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IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field
From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT



SYNOPSIS

Old Cyrus Martin, the head of the American soap trust, makes a bet of \$30,000 with a friend, John Clark, a rival soapmaker, that his (Martin's) son Rodney would be making more money at the end of a year than Clark's son Ellery.

Martin takes his pretty secretary, Mary Grayson, into his confidence and enlists her co-operation. Rodney has been a spendthrift, and the father wants to make him reform and go to work.

Rodney defies his father, and Mary is deeply touched at the lad's genuine affection for her. Mary makes a financial bargain with Martin to encourage the son to go to work.

(Continued from last week)

"You've got an aeroplane, haven't you?" inquired Peale plaintively.

"Yes—but—" began Rodney. "Let's go upstairs then," he added as an afterthought.

He knew Peale of old and that if he got started there was nothing that could hush his voice for other members. In the big room in the Forty-fourth street side upstairs they would be unmolested at this hour of the morning. Peale followed him in a docile manner.

"Then everything's all right," said Peale eagerly. "Now, you abduct the leading lady—Julia Clark—tomorrow night in your aeroplane—elope with her."

"What?"

"Sure! Some stunt too. Never been done. Julia's all for it. She's game for any press gag."

"But I couldn't do such a thing as that," protested Rodney.

"Certainly you can," said Peale. "I'm telling you Julia'll stand for it—a bird of a story. Why, you're up in the air with the leading lady. The next night standing room only to catch a look at the girl you're stuck on. I can see the headlines now, 'Soap King's Son Takes New Star Among the Stars With Flashlights.'"

"But it's out of the question," said Rodney. "I wouldn't do it, that's all. I'm not backing down from helping you, but there's some one who might object."

"A girl?" asked Peale acutely. Rodney nodded.

"I guess it's cold," Peale concluded. "Girls are funny about their beaux doing a little innocent think like eloping with some other girl."

"Why don't you try somebody else?" suggested Rodney.

"I have! You were my last card. Well, I'm fired!" said Peale, with an air of finality.

It was a stunt that would have kept things going, he protested, but now—well, the show was so bad that people wouldn't even go to see it on a pass. They would have to close Saturday, and as for Ambrose Peale, he was out. Rodney did not believe that an obvious faked up lie like that would have done any good, he said. He'd feel very uncomfortable at not being able to oblige an old friend otherwise.

"I know it's advertising," he said, "but—"

"You bet it's advertising," began Peale, warming up. "What made the leading actresses? Advertising."

"But that sort of advertising can't be of real value," said Rodney negligently.

"Oh, you're one of those wise guys who don't believe in advertising, are you?" said Peale, expostulating and expounding. "Now, don't get me talking advertising. That's where I live, where I have my town house and country estate, my yachts and motors. That's my home. Maybe you think love is important. Piffle! Advertising, my boy; the power of suggestion, the psychology of print. Some old gink, a professor of psychology, showed forty Vassar girls the other day two samples of satin, one blue, one pink, same grade, same value, same artistic worth. One he described as a delicate warm old rose; the other he called a faded blue. He asked them to choose their favorite. Girls picked the old rose. Why? Because they'd been told it was warm and delicate. No faded blue for them. What did it? Power of suggestion—advertising."

"You seem to know something about it," Rodney said aloud.

"I not only seem to, I do," Peale agreed. "Just before I met you I told a young fellow downstairs that 'The Belle of Broadway' was the biggest hit in town. Ask him to go to the theater, give him his choice and I'll bet you \$4 to a fried egg he picks 'The Belle of Broadway.' Advertising!"

"I don't believe it," Rodney protested.

"Well, try it. And, say, what makes you go to the theater yourself? I'll tell you. It's what you've read about the play or what some fellow's told you."

"Why, I suppose that's true," said Rodney, beginning to be convinced a little. "But I never read advertisements."

"Oh, you don't, eh? Say, what kind of garters do you wear?"

"Why, let me see. The —," said Rodney.

"Exactly," said Peale. "What do you know about 'em? Nothing. Are they any better than any other garter? You don't know—I don't know, but all my life every magazine I've ever looked out into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it. —. So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say—'So do you. You don't read advertisements? Rot!'"

"But—" said Rodney.

"No 'but' about it," answered Peale. "Advertising's responsible for everything. When Bryan advertised grape juice do you know that its sale went up 652 gallons a day?"

"You don't really mean it?"

"I do."

"But 652 gallons. How do you know it was 652?" asked Rodney.

"I'll tell you into a little secret," confided Peale. "I don't know a thing about grape juice—and as long as my health and strength keep up I hope I never shall—but if I said I'd read in a newspaper that the sale had gone up 652 gallons you wouldn't have doubted it, would you?"

"No, I suppose I shouldn't," Rodney agreed.

"And you'd have told somebody else, and he'd have believed you too," went on Peale.

CHAPTER VI. Chasing Capital.

WHAT kind of eggs do you eat?" Peale asked Rodney.

"Why, hen's eggs, of course," Rodney laughed.

"Did you ever eat a duck egg?" asked Peale.

"Why, no," said Rodney. "At any rate, not often."

"Do you know anything against the duck?"

"No."

"Exactly. When a duck lays an egg it's a — fool and keeps quiet about it, but when a hen does, my boy—cluck, cluck, all over the place. Advertising! So you eat hen's eggs."

"You're beginning to convince me," laughed Rodney. He was beginning to get excited.

"You really believe that with proper advertising you could build up a great business?" he asked.

"Believe! Look around you. Everything's doing it," declared Peale.

"Do you want to work for me?"

"Sure! Now."

"What's your salary?" asked Rodney, the new business man.

"I've been getting \$60, but I'm worth \$75," said Peale quickly.

"I'll give you \$100," Rodney told him.

"What's your business—counterfeiting?" asked Peale skeptically.

"No, it's—" began Rodney.

"Don't tell me," Peale interrupted. "As long as it doesn't send me to state prison or the chair it's all right. Could I have about \$25 advance on salary now?"

"Oh, all right," said Rodney, handing him the money.

"Just as an evidence of good faith," Peale explained, counting the crisp bills. "Well, now, I'm working for you. What business are you in?" he began again.

"The soap business," said Rodney boldly.

"Nice clean business. With father?" asked Peale, grinning.

"Against him," explained Rodney.

"Oh!" said Peale.

Rodney reminded him that he and

his father had had a quarrel, and Peale agreed very sympathetically that fathers were very unreasonable these days.

Finally Peale commented, "Do you know why your father is the soap king?"

"I suppose because he controls all the soap business in the country except one," said Rodney.

"Exactly, and the way he keeps control of it is by buying out all his live competitors. And now here's a blue ribbon champion of the world scheme. Why don't we make good and sell out to father?"

"No; I don't care to do that. I want to make good myself," said Rodney.

"Well, if father is forced to buy you out, isn't that enough? What do you want?" asked Peale.

"I've got to be a success myself. I've got to show father and—Miss Grayson," explained Rodney. He went on further:

"You see father says I can't earn \$5 a week."

"He isn't right, is he?" queried Peale.

"No, sir; you'll see," Rodney answered proudly.

"I hope so," said Peale dryly. "At that it's a pretty tough job selling soap if father's against us."

"I suppose it is," Rodney agreed.

When poor Rodney trotted out the story of the cookbook Peale wanted to know if he was "kidding him," but grew less skeptical when he heard all there was to hear about the cheapest soap in the world. It was a good line, he said, the cheapest soap. How could they use it? he inquired, pausing and thinking deeply, while Rodney was lost in business meditation too.

Suddenly Rodney called out: "Peale, I've got an entirely different idea."

"Well, don't be selfish. Share it with me," said his partner.

"Why do the people jam the cabarets where they only serve champagne," began Rodney excitedly.

"Why do they crowd the restaurants where they put up a rope to keep you out? Why do they sit in the sixteenth row in the orchestra when they could have the third row in the balcony? Why do they buy imported clothes? Why do they ride in French automobiles? Because they're expensive—because they cost more money. So all the sheep think they ought to be better. My boy, listen—the most expensive soap in the world!"

"My boy, I could kiss you," cried Peale delightedly. "A puppi after my own heart—50 cents a cake!" cried Peale.

"A dollar, and we'll make it a warm, delicate old rose," sang Rodney.

"Each cake in a separate box, with a



"You see father says I can't earn \$5 a week."

"But what shall we call it?"

"Old rose," suggested Rodney after a moment.

"Rotten—doesn't mean anything," rejected Peale.

"Let's think," said Rodney.

"I am thinking. I never stop," said

Peale. "The soap that made Pittsburgh clean," said Rodney.

"Too long. You need something catchy."

"I had an idea awhile ago," said Rodney—"the People's Soap."

"Not if you're going to catch the rich boys," said Peale.

Then suddenly Rodney remembered the legend in the old cookbook and cried out:

"Wait, wait! Listen! Listen close! The 13 Soap. Unlucky for Dirt."

"Son," said Peale joyously, "it's all over. The old man'll be on his knees in a month."

"We open the office Monday," Rodney sang out.

"Where's the office?" Peale inquired.

"Let's get one!" said Rodney.

"With furniture and everything," said Peale, "and, say, you'd better call up your tailor and order a couple of business suits."

After this manner began the business of the great 13 Soap Company, which was to bring the Soap King Cyrus Martin to his knees and make Rodney a rich man in his own right so he could marry Mary Grayson.

The office of the soap company was opened with Mary working for the concern.

From time to time an undersecretary or subtypewriter stuck her head through the door and announced some one. This young person opened the door now suddenly and announced with mingled glee and curiosity:

"The Countess de Browren!"

Money, when you are chasing it up in the form of capital, is a real will of the wisp. Now you see it within your grasp, and again your gaze is quite blank. None of the three conspirators in the room realized what was to come of the French and titled lady's interruption and only looked upon her as an inconvenient bore, to be disposed of as best could be.

"Oh, that dreadful woman again," sighed Mary.

The countess entered and came over to Rodney at once, speaking to him in French:

"Vous êtes Monsieur Martin?" she cooed.

Rodney nodded.

"Ah, cher Monsieur Martin—je suis enchantée de vous voir."

"The dame's loony," said Peale in an aside to Mary.

"No; she's French," said Mary. "She wants to see your father, and she doesn't speak English. I saw her up at the house."

"Well, let her talk to me," Rodney announced, remembering that he had taken a course in elementary French at Harvard.

"Say, can you speak French?" asked Peale, surprised and impressed by his new partner's accomplishments.

"Not very well, but I can understand it," said Rodney. Then, going over to the countess, he said blankly in English, "Fire ahead."

"Eh?" said the countess.

"Let me see. Oh, yes—parlez," stammered Rodney.

"Ah, mon Dieu—enfin—vous—comprenez Français!" began the countess delightedly.

"Oul," said Rodney.

"You're immense, kid," put in Peale. The one French word was enough to start up the countess at her best gait.

"Je suis Madame la Comtesse de Beaurien—je desire parler a Monsieur Martin apropos des affaires du savon. Je voudrais obtenir l'agence du savon Martin pour la France," she rattled off in one breath.

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," said Rodney.

"What did she say?" asked Mary.

"She's a speedy speller, all right," said Peale.

"Would you mind saying that over, and say it slow?" asked Rodney of the countess.

"Eh?" said that lady again.

"Oh, repetez ca s'il vous plait—lentement," stammered Rodney.

"Je suis Madame la Comtesse de Beaurien—je desire obtenir l'agence du savon Martin pour la France—le peu donner cinquante mille francs pour cette agence."

"Oul," said Rodney, quite pleased with himself, upon which the countess was off again:

"Et ensuite, voulez vous arranger cette affaire pour moi? J'ai beaucoup de references. Je suis riche; je suis bien connue a Paris."

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," protested Rodney. Then, turning to Peale, he interrupted plausibly:

"She wants the agency for father's soap for France and is willing to pay 50,000 francs for the concession."

"How much is that in real money?" asked Peale quickly.

"Ten thousand dollars," said Rodney.

"Had I better tell your father?" asked Mary. But Rodney had an inspiration.

"No, no! Why not keep father out of this? We'll sell her the agency for the 13 Soap. That'd be another ten thousand for us. Peale, she's a gift from the gods!"

"Go to it," said Peale, elated.

"But how can you sell her your agency?" objected the prudent Mary.

"I don't know. How can I?" wondered Rodney.

"If only Marie were here to interpret for us!" sighed Mary.

The three partners looked at each other helplessly. They felt as if there were something hovering around that ought not to be allowed to get away, and yet it still eluded them.

"I suppose Marie's the French maid," said Peale. "Doesn't she ever come to the office? It might pay us to send up for her. Get a taxi. Buy one, to get \$10,000 back on it."

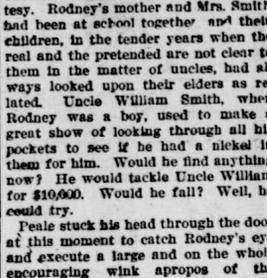
But as luck would have it Marie herself burst through the door at this moment, shrieking violently at the undersecretary in her native gibberish. She was another gift from heaven, said Rodney. It was the work of a few minutes to introduce the two com-

and turn them loose on each other. Rodney bundled them into a side room so the rest could hear themselves think, he said. Then he sent Mary and Peale after them. Mary, on second thought, to translate Peale's slang and Marie to put it into French.

Suddenly a door opened, and he started guiltily, but his fears turned to hope when he saw Mr. William Smith coming in. Old Uncle William Smith, one of the oldest friends of the family, had been one of the capital possibilities he had had in mind.

Mr. Smith was not really an uncle, but bore that title only by way of courtesy. Rodney's mother and Mrs. Smith had been at school together and their children, in the tender years when the real and the pretended are not clear to them in the matter of uncles, had always looked upon their elders as related. Uncle William Smith, when Rodney was a boy, used to make a great show of looking through all his pockets to see if he had a nickel in them for him. Would he find anything now? He would tackle Uncle William for \$10,000. Would he fall? Well, he could try.

Peale stuck his head through the door at this moment to catch Rodney's eye and execute a large and on the whole encouraging wink apropos of the



It Was the Work of a Few Minutes to Turn Them Loose on Each Other.

French interview. Rodney gave another wink to Peale that said volumes about Mr. Smith.

"That's all now, Mr. Peale," said Rodney, raising his voice.

"Yes, sir, I understand," said Peale, winking again. "He takes 50,000 shares at par."

"Yes, quite right," said Rodney as Peale's head disappeared.

"Who the deuce is that, Rod?" asked Mr. Smith briskly.

"Oh, one of my staff," said Rodney carelessly.

"One of your what?" asked Mr. Smith, amazed.

"My staff; I've gone into business," said Rodney.

"You've done what?" asked Mr. Smith, laughing uproariously.

"Gone into business. I'm a business man," repeated Rodney.

"That's the funniest thing I've ever heard of," said Mr. Smith.

CHAPTER VII. The Great Campaign.

I THOUGHT I'd like to borrow ten — say a few thousand dollars," said Rodney, gulping at Mr. Smith.

"No, sir; not a cent," said Mr. Smith.

"Perhaps five thousand," amended Rodney.

"If it was for a new club or some tomfoolery, in a minute, but to put into your business, it'd be just throwing it away. Why don't you get your father to back you?"

"Father and I don't agree on the value of advertising."

"Oh, that's it, and you expect me to do what your father won't?"

"Well, I thought as a friend of the family," stammered Rodney.

"You were wrong. Where is your father?" asked the friend of the family.

"In there I guess," said Rodney.

"I want to see him. I guess he'll think this is as funny as I do," Mr. Smith laughed, going out, leaving Rodney sunk dejectedly in a chair.

"Well?" asked Peale coming in again.

"He wouldn't give me a cent," said Rodney.

"He wouldn't? Well, he sounds like your father's oldest friend."

"What about the countess?" Rodney inquired.

"Oh, I got her," said Peale proudly.

"You did? Ten thousand dollars?"

"Fifteen thousand. Pretty good, what?"

"Good? Why, why, I'll have to raise your salary," said Rodney.

"Thanks; I supposed you would," said Peale complacently.

"Where's the money?" asked Rodney.

"We don't get it till next week," explained Peale.

"Oh!" said Rodney dejectedly. "But we must have some more cash to start with."

Peale meanwhile must have left the ladies in some suspense or else they missed his cheery company, for presently Mary came back and said the countess wanted to know how much longer she must wait.

"Coming now," said Peale. "Shall I sign for you?"

(To be continued next week)

Dairy Herd Records at Tribune office—50 cents dozen.

If you want to sell it, try a Tribune Want Ad.