in the news. This is a great mistake. Nobody knows it better than the news-dealer.

Over and over again he finds his customers passing by the superior newspaper to get one containing the class of advertisements they want to see. A crucial test comes when by some accident a great paper is obliged to omit its advertisements.

The dealer's testimony is that the buyer will pay a price for a paper that has the ads. The women want to see the bargains; can't get along without them; men want to see what is advertised in their lines. No woman who buys groceries or dry goods or furniture, either economically or with a view to getting the best, would ever think of starting out on a shopping expedition without having first seen the advertisements in The Times.

No man who attempts to dress well would think of laying in a supply at the beginning of the season without seeing first what is offering. Of course very many gentlemen have their regular tailors, shoemakers, etc., but he must be a very busy or a very careless man who leaves everything to his outfitters, without looking for himself to see what the world is doing in the way of dress.

Of course to woman was ever so busy or so negligent that she did not read the dry goods ads, and fashion papers. Then, too, every man wants to know what is doing in some line of trade he either is or has been interested in.

There are, too, many things in the advertising columns that are readable for themselves, aside from the information they give.

**MOST CURIOUS ADS.**  
Some of the most curious things are there. It's a lot of fun when there isn't much to do to sit down for a quiet half hour and laugh over the queer things, the odd revelations by the side lights on human nature. For example, read this:

"Tahange located in Washington; agents make big money selling his books. General Agent K. S. office."

Who would have supposed that the coming here of Dr. Tahange would increase the sale of his books to such an extent? But it does. Here's the proof: When a man is willing to invest his cold cash on anything you may be sure he knows something about it.

Then there's "Cuban parrots, Cuban monkeys," and the like. What sort of market can there be for monkeys? Nobody but a handful of Italian organ-grinders ever want monkeys; but the bird man has been very successful at his business and most of it is due to judicious use of printer's ink.

Then look at the old clothes man. He has something new in almost every paper. See this:

"If you save ten for \$50 a minute you would be 'hot stuff.' It would compensate you to see these splendid suits and overcoats, 'almost new,' and we are selling for a song."

Here's one for only in Baltimore. Reference required. That only shows how closely

connected the two cities are. With the new electric line, it will be practically one town all the way.

This next tells a story of a courageous struggle for an education. "Wanted—Young man wishes employment during a part of the day; anything. Address Student, this office." And right below it is the advertisement of the Workingmen's Bureau of Labor. If "Student" knows how to do anything and is "right" with organized labor he is pretty sure to get a chance to work. He only needs to look next door to his own advertisement.

Wonderful progress has been made in the last few years in the matter of regular business advertising. Some of the brightest, most ingenious men and the cleverest writers are now employed regularly by business firms to write their catchy and instructive addresses to the public and prepare the display that is to fill their places with customers, while less energetic and up-to-date competitors worry along, lose their money, and finally sink out of sight.

These ad-writers—a new word for our modern English—are often drawn from the ranks of regular newspaper workers, and are got usually at an advance of salary. Some of them command from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Sometimes the most successful advertisements are prepared by the head of the firm. Ability in this line occasionally takes the place of shrewdness as a trader and by itself brings success. This is rare, however, and is a good deal like a man being his own lawyer or doctor.

**TWO SUCCESSFUL INSTANCES.**  
Two of the noticeable hits in advertising recently have been one having a letter or demanding payment of a heavy note and a promise to sell winter clothing at the lowest figure of the year from the beginning of the season. Both were bold strokes; both needed to be honest statements of facts, and both required careful following up with supplementary advertising.

Here's the way a clever merchant tailor presents his case in The Times:

"Walk down F street, scan the shape—appearance of every man you meet—there's no similarity—no two men alike. Why should they dress alike? To come here means individuality—separateness—singleness—you suggest the stepland stuff—we do the rest—save you money—make 'em fit or keep 'em."

A clothing man, against whom the above is directed, answers: "What a delightful feeling of security to know that you haven't been worn as you recommend!"

A furniture dealer, whose word is his bond, and who has got rich by being square and giving his customers the benefit of full half his intelligent buying and conservative, progressive, energetic business management, says this:

"Extension table, \$6.25—and we could sell it for \$9 just as well. Solid oak—polish finish—six foot length. Neat carving—a well-made, substantial table—at a remarkably low price."

Solid facts are among at Times readers in the following. They bring trade:

"We're moving our shoe department up to the second floor, and we want to start fresh. We want to move the department up, but we don't want to move the shoes up, but we want to sell them off instead."

**HERE'S ANOTHER WAY.**  
The man who has put all the other butter dealers on the run goes at it this way:

"Perhaps, under the most favorable conditions, the best Fresh Butter may be as good as Butterine, but not one consumer in ten thousand gets his butter when it is absolutely fresh."

The advertisements by the quarter and half-page and full page, by which a witty attorney is drawing an immense trade to a Seventh street grocery are as familiar to everybody as the more conservative but steady, intelligent, persistent work by which others are making their own. It's a great fight and everybody is interested.

Then take the clothing man who says the clothing world has been hit by High Tariff McKinley, and the pen company that in apparent reticence hints out in a

quarter-page, "We might advertise till doomsday; some people wouldn't buy our pens," and steals a handsome cut of the pen, with a brief description of its excellencies, in the middle of it.

But it is impossible fully to appreciate all this without the artistic and skilfully done illustrations that give life and strength to the words. If you have not tried it—but you have.

Then read this list of odd little ones: **JAMES**—Come home; all has been arranged. **MOTHER.**

**FOR HIRE**—Nice private carriage and horse; driver furnished; terms reasonable. Address \_\_\_\_\_

**WANTED**—A young girl who has an idea of dressmaking.

**WANTED**—A first-class colored shoe repairer at once.

**Now, take the "For Sale."** You can get anything from a bicycle to an Egyptian mummy. Here's a curio, a cane, for sale. You know, there's luck in a cane.

Or, if you want to run a paper, here's one cheap, though some are advertised at \$1.00.

**EDITOR**, with \$500, can buy weekly newspaper, now paying; books open for inspection.

Or, if you would like to go sailing around old shoes:

**FOR SALE**—Cheap, many scarce trials, medical, scientific, numismatic and classics. Ac.

**OLD GOLD**, silver, autographs, books, maps, manuals, directories, paintings, bronzes, jewelry, etc.

Or maybe you're looking out for an investment and are a bit cranky yourself. Here's a crank investment:

**ANY lady or gentleman** having funds to invest in an educational scheme for solving the social and financial problems without bloodshed, please send address.

Or maybe you want a trip around the world and are handy with the pencil:

**SKETCH ARTISTS**—Wanted, 2 A1 sketch artists, 1 photographer, good writer and a fluent talker, as representative and spokesman; all about 23 years of age, to join advertiser to make a tour around the world, to collect rare specimens, write a book, etc.; must be musical, courageous, refined, etc.

Or maybe you want to make your fortune, good many folks do. Here's the chance:

**FOURTEEN**—Learn illustrating for newspapers, magazines, advertising, humorous sketches, fashions, evenings, \$3 monthly, etc.

### HOMES OF BACHELORS

Many Dainty Dens of Washington Club Members.

### HOW THEY ARE DECORATED

Always Say What You Need When Asked—If You Don't You Will Only Get Sofa Pillows and Handkerchief Cases—Attaches of Legations Hold Out on H Street, Near the Club.

A mother's influence makes a home. Sometimes, though, she is dead or far away, then the bachelor young man must make it himself.

Some people have the idea that all the average bachelor wants to call a home, when away from the parental roof, is a spot in a building large enough to contain a bed, with enough chairs and books convenient to hang his clothing on, a mirror, floor space for his shoes, and a bath. There are men right here in Washington today, however, men who live in apartments that have never yet been seen decorated by female eye, and yet are a perfect dream of artistic cleverness and unique originality.

Each year sees additions to the contingency of bachelors in this city who live in the seclusion of their own artistic apartments. The most of them find time to occasionally turn momentarily from the urgent demand of their social or business obligations and take a leap in their partner, hang a sword over that picture or stick a few photographs in that broad-brimmed straw hat, used last year in a fishing excursion, and then hang it on the wall. By these odd bits of attention a room is soon found where an artist might fill his notebook with ideas.

There is a tendency among wealthy bachelors to flock together. In the Metropolitan Club chambers, the four-story building on the west, thirteen members of the club have their rooms. It is worth while for every one to take a day off and make the acquaintance of each and every one of the thirteen in order to be invited to his room, if for no other reason.

Undoubtedly one of the happiest conceptions of masculine ability to fit up a home is that displayed in the apartments of Messrs. James H. and Robert Hayden, the brother lawyers. They occupy the front room on the second floor overlooking H street. Their suite ends with another room leading directly off at the rear through dainty Persian portieres as naively drawn as though gently tugged by some fair feminine hand.

The general furnishings of all the rooms are made by the club itself. That is, each apartment has its full quota of enameled iron bedsteads, with brass trimmings, and its Turkish carpet and rug. The rest is left to the ingenuity of the occupant. Over in the tall mahogany cabinet that tops the mantel around the fireplace in the corner in the front parlor of the Hayden brothers, is a well-selected display of dainty Persian portieres as naively drawn as though gently tugged by some fair feminine hand.

**BITS OF BRONZE AND CHINA.**  
An occasional book-laden cabinet about the room is topped with a bit of hammered brass or a brass statuette from this or that place where the owners or their friends happened to be.

In one window corner a low divan, as wide as it is long, is covered with something less than twenty cushions, all any couch requires. A rack of golf sticks with the soles still clinging to them stands beside the door. A huge Japanese vase rests on top of the revolving bookcase in one corner, while a silver corkscrew ornamented the center table. Mid all were the little odds and ends, photographs, holders and ribbon "throws" over picture corners, given by one and another fair admirer of the occupants of the room.

In the same building, and in the corresponding room, on the next floor above, Count Louis Szechenyi, of the Austrian legation, abides. Though the apartment is not as elegantly sumptuous as the one just described, the atmosphere of home-like com-

fort is just as apparent. On one wall a tennis racket, with the handle almost hid in a huge bow of ribbon, doubtless a remembrance from some fairy-footed opponent on the court, is a handsome adornment in itself. The pillow-covered couch is again in evidence.

**SHIELD AND SPEARS.**  
In one corner a shield and spears, held up with a bow of rope, such as is used to hang over a brass umbrella rack. Photographs are everywhere.

Senior Antonio Benitez of the Spanish legation occupies a solitary room, with its beveled glass doors may be seen a chamber is marked with a quaint, yet not stiff, plainness. The entire length of one side is, with the exception of the bath door, that is prettily accented with a curtain of some Spanish stuff, bordered by a tall cherry cabinet two stories high. Through the beveled glass doors may be seen a figure of Cuban cigarettes, while bisque furs of provincial Spanish seniors and secretaries occupy the niches in the hand-cant Magdalene hangs over the head of the iron bed.

Mr. Richard Broadhead, the lawyer, whose apartment is under the same roof, has by a dextrous stroke or two of the knife, converted the back of his Blackstone into a thing of joy and beauty, for ages to come by placing a picture in one slit and a bow of ribbon in another, and then tacking the whole thing on the wall.

**OTHER BACHELORS THESE.**  
Among the rooms of others where the student in decorative art may get whole volumes of suggestions may be mentioned the quarters of: Col. Charles B. Schofield, son of Gen. Schofield; Mr. Hazen-Field, of the British embassy; George Cochran Bromie; Senior L. Pastor of the Spanish legation; Senior Victor Eastman, second secretary of the Chilean legation; George Dudley Whitney; and Senior Emilio de Galarza of the Spanish legation.

A pretty creation is the room of two rowboat turned upon end and fitted with shelves, stands in a corner, a fitting receptacle for books and a few bits of china. Crossed above and nailed to the wall is a pair of cars. A peculiarly shaped chair edges close to the fire-place. A very red

robe completely hides it, and this in turn is partially hidden by a bear skin. Worn the skin and robe removed nothing but a barrel, cut half through the middle this way, an chair through that would be revealed. The barrel once made an important seat in the camp, excepting it did not have its present dress.

**DEPEND ON FEMALE FRIENDS.**  
Every young man can depend to a greater or less extent upon the favors of his feminine friends to make his room a joy forever. Though they have never seen the interior of the apartments, they know or think they know, pretty much the number, look and just where a tiny thing the bachelor would never think of purchasing ought to go. Experienced bachelors have long ago learned to name what they want when they are asked. If you don't, they say, you will get just fifteen cushions and six handkerchief cases where half the number would be the greatest sufficiency of each.

Prof. William Harkness of the Naval Observatory is not an old man, but lots of men have been married before they reached his age.

A bed chamber and a study on the third floor of the Cosmos Club are his quarters. The study is fitted out much after the style of other studies, save the number of books in the cherry cases about Prof. Harkness' room doubtless exceeds that in most of them.

An extended telescope with a pair of compasses beneath it as it ornaments one wall, gives a suggestion of the mental bent of the occupant of the room.

Mr. Edward A. Bowers, assistant comptroller of the Treasury, and Mr. Edwin Farquhar, Patent Office librarian, have apartments on the same floor with Prof. Harkness. The chamber of Mr. Bowers is well filled with pictures. A grate-stove is fed from the contents of a neighboring wood box, the sides of which are adorned with cat-tails and wild grass. The skin of some wild animal, intercepted with lead in his flight, is stretched on the chimney back of the stove.

**Life Saved by Catskiss.**  
All of the residents of the East End, Cleveland, Ohio, are discussing the apparent resurrection from the dead of a popular contractor and the strange methods pursued in saving his life. For five weeks he has been ill with pneumonia and is now recovering.

There was a period in his sickness, however, when his two physicians gave him up for dead. His breath came at the rate of seventy-two respirations per minute, his pulse was 132, and his temperature 109. At the moment when the doctors expected every breath to be his last, at a neighbor's suggestion the skin of a cat was applied to the chest.

Coincident with the application of the catskin, improvement came. During the first night thirteen cats were killed and skinned and the warm skins applied to the sick man's chest. The skins clung to the flesh of the patient for thirty minutes, when they fell off and a new one was applied. In all thirty-two cats were killed, and there is no doubt that they saved the man's life.

This was done with the consent and approval of a reputable physician, Dr. F. O. Reeve, of No. 2827 Superior street, this city. Bunnells is a painter, contractor, and has a young wife and two children. He lives in comfort at No. 18 Eaton street. A neighbor slaughtered the cats, some of which were skinned alive.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. West & Trux, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadling, Kimman & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

—Life.



She: "How did he enter college? He isn't 16 yet."  
He: "No. But he is over 6 feet and has a chest measurement of 40 inches."