



# The New Adventure of J. Rufus Wallingford.

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

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INTRODUCING  
**BURR McINTOSH** ..... **J. Rufus Wallingford**  
**MAX FIGMAN** ..... **Blackie Daw**  
**LOLITA ROBERTSON** ..... **Violet**

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**"THE BANG SUN ENGINE.**

**"D**ANA T. MORLEY," repeated J. Rufus Wallingford, gazing at Fanny Warden's little notebook. Six names on the list above this had been crossed out: "Fussy name, but does he look the part?" "We have never seen him," returned Fanny. "We only know that he is the president of a bank and lives in Cinderburg."

"And that he robbed us of seventy thousand dollars?" interrupted Violet Warden, her blue eyes turning to Blackie Daw, indignantly.

"Show us Morley," and Blackie Daw grabbed up his notebook and blew a long, shrill, high note. "That for Morley!" and this one for the Fall railroad clique which stole the Warden estate! And this for—

"For the love of Mike, save it for them," implored Wallingford, stopping his ears. "Girls, we should have some information about Morley before we hike out to his town. Suppose we hunt up a Cinderburg man and pump him."

"Oh, I suppose you just telegraph for me," retorted Blackie, snatching his saxophone with Violet Warden's fingers, which he picked up for the purpose.

"Not so," chuckled Rufus, his round, pink face reddening, his eyes half-closing and his broad shoulders heaving. There's always at least one man from any town in New York; so we'll search and look at hotel directories."

At the third hotel on Wallingford's list he found a Cinderburg man by the name of Bang, and had him pared, and found him sitting disconsolately in the bar, and stopped with a frown as he catalogued and cross-indexed the price; but of last year's shape, hair untrimmed, collar frayed, tie soiled, clothing unbrushed and unpressed. Evidently Mr. Bang was not overburdened with wealth, and he was quite clearly out of place amid the magnificence of the Hotel Bullion.

"You're from Cinderburg, I believe?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Bang.

"Wish to meet you," and J. Rufus extended a large, warm hand. "My name is Wallingford; J. Rufus Wallingford." He sat down at the little table and rang for the waiter. "Will you break a bottle of bubbles with me or stick to the stein?"

Mr. Bang's rather helpless blue eyes widened. A bottle of bubbles! That meant champagne!

"I don't mind changing my drink," he observed, with speculative anticipation. Also, he began to look a little brighter. This man J. Rufus Wallingford might be a capitalist. Must be!

"I'm thinking of buying some Cinderburg bonds," said Wallingford, leaning and stopping to order a quart of champagne. "What kind of a town is it?"

"Pretty good," Mr. Bang glanced down at his frayed cuffs.

"How many banks?"

"Three," a little hesitantly.

Apparently the man from Cinderburg was not well acquainted with banks.

"What's the best one?"

"The Commercial. Quite sure about this, though it gave him no pleasure.

"Who's the president?"

"Eugene T. Morley," and this answer gave Mr. Bang even less pleasure than the other.

"Morley?" J. Rufus smiled and stroked his stubby mustache. "Seems to me I've heard that name. What sort of a man is he?"

Mr. Bang considered that question in silence for a moment, his fingers knitting, his neck swelling, and his face purpling.

"Bottom!" he finally exploded. "He's my landlord. He's a mean, stinky, greedy little cuss. He's a detriment to the town. If there's any good business comes along, and he can't gobble it all up, he wants to choke it to death."

The waiter set down two champagne glasses of delicate shape, and Mr. Bang reached out for one. At that moment the swing door opened, and a flash of sunlight shot into Bang's eyes. He pushed the glass off the table and it shattered into countless fragments.

"Damn the sunlight!" he exploded; then he apologized.

"What's the matter with the sunlight?" the second waiter now wanted to know. "I'm strong for it myself. Seems to me we've been having the sort of weather that could be framed and sold for the gem of the Morgan collection."

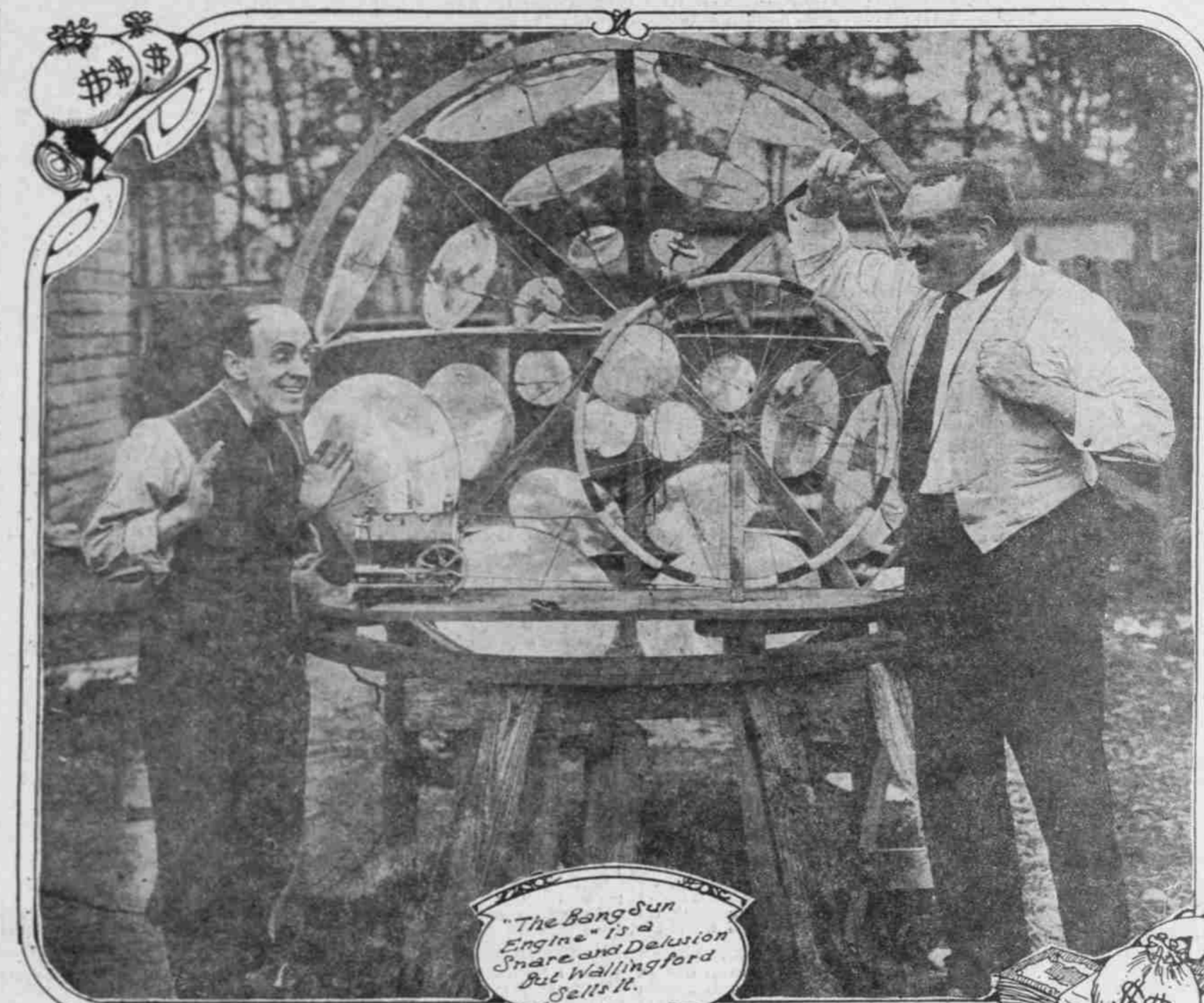
"That's just the trouble," complained Mr. Bang. "I wanted sunshine on my transformer those two weeks, and got it; but it might as well have rained."

"Your transformer?" questioned Wallingford with polite interest.

"A new motor," replied Mr. Bang, introducing somewhat shyly the subject nearest his heart. "I have been working on it five years. I manufactured my place to perfect it, and you know make a working model, and come on here to interest capital."

The easy principle in which you can interest capital, a few practical drawings," declared J. Rufus. "Capital is about as scarce as a slice of raw fish and I distinctly want to be shown. Now, if you'd show that your model would draw a little bit, it might perk up."

Mr. Bang smiled, though it was a



"The Bang Sun Engine" is a Snake and Delusion But Wallingford Sells it.



Blackie Daw induces the Tricky Banker to Buy the Parent Stock

sort of underdone smile, but he studied the big stranger with a growing hope, and invited him to look at the model.

On the broad roof of the hotel, the man of ready money was shown an unattractive combination of coils and rusty metal, of about the size of a steam radiator, lying flat in the sunshine, and to it was attached a dial.

"Is that it?" asked the million in the flesh, profoundly impressed.

"That's it," assented Mr. Bang with the just pride of the creator. "See, not only is it but almost 16 watts!"

"True," declared the visitor. "But what is a watt, and why do you mean to say you tried to get money on this?"

"Why, certainly!" stated Mr. Bang, perplexed at his tone.

"But that needle don't even wiggle! Don't anything go round?"

"Well, early in the morning, before sunup, the needle's at zero," explained Mr. Bang, "and as the sun warms up it gradually moves to where you see it now."

The other stood in astonishment at this colossal inadequacy, and then he surveyed Mr. Bang in pity. "You ought to have sent for a junk dealer if you wanted an offer," he said.

"But it is the master invention of the century!" piteously insisted Mr. Bang. "This device, covering the roof of a house, will supply all the electricity needed for lighting and heating, and factories having a large expanse can utilize their roofs in the same way to furnish their own power. Inside of ten years, at most, all this will be possible."

"Did you tell them ten years?" This in a hushed and awed voice.

"Why, of course."

"Go right back to Cinderburg." This town won't listen to anything that makes a noise like returns in longer than five minutes. What it wants is things conceived in a flash and finished in an explosion. Why wait ten years to cash in? If this dingus were mine I'd collect on it right now." Again he paused to think. Suddenly he slapped his knees, and walked up and down, chuckling, then he came back to the astonishment of Bang. "Tell you what you do. Tomorrow morning, at 11 o'clock, you call me up at my rooms. I'll find a way to take this silent little marvel to the mint, and coin it."

"I say, Blackie, we have to make a quick flash. Can we scour up a real sudden bunch of gilt-edged hick securities?"

"Consider your life saved," grinned Blackie. At 11:20 that morning, Wallingford, making an errand of a thousand-dollar check which had been given him by a certain E. B. Lott, took Mr. Bang into the Guarantee and Fidelity Bank, known as the G. and F. to its patrons, and as the Graters & Fakers to the police, and displayed the precious securities provided him by Mr. Daw—displayed them quite incidentally, something like a million dollars' worth of them, while he "clipped some bonds." Then he cashed Mr. Lott's check and stuffed the bills nonchalantly into his trousers pocket for "change."

"And now how about your sum-mo?" he said as they went out.

"I've about decided to finance the International Bang Sun Engine Company. Have you had any newspaper men up to look at your machine?"

"Why, no," faltered Mr. Bang. "I've been afraid of them. I have been afraid to see newspaper men all the five years I've been working on this, for fear they'd give away my principle, and I sort of got in the habit, I guess."

"But how did you get to your people?"

"Wrote 'em letters," repeated Wallingford in scathing scorn. "I suppose it never occurred to you to drop them a postal. I can see what happened. A few fourth-assistant secretaries sent twelfth-assistant secretaries up there, and they saw a dinky dial with a needle on it pointing one-fourth of an inch north-northeast by north. It's a wonder they didn't have you pinched. You say you're broke?"

"Not quite."

"All right, when you get back to Cinderburg mortgage the dog and the gasoline stove and the family album, then beg, borrow, buy on credit, or steal—wait a minute. By George, you won't have to! Anyhow, you get enough material to make about three more of those junk-coils of yours. I suppose I'll work when coupled up!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Bang, gathering anew his somewhat dampened enthusiasm.

By the time you get back to Cinderburg," said Wallingford, impressively, "they'll hand you the town on a velvet cushion. Just step in here a moment."

"In here" was a toy store, where Wallingford purchased five different sizes of toy electric motors, to which he had fitted rainbow-colored disks of light cardboard of about a foot in diameter. Then he huddled the five motors and Mr. Bang into a taxicab and drove to a ready-made clothing establishment, where, with grave care, he had Mr. Bang outfitted in as neat an imitation of his own prosperous-looking, up-to-date clothing pos-

me so much I wouldn't sell it. I had some oil experts go out, but they didn't find anything. By jinks! All this time they were cornering Sun Engine land!" He scowled savagely. "From New York, they are! Even the women in New York are sick!"

On Thursday forenoon, there appeared in Court House Square a long table upon which were arranged four of the Bang Sun engines, all painted red with gilt strings, and surrounded by a brass rail.

On Friday evening, Mr. Wallingford entertained in the dining-room of the New Auditorium. Present, besides Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Bang, who sat respectively at the head and the foot of the table, were the flower of Cinderburg's finance, the acme of its commercial achievements, the leaders of all its progressive movements which promised a profit, and the owners of nearly all its cash.

"Gentlemen, this little meeting was the beginning of a new world epoch. There sat among them to-night a man a modest man, who, disguising himself for years among them as a mere earnest, plodding workman (applause), had toiled in poverty to give to the world its greatest gift since Prometheus brought down fire from Heaven."

Mr. Morley nodded his head in grave approval, and three others pursed up their lips to show that they had heard about Prometheus; the others looked perplexed, and Pete Scallop clicked back his teeth. Wallingford himself paused to admire the patness of that illustration, and to thank the lucky star which had, just the night before, laid his eyes for the first time upon the fable of Prometheus.

However, he did not want a false impression to get about. Cinderburg must not expect, within a week or a month or possibly within even a year, to see its trolley cars and its factories run by the Bang Sun Engine to the exclusion of all other motive powers.

Although in the meantime the work of organization was to go steadily forward, and tonight these friends would be given an opportunity to consider the claims to local support of the Cinderburg Bang Sun Engine, Light, Heat and Power Company. This, an organization restricted to the furnishing of local light, heat and power, was to be left to local capital entirely, except that 51 per cent of the stock would be subscribed by the International Bang Sun Engine Company, which was the parent company and which would hold an invariable 51 per cent of all branch organizations. However, he was not ready for their applause.

Thoughtful figuring on the part of the Cinderburg capitalists.

The American Bang Sun Engine Manufacturing Company was a different matter. It was a larger concern, incorporated for a quarter of a million dollars. It would, if all went well, develop into a business of enormous extent, perhaps the most important manufacturing proposition in the world. Gentlemen, the main factory and the headquarters of this monster organization were to be instituted and held in Cinderburg, making this beautiful little city one of the most important commercial centers of the Middle West!

Wild applause.

There was no necessity for pointing out the advantages of investment in the Cinderburg Bang Sun Engine, Light, Heat and Power Company. Equally obvious, he thought, were the advantages of investment in the American Bang Sun Engine Manufacturing Company, for it would manufacture all the sun engines used in the United States. However, he was not yet ready for capital in this company.

Mr. Morley shook his head. "A million-dollar company without a cent in its treasury?" he protested. "Absurd!"

"We don't need a cent!" exclaimed Wallingford. "The parent company is to be entirely self-sustaining. In all other places but Cinderburg it will require a cash premium from local companies, as well as 51 per cent of the stock and its total business, aside from procuring and protecting patents, will be to collect its own income from its dear friend from royalties of a dollar a unit upon each Bang Sun engine manufactured. The Bang patents are worth billions and here is one place where, through the parent company, the inventor is to secure the benefit of his own genius. Gentlemen, that inventor needs no introduction to his townsmen. Gentlemen, Mr. Bangs."

Mr. Bangs, realizing at last his actual possession of the gigantic fortune enumerated by that human radiator of financial warmth and cheer, the eminent Wallingford, was affected almost to tears, and indeed, his voice shook as he stood now in answer to a demand for a few remarks. He tried to tell them something about his drudging years he had spent upon his invention, but his voice broke. He could not live long enough to thank his dear friend Wallingford for having rescued him at a moment when all the world was dark. Mr. Wallingford, in the tenderness of his heart and in the broadness of his human sympathy and understanding, quite conspicuously wiped his eyes and called the waiter sharply to open more champagne.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a low voice, and smiling sweetly, after all, we are cold-headed men of business." He paused to clear his throat of its constricted emotion. "I have something in my rooms to show you. Let us drink one parting glass to the success of the various Bang Sun Engine enterprises, to the health of Mr. Bang and to the future honor and glory and return to my apartments."

But after all had been said and done, Mr. Wallingford was not yet ready for capital.

A magnificent suite of offices was equipped in Cinderburg's most recent

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