OUR "LIGHT AT THE SEABOARD."

First to bloom this season of the great sea-side plants of our North Atlantic coast is the Heinz Pier at Atlantic City. See in the picture how it sparkles with its setting of electric arc lights, ranging eight hundred feet from the beach, and the brilliant glow of the glass pavilion, its terminal beacon. Every winsome feature that has attracted so many hundreds of thousands of visitors is again to be seen—its superb promenade, the famous "Board Walk," its unbroken ocean view and bathing scenes, so stirring and vivid with life and color, and the artistic exhibits of "Pure Food Products" in its spacious pavilion, the "Crystal Palace by the Sea," as fanciful visitors have named this Exposition.

Not to dwell on what is familiar, though so perennially fresh and attractive, let us present a few of the notable novelties that the coming season will show:—the beautiful "Sun Parlor" to be built on new piling at the side of the Pier, another exhibit of paintings not less striking and masterly than the memorable view of "Custer's Last Rally," and special provisions for the comfort and convenience of visitors in the reception rooms of the Exposition. How pleasant and popular the writing room is one may imagine when he hears that 12,000 postal cards were written on its desks in a single day last year, and the novel postal cards of this season will be even more eagerly sought as mementos.

The ever sunny and cordial Colonel J. S. Foster is in charge of this blooming plant and its exhibits every day in the year, whether the sun shines or not, and everybody will be pleased to learn that our sea-shore "Permanent Exposition" will be henceforth not only one of the season's fixtures but open to all throughout the year.

In view of our pier and its purpose, we prefer to believe with the ingenious interpreter of "Words, Facts and Phrases," that pier is not derived in every instance from the dull French pierre, a stone. The acute Eliezer Edwards says that it springs also from the beaconing pyre or pyre. It was the custom in olden-times to keep a light burning at landing places for the guidance of incoming boats. So he says "the word pyre is defined in Danish as a 'pier' or lantern by the shore side." "Thus the pier was originally the Light at the Jetty, a name gradually transferred to the whole structure." So may the Heinz Pier stand, ever a "Light at the Seaboard!"
OUR COLONEL.

The above cut is taken from a recent photograph of Col. J. S. Foster, who has been in the employ of the Firm for over twenty years. It will be long before he will need another picture; for the years seem to roll over him without leaving a scratch, and there is never a wrinkle of bad temper to ruffle the geniality that wins friends for him and the House wherever he goes. For several years he has had charge of our largest exposition exhibits.

A CUCUMBER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

If any of the fresh fruits of the earth that come to the Heinz works may swell with conceit, it is surely the little green cucumber. Hans Andersen would perceive this and make one of the little fancy pickles, so naturally vain of its shape in the glass, talk something like this to a jostling sprig of caulifower:

"Don't try to crowd in front of me! It is my pretty figure that people want to look at. You have a 'swelled head,' but you need not fancy for a minute that you are the star in this aggregation. You are simply not in it with me as the popular favorite. No country store thinks of doing business without the help of my family—every schoolboy's mouth waters for us. And what would the young ladies' boarding school do if the girls had no pickles like me to nibble? Why the most fashionable dining tables in the land always keep a seat reserved for us, and even your thick head must have understood why we are always on top of the workingman's dinner pail.

"Everybody who comes to the great Works can see how much stock the Heinz people take in us. We are the biggest thing they have in their variety show, and don't you forget it! They never do! See how courteously they treat us. Nobody is allowed to handle me here but the pretty girl who set me up so nicely to show my shape through the looking glass.

"Don't interrupt me, now, and I'll tell you how I came to be here. I am told that I sprang up from a picked seed, and you can see for yourself that this must be so. The garden spot in Michigan where I was born was chosen for our select company of cucumbers by the Heinz people. We had the nicest nursing from the start to perfect us. Then, one morning early, while the dew was on my face and I was feeing fresh and crisp, I was tenderly picked off and put in a nice salt bath to keep up the tone of my system. I had plenty of good company, all of my own sort. We had a fine ride in one of the big Heinz tank cars right up to the doors of these Works.

"As soon as we got there a civil porter was on hand to open the roof doors of our tank and give us a look at the bright sky for a moment. Then a handy man with a pole net drew a lot of us out, just as if we were 'minnows,' I heard a looker-on say. He emptied his net carefully on a wooden shelf of a moving roller band, and up we went with a rush to a floor above. Here there was a long row of big vats, and the band was so nicely poised over them that any vat could be filled by the slipping of a side gate in passing. So I slid off with my companions into one of the vats with a little splash.

"Here we were freshened up by a nice process bath to take out the temporary preserving salt and leave our pores open to take in the fine vinegars that make us so wholesome. If we are to be sweet pickles, we are put in a dainty bath of white vinegar, spices and granulated sugar. I heard somebody say that the English King's son who wanted to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey might have preferred to be one of our sweet pickles. I am a bottled pickle, designed to be deliciously tart; so I was put in the best malt vinegar, like all of us here, whom people call too rudely, sour pickles. If I was in a cask I would be preserved in pure white vinegar, and
there is nothing better to keep up the spirits of a cucumber in a dark, dull place. But I'm too good looking to be kept out of sight. It makes me nervous, though, to have people stare at me with open mouths as if they wanted to eat me."

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**A LITTLE ONE.**

In this pretty carriage, with a bright eye,
Our Colonel's little baby you may spy;
Of all the winsome babies trundled on the Pier,
One of the merriest is pictured here.

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**A DIPLOMA OF HONOR.**

We were awarded a Diploma of Honor for the purity and superiority of our products at the Brussels Cookery Exposition in December last. This is the highest award, ranking above the gold medal, and a signal recognition of the standing of our "Pure Food Products" to-day in Europe. It was the capstone, too, of the very gratifying tribute of diplomas and medals awarded by preceding Expositions last year.

The setting forth and conduct of this closing exhibit of the year were the natural development of our experience. At the back of the booth there was a conspicuous sign, "Degustation Gratuite!" in simple English, "Samples Free," or more delicately, "Come as guests to taste our wares!" This was clearly more cordial than the chill of the Pie-man to Simple Simon. So the people saw, and crowded about our booth, every day, and all day long, wondering at our varied show of novelties and eager for a taste. We sought to make a deeper impress by centering attention on our tomato products, Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce, Tomato Soup, Tomato Chutney and Tomato Ketchup. With the sampling continually going on there were brisk, pithy descriptions of their making and merits, and a forceful setting forth of the convenience and economy of using them.

We note that the people attending the expositions in Europe are very desirous, as a rule, to learn all they can about American foods, and are pleased to compare them with their home products and examine novelties. Business men take much interest also in our business methods and are very attentive to what we tell them of our farms and factories. They are specially impressed by the magnitude of our operations and the comprehensive care extending from the selection of the seed to the perfected product, through the planting, tending, picking, salting, processing, assorting, counting and packing in glass and barrels. All this, they say, is amazing.

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**THE COLOR BEARER.**

"Black boy, bright boy, why should you be here?"
"'Cause I'm de Kernel's mascot, who rules de Pier."
"Oh tell, then, why you carry that pickle in your hand!"
"'Cause I'm de color bearer of de Keystone Brand."
"LEST WE FORGET."

D R. WILBUR T. W. WHITE, of New York, threw expert light on the faculty of memory in his lecture in the Heinz Auditorium February twenty-sixth. All the employees at the main plant of the Heinz works were assembled to hear him. Everyone with a good memory wanted to learn how to perfect it; everyone with a poor memory sought how to better it. Every listener was pleased and helped.

**Pickles** cannot print it in full, but there is room for its essence in three nut-shells.

"The human brain," said Dr. White, "may be likened as a storehouse of memory to a set of pigeon holes or the cells of a hive. The trained mind can store away whatever honey it gathers in distinct cells, so that it can draw on any cell at will.

**FOR THIS TRAINING.**

"Kernel No. 1.—Give your memory the best possible grip, at the start, by fixing your mind intently on what you are doing. Do not allow the mind to wander. Concentrate with resolute will. 'If you are reading and your thoughts wander from the drift of the words before you, stop reading at once. You are wasting brain force and time.'"

"Kernel No. 2.—Help the grip of your memory, or make recollection easier, by marking the relation of one thing to another. Don't try to commit an event to memory, for instance, as if it stood alone. Note its natural grouping as a link of a chain of events or a feature of a significant and important whole.

"Kernel No. 3.—Couple the unknown with the known; associate what you want to remember with things already fixed in your mind."

In the course of his lecture Dr. White observed that the pigeon holes of Mr. Heinz's brain were necessarily ranged in order, well filled and ready for use, or he could not handle his business successfully.

Later in the evening, after the close of the lecture, Mr. Heinz made a few remarks on its practical application and everyday service. "It is clear," he said, "that methodical system is of essential help to recollection as it is to business. When a young man, I was once traveling for some time with a companion of my own age. We roomed together. When my room-mate undressed he threw different parts of his clothing about the chamber very carelessly. No place where he put any particular thing was fixed in his mind. In the morning there was always a fumbling and groping about for a missing sock or necktie or collar button.

"It was a slovenly, time-wasting and annoying habit. The boy grew up to be a man and conducted his business in the same careless way. Needless to say, everything that he undertook was a failure." Mr. Heinz went on to say further that in employing a man he never asked what size hat he wore; what did concern him was to learn what the man had under the hat, and whether there were pigeon holes there with contents arranged.

"It is necessary for a salesman," he continued, "to remember faces, names and towns. Most people remember faces, but few remember names well, especially if they are meeting new people continually. It is certainly an aid for this purpose to use one of Dr. White's rules, 'Couple the unknown with the known.' For instance, you are introduced to a Mr. Silliman, a New Yorker. You immediately think of Judge Silliman, and you say to the stranger, 'Silliman! a very familiar name,' and immediately enter upon conversation regarding the Judge. While you are doing this you are fixing the new face in your mind, pigeon-holing it, so to speak, with that of the Judge. The expression of the eye, the tone of the voice, aid in stamping an impression of your new acquaintance on your memory.

"Twenty years is a long time to remember a face, especially if the face in mind had changed from that of a boy to that of a man. Let me tell a little story in point:

"Two traveling salesmen met in a grocery store and, while waiting to talk with the merchant, they entered into conversation. One asked the other: 'What house do you represent? Instantly the other said: 'I know you. Did you ever attend the old Forty-seventh Street school?' The reply was, 'Yes.'

"'Do you remember going through a gun drill and singing *Comrades Touch the Elbow*?"

"'Yes, I do.'

"'Your name is Alcott.'

"Mr. Alcott said: 'I don't know you, but I remember attending the school and the circumstances to which you refer, and I also know that all this happened twenty years ago.'

"Now Mr. Alcott was recognized because of his dark complexion, falsetto voice, and something distinctive in his manner. His brother salesman had cultivated his memory of faces, names and localities."
Some salesmen have a faculty of remembering the location of the goods in the stores of the different merchants to whom they sell, and are able to tell you exactly where to go to find certain goods they are selling. They will even write you a list of the goods the several merchants are carrying in stock, oftentimes as many in number as our own '57' varieties. This faculty is not a gift as much as it is a cultivation of memory. There must be painstaking care to master the details of one's business, and it is the business of the salesman to know where his goods are kept, how they are kept, and whether they are displayed to the best advantage.

"The man who is willing to work and plan and think and cultivate his memory to this end will be well paid for his trouble, but the shiftless salesman will say, indolently, that a good memory is a gift, an inborn talent. If he has a poor memory he will not exert himself to improve it. We wish that every one of our salesmen could have heard the lecture of Dr. White, for we know that all thinking men would have been benefited."

WHAT'S IN ZNAIM?

ZNAIM does not trip over the tongue, but its products do. It is a thriving little town about an hour's ride by rail northwest of Vienna. All over Austria and Germany, too, Znaim is well known because of its pickles. The culture of the notable "Znaim" cucumber is its chief industry. The story of this cucumber is brightly told by Dr. I. Zawodny. Its seeds were brought from the Orient over one hundred years ago by a servant of one of the Moravian princes, through whom they were distributed throughout the county of Znaim. From their first sowing the growth of these fine cucumbers has been profitable. Of late years the field of their culture has been rapidly spreading. In 1895 only 910 acres in Znaim were devoted to cucum-
TWO TYPICAL PICTURES.

Our pictures of garden and farm scenes give birdseye views of two spots in the vast area of 18,000 acres of garden, orchard and farm lands now under direct cultivation by the H. J. Heinz Company. Some will wonder why our Company persists in extending its gardens, as well as its pickling and preserving works, but this may be easily understood by anyone who will take pains to study the preparation of pure food products and to learn that the prime essential for fine preserves and pickles is uniformly fine fruits and vegetables. It was so difficult, if not impossible, to procure, year after year, stock of this high standard in the great quantities needed, that our Company was practically forced to extend its own gardening.

A VIEW OF THE LA PORTE GARDENS.

Now it grows, selects and prepares its own seeds, and the choice and thorough drying and cleansing of seeds are the essential preface to successful plant growth as a business pursuit. Then the expert heads of its farm and garden department are constantly studying the suiting of seeds to varying soils and the necessary interchanging from one district to another to prevent deterioration. Next the nursing of the sprouting plant life and the prolonged care essential to mature it are engrossing pursuits, requiring skill, hard labor and constant watchfulness. Finally the swift gathering and preserving of the ripe fruits and fresh vegetables in their fleeting moments of perfection are the critical climax of the whole undertaking.

With a little inquiry one can begin to see something of the intricacies and perplexities of this mammoth growth and the manifold experiments necessary to reach certain conclusions. A cherry is a cherry, you suppose, but the best cherry for eating from the tree is not easy to raise and not the best cherry for preserves. So with the strawberry, the pineapple, the tomato and other fruits and vegetables. In the onion field alone our Company has been experimenting with a dozen varieties for ten years and more to secure the two or three kinds best adapted for pickling. Besides its permanent station men, it has experts traveling continually from place to place to oversee methods and perfect details. It is a vast business, of which you only see a few details in the pictures of Pickles.

Mince pies, says Leopold Wagner in Manners, Customs and Observances, are all that are left us of the immense Christmas pie of forced meat and sweet materials formerly placed on the festive board in the shape of a cradle, emblematic of the manger in which our Saviour was laid. When the great pie first gave place to the multitude of smaller ones, they were made coffin-shaped, instead of round, as now-a-days, the better to realize the idea of the manger.
WHAT JONAH DID.

HERE is a pickle full of spice from the Christian Herald's store house:

"Jonah was an unwilling guest. He wanted to get out. However much he liked fish he did not want it three times a day and all the time. So he kept up a fidget and a struggle and a turning over, and gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that if he was ever to get out he must be in perpetual motion. We know men who are so lethargic they would have given it up and lain so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into flukes and fish bones, blow hole and blubber.

"Now, we see men all around us who have been swallowed by monstrous misfortunes. Some of them sit down on a piece of whalebone and give surrender to misfortune or discouragement. You can, if you are spry enough, make it as uncomfortable for the whale as the whale can make it uncomfortable for you. There will be some place where you can brace your feet against his ribs, and some large upper tooth around which you may take hold, and he will be as glad to get rid of you for a tenant as you will be glad to get rid of him for a landlord."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

White pickling vinegar is not only used for pickling, but it has distinctive value as a table vinegar. It is particularly recommended in preparing potato salad, as it not only cuts the oil desirably, but gives the salad a piquancy and aroma that are appetizing. In pickling oysters up. They say: 'No use! I will never get back my money or restore my good name or recover my health.' They float out to sea and never again are heard of. Others, the moment they go down the throat of some great trouble, begin to plan for egress. They make rapid estimate of the length of the vertebra, and come to the conclusion how far in they are. They dig up enough spermaceti out of the darkness to make a light and keep turning this way and that, till, the first you know, they are out.

"Determination to get well has much to do with recovered invalidism. Firm will to defeat bankruptcy decides financial deliverance. Never or tongues it does not destroy the delicate tissue of the former or the meat fibre of the latter. For cooking game in French and German styles Heinz pickling vinegar is preferred by the best chefs and cooking instructors in America.

"Contentment is a garden fair, and labor is the pathway to it."

"Idleness is man's greatest curse; labor his greatest blessing."

"A faller do not ha'f to irriigate very motch to tell hes name es mud."—The Sage Swede.
“Pickles” Looks Up His Name.

In the interest of their traveling salesmen and representatives.

“Pickles” being now a well-grown youth, has been looking far and wide for the source of his name, like “Japhet in search of a Father.” Thirteen miles E. N. E. of Sluis, a well-known town of Zealand, in the Netherlands, lies the little fishing village of Biervliet, which the waves of a flood in 1377 cut off from the main land. In this village, scarce peeping above the sea, there dwelt some five hundred years ago the worthy Dutchman, William Beukels, whom a loyal tradition of the place crowns with honor as the inventor of pickled herrings. Was he, indeed, the god-father of Pickles? Beukels—Pickles! ’tis but a thrilling twist of a name.

Gladly would Pickles prop up this tradition, but facts are too stubborn things. The salting of fish and of cucumbers, too, is far older than Beukels. Virgil and other good Latin poets were fond of pickles and raised their own cucumbers, and young ladies of Babylon nibbled pickles, just as schoolgirls do now, before the ancient time of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome. If anyone could tell what Dutchman first called salt and water “pekel,” Pickles might hope to find a god-father, but the Dutch name for brine may be as old as the aboriginal Dutchmen. Herrings were the pickles of Biervliet, but Holland sent cucumbers to England, also, and in 1538 Dutch cucumber seeds were planted in Great Britain. Hence our familiar pickles, from pekel, the brine in which Dutch herrings and cucumbers alike were preserved.

Pan-American Exhibits.

Each day brings us nearer the completion of our three exhibits at the Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo from May until November. Two exhibits will be placed in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building and one in the Ordnance division, United States Government building. The principal exhibit is constructed along Georgian lines—columns, domes and all. The space is 25 feet square, and the prevailing colors are white, gold and pale green. On the four corners are booths, and in the center are three revolving pyramids with their display of products mirrored in the three partitions separating them, the entire exhibit being reflected by a large mirror overhead. Innumerable incandescent lamps of harmonizing colors light up this splendid display.

The second exhibit in this building consists of a series of pictures showing the sociological features of our business, for which we were awarded a Gold Medal in the Social Economy Department of the Paris Exposition, 1900, “for the development of the economical and social advancement of employees.” Views of the Auditorium, dining rooms, dressing, class and reception rooms, the lavatories and the hospital, as well as those of the stables and the wagonette filled with girls starting off for a drive through the parks, make an exhibit that will be much appreciated, especially by those planning along similar lines for their employees.

The display in the Ordnance division shows the varieties of goods and the styles of packages we furnish the Army and Navy Commissary departments of the United States and England, and among other things a Philippine commissary cart filled with our products will be shown. The use of our goods in the far away islands of the Pacific, and the fact that of the thousands of packages purchased by these governments not one complaint has been received, augers well for the nutritive value, uniformity and keeping qualities of our “Pure Food Products.”
THE MARCH OF THE BEANS.

ONLY a series of moving pictures can show the march of "Heinz's Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce" from their patent ovens to the sterilizing kettles, but the two little views in this issue of PICKLES of "canning" and "wrapping" are peeps at the process. One of the most winsome sights to visitors in all the big Pittsburgh Works is the "march of the beans." They can see how a heap comes sliding, hot from the oven to the receiving table, every bean of the same delicate light amber color and tempting the taste. Then they see the filling of can after can by one scoop at the heap, and the passing of the cans from the neat-handed girls who weigh and wipe them, to the endless roller band that carries them around the automatic filler. It flows with jets of ruddy tomato sauce. On go the cans, without pausing, past the boys that fit on tin caps and the automatic plungers that seal every can tightly, to the baskets swung by cranes into the sterilizing kettles of shining copper. Even after sterilizing, every can must stand trial for nearly two weeks before it passes muster and is carried off to be wrapped and labeled for market. Thirty thousand cans a day! 'Tis surely a moving sight and a dainty one, too.

PAINTINGS SAVED.

In the fire of early Sunday morning, March 17th, which destroyed the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Hall, our display in the brick entrance, where we held our exhibit last year, was alone saved. All the other exhibits were lost. On the walls of this room we left thirty oil paintings, some being 10 x 20 feet. We regret the loss to our fellow-exhibitors, yet are thankful for the almost providential escape of the paintings, many of which could not be replaced.

HEINZ'S PICKLE ARMY.

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia.")

P. KEIL, JR.

From the east and west we come, from north and south are we, Workers for the KEYSTONE BRAND at home and o'er the sea, Lifting up our banner high wherever it may be, For we are Heinz's Pickle Army.

CHORUS:

Keep step! keep step! and swell the joyous song;
Keep step! keep step! with Heinz's loyal throng,
Shoulder touching shoulder, push the KEYSTONE BRAND along,
For we are Heinz's Pickle Army.

With the goods we handle there is nothing can compare,
QUALITY, our watchword, and our methods always fair,
Let the Keystone Banner float out proudly on the air;
For we are Heinz's Pickle Army.—Cho.

Onward then and onward! 'till in earth's remotest bounds
The song of Heinz's Army from the hills and vales resound;
Onward! 'till in every land the KEYSTONE BRAND is found,
Borne by Heinz's Pickle Army.—Cho.

This lively marching song was written some years ago by P. Keil, Jr., a cousin of Mr. H. J. Heinz. It is reprinted from an early issue of PICKLES for the Army men and others who have never seen it and will be pleased with its swing and spirit.

WRAPPING VEGETARIAN BEANS.
THE MAN TO HONOR.

"It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But it's hard to find the man who will smile
When everything goes wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years;
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth,
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.

But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire;
And the life that is worth the honor of earth,
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who hath no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day—
They make up the driftwood of life.

But the virtue that conquers passion
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile."

WITH BROADSWORD OR SCIMETAR?

T H A T is a suggestive story which Sir Walter Scott tells in his "Talisman" of the meeting of King Richard of the Lion Heart and the Sultan Saladin and their contrasted swordplay. Richard, you remember, consents to show the sultan some test of his far-famed strength and undertakes to cleave the steel handle of his mace with his broadsword. He has just risen from his sick-bed, and one of his devoted attendants questions, in a whisper, the prudence of the trial in face of his Moslem adversary, whose keen eye would be sure to note any mark of failing strength. "Peace! fool," mutters Richard, "thinekest thou I could fall in his presence?" Then grasping his weighty sword in both hands, the king whirls the blade about his head and brings it sweeping down with such heart-power in the stroke that the sword shears the steel handle like cheese and buries itself deep in the wooden block beneath. No looker-on is so frankly outspoken in admiration as the sultan. When he, in turn, is called upon for a showing of his own powers, he gracefully disclaims any competition for the palm of strength with King Richard, but bares his thin arm and with a stroke of his quivering scimitar, almost too quick for the eye to follow, he cuts in halves a cushion of down. "Jugglery!" mutter some of the ruder English spectators. The sultan is seemingly deaf to the discourtesy, but with another flashing stroke he severs a veil floating in air.

The Wizard of the North leaves it for us to guess which one of the strokes he counts the best. Each is plainly effective in its distinctive application. Here is a contrast of methods, means and force of striking pertinence to everyday business. Shall one use the straightforward, downright slashing method or the deft, light side stroke of suggestion? Everyone can see the force of frankly direct appeal striving with concentrated heart and will to win its way by cutting through every obstacle. But this is greatly taxing to the energies. Even the fearless king would hardly attempt to repeat more than a few times his broadsword stroke. The sultan's method is the winning of a desired effect along the line of least resistance by the expenditure of the least force necessary.

Doubtless the method to be preferred will vary with the varying conditions of each particular case. Slashing strokes are needed to score winning points sometimes. Some men are so slow of appreciation and so set in their ways that any subtlety of suggestion would be wasted. But the slashing method is apt to arouse self-conceit and antagonism. Men dislike the seeming admission of inferior judgment or knowledge in confessing imperfections or yielding points.

Suppose that a grocer has a poorly set show window. Shall a traveling salesman tell him bluntly that it is a "rotten" show and batter an arrangement of his own choosing into the window? Or shall one, in the course of a natural business talk, allude easily to a novel show which he has seen in another town that was drawing a crowd about the window. If he interests the grocer, he may remark that he has a notion to improve the catching novelty. This might readily lead to a request to show his idea. Then the way is cleared for him to put up an effective display with his own goods in the center of the stage. Of course, every competent salesman to the retail trade can make an effective display of goods in any window or throughout any store. The provision of such a display he knows to be essential to the advance of business and the increase of his sales. So he will let no chance pass to suggest, without im-
pertinence, striking, pleasing and novel effects. What transforming changes may be wrought in this way by a little dexterity of suggestion, following the lines of least resistance, like the almost invisible sweep of the sultan’s scimitar!

THE SALESMAN A TEACHER.

It is often within the power of the salesman to educate the grocer to handle goods to the best advantage. Too many grocers are careless about this very important concern. To illustrate, take bulk chow-chow. In the course of time the vinegar will evaporate and leave the mixture dry. The top becomes dark-colored and unsightly and the goods deteriorate in quality. Teach the grocer to watch this and when he discovers that the chow is getting dry, mix with it some good vinegar, pickling preferred. Show him the advantage. Chow retails for twice as much money as vinegar, and he consequently receives twice as much for the vinegar that he sells in the chow as he would by selling it as straight vinegar. Not only this, but he maintains the quality of the chow; keeps it fresh and looking nice. Another point, in dipping chow from the crock the grocer very often strikes the dipper against the side of the crock, or dips from near the side, or draws the dipper up the side. From the very nature of the goods this practice leaves the sides plastered over with a coating of the thick liquid, which becomes dry. Then follows a fresh coating, and this process goes on until the crock has such a mussy appearance that a customer would be led to reject the goods on that score alone. If you teach the grocer to dip from the center, and lift the dipper straight up without touching the sides, the crock will always be presentable in appearance.

The grocer will appreciate the advantage of these hints, and, as a result, the goods will keep better, look nicer, and sell more readily.

“Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time.”

“He who trusts to luck for success will be lucky if he gets it.”

“The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees best.

―HOLT.

“A SURPRISE SUPPER.”

HOW a bright idea may rise to a brilliant one has just been signally shown by some ladies in the “Gateway of the West.” The Ladies’ Aid Society of the United Brethren Church of East Pittsburgh wanted more means to extend its good work. Their committee came to us for help, the more confidently because of our former donation. This time they had the bright idea of “A Surprise Supper” and clear-cut plans to win success. In the assurance that our help would be so well-deserved, it was a pleasure to us to do all that was asked.

How brilliantly and with what perfection of detail the plans were carried out appeared on the nights of April 11th and 12th, when the “Surprise Supper” was twice given, in response to pressing demands. Crisply-worded, eye-catching posters announced it at every available point of display. When the curious people came streaming into the Hotel Belmont, where the supper was spread, they found the reception and supper rooms artfully decorated with novel effects in parti-colored posters and street car cards. Winsome lady waitresses served their guests, all in jaunty white linen caps with tufts of paper pickles, and wearing pickle stickpins. As soon as a guest was seated at the table, a menu was presented as a memento, carrying a little pickle watch charm on its upper left hand corner.

Here is the menu:

A SURPRISE SUPPER OF “57 VARIETIES.”

MENU.

Heinz Tomato Soup, Crackers,
Heinz Queen Olives, Heinz Sweet Pickles,
Roast Beef, Potatoes,
French Peas, Cold Ham,
Heinz Tomato Chutney, Heinz India Relish,
Potato Salad,
Heinz Mustard Dressing, Heinz Malt Vinegar,
Mince Pie a la Heinz.

April 11th and 12th.

Fancy may easily supply the bright running flow and bubbling humors of these charming suppers, which would fill PICKLES to overflowing if space could be given. In a word, let it be said that the “Surprise Supper” scored a most palatable hit both in novel entertainment and cash returns, and its success here is full of suggestion to other societies to profit by this object lesson.
"SELL YOUR MAN!"

[From an Expert's Practical Talk.]

How often during a gathering of salesmen you will hear one man say to another:

"I wish I could sell — — as well as you do; tell me how you do it." Condense the successful man's answer and is it not covered by these two points, viz.: First, study your article, or, as we have been often told, "get full of it." Think, and think hard from all points of view of the different articles you have to offer, not only when you are talking to your customers, but when you are resting from your labors, either at home or on the cars. It will pay much better than a game of cards, billiards or bowling and prove just as interesting.

Second, size up your buyer quickly; learn to think quickly, act quickly; look him square in the eyes; get his confidence. At first glance these will appear to be four separate and distinct actions; but they are not. They are so dove-tailed one into another that they are practically one. To size up your buyer was pithily put by Mr. Heinz, "sell your man." If you are growing familiar with your goods and others that he sells, their flavor, taste, color, size, style of package, way of being retailed and percentage of profits, you are getting "full of your article." Then, if you size up your buyer any way near correctly, he cannot dodge the issue—you meet him at every turn, call all his bluffs and, best of all, leave him well satisfied. He will see you go away thinking, "that is a good salesman; he deserves to succeed." I wish they were all like him," and on the next call you are met by a cheerful "good morning." In this connection let me quote Mr. Heinz again, "it is not what you say, but how you say it."

THE MEN'S DINING ROOM.

We have long desired a dining room large enough for our ever increasing number of factory hands. At last our plans have culminated, and the illustration shows the result. This room is on the third floor of the Auditorium building, is larger than the women's, in the Baked Bean building, and is light, airy and cheerful. The walls are adorned with paintings, etchings and engravings, and the environments are made as near homelike as possible. The works of art embellishing the walls were especially selected with a view of cultivating a taste for the beautiful. A substantial meal is furnished at cost, and the service gratuitous. Lockers and lavatories adjoin, and all is spick and span.
OUR ELECTRIFIED STABLES.

The accompanying view gives a peep at the handsome, sturdy dray horses in their novel modern stables at our main plant in Pittsburgh. Fifty horses stand there, for our city and suburban service, all young and vigorous and of high-bred stock. Each has a spacious stall with open swinging partitions for ventilation and safety, and there is room for many more on the floors of the model building, three stories in height, with a basement, covering a ground area 80x100 feet. The architectural design is highly artistic and largely unique, and the whole building is fire-proof from the ground up, with walls of vitrified pressed brick and the finest sandstone, and an interior frame work of structural steel, with floorings of concrete and cement. For further protection fire-proof doors close the openings from floor to floor, and there is a safety way through a fire-proof tower from every floor to the ground.

To combine comfort and convenience with this safety and beauty the wizardry of modern science is daily working its marvels. When a horse comes in from work his harness is instantly taken off and borne away by an electric conveyor. If he droops his head with a chill, a Turkish bath would cheer him up, and one stands ready. If all he needs to refresh him is good grooming, his coat is soon brought to a gloss with electric currying brushes. When he goes to his stall, his feet rest on a springy floor of cork and asphalt, and he is fed and watered without delay by the light pressure of electric buttons. An expert veterinarian is in constant attendance, and the care given to all the horses is so unflagging that if "Black Beauty" should ever come here, she would certainly add a novel chapter to her tale of experience.

"It is a difficult task to speak to the stomach because it hath no ears."—Cato.

"The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best."—Holt.

"The heart gives life its beauty, Its glory and its power, 'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream And soft dew to its flower."—John Keble.
A VOCAL and literary entertainment was given by the employees of H. J. Heinz Company, at the main plant, Pittsburgh, Friday evening, March fifteenth. Mr. David Timothy, city salesman, and Mr. Oscar E. Smith, of the manufacturing department, got up the entertainment, enlisting the services of a number of their friends. The program was as follows:

Part I.—Overture, Pittsburgh Stringed Orchestra; selection, quartette, Miss Semmelrock, Mrs. Schneider and Messrs. Schmidt; solo, selected, Miss Semmelrock; recitation, selected, Mr. Trot; piano solo, “Mountain Stream” (Smith), Master Carney; solo, “The Slave Song,” Mrs. Schneider; glee, “The Little Fellow on My Knee” (Parks), Pittsburgh Male Quartette, Messrs. Swearer, tenors, and Messrs. Swearer and Swayers, bassos.

Part II.—Overture, Pittsburgh Stringed Orchestra; solo, “Friends,” Mr. Schmidt; recitation, “Custer’s Last Rally” (Whittier), Mr. David Timothy; solo, “Abide with Me,” Mrs. Schneider; piano solo, “Star of Hope,” (Batiste), Master Carney; duet, “In the Springtime,” Miss Semmelrock and Mrs. Schneider; glee, “The City Choir,” (Parks), Pittsburgh Male Quartette.

The music of the Pittsburgh Stringed Orchestra was very fine and highly appreciated by the audience. The Auditorium was crowded. The numbers eliciting the most applause were those played on the piano by Master Carney, a little fellow in knickerbockers. His technic was remarkable for a child, and his execution indicates that he has studied hard and practiced well. Should the child live, he will be a musician far above the average.

Mr. Timothy’s recitation, “Custer’s Last Rally,” was well rendered and very apropos because at the back of the stage is shown the celebrated oil painting of this rally by Mulvaney, 11 x 21 feet in size.

The singing of Miss Semmelrock and Mrs. Schneider was excellent, especially in the duet, “In the Springtime.”

The firm wish to thank those who got up the entertainment, as well as those taking part in it, for their kindness in carrying out the above program. The employees were delighted and the evening will be remembered with pleasure.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

NOW, let us have a word or two about the treatment of the drummer, says the Storekeeper. He has faults—he knows them as well as we do—but their are some fair bits in his make-up, after all. He is a business man, whose time is valuable, valuable as yours or any other person’s. Think of him as such, and treat him accordingly. If you want his goods, give him a chance to show and sell as soon as possible; if you don’t want his goods, tell him so and let him go, rather than hold him in suspense for several hours; if you want to look at his line, he’ll gladly show it and run the risk of a sale, or else he is no good in his business.

Be fair and reasonable with him in all ways—make the Golden Rule work backwards as well as forwards. If he is treacherous, throw him over without mercy; if he is square, hold to him, and he will help you in ways you think not of nor have ever suspected. Be firm with him and he’ll respect you; be square with him and he’ll repay you. You will “do” yourself easier than other people will “do” you.

NEW OFFICE EXTENSION.

THE necessary increase of our clerical force to meet the growing demands of our business has been over-crowding the general office at the main plant, and it was essential to provide an extension of accommodations with the least possible delay. For this purpose a temporary structure has just been erected between the preserving and pickle processing buildings. This doubles our former office room. For permanent use we are planning the erection of a special office building opposite the portal of the Works which serves as our Time Office.

Meanwhile we have in the new extension not only enlarged office rooms, but a show room for the exhibition of our products and an attractive reception room for visitors desiring to see the Works, and for those who call for business purposes. The sales department has long been cramped for room, but there is now ample provision for its present accommodation. The purchasing department has larger quarters also, and the design of the new extension has secured adequate lighting and ventilation as well as essential convenience.
EVERY visitor who enters the main door-
way of our works in Pittsburgh pauses
a moment at sight of the figure of the
little negro boy whose natural pose and laugh-
ing face are so winsome. Some faint idea of
this fielike work in bronze is given in the
picture in this issue of Pickles. At first sight
of the boy in the doorway one expects him to
speak, for breath seems passing through his
parted lips.

"Some men think about the defects of their
friends, and there is nothing to be gained by it.
I have always paid attention to the merits of my
enemies and found it an advantage."—Goethe.

"We are not writing in the sand—
"The tide does not wash it out.
"We are not painting pictures on the canvas
with a brush, so that we can erase the error
of yesterday or overlay it with another color to-day.
"We are writing our lives with a chisel on the
marble, and every time we strike a blow we
leave a mark that is indelible.

—Lyman Abbott.

Mr. H. J. Heinz is spending a few weeks at
Bermuda, accompanied by his son-in-law and
daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Given.

Mr. R. G. Evans has just returned from Buf-
falo, having been on a business trip pertaining to
our exhibits at the coming Pan-American Ex-
position.

Mr. J. N. Jeffares, manager of our New York
branch, has been at Atlantic City for a short
vacation, enjoying the ocean breezes.

Mr. C. N. Heinz has been ill at his home for
the past two weeks, suffering with rheumatism.

J. B. McEwen is taking an active interest in
store demonstrating work, and his sales for the
month just past show a handsome increase.

Hugh C. Anderson has just returned from
Muscatine, Ia., having paid a visit to our branch
factory.

E. O. Yancy, of our St. Louis branch, holds
the coveted position of No. 1 on the Relative
Standing Sheet for February Vinegar sales.

N. J. Mitchell, our Seattle representative, re-
ports good business, and says that prospects
were never better for trade on the Pacific slope.

B. E. Johnson, our Wilkesbarre representa-
tive, has moved into his new home, which was
completed April first. May happiness and
plenty be his portion!

Stanley Monteith, whose headquarters are at
Cape Town, South Africa, is now making a trip
to Durban and Port Elizabeth. Our last order
from him was for 1000 cases of goods.

C. H. Willis, one of the salesmen connected
with our Chicago branch, has been elected chair-
man of the Board of Directors, for the year 1901,
of the Iowa State Traveling Men's Association.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. F. L.
Bennett, manager of our Scranton branch. He
reports good business and says that now that the
strikes are over in the anthracite coal region, the
Scranton branch will make a record for itself.

Harry Steele Morrison, the Boy Traveler, lec-
tured in the Auditorium to a large audience re-
cently, on his "Second Trip to Europe," during
which he told of visits to the Paris Exposition
and the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The
lecture was very interesting.
C. G. Voorhis, one of the salesmen connected with our New York branch, whose territory is in Connecticut, sends in an advertisement written by H. Higinbotham, of Windsor, Conn., which says that “Heinz Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce is a time-saver for busy women, and a brain and muscle maker for growing boys and girls.” We thank Mr. Higinbotham for the interest he is taking in our line.

P. J. Hersh, one of the Philadelphia boys, stands No. 1 on Relative Standing sheet, Sales of Baked Beans, for the month of January. Mr. Hersh has been connected with the Philadelphia branch a number of years, and his records show that his sales of varieties are above the average.

Mr. R. M. Woodford, our San Francisco representative, has been seriously ill for some time. We hope soon to be able to report him well again.

Alexander McWillie has returned from his southern trip, having visited Puerto Rico and the West India Isles. He had a very satisfactory business trip.

Mr. N. G. Woodside, manager of our Chicago branch, has just returned from a tour of inspection of the sub-warehouses connected with that branch situated at St. Paul, Milwaukee and Indianapolis.

W. R. Hildebrand, our Denver, Col., representative, reports good business and says that two entering grocers of Rockyford, Col., made a decided hit by advertising in the local newspaper, “Ask for Heinz Anti-Nightmare Mince Meat.”

H. A. Diffendall, one of the Salesmen connected with our Philadelphia branch, who stood No. 1 on Relative Standing Sheet, sales of Baked Beans, for the month of December, again ranks No. 1 on February Relative Standing Sheet for sales of Baked Beans. Mr. Diffendall is making a record of which any salesman might be proud, and we compliment him on his good work.

Hudon, Hebert & Co., our agents at Montreal, have just erected a large brick warehouse, which is one of the most solid structures in that city. They will now have two large warehouses, but these do not give them accommodations enough, and they continue to use the public warehouses. The business of this firm has grown to be one of the largest in the Dominion, and our business with them has increased very much during the past year.

A. M. Ferguson, our Harrisburg representative, visited headquarters the early part of this month. Mr. Ferguson has traveled for us ten years in Western Pennsylvania. His cheery disposition makes him many friends.

L. W. Sturgis, salesman at our Baltimore branch, sold the Pulaski Grocery Company a large order. The company referred to has written a very complimentary letter regarding Mr. Sturgis and his work, plainly indicating its entire satisfaction.

W. T. Probert, one of our New York salesmen, writes that Major Hall, Commissary at the West Point Academy, indorses the quality of our Extra Family Mince Meat, saying, “It is the finest we have ever used and much appreciated by the officers and cadets.”

Lee Bowie, of our Baltimore branch, has the honor of heading the Relative Standing Record of Sales of Vinegar for the month of January.

F. H. Jeter, one of our show window advertisers at Washington, D.C., has made a number of handsome window displays in that city. In one of his letters he says: “I made three window displays to-day, and the merchants here are pleased and say that the sales of our goods will be increased. Merchants all over the city are talking about the different displays they have seen, and are making applications to have their own windows dressed. They are willing to put in the necessary line of goods to make a handsome display.”
GOLD MEDAL
“For Purity and Excellence of Products.”

Paris
1900

Also GOLD MEDAL
“For the development of the economical and social advancement of employees.”