



# IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT



### CHAPTER II.

#### The Course of True Love.

**W**ELL, if you're ready, my dear, here goes," Mr. Martin began briskly to his stenographer, Mary Grayson.

To John Clark, Esq., Soap Works, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Confirming our conversation of even date I send you a line to record the bet made this morning between us in re our sons, Elmer Clark and Rodney Martin respectively—namely, that if my boy, by his own unaided efforts, isn't making more money at the end of a year from Nov. 1 next than your boy makes, I pay you thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) in cash; and if he is, then you put that sum to me; the books of their several business concerns, duly audited, to be the deciding factor. Yours very truly,

"Got that?" he added, darting a keen glance at Mary beneath his thick eyebrows.

"Yes, Mr. Martin," said that young lady in a voice which she was evidently trying to make as colorless as possible.

"Well, what do you think of it?" demanded Mr. Martin, breaking a short pause.

"I think Mr. Rodney has more brains than you give him credit for," said Mary impulsively.

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do. But isn't \$30,000 a good deal of money to base on a bet? Somebody always loses, you know. And Mr. Rodney has never had any business experience to speak of. You wouldn't have him in your own works, you know?"

"Of course I wouldn't. I didn't want Rod posing there as the boss' son, interfering with the good discipline of the establishment. Besides, I didn't want them all down there to see what a nincompoop he was in business. I've got more pride than that."

"Aren't you a little hard on Rodney, Mr. Martin?" asked Mary gently.

"Are you a little sweet on Rodney, Miss Mary?" retorted the soap king gruffly.

She had her head bent over her work, and he couldn't see her features during this colloquy. He would have to carry the plummet line a little deeper.

"Because if you are," he went on, "I warn you, you'll have to marry him for love. He'll get no money from me unless he makes good. I shall make a will leaving him only an annuity, the principal to go to charity when he has idled himself into his grave, and I'll see to it that the annuity isn't quite enough for two, let me tell you, let alone a family of kids. I don't propose to have him or a lot of worthless grandsons making ducks and drakes of my money when I'm gone."

"I see," said Miss Grayson. "Of course it's none of my business. Anything else, sir?"

A motor bus screeching along outside came to a full stop at the corner. Mr. Martin, who had begun to pace the room as he talked, forgetting his convenient or inconvenient gait, lingered at the window and saw two women alight and stand talking indefinitely on the sidewalk. In one of the window panes where the curtains darkened it and made a mirror he could see Mary's pretty head drooping a little, giving her body a suddenly pensive air as she gazed abstractedly into the dying fire. He turned and spoke again and was pleased to see that she started involuntarily.

"Would you mind ringing for Johnson, my dear?" he asked, more pleasantly.

Mary rose and pressed the button and then sat down again as before. Johnson came presently and obediently replenished the fire, while Cyrus Martin twiddled his keys and small change in his trouser pockets. When Johnson's stiff back had disappeared through the doorway he began again on another tack.

"Look here, Mary," he demanded in a franker tone. "I want your help. You can help me if you will, and if you benefit by it yourself, why so much the better. Pitch in and catch Rodney if you want him. I should be glad of it. Only there would be one condition."

Beneath this direct attack the girl did finally blush a little. She gathered herself together again, however, and folded up her book by way of recapturing her composure.

"Why, Mr. Martin," she said, "what an idea!"

"Why is it such an idea? Is there nothing to attract a young fellow and a good looking girl like you to each other? You're too modest, Miss Mary."

"I'm not a judge of that, Mr. Martin," said Mary.

"Oh, yes, you are!" retorted her employer. "And I'm not so sure you're not quite willing myself."

"But I think you're very unkind to me," protested Mary, taking another cue. "You appeal to my woman's curiosity. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that you and I are madly in love with each other, what are your conditions?"

"Well," said her employer, "I tell you frankly I don't want to lose that \$30,000 to John Clark, and I do want to stir Rodney up. He needs an incentive, and I've been ransacking my brains to find the right one. And I think I've found it. I think it's you."

"I, Mr. Martin? Do you really think so?" she expostulated demurely.

"Yes, I do really think so, Miss Grayson," he mimicked.

"Don't you think it's just perverse?" persisted Mary. "Do you think Rodney would really care about me if he could have me just for the asking? I don't see how I can help you at all."

"Oh, yes, you can! And I'll tell you just how," went on Old Martin trenchantly. "I want Rodney to work for his money and his wife together. I'm going to turn him out of here—"

"Turn him out, Mr. Martin? What does that mean?"

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"But they might have drowned," objected Mary, with a pretty shudder.

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"Well, the next time he proposes you're to accept him. See? You're to tell him you'll have him if his father consents, and then send him to ask me. That'll be my big scene."

"You'll say yes—you'll refuse?" stammered Mary, showing some concern in the success of the plot, despite her efforts to be detached and business-like.

"Consent? No! That's my cue for turning him out of my house forever," roared the stage father, working himself up into quite an advanced condition of parental fury. "Let him marry a typewriter! (Don't let that hurt your feelings, my dear.) Let some designing woman get her hands on him for a rich man's son? (Business of indignation, my dear.) I'll turn him down and out in proper fashion. Upon my word I feel like doing it this minute."

"But there's one chance you've overlooked, Mr. Martin," resumed Mary, pursing her pretty mouth slightly at the corners.

"What's that?"

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"Well, then, I'll disinherit him for sure," roared the soap king. "Now, be off with you, too, before I lose my temper."

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"But there's one chance you've overlooked, Mr. Martin," resumed Mary, pursing her pretty mouth slightly at the corners.

"What's that?"

"That he may not propose to me again—I mean at all," she corrected.

"Well, then, I'll disinherit him for sure," roared the soap king. "Now, be off with you, too, before I lose my temper."

"I see," said Miss Grayson. "Of course it's none of my business. Anything else, sir?"

A motor bus screeching along outside came to a full stop at the corner. Mr. Martin, who had begun to pace the room as he talked, forgetting his convenient or inconvenient gait, lingered at the window and saw two women alight and stand talking indefinitely on the sidewalk. In one of the window panes where the curtains darkened it and made a mirror he could see Mary's pretty head drooping a little, giving her body a suddenly pensive air as she gazed abstractedly into the dying fire. He turned and spoke again and was pleased to see that she started involuntarily.

"Would you mind ringing for Johnson, my dear?" he asked, more pleasantly.

Mary rose and pressed the button and then sat down again as before. Johnson came presently and obediently replenished the fire, while Cyrus Martin twiddled his keys and small change in his trouser pockets. When Johnson's stiff back had disappeared through the doorway he began again on another tack.

"Look here, Mary," he demanded in a franker tone. "I want your help. You can help me if you will, and if you benefit by it yourself, why so much the better. Pitch in and catch Rodney if you want him. I should be glad of it. Only there would be one condition."

Beneath this direct attack the girl did finally blush a little. She gathered herself together again, however, and folded up her book by way of recapturing her composure.

"Why, Mr. Martin," she said, "what an idea!"

"Why is it such an idea? Is there nothing to attract a young fellow and a good looking girl like you to each other? You're too modest, Miss Mary."

"I'm not a judge of that, Mr. Martin," said Mary.

"Oh, yes, you are!" retorted her employer. "And I'm not so sure you're not quite willing myself."

"But I think you're very unkind to me," protested Mary, taking another cue. "You appeal to my woman's curiosity. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that you and I are madly in love with each other, what are your conditions?"



"Rooney, why don't you do something worth while?"

bargained for with the old magnate upstairs. Rodney showed only too plainly that he had something on his mind. He drew her into a small reception room on the first floor and made her sit down. It was a little pink and gold room which was never used except for a cloakroom when diners were given or the housekeeper engaged a new servant. Later Mary's typewriting machine had come to figure inconspicuously as a part of its furnishings since the clicking keys bothered Mr. Martin in his library, and Mary came down here often to write.

Despite her bargain with the old gentleman upstairs she made a brave attempt to ward off something that she saw was inevitable here and now. She took the lines in her own hands and tried to steer the conversational craft safely through the rapids.

"Rodney," she said, "tell me what you have been doing today."

He told her.

"Well, I call that a very unprofitable twelve hours," said Mary firmly. "Rodney, why don't you do something worth while? Why don't you go into some business? Have an office with your name on the door. Be somebody. It would please your father so."

"You sound like a doctor going to the theater," said Mary.

"Same principle," echoed Rodney; "S. O. S. C. Q. D. and all the rest of it. Safety first, you know."

Mary curbed and fenced as best she could. This was going to be a somewhat earlier opportunity of putting through their scheme than she had bargained for with the old magnate upstairs. Rodney showed only too plainly that he had something on his mind. He drew her into a small reception room on the first floor and made her sit down. It was a little pink and gold room which was never used except for a cloakroom when diners were given or the housekeeper engaged a new servant. Later Mary's typewriting machine had come to figure inconspicuously as a part of its furnishings since the clicking keys bothered Mr. Martin in his library, and Mary came down here often to write.

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Rodney was dressed in the correctest masculine fashion, Mary noted—gray spats, a braided English morning coat, a huge white carnation in his button-hole, and quite heavenly trousers. He wore a tie from Dasher's. Rodney was a nice boy, and had nice manners. He was only twenty-four, and his face had a certain quiet, frank charm in spite of his funny little mustache. He was by no means brainless, Mary was sure, notwithstanding his father's theories; only undeveloped by reason of the kind of life he had led and its appallingly frictionless conditions.

At the present moment he had an unaccustomed air of resolution that pervaded all the little room and made Mary retreat behind the typewriting desk, quailing in spite of herself. As she sat down, to her astonishment, she beheld Rodney turning the key in the door that led into the hall.

### (To Be Continued.)

## A TWICE-TOLD TALE

One of Interest to Our Readers.

Good news bears repeating, and when it is confirmed after a long lapse of time, even if we hesitated to believe it at first hearing, we feel secure in accepting its truth now. The following experience of a Plattsmouth man is confirmed after five years:

Herman Tiekoecker, contractor, Ninth and Day streets, Plattsmouth, says: "My kidneys caused me much trouble and I had a dull, tired feeling across my loins. If I stooped or straightened, my back hurt me and in the morning I was all tired out. A box of Doan's Kidney Pills promptly relieved every symptom of the complaint." (Statement given June 8, 1906.)

OVER FIVE YEARS LATER, Mr. Tiekoecker said: "The kidney trouble has never returned, so I can say I am permanently cured."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Tiekoecker had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

J. W. Holmes of Murray was in the city today for a short time visiting with his many friends, and they were all well pleased to find him looking so well after his recent serious operation, from which he has just recovered, and this is his first opportunity of visiting in Plattsmouth since returning home.

## PUBLIC SALE

The Undersigned will sell at Public Auction at the A. S. Will farm in Eight Mile Grove Precinct, commencing at 10:00 o'clock sharp, on