THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF IT HERE. Then See It In Motion Pictures

NEWSPAPER, in COLLABORATION With The FAMOUS PATHE' PLAYERS

Presented By This

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

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

INTRODUCING

BURR McINTOSH	1.			0		J.	Ruf	ius	W	alli	ngford
MAX FIGMAN -			 1.			٠.		1	Bla	ckie	Daw
LOLITA ROBERT	SON	1 .			0		14	*		•	Violet
										1.0	

alga Rights Reserved. APPLES AND EGGBEATERS

L "I a well known that an egg cauliot see by daylight," observed Blackis Daw, with the frown of carnest logic or his brow, and Jim Wallingford, smilling cordially, looked from Blackie to the tall young stranger, and waited. "Very well, then," went on Blackies "you approach you egg from the left-hand side, walking cautiously. Beaching out sud-denly, you clutch your egg just behind the sills, and whilf it into a light froth with one of Pushman's egg-whilters. This is putman."

denfy, you clutch your ess just fealur to the spin at spin of a Blackie. The spin at spin at

thin hand, and gripped the dry and dusty palm of Mr. Slookum with great cordiality. "Are you any relation to the Slookums of Log of Mr. Si you any Center?"

Center" "Never heard of 'em," crackled Mr. flookum, "lewing his visitors suspiciously. "Did you ever hunt dinsplitters, Mr. Slookum?" "Never heard of 'em." "It's an exciting sport." "My friend Daw is a habitual joker," ex-plained Wallingford. "Oh !" commented Mr. Slookum. "In spite of that fact," went on Wallingford, with a grin at Blackie, "he is perhaps the best egg-benter salesman in the United States." "Oh !" observed Mr. Slookum, blinking his syse.

ing into the glorified West, with his head craned toward the orchard. There were some russet apples down there. "Mr. Fushman, paw." It was Mrs. Sloo-kum, with her hands folded. "Tell him it sin't any use," crackted Slookum. "Tell him yourself!" Mrs. Slookum's voice was meek but her eyes were hard, and her husband stood his gun carefully in the cor-ner.

"All right; I will." he grumbled, and went into the front room, where young Pushnan rose from the horsehair couch with smiling

"All right; I will," he grumbled, and went into the front room, where young Pushnash rose from the horsehair couch with smilling asse. "Twe had no notice of collection from any of the banks," he observed. "I suppose you still have my note which falls due to-mor-rowr" "Of course, I have," crackled Blockum. "I don't pay banks for collection. If the money's there, I can get it as well as they can, and if it ain't, I can sue better." "The happy to say that you'll not have to sue in this case," laughed Mr. Pushman. "Ti happy to say that you'll not have don't mind, Till take up that note, now. Here's your check for one thousand and in-terest. I think you'll find the amount cor-rect." The mortgage connoisseur took the check in with a corner of the Bible; then, all in perfect silence, he lit the lamp, produced due to thing of every "T and to the crossing of every "t." "In-hunh." he reluctantly grunted. "Bush-mess pickin' up?" and he sat down to his old because deste. "The is soon a hour pushman, with en-thusiasm. "I found a New York jobber to handle my goods, and he's keeping me busy, he takes the tenday discount that second note." "With a jerk, Mr. Flockum stopped writing.

and not one more. We picked them from the ground and did not throw one stick or stone into the tree. Isn't this true, Mr. Blookum?

Blockum?" "Yes, but those boys-" "T was just going to tell about the boys," interrupted Jimmy, looking his uncle calmly in the eye; but, in spite of himself, a twinkle came into his own brown eyes, and his uncle saw it. "While we were in the field gathering up the apples which had been taken from us, a lot of other boys came in and clubbed the tree." "They were your gang, by dander!" ex-ploded G. W. Slookum. He was fairly quiv-ering with wrath, and his voice cracked. "You whistled for them to come in. They were strange boys that I never saw be-fore."

were strange boys that I never saw be-fore." The tallest bell-boy, who had escorted G. W. Slockum to Wallingford's suite, caught the eye of Toad Jessup, snorted and went away from the door. J. Rufus Wallingford studied the inteili-gent countenance of his nephew quite ear-nestly. "Is this true, JimmyT" he inquired.

"Is this true, Jimmyr" he inquired. Again the boy's brown eyes twinkled as he looked into those of his uncle. "He can't prove it!" "That's enough," said Wallingford, and he turned aternly to his caller. "When you come to me with a complaint about my boys,

He takes the ten-day discount, too. About next week, I'd like to discount that second note." With a jerk, Mr. Slockum stopped writing. "Tou don't want to do that?" he hastily advised. "You don't want to cramp your producing power. I'll extend this note if you asy so." "I wouldn't have it extended for a min-ute. I'll pay you off if it cripples my en-tire enterprise." "Well, I got something to say about that?" crackled Slockum, who never liked to col-lect his capital if the interest was good. "If paying me oripples your business, you might not be able to pay me clear out; so you don't discount any notes. You need capital." "No trouble about that," and the young manufacturer lit a big cigar. "There was no hope of my getting money in this town, so T've taken in outside capital...Mr. Wal-lingford." Blockum's head came up with a jerk. "You be careful of that man," he warned. "he's a skinner!" Just outside the fence of G. W. Slockum's

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

his right hand he held a bedraggied little bunch of geraniums and in the other a solied bag of peppermints. He presented the geraniums to Violet and the peppermints to Fanny. "Now. I guess you two purty young ladies will run out and take a little walk, and let me take care of the office." They hesitated. They glanced at each other dubioualy. Then, overcome by the flattering attentions of G. W. Blookum, they escaped his fatterity pats on the shoulder, and went out through the factory door, and sizgled then selves nail sick; while G. W. Slookum plunged how to bandle the ladies, by Jingo!

Now to handle the ladies, by jingo! X. Young Pushman hurried into the spartments of J. Rufus Wallingford in the Hotel Dingle, slammed his derby on the table, dropped a bag on the floor, plumped himself into the big chair, threw back his head, and laughed and laughed and laughed. "Well, we're clean!" he exulted, and opening the bag, began to draw out packages of money and toes them on the table. "Not a share I Old Slookum ouldn't set down to me quick enough to beat Blackle Daw to it, and he took the entire flity-five Td held back for him. "Old Slookum was the cautious party. Yesterday morning he telegraphed your man, Pollet, and asked if the egg. "Ater market still looked good."