

# IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT



### CHAPTER V.

#### Peale Makes Progress.

RODNEY left the club and went home. He skipped upstairs to his room two steps at a time and began flinging things out of drawers and closets. What trunk should he take—that new one he had made in Paris last summer "before the war"? No, he could send for that later, and besides, he didn't want to stay away from Mary any longer than he could help. He wouldn't take all his things just now; he would leave a good many behind, so that his father would be sorry if he ever came into his room again after his baby boy was gone. He would not take a trunk at all now—just his kit bag. Where was that kit bag? Johnson would know.

He started to ring for Johnson and then checked himself. He would not say anything to the servants yet. He didn't want them to be party to this painful scene. He would leave them misinformed and keep his father guessing a little while. He would go and get that kit bag himself. It was in the garret most likely.

He had sneaked up the narrow garret staircase, the boards creaking now and then beneath his tread, just as they used to do when he was a child. Under the eaves he spied his kit bag, covered with dust. He dragged at it, and a pile of magazines and odds and ends of books fell forward across his arms. One of them was a battered cash book, or old diary, bound with a black and white back, and with many recipes written in a refined feminine hand on its blank pages.

Rodney remembered this well. It was a real heirloom from the Earles, his mother's people, who had prided themselves on "settling a good table." Rodney sat down on his dusty kit bag and turned over the following pages idly. Some of the recipes were in an even older hand than his mother's—his grandmother's or his maiden aunt's probably—and now and then, in his mother's hand again, there would be a comment written in the margin. "Very choice" or "Extra good" or "Well worth trying." The recipes for these tasty old dishes looked good. Rodney decided to tuck the book in with his own things, a venal theft, and put it by some day for himself and Mary.

They certainly did sound good. "Old Farrington meat pie," "Hannah Earle's gold and silver cake," "Susan Pitcher's everlasting fruit cake." Yes, he would take it. And here was a formula even for soap, and in his mother's hand or his grandmother's, he could not be sure which, was the quaint marginal note: "The cheapest soap in the world. Unlucky for dirt." And so he had pitched the old book into the bag, stolen down the attic stairs again and bounded, dusty kit bag and all, into the little waiting room where Mary sat.

Dear Mary! And she had let him hug her—the first taste of the bliss to come. How sweet and wonderful she was!

When he woke in the morning he rubbed his eyes a moment in bewilderment at his unaccounted surroundings. And immediately the memory of Mary Grayson swept over him again, fresh and undimmed. He would call up Mary on the telephone before she got away to the office. And, by the way, he had an idea to tell her too. He was going to make soap, like his father. The old cook book had given him the idea. He left his coffee scarcely tasted and flew to a booth at the club.

"Well, Mary," he shouted through the receiver, which smelt of cigarettes. "Did you know I'd lost my job?" "Yes," said Mary's voice at a distance. "I suppose I shall lose mine, too, if I don't give you up."

"We should be friends in need, then," laughed Rodney at his end.

"Oh, Rodney, I'm so sorry," said Mary.

"Nonsense, you've made my future. Without you I'd never have got the idea—the big idea."

"The idea to make money out of—that's all you need—and, just think, I found it in an old book!"

"What idea—what book?"

"It's a cook book."

"What on earth?"

"Well, you see, when I was packing I stumbled across an old family cook book. It fell open at a certain page—fate was on the job—it was a hunch—"

"But what is it?"

"It's an old family recipe for making cheap soap. It says it's the cheapest soap in the world, cheaper even than the manufacturers make it. I'm going into the soap business."

"What?"

young son of soap king fights father—don't buy from the trust."

"But is that very nice to your father?"

"Has he been very nice to me? It's great! Down with monopoly! Hurray for the people! I've heard political speeches like that! Hurray for the people's soap! That isn't a bad name either—the people's soap!"

"But you haven't any capital."

"I never thought of that."

"You'd need a lot of money too."

"Well," Rodney said, "well, I'll just have to get it, that's all, and you'll be my secretary."

"Rodney, you must stop talking or you'll go stony broke with this long call!" yelled Mary.

"Well, when can I see you again?" Rodney persisted.

"I shall be at the office till 3," said Mary.

"I'll drop in. Father may be home with the gout," Rodney answered.

Rodney hung up the receiver and turned away reluctantly. Mary's voice—wasn't it the most wonderful voice in the world? He took out a cigarette and lit it, finding a quiet seat near the Forty-fourth street window to sit down and think things over.

He armed himself with a newspaper, so that he could occasionally hold it up and ward off unwelcome chatters who might disturb his train of thought. The armament was not modern enough, however, to repel the attack of the alert young man who presently came and peered over the top of his paper.

"Well, Ambrose Peale," said Rodney, looking up.

"That's me absolutely," said Mr. Peale. "The same at your service. So you remember me, eh?"

The sight of Peale's keen and eager face took Rodney back two years at a jump. The two boys had met one night in the lobby of a Boston theater.

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looking for you to talk business with you. Shall I blaze away?" asked Peale.

"Business? Surely, surely," rejoined Rodney, with an inward wink. "I'm a business man now. Blaze away, as you say."

"Well, well," said Peale reminiscently, "I could see at once you weren't an egg thrower, but I wouldn't have blamed you anyhow. It was a rotten show."

"Like the eggs?" put in Rodney, smiling.

"Absolutely," said Peale. "Now, I'm not much on landing myself flowers across the footlights, but do you happen to remember what I did for you?"

"You fixed things up with the chief of police," said Rodney, "and kept me from being expelled."

"And you said any time you could do anything for me?"

"That's still true," said Rodney.

"You're immense, son. Now, it's this way—have a chair—between you and me 'The Belle of Broadway' is an awful thing. Business gone to pot—something's got to be done. That's my business with you."

"With me?" said Rodney.

"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.

"Now 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 thing 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.

"You bet it's advertising," began Peale, warning 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 exhorting. "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 theirs. 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

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."

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

## Terrible Croup Attack Quickly Repulsed By Old Reliable Remedy

Well known Georgia store keeper has mastered croup and colds for his family of ten with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound.

The minute that hoarse terrifying croupy cough is heard in the home of T. J. Barber, of Jefferson, Ga., out comes Foley's Honey and Tar Compound—there's always a bottle ready. Here's what he says: "Two of my children, one boy and a girl, aged eight and six years respectively, had terrible attacks of croup last winter and I completely cured them with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I have ten in family and for years I've used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it never fails."

Barber says: "I have tried many other remedies—keep Foley's Honey and Tar Compound always on hand, in your home. One bottle lasts a long time—it's reliable and safe—and the last dose is as good as the first. Get the genuine."

Sold Everywhere.



"An actor? I should say not. I'm a press agent."

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 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 let 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 did 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.

(To Be Continued.)

## FROM PERU NORMAL

Miss Mary V. Dick, head of the department of home economics, spent the week end at her home in Kearney.

President Hayes attended a meeting of the county superintendents and other educators of the state in Lincoln last week. The meeting was called by State Superintendent Thomas for the purpose of discussing the needs of the county schools and means of meeting these needs.

Dean Mattie C. Ellis was called to Florida last Thursday because of the serious illness of her mother.

The men of the Glee club returned Saturday morning, reporting a very fine trip. We are glad to announce that they will give a concert in the chapel Monday evening.

Two more basket ball games are scheduled for this week—Grand Island, February 2, and York, February 3—both of which promise to be interesting games.

Prof. F. C. Smith, head of the department of manual training, was called away Wednesday to attend the funeral of a brother.

Dean E. L. Rouse was in Kearney last Wednesday, where he addressed the City Teachers' institute.

The people of Peru had the privilege of listening Monday evening to Dr. Steiner of Iowa college in one of his stirring patriotic addresses. Dr. Steiner is the greatest authority on immigration in America and is the author of "The Trail of the Immigrant," "The Spirit of Americanism," and other like books.

Miss Susan Harmon of the English department has been granted a leave of absence for the current semester and left Saturday for Lincoln, where she will enter the university and do some advanced work in English.

For earache, toothache, pains, burns, scalds, sore throat, try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, a splendid remedy for emergencies.

## NEBRASKA AGAINST MIXED FLOUR BILL

Secretary of Agriculture Board Points Out the Reasons for Opposition.

## WOULD INJURE THE MILLERS

Lincoln, Feb. 1.—Nebraska farmers will not be benefited by national legislation permitting wheat and corn to be mixed in making flour, according to Secretary W. R. Mellor of the state board of agriculture, who has refused to endorse a bill now pending before congress having that object in view.

Mr. Mellor believes the bill is one of utmost importance to Nebraskans and will tend to decrease the value of the Nebraska wheat crop, which has attained almost equal rank with corn.

"It may be perfectly natural for Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, states that produce corn in great quantities and but small yields of wheat, to assist legislation to increase the value