



# THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

## Presented By This NEWSPAPER in COLLABORATION With The FAMOUS PATHE PLAYERS

WRITTEN BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

DRAMATIZED BY CHARLES W. GODDARD Builder of the World's Greatest Serials

INTRODUCING

BURR MCINTOSH - - - - - J. Rufus Wallingford  
MAX FIGMAN - - - - - Blackie Daw  
LOLITA ROBERTSON - - - - - Violet

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### THE HILAS SPLASH.

"WHEN you put on this crushed esplanade display you'll make Gladys there look like orphan Maggie out in the cold," declared Blackie Daw admiringly, as the plump blonde model swished haughtily past blue-eyed Violet Warden. "Gladys, bring it back." Violet flushed prettily at the frank compliment, then she giggled; and the plump blonde model swished back across the floor of the pink and gray salon with the cold blank expression of a perfect lady. Violet, admiring the imported lavender creation, suddenly stooped and picked up the hem critically.

"It looks as if it might have been worn," she suggested, and, at that moment Monsieur Perigord danced into the room with his perpetual air of having almost remembered something urgent. Only the briefest flashing glance between Blackie and Violet. This was the man whom they had come to study.

"You don't borrow this for the French model's ball, did you, sister?" inquired Blackie loudly.

"No, no, no," replied the girl in a rich East Side accent, and she cast one corner of her eye on Monsieur Perigord, who was hurrying toward them.

Monsieur Perigord, a dark little man with black freckles and a kinky beard, was shocked to the very center of his being. "Impossible!" he cried, both hands aloft. "The house of Mondeux does not permit it! The costume is new, it is exclusive, it is delicious! With mademoiselle's exquisite color the effect is magnificent."

"The color harmony is a cinch," agreed Blackie, smiling to Violet. "But it looks to me as if this gown had paraded an ocean-view piazza or so."

"The distress of Monsieur Perigord was painful to observe. 'Ah, Monsieur!' he pleaded imploringly, 'you do not know the house of Mondeux! Americans always think first of clever little tricks!'

"That's a knock!" decided Blackie. "There's no money in clever little tricks. Grafting is a sport, not a business. Perigord smiled wisely.

"One year in New York and I have several thousand dollars—on the side—for Andre Perigord!" he exclaimed.

"Another quibble" between Blackie Daw and his pretty companion. They knew where Perigord had secured forty thousand of his "on the side" money; his name was fifth on the list of that clique, headed by E. H. Falls, who had robbed Violet and Fannie Warden of their \$200,000 fortune, on the death of their father.

And this astounding fact, and his partner, J. Rufus Wallingford, had sworn to secure from the members of the clique, for the beautiful orphans. Four names were already crossed off that list.

"Somebody'll catch you without your license number, Andre," warned Blackie dily. "How about that lilac splash, Violet? Do you like it two hundred and seventy-five?"

"It's pretty," hesitated Violet. "Send it up," ordered Blackie lightly. "You can charge it to the expense fund."

Before the "lilac splash" came home, Violet and Fannie Warden were called lastly out of town by the illness of their Aunt Patty, and they were gone five weeks. On their return the girls made a bee-line for the shopping district, and Violet wore her exclusive Mondeux creation. As they stepped out of the new electric, which had been made possible by the half-million or more already recovered, a large lady came up the avenue with a lavender walking costume which was an exact duplicate of the "lilac splash" panels, buttons and all. As the girls approached the big dry goods store, they stopped, stunned, in front of the show window. There, on a lovely wax lady with a bright-toothed smile, was the same exquisite lavender walking suit, panels, buttons and all, marked "\$50!" in a Broadway shop, at noon, they saw a throng of stenographers admiring the central display of a big show window, a lavender walking suit with the familiar panels and buttons; \$250! They started back, upstair in a hurry, and, as they crossed Fifty-third street, saw a large, flabby, colored woman and a highly peroxide white woman pass each other with glances of undying hatred. They both wore cheap lavender walking costumes, with the exclusive Mondeux panels, and buttons! In a show window on 15th street was a lavender dress—same panels and buttons! It was made of gingham, and the price was \$4.95!

When Horace G. Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford called at the Warden home that evening, they found Violet with a headache, and the demure Fannie sympathetically suppressing the twinkle of amusement in her brown eyes.

"If you make fun of me, I'll pour beans in your saxophone," warned Violet, as she handed Blackie a large, flat, paste-board box. "This is the 'lilac splash!'" Ang with bubbling indignation she told these all about it.

"Harpooned on the lavender lemons," grinned Blackie. "I guess the color blinded you. However, it happened though, I'll take this box down in the morning, and I'll bring you back your two hundred and seventy-five or old Parsiporia's whiskers."

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

"This may give us the lead we want," he speculated.

Monday dawned the Wallingford and Daw burglar and poured in at the window where J. Rufus lay peacefully asleep.

ing. A long, lean hand reached into the patch of moonlight, and a finger tickled Wallingford's ear. A snort and the big sleeper turned over. Another tickle. A snoring grunt and a flap.

Wallingford, slowly awakening, became aware that someone was whispering in his ear.

"Jim! Snore, you fool, snore! Jim! Snore! Hush! Listen! Keep on snoring, I tell you! Jim! There's a burglar in the library. Snore! That's right. Now listen," and Blackie, like a tall, lean, gaunt ghost in his pyjamas, carefully detailed his instructions.

Shortly Tucker, working industriously at the safe in the library, whirled suddenly and peked up his gun, and, with an unerring instinct for the direction of sound, covered the large gentleman who had appeared in the library door.

"Holler and I'll bore you!" blazed Shorty Tucker, pointing his revolver straight into Wallingford's scared eye. "Hands up!"

"All right," agreed Wallingford hastily, and stuck both plump palms straight up. "I haven't a hole in me."

"You better not," warned Shorty. "This trigger—Huh!"

That "huh" was jerked out of Shorty Tucker as a long, lean arm shot out from behind and snatched the gun from his right hand, while another long, lean arm wrapped itself in a vice-like grasp around Shorty's thick neck.

J. Rufus flashed up the library lights, and grinned at the spectacle of the thick burglar being bent irresistibly back into a library chair.

"Well," harked the burglar sulkily, estimating that his chances of a fight were worse than useless, with his own revolver in possession of the enemy. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Turn you up," replied Wallingford. "Let's give him an even break."

Blackie's restless eyes had rested on a deck of cards, and he picked them up with a sudden whimsical idea. "Criminal, I'll play you one hand of freeze-out to see whether you go on your useful way wearing handcuffs," and sitting down opposite Shorty, he rapidly dealt five cards apiece. "Get some highball ice, Jim."

"All right," Wallingford, sleep returning heavily to his eyes, and Blackie's amused eyes followed his stammering course. In that instant Shorty Tucker, his freedom at stake, took a furtive glance at the top card of the deck. His broad face brightened as he saw the card, and he hastily switched it into his own hand, dropping his discard into a tall ash jar.

"Cards," said Blackie briskly, picking up the deck.

"One!"

"You're too conservative," Blackie cast a shrewd glance at his opponent. "Now, me, I'll take all this hand will stand; and if I improve it, culprits, I'll try to get you a cell on the sunny side," and he dealt himself two cards.

There was a moment of silence, then Shorty cleared his throat.

"I'd like to make a little side bet," he offered, and dug into his pocket. He produced \$4.50 cents.

"Raise you \$1.55," accepted Blackie, opening the drawer of the table and throwing down a \$10 bill, grinning as he saw Shorty's regretful eyes glued on that drawer.

"All in," Shorty looked at his hand sorrowfully. "That's a six gun."

"Raises me the difference!" and Blackie, extracting the cartridges, laid it on the money. "I'll see that with this silver merschaum pipe."

A ring came off Shorty's finger. Blackie produced a stick pin, and the bit of burglar's tools went up. Blackie threw off his pajama jacket, and Shorty tossed down his coat and vest.

"Call you," he harked. "I got to keep my pants. Look at these!" and with triumph he tossed down four jacks and a deuce.

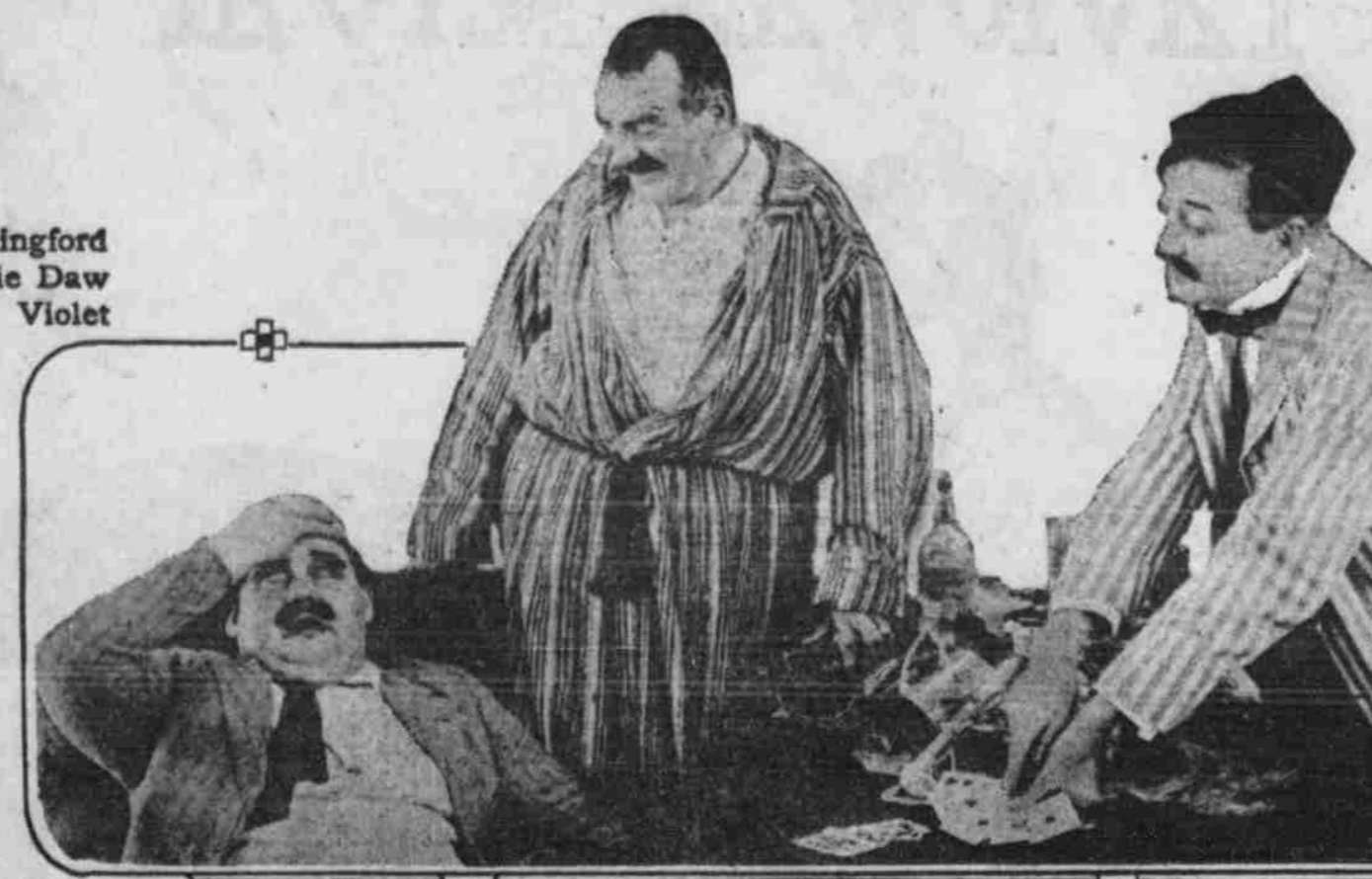
Laughing gleefully, he reached forward to scoop in the assorted stakes and his freedom, but Blackie, holding out a restraining hand, calmly spread down four aces and a nine spot.

"Oh, give it to a newsway!" 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 thousand dollars in return for the hundred and fifty you invested with me yesterday, and into the hands of how much will you invest tomorrow morning?"

"The wad," Blackie answered 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."



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Blackie. "What do you think of that for pure gall, Jim?"

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

"But how does he make it?" 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 million dollars," asserted Blackie. "I breathed Monsieur Perigord in worship. 'I, also, would become rich-quick! So rich that I could also say of a thousand dollars, 'Give the tin horn to the newsway.' Monsieur Daw, would you truly give that much money to a newsway 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 Monsieur Perigord in terror.

"Is it nine hundred? 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 Monsieur 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.

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

Blackie, expecting that call turned with slow reluctance. He looked at his watch. "Your friend, Monsieur Wallingford, instructed Perigord. 'I am consumed with curiosity to know how much he gave you for your hundred dollars of yesterday.'"

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

"I have kept 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 thousand dollars."

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

"Then stay out," retorted Wallingford. "I offered to let you in on a fifty-thousand-dollar pool once, and you failed to meet me at three-thirty, so now you take the little pool. 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.

ment, looking greedily at the money in Blackie's hand. "Do you call this small?"

"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 \$250 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!"

The door opened suddenly, and out shot a chunky young man who wore thick spectacles. Monsieur 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 Monsieur Perigord."

Hello, Union Jones," greeted Wallingford, suavely. "I have \$1,100 for you. That leaves you \$1,000 clear profit. Pretty good, eh?"

Perigord's eyes glistened.

"No, the best day we've had, but I'm satisfied," laughed Jones. "I hear you're going to start a new pool, Mr. Wallingford."

"Next week," returned J. Rufus. "Any chance of my getting a share in it?"

"I think not, Jones," advised Wallingford. "I won't split that pool into shares. I plan to take in just one big investor."

"All right," agreed Jones. "I'm tickled with anything you do. How much can I get in for tomorrow?"

"One hundred," stated Wallingford. "Just give me that hundred-dollar bill."

"There you are," returned Mr. Jones contentedly. "Good day, Mr. Wallingford."

The bell rang. The spider-legged boy darted in. Mr. Jones shambled out, with his hand full of money.

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 sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. 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 a hundred thousand dollars and split the profits."

"I'll dig you up a hundred thousand dollars 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, sir," returned Williams sadly.

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

"Mr. Meazen," 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.

"Mr. Daw," announced the boy.

The automatic Mr. Wallingford frowned when he saw the stranger with Blackie Daw, but Monsieur 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 eleven hundred dollars," 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. Monsieur 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."

"I am all gratitude!" fervently exclaimed Monsieur Perigord, whipping out his pocketbook and planking down his twenty-five dollars in a hurry, lest Wallingford should change his mind.

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

Monsieur Perigord smiled and smiled. "How much shall I receive for my twenty-five dollars?" he wanted to know.

"I guarantee nothing," returned Wallingford, casting on him a cold look. "I may not make you over \$100. I may even lose your money."

Both Blackie and Monsieur Perigord laughed at that absurd supposition.

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

"I never tell," declared Wallingford. "Volla!" accepted Perigord. "Monsieur Wallingford, I thank you. Monsieur Daw, I thank you also. Shall I come over tomorrow to get my money?"

"No, don't bother me. I'll drop in and hand it to you," stated Wallingford carelessly. Good day, gentlemen."

They filed out of the office, and Wallingford called Blackie back, and Monsieur Perigord, listening intently, heard Wallingford say:

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

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 Union Jones and Chinchilla Williams and Big Tim Meazen 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 \$200 for his \$25. On the third day Wallingford handed him \$275, but on the fourth \$300!

Andre Perigord smiled. He was becoming clever. He knew now where Wallingford made these enormous profits; 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 trustful.

five day. "The little pool is ended. Here is your last rakeoff—\$25."

"But there will be another pool!" protested Andre. "Cannot monsieur make me a place in that, ever so little a place; only \$25 or \$50, or \$100?"

"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 \$25, and it's filled up."

Andre cleared his throat. "But there was a larger pool," he suggested. "Just Monsieur Wallingford and one agreeable partner."

"Yes, that's my special pet," agreed Wallingford. "I need a man with \$100,000 for that."

"Monsieur, look!" begged Andre. "I have \$4,250, upon which I have laid my hands in the clever American fashion. Now, Monsieur Wallingford, could not this amount be made to do?"

Wallingford frowned. "I like you, but it would not be fair," he objected. "I do all the work and have all the responsibility. If you were to put up less than \$100,000, I would be compelled either to take in another small partner or put up some of my own money. No, I must have \$100,000."

"Then am I in despair!" worried Andre. "I cannot borrow \$4,250, even in the name of Mondeux."

"I see," mused Wallingford. "Well, it's too bad, Andre, because you're a very agreeable gentleman, and exactly the kind of partner I would like to have. However, if you can't raise the money I shall accept some of my other applications."

"One moment," pleaded Andre. "How much money would this grand pool make me?"

"I don't know," replied Wallingford. "I guarantee nothing. It might make us \$5,000,000. It might make us \$1,000. I might lose the money."

"That doesn't matter," laughed Andre. "Monsieur Wallingford, I am desperate to become your partner. Look! Could you not yourself loan me the money, and take back the \$4,250 out of the first day's profits?"

The big pink face of Wallingford brightened immediately, and his broad shoulders heaved. "By George, you're a genius, Andre!" he chuckled. "That was a happy idea. I'll take your money."

"Volla!" cried Andre. "The bank will close too soon this afternoon, my friend Wallingford, but tomorrow morning I shall lay the amount in your hands."

"All right," agreed Wallingford, "bring it over to the office—in cash, please."

One day passed; two days passed; three days passed, and Wallingford did not bring any millions! He did not, in fact bring any money at all. Indeed, he did not come at all.

Andre Perigord brushed his itchy beard. He put on his silk hat. He donned his gray gloves. He took up his little cane, and he trotted over to the office of J. Rufus Wallingford, Investments.

Some vague, cold presentation possessed him as he entered the anteroom. There were no waiting investors. There was no spider-legged boy. The door of the private office was open and he entered. There was no money on the desk. It was as bare as varnish could make it. There was no money peeping from the half-open drawer. Monsieur Perigord's heart was sinking fast.

In the big swivel-chair sat J. Rufus Wallingford, with his silk hat on and a huge diamond glowing in his cravat. He was contentedly smoking a big black cigar. Opposite him, with his long legs spread on the desk, and his silk hat miraculously poised on the back of his head, sat the grinning Blackie Daw, contentedly puffing a cigarette. They had sat thus every day from three to four, since Andre had joined the grand pool. They could afford to loaf. The restitution fund of the Warden girls was richer by forty thousand dollars; and there was over fifteen thousand dollars added to the expense fund.

"Ah!" exclaimed Andre. "You are here, at least. I have not seen you at the Maison Mondeux!"

"No use to come, Andre," explained Wallingford. "You're broke."

Andre Perigord dropped into a chair "Broke!" he gasped. "You did not lose my money?"

"You did," answered Wallingford; "ever cent. Besides that, you owe me forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. I thought I wouldn't bother you for that just now."

"You're a genius," groaned Andre. "Why Monsieur, you have lost me not only \$50,000 money, but some of the money of the house of Mondeux!"

"Tough," commented Wallingford. "I suppose you'll now have to juggle with your books, and rent the Mondeux creations to the designers until you can replace their money in the bank. Have a cigar."

Andre returned to the grinning face of Blackie. "It is a graft!" he suddenly decided, and jumped to his feet. "I go to the police!"

"And have me pinched, and get all our names in the papers, and let the house of Mondeux find it out?" suggested Wallingford. "Whatever happens Andre, I can see you in the penitentiary, with short hair and no necktie, learning to paste paper soles on water-proof shoes. Look here, Andre; here are the proof that you have cheated the house of Mondeux. Shall they have them?"

The face of the luckless investor was a study!

"It is true," Andre admitted. "I admit what you call, against it. A short silence and then the ever optimistic Andre brightened. "But I have learned another American trick. Also, I am still clever and I shall yet be rich. I do not hear the penitentiary if they do not hear the I have lost so much money. Gentlemen applaud me. I have already juggled the books. Volla!" and, highly pleased with himself he strode jauntily out.

Blackie and Wallingford looked at each other dumbly. Blackie elevated his hands in the Perigord fashion.

"Volla!" he said.

(To Be Continued.)