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FAMOUS PATHE PLAYERS.

Presented by

WRITTEN BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

DRAMATIZED BY

CHARLES W. GODDARD Builder of the World's Greatest Serials

INTRODUCING

BURR McINTOSH J. Rufus Wallingford MAX FIGMANBlackie Daw LOLITA ROBERTSON Violet

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"Is the-

first installment of the new adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford, the famous character of fiction by error the second installment appeared in The Oregonian Sunday. The popularity of Wallingford hus been selzed upon by makers of moving pictures and his present exploits have been dramatized for the films. The cribed today is episode that is printed today is being shown in moving pictures this week.

listened intently to the agonizing noises that rose above the rattle and rumble and screech of the jerky train, then she touched the bell at her side; and the two, apparently sisters, from their likeness of feature and from the neat half-mourning, waited in vain for the porter.

Groans and shrieks unspeakable; wails of anguish; cries of mortal agony; wild, despairing screams.

'I can't stand it any longer, Fannie!" jumped up. Her sister hesitated, then followed

to the door of the drawing-room, outside of which they stood for a moment; while those terror-inspiring sounds rose above the loud rattle of the train. It was Fannie who at last knocked. No one came; only the groans and shricks responded. The girls looked at each other in frightened pallor.

"Just turn the knob, Violet, and we'll peep in," finally advised Fannic. "You do it!" breathlessly returned Violet, her hand on the knob never-

numbed by the unexpected sight which met their eyes, and a lurch of the train jerked the door from Violet's hand and

On the bench lay a long, lean blackhaired and blacked-eyed gentleman in haired and blacked-eyed gentleman in a black Prince Albert suit, his pointed black mustache twisted straight out, his head pillowed at a stiff angle on a suitcase, and his knees drawn up. On his knees rested the bowl of a shining saxophone, and it was from

They had just turned laughingly to They had just turned languingly to occasion.

go back to their seats, when a glistening-haired little Jap with a preternaturally solemn face came stalking back through the car and handed the and proceed immediately. Walt, he

****** sprang into her

"Yes, Miss Violet," and Conductor O'Connel gave a little motion of his neck which might have been a gulp. "I wasn't going to tell you, but we're hauling the Swallow on behind, and of this train, young Falls is in it with a souse "You will e

party. The two girls, all the sparkle gon out of them, turned away and went slowly back to their seats, where they sat sorrowfully, hand clasped in hand.
"What's a swallow?" inquired the
lean and lank musician, a troubled ex-

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

THE BUNGALOW BUNGLE.

GROANS and shrieks unspeakable issued from the closed door of the Fullman drawing-room, and the two girls, who were the only occupants of the car, looked at each other in concern.

"Some one is ill!" said the younger and more vivacious. She was very handsome and about 20.

The other girl, who was about 22 and more sedate, though there was the twinkle of humor in hor brown eyes, listened intently to the agonizing

"Skinned 'emi" The lean and lank musician looking back at pretty Violet Warden, became suddently furious "Girls like that!"
"Orphans like them!" and O'Connel plodded on through the car, too indignant for further conversation.
"Say, Jim," said the black-mustached musician; "did you hear that outrage?"
, "Yes," replied the big man, frowning as he lit a thick black cigar.
Blackie gazed out of the door to where the beautiful golden head of Violet Warden rested upon the shoulder of her dark-haired sister. Suddenly he slammed his saxophone in its

and the younger of the two girls ly he slammed his saxophone in its case and hurried straight out to the

followed of them.

"Beg your pardon," he began, his black eyes snapping. "I'm Horace G. Daw, and you might as well call me train. Blackle, everybody else does. My partner is J. Eufus Wallingford, and his the sidely little. he's the stickest little financial manipuhe's the slickest little financial manipu-lator in the United States, bar none. Why, Jim Wallingford can go into a town where the entire floating capital consists of three copper pennies and a plugged dime, and come away with enough money to start a branch mint."

He ran his fingers through his black

The blue eyes of Violet and the brown eyes of Fannie looked into each other in long, slow silence.

lingford, coming to the door of drawing-room, saw Blackle and

shining saxophone, and it was from this instrument that the torturing sounds were rolling forth. After one moment of stunned surprise, the lean, lank gentleman was on his feet, as was Wallingford off his feet, and tossed the broad-chested. road-chested, jovial - faced man Violet Warden forward into the arms

the broad-chested, jovial - faced man who had sat smoking and figuring in one of the seats of the drawing-room.

"Welcome, ladies," greeted the lean, from the floor of the magnificent prilank musician, with a flourish of his saxophone, and another flourish of his saxophone, and another flourish of his his unoccupied hand. "Won't you come in and listen to the concert?"

The two girls emerged from their stupor and began to turn pink with embarrassment.

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but some one was dying in here," and the broad-chested man with the huge diamond in his cravat, chuckled, his wide shoulders heaving and his eyes half closing.

"Somebody was," he said, "Jimmy," and he tapped himself on the white waistcoat.

"All right" The block wasted.

waistcoat.

"All right." The black - mustached been blighted in infancy.
saxaphone player was looking into the sky-blue eyes of Violet, and smiling this pleasure in the view. "I don't mind what insults you ladies hand me, if you'll just hang around and speak once in a while," and he drew up his saxas son of President Falls felt his responshene. "What is your favorite musical selection."

"Tell him The Wearin o' the Green, Miss Violet," broke in a rich voice, and a red-faced conductor stood there, his cyes twinsiling.

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the person with a mustache which had been blighted in infancy.

A small young fellow with a corrugate brow, and a thick-lipped one with a broad, shiny face, and a thick-lipped one with a broad, shiny face, and a thick-lipped one with a mustache which had been blighted in infancy.

A small young fellow with a corrugate brow, and a thick-lipped one with a broad in infancy.

A small young fellow with a corrugate brow, and a thick-lipped one with a broad a black-freekled young man, all expressed politic approval of this statement; and the spection."

"Some one shall have a good ragging for this," he promised them, seriously.

"Sammy, you've been a vexing long time in coming."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the

eyes twinging.
"I was," grinned the musician; "but Jap in his college English, "but I I'll play it again."
"Oh, was you?" retorted the broadshouldered man, "Then don't"

"Oh, was you?" retorted the broadouldered man. "Then don't."
lioth the girls laughed, and the giftamateur turned to the conductor
th a well-assumed expression of
levance.
"This is rough on real art," he comalred. "I try to cheer my gloomy
mpanion with a little light lilt, and
to young ladies rush to minister to
the dying in pain. If you won't come
to dying in pain. If you won't come
ladies, may I entertain you outlet."

"The delay, and I hurried out
to investigate."
"Very well, you may tell us," Mr.

"Thank you, sir," responded Shamasuka. "There is a heavy rock-slide on
the track just ahead of us. The engineer made a very good stop, but unfortunately snapped a driving-red in doto the cycs of all four of Mr. Falls'
friends turned to him expectantly in
the semergency. He was security the

friends turned to him expectantly in this emergency. He was equal to the

came into his eye. "Far be it from me to commit assault, battery or mayhem upon the son of my bread and butter," he stated; "but even if you were your own father. Mr. Falis, I'll bet a month's pay I'd defend myself if atruck—if struck!"

To the surprise of all, young Mr Falls dashed his fist angrily into the red countenance of Conductor O'Con-nell; then Mr. Falls hit the ground! A hearty cheer encouraged Conductor O'Connel, as he sailed in to demolish the rest of Benssy's friends; but at the sound of that cheer big Jim Wallingford turned to the cheerer, who was none other than Blackie Daw, and gave him a well-understood sign and signal.

Thereupon Mr. Daw slammed his silk Thereupon Mr. Daw slammed his silk hat on his head, and held back the two girls who were headed toward the scene of the trouble.

"Nix," he warned. "Under cover for ours. Friend Jimmy is already on the job," and he hurried Violet and Fan-

nie Warden into the Pullman again.
Friend Jimmy was indeed on the job. He had bent over the prostrate Benssy solicitously. Now he raised that limp young man, and, with a passing wink at O'Connel, who had been quieted by two brakemen and the engineer, supported the son of Old Falls. gineer, supported the son of Old Falls back to the Swallow.

He was a friend and comforter in need, was J. Rufus Wallingford, and one who knew well how to administ on who knew well how to administ restoratives, and take some himself. The boys liked the impressive and help ful stranger. He was a big man and a cheerful man, and his round face bore the color which could only come from years of fastidiously selected foed and drink; moreover, his haberdashery, though striking, was correct dashery, though striking, was correct and up to the minute, and there was an up to the minute, and there was no disputing the fact that he employed with difficulty from blindfolding me and shoving their money in my pockarshoard ets."

"Twe gone into man of four or the other prominent commercial crooks the other prominent commercial crooks the other prominent commercial crooks "Happy smiles on their faces, Jim?" is grinned Blackie. "Happy smiles," and J. Rufus rubbed his plump hands together. "Why, the and up to the minute, and there was an artist. Also, he and shoving their money in my pockarshoard ets." Violet, her hand on the knob nevertheless.

An extra loud shriek seemed to animate Violet's hand, for it turned the knob, and the girls peeped timidly through the crack. They stopped, they was an artist. Also, he and the purpled by the unexpected sixth many and the presented s

> "Rippin' fine thing it is." Rickey saunders boasted. "Benssy's the archi-ect and builder because he is such a clever chap with his fingers, but we're all in on the inventin.

I in on the inventin."
"It's for a fishing trip swe contem-ate," young Falls modestly explained.
"And so you're building a wind-proof, sit-proof, rain-proof and snow-proof pritable house?" suggested J. Rufus, still groping.

'Also heat and cold-proof," added "Also heat and cold-proof," added Rickey. "You see, we couldn't find a good portable house, so we invented one. Stunning, the amount of brains we found in the crowd! Benssy invented the hollow walls, air space, and that sort of thing, you know. Reggy figured out how to turn the tables and benches into cots. Humpsy who is no end of a clever mechanic devised the simplest sort of a collapsible cook stove with a telescoping pipe. Cash discovered the method of pipe. Cash discovered the method of making the roof ridge water-tight, and I worked out a fancy clamp to bind the corners together; but, after all, the real rippin' brains of the thing is Benssy. The hollow-wall idea was his, came to him just in a flash. Never wasted a moment of thought on it."

"Clever scheme," declared Walling ford, studying the model with the prac-tised eye of a born mechanic, as Benss took it apart and demonstrated how i was to be packed and shipped and reopening for which he had been groping came to him in a flash, as inspired
assembled. "Quite clever, indeed." The
as that which had brought to Benssy
Falls the stunning device of the hollow walls. "This is more than clever,
gentlemen," he went on, his tone gentlemen," he went on, his tone changing to one of grave earnestness which commanded instant attention

facture to go to waste." "Well, of course, you know, none of us are in trade, and we wouldn't care for that sort of thing," announced Reg-gie Haugh loftily. "I don't know, old chap," mused

"I don't know, old chap, musses Benssy, "Why wouldn't it be a ripping good novelty for us all to go into trade? We've tried everything else." "That's what I call sportin," stated Rickey Saunders enthusiastically

Ringgold Cash, frowning moodily at Ringgold Cash, frowning moodily at the black freckles upon his sallow hands, slowly raised one of them and stroked it down his lean face, as if his jaw had sported the wiry beard of the original junk-dealing Cash, whose name had been Kashowski. "Do you think there would be a good return for the money invested?" he asked, addressing Wallingford directly and waiting with

ne of the family, Reggie," declared lickey, "I vote him in, fellows. Now! Rickey, "I vote One, two, three-"Aye!" court courteously shouted his

"Aye!" courteously shouted his friends in perfect unison.
"I thank you," said Wallingford, rising and bowing gravely.
"There's one difficulty of which none of you have thought," declared Mr. Cash, rubbing again, in reflection, the beard of his ancestors in the hollow of his cheeks. "Who's going to run the company? None of us have the time nor the taste for that sort of thing,"
"I have," offered Wallingford, "Of course, my other interests are so heavy as to prevent my giving my entire time to it, but, if my partners will permit me, I will organize the concern, set it going, and see that it is properly conducted without charging a penny for my services."

for my services."
"That's what I call sportin," de-clared Rickey. "Suppose we all put up ten thousand spiece, Saunders."

ten thousand apiece, Saunders?"

"I've only a minute, and then I must go back to my partners," announced the chuckling Wallingford as he stepped into the Fullman drawing-room, where Blackie and the girls had retired to talk business.

"Partners!" exclaimed Fannie Warden, a flash of amusement sparkling in her brown eyes as she saw the twinkle in the eyes of J. Rufus.

"Partners." J. Rufus repeated it with a relish, as he sat by Fannie. "Tve gone into business with young Benssy Falls and the sons of four of the other prominent commercial crooks who heiped to steal the Warden estate. "Happy smiles on their faces, Jim?" grinned Blackie.

no disputing the fact that it. Also, he a tailor who was an artist. Also, he appreciated the pretty little pasteboard house, when, in his active groping for openings, he spied it on the floor, and expressed his interest.

"Rippin' fine thing it is." Rickey Saunders boasted. "Benssy's the archisaunders boasted. "Benssy's the archisaunders boasted. "Benssy's the archisaunders boasted. "Benssy's the archisaunders boasted." Benssy's the archisaunders boasted. "Benssy's the archisaunders boasted." "Renssy's the archisaunders

pression on his map as he is being led up to the harpoon."
"Don't worry." soothed Wallingford,
"you're not dead yet, and as long as a man's allve he has the chance to be the biggest sucker in the world."
"I'm willing to wait." Binckie was carefully lowering a window shade to keep the sun out of Violet's blue eyes. "We'll let Bensay Falls wear the medal a while." afraid we don't quite underscand

urned to J. Rufus.
"Please, Mr. Wallingford, we don't want you to get into any trouble or

r account."
Trouble," he laughed, "Why, we're going to have the time of our lives. And don't you worry about anything that turns up. I'll promise you this much, that anything we do won't land

us in jail. I have a great respect for "It's so useful," added Blackie, and

Violet laughed delightedly. She had come to the point where she laughed at anything Blackie said.
"Can Fannie and I help?" she offered eagerly.

J. Rufus blinked, and then he

"It will give Blackie and me great pleasure," he assured her. "Would you mind, Miss Fannie, if I gave you a lit-tle detective work in the office of The Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow Com. speckled Bass Fortable Bungalow Com-pany? Miss Violet, you'll have to help Blackle in three towns at once, Blackle, you are to be Mr. Bezazzum, of Bezunk, Michigan; Mr. Cazizua, of Ca-tak, Ontario, and Mr. Penawpus, of

Bezunk, Michigan; Mr. Cazizua, of Cazak, Ontario, and Mr. Penawpus, of Panap, Arkansas."

There was a little silence in which the grls pondered on the wonderful new possibilities which had been opened up to them.

"What I want to know is this," inquired Blackie, after mature reflection, "do I, or do I not, wear whiskers."

The grand opening of the factory of the Speckled Bass Hellow-Walled Portable Bungalow Company was a functhe Speckled Bass Hellow-Walled Por-table Bungalow Company was a func-tion long to be remembered. Pully one-third of the factory was given over to offices befitting such a distinguished set of officers. Entering a spacious vestibule in Dutch tilling, one saw sur-rounding him a number of beautiful glass doors, leading into the office of President Falls, in white and gold; of Vice-President Haugh, in mahogany and ebony; of Second Vice-President Humperdink, in rosewood and silver birch; of Secretary Saunders in walnut and cedar; of Treasurer Cash, in redand cedar; of Treasurer Cash, in red-wood and birdseye maple, and of Man-

and proceed immediately." He turned to Sharmanuka red in the face. "You be sharmanuka red in the face. "You be sharmanuka red in the face. "You go to the devil!" he rored. The sharmanuka red in the face. "You go to the devil!" he rored. "Tes, sir." said the Jap with pleasure, and when he regained the platform he permitted himself another grin. In perplexity. "You must be tired of your job," he suggested.

"Me? I love it," responded O'Connel. "But you don't think 'im sending that his saphead son, back there, and he's been giving me fool orders ever since we picked up his sourcear at the juntility. "In all you," said Benssy gratefully. "In all you, said Benssy gratefully. "In all you," said Benssy gratefully. "In all you, "said Benssy gratefully. "In all you," said Benssy gratefully. "In all you, sai

selected with so nice discrimination.

Oh, come in Mr. Wallingford. Join us in an absinthe puff?"

"No, thanks, boys," smiled the general manager. "I came in to discuss stern business, and to lay before you a symopsis of our progress during the two months and a half since we organized our company. You have, I think, seen the circulars and catalogues, maded you from time to time as they were received from the printers. I now have the pleasure of presenting the most promising of the replies I have had from our advertising. The first one of these, requesting us to make a price on 300 of the portable bungalows. I must confess that they seemed one blurred, black line of foundation for his spikes of hair. "Did I understand the gentleman to say that he offered a compromise?" I wouldn't buhdang miss havin't them there improvements and I slip who was brooken by those with all the course of each bungalows with all of such that they seemed one blurred, black line of foundation for his spikes of hair. "Did I understand the gentleman to say that he offered a compromise?" I wouldn't buhdang miss havin't them throw is pes book mah ohden faw 300 hair. "Did I understand the gentleman to say that he offered a compromise?" I wouldn't buhdang miss havin't them throw is pes book mah ohden faw 300 hair. "Did I understand the gentleman to say that he offered a compromise?" I wouldn't buhdang miss havin't tem throw." No declared enthusiastically in the queried in tones of intense thought. Mr. Wallingford. Apparently hopeless and despairing, put the compromise in the despair of the queried in the same half slip queried in the same half slip queried in the same half slip queried in the same and the same half slip queried the manager. "I wouldn't buhdang miss havin't hem three improvements, and I slip queried in tones of intenses of intenses of intenses of intenses of intenses of purpore miss havin't hem there improvements, and I slip queried in tones of intenses of intenses of purpore miss havin't hem there improvements, and I slip quer bungalows at a gross return of over \$200,000, I shall feel not only encouraged, but flattered."

'Hear! Hear!" shouted Rickey Saunders, and the others clapped their hands.

Wallingfore feld down the letters.

Hear! Hear!" shouled Rickey Same ders, and the others clapped their of hards.

Hear Hear!" shouled Rickey Same ders, and the others clapped their of the ders, and the others clapped their of the same ders, and the others clapped their of the ders.

Wallingford Iaid down the letters by Wallingford Iaid down the letters and took up two other packages. "I have furthermore to report," he went of the post of the properties of the feathers. Mr. Besazum, I shall not have some refreshments. Mr. Besazum, I shall not have some refreshments in the board of the board of the morning after Manager Wallingford seemed to have been done of the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced five more copies and passed them around the table, so that the produced fi

see, it's like this: To begin with, the fellow has no right to invent portable had become a bore! House improvements after we have perfected the article."

"That's it! It isn't sportin'!" declared Rickey, much disappointed in

Wallingford, "Gentlemen of the Board: I move you that we table Official Manager Wallingford's proposition!" said Benssy.
"Rippin!" shouted Rickey, jumping

Benssy! Now fellows, One, two, three

Bensay! Now fellows, One, two, three!"
A gentleman from Bezunk, Michigan,
a Mr. Bezazzun, visited the factory
quite opportunely one day, while a speclal called directors' meeting was in
session. With him was a beautiful
daughter, whom he called Violet and
who, in Wallingford's private office,
rushed into the arms of the private
secretary and giggled for a solid five
minutes, after which both girls peeped
out for a fresh sight of Mr. Bezazzum
of Bezunk, and popped back in to giggle some more. gle some more.

Pete Bezazzum, of Bezunk, was, it ruth, a wondrous creature, in felt oots, corduroy trousers, a canvas coat, sweater of gorgeous hues and wondrous pattern, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. As for his countenance, it was lean and bony, with the most absurdly sprawled black mustache imaginable and a little tuft of chin-whiskers which

and a little tuft of chin-whiskers which began neatly to be a goatee, and ended in all directions, as if it had suddenly become intoxicated. His eyebrows were equally black and beneath them glowed a pair of black eyes which alternately twinkled with mischief and flashed with hawklike intensity.

There was that in his bearing and ease, however which forbade levity or ridicule, and which made the board of directors take him as seriously as he took himself, but Toad Jessup, after one good look at him, went out into the stockroom, where he leaned over a barrel of nails and laughed until he had the stomachache. the stomachache.

"Well, you see, gents," said Mr. Be-mazzum in objection to the company's product, "I'm a willin' tuh pay thuh top-notch-buh danged price fur thuh very best buh gosh port-table houses what can be coaxed together, and I gut thuh buhjing money," and here he slapped his pocket meaningly. "Bu-u-ut I don't notice from your catalogue enough new fangled doodads, dingue

and hickeys tuh seem tuh chahra thuh dollars out'n these co'duroys."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Besazzum," returned Mr. Wallingford, "but I am sure that our catalogues do not do full justice to the Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow. You must come out into our factory and inspect one which is our factory and inspect one which is ders, in a tone which tried to be excomplete and ready for shipment."

It was a masterful manner in which track the same as a masterful manner in which track the same as a masterful manner in which track the same as a masterful manner in which track the same as the sam

one of the board of directors was pleased until he writhed, still the thing would not quite do.

The official manager sighed. The members of the board of directors looked at him anxiously. What would this commercial genius do in such an emergency? He displayed his hand, and in unison they sighed with relief.

"You have not seen the improvements upon the Speckled Bass Bungalow," said Wallingford, holding up his hand impressively, and the mere manner in which he said it, his round pink face graven into solemnity, and his broad chest expanded to its full capacity, was enough to inspire confidence in any man. "Allow me to show you the improved portable-house weatherstrip; the improved portable-house ightning rod; the improved portable-house down-spout; the imp

company an offended and, at the same time, reproving glare.

"Of course, Mr. Bezazzum, I shall be compelled to investigate your standing, as a matter of form, but in the meantime I should like, before booking your order which is rather a large one for us, to consult with my board of directors. I am only the manager here, Boy, take this zentleman into my office.

Four days after the suit was filed, there came an agonized telegram from Mr. Bezazzum, that an injunction had been served upon him, forbidding him

been served upon him, forbidding him to pay for and remove the portable bungalows consigned to him.

Willingford called a board of directors meeting.
On the following day a similar telegram came from the gentleman in Fund, Ontario.

directors' meeting.
On the second day after that a similar telegram came from the gentleman in Arkansas, Mr. Wallingford called a board of directors' meeting.
On the second day after that, again,

Mr. Bezazzum himself came into the factory, both himself and his daughter clad in the most violent silk sweater Wallingford not only called a board of directors' meeting on this spe-cial occasion, but he spent an entire day in a taxi and brought them to it,

day in a taxt and brought them to it, ilmp and plitful as they were.

Mr. Bezazzum, more violently inflamed than his unspeakable sweater, was a tornado of righteous wrath whom Mr. Wallingford endeavored. with no success at all, to placate with soothing words and fond promises shricked Mr Bezazzum "OfT have the law on yez, begob. You promised me 300 burgalows and Oi hev me min engaged, and no houses to put them in. I could have got thim shanties elsewhere; but by cheminy. I blace my confidence een diss skinner concern an' they trun me down. I'm agin you an' they trun me down. I'm agin you; see? Tomorrow, by heck, I'll stack you up in front of a \$200,000 damage suit, so help me! And that goes!"

Wallingford in a panic at Blackie's audacity of mixed dialect, but appreciating far less than Blackie how much the panic of his numbed board of directors could safely be trodden upon, and jerked to bits, and gorily, juggled with, just did save himself from an attack of heart failure and drew himself together for his cue.

realize that, so far as intent goes, we are entirely innocent in this affair. We are entirely innocent in this affair. We delivered the goods to you on time, and we cannot be held for anything on that score. In a spirit of fairness, however, we will do this much. We will pay the freight both ways, take back the 300 portable houses, and repay your 10 per cent advance deposit, in cash. Isn't that fair, Mr. Bezazzum?"

naturally solemn face came stalking back through the car and handed the back through the car and handed the conductor a note. The conductor read it; said gruffly, "No answer," and the Jap went away.

The faces of the girls changed instantly, as they saw the stationery, with its shadow-like imprint of a flying bird across the face of the envelope.

"The Swallow," and Fannie's low voice filled with sadness.

"Oh, Mr. O'Connell" exclaimed Violet, and proceed immediately, Walt, he many invested?" he asked, addressing word and birdseye maple, and of Man and ecdar; of Treasurer Cash, in redeast the reach, and proceed immediately. Walt, he dealers, of Treasurer Cash, in redivergency and of Man ager Wallingford in plain oak.

"Besides these, there was an arched directors' room, which was an arched directors' room, which was a triumple of ceramic art: a buffet stocked with more varieties of liquides the repiration of it. The board followed with the two proceed immediately. Walt, he and proceed irrectors' room, which was a triumple of ceramic art: a buffet stocked with more varieties of

Deftly and quickly the manager displayed these wonderful attachments protecte dby the six Wallingford patents. Mr. Bezazzum was in ecstacies, nor was his voluble ardor coled when Mr. Wallingford announced that these improvements would add \$25 to the cost of each bungalow.

"I wouldn't buhdang miss bearing and suffered the goods free, age claim—well, gentlemen, there you going to de about it or stand suit, buhgosh!

The dense silence was broken by whose brow were now so tightly drawn the the provided that these improvements would add \$25 to the cost of each bungalow.

was emphatic.

"Then," went on Rickey, still brightening, "I vote, fellows, that we accept
the bloomin' compromise and thank the
gentleman from Bezam for having made
his rippin', good sportin' offer."

"Just a moment, gentlemen," warned
Wallingford solemnly. "We are setting a dangerous precedent. We have
customers in Ontario, and in Arkansas,
who will be claiming the same terms."

"Move we let 'em all have the terms."
returned Rickey promptly. "Move we'
let 'em all have 'em. That's sportin',
eh, fellows? Somebody second the motion."

and Pete Bezazzum entered with a distinct and concerted swagger.
"Everybody's discharged," announced J. Rufus jovially. "The Speckled Bass Company has gone out of business."
"Gone—out of business," faltered Fannie. The two girls had been holding hands and were still pale. Mr. Bezazzum pulled off his whiskers and threw them on the desk, and became Blackle Daw. "We must have cleaned up about a quarter of a million for the Warden Restitution Fund, Jim." Forever!"

"A little better, I think," Walling-"A little better, I think." Wallingford meeting.

the second day after that a
ir telegram came from the gentlein Arkansas.

Wallingford called a board of
ors' meeting.

"A little better, I think." Wallingford threw open the safe, and drew out
a bundle which he tossed on the deak.

"There's a hundred and twenty-five
thousand cash, which I wouldn't touch
until we had every possible come-back
until we had every possible come-back
ettled, including the removal from the
game of Mr. Bezazzum, Mr. Cazizuz, game of Mr. Bernskum, ar. Casass, and Mr. Penap; and more particularly, the removal of the Speckled Bass Port-able House Company."

"That's the idea," Blackle turned in

explanation to the mystified girls. any con-deal, it's easy enough to get hold of the money, but to make it safe money requires both skill and pa-tience." Violet laughed, but Fannie still

looked troubled. "I don't quite understand how you got this money, Mr. Wallingford..."
"By strictly legitimate business methods in use every day, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon," inmediately claimed Wallingford, quita anxious to convince Fannie that it was

That isn't what I meant," Fannie went on. "However you got it, the money is for patents you sold the company; your

inventions." "Bunk," grinned Blackie. "Jim in-"Bunk," grinned Blackie. "Jim invents like he eats his dinner, five or six courses at a time. The fact yeu have to consider is that we got his hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the heirs of the Warden Estate out of the heirs of some of the crooks who robbed it. And there's more besides, girls. You own five hondred and twenty-five fine, hollow-walled, very portable bungalows. What are they worth, Jim?"

Can't say exactly," Wailingford had a deep frown on his brow. "They're at good distributing points, and they should bring a course of hundred thousand dollars; but the National Portable Bungalow Company offers us a hundred

Bingalow Company ofters us a monorous thousand not, and—"

"Put away the peneil and paper. Jim," ordered Blackie, for Wallingford had begun to figure. "We'll take that hundred thousand and know where we're at. How about it, girls?"

"But we can't accept all the money." protested Fannie. The girls had clasped hands again. "We—"

"That'll do," said Wallingford gruffly. "You'll take what we get for you, or we won't play."

"Let 'em pay our expenses, Jim," Blackie had detected a teur trembling on Violet's lashes, and Fannie's lips were quivering. "Baceness consists of whatever any of we four blowed in And I move that we look up this office and throw the key away, bire an fice and throw the key away, bire an se-horse-power car, and go some place for a celebration dinner—on the Ux-