

**THE NEW
ADVENTURES OF
J. RUFUS
WALLINGFORD**

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Wallingford had chuckled at first, but now he was thoughtful.

M. Perigord was deeply regretful that the beautiful Miss Warden's lavender creation had been so extensively copied. "It is because mademoiselle is so striking—so attractive," he wistfully explained. "Those clever American manufacturers have their designers everywhere. Regard their little trick! They behold a charming fashionable like Miss Warden in a triumph like this exquisite lavender costume. They say:

"Voilà! We wait no longer! We have found it! They dash to their workshops. They make a sketch of the design—every button, every thread. Presto! The artistic creation of the house of Mondeaux is in all the shops."

"So that's the way it's done," mused Blackie. "What do you think of that for pure gall, Jim?"

Jim Wallingford's big shoulders heaved. "It sounds like the explanation for a black eye," he chuckled.

"One becomes clever in America," boasted Perigord with a self-satisfied smile, after he had agreed to refund the price of the dress. "I have learned the little trick to make money. Now I learn the little trick to invest with rapidity. With \$54,000 to start—voilà!"

"Fifty-four thousand!" responded Blackie, glancing at J. Rufus.

Wallingford at the window suddenly wheeled and came back looking at his watch. "I'm afraid I can't wait until you settle with M. Perigord," he stated.

"What's your hurry, Jim," protested Blackie. "It won't take long. When people pass money they part."

"I have to keep my eye on a certain rapid investment," said Wallingford impressively. "I'll see you tomorrow at the office and settle with you for the next pool. By the way, here's your \$1,000."

"Oh, give it to a newsboy," laughed Blackie, with a nonchalant wave of the hand.

"I don't care what you do with it," responded Wallingford gravely, producing a big red pocketbook. "My business is to pay you this \$1,000 in return for the \$150 you invested with me yesterday," and into the hands of the astonished Blackie he counted a \$500 bill and five \$100 bills.

"How much will you invest tomorrow morning?"

"The wad," Blackie said promptly, and started to hand back the money.

"You know better than that," Wallingford reprovingly reminded him. "A hundred and fifty is the limit in this pool, as I have often told you."

"Can't you let me go in for two hundred?" argued Blackie. "I don't like to play for a piker bet like this."

"Then stay out," retorted Wallingford. "I offered to let you in on a \$500. pool once, and you failed to meet me at \$250, so now you take the little pools. Wait a minute," and he consulted a red memorandum book. "You can only have a hundred today."

"All right," agreed Blackie reluctantly. "Here's your hundred," and he handed it over.

"Good day," said Wallingford, taking the money.

M. Perigord looked after him in stunned perplexity. "Impossible!" he commented. "He invested \$150 for you yesterday, and today he gives you back \$1,000."

"Yes, confound him," grumbled Blackie. "He's sore at me and won't let me in on his big game."

"Big!" repeated Perigord in astonishment, looking greedily at the money in Blackie's hand. "Do you call this small?"

"It's a tin horn proposition," scorned Blackie.

"But how does he make it?"

"Wallingford won't tell," Blackie half-whisperingly confided. "He is one of our most clever Americans. Nobody knows how much money he is worth. Nobody knows how much I am worth. I don't know myself."

"And did Mr. Wallingford make you all your money?"

"Every last \$1,000,000," asserted Blackie.

"Ah!" breathed M. Perigord in worship. "I, also, would become rich quick! So rich that I also could say of \$1,000, 'Give the tin horn to the newsboy.' M. Daw, would you truly give that much money to a newsboy, or was it what you clever Americans call a joke?"

Blackie's eyes widened in astonishment that such a question should be asked. "I'd give it to anybody," he stated, with a flash of inspiration. "Would you like to have it?"

"Nine hundred dollars," gasped M. Perigord in terror.

"Is it \$900? Why, so it is," counted Blackie negligently. "Here, Perigord, take it and buy yourself a dinner," and, thrusting the bills into the hands of the dumfounded Perigord, he stalked out of the place.

"I forgot to get Miss Warden's check," explained Blackie the next day, walking into M. Perigord's with a saxophone case in his hand.

"It is ready, monsieur," cordially stated the importer, greeting Blackie with the enthusiasm of an old friend. He clasped his hands and bowed profoundly. He delivered the check with a flourish. "It gives me great pleasure to make myself again honorable with mademoiselle."

"She'll appreciate it," grinned Blackie. "Thanks, Perigord. Good day," and he started for the door.

"Pardon, monsieur, one little moment," began Perigord.

Blackie, expecting that call, turned with slow reluctance. He looked at his watch.

"Your friend, M. Wallingford," intimated Perigord. "I am consumed with curiosity to know how much he gave you for your \$100 of yesterday."

"Oh," returned Blackie, with a bored expression. "I don't know yet. As a matter of fact, I hadn't thought of inquiring about it. He probably has only six or eight hundred dollars for me. I'll just let it go."

"Ah, monsieur," protested Perigord, "even if it is only a little money like that to you who are so rich, it should be taken. Perhaps monsieur would like to give it to some friend."

"Very well," agreed Blackie, yawning. "Wallingford's office hours are from 3 to 4. Would you like to go over with me?"

"I shall be transported!" exclaimed M. Perigord in a flutter of delight, being the boon for which he had been eager to ask.

He ran. He brought his silk hat. He brought his gray gloves. He brought his little cane. He brushed his kinky beard. He tripped down the stairs two steps ahead of Blackie Daw. Only when they reached the office did he hang back timidly.

That was a brand new office in a brand new skyscraper, and on the door was the legend: "J. Rufus Wallingford, Investments." M. Perigord did not notice that the paint was still fresh, for Wallingford himself had carefully dusted and otherwise aged it. He had spent the morning on the job.

Inside was a small anteroom, in which there sat waiting a totally bald-headed man and a man with a bushy beard and a large red necked man with a mustache, one end of which had been chewed to a tassel. A spider legged boy guarding the entrance to the door of the private office greeted Blackie with a nod and turned an unfriendly stare on M. Perigord. Beyond the glass partition could be heard the loud and angry voice of that peerless investor, J. Rufus Wallingford.

"No, Mr. Pollet, you can't get on the preferred list!" shouted the voice. "You have the gall of a burglar. I let you have a twenty-five dollar a day corner in this little pool practically out of charity. You've made an average of from \$200 to \$300 a day out of your investment, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Pollet. "The lowest you ever made me out of my \$25 was \$100. But I want to go on your larger list. Nearly all your customers are allowed to invest from \$100 to \$150 a day, and they make from four to six times as much as I do. It isn't fair."

"That settles it!" roared Wallingford, at the limit of his patience. "You get out! Your place on the list is vacant!"

"Please don't say that," pleaded the frightened Mr. Pollet. "I'm sorry."

"You're too late," sternly returned Wallingford. "Here's your \$275 for today."

"Please take my \$25," begged Mr. Pollet.

There was the sound of the hasty scraping of a chair. "Your account is closed!" roared Wallingford. "Get out!"

There were other sounds. The door opened suddenly and out shot a chunky young man who wore thick spectacles. M. Perigord noted that he had money in both hands. He turned in the middle of the anteroom.

"Go on out you!" ordered the spider legged boy, as J. Rufus Wallingford himself slammed the door of the private office.

Mr. Pollet walked slowly out of the room. The waiting investors looked nervous and apprehensive. A little bell rang sharply. The spider legged boy darted into Wallingford's room. He bounced out again in a minute.

"W. O. Jones," he announced.

The totally bald headed man shambled in, casting a jealous look at M. Perigord.

"Hello, Onion Jones!" greeted Wallingford suavely. "I have \$1,000 for you. That leaves you \$1,000 clear profit. Pretty good, eh?"

Perigord's eyes glistened.

"Not the best day we've had, but I'm satisfied," lauded Jones. "I bear you're going to start a new pool, Mr. Wallingford."

"Next week," returned J. Rufus.

"Any chance of my getting a share in it?"

Andre Perigord's heart was glad. What he did not hear Wallingford say was this:

"Double right back, Blackie, and help me take care of this real coin. We'll leave the phony stuff here, but I'm nervous since I had Onion Jones and Chinchilla Williams and big Tim Meaden in this room."

At last Andre Perigord was a happy man. He was profiting by American cleverness, and he had the most clever man in America as his investing agent. On the first day Wallingford handed him \$200 for his \$25. On the second day Wallingford handed him \$300 for his \$25. On the third day Wallingford handed him \$275.

Andre Perigord's breath came quickly. "W. W. Williams," sang the boy.

The full bearded man went in.

"Good afternoon, Chinchilla," hailed Wallingford cheerily. "You got in for a hundred and fifty, didn't you? Well, here's \$1,050. I'll have to cut you down to a hundred today."

"Sorry, sir," said Williams. "By the way, is Pollet dropped from the pool?"

"Yes," snapped Wallingford.

"I'd like to take up his share."

"No," snapped Wallingford.

"Just as you say," hastily responded Chinchilla Williams. "Lord, I don't want you to get sore at me too."

"I guess I am a little grouchy," confessed Wallingford, "but every time I turn around somebody wants to hand me money. I'm tired of it."

"I know," admitted Williams. "You have too much capital now. I guess if you dropped about half of us the rest

of us could make more money."

"If I dropped you all I could make the entire profit for myself," Wallingford reminded him. "That's what I'm going to do on this next pool—take just one live partner with \$100,000 and split the profits."

"I'll dig you up \$100,000 in a minute," quickly offered Williams.

"Nothing doing, Chinchilla," bluntly refused Wallingford. "I have to have a partner I like. He must be generous, trustful and agreeable, and you won't do. Good day, Williams."

"Good day, sir," returned Williams sadly.

The bell rang as he came out with money in his hands.

"Mr. Meaden," announced the spider legged boy.

The red necked man with the chewed mustache lumbered in. He spoke a few husky words. Wallingford did not talk at all. Big Tim came out with his hands full of money.

Wallingford was dreaming vast dreams.

"Mr. Daw," announced the boy. The autocratic Mr. Wallingford frowned when he saw the stranger with Blackie Daw, but M. Perigord did not see the frown. His astounded eyes were glued on the novel decorations of Wallingford's desk. These decorations consisted entirely of money—stacks of five dollar bills, of tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, five hundreds and thousands. There were packages of money still unopened, and from a slightly projecting drawer peeped other money.

"Anybody else out there, Jesse James?" yelled Wallingford.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Then lock the door," ordered Wallingford. "Mr. Daw, here's your \$1,000," and he nonchalantly selected the money from the assortment on the desk. "You may get in for a hundred tomorrow."

"All right," assented Blackie carelessly and held the money loosely in his hand. Passing Wallingford a hundred, he stuffed the rest in his vest pocket with his thumb. "Your tomorrow's pool all made up, Mr. Wallingford."

"All but a twenty-five dollar share," answered the clever investor. "I was going to let old man Dokes have that, but he didn't show up. Moreover, I'm afraid Dokes can't keep his mouth shut. If anybody tells about this pool, he goes. You may have Dokes' twenty-five."

"No, thanks," drawled Blackie. "I don't like odd change. Carry it yourself."

"Me?" laughed Wallingford. "Why should I fuss with a twenty-five dollar share? Look at what I have left." And with a negligent sweep of his hand he indicated the litter of money.

M. Perigord had been trying to speak, but he had been too excited.

"If it will be any favor to monsieur I will take it," he offered. "Me, Andre Perigord."

"I don't like to let strangers in," hesitated Wallingford, with a frown, "but I think I shall let Mr. Perigord in on this pool, Mr. Daw; that is, until it closes next week." And Wallingford smiled quizzically as he turned away.

"I am all gratitude!" fervently exclaimed M. Perigord, whipping out his pocketbook and plunking down his \$25 in a hurry, lest Wallingford should change his mind.

"You're on," said Wallingford, tossing the money carelessly on to the desk with the other greenbacks.

M. Perigord smiled and smiled. "How much shall I receive for my \$25?" he wanted to know.

"I guarantee nothing," returned Wallingford, casting on him a cold look. "I may not make you over a hundred dollars. I may even lose your money."

Both Blackie and M. Perigord laughed at that absurd proposition.

Again M. Perigord ventured a question. "If I may intrude upon monsieur's courtesy, how does he make such enormous profits?"

"I never tell," declared Wallingford.

"Viola!" accepted Perigord. "M. Wallingford, I thank you. M. Daw, I thank you also. Shall I come over tomorrow to get my money?"

"Your friend Perigord is very agreeable. He is generous. He looks trusting."

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Andre Perigord smiled. He was becoming clever. He knew now where Wallingford made these enormous profits—on the bourse, the Stock Exchange. That was where these clever Americans made their quick fortunes. It was the only place. But Andre Perigord was wise. He said nothing. He held his peace and took the money.

It was a shame that the amount was, after all, so small. It was a tin horn. If he could only invest in the larger business which Wallingford was about to launch, then he might be a millionaire quickly and go back to Paris and do nothing and be a gentleman and wear a different dress shirt every evening. He must be more agreeable to Mr. Wallingford, more generous, more truthful.

"I know," admitted Williams. "You have too much capital now. I guess if you dropped about half of us the rest

"Well, Andre," said Wallingford on the fifth day, "the little pool is ended. Here is your last raffle—\$225."

"But there will be another pool," protested Andre. "Cannot monsieur make a place in that, ever so little a place, only twenty-five or fifty or a hundred dollars?"

"No," refused Wallingford kindly, but firmly. "I've cut out the small shares. I've dropped about half my investors. I've carried lots of them along because they were with me in the start. When I began in a small way. But now they've had enough. I don't like to monkey with so many people. The smallest shares in this new pool are \$250, and it's filled up."

Andre cleared his throat.