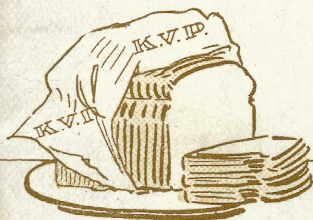
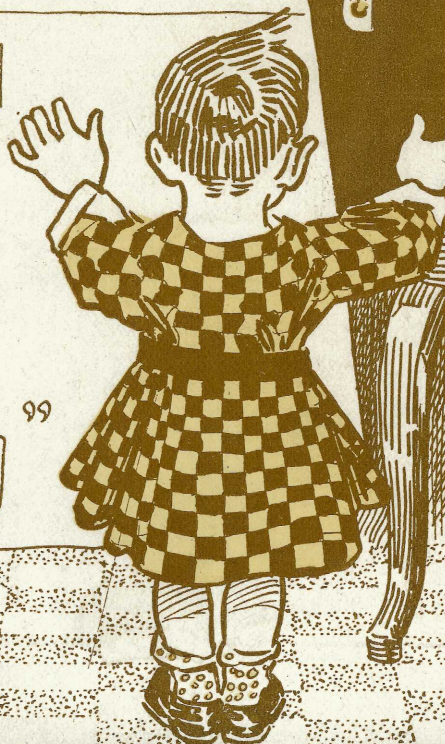


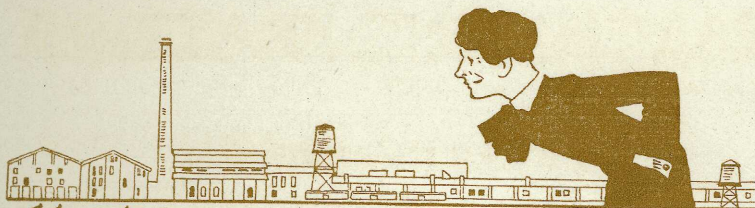
# PARCHMENT PRATTLE



for October 1919

<sup>66</sup>  
More  
Bread  
Daddy<sup>99</sup>





*I have had my eye  
on this plant*

Elbert Hubbard II landed from a  
M. C. train at our shabby station in  
Kalamazoo, and came out north of  
the city where all things are spick  
and span for the manufacture  
of clean paper.

He SAW the plant—which he had visioned  
with the mind's eye—and rejoiced with boyish  
exuberance. What he saw is set down in a  
mighty meaty book. Cy said we could have  
some of them soon. Do you want a copy?

Then please put in your bid. It's free.

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

"The World's Model Paper Mill"

Makers of Bond and Waxed Papers and Vegetable Parchment

KvP



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

Vol. 3

October, 1919

Price 10c

No. 3

## KAVEEPEEGRAMS



What stops the cry "Hungry!"  
when children troop from school?

**BREAD!**



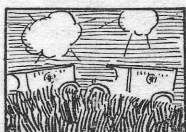
What was the most dramatic  
element of the French Revolution?

**BREAD!**



What carries armies forward  
to success?

**BREAD!**



What furnishes the staple item  
of food for the vigorous worker?

**BREAD!**



What must be baked fresh daily -  
can't be hoarded - is as vital to  
health as pure water?

**BREAD!**



What food, more than any other,  
will reduce the high cost of  
living?

**BREAD!**



What is sufficiently important  
to find its way into the prayer  
uttered daily by millions?

**BREAD!**



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 2 ]

## Crumbs from the Tables of Wise Men

---

*I'll Say So!*

Tobacco is a filthy weed—

I like it.

It satisfies no normal need—

I like it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worst damstuff I've ever seen—

I like it.

—*The Island Motorist.*

### *During a Bakers' Convention*

the *Dallas Times Herald* printed this little item:

"Those *bakers* were a well *bread* batch of men, They did not *loaf* on the job while in Dallas (Tex.) and were free with their *rolls*. There was not a *crumb* in the bunch. Although they spent their *dough*, none got a *bun* on."

### *A Part of Us*

Bread is so much a part of daily life that we "break bread" when we eat; we "earn our daily bread" if we are of the deserving; and when we wish to express the limit of poverty, we say that there is "not a crust in the house."

—*The Northwestern Miller.*

### *Bread in Italy*

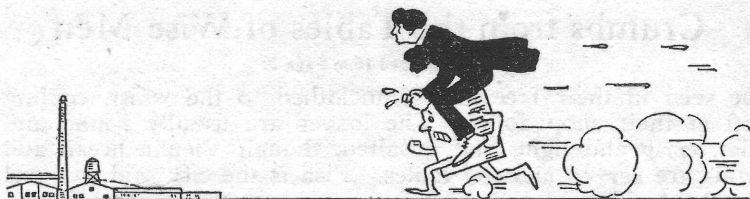
There is no country where bread is more venerated than in Italy. There it is still considered the "staff of life," and all food brought upon the table is referred to as *companatico* (with bread). One member of a family will ask another, "What have we for *companatico* today?" Bread is almost never made at home, but bakeries abound, and the bakers can

(Continued on Page 4)



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 3 ]



*Astride a bucket  
of gasoline*

Q Out on a shady road two miles north of Kalamazoo is the "World's Model Paper Mill". Thence went Elbert Hubbard II and Freddie, "astride a bucket of gasoline," one gay summer forenoon.

Q What they saw is now in type—readable type, too! Cy, who runs the Roycroft Print Shop, told us the book would be ready—well, soon after YOU read this!—which is good for a printer, eh? Please speak for a copy now.

## KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

"World's Model Paper Mill"

Makers of bond & waxed paper & vegetable parchment

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 4 ]

## Crumbs from the Tables of Wise Men

(Continued from Page 2)

be seen in their free hours, unclothed to the waist, cooling off at their shop doors. The loaves are usually round and flat, crisp and light, and unsalted, though Vienna bread and rolls are served at hotel tables. Pisa is the city said to excel in the making of bread.

—*Journal of Home Economics.*

### *First Temperance Pledge*

The first temperance society was formed in New England and its pledge read:

"We, the undersigned, believing in the evil effects of strong drink, do hereby pledge ourselves on our sacred honor that we will not get drunk more than four times a year: Muster Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas."—*The Bigelow Magazine.*

### *The Better Prayer*

I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm  
To win my bread,  
And that beyond my need is meat  
For friend unfed.  
I thank thee much for bread to live,  
I thank thee more for bread to give.

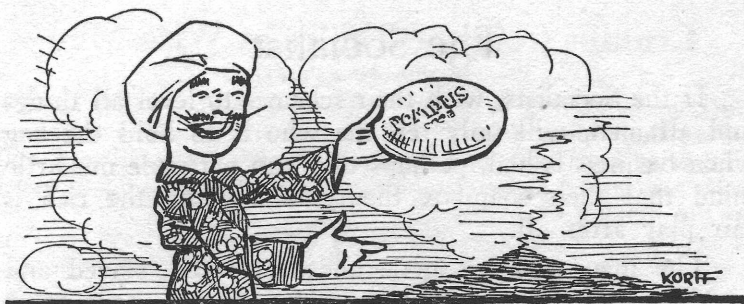
I thank thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof  
In cold and storm,  
And that beyond my need is room  
For friend forlorn.  
I thank thee much for place to rest,  
But more for shelter for my guest.  
I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love  
On me bestowed.

Enough to share with loveless folk  
To ease their load.  
Thy love to me I ill could spare,  
Yet dearer is the love I share.

—*Forbes Magazine.*

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 5 ]



*Stamped with his name*

## *Speaking of Advertising*

Back in ancient Pompeii a baker once made bread and one of his loaves has been found, round in form, *stamped with his name*—undoubtedly to fix responsibility for purity if not for weight. Bakers early recognize the advantage not only of establishing their wholesale product with some different name or trademark, but also of building a quality product and then protecting the reputation for making such a product by identifying it with a trademark or name.

## *He Pointed across the Brilliant Table*

The waiters were massing for an attack on the demolished heap of food in front of the "town's solid citizens" whose jaded appetites had "toyed" with the expensively prepared calories before them. "All this food," a man said to his companion, "Wasted!" Thoughtlessly perhaps, but think how fifty starving kiddies over in Europe would revel in these remnants, a considerable portion of which you'd find in the garbage tomorrow morning.

It is the waste of food, the waste of precious time, the waste of ability which is responsible for the present high living costs—we ought to say the cost of high living rather than the high cost of living. I wonder if we have forgotten war's lesson so soon? If less of this expensive food, and more good wholesome bread were consumed, we would all be the better off for it."



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 6 ]

## The Socialist

If the Socialists, with their schemes to level all things and all men, will only tell me who is to hold the bag when business is bad, perhaps they can persuade my little mind that their soap-box theory of robbing the rich is fair play after all.

The man who has gone ahead, worked, slaved and saved and by his intelligence and industry made some money, and a business—this man, I am sure, would willingly divide some of his responsibilities with responsible men.

He would do it for one good reason—it would be good business.

They are doing it all over the country.

The Socialist would relieve everybody of everything but responsibility, hard work and defeat.

The truth is, the big man would like to transfer some responsibilities by giving an interest in the business.

The truth is, the big man could exchange places with the smaller man; but what would happen if we put the smaller man in the big man's boots?

The Socialist protests against capital, and then he lays a political trap to catch it.

He does not want to co-operate with resources—he wants to “cop” the results.

His plan is so plausible to the indifferent, the idle and the ignorant, that it has already got him a lot of passports; and along with his hatch will go the Bolshevik.

—*The Silent Partner.*

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 7 ]

## Speaking of Sandwiches

A certain gentleman for whom we entertain considerable admiration, once introduced himself on the program as being the lettuce filler in a literary sandwich—a little fresh, crisp and green!

He had a pretty fair conception of what the modern sandwich filler is—that is, when it really can be found at all. For this time-honored device of the cook has long since passed the utilitarian stage it occupied when mother was a girl. Now it's just a thing of beauty—usually as devoid of calories as the sandwich the messenger boy once bought. He accused the waitress of omitting the ham. When she told him he hadn't come to it yet, he went on expectantly until the very last morsel, only to "meat" disappointment. Then she taunted him by telling him he had "bit over it."

All of which brings us back to the matter of sandwich filling. The wholesale baker has done his bit to make the sandwich worth while. He's made a big improvement in bread. But William E. Sherman—not the one who defined war—informs us that "a sandwich, like all Gaul, should be divided into three parts or layers, two of bread and one of solid food, preferably meat, cheese, or weiner."

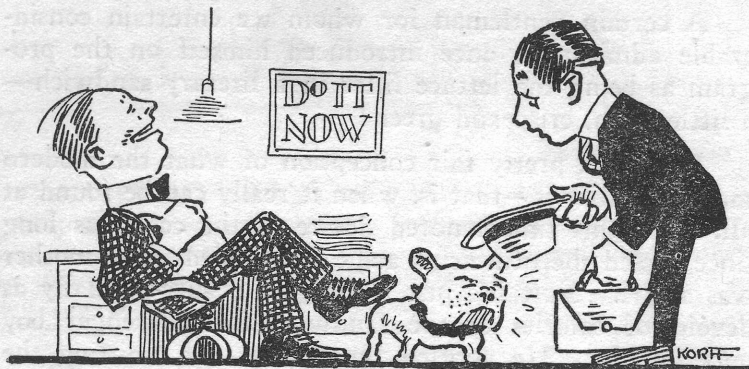
Just a wee bit of jelly or jellied meat won't serve the purpose. That only wastes bread. The filling must be of "solid food" according to Sherman.

The sandwich is a subject worthy the attention of reconstructionists. Possibly a Society for the Securing of Sensible Sandwiches might get results.

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 8 ]

*No Matter Where You Live or What Your Business May Be, You are Just as Big as You Are—and No Bigger*



*The rubbee being human did everything but set the dog on fire*

We think it a fair average and therefore safe to state that 70% of the men engaged in business or professions of any name or nature are gentlemen.

Our observation and experience also lead us to the conclusion that about 75% of the 70% are gentlemen because it comes natural to them, because they can't help it and the balance assume that attitude because they have discovered that it pays very much better than it does to be boors.

There are approximately three men in every group of ten however, who have never learned the extremely simple but unusually fine art of being a gentleman. You will find these men scattered all along the business and professional highway and the most and the best you can do, is to thank the Lord that he did not make any more of them.

We have seen men cooling their heels for hours outside the manager's room waiting for an audience, while said manager was doing nothing more important than reading the morning paper.

We are all of us human enough, we reckon, to enjoy seeing a man of that stripe meet his Waterloo, and having such an instance in mind, we will briefly relate it, because you may

(Continued at Bottom of Next Page)



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 9 ]



**No grimy, roily  
water for them**

## **"NO GRIMY, ROILY WATER FOR THEM"**

We gave the artist this quotation, "No grimy, roily water for them", taken from Elbert Hubbard's new book recounting his recent little journey through Parchment. The artist's conception was that we *drank* the water—but Bert found out that the pure, sparkling stuff tests great! And is blown from fourteen wells by a hurricane of compressed air for *paper-making purposes*.

Drop us a line for this book today, "A Further Palaver on Paper", and we will send you a copy as soon as we can.

***Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company***  
***Kalamazoo, Michigan***

(Continued from Page 8)

have had a similar experience. This particularly ungentlemanly chap was the owner of a business of fairish proportions, but he seemed to lie awake nights trying to invent some new way of being rough and uncouth to traveling salesmen. He would keep them waiting all day for an order he could just as well have placed with them in ten minutes and in every conceivable way, he made it just as uncomfortable for them as he possibly could. Well, as this is a true story, it must be shortened. Just why he did it we are not prepared to say, but he sold out his business and himself became a traveling salesman. A number of years went by and one day on a new territory he stepped into a store only to find as its proprietor one of the men whom he had rubbed it into years before. The rubbee being human, did everything but set the dog on him and when we heard of it, we were also just human enough to chuckle.

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

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[ 10 ]

## Watch Out for Your Umbrellas

Yesterday we took a run over to Chicago—get that—run over to Chicago. We picked up that form of expressing ourself from Chicago people who say they took a run over to New York and from New York City folks who prior to the war nonchalantly spoke of running over to Paris or London. Kinda sounds like big time stuff, you know—just as though we were in the habit of taking runs every day or two whenever the fancy struck us.

Well, anyway, however that may be, the thermometer registered 90 some odd in the shade, as we sweated our way down to the station to board the 11:32 train for the west. Just outside the station there was a little shade and the thought of a breeze. Having just parted with \$1.50 for having our Palm Beach suit manicured, we did not feel like squatting down on the cinder and dust covered cement coping to the building, hence we stood with scores of other perspiring proletariats and waited for Uncle Sam to drive up.

The blackboard not only stated that the train was 30 minutes late but the station master also rushed out of the little brick building gave a brisk Uncle Samish sort of look up the track and then looking at the group of perspirers he said, "She's 30 minutes late boys all right, all right." We noticed a chair just inside the door, we caught the master's eye, we slyly slid a cigar into his pocket and nodded toward the haven of rest. "Bet your life" he said, and so it happened we sat while others stood. So much for what one little cigar can accomplish.

What we started to tell you about however, was the difference between two men, both of whom were receiving the same salary, both of whom had the word "brakeman" printed in bold letters on the front of their caps. Just why they should be called brakemen today we do not know, probably a habit, because they have nothing to break except if they be so inclined, the dispositions of the road patrons whom they are expected to serve.

Well we've changed our mind again. We are not going to say anything about one of these chaps, except that he was not built to our taste as thoroughly and completely as was the other.

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 11 ]

One of these brakemen was so human that you might almost imagine he was working for himself instead of a corporation.

When the children had difficulty in drawing water from the tank, he would assist them and then, as they trotted off, he would give them a pat on the shoulder and smile. Think of it, actually smile at and with the children of autocrats who were spending their money in travel.

When the train whistled for a station, he would call its name so that everybody in the car could hear and understand what he said. And then, as the train slowed down and was about to stop, he would shout "Passengers who are leaving

the car should be careful and not leave anything behind. Be sure you have your umbrellas, suit cases and pocketbooks."

One old lady who sat directly in front of us had stopped him innumerable times and asked him innumerable questions. She evidently was not accustomed to traveling and was very nervous. If she had been his own mother this \$100.00 a month—or thereabouts—brakeman could not have treated her with more deference and consideration. Michigan City was her destination and when the train neared that point, the subject of our remarks paused at the old lady's seat and said, "Now mother, you're all right. I'm going to help you off the car and then I'll put you in a cab and tell the man where you want to go. You just leave it to me and don't you worry a little bit." The little old mother with watery eyes placed her hand on his arm and in a somewhat trembly voice she said. "You're just as good to me as one of my own boys would be."

A little thing to make so much of, you say. Don't you believe it; it's the biggest thing in the world—just being thoughtful and human.



*You just leave it to me, and don't  
you worry a little bit*





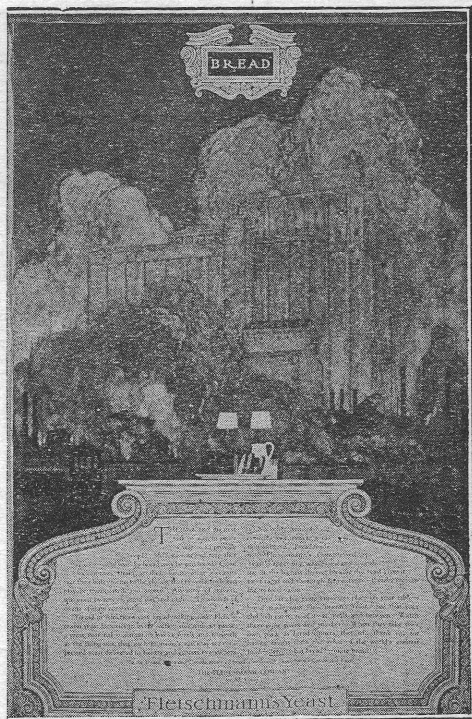
# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 13 ]

No, it would be a natural reward—and business on waxed paper wrappers would also double.

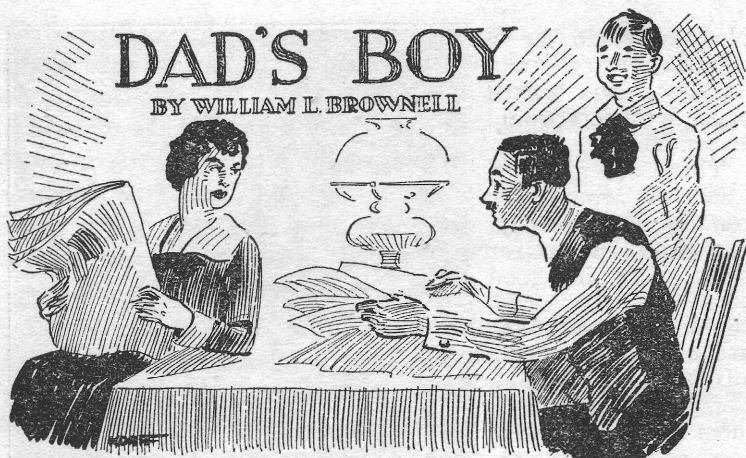
There are a lot of bakers around the country who are paying good money for poor copy in good newspapers, who could well afford to use every one of the ads the Fleischmann Company will furnish them — interspersing the ads which we suggest in the hind end of this booklet. We reproduce a couple ads that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other mediums of national circulation. Now if that stalwart gentleman with the two loaves in hand, is a baker (would a

yachtsman handle TWO loaves of bread at one time?) Why aren't the loaves WRAPPED IN WAXED PAPER? They would be, absolutely, on coming from any modern bakery—and the chances are pretty good that they would be sealed in a quality paper like KVP. Whenever an artist makes a drawing of an uncut loaf of bread or an untouched sandwich, he should, to be true to typical life, portray the SHIMMERING, PROTECTIVE WAXED PAPER WRAPPER.



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 14 ]



Mebbe it's the hot weather, mebbe it's because ma and dad got so stirred durin' the war, that it's hard work for 'em to get settled down again, but anyway whatever causes it, you don't have to look at no thermometer, to know that we're havin' a hot time up at our house all the time. If it ain't one thing it's another and I get so doggone sick of it sometimes, I almost wish I'd been born an orphan. In some of the big stores what I've been in, they have what they call rest rooms, but you can bet your life there ain't no such place in our house. If either one of 'em should die, which of course I hope they won't, but if they should, I'll bet you that the other one would get a job right away in a boiler factory, or tendin' wild animals, or somethin' else that had a lot of noise and action in, just to keep 'em in mind of old times.

Sometimes when some couple what they train with comes over in the evenin' and ma and dad have gone out in the kitchen to fix up a lunch, I've heard the woman say, "Isn't it perfectly lovely how beautifully they get along together;



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

---

[ 15 ]

they seem to be just fitted for each other?" And then she'll draw her lips together and say, "You might take pattern after Henry a little bit without hurting you any." And then her husband'll get sore 'cause no man likes to have his wife throw some other man up to him as a pattern and by the time ma and dad come in with the lunch, the company's so doggone sore at each other that they can't digest it and so pretty soon they get up and go home and ma and dad have a right good time all the rest of the evenin' talkin' 'em over.

Of course bein' thrown right in it all the time as you might say, I've thought it over a good deal and I've 'bout made up my mind if there wasn't no such things as preachers or lecturers or newspapers, or anything like that, it would help my folks quite a lot. Whenever they hear a sermon or a lecture, one or the other of 'em always gets mad at somethin' that was said and then the other one'll stick up for it and then good night, they're off. That'll give 'em somethin' to yow 'bout until one or the other of 'em reads somethin' in the paper what they don't like and then more fireworks, more red lights, more sobbin' and more makin' up. I'm mighty fond of both of 'em and they're mighty fond of each other, but I've got an uncle what lives on a farm and owns a lot of horses and he says, you've got to be awful careful how you mate 'em up as to dispositions. 'cause if you don't you're more'n liable to spoil two darned good animals.

Last night dad set readin' the paper and finally he said, "Ah ha, I knew it; I knew we'd come to it pretty soon and here it is. You women want to run the whole blamed universe and the first thing you know us men folks'll just set back and let you go it alone and then see how you'll like it. I can tell you one thing," said dad, "if you keep on actin' so confounded foolish, the time'll come and it ain't so very far off either, when marryin'll go plumb and completely out of

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 16 ]

style and if it ever does, if men folks come to realize how comfortably they can trot along in single harness, there'll be more dried up old maids roamin' 'round this country in a few years than you can shake a stick at and don't you forget it."

All the time dad was talkin' I was watchin' ma to see how she was goin' to take it. Sometimes she flares up and then it's over quicker, but this time she took it quieter and that's what I hate, 'cause it lasts longer. Finally she looks up at dad and says, "Well, after you get over your spasm and stop frothing at the mouth, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what started you off on this jazz tirade anyway." "Jazz nothin'," says dad, "here it is right here in this paper in black and white. A lot of you women have got together down east and are asking congress to pass laws which will compel all husbands to pay their wives wages, just the same as they do their stenographers or other office help. Things are comin' to a pretty pass," says dad, "when a man has to work his head off to keep things runnin' and then has to pay his own wife for doin' her share of the work and a darned small share too, if anybody should ask you. Of course," says dad, "the thing'll go through all right 'cause now that you women have got a vote, every mother's son we send down there to make laws for us, will lallygag around and do just what you ask 'em to do for fear you'll take their jobs away from 'em. One of these days" says dad, "our own little boy will be fool enough to get married I suppose and it'll be a fine thing to hear him repeat after the minister, 'I hereby promise and swear to pay my wife a wage of not less than \$50.00 a week and more if she earns it and I also further promise and swear that she shall not be obliged to work more than four hours a day with double pay for all overtime and if any disputes or misunderstandings arise, I fur-

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 17 ]

ther promise and swear that the whole thing shall be turned over to a committee of women to settle for us.' That," says dad, "would be a beautiful way to start the boy out and you just mark my words, that's just what we're coming to with all this tommyrot new woman business that's floatin' around." The only thing that saved dad was that ma was so boilin' mad she just couldn't talk. She looked at him a minute or two and then she slammed the socks she was mendin' down on the floor and stalked up stairs without sayin' a word. After she'd gone, dad went out on the porch, slammin' the screen door after him enough to take it right off the hinges.

When I went up to bed, ma was in their room with the door shut and that's a way she has of tellin' dad that his room's better'n his company.

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## *Putting Quality First*

A friend told us in no uncertain language the other morning, that the baker is paying more attention to quality flour than ever before. He even went so far as to say that if a salesman came around offering flour a little bit under price, he was quite apt to be speedily turned down, whereas if he offered flour at an increased price, his proposition would most likely be carefully investigated, the baker figuring that you get just about what you pay for. Well, I believe he is right. And I believe this same attitude is being shown in his consideration of waxed paper for bread wrappers. The baker doesn't have to have much experience with waxed paper to discover the difference, and he soon finds out that a cheap waxed paper is worth just about what it costs and not a bit more, whereas a high grade waxed paper is worth every cent of its cost, and more, in economy of paper and satisfaction in use.

A good grade of waxed paper means practically no waste.

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 18 ]

Some "Might Be"  
Honest Advertisement Headings

— K —

SLEEPY HEAD FLOUR

"It *never* rises."

— K —

ONE WAY SHIPPING BOXES

They never "come back."

— K —

Try a set of  
Bomb-proof crust  
BREAD PANS.

— K —

THE HARDUP MIXER

always needs the dough.

— K —

THE BURNING SHAME OVEN

in which bread is never underdone.

— K —

STONEY SHORTENING

makes a pastry that melts in the furnace.

— K —

WEARY WILLIE WRAPPING MACHINES

"they hate work."



# PARCHMENT PRATTler

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[ 19 ]

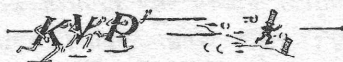
## Church to Creamery

In the September PRATTler we paused for a few words on a certain creamery in Kalamazoo that descended from a brewery—which is something like saying that an angel of Paradise descends from an ape!—and now we have seen a *church* that this summer was revamped into a creamery.

No more can the residents of this little village accuse the afore-mentioned institution of dispensing “dry” wares. Bombast gives way to buttermilk.

Really, this is a most excellent use to make of the majority of churches we have visited. A man grown ancient in ministerial service once remarked to me, “Son, religion is a wonderful, wonderful thing—and you know that it is when you stop to think how far it has gone and how it hangs on and grows in spite of the rotten material in it!”

J. K. was once accused of advocating, in a speel before the Advertising Club of Saint Louis, that all the churches be set on fire. I know him well enough to realize that what he said was a fire should be kindled in every pulpit—and he was dead right about it. But \$600.00 a year won't buy much of a blaze nowadays!



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 20 ]

## Solomon as an Advice Giver

If we can judge at all accurately by the records, it would appear that people who lived 3,000 years or more ago, were in many respects very much like the people who are attending our prayer meetings and our ball games in A. D. 1919. Take Solomon, for instance. He had evidently taken a post-graduate course as an advice giver, and in spite also of his fondness for a plurality of wives, you must admit that much of it was mighty good.

The trouble with Solomon, the bug which gummed around in his particular ointment, is the same old trouble and the same little bug which handicaps all of us today, yea, brethren, all of us even from the highest to the lowest.

When it came to the matter of *giving* advice, Solomon grabbed the heavy end of the log and did all the lifting, but when he came up to the point of using it as a guide for his own life, he usually shucked his overalls and went on a strike.

And now just for instance, he went home one night from the golf links, called all of his wives together and said this to them:

*"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth  
his life; but he that openeth wide his  
lips shall have destruction."*

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

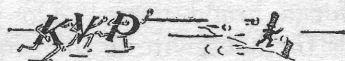
[ 21 ]

As advice goes, that of course was 100% to the good, but the joke of the thing is, that right after supper he lighted his pipe and reeled off a couple of thousand more words of advice which he, of course, considered to be mighty good gravy for the other fellow, but which he evidently had not the slightest intention of sopping up for himself.

Well, be that as it may, Solomon had his good points, and as some of his relatives may perchance read these lines, we will hedge a trifle and simply say that for a man handicapped as he was in a domestic way, he showed up in very good form.

What we really had in mind, however, when we started for Chicago and landed in New York was this: The advice he gave his wives with reference to keeping their mouths fairly well closed, will apply to present-day people with considerable force.

In these days of unusual mental disturbance, a closed mouth is a distinct blessing to mankind unless when it is opened there issues from it something which is helpful and constructive, rather than something which is debilitating and destructive.



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER



*Whenever an artist makes a drawing of an uncut loaf of bread or untouched sandwich, he should be true to typical life, portray the Shimmering, Protective Waxed Paper Wrapper*

## Bread Advertising

Nearly all the newspaper advertising we have seen on bread is wrong—dead wrong!

This isn't a very optimistic cheer for us to let out, but we feel that way about it. Follow us, Steve, and you will see what we have up our sleeve besides an elastic band.

It is wrong because it wouldn't sell more bread in a thousand years. It obviously tries to get the reader to specify some particular brand of bread and printed advertising cannot make her do THAT. Most of it is mere publicity for a brand name. Do you think that THIS dope sends the housewife to the grocery asking for YOUR BREAD? It does not. She HAPPENS to try your bread. The family like it. And because you have



# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 23 ]

been wise enough to print the name of the bread in big type on the KVP waxed paper wrapper, it's easy for her to always order it by name. But (now get this), she does NOT begin to order it by name until she knows FROM EXPERIENCE that it is good bread.

Most bread advertising is a frightful waste of space. Change your copy to persuade folks to EAT MORE BREAD and this kind of advertising will benefit EVERY worthy bakery. How can you do it?

Did you know that bread at its present price is the cheapest wholesome food in the world? Have you told the readers of your newspapers this—and proved it? People pay from six cents each and upwards for sweet pastry that melts almost in one bite, and yet howl about paying fifteen cents for a loaf of bread big enough and sufficiently packed with nourishment to feed them two days. Isn't it all a matter of lack of education? Have you ever compared the cost of bread—per month—in the average home with the ice bill, electric light bill, or some other bill? Why is it that a united groan goes up and the public press demands an investigation when bread advances ever so little? Not because the price is unwarranted, but because bread is the UNIVERSAL food. IN SPITE OF the lack of informative advertising, bread sales have increased, but how many housewives know that bakers' bread is really more nourishing than home-baked bread?

Is there more nourishment in 10 pounds of bread than in a dollar's worth of meat? Well, tell 'em that. Have you ever printed photographs taken INSIDE your bakery proving the sanitary conditions under which you make bread? Have you ever explained the value of the BREAD WRAPPER?

# PARCHMENT PRATTLER

[ 24 ]

If we were running a bakery, we would build our sales policy around these points:

1. Make bread so good that it would "repeat."
2. Boldly brand our waxed paper wrappers so that Milady would remember to repeat the name when reordering.
3. Teach the public why they should eat **MORE BREAD** and my bread in particular.

The Fleischmann Company have prepared some excellent educational pieces which I'll bet they will let any baker use gratis. Write the *Northwestern Miller* of Minneapolis, Minn., for a copy of their August 27 number—or a reprint of Quackenbush's article on **BREAD**. It is a mine of suggestions for the bread advertiser.

Please feel at liberty to use any of these ideas in your advertising. We will furnish electros at actual cost of making and handling. Try one or two of them in your newspaper advertising. They will attract attention. They will increase the respect of the public for **YOUR** bread. They will **TEACH WHY** you use bread wrappers of **KVP** waxed paper. Even if you aren't using **KVP** waxed paper, you are welcome to use these ideas. We aren't going to be pigs about them—and we honestly feel that you are going to find pretty soon now that a **QUALITY** bread wrapper is cheapest in the long run, just as surely as quality flour is cheapest in the end. Some day you may want our paper, and in the meantime, we want to be all the help to you we can in your effort to sell more bread.

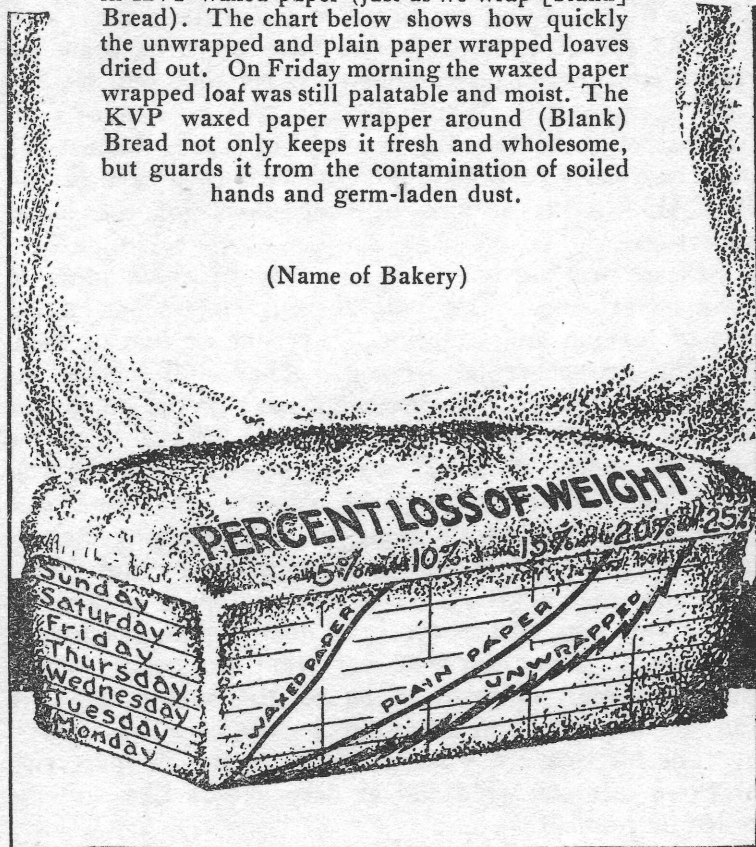
The electros are 4 inches wide for use in space two or three columns wide and as deep as you like. Please order by number.

# KVP Waxed Paper Wrappers

Keep Your Loaves of  
(Blank) Bread Fresh and Wholesome

At the "World's Model Paper Mill", whence come our bread wrappers, three loaves of bread—baked side by side in a modern bakery—identical in quality and size—were tested in the laboratory. One was unwrapped, another wrapped in unwaxed paper, the third in KVP waxed paper (just as we wrap [blank] Bread). The chart below shows how quickly the unwrapped and plain paper wrapped loaves dried out. On Friday morning the waxed paper wrapped loaf was still palatable and moist. The KVP waxed paper wrapper around (Blank) Bread not only keeps it fresh and wholesome, but guards it from the contamination of soiled hands and germ-laden dust.

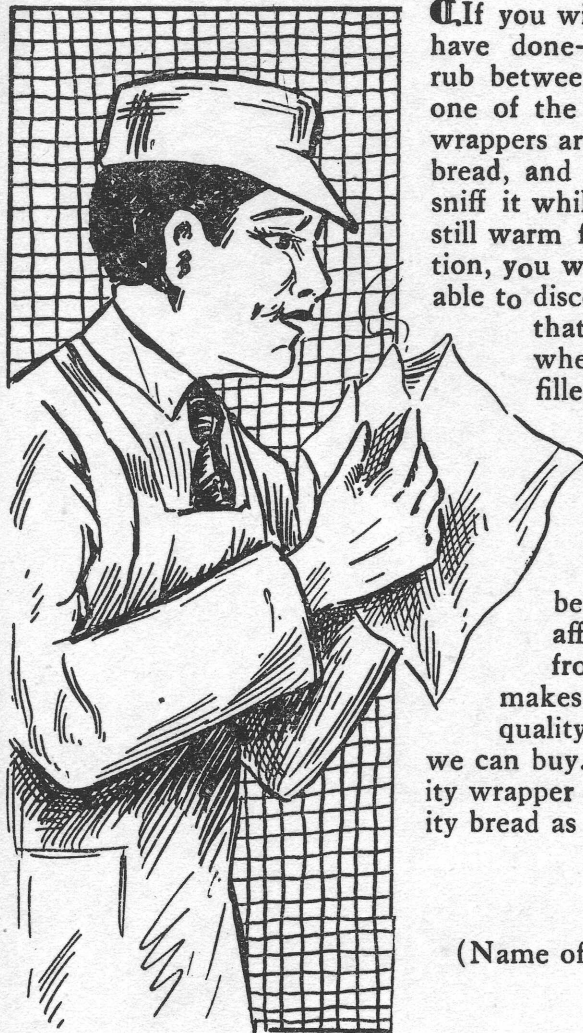
(Name of Bakery)



# SNIFF!

# SNIFF!!

TEAR OFF AND USE



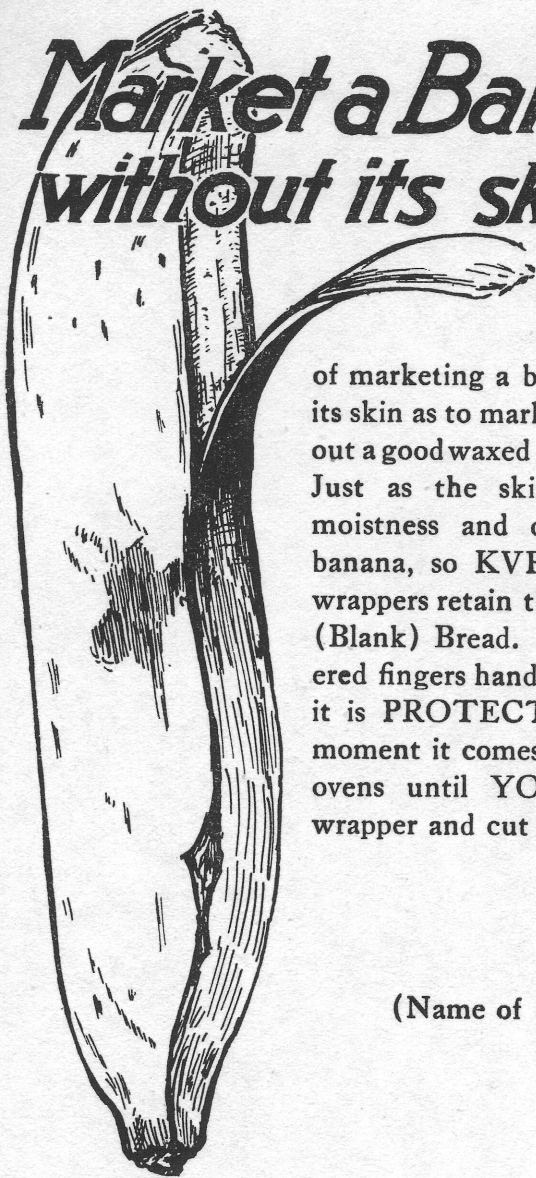
**¶**If you will do—as we have done—and briskly rub between your hands one of the waxed paper wrappers around—— bread, and then quickly sniff it while the wax is still warm from the friction, you will scarcely be able to discover the odor that used to arise when lamps were filled in the wood shed.

**¶**The parafine used in KVP waxed paper is the best the world affords, coming from India. It makes the highest quality waxed paper we can buy. It is a quality wrapper for such quality bread as——.

(Name of Bakery)



# *Market a Banana without its skin!*



It is just as absurd to think of marketing a banana without its skin as to market bread without a good waxed paper wrapper. Just as the skin retains the moistness and quality of the banana, so KVP waxed paper wrappers retain the goodness of (Blank) Bread. No germ-covered fingers handle this bread—it is **PROTECTED** from the moment it comes hot from our ovens until **YOU** break the wrapper and cut it.

(Name of Bakery)



# The Careful- Housewife says:

“I know that my bread will be moist and good if it is sealed in a waxed paper wrapper.

“One reason why I prefer BLANK bread is the heavy waxed paper wrapper, which seems tougher and more thoroughly waxed than many bread wrappers.

(Name of Bakery)



## News Notes About Paper Clothing

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Underclothing made of finely crisped or grained paper is now being manufactured in Japan. After the paper has been cut to a pattern, the different parts are sewed together and hemmed, and the places where buttonholes are to be formed are strengthened with calico or linen.

The paper is very strong and at the same time very flexible. After a garment has been worn a few hours, it will interfere with the perspiration of the body no more than do garments made of cotton fabric. The paper is not sized, nor is it impermeable. After becoming wet, the paper is difficult to tear.

Sounds Like KVP Vegetable Parchment







# EACH SLICE

is your  
entering  
wedge

## To Future Business

You put the quality into the slice  
—but it takes a good KVP waxed  
wrapper to **keep** it there so that  
bread will be good to the final  
crumb.

Ask for waxed paper made by

Kalamazoo Vegetable  
Parchment Company

Kalamazoo, Michigan

Makers of

Bond and Waxed Paper & Vegetable Parchment