

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT



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—click, cluck, all out the place. Advertising! So you call 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 loudly.

"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, don't that enough? What do you say?" 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. With good luck he used 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 sixth 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 better? No; 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 pupil after my own heart—50 cents a cake!" cried Peale.

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

"Each cake in a separate box, with a paper rose on the lid," said Peale.

"But what shall we call it?"

"Old rose," suggested Rodney after a moment.

"Tollen—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 books," 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.



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

"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 typewriter stuck her head through the door and announced some one. This young person opened the door now suddenly and announced with mingled glaze and curiosity:

"The Countess de Bownreen."

Money, when you are chasing it up in the form of capital, is a real will o' 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:

"Vousetes Monsieur Martin?" she cooed.

Rodney nodded.

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

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

"No; she's French," said Mary. "She wanted 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 under-

stand it," said Rodney. Then, going over to the countess, he said blankly in English, "Fire ahead."

"Et?" said the countess.

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

"Ah, mon Dieu—enfin—vous—comprenez Francais?" began the countess delightedly.

"Oui," 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 Bownreen—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 spicer, all right," said Peale.

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

"Et?" said the lady again.

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

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

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

"Et enfin—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 pleadingly:

"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 competitors 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 fail? 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 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,"



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

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.

(To Be Continued.)

FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WOODMAN HALL TUESDAY NIGHT

From Saturday's Daily.

The Knights and Ladies of Security of this city have been very fortunate in securing for their entertainment at the lodge room on next Tuesday evening of Miss M. C. Hutchinson of Kirksville, Missouri, who is considered one of the foremost platform entertainers on the American continent, and her appearance has always been the occasion of a great deal of pleasure to her audience. Miss Hutchinson is an artistic impersonator and interpreter of the writers that make up the best things in life and literature. She is a woman of rare intellect and emotional force, possessing the grace and force demanded so much of a platform speaker and her appearance here should be greeted by a large audience. Her repertoire includes some of the most wonderful masterpieces of the English language and her manner of presenting them has won a warm spot in the hearts of her hearers. For this occasion, which will be open to the public, a small fee of 25 cents will be charged in order to defray necessary expenses, and every member of the Knights and Ladies, as well as all lovers of high-class entertainment, should be present to enjoy the occasion.

PUBLIC AUCTION

The undersigned will offer at Public Auction at his late home on the Herman Bester place, six miles west of Plattsmouth, commencing at 10:00 o'clock a. m. on

- FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, the following described property, to-wit:
- One bay mare, 8 years old, weight 1,100.
 - One gelding, 8 years old, weight 1,400.
 - One span of mules, 10 years old, weight 2,400.
 - One McCormick binder.
 - One McCormick mower.
 - One Case gang plow.
 - One John Deere gang plow.
 - One John Deere two-row machine.
 - One John Deere lister.
 - One stalk cutter.
 - One harrow, good as new.
 - Two New Departure cultivators.
 - One Hoosier press drill.
 - One Newton wagon.
 - One Weber wagon.
 - One spring wagon.
 - One top buggy.
 - One hay rack.
 - One set driving harness.
 - Four sets one and a half inch harness.
 - One Galloway feed grinder.
 - One I. H. C. gasoline engine, two and one-half horse.
 - One cream separator.
 - One Meadow washer.
 - One incubator.
 - And many other articles too numerous to mention.
- Lunch Will Be Served at Noon.
- TERMS OF SALE: All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand; on sums over \$10 a credit of eight months will be given, purchaser giving good bankable paper at eight per cent interest. All property must be settled for before being removed.
- HENRY HIRZ, JR.
W. R. Young, Auctioneer.
Ray Patterson, Clerk.

Local News

Robert Will was a visitor in Omaha today for a few hours with relatives and friends.

Attorney C. H. Taylor of Omaha was here for a time today looking after some matters at the court house.

M. A. Boyer was a visitor in the metropolis today for a short time, returning this morning to his home in this city.

Misses Marie Kaufman and Alpha Petersen were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will visit for the day with friends.

Miss Bertha Bonge returned to Omaha this morning after a visit here for a few days at the home of her sister, Mrs. Emma Pease and family.

Mrs. Anna Nichols, who has been here visiting her daughter, Mrs. George B. Mann, for a short time, departed this morning for her home at Kearney, Nebraska.

Mrs. Henry Snoke of Eagle arrived in the city last evening to visit her husband, County Commissioner Snoke, and while here visited for a short time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Dovey.

Col. W. S. Askwith, superintendent of the Masonic Home, was a passenger this morning for Omaha to attend a meeting of the board of control of the Nebraska Masonic Home association.

James Robertson departed this morning for Omaha, where he goes to attend a meeting of the board of control of the Masonic Home association.

County Attorney A. G. Cole was among those going to Omaha this morning, where he will visit for a few hours, and look after some legal matters.

John Hall of Pender, Neb., who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hall, south of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hall, in this city, and other relatives in this vicinity for the past week, returned home this morning.

A. F. Eastwood of Morrill, Nebraska, who has been here visiting his parents, was called home this afternoon by word announcing the serious illness of one of his business associates.

Miss Marie Bookmeyer came in last evening from Omaha, where she is engaged in teaching in the city schools there and she will enjoy a visit here over Sunday with her mother and other relatives and friends.

LAND FOR SALE.

120 acres, 4 miles southeast of Weeping Water; 100 acres plow land; \$5,000.00 worth of improvements. Price \$110.00 per acre.

200 acres, 2 miles northeast of Washburn, Neb., good all-round farm, well improved. Price \$150.00; good terms.

I have many others that are good bargains. Write or call on me for what you want.

John Colbert, Weeping Water, Neb.

W. A. ROBERTSON, Lawyer.

East of Riley Hotel. Coates' Block, Second Floor.

Ernest Horn came down from Omaha this afternoon to spend a short time visiting here with relatives and friends.

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE. In the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska. Sarah M. Harrison, Sarah Elizabeth Martin and Eva May Harvey, Plaintiffs, vs. William Harrison, et al., Defendants. To William Harrison, if living, if dead, his heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives, and all persons interested in his estate, whose names are unknown, from claiming any right, title, claim, lien or interest in or to the said real estate or any part thereof, and to require each of you to set forth your right, title, interest or lien therein, if any, under oath, and to defend and have the same adjudged inferior to plaintiffs' title to said land, and for granting relief. Plaintiffs allege that they and Samuel W. Harrison, from whom they inherited said real estate, have been in the actual, continuous, open, notorious, exclusive and adverse possession and ownership of all said lands, and in due judgment entered in the world and especially against the defendants herein, since prior to the year 1888.

You and each of you are further notified that you are required to answer said petition on or before the 21st day of February, A. D. 1916, and if you fail to do so, your default will be entered therein and judgment entered in accordance with the prayer of plaintiffs' petition.

Dated this 3d day of January, A. D. 1916.

SARAH M. HARRISON, SARAH ELIZABETH MARTIN, EVA MAY HARVEY, Plaintiffs. PALMER, TAYLOR & PALMER, Attorneys.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR LICENSE TO SELL REAL ESTATE. In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Application of Henry Snoke, Guardian of the Estate of Emma Handrock, Incompetent, and Freda Handrock, Arthur Handrock, Carl Handrock, Nettie Handrock, Helen Handrock, Walter Handrock, and Marguerite Handrock, Minors, for Leave to Sell Real Estate. On reading and filing the petition submitted by Henry Snoke, Guardian of the person and estate of Emma Handrock, Incompetent, and Freda Handrock, Arthur Handrock, Carl Handrock, Nettie Handrock, Helen Handrock, Walter Handrock, and Marguerite Handrock, minors, for a license to sell the interests of said incompetent and minors in the following described real estate, to-wit: All that part of the north of the right of way of the Missouri Pacific Railway, and containing 12.75 acres more or less in Cass County, Nebraska, for the purpose of raising funds for the paying off of a mortgage of \$1,500.00 with interest, on said land and other lands, and for the purpose of paying the expense of such sale and for the maintenance and support of said incompetent and minors, and for the education of said minors, and it appearing from said petition that said real estate consists of farm lands and suitable only for farm purposes.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED that the next of kin of said incompetent and said minors and all persons interested in said estate appear before me at chambers in the court house in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, on the 6th day of March, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. to show cause, if any there be, why license should not be granted to said Henry Snoke, Guardian, to sell real estate for the purpose above set forth.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be served on all persons interested in said estate by being published in the Plattsmouth Daily Journal, three successive weeks, said Plattsmouth Journal being a newspaper printed and published in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, and of general circulation therein.

Dated at Plattsmouth this 27th day of January, 1916. JAMES T. BRAGLEY, Judge of District Court. 1-31-3wks

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In County Court. STATE OF NEBRASKA. In the Matter of the Estate of Benjamin F. Horning, Deceased. Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said County, on the 14th day of March, 1916, and on the 21st day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day for examination, adjustment and allowance. All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing. Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 25th day of January, 1916. ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 1-31-3wks

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In County Court. STATE OF NEBRASKA. In the Matter of the Estate of James Cassity, Deceased. Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said County, on the 14th day of February, 1916, and on the 21st day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day for examination, adjustment and allowance. All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing. Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 25th day of January, 1916. ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 1-27-4wks

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. Company in Nebraska, will be held in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, at 10 a. m., February 24, 1916.

The meeting will be held for the election of nine directors of the company to serve until their successors are elected and qualified, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

C. J. ERNST, Secretary.
Omaha, Nebraska, January 5, 1916. 1-10-5wks-w

ROAD NOTICE. To All Whom It May Concern: The Commissioner appointed to view and report on the expediency of establishing and locating a public road 40 feet wide, running across the North East Quarter (NE 1-4) of Section Twenty-two (22), in Township Ten (10), North, Range Thirteen (13), East of the 6th Principal Meridian, parallel and adjacent to and on the north side of the Right-of Way of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, where said right-of way crosses said land, has reported in favor of the establishing thereof; and all objections hereto, or claims for damages, must be filed in the County Clerk's Office on or before noon on the 25th day of March, 1916, so such road will be established without reference thereto.

FRANK LIBERSHAL, County Clerk.
Done at Plattsmouth, Neb., this 15th day of January, 1916. 1-17-4 wks

GOL. WM. DUNN, AUCTIONEER
WEEPING WATER, NEBRASKA
18 to 20 years experience is worth something to those who have property for sale.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
I am always after the High Dollar for Your Goods.