



# IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE



Novelized by Samuel Field  
From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT

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## 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.

Mary meets Rodney, and the son proposes marriage to her. Rodney tells his father about his proposal, and the old man pretends great anger. He tells Mary he will disinherit Rodney.

"What strikes you as fair?" he asked her.

"I'd rather the proposition came from you," rejoined Mary.

"What do you say to your present salary, and at the end of the year I will personally give you a check for 25 per cent of what he has made?"

"That wouldn't interest me," said Mary.

"What's your proposition then?" asked Martin. "State your terms."

"My present salary doubled," said the business woman promptly.

"Um—that's pretty steep."

"You told me what I'd done already was worth \$50,000 to you," retorted Mary.

"Merely a figure of speech, my dear," said Martin. "Let's see, you're getting \$40 a week, and—"

"Fifty dollars, and I want \$100."

"Sounds like a hold up."

"Then let's drop it. This new contract was your idea, not mine. Good evening!"

She moved to the door.

"Hold on, hold on," Martin cried after her. "I was simply figuring," he ex-



"Then let's drop it."

plained; "tell you what I'll do. Seventy-five dollars a week and 10 per cent of what he makes."

"All right, I'll go you," said Mary.

"Good," said Mr. Martin.

"Will you just write me a note stating the facts and consideration?" Mary pursued.

"Certainly."

He began to write, and as his pen moved across the paper Mary went on:

"As soon as you see Rodney you'll have to discharge me."

"I will, violently. I'm a pretty good actor under your direction."

## 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 chiffoniers. 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 servant yet. He didn't want them to be a party to this painful scene. He would leave them misinformed and keep his father guess-

ing 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 "setting a good table." Rodney sat down on his dusty kit bag and turned over the yellowing pages idly. Some of the recipes were in an even older hand than his mother's—his grandmother's or his maiden aunts' 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 unaccustomed 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 dew 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," bawled 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."

"Idea for what?"

"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?"

"Sure—father did—look at the money he made. Why shouldn't I?"

"You're joking."

"I'm in dead earnest. I'm going to buck the trust. You see, I'll have all the popular sympathy—Independent 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! Hurrah for the people! I've heard political speeches like that! Hurrah 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 8," said Mary.

"I'll drop in. Father may be home with the eggs," 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 chatterers 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.



"Well, Mary, did you know I'd lost my job?"

The occasion had been an egg fight, not between Rodney and Ambrose Peale, but between the audience and the stage. It had been a very lively and savory affair indeed, quite efficiently carried through by the college students scattered out in front.

It had been a college play and had seemed to the student-observers of it so lacking in verisimilitude that they had set up a counter demonstration in front to show probably what real college life was like. Rodney had not thrown any eggs himself, because he had forgotten to bring any with him, a circumstance which was the saving

of him, for it had been noted by Peale, the manager of the piece, and brought him to the rescue. Peale had been very decent to him and kept him out of jail, thereby saving him numerous cuts, unlike the other fellows who had been duly jailed before the dean and suspended, besides figuring in the headlines of the Boston papers.

Mr. Peale vowed he had been looking for Rodney for a week, but with no success.

"Very mysterious about you up on the avenue yesterday," he said.

"What's up?"

"Just a little family row," said Rodney.

"What's your line now?"

"Well, I'm still in the show business," said Peale. "Ever see the 'Belle of Broadway'? Great show, great girls, great cast."

"Oh, are you an actor?" asked Rodney carelessly.

"An actor? I should say not," said Peale scornfully. "I'm a press agent."

"Oh, I see," said Rodney.

"But say," rattled Peale; "be sure to catch that show. It may leave town soon—out of town bookings, you know—but remember the name, 'Belle of Broadway.'"

"I've heard of it," said Rodney.

"Well, if you'll excuse me, I've been looking for you to talk business with you. Shall I blaze away?" asked Peale.

"Business? Surely, surely," rejoined Rodney, with an upward wink. "I'm a business man, now. Blaise 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 handing 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—here 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 un molested at this hour of the morning. Peale followed him in a docile manner.

"Then everything's all right," said Peale eagerly. "Now, you about the leading lady—Julia Clark—tomorrow night in your aeroplane—slope 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 Flashlight.'"

"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 sleeping 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, warningly. "What made the leading actresses? Advertising."

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

"Sure! Now."

"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 Yassar 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? Boy, 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 into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it, the—"

"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? Got?"

"No," said Rodney.

"No, but about it," answered Peale. "Advertising's responsible for everything. When Bryan advertised grape juice do you know that it sold went up 622 gallons a day?"

"You don't really mean it?"

"I do."

"But 622 gallons. How do you know it was 622?" 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 said I'd read in a newspaper that the sea had gone up 622 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. "As 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, click, 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.

"I believe it," said Peale.

"To feel like young folks feel; like you feel before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limonene phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels."

Get a quarter pound of limonene phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you feel before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limonene phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.



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

"Believe! Look around you. Every thing'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 \$80, 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, arising.

"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. "As that it's a pretty tough job selling soap to 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 he 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.

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

## Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside, to sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or fill your head; an accumulation, bilious attacks, sick headache, cold, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, save a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limonene phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and flush the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of limonene phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you feel before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limonene phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

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Winter aches, symptoms of kidney trouble; cold weather makes aching joints, aches, stiffness, and irregular bladder action more unbearable. Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys eliminate pain-causing poisons. Export Pharmacy.

Most Famous River.

Railton, history, and nature conspire to make the Jordan the most famous river of the earth. Across its banks the hosts of Israel were led into the Promised Land; in its waters the Christian rite of baptism had its birth; up and down its valley many civilizations in the morning of history rose and fell. Perhaps