

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

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Apples and Egg Beaters

It is well known that an egg can not see by daylight, observed Blackie Daw, with the crown of earnest logic on his brow, and Jim Wallingford, smiling cordially, looked from Blackie to the tall young stranger and waited. "Very well, then," went on Blackie, "you approach your egg from the left hand side, walking cautiously. Reaching out suddenly, you clutch your egg just behind the ribs and whip it into a light froth with one of Pushman's egg whiffers. This is Pushman."



"Happy to meet you, Mr. Pushman," laughed Wallingford, shaking hands heartily. "I never can tell quite what this idiot means, but I judge that you are in the egg beating business." "Kitchen novelties," agreed the young man, accepting Wallingford's best chair. He was a smooth shaven chap with a clear eye and a pleasant smile, and he wore the clothing of a prosperous young business man, combined with a look of care between the eyebrows. "Mr. Daw is an old, old friend of mine. I met him for the first time in the hotel bar downstairs half an hour ago, and he insisted that you would like to give me some business advice."

The big, round pink face of J. Rufus Wallingford weathered itself in a jovial smile. "I honestly believe you'd sting Slookum," he guessed. Young Pushman folded his arms on the table. "How?" "You're not incorporated?" "No." "That's the answer; we'll incorporate."

"Old G. W. skinned some friends of ours," explained Wallingford briefly. "Ever hear of President Warden of the Western Consolidated Railroad system?" inquired Blackie, straddling a chair. "Well, when Warden died his business rival, E. B. Pills, who never had a chance to beat Warden at any game, robbed his orphans. George Washington Slookum was one of the plier fools who helped in the manipulation by telling a few lies. His share was—"

"Just a minute," chuckled J. Rufus, touching a button. "Mr. Pushman may as well meet the Warden orphans. We'll probably make them his office assistants anyhow. Their part most likely will be to give away office orders."

"Put back those walnuts!" ordered Andy. "We don't have to put on back, immediately announced Toad. Jimmy had not a word to say. He stood quietly listening to Toad, with a little half smile. "They're our walnuts."



Look at me; look at my friend, Mr. Daw.

after his position near the checker board. "We didn't do anything out of old Slookum's," went on Toad. He had been interrupted some twenty times at this point of his explanation, but he was capable of going on twenty times more, until he should be able in mere justice to testify in his own behalf. "These walnuts were ripe, and they were right near the road, and I wouldn't have hurt old Slookum to let us pick up a few of them. And we didn't know they were his anyway."

"What warning was just in time, for Slookum had been about to lay hands on them. He knew that law of trespassing quite well, however. The white dog knew it too. He leaped and jerked and barked inside the fence and ran up and down in frantic impatience, but he made no move to come into the road. Andy leaned on the fence just behind the boys. He was a pickled faced man, with an indiscriminate sort of yellow moustache.

"What did you say?" cracked Slookum in astonishment. "You must give us back our walnuts," repeated Jimmy firmly. "We can have you arrested for highway robbery."



Wallingford Proceeded to Show Toad an Algebraic Problem.

laughter, charged on the walnut tree with irresistible enthusiasm. Clubs and stones flew up among the branches like a bombardment from a gatling battery. The tallest belloy paused for just a moment to "paste" the hired hand in the eye with a well seasoned fist. It was the same eye which Toad Jessup had greeted with a hard, green walnut.

went into the hair-shirt room, and the stranger proved to be none other than Horace G. Daw, who, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his black Prince Albert, was staring dismally across the room.

"What about it?" he asked, rubbing his chin-like hands over each other as if he were trying to wring an idea from them. "Listen!" Blackie Daw stopped and held one hand aloft. "I wish to purchase those notes."

"How much money would that take?" "Fifty-one thousand dollars or more," Blackie's reply was prompt and sharp. "The company's incorporated for a hundred thousand, and Pushman has the sale of the stock. They're snapping it up like hot cakes around town today because the company in my suit against them showed a profit even on \$100,000 capitalization of over 150 per cent a year."

"The office of the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company was a revelation when the cautious G. W. Slookum paid that thriving establishment a visit. Express wagons were being loaded high with cases of egg beaters. There was a fresh coat of paint on the front, and at the windows were lace curtains and new shades with tassels. Slookum saw all this from across the street, looking nonchalantly in the shade of the hallway of a family saloon; watched it patiently until he saw J. Rufus Wallingford and young Pushman go out for lunch. Then Mr. Slookum hurried over and entered the office. New desks, new chairs, new railings; at a high desk, keeping the books, a handsome blue eyed young lady and at the typewriter, working industriously from the moment he had started to cross the street, a handsome brown eyed young lady. On the desk of the blue eyed one a tall vase of chrysanthemums and immediately adjoining her another tall desk labeled "Mr. Pushman." Near the typewriter was a large desk labeled "Mr. Wallingford," and on her table was a bowl of sweetheart roses.

for a moment, then turned to Fanny with a troubled brow. "Do you suppose it would be all right, Fanny?" she inquired, suppressing the triumphant sparkle in her eyes.



He Presented the Peppermints to Fanny.

packages of money and toss them on the table. Wallingford, his big pink face wreathed in smiles, leaned his arms on the table. "No stock left," he murmured. "Not a share! Old Slookum couldn't get down to me quick enough to beat Blackie Daw to it, and he took the rest of the fifty-two I'd held back for him Wallingford, I tried two years to bring this business to a point where I could unload it on my fellow townsmen, but I'm an amateur as yet. It took that lawsuit and old Slookum's moving into the looks to put those eggs' shipments beyond question." He pushed the money over to J. Rufus for distribution, then he laughed reminiscently. "Old Slookum was the cautious party. Yes, today morning he telegraphed your man Pollet and asked if the egg beater market still looked good."

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