

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field
From the Successful Play by
ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT

CHAPTER X.
A Setback.

"YES, here's a statement," Peale went on to Ellery, taking his pink version of Mary's statement off its file.

"Twenty-two thousand eight hundred and eighteen dollars," Ellery read off from it, holding it in his gloved hand.

"And nine cents," added Peale.

"That sounds rather ripping," Ellery admitted. "Should I have to do any work?"

"You work? I should say not," said Peale.

"Of course," added Rodney, "before I can promise to let you in Mr. Peale would have to agree."

"Do you agree?" asked Ellery, addressing Peale for the first time.

"Oh, yes, I agree—I agree," said Peale perhaps a shade too quickly.

"Now, what do you say, Ellery?" asked Rodney, trying not to appear too anxious.

Ellery put the silver head of his cane in his mouth and sucked at it a long time.

"I'll do it," he said at last.

"God's in his heaven. All's right with the world," chanted Peale.

"Have you the money with you?" asked Rodney, his heart beating.

"Why, no," said Ellery, opening his eyes.

"Then you'll send us a check today?" put in Peale.

But Ellery wouldn't get the money until next week, it seemed. His father hadn't promised it till next Monday.

He couldn't ask him for it now, you see. Ellery was afraid he couldn't really. His father was out of town.

"But we can't agree to hold the matter open until next Monday," said Rodney firmly.

"No, not till way next Monday," Peale agreed. "Why don't you telephone him?"

Yes, that wouldn't be so distressing, Ellery thought. If he could get him it would be considerably easier to talk to him on the phone. He could always ring off then.

"Come this way, then. It'll be quieter for you if he's noisy," said Peale eagerly, leading him to a booth. "Never mind the social chatter," he added as Mary came in and Ellery stopped to talk with her. "Ellery, you don't mind my calling you Ellery, do you, Ellery? You see, Ellery has work to do," he went on for Mary's benefit.

"It's very pleasing to find you both so beautifully charming to me," said Ellery.

And that was a model son, thought Peale. Thank God he was a black sheep himself. That was always the way with money; it was never in the right hands.

Meanwhile there was still another chance, for Mary informed him that

"Oh, you little life saver."

"The countess' boat had docked three hours ago."

"Oh, Rodney, by the way," she asked, "did you find out how Ellery's doing?"

"He's doing great," said Rodney. "Hasn't made a cent. Wanted to borrow some money from me."

"Your father would be glad to hear that," she laughed.

"Where is our wandering countess?" sang Peale just as Miss Burke came in and announced:

"The Countess de Bowreen."

"By golly, she's entering on the cue," said Peale joyfully.

"We're safe now," said Rodney.

"Oh, I do hope so," sighed Mary.

Money!

It took some maneuvering to manage

the coming countess with her \$10,000 and Ellery with his prospective \$2,500. They needed either or both of them to cover up that \$2,500 they had handed to Jones. Mary and Rodney dared not think what would happen if new capital could not be obtained in time.

Then just as the countess was about to be shown in the capable Ellery stuck his head in the door and vowed he could not manage the telephone; he never had run a switchboard; he was not good at mechanical problems. Mary was told off to ring up his father for him, and Peale called after her to hold his hand or kiss him—anything to leave the floor clear for the countess. Needless to say, the kiss was not suggested by Rodney.

Rodney ran to a window and pulled down a shade on which was blazoned:

SAYON TREIZE
PAS BON
POUR
LE SAL

He turned round to greet her full of hope. He was sure he could understand anything she said about money. He would leave to Ambrose the pleasant sensation of spending it on advertising.

When she finally swept in he met her with a delighted air and kissed her hand, which was the way in which he had conceived the part. He also said bon jour, twice, and pointed to the shade that bore the French advertisement. Rodney could make out also that she inquired if they had received her letter? Peale had been listening intently and couldn't keep still.

"Oh, you little life saver," he chirped. He, too, kissed her hand, on Rodney's telling him it was French stuff. She looked like money, Ambrose thought. She must have it.

"Ask her, ask her!" he whispered to Rodney.

"Have you the money?" Rodney asked her nervously, thus enjoining.

"Eh?" said the countess.

"Come on, kid, say yes, say yes," whispered Peale, snapping his fingers.

"Vous avez l'argent?" Rodney began.

"Oui, oui, j'ai de l'argent," said the countess.

"What does she say?" asked Peale anxiously.

"She says yes," interpreted Rodney. Peale gave a suppressed squeal of delight.

"The money with you?" Rodney asked again.

"Oui, j'ai de l'argent ici," responded the countess, opening her bag and taking out a check.

"Draft for \$20,000," Rodney interpreted swiftly.

"Slip it to me, kid; slip it to me. I'm dying on my feet," cried Peale, as the Countess jabbered.

Rodney explained now that she wanted to send the draft to the bank to get it cashed; that she was not known there, and that she would give them their \$15,000.

"I'll make a world's record getting it cashed," said Peale, and reached greedily for the check. The countess pulled it back, however, in surprise, and only gave it up again when Rodney explained that his manager was going over to the bank. Peale grabbed it, then paused dramatically.

"Say, wait a minute," he whispered hoarsely.

"What is it?" asked Rodney.

"Why don't we stall the countess off?" suggested Peale.

"What for?" asked Rodney.

"Why, borrow the money from her and keep the whole \$20,000 for a couple of days. Get me?"

What followed this speech gave Ambrose Peale one of the biggest surprises of his life. The countess had been watching the conversation eagerly, like a bird, turning her head quickly from Peale to Rodney as they spoke and looking very innocent and chic. Upon the finale of Peale's scheme to "borrow" her money she broke out into perfectly good American.

"Why, you cheap grafter!" she cried indignantly, with a real Bowery accent.

"She spoke English!" cried Rodney, and the countess suddenly covered her mouth with her hand, realizing for the first time that she had given herself away.

"Suffering cats! She's a fake!" Rodney added.

The countess agreed, shrugging her shoulders.

"So is the draft. Gee, you were easy!"

"Well, you're frank anyhow," Rodney said to her.

"Why not? It's all cold now."

"What was the game, kid?" Peale asked her, taking a professional interest.

"I was going to trim you for the \$5,000 change from that draft," said the countess.

"But why pick on us?"

"I didn't start out to. You wished it on yourselves," said the countess. "I came to trim your father. You remember I wanted to see him. But I looked so soft you thought you'd grab me off and sell me the French agency of your 13 Soup. I didn't think your

father could be as big a boob as you were, so I changed my plans."

"Now I'm going to get the cops to get you!" said Peale sternly.

"I should burst into laughter!" cried the countess. "Why, you pikers, I'm on. You're busted. You haven't got any money, and you have got a phony company!"

"Now, see here," expostulated Rodney.

"Preserve it, preserve it," the countess interrupted. "Don't forget I've understood everything you two guys were talking about." To Rodney she said: "Kiss her hand; it's French stuff."

To Peale: "Ah, there, you little life saver."

To Rodney: "The money with you—l'argent avec vous? Gee, your French is rotten."

To Peale, who moved away from her: "Shall I kiss her?"

Then she added after a pause: "Send for the cops and I'll blow the whole thing to the papers."

She rested her gloved fingers coolly on her umbrella handle and surveyed the two boys.

"Well, I guess we're quits. If you had any money I'd ask for a piece of change to keep me quiet. But as it is I can't waste my time."

"You're not French at all?" Rodney queried.

"I was educated over there. Immense, wasn't it? You never tumbled at all."

"But why the foreign stuff?" Peale inquired.

"Well, I can talk good French, but my English is punk," explained the countess.

"You won't say anything now?" Rodney pleaded.

"No, I don't hit a fellow when he's down. Anyhow, we're all in the same boat."

The ferry boat which was carried out Saturday by the breaking up of the ice in the Missouri river, has been landed near the mouth of Keg creek, on the Iowa side of the river, a few miles below where the ferry operates. The boat was successfully landed there by Claude Richardson and James Higley, who were over on the Iowa side of the river cutting ice when they saw the ferry break away, and at once started after the boat in a small skiff, and after a very exciting trip through the floating ice succeeded in reaching the ferry boat and guiding it through the floating cakes of ice to the Iowa bank, where it has been tied up until such time as will be possible to tow it back up stream to the ferry landing. It is very fortunate for the owner of the ferry boat that the boys were so close at hand when it broke away, or it would have drifted even farther down the river or have been damaged by the ice.

"Three fakes. I'll keep mum if you do," class. Three fakes. I'll keep mum if you do."

Oh, money, money! So much for the \$10,000. The \$2,500 was no nearer, as was presently to appear, when Ellery Clark stuck his head in the door, grinning, and asked to see Rodney a moment. Peale could not help noticing the change that had come over the countenance of Ellery.

"You seem very bestly pleased, Ellery," he said. "Is everything all right about father?"

"Oh, yes, so to speak, in a way," said Ellery, still grinning.

"What do you mean—so to speak, in a way?" Peale demanded, suddenly suspicious.

Oh, money, money! And Ellery explained. The trouble was that Ellery couldn't get father on the telephone, and that did make it so much easier, Ellery thought. He did not fancy talking to father about money. That was the truth, and he couldn't get father because father was off on Long Island sound somewhere with his yacht and wouldn't be back till Monday. Apparently Ellery was relieved by this unavoidable postponement, and so he grinned and thought it was all right.

Poor Ambrose, thinking of the \$2,500, thought it was all wrong.

The countess, taking in the general appearance of Ellery, thought something might be doing, for she eagerly and promptly dropped her handkerchief. Ellery pounced upon it at once, handing it to her with a flourish.

"Is there no one to take me to my taxi?" she cried next. It was a general invitation, which Ellery accepted on the spot.

"These American buildings are so big I am lost," she went on, with a more marked accent than she had used a

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

moment ago.

"Ellery, you take the countess," suggested Rodney, willing now to get rid of them both.

"Oh, I'd love to," said Ellery. "I say charming, what?"

"Mme. la Comtesse de Beaurien—Ellery Clark," said Rodney, introducing them.

"Dee-lighted," cooed the countess.

"So am I," said Ellery, adding audibly, "Ripping little filly."

"You speak the French?" the countess purred as they went toward the door.

"No, not at all," said Ellery.

"A pitye."

"But I can speak German."

"Aber, prachttvoll—ich liebe das schoene Deutsche."

"Ich auch!"

"Warum laden Sie mich nicht zum Tee ein?"

"Mit dem grossten—"

"Vergnuegen?"

"Yes," said Ellery, relieved, "that's the word—Vergnuegen."

"Au revoir, Mr. Martin," said the countess, looking back at Rodney over her shoulder. "Vous etes trop aimable. Je vous remercie beaucoup de votre politesse. Au revoir." Then in her American accent she added to Peale in an undertone. "So long, kid, call me up sometime."

And chattering a stream of German to Ellery, she went out.

In fact, it all went, the \$2,500 and \$10,000 together. Peale viewed the two departing figures sadly with mixed emotions. She was a ripping little filly; indeed, that "countess," as that silly ass Clark had said, but the silly ass was having a ride with her now in a taxi, and the clever man, Ambrose Peale, was staying behind worrying about his advertising bills. Oh, money, money!

(To Be Continued.)

FERRY BOAT THAT GOT AWAY

SATURDAY BEEN CAPTURED

The ferry boat which was carried out Saturday by the breaking up of the ice in the Missouri river, has been landed near the mouth of Keg creek, on the Iowa side of the river, a few miles below where the ferry operates. The boat was successfully landed there by Claude Richardson and James Higley, who were over on the Iowa side of the river cutting ice when they saw the ferry break away, and at once started after the boat in a small skiff, and after a very exciting trip through the floating ice succeeded in reaching the ferry boat and guiding it through the floating cakes of ice to the Iowa bank, where it has been tied up until such time as will be possible to tow it back up stream to the ferry landing. It is very fortunate for the owner of the ferry boat that the boys were so close at hand when it broke away, or it would have drifted even farther down the river or have been damaged by the ice.

From Saturday's Daily.

Joe Wargha of Havelock came down this morning to visit here over Sunday with relatives and friends in the old home town.

Miss Margie Walker of Murray came up last evening from her home to visit here for a short time with friends in this city.

Karl Roessler departed this afternoon for Cedar Creek, where he will visit over Sunday at the John Busche home near that place.

A. B. Fornoff of near Cullom was among the farmer visitors in the city today for a few hours, looking after the week-end shopping.

Miss Helen Jess came in this afternoon from Tecumseh, where she is teaching school, and will visit here with her parents and friends over Sunday.

F. J. Hennings and son, Albert, drove in this morning from their home in Eight Mile Grove and spent a few hours here looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. S. E. Kerr and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will spend a short time and visit with their relatives.

Mrs. Val Burke and son, Robert, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will spend a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heil of the vicinity of Cedar Creek drove to this city this morning and spent the day attending to business matters and visiting friends.

Joe Bucacek and two little sons were among the Omaha visitors today, going to that city on the early Burlington train this morning, where they will spend the day.

Grant Mann of Moorehead, Iowa, who has been visiting at the home of his brother-in-law, Dave Young, near Murray, for a short time, departed this morning for his home in Iowa.

George Reynolds came in this morning from his farm home south of town and spent several hours here attending to business matters with the merchants and visiting with friends.

George Turkington, grand senior warden of the I. O. O. F., was in this city over night attending the meeting of the Odd Fellows lodge, returning this morning to his home in Omaha.

Simon Clark was in the metropolis today for a short time taking treatment of a specialist for the severe gathering he has been having in his ear, and which is now showing improvement.

J. E. Griffin drove in from his farm home this afternoon and attended to some business matters and visited friends. He was a pleasant caller at this office and renewed his subscription to the Daily Journal.

W. H. Heil and wife drove in this morning from their home in Eight Mile Grove precinct and visited here for a few hours and met their son,

The Best Recommendation.

The strongest recommendation any article may receive is a favorable word from the user. It is the recommendation of those who have used it that makes Chamberlain's Cough Remedy so popular. Mrs. Amanda Gierhart, Waynesfield, Ohio, writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in my family off and on for twenty years and it has never failed to cure a cough or cold." Obtainable everywhere.

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Jacob Bengen drove in this morning from his home near Mynard to spend a few hours here looking after some trading with the merchants.

Mrs. John Wiles and daughter, Miss Bessie, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will visit for a few hours, looking after some matters of business.

Thomas McKinney, wife and little son, who have been here visiting with their relatives and friends for a short time, departed this morning for their home at Silver City, Iowa.

Hon. W. B. Banning of Union was in this city for a few hours today, en route to Omaha, and on account of the washout on the M. P. was compelled to make the trip over the Burlington.

C. C. Wescott returned home last evening from Omaha, where he had been in attendance at a meeting of the Nebraska Retail Clothiers' association, which has been in session there for the past few days.

Glen Perry came in this morning from his home near Murray and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where he will spend the day with his wife, who is at the Presbyterian hospital in that city recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

County Superintendent Miss Eda Marquardt was out in the county visiting the schools yesterday and when she sought to return home in the evening to attend the play at the Parmelee, found the Four Mile creek so high that she was compelled to remain at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Vallery.

Orvil Smith and little daughter, of Henderson, Iowa, who have been here visiting at the home of A. W. Smith and family, departed this morning for Omaha, where the little girl will have one of her lower limbs placed in a cast again for an injury she sustained several weeks ago, and which has been under treatment by a specialist.

From Saturday's Daily.

Joe Wargha of Havelock came down this morning to visit here over Sunday with relatives and friends in the old home town.

Miss Margie Walker of Murray came up last evening from her home to visit here for a short time with friends in this city.

Karl Roessler departed this afternoon for Cedar Creek, where he will visit over Sunday at the John Busche home near that place.

A. B. Fornoff of near Cullom was among the farmer visitors in the city today for a few hours, looking after the week-end shopping.

Miss Helen Jess came in this afternoon from Tecumseh, where she is teaching school, and will visit here with her parents and friends over Sunday.

F. J. Hennings and son, Albert, drove in this morning from their home in Eight Mile Grove and spent a few hours here looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. S. E. Kerr and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will spend a short time and visit with their relatives.

Mrs. Val Burke and son, Robert, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will spend a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heil of the vicinity of Cedar Creek drove to this city this morning and spent the day attending to business matters and visiting friends.

Joe Bucacek and two little sons were among the Omaha visitors today, going to that city on the early Burlington train this morning, where they will spend the day.

Grant Mann of Moorehead, Iowa, who has been visiting at the home of his brother-in-law, Dave Young, near Murray, for a short time, departed this morning for his home in Iowa.

George Reynolds came in this morning from his farm home south of town and spent several hours here attending to business matters with the merchants and visiting with friends.

George Turkington, grand senior warden of the I. O. O. F., was in this city over night attending the meeting of the Odd Fellows lodge, returning this morning to his home in Omaha.

Simon Clark was in the metropolis today for a short time taking treatment of a specialist for the severe gathering he has been having in his ear, and which is now showing improvement.

J. E. Griffin drove in from his farm home this afternoon and attended to some business matters and visited friends. He was a pleasant caller at this office and renewed his subscription to the Daily Journal.

W. H. Heil and wife drove in this morning from their home in Eight Mile Grove precinct and visited here for a few hours and met their son,

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

SAT. BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials and free trial copy sent by mail, sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Paul, who came in from school in Omaha for an over Sunday visit.

Chris Tschirren drove in from his farm home, west of this city, today to attend to business matters and visit friends. While here he took time to call at this office and have his subscription to the Daily Journal extended for another year.

D. A. Young, from near Murray, was here today for a short time shaking hands with his friends and looking after some business matters. Mr. Young has not been in the best of health for some time and this is his first visit for quite a while in Plattsmouth.

From Thursday's Daily.

Miss Marie Louise Spies went to Murray yesterday to substitute as teacher at the Fight school near that place.

H. F. Maseman of Avoca was here for a few hours today looking after some business matters, while en route from his home to Omaha.

Adam Hild was among the visitors in this city Saturday for a few hours, driving in from his farm home to visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Fred Hesse returned this morning to Omaha after a short visit here with friends and looking after her business interests in this city.

Ira Bates was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he will secure a team which he purchased Saturday, and drive it back to this city.

A. C. Carey and wife and their guest, Mrs. A. Howard, of Ravenna, Neb., departed this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day in that city.

Ed H. Tritsch drove in from his farm home Saturday afternoon to attend to some business matters and visit friends. Mr. Tritsch was a pleasant caller at this office.