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

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

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Com-pany. All Foreign Rights Reserved. 4-----

****** Lord Southpaugh ****

HE woman in the next room screamed again. Blackle Daw winced in sympathy; Wall Bugford grinned; the gray mustached man in the corner sat in patient misery, as he had from the first, and held his awellen Jaw.

"I don't think it burts as much as ! did, Jim," decided Blackle, looking up with a hopeful smile. "Stop me, tuink I want to go home."

"Stay right where you are and have it out," chuckled Walfingford. "You brought me along to keep you here and I'll do it if I have to sit on you." He east a sidelong glance at the mar in the corner.

'You won't If I say not!" indignant ly awore Biackle as his riotous tooth gave his nerves another thrust.

The woman in the operating roo emitted a final yelp, which made Btackle grip the arms of his chair and groan because he had thought lessly gritted his teeth.

For that you get another dose, relented Wallingford, aggravatingly cheerful, and, producing a beautiful ly mounted pocket flask, he pource Biackie a generous drink.

The quiet man in the corner exhibit ed his first sign of human intelligence as his pain dulled eyes followed that interesting process.

"Have a little relief?" offered Wal lingford, who was an habitual good Samaritan with liquor.

"I don't drink, thank you," repliethe man, talking cornerwise and smill ing with one side of his mouth. 'Lucky man!' envied Blackle. "Nov

It'll do you good." "But I'll take one this time," add ed the stranger, eying the bottle deter

The dentist, who had tried to con ceal his necessarily cruel countenance with a pink mustache, hurried out to the water cooler with a glass upor which was a bright red spot, and ev

erybody grew solemn. "Hello, Bessmer! How's Oak Cen ter?" the dentist greeted the stranger "Which of you is next?" And bruta speculation kindled his eye as he look ed them over.

"I'm it, I guess," acknowledged Blackle, cornered, "Give me another

deink, Jim, quick!" "I'll be ready for you in a couple of



said the dentist to Blackie.

minutes," the dentist cheerfully as sured him and walked into the operating room, humming a care free little

I distike that man," commented Blackle. "He has an unkind face." A woman wearing a heavy vell and currying a much crumpled handker chief came through the waiting room, followed by the dentist, who rubbed his hands together in pleasant anticipution as he bowed to Blackle. There was an unmistakable gleam of ferocity in his eves. "You may come with me now," he re-

marked softly. Hackle arose and followed with much

eareless bravery. "That's excellent whisky," compli-

mented Mr. Bessmer, beginning to reallie the afteriaste of it. Efficen years old," replied Wallingford, offering him more, which he de-

you know El Spooger?

"He's a stockholder in my company." A discontented shrug with this. "I see." Wallingford smiled. "Is Oak Center a pretty fair business

town?" "For some lines," stated Bessmer with distinct and quite visible inward eservations. "It's really a farming own and very rich, but it gives slight opport to manufacturing."

nessed Wallingford. "I am in a small way," acknowl dged the other, still frowning. save a malleable iron foundry and

"You must be a manufacturer,"

inve secured capacity business on a process of my own." "Capacity is good enough." "The trouble is with the size of the

apacity," explained Bessmer, with a "When a shaky business can't bor ow money it sells stock," observed

Vallingford, with a wisdom born of nuch experience. "You are incor porated?" "Two hundred and fifty thousand

ve \$125,000 worth of stock in the reasury. The \$25,000 I sold of the ther half went at 50 per cent." "I suppose you'd be willing to clean

ut the treasury shares for your \$50. 00," suggested Wallingford. The man jumped at that, "Show me

ow!" he begged. "You're shattefully honest," mused Wallingford, studying him in minute

letail. "I hope so," returned Bessmer sin

"I'll go to Oak Center and look a our plant," promised Wallingford I have \$50,000 which hasn't done r seful thing except come to me since was printed."

Blackle Daw returned from the op rating room with the dentist. "The girls were correct in their sug

cestion," said Wallingford as soon as hey were alone, and he produced a etter from his pocket. "This is the est report they have made of any

"They're crackerjacks, especially Violet." And Blackle, blowing a kiss at the celling in honor of pretty Vio et Warden, took the letter. It was n Violet's handwriting, and Blackie olew another kiss at the letter as he ead, "Mr. Bessmer will be in River City today to see his dentist, Mr Prang. Mr. Bessmer's business is the only unprofitable concern in which Mr. Spooger has an interest, so we believe that you might find this the best approach to the \$60,000 of which Mr. Spooger robbed us on the death of our father."

When Bessmer returned from the dentist Wallingford declared that he would ride over to Oak Center with him on the 2:40 train to talk over the purchase of stock.

. . . . Mr. Bessmer, much relieved as to aw and with renewed hope as to justness, took a seat in the parlo car of the 2:40 train, correctly gaug ing that the resplendent Wallingford would ride there or nowhere. The train waited its appointed four min utes, its bell clanged, its whistle toot ed, its smoke puffed, and it pulled out and still no Wallingford!

"Well, Mr. Bessmer, how's the law?' inquired a cheerful voice at his elbow, and, looking up, he found Blackie Daw, laden with a suit case a hatbox, an Oxford and a saxophon-

"Haven't any, so far as the feeling is converned," responded Bessemer his heart jumping with the suddet memory that Blackle Daw was in the same line of business as the man who

cetting on the train. "You were looking for Jim Wal lingford; that's the reason," laughed Blackie, stowing grips in every avail able corner and sitting down like a real sport, with no regard whatever for the talls of his Prince Albert. "1 ide tracked blm."

Mr. Bessmer contracted his brows and turned on Blackle a glance of dis approval. "That was not fair to either Mr. Wallingford or myself," he charged.

"It's all in the game," declared Blackle lightly. "I saw he had a business opportunity with you, so I had a phoney telegram delivered to bim and sent him on a wild goose chase; then I made your dentist tell me all about the Bessmer Malleable Process com pany, and here I am!" Mr. Besamer could not see the loke.

Mr. Wallingford might have purchased my stock," he protested. "So might I," Blackie consoled him

'On the other hand, Mr. Wallingford mucht not have purchased it and I may Tell me the news.

Blackle, studying him interestedly while he talked, admired the shrewd less of Wallingford, who insisted that desamer was entirely too bonest to be intrusted with the details of even a 'square" scheme for his own benefit.

J. Rufus Wallingford paused opposite the corner of the Bessmer Mal comprehensive estimate of it. It was more or less toy plant, but radiated be impression of extreme business,

With a nod of satisfaction Walling ford walked into the office, where Mr Beasmer, with gray filings on his hat and his hair and mustache and even clinging to his eyebrows, was bent over a much soiled building plan. Two other men, who had clay on their boots and mortar on their clothes, were lean ing their elbows on the once neat draw ing and figuring on its margin with posty blue pencils.

"I'm in no hurry, Mr. Bessmer," said Wallingford cheerily, "When you're not so busy I'll take up with you the matter of the purchase of that stock." Mr. Bessmer seemed somewhat em barrassed. "I'm very sorry to say you're elined. "Kentucky friend of mine too late," he returned, his conscience keeps me supplied. Onk Centur. Do smitting him that he had helped to trick |

his friendly big stranger out of a pos ibly profitable deal.

"You don't mean to say you've sold til protested Wallingford, In spite of his compunction, a gleam

satisfaction lit Mr. Bessmer's eyes. "Well," he said apologetically, "the pot cash was offered me, and now 'm building my extensions." "I bet I know who bought it," de lared Wallingford, with a trace of an

"Your friend, Mr. Daw," admitted that he played a rather questionable rick on you and that I made myself a

"I can't blame you," pardoned Walingford, hurt, but generous, "Does He needs the money." Mr. Daw now own all your surplus stock?"

"Every share of it."

arty to it."

"Where would I find Mr. Daw?" ning castings at one of the emery wheels to see the sparks or riding on he warehouse elevator. Shall I send | share-and winning. for him?"

"No, thanks," replied Wallingford, with careful gravity. "If you don't



"I'll take those fifty shares at par," M Spooger slowly observed.

mind my going through your factory mattended I'll hunt him up."

Wallingford found Blackle in over ills, the idol of the workingmen. He had been made assistant manager of the plant.

On his way out Wallingford stoppe! plans for the glorious extensions. "I've dreamed of this for ten years,"

stated Bessmer happily. "Did you se cure any stock?" "Not a share," answered Walling ford, much disappointed, "Mr. Daw

"I sympathize with you," announced the jubliant Bessmer. "The local pa pers are full of the extensions we're making. I believe we have Oak Cenreal money by and by."

I don't mind confessing now that I wished to buy it for another corpora

mortar decorated contractors looked times a hundred and twenty-five?" up at him with sharp attention. The monopoly, ch? . . .

of the village and might bet as high which had reposed just before his eyes. Wears a gray puff tie on Sundays and the other two on weekdays. timost real devillsh. Ten shores." Armed with that description, Walingford had no trouble in picking out

Petey in Wilks' shoe emporium, "I believe this is Mr. Wilks," guess bresser and had his trousers pressed. "That's what they're talking around." assented young Mr. Wilks, who was

trong on repartee. "I understand you have some stockin the Bessmer Mulleable Process com | any one who would sell to me, pany."

"Somebody's been telling," was the glib retort.

"Would you care to sell It?"

Petey Willis had the chin of an idiot and the smile of a fool, but he had the yes of a miser, "Don't reckon I want to sell it," he instantly returned. "The apers are full of how Will Bessme making all sorts of improvements."

"You paid \$50 a share for your tock," stated Wallingford, respecting Percy's shrewdness. "I'm willing to say that it's worth a little more. My irm will pay you \$60."

The eyes of Petey narrowed still "Who is your firm?" he asked "The United States Malleable Mer-

ger company," announced Wallingford. creating that mighty corporation with no effort whatsoever; "but, after all on're not dealing with them; you're lealing with spot cash," and he dis dayed a big red pocketbook so bulged with important bills that the circulaion of little Petcy's one pint of blood increased to a white. Nevertheless, he teered perfectly straight.

"Do you see anything green?" be de nanded, laughing scornfully and pull ing down the lower lid of his right ye. "I know what it means when a conopoly's after anything. You'll have o pay me \$75 a share."

"It's bought," accepted Wallingford. and counted our four bills, a five hun ired, two one-hundreds and a fifty so compily that it looked like the throw off of a printing press, "Where is your

Petey, whose spiderlike legs later

fered with each other when he was in firmly, and lit a cigarette. "At that Mr. Daw perted. a hurry, single footed back to the safe, I'll only sell you fifty shares. I underproduced his certificate, assigned it to stand that Jim Wallingford's buying Wallingford and took the pay without he waste of a single avoidable motion. "Anyhow," he exulted as he clamped

the money carefully in his fingers, "I make 50 per cent on an investment I hought was dead. I had it five years, and that's 10 per cent a year." "That's good business," approved Wallingford, "I wonder where I could

get some more of this? I understand lessmer, flushing slightly. "I'm afraid that Mr. B. F. Croats has a ten share certificate. Do you suppose he would sell it?" "Binky Croats?" smiled Peter. "Bin

ky would sell his girl's photograph. "Thanks for the information," re

plied Wallingford and left the store. After this Wallingford went home vell satisfied with his day's work, but Bessmer studenty laughed. "He is he had not finished it, for just before your stock and think it over." probably out oiling the engine or trim- dinner Petey Wilks came to him and jubilantly sold him Blinky Croats' stock, battling desperately for \$85 a

own was whispering that Bessmer stock was as valuable as diamonds.

Eli Spooger looked at Wallingford with a benevolent smile and rubbed his bony old knees very, very gently. 'Yes, I am Mr. Spooger," he acknowledged to Wallingford's query, and his such was the case. roice was full of human kindness, "and you are Mr. Wallingford, I am

Wallingford smiled with fully as much benevolence as Mr. Spooger had exhibited. "I seem to have been acceased to study Mr. Spooger with any degree of curiosity.

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Spooger. control in a local concern for the benefit of a trust is sure to be much discussed.

"It's the sad truth," admitted Wallingford, very visibly annoyed by the and rubbed his bands over and over "The public works a double swivel spotlight on any one connected with a big concern such as I am supposed to represent. Personally I shrink from publicity, but since I can't what fully answered. do you want for the Bessmer stock?"

"We are coming on," approved Mr. Spooger, much gratified. He had been eager as to be almost impatient. "I have ten shares of my own and twenty-five shares which I yesterday accepted from clients of mine to apply on mortgage payments which were in arrears.

"Thirty-five shares," figured Wallingford in a disappointed tone. "Is that

"That is all for the present," regretat Bessmer's invitation to inspect the tully admitted Mr. Spooger. "The price will be a hundred and twenty-five." "Murderl" exclaimed Wallingford,

pleased and yet shocked that his plans had worked so extremely well. "Why, you are trying to take advantage of what you consider to be my necessity." "Tut, tut!" chided Mr. Spooger, with angelle forgiveness of that harsh charge. "You offered my friend Put-

man as high as a hundred and ten. And young Mr. Martin, who was auxter awakened at last to manufacturing lous to buy my stock to sell to you at possibilities. This stock will be worth a profit, offered me a hundred and five. The price, Mr. Wallingford, is a hun-"I believe it," admitted Wallingford | dred and twenty-five. At that quotation I am really conferring a benefit upon you."

"I appreciate it," concluded Walling-Not only Mr. Bessmer, but the two ford dryly. "How much is thirty-five

"Four thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars," replied Mr. Spogger promptly, glancing at some figures "Petey Wilks." read Wallingford on his desk. "Here is the stock." And from Blackie's list, "the leading sport he drew forward the neat little pile Wallingford opened his obese pocketbook, and the mild eyes of Mr. Spoo-Proprietor of father's shoe store and ger took on the passing expression of twin needles.

"Of course they will not sell stock to you at the factory," he conjectured. watching hungrily as Wallingford counted out the money and noticing ed the stock speculator pleasantly, thirstily that the subtruction of this noting that Petey was a "particular amount made scarcely any impression upon the sum total,

"Not a share," laughed Wallingford. "They know who I am and what I want. Moreover, I don't Imagine the new assistant manager would sell to

"At the present moment," added Mr. Wallingford, with a trace of vindictiveness, "there is nothing I desire so much as to have every share of the Bessmer stock taken away from Mr.

Blackle Daw, who had in perfection what is known as the healer's touch was extracting with a huge magnet an iron filing from the eye of a fellow workman when Eli Spooger called, and he positively refused to talk business In the emergency hopital, "You might enable me to increase

my little investment in this establishment-that is, if you made the price of the stock low enough," said Mr. Spooger, with the air of one conferring a favor after Blackle had finished his hierests of Mr. Bessmer, but in the operation.

"I haven't much to sell," Blackle told him, looking decidedly uncomfortable. "I couldn't possibly let go of enough to weaken Mr. Bessmer's control of the company."

Mr. Spooger was shocked that he should even conceive such an idea. "No one, I am sure, would wish to injure Mr. Bessmer, who is a very bonest, hard working business man. He has the respect and even affection of the entire community, including myself. If you chose to sell any of the stock how much would you want for it?" "Par," announced Blackie affably,

"My dear young man!" expostulated Mr. Spooger in stern but kindly tones. The stock has never been worth more than 50 per cent, and I'll guarantee that you paid even less than that

"Par," repeated Blackie gently, but | lectively, \$131,500 dollars in genuine

up this stock, and I wouldn't run the | quired how soon they would put packrisk of much of it falling into his ages in a car headed for New York. bands. He'd put my friend Bessmer right out of his own shop and turn it ever to the trust."

"I'll take those fifty shares at par," Mr. Spooger slowly observed after thinking a long, long time. "If I were you I would not say anything to Mr. Bessmer about it just now, Suppose I ome over tonight and see you at your

Mr. Spooger was busy writing him out a check. "Here is \$5,000 for your fifty shares," he stated, holding it with both hands for impressiveness. "Just articles of inner comfort, filled the think how little those fifty shares cost you and how much profit I am giving you! Multiply that by the balance of

Mr. Spooger returned to Walling-

ford's hotel triumphantly. "I can get you lifty shares of that stock," he announced, delighted to By this time every wise person in give Wallingford so much pleasure, "but you'll have to raise the price to \$135.

Wallingford eyed him with a secret orrow that he was doing the man no harm. "It's extortion!" he protested. "I can't get it for you for less," declared Mr. Spooger, seemingly sad that

"I don't believe I want it at all," suddenly decided Wallingford. "Why not?" demanded Spooger, in

breathless fright. "Because you have only fifty shares of it. My instructions are to secure curately described," he returned and control, and I'm beginning to be disouraged about it."

"You buy this fifty shares at the price I named and I'll tell you some 'Any gentleman endeavoring to buy good news," promised Ell, with exultant playfulness.

"Do you mean that you can secure all of it?" asked Wallingford eagerly. "I believe that I can," Jubilated Ell each other.

"I will pay \$135 a share for every share of Bessmer stock that you sell me from now on," Wallingford truth

An English gentleman with broad checked clothes, monocle, flowing yellow mustaches and two young and beautiful ladies, one brown eyed and one blue, dropped into town that evening, registered at the leading hotel and asked numerous questions about the Bessmer plant, its reliability, its capacity, its expansion and every other ending fact. After having asked these questions in the places where they could most rapidly circulate he called on Mr. Wallingford and held a long, ong secret conference. That settled it the English gentleman was a lord, certainly not less, and he was negotiating for munitions of war to be made at the

Bessmer plant. In the privacy of Wallingford's rooms, had the public but known it, the lord's name was plain Onion Jones, and notising more serious than a bottle of wine

was discussed. Mr. Spooger waited until sharp 10 Wallingford's chair. clock the next morning, when be was

ushered into Mr. Daw's rooms. There ensued a most wily conversation, in which Mr. Spooger pointed out to the young man that he must not fly in the face of Providence by refusing the handsome fortune that lay at his with the Bessmer company." He door. And Mr. Spooger was elated by



An Englishman With Monocle Regia tered at the Leading Hotel In Town.

one fact-Mr. Daw seemingly had not heard of the lord!

On his part Mr. Daw had conselentious scruples about allowing the controlling stock to pass into any ownership which might be inimical to the end he fell. He stiffed his conscience and sold to Mr. Spooger at \$100 a share his entire interest in the Bessmer Malleable Process company.

"But I didn't know you had so much stock," protested Mr. Spooger. "Bess mer only had 1,250 shares to dispose of in the first place. I bought fifty of those from you, and here you are offer ing me 1,315."

"I acquired a few more," explained Blackie. "The certificates are all here, new issues made out to me last night and duly signed by the president and secretary."

"The more the better," granted Spoo

ger, after a little thought, and naded twice more, to make sure, the total shares represented by the certificates. He went with Blackle to the three banks and persuaded the much pained gentlemen in charge to relinquish, col

United States currency; then he and

The latter gentleman dashed into the express office next to his hotel and in

The merriment in the festively lightd yard of the Bessmer Malleable Process company was at its lieight when Ell Spooger, learning that Wallingford had gone straight there from the f o'clock train, repaired to the scene of

the festivities. A big table, built in the form of a sollow source, with a snowy cloth and decorated with carnations, champagne pails and whole roast pigs, to say nothing of chickens and such minor yard, and at the center of the head table, flanked by Wallingford on one side and Bessmer on the other, stood Blackie Daw in his blackest Prince Albert, making a farewell speech to



That's one of the reasons my monopol

did not care for the stock," said Walhis many friends in and out of the factory and inviting them, one and all, to move to Tarryville so that they could vote for him for mayor on the reform

ticket in the coming fall. It was all very reassuring to the only man in Oak Center who could com-mand over a bundred thousand cash. and when the final applause had subsided the three-starred one bent, with an ingratiating smile, over the back of

"I have that stock for you," he hap pily confided, "right here," and he tap

ped his buiging breast pocket. "Oh, yes, the stock," returned Wal lingford pleasantly. "Why, Mr. Spoo ger, my firm has decided not to bother paused placidly to watch Mr. Spooger clutching at his Adam's apple. "So last night beforg I went away I sold what I had purchased from you and

from others to Mr. Daw." Mr. Spooger gripped his cuffs wildfo in both hands and pulled them on arm's length. "And you sold it to me!" he botly charged Blackle. "You pever said a word about buying the extra shares from Wallingford!"

"Tut, tut!" remonstrated Blackie kindly. "You didn't tell me you in tended to sell to Wallingford," "You fooled me!" frothed Ell, turn

ing to the representative of the trust "I don't want this stock." "Throw it away, then," advised Wat lingford. "I'd suggest that you keep it, though. By a resolution adopted almost unanimously last night Mr

it at par, and I think he's going to make some money." "That stock's worth all it cost you," sternly declared Bessmer, who did not yet understand how it had all happen ed and never would, "It may not pay dividends for five years to come, but I'll bring it to pur value before then." "Did you help get me into this, Will

Bessmer has the right at any time

within the next ten years to purchase

Besamer?' half shricked Spooger. Til make it hot for you! Remember. hold a majority of stock!" "You can belp vote to repaper the office or to adopt pink stationery, but that's about all," Blackie informed him. "The constitution of Mr. Bess mer's company, amended at our regu

ar stockholders' meeting last night. |

when you owned no stock, gives him

the final say in the management and

direction of the concern for the next ten years." "That's one of the reasons my mo nopoly did not care for the stock." suavely explained Waltingford, chuckfing about something or other and cointing to the door.

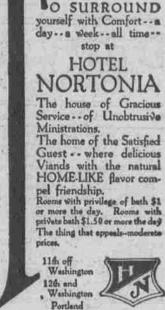
"It's a swindle!" yelled Spooger, pur ole with rage. Blackle Daw arose and confronted him, pale with outraged indignation. 'A repetition of that charge and I

shall sue you for Ilbel," be warned.

"Put him out?" shouted the village expressman indignantly Seven men prose to their feet, and then the whole crowd got up. Spooger did not walt.

"Gentlemen." sald Blackle Daw. powing his thanks, "will some one kindly hand me my saxophone?" THE END.

No PAY Until CURED CURED CA or body long is CANCER; it never Dr. & Mrs. Dr. CHAMLEY & CO. Shambay Bulleting "Strictly Reliable, Greatest Cancer Specialist living 4340 & 436E Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal KINDLY MAIL THIS is sensore with CANCER





Bold by all designis

BIN SIN **Best Chinese** Dishes

Noodles10c Rice and Pork10c 410 FERRY STREET

DR. STONE'S DRUG STORE



The only cash drug store in Oregon, owes no one, and no one owes it; carries large stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notio and tollet articles. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine and has had many years of experience in the

scriptions are free and only regular price for medicine. Dr. Stone can be found at his drug store, Salem, Ore., from 6:40 in the morning until 8 at Free delivery to all parts of the city and within a radius of 100 miles. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

practice. Consultations are free. Pre-



100 Copies Guaranteed from Each Sheet. Columbia Carbon Paper Mfg. Co. 33rd & Broadway, Portland, Ore.

STILL KEEPING IT

"I wish my wife was less firm in keeping her New Year resolution." "What was it " "She resolved that I would quit smoking."—Houston Post.

BETTER THAN SPANKING Spanking does not cure children of bed

wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treat-ment, with full instructions. Send no noney, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child—the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with uring diffi-culties by day or night.

Try Capital Journal Want Ams.