

WHY THE HOME PAPER

???

An advertisement writer says: "Have you ever asked yourself why you take your Home Paper, or why it is necessary to have a Home Paper?"

HERE IS THE WHY

The big city daily comes to you and gives you the important news of the outside world, but you and the home are too small for a place in its columns.

About its only thought of you is the money it gets from you.

It deals in world matters and is of value to you because through it you obtain much of your knowledge of the greater affairs of life.

But it utterly ignores you and yours.

Hence the local paper, and likewise your reason for taking the local paper.

You cannot exist without a knowledge of the affairs of your home community.

You must know of the plans and of the work of the local authorities, and you must know of the doings of the churches, and of the community in general.

You cannot obtain this knowledge from the big city paper, but you can and do find it in the columns of the home paper.

You buy the big city daily because you must know of the progress of the world, for your mind is developing day by day and demands this greater fund of information.

But your mind craves even a more intimate knowledge of affairs that are vital to the interests of you and yours, and these things you find only in the home paper.

To the great city daily you are but as a single pebble upon the beach, a drifting sand of the desert.

But to the home paper you are one of us, an important factor in the community, a force with which to be reckoned.

A disrupted and disintegrating community means a shrinkage and loss in property values and a stagnant public mind. Hence the home paper has an ever watchful eye to the interests of the community and of yourself, for only in the preservation of the community and of yourself can the home paper hope for a continued existence.

The home paper is your friend and you know it.

And because you are loyal to your friends and to the community you believe in the home paper and its ceaseless work for home and home people.

Your interests and those of the home paper are identical, and you need it quite as much as it needs you.

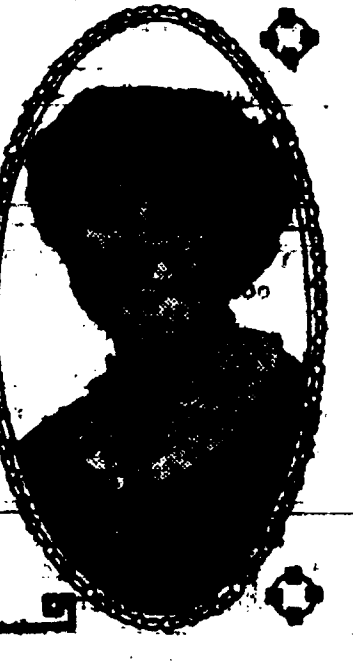
And the man who recognizes the necessity for community of interests as demonstrated in

THE FULTON EVENING TIMES

Becomes a Builder and Not a Destroyer.



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE



Novelized by Samuel Field From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT

SYNOPSIS

Old Cyrus Martin, the head of the American soap trust, makes a bet of \$20,000 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.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"You young fool, didn't you just un-lock it?" roared his father. "So I did," said Rodney nervously. Mary in the meanwhile had retreated to her typewriter, and now began typing violently. "Stop that noise," shouted Mr. Mar-tin. The noise ceased immediately, and Rodney looked at her discouraged. She motioned to him to go on. Meanwhile Martin painfully limped to a chair by a small table and sank into it, his feet giving him another twinge. "Ouch! Oh, my poor foot!" he moaned. Rodney hastily picked up a footstool and came with it to his father. "I'm afraid your foot hurts," he ven-tured propitiously. "Not at all—I just pretend that it does," growled his father. "I hoped you were better," said the son sincerely. "Well, I'm not. What's that you got there?" "A footstool—I thought it might make you more comfortable." "Comfortable? How much do you want out of me now?" his father asked sharply. "Why nothing, father," Rodney an-swered. "Well, anyhow the answer is not a nickel." "Why do you say that?" Rodney ques-tered. "I know you, and whatever it is you can't have it." Rodney turned appealingly to Mary, who ignored him. He turned back to



his father again, and tried to muster up his courage to the sticking point. "Well, as a matter of fact, I did want"—he began, clearing his throat. "Oh, now we're getting to it," Mar-tin retorted. "Well, what is it?" "I wanted to have a talk with you—an important talk." "Curious! That's just what I wanted to have with you. I've wanted it all day, and now we'll have it. Miss Gray-son!" he called to Mary. "Yes, sir," said Mary meekly. "Get out!" She went without a glance at Rodney, who stood looking after her dejectedly, not knowing that his love's intention was to give him moral support by lis-tening in the hall. "Now, what do you mean by over-drawing your allowance again?" she heard Mr. Martin say when the door was closed. "Why," innocently answered Rodney, "it simply proves that I was right when I told you my allowance was too small." "What?" ejaculated his father, quite violently.

"And if my allowance is too small for one it's much too small for two," the boy continued ingeniously. "For two?" "Father, has it ever occurred to you that I might marry?" inquired Rodney. "Of course it has. You're fool enough for anything," growled his father. "I don't consider a man a fool be-cause he's married," said Rodney. "That's because you've never tried it." "I intend to try it, just the same," said Rodney. "Oh, you do, do you? Who is the girl?" "The girl?" repeated his son nerv-ously. "Yes, girl. You're not going to mar-ry an automobile, or a polo pony, or an aeroplane, or any other of your idiotic amusements, are you? You're going to marry a girl, aren't you? Some blue eyed, doll faced, giggling, fluttering little fool. Oh, why doesn't God give young men some sense about women?" "I object very strongly to your speak-ing in that way of Miss Grayson," spoke up Rodney angrily. "Miss Grayson? Miss Grayson—you're not going to marry a type-writer?" "Yes, sir." "Does she know it?" "Yes, sir." "Oh, of course she knows a good thing like you when she sees it"— "I won't listen to you talk of Miss Grayson in that way." "You've got to listen. I won't per-mit any such absurd, ridiculous mar-riage. Thank heaven you had sense enough not to elope!" "I wanted to, but she wouldn't. She insisted on your being told. So you see what an injustice!" "Injustice! Can't you see she want-ed me to know so that if I disapproved and cut you off she'd not be stuck with you on her hands?" "Please, father," pleaded Rodney and then dropped his hands at his sides and turned to go, adding, "It's quite useless." "No, my boy; wait a minute," said Mr. Martin. "Remember I'm your friend, even if I am your father. Don't you believe it? It's only your money she wants." "I know it isn't," replied Rodney proudly. "I'll prove it is," said his father, pushing an enameled electric bell that stood near him on the table. "What are you going to do?" cried Rodney nervously. "Send for Miss Grayson," said his fa-ther grimly. "I'll tell that scheming secretary that if you persist in this marriage I'll disinherit you, and then you watch her throw you over," he amplified for Rodney's benefit. "Even if you are my father you shan't insult the girl I love," protest-ed Rodney hotly. "Poppycock! You're afraid to put her to the test. You're afraid she will chuck you," retorted his father. "But Rodney answered quietly: "I'm not afraid, father. You're mistaken." Johnson appeared meanwhile in an-swer to the bell and in a surprisingly short time and with a queer look on his usually imperturbable face, if they had only noticed it, returned with Mary Grayson under his escort. Mary looked from father to son with an elab-orately assumed air of innocence and in-quired: "You wanted me, Mr. Martin?" She saw Rodney out of the tall of her eye make a movement toward her and say "Mary" in a pleading tone; then heard his father interrupting him curtly. "My precious son," he told her, "has just informed me that you and he intend to get married. Is that right?"

CHAPTER IV. The Bargain. "O H, sir," Mary began timidly, al-most losing her composure a moment to think of the past—that things had come to with her connivance. She was not sure, moreover, if the soap king had not really been in earnest in his fulmina-tions as they floated out to her in the hall. Either his acting or his gait must be genuine today, she began to fear. "Because I wish to tell you," he be-gan again, "that if he marries you he'll not get one penny of my money. And that means he'll starve. I suppose you realize that?" Mary turned to Rodney, who was standing up very straight near the window looking on Fifth avenue, one hand catching the braided tassel of his coat as his eyes devoured her with such real love and confidence showing on his face that she could not resist his love's appeal to her. She turned to his father and answered him cour-ageously. "Then at least we'll starve together," she said, looking at her ardent father.

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In Rodney's voice as he exclaimed, "Mary!" "You see, father," he added for the old gentleman's benefit. "Making a grand stand play, eh?" went on the soap magnate relentlessly to Mary, "before my idiot of a son. You think I'm so fond of him that I'll relent. Well, you're wrong. Neither of you will ever get a nickel out of me." "We shan't starve," declared Rod-ney. "Well, what can you do to keep from starving?" demanded his father. You're not a producer. You never will be. You're just an idler. You couldn't earn \$5 a week. But you'll have a chance to try. You'll get out of my house tonight, or I'll have you thrown out." "Now, father—" "Not another word, sir, not another word," cried his father and stamped out angrily into the hall. Mary gave an involuntary sigh of re-lief. "It's getting more like that play every minute," Rodney chuckled. "Oh, Rodney, I'm so so sorry," said Mary. "You were really the way you stood up for me," said her lover. "When



"Then at least we'll starve together," she said, looking at her ardent father. "You said we'd starve together I just choked all up." "Please don't, Rodney," protested Mary, quite genuinely touched, and Rodney went on: "Just because he's got a lot of money he seems to think there isn't any left for other people, but I'll show him I may not have much at the start, but watch my finish." "What are you going to do?" she asked him excitedly. "I'm going to work." "You are—really?" "Yes, indeed. Father couldn't make me do it, but you can. I'll work for you." "Oh, you are splendid!" Mary cried. "Shall you get a position?" "I should say not! Work for some one else? No! I'm going in business for myself—for you. I'm going to show the stuff that's in me. Of course we can't get married till I've made good. Will you wait?" "Yes, dear," said Mary shyly. "You're a dandy!" cried Rodney, moving nearer to her. "What business are you going into?" she asked. "I don't know yet," said Rodney. "I'm going upstairs to pack a suitcase and think. Wait here for me. I'll be back in fifteen minutes," he sang out, grabbing her and kissing her hastily, but heartily. "Oh, oh—please!" protested Mary. "Don't mind, Mary. I'll get you used to 'em," he called from the doorway. She threw herself back on the Louis XV. sofa next the yellow typist's desk and waited, in a sudden reverie. The carved wooden rim of the sofa back just fitted a chink in her coiffure comfortably, and she lapsed into that curious state of introspection that comes sometimes with bodily and mental relaxation. What did she think of herself for what she'd done this evening? Was she any better than an adventuress? Was she not cajoling a young man into proposing to her for the love of money? Would Rodney's father really reward her as he had promised to do? Strangely enough it would not have seemed so bad, she felt, if she didn't like Rodney. Well, if the old man didn't pay, let him keep his money. She shouldn't care. It was something to have won a love like Rodney's love for her. There was something very lovable about Rodney Martin.

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