

and child-like with another. She makes one famous or poor, sad or merry—according to her mood. She gives herself or denies herself—a creature of urges, care-free—manysided but always herself. To-day she celebrates and loves someone whom to-morrow she will have forgotten, even to his name. The men on the ferry would ruin themselves to gain her recognition, to earn her smile. She is sovereign and exclusive—divided as she is by water from the whole gigantic continent behind her, she lets herself be courted anew every day. Her suitors are the men from Brooklyn, Staten Island and Westchester. Some are stormy lovers, some patient, masterful or half resigned. Sometimes it is only habit, that makes them carry on.

But they are all of them always in the pink, never confessing to being tired or sick. Punctual, well-dressed, they travel towards the city. Willing to purchase all the things that keep one young, good-looking—and in the running.

Here is our field of work, this very town, these very passengers, newspaper in hand. Perhaps it is the "Times", perhaps it contains an advertisement of Weber and Heilbroner's. Perhaps one of mine. People see it (let us hope) and read it. They are already in the streets, which look quite different now that one has landed. Mr. Miller, iron agent from Richmond, hurries to his allotted station in the great ant-hill, the office in the 24th floor of the French Building. It is 9 o'clock and work is beginning. Not for me, for I am just getting up. Mostly, anyhow. And at one o'clock I sometimes have an appointment to lunch with the advertising manager of the firm in question.

Later on in my studio we discuss the advertisements to come, perhaps I do a couple of sketches on the spot. And the best of it is that—when the heads of the firm get a look at the originals—they often call up and say they like them.

It seems to be a secret faculty of the American that he recognizes and encourages the best possibilities of the various artists. He possesses enough psychology to encourage and develop these by every means in his power. He does it with friendly words,—sometimes he scolds—but above all with honest acknowledgement of what has been accomplished—if anything. This finds expression above all in the care with which he looks after the printing. There is no haggling over the cost of clichés typography and so on. For most of the firms have their printing done privately. The advertising manager writes the text of the advertisements. Sometimes we work out the ideas together (as in the Fabric Group, for instance) sometimes he orders a drawing and writes the text subsequently. The inner nature of this kind of advertising—as indeed of every American advertising campaign which can be taken seriously—is the long-sightedness, the despising of momentary success, which could easily be achieved by means of attacks upon competitors, sensational drop in prices or other catch-penny tricks.

This same principle is also very noticeable in the advertising agencies. They do not seek to grab a lot of money from a client in order to earn their percentages, but want to see the business maintain a steady growth.

I like this idea for I believe it works better all around.

Translated by E. T. Scheffauer.