

The Troubles of the Daily Newspaper Advertising Manager.

By E. LACEY SPEER, in "Advertising and Selling."

BEHOLD the mind of man cannot encompass the greatness of the Advertising Manager. He is, forsooth, a person of acumen, intelligence and understanding, the same which he useth to inject into his billiard-playing minions who (sometimes) walk the streets and ride in Pullmans in search of contracts and copy.

He sitteth down in the chair of the Manager, which boasteth a cushion stuffed with horsehair and excelsior.

Of a verity, he ariseth early and calleth Wiggins, his star solicitor, saying unto him:

"Go to, now—also to Milwaukee; secure for me a large pie-shaped wedge of the Snitz Brewery advertising appropriation, now brewing—and see

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that thou go not near the cooling room."

And then the Manager goeth into the boss and sayeth:

"Well, I think I am going to land the Snitz business in a day or two."

And it cometh to pass that the star solicitor goeth to the City of Milwaukee and entereth into the presence of the general manager and presently emergeth through the elevator shaft.

Then again goes the Advertising Manager to the boss, saying:

"Well, Wiggins fell down on the Snitz appropriation—also I think he fell down the elevator shaft."

Verily, I say unto thee, that if Wiggins getteth the contract, the Advertising Manager got it—but if Wiggins getteth not the contract, then Wiggins getteth it not.

And either way the cat jumpeth, the Advertising Manager hath his salary raised and addeth still another new card file to his collection.

For every contract secured, the Advertising Manager plumeth himself and standeth in the market place where all may see, tossing bouquets from behind himself and allowing them to fall upon his own head.

But, little children, hearken unto my words, and jolt now thy understanding:

If contracts and copy are not forthcoming then doth the Advertising Manager curse the editor—yea, verily he handeth him hot ones.

The Circulation Manager he curseth, and calleth upon the boss to fire both desk-broken, stoop-shouldered yaps.

Woe unto him that handleth circulation, and cursed be his luck that put him on to the job.

His days are filled with broilings and bitterness, for does not the subscriber jump upon his scrawny neck when his paper faileth to arrive?

By night he figureth the circulation he hath lost during the day, and he trembleth as he dreameth of the wrath of the boss thereat.

See, now, he curseth the long-haired bespectacled yaps who edit the paper, and communeth with himself, saying:

"How now can one of my talents and manly beauty sell the literary gold bricks turned out by a bunch of infinitesimal relics of a lost race—yea, shrimps—that give a moss-covered collection of ancient history to sell in lieu of a popular publication."

Then cometh the Advertising Manager, saying:

"What now is our circulation—and hark, ye Knave, tell me not the truth, lest I and those under me get cold feet upon this proposition and fade away with shame when we tackle the coy, elusive advertiser, and try to punt his fool questions for a goal."

Then doth the Circulation Manager search the records back as far as three years, when the publication really had one paid subscriber.

And he cometh to the Advertising Manager, saying:

"Verily, our circulation is 350,242"—and then aside, "(at least it used to be when we ran a series of saffron-tinted, muck-raking yowls.)"

Is not the Circulation Manager a sober young man?

Yes, he is not!

Is not his heart filled with love for his fellow-man?

Yes, it is not!