

# IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field From the Successful Play

by ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT

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### CHAPTER VIII. "Business and Love."

RODNEY'S back was turned on his old life now—there was no doubt of that. The boy was usually the first after Mary to reach the office. Peale was always late. "I say, Peale," Rodney would say, "you're late again. It's got to stop. Here it is 10 o'clock."

"Don't scold, little boss," Peale would answer as he hung up his coat. "That blamed alarm clock—first time in my life it didn't go off."

"I'm afraid that's old stuff," Rodney would answer sternly.

One morning Peale looked at the little boss in great surprise.

"Holy Peter Piper, you've shaved off your mustache," he ejaculated.

"Yes," said Rodney, grinning. "I'm just beginning to get on to myself. By George, I certainly used to look



"By George, I certainly used to look like the deuce."

like the deuce. Do you observe the clothes?" he added, rising and turning round.

"Why, you're getting to be a regular business man. My tuition," said Peale.

"You bet your life. Business is great fun," said Rodney. "I thought it would bore me, but it's immense; it's the best game I ever played. What's the news with you?"

"Well, I've been on father's trail," answered Peale. "We only just got back from Buffalo this morning."

"Yes, your father and I," Peale exclaimed. "He went to the Intercolonial Buffalo. I had all the billboards in the neighborhood plastered thick and forty-eight street stands along the streets to the railroad station. From the time the old man got in until he got out he couldn't look anywhere without seeing 13 Soap. I even found out the number of his room and had a small balloon floating 13 Soap streamers right outside his window. I took a page in all the Buffalo papers, bribed the hat boy to keep putting circulars in his hat every time he checked it and sent him one of our new folders every mail. I came back with him on the train, and when he went into the washroom last night I had the porter say, 'Sorry, sir, we ain't got no 13 Soap, but you can't hardly keep any on hand—it's such grand, grand soap.'"

Another day Rodney calmly said to Peale, "I have plans for our new factory."

"Plans for what? Have you gone dippy?"

"Here they are," said Rodney, producing a large blue print. "Pretty real looking, aren't they?"

"You don't mean you've actually got some nut to build us a factory?" shouted Peale.

"No, no. They are to impress father. Don't you see?"

"Oh, yes. Well, that is an idea," admitted Peale.

"If he ever does drop in to make a deal," said Rodney, "I thought we ought to have something to make a front—something that looks like a plant. And by the way, if we can let it leak out that it's the Andover soap people who are backing us with unlimited capital, went on Rodney.

"The Andover soap people?" Peale inquired.

"Sure! Father's always hated 'em in business," explained Rodney. "His oldest friend, though, is John Clark, one of the big boys of that company. Clark's got a son, Harry, that father dislikes because he's such a success in business—always held him up to me as a model son to pattern by. It would make father wild if he thought that old Clark was going to back us."

"Then that scheme ought to be good for a great rise out of father. Say, by the way, I put over a corner on him this morning," chattered Peale. "I arranged for a parade of sandwich men up and down in front of his house. When he got to his office there was an

"Isn't it funny, though, that nobody's tried to buy any soap from us yet?" asked Rodney, with some anxiety.

This was a very tender point with the soap company. Mary and Rodney worried over it, and Rodney dreamed at night about it. An occasional small order that might filter in from some remote outlying district or some small merchant whose credit was doubtful, was gazed upon as parents gaze at their first baby.

"It takes time to create a demand," he would say, but admitted that the 200 cakes of pink castle they had bought looked swell in their old rose wrappers. It was a pity they hadn't got a couple of hundred thousand dollars to set after this advertising thing on the level, instead of just for father.

"Neither he nor Rodney knew how much money they had left.

"Don't ask me," said Peale. "I'm not a financier. Where's our worthy bookkeeper, Miss Grayson?" he added, looking at his watch. "It's nearly 11."

"I'll bet she was here before either of us; she always is. By George, isn't she a corker?" began Rodney lyrically.

"Oh, she's all right," agreed Peale indifferently.

"All right! Why, the girls you read about don't mean anything compared to Mary," began the ecstatic lover. "She's got Juliet beat a mile. Every time I think of her I want to yell or do some other durn fool thing, and every time I see her I just want to get down and kiss her shoes."

Rodney said all this and could have said much more, but Peale's mind was on other things.

"If we could only land one hard wallop on father after that Buffalo business," he reflected sadly, still on business.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" demanded Rodney indignantly.

"Not a word," said Peale.

"I was talking about Mary."

"I know you were. That's why I didn't listen," said Peale delicately.

"Speak of the goddess," he added, as Mary just then entered.

#### (To Be Continued.)

### Building for Old Age.

The spring and summer of our life may have been fairly pleasant and their enjoyments harmless; but the retrospect is far from satisfying if, when the autumn comes, our fields are empty. It is well, on summer mornings, as we go to our work, to pluck a wayside blossom now and then, or pause to hear the carol of a bird; but our chief concern should be the plowing and sowing that shall yield enduring harvests. It is well to quench our momentary thirst from the brook whose slender flow the dry weather of a single week may leave exhausted; but we shall still need to have for ourselves unfailing cisterns. To live in such fashion that, while we may do but little harm to others, we make no worthy contributions to their happiness, is to doom ourselves to hunger and thirst in coming days. Not only by the evil that we do, but by the good we leave undone, do we in youth and prime prepare for ourselves an old age of remorseful memories.—Rev. J. Frank Thompson, in Universalist Leader.

### Gladstone's Lasting Power.

The secret of the sustained power and energy of Gladstone, the "old man eloquent," lay in the fact that his domestic relations were always delightful, and that Mrs. Gladstone was entirely devoted to his well-being. Always accompanying him even to the hustings, ready to shield him from every exhausting condition, she was likewise the companion of his intellectual life. And no man of true greatness but gives grateful acknowledgment to such womanly influence whenever he has been its happy recipient. Among such may be numbered the blind British postmaster general who brought in postal orders, Mr. Fawcett. By an accident Mr. Fawcett became blind at the age of twenty-five, yet in the next twenty years he accomplished remarkable feats through the help of his wife. Miss Garrett, before their marriage a woman of rare capacity, became after that even his secretary, fellow student, adviser and other self.

### Nothing New to Mike.

The New York Giants were exercising in Texas when one night Mike Donlin crept into the Pullman that was sidetracked at Waco a long while after hours, greatly to the rage of John J. McGraw. Now, according to Donlin, there is supposed to be but one complete humiliation for a ball player who goes against the winter training rules. The culprit is assigned to an upper berth in the sleeper. McGraw was awakened when the blind Donlin climbed into the car and says he: "Just for that, Mike, you take an upper." The manager had forgotten the player's previous servitudes and stealths in the way of personal transportation across the country. But Mike had not forgotten. He said merely: "All right, John. I've ridden 'em higher than uppers and lower than lowers."

### Plainly Expressed.

A certain rector in a small English village who was disliked in the parish had a curate who was very popular, and who, on his leaving, was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and jealousy of the rector and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial." "Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd been a-going I'd have subscribed double."

### And He's Welcome to Them.

A Philadelphia doctor says that any substance that will absorb milk or cream is a good breakfast food. There are enough howling cats in Jacksonville to keep the professor in breakfasts all his life.—Florida Times-Union.

### Determining Value of Coal.

The relative values of various kinds of coal are determined by X-rays with a method invented by French scientists.

### WAS A LABOR PARTY ALL RIGHT.

But of Another Kind Than the Staff Officers Expected.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has just returned from a visit to the front, has brought back with him a budget of stories. One concerns a certain labor deputation, which, in pursuance of the excellent plan of the government, was to visit the army in France in order to see for themselves the conditions under which their comrades were living and fighting. In expectation of its arrival staff officers went to the quay to receive the deputation.

"Are the members of the labor party aboard?" asked an officer when the boat tied up.

"Yes," said a man who was on deck, and who, according to the staff officer, looked the part.

They came ashore, seven of them, were cordially received, invited to enter motor cars and offered cigars. On arriving at the local headquarters they were introduced to a courteous official, who, after a short chat, said:

"And now, gentlemen, I have instructions to take you to the commander-in-chief."

"And who's he?" asked a man who seemed to be the head of the party.

"Why, Sir John French, of course," said the officer, a little surprised.

"Well, I don't know that we want to see him," observed the leader, who seemed equally puzzled. "Me and my mates have come over to mend the boom in the harbor."—London Chronicle.

### The Ex-Minister.

A member of the corps of the British legion said at a dinner in New York:

"Some funny stories come from the front about our volunteer army."

"Two young swells in the uniform of private soldiers were overheard by an officer conversing in a trench."

"I was intended for the ministry," the first swell said. "Believe me or not, old chap, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"I said! And what stopped you, then?" inquired the other.

"This war, of course," was the reply.—Washington Star.

### Bottles and Rags.

Homer Rodheaver, the musical director of an evangelist, said in a temper-

### ance address at San Francisco:

"Once, on a visit to England, I noticed that the ragmen, instead of shouting 'Rags, bones, old iron!' as we all do, shouted 'Rags and bottles! Rags and bottles!'"

"I asked an English ragman one day: 'Why do you yell for rags and bottles especially? What's the point of it?'"

"Well, sir," he answered, "the point of it is that my experience has shown me that wherever there's bottles there's bound to be rags."

Know Her Size—in a Way. Into a men's furnishing store stepped a young man warily, almost timidly. He lacked the air of confidence of the man who is about to purchase a tie or a handkerchief, or a collar. Eagerly the genial floorwalker pounced upon him, and the prospective customer's first words explained everything explained everything.

"Have you anything suitable for a young lady?" he asked, looking about dazedly at the rows of shirt boxes.

"Something for Christmas, you know?"

"Well, I should say we have. Step right this way, please. Miss Apperson, will you show this gentleman some lady's hose, or—"

he added, as he noted the inquirer's pitiable confusion, "perhaps he would prefer to see some of those near-silk ladies' coat sweaters."

"He would, he certainly would, and when he found a man in charge of the sweater counter he became almost himself again. The sweater idea seemed to strike him favorably, and for several minutes he inspected color combinations and felt of fabrics. Finally the clerk dropped him into hot water again.

"About what size does the young lady wear?"

It was a poser and entirely unexpected. The young man gazed at a dummy figure on which a sweater coat was displayed, then walked up to it, circled it with his arm and nodded.

"About this size," I think.—Kansas City Times.

### To Prevent The Grip.

When you feel a cold coming on, stop it by taking Laxative Bromo Quinine and thus keep the system in condition to prevent the Grip. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. Grove's signature on box. 25c.

### NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO ASKS FOR PEACE OWING TO LOSS OF HIS CAPITAL.



NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO

Daunted by the capture of Cetinje, capital of Montenegro, the Montenegrin authorities presented a separate proposal of peace to Austria. The Montenegrin capital was transferred to Niksic.



## Daddy's Bedtime Story

Fluffy Graycat And Little Emily's Spools.

"C UDDLE down, cuddle down," said daddy as Jack and Evelyn climbed into his arms. "If you want a story I will tell you about Fluffy Graycat."

"To begin with, Fluffy Graycat was in disgrace. He had been naughty. His little mistress was learning to sew. She had a nice new work-box in which were spools and balls of cotton.

"Though Fluffy had begged and begged, little Emily would never allow Fluffy Graycat to play with these.

"You must be a good little kitten and play with your ball," Emily would say when Fluffy would jump up and beg for a spool to play with.

"Fluffy thought this was very selfish of Emily. 'Just as if I'd hurt her old spools!' he grumbled to himself.

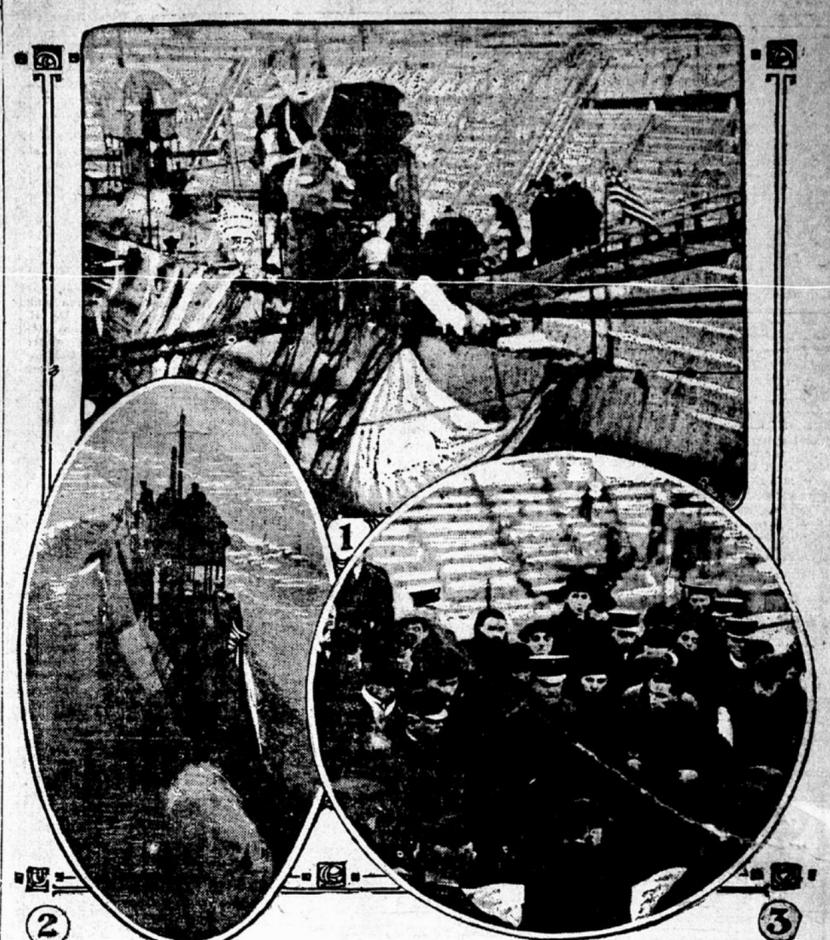
"Spools are not meant for kittens to play with," Fluffy's mother told him. "If you want sport come to the barn with me and watch a mouse hole."

"But Fluffy did not wish to go out into the barn. He stayed right there on the rug, sulkily watching Emily as she threaded her needle and began to sew.

"Emily, come here a minute," the little girl's mother called from upstairs, and Emily ran off in answer to the call.

"Fluffy raised his head. This was the chance he had been looking for. Jumping up quickly, in a minute he had half a dozen spools on the floor.

### BLOWING UP OF THE E-2 DISCLOSES FACT THAT FOREIGNERS USE EDISON BATTERY



Naval and state authorities began searching investigations of the explosion on the United States submarine E-2 in the Brooklyn navy yard, in which explosion four men were killed and ten were injured. The E-2 was the only submarine in the navy equipped with Edison batteries, for which the chief merit claimed is that they do not give off chlorine gas. Also the E-2 had no gasoline aboard, as her power is generated by a Diesel oil burning engine. There was no explosive powder aboard. If an accumulation of hydrogen caused the explosion, which was one explanation offered, it was gas which had accumulated between the top of the steel battery jars and the electrolyte. Thomas A. Edison's personal representatives and chief engineer, Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison, defended the Edison battery and declared that the Edison submarine safety battery was in use in war by one power. It had been supposed that the United States had an option on the exclusive use of the device if the tests to which it was to be subjected proved satisfactory. The photographs show: Nos. 1 and 2, taking bodies from the E-2 after the explosion; No. 3, the E-2 on a recent practice run.

### FRIENDS AND FOES OF ADMINISTRATION DEFEND AND ASSAIL MEXICAN POLICY



That congress and the country have been deeply stirred by the murders of Americans in Mexico was evidenced by the debates on the subject of intervention in Mexico. In one of the bitterest debates yet in congress on the Mexican situation President Wilson's policy was severely assailed and also defended. Senator Works of California offered a resolution for armed intervention. Senator Fall of New Mexico took up the cudgels and flayed the president's acts since the "war on Vera Cruz." Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, was a sarcastic interrupter in the debates on the side of the war-advocates. Senator Stone, of Missouri, principal defender of the administration and chairman of the committee on foreign relations, pleaded to let the president decide what to do in Mexico, and Senator Lewis, of Illinois, also defended Mr. Wilson. Army experts figure that it would take an army of 200,000 men at an enormous cost to pacify Mexico. After riots at El Paso, between Mexicans and United States soldiers and civilians, troops stopped the trouble. It was reported in Texas that the famous Texas rangers, a state body, were ready to cross the line and avenge the murdered Americans. In the pictures No. 1 shows members of the rangers; No. 2, Senator Works; No. 3, Senator Stone; No. 4, Senator Lewis.

In a Calmer Moment. The topic having turned to the subject of regret, this story was recalled by Senator Henry F. Hollis, of New Hampshire: A German named Adam became depressed over the wobbly way in which the world was moving, and in a hasty moment jumped from the town wharf into the river. The crowd, on returning from the river after a fruitless endeavor, was met by a party named Jacob.

"What was it?" queried Jacob, looking over the long-faced bunch. "Vat was all der troubles about?" "Adams," answered one of the party. "He just committed suicide by jumping into the river."

"Poor old Adam!" mournfully commented Jacob. "He be sorry for dat tomorrow."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mother Earth's Capacity. It has been estimated that the earth can maintain a population of 4,000,000,000—a total which will be reached about A. D. 2100 at the present rate of increase. It can't be beat. McBride & Will Drug Co.