

THE NEW ADVERTISING

"In Denmark," said the man of ideas, coming into the smoking room, "I see that they have original ideas on the subject of advertising.

According to the usually well-informed Daily Lyre, all 'bombastic' advertising is punished with a fine. The advertiser is expected to describe his wares in restrained, modest language. In case this idea should be introduced into England, I have drawn up a few specimen advertisements which, in my opinion, combine attractiveness with a shrinking modesty at which no censor could cavil."

And in spite of our protests, he began to read us his first effort, descriptive of a patent medicine.

"It runs like this," he said:

Timson's Tonic for Distracted Deadbeats

Has been known to cure

We Hate to Seem to Boast,

but

Many Who have Tried It Are Still

Alive

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Take a Dose or Two in Your Spare Time

It's Not Bad Stuff

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Read what an outside stockbroker says:

"Sir--After three months' steady absorption of your Tonic

I was no worse."

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We do not wish to thrust ourselves forward in any way. If you prefer other medicines, by all means take them. Only we just thought we'd mention it--casually, as it were--that TIMSON'S is PRETTY GOOD.

"How's that?" inquired the man of ideas. "Attractive, I fancy, without being bombastic. Now, one about a new novel. Ready?"

MR. LUCIEN LOGROLLER'S LATEST

The Dyspepsia of the Soul

The Dyspepsia of the Soul

The Dyspepsia of the Soul

Don't buy it if you don't want to, but just

listen to a few of the criticisms.

THE DYSPEPSIA OF THE SOUL

"Rather ... rubbish."--Spectator

"We advise all insomniacs to read Mr. Logroller's soporific pages."--Outlook

"Rot."--Pelican

THE DYSPEPSIA OF THE SOUL

Already in its first edition.

"What do you think of that?" asked the man of ideas.

We told him.