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## and CHARLES W. GODDARD

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and seated him triumphantly.

things.

Bogger,

Blackte.

CHAPTER II. Selling a Circus.

leaned eagerly forward in sents. his chair and rested his

on the rall of the Booly House balloons. porch, looking up and down the main street of Burrville with the sparkling oyes of youth never ending. "Boom-de-ra-a-h-dah! Boom-de-ra-a-h-dah!" he sang in unison with the strident from. bones, beating time with both feet and ano hand, while Wallingford, standing smiling at the look of perplexity in the against the rail, looked down on him with a indulgent smile.

The hand blazad louder as it turned . from Court House square toward Main street. A horse and buggy, both sleek and shiny, came dashing down Booly street and turned up Main toward the oncoming parade. The driver was a "aporty" farmer, whose nearness to the soil no city clothes could conceal. Here comes Bogger."

"That's Li Bogger," whispered a pretty waitress, bending down between Wallingford and Blackle. "His wife's dead, and he's sold his farm and put all his money in the bank. He always takes his dinner here when he comes to town, and I've arranged to seat him between you two men."

"Pretty good detective work for two days, Miss Faunte," complimented Wallingford, with a smile into the sparkling brown eyes. "Have any trouble getting a job as waitress?"

'With a circus coming to town?" laughed the blue eyed girl who came out just behind Fannie Warden. "Of course not. I could have had a job, and his neck moved about so uncom too, only you thought I had better not." "Getting information about Mr. Bog-

ger is so easy it's stupid." went on the brown eyed Fannie. "All the girls know him, for he's a country masher, and they hate him."

"What's his bank roll?" asked Wal lingford speculatively. "They say everything up to two hun-

dred thousand," whispered Fannie. "I've sifted it down pretty well, though. I think he has about \$75,000." "And forty thousand of that he stole

from us when father died," said Violet. with a trace of bitterness. She held in hor hand a small memorandum book in which was a long list of names. At the head of the list was E. H. Falls, and this name was crossed off. The acxt name was Ellas Bogger.

Blackle reached over and closed th book.

"Don't worry about Ellas," he advised her, patting the hand which held the book. "We're here to see that tillas restitutes, principal, interest and expenses. Isn't Li the village cutup? Ho's the life of the party."

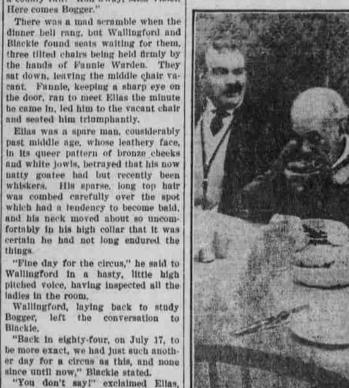
Indeed, Ellas Bogger was an active diversion, for now the entire police force of Burrville had stopped his borse, which stood beautifully pranc-

ons. "But I'm wondering if it was a Mr. Bogger. "I never pass for within good plan to come after Ellas when ten years of my age at that." He rose there's so much else doing." He turnand went out. ITH the first blare of the ed to smile at Fannie, but she had hur "He believes everything anybody distant music Blackie Daw ried in to save her three important

tells hlm," whispered an eager voice. and Faunte, her eyes shining with ex-"Hush, Jimmy!" objected Blackie, citement, darted away, leaving Blackle reaching down to buy a handful of and Wallingford in chuckling conversa-"I don't care for business tion. When she came back the men unless I can combine pleasure with it. were walting for her.

I'm glad we're here. I want to go to "Where's Miss Violet?" asked Walthe circus. I want to be an innocent lingford. youth again and short change a rube." "Up in my room." "That's what you were doing the first "Fine!" approved Wallingford, "You girls doll up and go out to the grounds as soon as you can. Go into the 'kid blue eyes of Violet Warden. Since show'-that's the main side show, you these two careless and jovial soldiers

of fortune had undertaken to get back need you." the millions which had been stolen from the Warden orphans Violet and Fannie had been in a constant state of bewilderment over their new Loating laxily, inspecting the time. friends. "You were the finest shell crowd, slouched an enormous man with worker, Blackle, that ever cleaned up a violent mustache which gave him a a county fair. Run away, Miss Violet.



Bogger," said the other between bites of pie.

most feroclous cast of countenance. and to this forbidding citizen Blackie Daw sidled, grinning at him in waiting expectancy.

Texas Ed looked around, and his face immediately lit with welcome. "Hello, sport!" he roared, giving Blackie's hand a viselike grip. "It's been a coon's age since I see you trimmin' the geeks on the pumpkin circuit.

What's your grift nowadays?" "I got a new game," explained Black-

men's cups."

necticut."

lop," protested Blackie earnestly. "He tooks like a remittance from mother." "He is if he buys my circus," chuc-kled J. Rufus. "Say, Blackie, you find out where Barnes is, and cook up some scheme to keep him out of the way for an hour. Do that and I'll sell Eli some experience.

"Go as far as you like, and see if Barnes cares," airly responded Blackie, "Old P. T. hasn't been with the show minute this season, and his manager, a fat burglar by the moniker of Joe Unger, is grafting all the velvet. He's so strong at it he hasn't paid salaries for three weeks."

J. Rufus strode straight across to the main entrance, into which a solid stream of moist humanity was already wedging. Wallingford, broad of shoul-ders and a head taller than the mass, pushed his way impatiently along between the swaying ropes and was about to push as impatiently past the ticket taker when that gentleman, a heavy framed thug, grabbed him roughly by the shoulder.

"Ticket!" be rasped. "Where's Joe Unger?" demanded Wallingford, with a frown as black as 'I'll give you fifty-five!" night.

The ticket taker glanced toward beety man who stood just beyond him, his Buffalo Bill sombrero in his hand, mopping his head with a gray silk handkerchief. The heavy gentleman making no sign, the ticket taker turned again to Wallingford.

"I said where's your ticket?" he demanded. "You're fired!" Wallingford roared

with a flare of anger, shaking his big forefinger in the ticket taker's face. "Get off the lot! And if somebody don't hunt up Joe Unger for me with-

in about thirty seconds I'll fire the lot of you. Where is he?" "I'm Joe Unger," the beefy man barked gruffly, though much troubled.

'What do you want?" Wallingford turned to an eye patch-

ed thug. "Here, Bill, or whatever your name is," he ordered in the voice of authority, "you take tickets till I put a new man on the box. Now, Unger, how was yesterday's business?"

"Who wants to know?" demanded Mr. Unger, endeavoring to assert his customary czarship, but feeling it slipping from him. "I do," snapped Wallingford,

"And who are you?" inquired Unger, angry that his voice was losing its strength

"Sears!" snapped Wallingford. Unger repeated the name feebly, but and not the nerve to ask who Sears might be.

"If the fact that I'm Sears isn't enough for you I'll have a Johnny tin plate tell you more," declared J. Rufus, watching narrowly, and being well pleased with the effect of this threat of a local officer of the law. "Now, look here, Unger, the governor wants to know why the business is so rotten, and I'm here to find out. What was your take-in yesterday?" "Well," hesitated Unger, "it looked

like rain over in Cattlesburg, and the Everybody around here knows Elias play fell off a little. Thirty-three hundred on the day."

"I got a different report," declared Wallingford, looking the man squarely in the eye. "You had to hunt the clouds with a telescope yesterday in Cattlesburg, and the take-in is four or five hundred out of the way. There's

going to be a shakeup around here." Within fifteen minutes it was noised" all over the grounds that old P. T.'s right hand man was with them. and a general tightening up took place. In stern disapproval of everything J. Rufus let Unger lead him about and sheriff! Introduce him as "L. Monckton Sears,"

my friend, Mr. Bogger, wants to ask you a question or two, Mr. Barnes." "I'm not Barnes," declared Wallingford gruffly. "I am his personal rep-resentative and business executive. My name's Sears.

"Unger, I never saw such a dirty lot of uniforms. If I have to sell this circus for Mr. Barnes I want it in decent shape. What are today's profits?" "Over \$1,000," said Unger brighten-

"A thousand!" Wallingford's face was purple with fury. "Unger, I'm going to investigate this thing. If you know what's good for you you let me see you on this lot today!" Wallingford let the unfortunate Un-

"If I ain't intruding. Mr. Sears, let's talk business as man to man. I know the truth about your fix. You have to take \$50,000 for this show today. I'm here with the money." Wallingford glanced incredulously at

Blackle, but he put out his hand deprecatingly.

"I promised to sell it to a friend." "Oh!" Mr. Bogger guiped. He was only stopped for a moment, however.

"No. "Sixty!" Wallingford hesitated.

"Make it sixty-five, spot cash, and we'll go right up to a lawyer's and draw up a bill of sale."

Ellas studied a long time. "Well." he concluded, "I'm satisfied about the money part. I've asked six or seven men around the grounds here, and, though they don't all say the same thing, they've convinced me that there's a fortune in it every day. Come We'll go up to my bank."

Mr. Bogger walked on the grounds of the P. T. Barnes Colossal Aggregation of Tented Wonders as monarch of all he surveyed just as the torches were being lit in the hour before the evening performance. He held his head very He could go in and order an ele high. phant hitched to his buggy if he liked. Just between the main tent and the cook tent "Daredevil Demo" accosted hlm. "They tell me you're the new boss and have the coin. I'm three weeks back, and I want mine." "Well," exclaimed Bogger, "I'll have

to look into this. How much do you get a week?" "Five hundred and fifty dollars," De-

mo calmly told him. Mr. Bogger almost dropped dead on the spot. "A week, did you say?" he gasped.

"A week. 1 get shot out of a cannot to a platform up in the dome, grab a bicycle, ride down a 200 foot chute, jump a forty foot gap and land in a tank of water. Do I get my back pay?"

"I'll see about it." promised Bogger. much troubled, and he started to turn away.

Demo grabbed film by the shoulder and turned him around with one swing. "I get it now!" he declared, "or I'll close up your bloomin' show! I ain't I go on tonight, no show! And if these rubes don't see my act they'll tear down the tent. I'm what brings 'em suit, which you'll probably lose. here!"

The "Treivo Trio of Aerial Acrobats" descended upon Mr. Bogger in a body darkness. It was the voice of the big before Demo had finished with him. Hon tamer husband of a pretty bary They were Swiss and knew but little English, but they very energetically

conveyed to Mr. Bogger the fact that they were three weeks in arrears in a million dollars!" salary and wanted their money. If they didn't get it, no show; also

More came running, bareback riders,

that tent on the dead run, followed by a platoon of chorus ladles, screaming for vengeance. With them was Violet Warden, all doiled up as a lion tamer. It took all of Wallingford's persuasive ness to rescue Ellus. "That was full of women dressing!"

shove me in there for ?" prietor?" inquired J. Rufus in astonish-

"Come over to the big top," invited Blackie. "Fred Bristol's going to try out a new flying trapeze act before the

performance," and he led the way. The main tent was big and high and dim and mysterious, with its one torch lighted. Away up in the dome a tiny trapele swung on long strands, which, from the ground, looked like spider webs. Upon a little shelf, far away, stood a slender, graceful man in pink tights, and from either side of the shelf stretched down long ropes. A man with a coat and trousers of over his

tights hurried up to Bogger and handed him a rope. "Here, pal," he said; "hold this line.

will you?" and he thrust it into Bogger's hands. "Get a good grip on it." The pink clad acrobat upon the high shelf drew the trapeze far across and up to him with a tape. All at once there came a mighty tug at the rope Bogger was holding, and it was jerked

from his clasp. A cry of horror burst from the throats of a score of circus attaches, and down, down through the dusty air of the big tent, with its rows upon rows of dismally empty benches came whirling and sprawling a pink figure! A shrick burst from the pallid lips of Bogger as it thudded upon the ground. The circus men, mostly acrobats, rushed to the spot where the pink

figure lay, concealing it from view. There was a piercing shrick from woman near the entrance. "This way out!" and Wallingford shoved Bogger, running ahead of him.

to an opening and thrust him through. Bogger had run a third of the length of this inclosure before he realized that he was once more in the women's dressing tent, and then the faces of the

furies spurred him on to such speed as his legs had never yielded in his life. There was but one logical end to such blind speed, and that was a stumble.

A little drainage ditch got him and laid him low to listen to the beating of his heart and imagine that trip ham mer noise to be the patter of pursuing

feet. Wallingford and Blackle Daw caught up with him presently, helped him with kind and comforting words, when a sad procession filed out of the main tent. Four men bore a stretcher, upon which was a limp form, covered, by the irony which was a chance, with

one of the broad red ribbons over which bareback riders jump. Quite a number of men with bowed heads followed It down to the railroad siding, where the

circus sleeping cars stood. "It looks bad," said Wallingford; 'very, very bad! I don't know whether so strong for this outfit, anyhow, es- the man is-is dead or not, but in any pecially since a hay's going to try to event you're up against it, Bogger. run it. If I don't get my coin before Fred Bristol is one of the best high trapeze men in the business, and it means a fifty thousand dollar damage

> "Where is he! Where is he!" bellowed a bull-like voice from out of the back rider.

"Circus, circus!" moaned Bogger. " wouldn't be a proprietor of a circus for

"You'll have to be the proprietor." said Wallingford coldly. "It's a legally binding transfer, and you're lucky

if you don't have manslaughter against te gravely. "I carry around a wad of but when the manager begin to ask wagon men, tumblers, trainers, charlot you as well as a damage suit." "Where is hell' again bellows "Where is he!" again bellowed Texa



## Galley o' Fun I

POSTAGE AND PACKING. "When I was a gander-necked youth," pessimisti-reminiscently re-marked the Old Codger, "I had a habit of answering advertisements wherein Wonder Books, Goldess Boxes of Goods, and other rare bar-gains were offered absolutely free; all I had to do was to send a cer-ain number of cents to pay for post-sige and packing. Somehow, when I received my loot, the Golden Boxes didn't glitter enough to injure my eye-jight, the Wonder Books caused me to wonder why anybody wondered at them, the rare bargains were more or POSTAGE AND PACKING. them, the rare bargains were more or less raw, and, of course; the postage

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and packing cost more than goods were worth. THOSE OLD SONGS.



I cannot sing the old songs!" Her voice rang sweetly clear; It filled my heart with happiness, It calmed my every fear. I cannot sing the old songs!" Gadzooks! But that's all right! For these are those she used to sing From early morn till night:

"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" "School Days." "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet." "I've Got Rings On My Fingers." "Garden of Roses." "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."" "I'pi-1-Addy-1-Ay." "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune."

What's the Matter With Father?" 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game,"

She cannot sing the old songs

As in the days of yore— I'm glad of that; I've heard them all Ten thousand times or more. She cannot sing the old songs!

What rare, good luck, by gee! They may be dear to some folks, but They are not dear to mel

TO OUR SUMMER APHRODITE.



fortably in his high collar that it was certain he had not long endured the "Fine day for the circus," he said to Wallingford in a hasty, little high pitched voice, having inspected all the adles in the room. Wallingford, laying back to study left the conversation to "Back in eighty-four, on July 17, to be more exact, we had just such another day for a circus as this, and none since until now," Blackle stated.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Ellas, very much impressed by Blackle's ac curacy. "You must be an old circus man. Is this your circus, maybe?" "Not this one," explained Blackle apologetically, paying no attention to Wallingford's frown; "It belongs to my friend, P. T. Barnes," and he waved his hand survely in the direction of

Wallingford. J. Rufus bowed in re-luctant acknowledgment as one bored to be known of strangers. Mr. Bogger inspected him with becoming awe. "Must be a lot of money in a circus,' suggested Mr. Bogger with a questioning glance at Wallingford. "Money!" said Blackie, with a wide-

ly expressive wave of his hand, and

know-and look at the freaks until we Already the country and village folk were overflowing the grounds, though it lacked an hour or more of opening



"What's his bank roll?" asked Walling ford.

ing while a bundred throats yelled de eisive directions to the officers and to thoughtfulness, Bogger. With a parting cheer from the crowd Mr. Bogger, with a rush and a clutter and a whoop, drove around behind the Booly House to the sta-

"Boom-de-re-a-a-h-daht Room-de-ra a ab-dah?" sang Blackle Daw again, springing to his feet with the ecstasy of a boy. "Gee, how I'd like to be a kid again and see this all for the first Hoorny! Here come twenty of the P. T. Barnes peg drivers disguised as princes."

Tis a great day for Burrylile. chuckled J. Rufus after the passing of old dog. I can see that." the calliops and the local grocery wag-

make so much money," he went on. "that over twenty years ago it was found necessary to form the circus trust, not to make more money, but to keep circuses from taking all the mon ey out of circulation. Now nobody is allowed to start a new circus. There are only twenty-two, large and small, permitted in the United States, and the only way to get one is to buy one." "They must cost a lot," guessed the other man. "Well, no," returned Blackle. "The

"What does he look like?" price is standardized. Circuses run from \$25,000 to \$5,000,000. This one. for instance, is a \$50,000 one, being known in the business as a Class C old fluff!" show, and Mr. Barnes would lay him

self open to severe penalties if he asked more for it." Wallingford looked properly gloomy,

men1.

·\*\*\$40,0001"

shillaber for a fancy grift." He was really so. "There's so much money in the busiure: "wise me."

Blackie hurried off to the cane rack ness that no man is permitted to own a circus longer than ten years," Blackle went on. "Even if he hasn't where he had planted J. Rufus, but just as he neared his partner, and bemade enough to sult him by that time fore he could speak, Wallingford was astonished to see Blackie look back he is compelled to sell out and give some one else a chance."

over his shoulder and start away on a "You dou't say!" exclaimed Ellas. gallop. Ellas Bogger was the explanation. He was talking to Texas Ed, and thoughtfully stroking the whiskers the watchful Fannie was not four peowhich were not there, and he gazed at ple away from him. Blackie quite earnestly for some mo ments. Then he went on with his "That was my fall guy," explained

Blackle, arriving breathless just after Bogger had departed. "What was his "I'd like to buy a circus," said he to line of con?" Blackle after awhile

"Can you furnish Al credentials?" "He's the richest mark that ever asked the price of lemons," laughed big Ed, gazing in wonder after the departdemanded Mr. Daw, with a trace of severity. And now he saw that Waling Borger. "He pointed out that fat. lingford was listening with eager

party over there and wanted to know "Everybody around here knows Ellas if he was Barnes." "Of course you wised him up?" wor-Bogger," returned the other between ried Blackle bltes of ple. "I've got the money, too

that is, to buy a Class C circus. My wife died tast winter, and I sold the "Did I not? I did not!" replied Ed. with infinite scorn. "I told him it was Barnes and that he'd had himself dyed farm. I made a little money on a raila brunette to keep from looking like road deal, too," and his eyes narrowed his own lithographs, so people wouldn't keep trying to buy him out."

"I see," said Blackle, with a glance Blackle grinned in sheer delight and at Wallingford. "What you want is a hurried over to J. Rufus. business that is safe, makes an enor-"I can't believe it yet. Blackie," demous profit and lets you have a lot of clared his partner. "Elins Bogger is fun all at the same time. You're a sly either the prize boob of the universe or else he has me kidded to a standstill "

"Not so very old," quickly protested. "Take it from me, he's the prize lol-

string and fish coppers out of blind shut him with: "How's the salary list? Is it paid

"Same old kidder," declared Ed. up?" "Say, you ought to be with this outfit. "Well, not quite," admitted Unger. Coarsest grift you ever saw. Every-"How far are we behind?" He was

body's in it, from the manager down." erv stern. "Manager, ch? Ed, slip me all the 'Oh, a week or so." The manager into you can. Where's Barnes?" "Old P. T.'s laid up with rheumatic

looked nervously about him as if planning an escape. gout, and so Joe Unger, he's the man-"That means three or four, I supager, has been buying a farm in Con-

"Well, three for a few of 'em."

"I see. Unger, you're a common thief. I haven't made up my mind "Like a tub of pork. Far be it from me to say such, with me so affectionate what I'll do with you yet, but I may toward my salary, but Unger's a fat put you over just for amusement. It altogether depends on how the old man "Thanks, Ed." Blackle threw away

feels after I sell out for him." his cigarette. "Til post my pai right The relief in the face of Unger was away and hurry back. I want you to tremendous. "The old man going to sell?" be asked. "Wise me," husked Ed, with pleas

"Depends on the price," returned Wallingford. "I want a statement of the past week's business and an invoice of the plant in an hour. And, by the way, if the expenses are too high and the receipts too low there'll be no sale, and then I'm likely to make somebody trouble."

"Belleve me," promised Unger fervently, "today's business will show a grand little profit?"

"See that it does," warned Wallingford. "Tell the trensurer what I want and then hurry back to me in the animal tent." And, leaving Unger to alternate hopes and fears, he strode away, hurrying into the menagerie in search of Blackie and Hogger. He found Blackle alone in front of a lion's "Where's Bogger?" cage.

"Bogger," stated Blackle placidly, "I anchored in seat 1, section A, counting the house and estimating the today's profits; and just behind him, never moving her brown eyes from the back of his bead, sits cute little Fannie War-

the lion tamer's bride." When Blackle came with the anxion Bogger, Wallingford was raking Unger over the coals at a great rate.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Blackie, touching Wallingford on the arm,



Bogger Was Holdi

Ed out of the darkness.

"Please, Mr. Sears, please, I beg of you, let me out of this!" pleaded Bogger, with quivers of terror in his voice. "Take back your bill of sale and give me my money. Please!" "And stand this damage suit my-

self?" inquired Wallingford, with scorn. "I should say not. A sale is a sale." Again the voice from the darkness, this time nearer. Bogger jumped. "I'll discount it," he offered, "only get me away from here! I'll give you anything you say!"

"Right outside is a buggy," said Wallingford. "I'll jump you in that and take you to town as soon as we come to terms. I'll take your bill of sale and tear it up and give you \$10,000 and deny that you were the proprietor when you held that rope."

"Ten thousand dollars!" exclaimed Bogger. "Ten thousand dollars! It's

"There's that damage suit," Wallingford reminded him. "You may win it." protested Bogger.

"Give me forty thousand and I'll settle it."

"Here he is!" yelled Wallingford loudly to the angry husband some where in the darkness,

"Don't! For heaven's sake, don't!" Bogger half sobbed. "Here's your bill of sale! Give me the money! Now, where's that buggy ?" In the tent of the departed Manager Unger gathered the tired but happy

onspirators, and, on the little folding table J. Rufus Wallingford threw \$50. There Came a Mighty Tug at the Rope 000 in real money.

"Principal interest and expenses," be adles of the spectacle, all with Ellas declared with satisfaction. bonn In Bogger as their objective point, and all five thousand to pay off Texas Ed and screaming a mad demand for money! the acrobat who dropped the dummy Gazing about him in desperation, the from the trapeze, and our other good new proprietor saw Wallingford standfriends who helped, and I set aside a ing by a big rear tent and rushed toblg chunk for a Sunday treat to the ward him for protection. J. Rufus whole circus, including the animals. comed to know instinctively that Bog-This ten we'll take out for the exger was in growing fear of his life, for penses of the gang, and the forty thousand, ladles, goes to the restitution fund of the estate of the late Mr. War-

"And that crosses off the name, of Ellas Bogger." added Blackle, bending over Violet, who had the little book in her hand.

(Continued next Saturday.)



Men come and go; changes harass; Old ocean rounds his seasons

surge; customs age, and pall, and D335-

Still dost thou cut thine old-time splurge.

Dainty, superb: Venus or elf: Fair, fond or frigid, bold or coy; Through time and fashion's change, thyaclf.

Still dost thou work us prief-and joy.

A dryad laughing in the sea: A mermaid musing on the shore: siren, luring men to thee-Still art thou as thou wert of

yore.

A narrowed skirt, an altered cap, A freer reach of limb and arm, A frill put off or on, mayhap. Still leave thee maid of ruth-and charm.

A siren, Diana, Venus, maid. Temptress and angel, lure and

meed. fail! As thy generations fade Still dost thou bloom to meet out Hail! need.

AIDS TO THE MEMORY. "What's that string tied on your inger, Bilby?" "That? My wife put that there." "To remind you?" "Yes, to remind me to to Bless my soul, what was it to re-mind me of, now? Oh, yes, I know! My wife tied that string on my finger so that if anything worries me I'll remember to forget it!"

THE INDISPENSABLE BOY.

Caller.-How is your new office-boy getting along these days? Lawyer.-O, fine! He's got thing: so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him!

he lifted up the edge of the tent, shoved Ellas through and met the madden-ed moh himself. The smile on Wallingford's joylal face deepened, as presently there came from the interior of that tent a bubbub of shrill cries. A

soment later Mr. Bogger came out

"Where's Vlolet?" "Busy," grinned Blackie. "She is in charge of the most mother-like dames in the circus, being all dolled up like