noted authority tells of phenomenal rise of national advertising

Prof. William C. Bamberger, head of the advertising division of the Barnum Institute, in a stirring lecture, before a group of students, yesterday, told of the phenomenal rise of national advertising and of its relative importance.

The enthusiastic speaker said in part: "Ladies (nodding to Miss Esty), and Gents, it is getting excitingly grand indeed, if you talk to you today on 'The Rise of National Advertising.' As you probably already know, I have the baby swaddled in the snow when it comes to the inside dope of this great, great profession. But to return to my subject of the importance of national advertising. As some people have been saying before, I was formerly connected with

Advertising Manager. That, of course, was before I was manager of sales for the T. S. Little Mfg. Co., in Hartford, and just after those very honorable years at the Library Bureau. Pardon me. The phone bell had rung two minutes before, but it creates an execrable atmosphere to temporarily ignore it."


"Great boy, this Charlie! Charlie Nys- man, big cheese for Swiss & Co., in Boston, you know, Rotarian, too."

"But to return to the discussion of

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Chet Cleveland, the wreck of the Fraternity Record House, in soliciting business from the I Peta Theta Fraternity, last week, pulled down two very important orders. They were: "Get the Hell out of here and 'Stay out!'"

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(Continued on Page 10)
The Weakly-Wheeze

Member

ASSOCIATED GUESS
A. B. C.
(Awful Bum Circulation)
B. L. Kitt's Press Club

Entered as low-class matter at the Rose Lawn Crematory, Wellesley Hills, under the Act of April 1, 1892.

A TRI-WEAKLY PAPER
(We get it out this week and try to the next)

Official Publication of Dedham Mayonnaise Makers' Alliance
Society for the Prevention of Eating Crackers in Bed

The editor is indebted to Fitzpatrick's Drug Store for a little inside stuff, which he was unable to get after 12 o'clock.

IDIOTORIAL BORED
CHESTER & CLEVELAND III. Idiot
WILLIAM WALKER...Dramatic Idiot
LEWIS H. JOHN ....Carrier. Route 6
AUSTIN H. FITTZ ....Libel Attorney

Notice: During the canning season, our circulation will be increased. Phone in your orders for extra copies, for the pantry shelves.

Printed by
Natick Cider Press

OUR MOTTO

"Washington—first in peace; first in war and sixth in the American League."

We could fill this column with jokes, but you would only laugh at them. You will recall that when Edison invented electricity the people made light of it.

A Wellesley girl getting dressed for the Prom got confused and went to bed.

IS THERE NO JUSTICE?

Water—the purest and best of all things that God created. We have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleeping lids of infants. We have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of old age. We have seen it in wee dewdrops, like polished d'amos, when the morning sun burst in the resplendent glory of the eastern hills. We have seen it in the wandering stream rippling over pebbly lotsoms; in the river rushing over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty Father of Waters. We have seen it in the mighty ocean, on whose broad bosom float the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world—BUT, ladies and gents, just between us and the gate-post, we want to say right now, that as a beverage it's a damned failure.

(Continued from Page 8)

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

national advertising. I presume that all of you have noticed the immense campaign launched by the Heinz Co. Ha! Ha! That reminds me of the Frenchman, who said to my dear friend, Ray Hitchcock, 'The Lord pickle you,' because he didn't know the difference between pickles and preserves. (Laughter heartily). Great chap—this Hitchy.

"The other night, while I was dancing with Lennie Hovejoy's wife, the thought came to me that I am not so young as I once was. My life is declining into the 'sere and yellow leaf,'" as the poet, Riley said. (Storm of applause).

"There is no question that national advertising... (Miss Esty enters again). Oh, yes, Miss E. drop the Baldwin Locomotive Co. and the Chickering Piano people a line, asking for samples. Thank you, Miss E.

"Great help to me—this Miss E. Kind of a right-hand-man, so to speak.

"Just what is advertising, anyway? I think my good friend, Johnnie Siddall, editor of the American Magazine, has summed up the whole works majestically in his definition. Johnnie says, 'An advertisement is the picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding or driving something that somebody wants to sell.' You know, the tired businessman used to beat it out to a burlesque show: nowadays he parks under the parlor lamp with the latest issue of Vanity Fair or the Cosmopolitan.

"Great fellow—this Siddall. We were great pals when I was editor of 'Telephone Topics.' Rotarian, you know.

"Have you fellows ever seen one of these walking beam support tubes? When I was with M. S. Little, I sold the Franklin Motor Co. an order of 600,000. Think of it?

"The big trouble with national advertising, in my opinion, gents—" (At this point—10:30—the class bell rang for the second time, the students tore the hinges off the door, getting out of the room, after which, Mr. Bambara reluctantly sat down.)

LETTERS TO THE IDIOTOR

Idiotor, Weakly-Wheeze: I want to refute the statements made in the idiotorial in last week's issue to the effect that modern girls do not devote any thought to higher things. Do we not lift our eye-brows, heighten our emotions and raise our voices? Also don't we elevate our skirts and build up our heels?

Yours for a Square Deal,

Idiotor: Commenting on the article, "What a Man Loses in Going to College," in the Saturday Evening Post, allow me to make a few additions. I have lost (1), $654, shooting crap; (2), my reputation; (3), two quarts of hooch and (4), the girl at home. Thanking you in advance for past favors, I beg to remain,

PETRIFIED.

PURELY PERSONAL

Henry Whiting was run over by a road roller, the other day, and his friends were surprised to see how it broadened his mind. Subscriptions for the devastated Liberty Bond holders of America are being received at this office.

After viewing the bathing suits at Nantasket Beach, we are all the more sure that woman's place is in the home.

If a woman would sacrifice as much for her husband as she does for her figure, all married men would have bank accounts.

A. B. S. O. editor, whose name we will not mention, broke a chair over his wife's head and afterward was very sorry. It was one of the best chairs they had in the house.

Charles Brooks first won family playing a slide trombone in a telephone booth.

Peterson says: "Give a thief a lot of rope and he'll go into the cigar business."

Among the most prominent women's clubs in the United States, we should not overlook the rolling pin.

The dining room of the Montpelier (Vt.) Hotel is so small they have to use condensed milk.

Nowadays it costs $5000 a year to live. It isn't worth it.
A Page for the Family

Contributions to the various departments are solicited. Those submitting acceptable material will be rewarded with an autographed photograph of Shimmy Orwig, posing as September Morn. (This picture is guaranteed under the Pure Nude Law). Kindly include a $5 bill for return postage, in case of rejection.

TODAY'S QUOTATION
Lips that touch liquor shall never—be allowed in my cellar. (Submitted by John Millea, Wellesley Hills).
"Always put off tonight what you intend to put on in the morning."—(Submitted by George Moore).

BRIGHT SAYINGS
OF KIDS
My daughter, Edith, seeing a woman of color, said: "Oh, look, Daddy! That lady has a black face." "Yes, dear. She's black all over," I replied. "Oh, Daddy," she remarked, "what a lot you know." BOGER W. RABSON, Wellesley Hills.

SHOULD KIDS BE LICKED
Editor: Let me register a protest against the punishment of children. I rarely strike mine, except in self defense.

HOUSEHOLD_HINTS
Testing Home Brew—When you have made your first brew in the kitchen, pour a little in the sink. If it cracks the porcelain it is ready to bottle.
—Submitted by Austin Fitz. Natick.

THE QUESTION BOX
What can Peterson do better than anyone else?
Answer: Read his own writing.

Who wrote the song, "You Can't Drive a Nail with a Sponge, No Matter How Much You Soak It," and "Regardless of How Hungry a Horse May Be, He Can't Eat a Bit?"
Answer: If you have buggy harness, use insect powder.

Do we import any raw material from France?
B. S. O.
Answer: Only plays.

TODAY'S BEST CRACK
Mr. Nichols: What became of that typewriter that rattled so.
Corey: Oh, this is Miss Smith's day off.

Pulman and Carter were on their way to Revere Beach.
Says Carter: "I feel just too devilish for words today." "So do I," replied Pulman, "I would dearly cherish an adventure."
"Suppose then," said Carter, "if you dare—let's go up in the smoking car and sit with the men."

CLASSIFIED ADS
Notice: I can take on several more vocal students.
PROF. A. REEVES ORWIG.

I cannot be responsible for debts contracted by young ladies passing themselves off as my wives.
L. R. MOLAN.

FOR SALE—A Mets car by two gentlemen, with friction drive and rubber gaskets. Nothing broke but the owners. One-man top can be easily adjusted by a person with large family. Can make 24 miles per hour on down-grade. No unreasonable offer refused. Foolly equipped with unmentionable rims and one can of nickel polish. This car was brand-new, to us. This bargain will not only tickle you, but jolt you to pieces. Ask for Nero or Pete, Wellesley Inn.

TO EXCHANGE—Slightly used but otherwise good kingdom, for a horse.—Richard III.

CARD OF THANKS
Mrs. I. M. Full wishes to thank all those who assisted in the death of her husband.

WANTED—Two strong college graduates to take the B. & A. to Pittsburgh.

WANTED—A young man to run Babson Service out of town.

FOUNv—A note found on the Wellesley campus. "Mr. Orwig: Cut your toe-nails, you're ripping the sheets—Miss Bransfield."

WANTED—A young man with chills, to lie around an ice cream freezer. Apply Clement's drug store.

WANTED—Stenographer to put in three hours daily at Babson resident school, as substitute for the four regular stenographers, who are now suffering from overwork. Must be expert at crocheting, listening in on conversations, and be able to do four Edophone records a week. If the applicant is able to run a moving picture machine, all other requirements will be deemed unnecessary.

SITUATION OPEN—Strong, useless, unrefined girl, not over 60 is needed to carry the movie films from the B. I. to the B. S. O., as Miss Noera has resigned and the cases are too heavy for me.
JOHN E. MILLEA.

SOCIAL CHATTER
A hunk of news of considerable import to the "400" of Adeloni's, Ont., is the marriage of Wallie Reed to Miss Theda Bara, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bara, and a movie actress of much (f)iame. The romance, which is typical of a college campus, resulted from a chance meeting while both were taking the I. C. S. chemistry course. Having paid his subscription The Weakly-Wheeez wishes him well.

Mr. Henry Whiting will have dinner Friday night.

Mr. Edwin G. Thompson will not sleep in Money & Banking today, because the class will not meet till Friday.