

# “Shine, sir?”

**T**HE sole owner and single salesman of the complete shoe-shining plant, shown here, is John Mercurio, age twelve. The bricks and mortar in the foreground belong to that exclusive section of Boston known as Beacon Hill. In establishing this business about two years ago, when he was only ten, John faced about the toughest sales assignment known to the bootblack industry. Not only was he up against a traditionally ice-cold clientele, but there were definite threats of bodily harm from bigger and older competitors. Today, things are vastly different. John controls practically all the shoe-shine trade on famous Park Street, which leads up the hill to the historic State House. Not content with mere sidewalk customers, John now shines the shoes of store owners all along the street who hold him in high respect as a fellow merchant. Even the cop on the beat is a cash-paying patron as well

as John's personal body-guard. How has this sales miracle been accomplished? By the sure tendency of human nature to respond to that which is unexpectedly high grade. John Mercurio simply brought to the shoe-shine industry of Beacon Hill the charm of a little gentleman—"to the manner born." The soft-voiced way John can say: "Shine, sir?" is of itself sufficient to stop most any stranger. Acquaintance soon ripens into warm friendship. Result?—John has a customer—*for life*. Has big business yet devised a surer method of making sales? Royal thinks not. Furthermore, Royal believes that, thanks to this simple still-life study of John's shine box, many an advertiser will decide to spend more money in the future on fine printing which reflects the high character of the concern. No other way of advertising is so lasting in its effect and none so sure of materially helping to promote—*a sales miracle*.

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