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TROY, N.Y.
100 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY
BELLS

DIRECT MAIL COURTSHIP

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Sam Wallace had tremendous faith in the sales powers of advertising. He believed that through advertising it is possible to do almost anything—even to the winning for himself of the girl he adored.

Sam, though holding the important position of advertising manager for the famous Gigantic Department store, was still shy and tongue-tied when it came to a question of popping the all-important question to the lady of his heart, Mary Stuart. Mary was pretty and sweet and wholly worth adoring. Many men, like Sam, felt that she would make an ideal wife; but to all of them, including Sam, Mary was impartially friendly and unselfish.

Several times Sam had endeavored to come to the point, but every time his courage had failed him. He had never yet put his fortunes to the test. Red and silent, he had let many opportunities pass, until now, with other men forging to the front in the race for Mary's hand, he felt desperate.

It was at this crucial moment in his career that Sam determined to place his dependence upon advertising.

"I can write ads," Sam told himself, "that bring women into the Gigantic store by the droves. I sure ought to be able to write an ad that will 'sell' myself to Mary. I'm going to try it, anyhow. If I don't I'll just lose out entirely, and that's all there is to it."

Having come to this conclusion, Sam began writing rapidly on a pad of paper on his desk. Every now and then he gazed upward at the ceiling while concentrating his thoughts. But for the most part he wrote swiftly without stopping. When he had finally finished he reread his work with considerable satisfaction:

"Marry a man who adores you! You will be much happier married to a man who adores you than if you marry a man who doesn't care so very deeply. There is a certain man who is wild about you and yours. Who is he? Watch for the next letter."

"There," said Sam to himself, when he had finished reading the sheet, "that will get her attention, and the first step in selling goods through advertising is to secure the attention of the prospective purchaser. Next comes the arousing of the interest of the prospective buyer, and, thirdly and finally, the inducing of the reader to buy. Two more letters ought to do the trick for me. I'll send this letter today, letter No. 2 tomorrow, and the third letter on the day after that."

Sam placed the sheet in an envelope and addressed it to Mary. Then he threw the envelope into the outgoing mail tray on his desk.

The next day Sam wrote the second of his series of ads. This second ad read as follows:

"The man who adores you is shy. It is because he's shy that he's never gotten up enough courage to tell you how much he cares for you. But he does care, deeply and sincerely, and once the ice is broken he'll tell you just how deeply and sincerely, all right. Who is this man? Perhaps your intuition has already told you. But, anyhow, watch for to-morrow's letter. His identity will be revealed in to-morrow's letter."

Sam did with this second ad as he had done with the first—he placed it in an envelope and, after addressing it to Mary, threw it into the outgoing mail tray.

Sam's final ad read like this:

"THE MAN WHO ADORES YOU IS SAM WALLACE.

"I've always been too shy to tell you how much I care for you. So I'm telling you about it through these little letters. If there is any chance for me, Mary, smile at me the next time you see me. If there isn't any chance, just nod to me but don't smile. That's all. You know everything now and I will know everything when I see you the next time."

It was only natural that Sam's heart should beat considerably faster than normal as he placed this last ad in an envelope, directed it to Mary, and placed it in the outgoing mail tray.

made this mass attack. The ring still reposed in his vest pocket. He had never found the courage to show it to Mary, let alone place it upon her finger.

"Now, I wonder," muttered Sam as, after finishing his third ad, he took the ring out and looked at it. "I wonder will Mary ever wear this ring or not?"

Sam's excitement grew during that night, and the morning of the day after he had placed his final ad in the outgoing mail tray his nerves were ragged and he simply couldn't sit still.

"By all the rules of advertising," Sam told himself, "those ads ought to do the trick. But will they? I haven't heard a word from her. I haven't seen a sign of her. Is that a good or bad sign? What am I to think about it?"

During the day Sam heard nothing from Mary nor caught any sight of her. And as the day dragged to its dreary close his spirits sank. He felt sure that directly after the receipt of the third ad Mary would certainly take pains to give him his answer as soon as possible. But she wasn't doing so. There was absolutely no word from her.

Sam dragged himself to his boarding house after the day's work with weary steps. He was worn out, his nerves were frazzled, he was greatly discouraged. He couldn't help feeling that Mary was simply letting him down easily, that her mind was made up to refuse him, and that she was trying to let him know that this was the case because she should meet him and merely nod at him, instead of smiling at him.

The next day, the second after his mailing of the final ad, Sam felt as though the world had gone to pieces about his shoulders as he slowly walked to the office. It was all over. His dream had evaporated into thin air. There was little, very little, left in life for him to live for.

It was only desultory attempts at working that Sam made during the morning. He was too blue to do any good work, anyhow, so shortly before the noon hour he left his office to make a trip through the various departments. He felt as though it would take his mind off his trouble to talk with other people.

Through the bargain basement and silks and gloves on the first floor to men's furnishings and cloaks and suits on the second floor Sam made his gloomy way. And then, in cloaks and suits, he stopped suddenly. From the other side of a rack of cloaks and suits beside which he was standing came the sound of voices. One of the voices was that of the manager of the department, while the other voice was—Mary's.

Sam, after a moment of hesitation, straightened his shoulders. He might as well get the cold nod from Mary and get it over with now as later. It had to be done some time—now was as good as any. So Sam, looking very dignified, but awkward, walking with despair, walked around the rack and came face to face with Mary.

Mary didn't see him at first. "Good morning, Mary," he said, politely, standing rigidly like a soldier at salute.

Mary looked up surprised. Her big blue eyes met his. And then—then Sam's heart leaped. His pulses tingled, his brain whirled. Mary was actually smiling at him—a lovely, unmistakable smile.

"How are you, Sam?" she asked, and smiled again.

"S-s-say, Mary," stammered Sam, as soon as he was able to regain control of himself, "step into my office a minute, will you? It's right on this floor, just a little way from here. I've got something I want to show you."

"Why, yes," smiled Mary. "I've often thought I'd like to look at your office—to see just what sort of a place it is you work in."

Sam, hardly able to contain himself, piloted her through the door, past his secretary and into his private office. Then, after closing the door to his secretary's room, he drew the engagement ring from his pocket and without a word placed it on Mary's finger. Finally he caught Mary into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Why, why," cried Mary at last, "I ought to be provoked and angry and all that—but I'm not! I'm glad, glad I've cared for you so long, Sam, and I thought you'd never, never tell me that you cared, too. I knew you cared, but I thought you'd never tell me that you did!"

"Oh, sweetheart," cried Sam, "I'm so glad you smiled at me this morning."

He caught her in his arms again, and as he did so he glanced at the outgoing mail tray on his desk. The tray was full. Sam, gently releasing Mary, hurriedly pawed through the letters. All three of his ads to Mary were still there. The new mail boy had neglected to take up the mail from Sam's office for nearly a week. Sam gasped, then chuckled as he took Mary into his arms again. After all, if it hadn't been for his ads he'd never have had the courage to put the ring on her finger. After all, he was satisfied—wholly satisfied.

To Be Expected. The young man who went on the stage as an acrobatic dancer is intoxicated with his success. "I should think he would be, with so many kicks in it."

Pop's Guess. "Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Why do they call a ship 'she'?" "I suppose it's because she always seems to require a mate, my boy."

BILLIE BURKE



Miss Billie Burke, the pretty blonde actress, is one of the most popular idols of the American "movie" stage. Some time ago she gained much fame because of a "sledge" of twenty weeks in which she faced a battery of "movie" cameras.

Off Again On Again STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

ERRANT FANCY. This is about the time of year when Fancy (fatuous fool) Goes straying 'round the edges of some minnow-muddled pool: One hears the frogs go "Gulliwump!" or tell you it's "knee deep"— This vision will grow stronger as the seasons onward creep. But when 'tis spring and we have had a heated day or two, That same fool Fancy will bring back a snowy day to view!

I love the summer, when 'tis cold; in spring I like the fall; The summer, in the winter time, I love the most of all. I love to snowball folks in June, and coast through warm July. In January, over the stream I'd cast the tempting fly. In 'mid December I'd go forth and pluck the daisied dell— I strongly hope that heaven won't give me a yearn for the other place!

4,000 YEARS AGO TODAY Grandpa Abie Bandar is laid up with a badly sprained tail, the result of a narrow escape from a fall from the family (coconut) tree. Mrs. Jocko Howler is visiting friends at Monkton. She reports she bread-fruit crop a bumper.—From the Simianville Review.

Consolation. N. Peck—Here I am, with my nose to the grindstone, as I have been for years and years! Mrs. N. Peck—Huh! You ought to be glad that the grindstone don't bust on you, as grindstones do, sometimes.

Treat it as Ore. We'll not believe what we are told By any man upon the stump. Smelt what he says, save all truth's gold, Then throw the tallings on the dump.

THE PROVOKING ANSWERER. "Who dares," the ranting speaker cried, "dispute the things I say tonight?" A quiet voice at once replied: "Well, tell us who it is—I'll bite!"

DAY OF KNOWLEDGE NEAR It is only about a month, now, till the hopeful candidate with a book containing the list of names of those who have promised to vote for him can look over the same list and count how many liars there are in his township, county or ward.

Finnigan Philosophy. A public speaker is like a turkey. Th' longer ut takes 'n t' git done th' more thoroughly he's roasted.

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