



The New Adventure of J. Rufus Wallingford.



Presented by The Oregonian in COLLABORATION With The FAMOUS PATHE PLAYERS.

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 FIGMAN Blackie Daw LOLITA ROBERTSON Violet

A RHEUMATIC JOINT

TWO long rows of heads floated upon a canal of blue ooze. Between the rows ran a wide plank walk, and nailed to the edge of this, in front of each head, was a waist-high pole bearing a pasteboard tablet, upon which were ruled lines and figures and writing. A weird light slanted down from the blue glass, of which the low roof and south wall were composed. A bell rang. Every head turned with a sudden expression of blue-tinted hatred toward a door at the upper end of the plank walk.

agreed Wallingford. "Let's you and I go right out and incorporate." Wallingford rushed out into the hall of his rented brownstone front, to greet his three callers. "Tell it to us quick, Jim," ordered Blackie. "The only thing that we could make out of your telegram was that you were crazy." "I am," chuckled Wallingford, his broad shoulders heaving and his eyes half-closing. "Crazy with enthusiasm. Our antique friend, Rockwell," he explained, as he led the way back through the richly decorated hall, "is so cautious that he hides his money from himself; and the only way we can make Cornelius restitute is with a twenty-six-mile gun. This is it," and he threw open the door of the study.

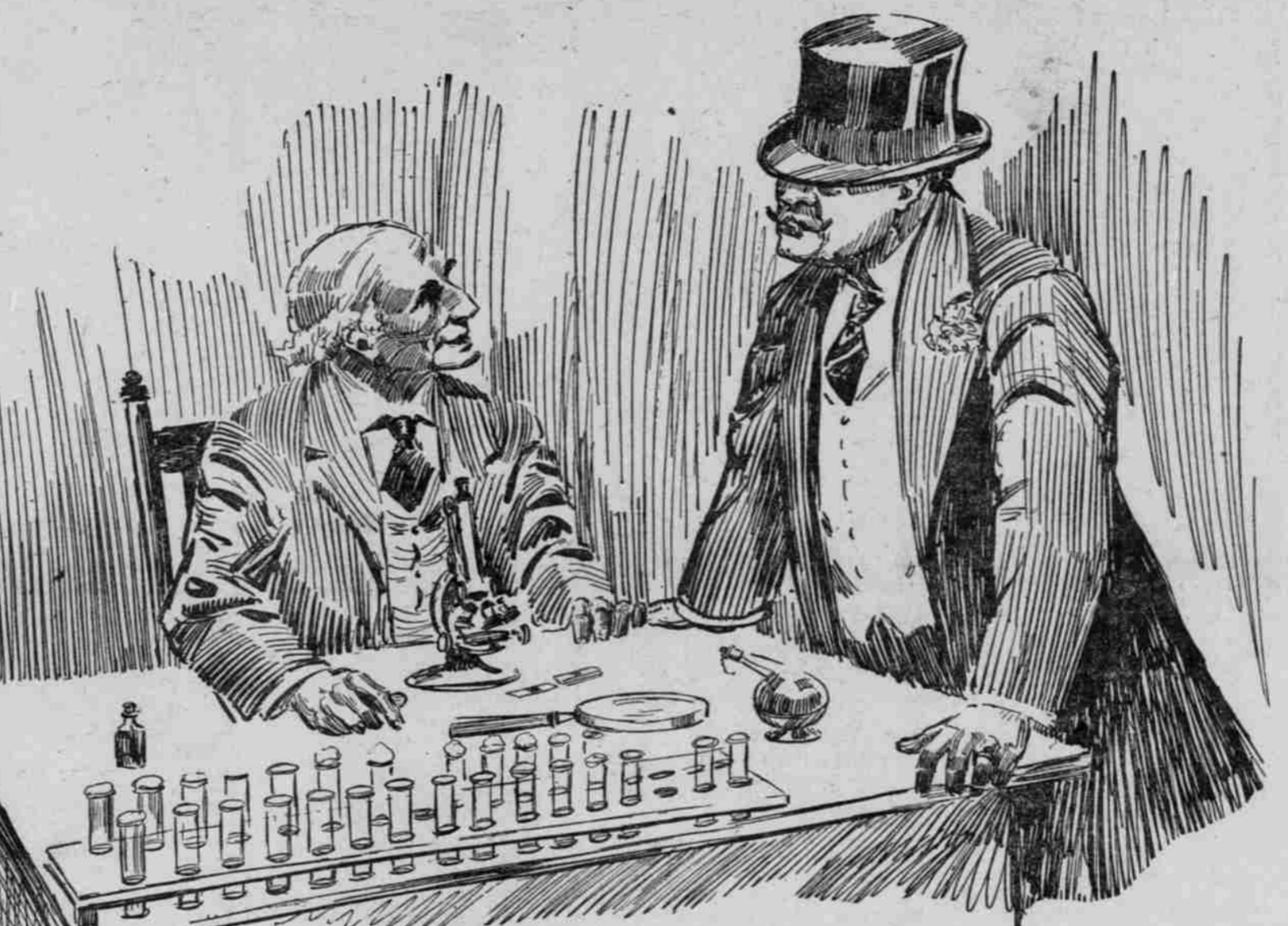
George, it's been a thousand years since I heard it or thought of it. Here's your laboratory, Blackie." Blackie surveyed his new place of business with becoming gravity. "Where's the push-button?" he demanded. "There's one thing I forgot—a pair of old green carpet slippers embroidered with pink roses." He approached the elaborate array of scientific apparatus with a careless hand, which Wallingford stayed. "You're a precocious brat," he warned, "but there are some things you don't know. You're liable to connect the guzoosicous with the slambang, and knock the dickens out of the pizzabo."

by his own irresistible smile and hand-shake of good-fellowship. They drank Wallingford's wine and liquor with avidity and smoked his fine cigars and imported cigarettes with eagerness. When he had them well soothed, he led them upstairs in droves, and in the very first crowd were such stars as Jimson, of the Orb, and Hazard, of the Sphere. "Foke, I guess," pronounced Hazard carelessly. "Too much scenery to be anything else. What do you think of it?" "Foke, I guess, agreed Jimson. "Going to use the story?" "Am I going to call for my envelope on Saturday?" demanded Jimson indignantly. "I should say I will use the story; and they'll use it at the office, not less than three columns of it; and if the Orb don't top it with a double-page Sunday feature I'll quit the sheet. I won't work on a dead one."

of thin glassware and a wreath of beautiful green smoke which puffed to the ceiling and gently unrolled. Blackie merely turned quietly in that direction. "Aw-w-w—" he observed in a dismal-sounding tone of mild regret, "id is always habbening." Following this, Wallingford led them up another flight of stairs. Hazard and Jimson found themselves once more thrown together as they followed to the attic.

what the papers had to say had only begun. All through the remainder of the week, the wonderful boon to humanity was on the front pages in type of all sizes and degrees of blackness and on Sunday they fairly dripped with the new food for public imagination. Of course, they all had pictures of Wallingford, Daw and Snalley, and of the germ of senility.

With the second day came the scientists, sent by the papers, and Wallingford, with no fear, whatever, passes these right over Blackie's head and his own, loosing them directly upon Snalley, knowing quite well that they hated each other so much that whatever one said the other would dispute. Luck favored him there, for the first man to come was Professor Begol, of Hampunk University, who peeped into the entire idea in a two-column interview, and as Professor Begol had recently achieved an international reputation by promulgating a self-evident fact in a novel manner, naturally every other scientist with a vestige of self-respect, one Professor Bogol's opinion to splinters. Thus did science support Professor Snalley's discovery and the practical application which Wallingford alleged for it.



Wallingford looked at this man anew.

"Sure, it's to be a philanthroox."

"Do you remember that gibberish? By

the same time removed any possible chill

from Wallingford had paused before the door of the front apartment, and held up a plumb, warning hand.

to allow of interruption; instead, J. Rufus turned to them with a grin positively irrefragable.

if the papers were to be believed, and