

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," and CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

The Bang Sun Engine

CHAPTER VII.

DANA T. MORLEY, repeated J. Rufus Wallingford, gazing at Fanny Warden's little notebook. Six names on the list above this had been crossed off. "Flossy name. But does he look the part?"

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

"And that he robbed us of \$70,000," interrupted Violet Warden, her blue eyes turning to Blackie Daw indignantly.

"Not so," chuckled J. 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 scatter 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 gazed and found him sitting disconsolately in the bar and stopped with a frown as he catalogued and cross indexed the prize-hat 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. "Glad 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 steel?"

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 grandly and stopped 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 hesitation. "I think," 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?" "Dana 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 brows knitting, his neck swelling and his face purpling. "Rotten!" he finally exploded. "He's my landlord. He's a mean, stingy, 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."

"That's just the trouble," complained Mr. Bang. "I wanted sunshine on my transformer these two weeks and got it, but it might as well have rained." "Your transformer?" questioned Wallingford, with polite interest. "A sun motor," replied Mr. Bang, introducing somewhat shyly the subject nearest his heart. "I have been working on it five years. I mortgaged my place to perfect it, secure patents, make a working model and come on here to interest capital."

"By the time you get back to Cinderburg," said Wallingford impressively when they left the hotel after a long, earnest talk, "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 bundled 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 near an imitation of his own prosperous looking, up to date clothing possible to obtain. Next he drove to the Bullion.

"Now," he said to Mr. Bang, "I'm going to telephone some people. In the meantime I want you to go into the barber shop, get a shave, a hair cut, a shave, a shampoo, a massage and a shine and get manicured. Have them all working on you at once. Join me on the roof."

As one in a daze Mr. Bang obeyed instructions. When at the end of an hour he ascended to the roof of the Bullion he found there the resplendent Mr. Wallingford in the midst of a group of keen eyed and laughing young men. Some of them were smoking Mr. Wallingford's big black cigars, and others were smoking monogrammed cigarettes from his diamond studded case. A small serving table stood near them upon which were several partly filled champagne glasses.

"You see, gentlemen," Wallingford was saying, "with you holding this engine free of the roof there can be no possible connection with outside sources of electricity unless it should come up through your feet, and I think that any current of electricity having the nerve to pass through this bunch would be frazzled to the limpness of spaghetti by the time it got to where its ticket was punched for. By the way, gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Bang."

Instantly the four men who were holding the Bang sun engine deposited it upon the roof and with one accord surrounded the refurbished Mr. Bang. Where did Mr. Bang live, and how long had he worked upon his invention? And how did he first get the idea? And what was the size of Cinderburg? And what would be the price of sun engines per horsepower delivered in New York? And how soon might we expect to run ocean liners with it? And would it be possible to build self current Marconi towers out of these sun engines?

Cinderburg had bidden goodby to Ed Bang in a spirit of more or less contemptuous tolerance. He was a good, honest, steady young workman, but it was a pity he had gone daffy on patent rights, to the neglect of his job and his family! Cinderburg received Mr. Edson Morse Bang with awe as a hero home from glorious victory, for Cinderburg boasted two morning and three afternoon papers, and the night before all those papers had been feverishly asked by wire for details concerning the life and work and personal characteristics and habits and family antecedents of the illustrious inventor, who had just disposed of his wonderful sun engine to the eminent financier and capitalist, J. Rufus Wallingford.

In another day the New York papers arrived. The New York papers had not cared two whoops about the accuracy of Mr. Wallingford's statements nor the worth of Mr. Bang's invention, but they had seen a sensational "story" and had "played it up" for all it was worth. Mr. Bang had developed a sun engine which was to make the world over from pole to pole. It was to fight and beat the earth, furnish its power and transportation and provide the medium for communication with Mars.

Was Mr. Bang benefited by this? He was. Already, even before he knew it, he had all the privileges and perquisites of a rich man. Prominent people who had never before seemed to know that Mr. Bang existed suddenly remembered him. His boss, old Pete Scallops, the proprietor of the Cinderburg Enreka Auto Motor Washing Machine company, met him and shook hands with him right on Main street in front of the Commercial bank.

or something of the kind, but if you've got any work to do right away there is a corner of my factory you're free to use and welcome, Eddie."

Eddie! The millenium had suddenly come. Mr. Bang accepted the offer with thanks and with joy. Mr. Bang called upon Mr. Paulson, he of the red cheekbones and the habitual marble eye, the latter characteristic having been always in evidence to compel cash on the nail for wire.

"Hello, Mr. Bang!" said Mr. Paulson, immediately coming from behind his desk and rubbing his hands together. "I suppose we'll have great activity in the sun motor construction line about now."

"A little," admitted Mr. Bang, searching in vain in Mr. Paulson's countenance for the erstwhile marble eye and finding there instead a friendly and beaming orb.

"I thought so," said Paulson, "and to show you that we have just as much enterprise in Cinderburg as in your



"You see, gentlemen," Wallingford was saying.

New York I placed a large order for material the minute the papers told us of your success. It should be here by tomorrow."

"That's good," said Mr. Bang. 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 tonight 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 Scallops elicited 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 table 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 power.

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 capital.

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 instructed and held in Cinderburg, making this beautiful little city one of the most important commercial centers in the middle west!

Wild applause. Was there 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.

A magnificent suit of offices was equipped in Cinderburg's most recent and most imposing skyscraper. In the meantime Wallingford set Mr. Bang at work upon some minute models of the wonderful Bang sun engine, not over a foot in length and six inches in width and two inches in depth, neat and beautifully gilded, and these supported the thinnest imaginable of buzzers—mere shreds of tongues which alternated between tiny electric magnets—and after these had been set in the sun for a sharp, small, high note, like an infant cricket's, which spoke volumes for the wonders that the big machines could accomplish.

Then Mr. Wallingford went to Mr. Morley at the Commercial bank and exposed the full breadth of his chest and shoulders, the full pinkness of his round face, the full radiance of his confident smile.

"Morley," said he in the pleasant tone of one requesting a match from a boon companion, "I want to borrow a checking account of \$5,000."

"Glad to accommodate you," said Mr. Morley, his gray face wreathing in an unctuous smile.

"Well," said Wallingford, smiling, "I guess I'll offer you some International Bang Sun Engine stock."

Mr. Morley shook his head and viewed Mr. Wallingford in kindly reproof. "While that stock is undoubtedly of high worth, it isn't collateral, Mr. Wallingford. It represents at present no tangible value and, in fact, is not even indexed by an operating concern."

"Oh, I see," said Wallingford, smiling. "No; I don't believe you do," returned Mr. Morley, complimenting himself internally for being a devil of a sly fellow and an ingenious one. "Even I personally would not care to loan money upon the security."

Mr. Wallingford's face apparently fell. In reality he heaved an inward sigh of satisfaction. "You would not?" he inquired in a crestfallen tone.

"No," insisted Mr. Morley, and then he smiled generously and placed his hand in friendly confidence upon Mr. Wallingford's knee. "I might, however, consider the purchase outright of a block of it if the price were made attractive."

"The International stock is not for sale," said Mr. Wallingford stiffly and arose.

"Now, look here, Wallingford," protested Morley, "sit down. Of course I know you've made your money by looking out for the main chance. I understand that you hold personally only five shares of stock each in the local company and in the manufacturing company, but you hold almost 5,000 shares of stock in the parent company, which will hold 61 per cent of the stock in every other branch company ever formed, which will in addition collect a cash license premium from all other branch companies and take a dollar royalty for every sun engine unit manufactured during the life of your overlapping patents, which means indefinitely. Your parent company, Mr. Wallingford, is a great scheme for making Standard Oil look like a small retail concern. But in the meantime the Commercial bank will be in a position to do a great many favors for all three of your companies. For instance, you say the International has no treasury stock for sale."

"No," Wallingford assented. "Then when it gets ready to extend its business it will need funds."

"Not at all," denied Wallingford. "The premiums it receives for the establishment of new local branches will carry on all its necessary expenses. Later on patent litigation may take quite a bit, but that cannot come before receipts begin to pour in. You may not know that 10 per cent of International's receipts from all sources is to go into a sinking fund for patents and patent litigation alone."

"Correct," said Morley, nodding his head in decided approval. "That shows your shrewd wisdom, the far-sighted business principles, Mr. Wallingford, which have made you what you are and which have inspired the confidence of business men in you, and he looked anew at Mr. Wallingford's well fed, well irrigated and well groomed bulk. "I will buy some of that stock right now, Mr. Wallingford. Five thousand dollars' worth."

"You will not!" decided the great capitalist angrily and stalked out, refusing to turn at Morley's urgent call. Morley followed him to the entrance to the bank.

was an absolute and perfect picture of constantly inflowing streams of money—real, spendable money.

Into this hive of golden activity came, with a quick, nervous step, an extremely ministerially garbed man, tall and slender, his eyes and hair as black as his Prince Albert and as shiny as his silk hat. This gentleman, refusing to send in his name, pushed breezily into the inner sanctum and stepped J. Rufus on the broad back. "You're pinched for loitering in a graverard," he announced.

"Hello, Blackie!" exclaimed Wallingford, clasping the hand of the visitor.

"Ready for the grand tableau," said Wallingford, closing his eyes to chuckle. "You're the red fire."

"All right," said Blackie, "touch a match to me."

"I'll do that on the way down to the train," returned J. Rufus. "The girls are coming."

"That's why I'm here ahead of time," grinned Blackie. The chauffeur was not visible when they reached the sidewalk, and after honking the horn a few times, Wallingford and Blackie climbed into the tonneau.

"How's the game, J. Rufus?" asked Daw. "Good, I guess, from the front you put up. Any time I see too much padded leather in a new office I shift my wand to an inside pocket and button my vest."

"This town swallows 'em without plucking back the wings," declared J. Rufus with enthusiasm. "It is composed of the direct descendants of the Jonah that swallowed the whale."

"They sure did need you, then," responded Blackie with conviction. "In that particular line you're the greatest throat specialist on earth. I've seen you make people swallow a line of bunk that would gag a hippopotamus."

Further intimate conversation was stopped by the appearance of the chauffeur, who came within a nearby swinging door, hastily wiping his mustache.

When the 10:30 came thundering in a few moments later the two knights of industry hurried back to the Pullman, from which there emerged the two beautiful Warden girls in exquisite traveling suits, Fanny in brown and Violet in blue. Aunt Pattie in gray came last, with a face full of concern.

There was no hilarious greeting, however. The Warden ladies were demurely courteous to Mr. Wallingford, who introduced himself, and they suppressed the dance in their eyes as Wallingford in the sight of such Cinderburgians as were there assembled gravely introduced the Boston millionaire. Then the five climbed into the auto, and the chauffeur, his ears reddening from their intent listening, drove up Main street, past the Commercial bank, to the offices of Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Bang and went over immediately to tell Dana T. Morley's chauffeur that these were the same New York women who had bought the options and that they had come to sell the Sun Engine company some land and that there was a millionaire here that wanted to buy the privilege of lighting and heating and furnishing power to Boston with Bang-Sun engines and that his (the

chauffeur's head was so full of patent company talk that he didn't dare take another drink or he'd be too dizzy to drive.

A man so bald that a nearsighted porter had once mistaken him for an arc lamp came into the Commercial just at the close of business and presented a check drawn by Mr. Daw on the Guarantee and Fidelity of New York. The check was made out to W. O. Jones, was for \$100 and bore the indorsement of J. Rufus Wallingford.

"This guy Daw says he ain't got any account here," explained Mr. Jones, "but I guess this guy Wallingford's all right."

so much money that if he drops any he kicks it out of the road. Say, you get that guy Daw picked and he'll tell his past, present and future. Say, him and this guy Wallingford are as chummy as a pair of apes. Say, split one of those bills, will you, so I can get two-thirty-five out of it."

Mr. Morley was thoughtful for a long half hour after Mr. Jones had left him, then he walked slowly out of the side door of the bank and went over to Wallingford's hotel. In the bar he walked slowly over to Mr. Wallingford and received an introduction to Mr. Daw and greeted that Boston millionaire with great effusiveness, and invited him to dinner, and hastily declined an invitation to a drink.

He was not a drinking man, Dana T. Morley; he was a teetotaler, but on his way home he bought some whisky and hid it from his wife, who was more of



"The check is perfectly good," he observed.

a teetotaler than he. When the Boston millionaire came Mr. Morley dragged him into the library and produced the whisky and poured two tumblers and emptied his drink into a tall vase when Mr. Daw was not looking. Mr. Daw took one sip and choked and emptied his drink in the vase when Mr. Morley was not looking. Between them they emptied two bottles in this fashion, and both men were very drunk—that is, to the outward eye. Then Mr. Morley leaned fobbily on the arm of Mr. Daw's chair and said:

"Is there no way, friend Daw, in which a man with money to invest could secure some of that parent company stock?"

Blackie Daw grinned loosely. He cast an unstable eye at the ceiling and winked his profound wisdom. He snickered, and he smacked Mr. Morley a resounding smack on the top of his head—a resounding smack with his open palm.

"Recher life," he mumbled thickly, and he winked again. "Gonna buy it myself. Another prodigious wink. "The Warden girls took parent company stock for their land. But they wanted cash." Another wink. "See?" Another wink. "I'm gonna buy it myself."

Laughing hilariously at this good joke, Blackie Daw rose and wandered out into the night air. Morley grabbed his hat. At the library door he met Mrs. Morley, whose nose went straight up.

"Dana," she shrieked, "what is this smell?" "Whisky!" he snapped, and dashed out of the front door.

He was on the dead run when he overtook and passed Blackie Daw, and he was out of breath when he sent up his card to the Warden ladies at their hotel. When he came down he had that stock in the parent company!

"Fine work!" chuckled J. Rufus Wallingford as Fanny Warden vigorously crossed the name of Dana T. Morley from the little book.

"It was the Boston millionaire who did the trick," exclaimed Blackie. "Yes, it was," admitted Wallingford, considering the matter from a scientific standpoint. "Without that Morley wouldn't have bought as much as \$70,000 worth."

"He wanted \$100,000 worth," suggested Aunt Pattie thoughtfully. "But I wouldn't have sold him more than the amount he owes the Warden estate even if we had had it."

"We'll instruct Ed Bang to come back and sell him the other \$200,000 worth," laughed Wallingford. "Then Ed can experiment the rest of his life by George!" He suddenly frowned. "We forgot to sting him for the expense fund!"

RUB RHEUMATISM PAIN FROM SORE, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Away With Small Trial Bottle of Old, Penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil"

What's Rheumatism? Pain only. Stop rubbing! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless rheumatism and sciatica balm, which never disappears and can't burn the skin. Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle from your drug gist, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic and sciatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. Old, honest "St. Jacob's Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains and swellings.

THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL I blame no heart, no love, no fate And I have nothing to forgive; I wish for naught, repent for naught, I'd like to naught but to live. The desolation of the soul Is what I feel. A sense of loss that leaves death But little to reveal. For death is nothing but the thought Of something being again sought.

YOU NEED to aid nature occasionally when your liver is sluggish, your stomach disordered or your bowels inactive. Let this safe, mild, dependable remedy regulate these organs and put them in a sound and healthy condition.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

DR. STONE'S Drug Store

The only cash drug store in Oregon, owes no one, and carries the largest stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, toilet articles. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine and has had many years of experience in the practice. Consultations are free. Prescriptions are free and only regular price for medicine. Dr. Stone can be found at his drug store, Salem, Ore., from 9:40 in the morning until 8 at night. Free delivery to all parts of the city and within a radius of 100 miles.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Guggulu, Colony or Iodine, and are RELIABLE in MIDDY. 24 Hours the same cures without insurance. Sold by all druggists.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills are the only Diamond Brand Pills in the world. Take no other. Buy only the DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, in 25-cent packages. A Free Book, "How to Live," is sent to all who order a box of these pills.

NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of Rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pain in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these ailments. She will let her duty to you rest on all sufferers FREE. You are guaranteed at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood and brightens the eyes, giving electricity any time to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8, Notre Dame, Ind.

***** STENOGRAPHERS ***** Why Not Use ***** Columba QUALITY Carbon? ***** Made in Oregon ***** 100 Copies Guaranteed from ***** Each Sheet ***** Columba Carbon Paper Mfg. Co. ***** 33rd & Broadway, Portland, Ore. *****