THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

FAMOUS PATHE' PLAYERS

Presented By This

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 MAX FIGMAN -

THE woman in the next room acreamed again! Blackie Daw winced in sympathy; wallingford grinned; the gray-mustached man in the corner sat in patient misery, as he had from the first, and held his swollen

he had from the first, and held his swotten party is a swotten party is a final yelp, which made Blackie grip the aims of his chair and groan because he had thoughtlessly gritted his teeth, "For that you get another dose," relented Wallingford, aggravatingly cheerful, and, producing a beautifully mounted pocket-flask, he poured Blackie a generous drink. The quiet man in the corner exhibited his first sign of human intelligence, as his painduled eyes followed that interesting precess. "Have a little relief?" offered Wallingford, who was an habitual good Samaritan with liquor.

who was an habitual good Samaritan with liquor.

"I don't drink, thank you," replied the man, talking cornerwize, and smiling with one side of his mouth.

"Lucky man!" envied Blackie. "Now it'll de you good."

"But I'll take one this time," finished the stranger, eyeing the bottle determinedly.

"Hello, Bessmer; how's Oak Center?" the dentist greeted the stranger. "Which of you is next" and brutal speculation kindled his eye as he looked them over.

"Tm it, I guess," acknowledged Blackie, cornered. "Give me another drink, Jim. quick!"

quick!"

"Til be ready for you in a couple of minutes," the dentist cheerfully assured him and walked into the operating room, humming a care-free little song!

"I dislike that man," commented Blackle.
"He has an unkind face."

A woman, wearing a heavy veil and carrying a much-crumpled handkerchief, came through the waiting room, followed by the dentist, who rubbed his hands together in pleasant anticipation as he bowed to Blackle. There was an unnistakable gleam of ferocity in his eyes.

"Tsu may come with me now," he re-

"You may come with me now," he re-marked softly. Blackle arose and followed, with much careless bravery, "That's excellent whiskey," compilmented

Taste of it.

"Fifteen years old." replied Wallingford, effering him more, which he declined. "Kentucky friend of mine keeps me supplied. Oak Center. Do you know Ell 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 reservations. "It's really a farming town, and very rich, but it gives slight support to manufacturing."

"The girls were correct in their suggestion," said Wallingford as soon as they were alone, and he produced a leiter from his pocket. This is the best report they have method the best report they have method they have income and blackle blowing a kiss at the ceiling in honor of pretty Viclet Wardon, took the letter. It was in Viclet's handwriting and Blackle blow another kiss at the leiter as he read. "Are Bessmer will be in River City? Bessmer's business is the only unprofable concern in which Mr. Spooger has an interest, so we believe that you might find this the best approach to the nixty thousand dollars of which Mr. Spooger robbed us on the death of the filter." It was in Viclet's handwriting and they shook hand to do to the death of the filter. It was a lone when Mr. Bessmer resulting and they shook hands on it.

Mr. Bessmer, much releved as to faw, and with renewed hope as to business, took assat in the parior-car of the two-forty train."

"Til ride over with you," promised Wallingford; and they shook bands on it.

Mr. Bessmer, much releved as to faw, and with renewed hope as to business, took assat in the parior-car of the two-forty train, currectly gaging that the respicated walling the supposed to stick and with renewed hope as to business, took assat in the parior-car of the two-forty train, currectly gaging that the respication of the supposed to stick and with renewed hope as to business, took assat in the parior-car of the two-forty train, currectly gaging that the respication of the supposed to stick and with renewed hope as to business, took assat in the parior and the produced the produc

J. Rufus Wallingford

J. Rufus Wallingford paused opposite the "Petey Wilks," read Wallingford from corner of the Bessmer Malleable Process Com-Blackie's list: "the leading sport of the vilpany, and made a comprehensive estimate of lage, and might bet as high as two dollars. It was a more or less toy plant, but Wears a gray puff tie on Sundays, and the

LOLITA ROBERTSON - - Violet

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"LORD SOUTHPAUGH"

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The woman in the next room screamed Company are fully with you, announced the satisfied with his day's work; but he had not finished it. "After this, Wallingford with his day's work; but he had not finished it."

The woman in the next room screamed we have oak Center awakened at last to we have Oak Center awakened at last to white a star of the extensions we're making. I believe we have Oak Center awakened at last to we have Oak Center awakened at last to we have Oak Center awakened at last to we have Oak C

Mr. Speeger returned to Wallingford's ho-

He chuckled cheerfully as he announced this; but he sobered as Wallingford promptly dealt him out eleven hundred dollars.

"I'll give you a hundred and ten dollars for every share you can bring me to the Eagle so much pleasure; "but you'll have to raise Hotel. Just inquire fer Mr. Wallingford," said J. Rufus in conclusion.

Mr. Spooger returned to Wallingford's hotelum number of the price to a hundred and that stock," the price to a hundred and thirty-five dollars."

Tan set you fifty shares of that stock, it is marked and little marking all sorts of the state of a foot, but he had the eyes of the control of the control

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 fifty
per cent, and I'll guarantee that you paid
even less than that for it."

"Par," repeated Blackie, gently but firmly,
and lit a clgarette. "At that, I'll only sell
you fifty shares. I understand that Jim
Wallingford's buying up this stock, and I
wouldn't run the risk of much of it failing
into his hands. He'd put my friend Bessmer
right out of his own shop, and turn it over
to the trust."

"I am not an agent or emissary for anyone, "stated Mr. Spooger, much outraged." I
am investing, or speculating if you wish to
call it so, for my own benefit entirely."

Blackie had particular reasons of his own
for doubting that, but he did not think it
wise to say so.

"Fifty shares or nothing, and at par," he
asserted stoutly. "If I sell more than that,
I'll sell all. If I have to weaken my majority of stock, I want to get out entirely."

Mr. Spooger stilled the pos-like thumping
to his heart. "Would you seriously contemplate selling all?" he asked quietly.

"Well, you use." heaitsted Blackie, looking mournfully about the shop, and over at
Bessmer's office: "I like this business, and
Bessmer's office; "I like this business, and
B

It was all very reassuring to the only man in Oak Center who could command over a hundred thousand, cash, and when the final applause had subsided, the three-starred one bent, with an ingratiating smile, over the back of Wallingford's chair.

"I have that stock for you," he happily confided; right here," and he tapped his bulging breast-pocket. "Oh, yes, the stock," returned Wallingford pleasantly. "Why, Mr. Spooger, my firm has decided not to bother with the Bessmer Company." He paused placidly to watch Mr. Spooger clutching at his Adam's apple; "se last night, before I went away, I sold what I had purchased, from you and from others, to Mr. Daw."

Mr. Spooger gripped his cuffs wildly in both hands and pulled them out arm's length. "And you sold it to me!" he hotly charged Blackie. "You never said a word about buying the extra shares from Wallingford!"
"Tut, tut!" remonstrated Blackie kindly. "You didn't tell me you intended to sell to Wallingford."
"You fooled me." freshed Ell turning. "You fooled me!" frothed Eli, turning to the representative of the trust. "I don't want this stock."

"Throw it away, then," advised Wallingford. "I'd suggest that you keep it though. By a resolution adopted almost unanimously last night, Mr. Bessmer has the right, at any time within the next len years, to purchase it at par, and I think he's going to make some money."

make some money."

"That stock's worth all it cost you," sternly declared Bessmer, who did not yet understand how it had all happened, and never would "It may not pay dividends for five years to come, but I'll bring it to par value before then." "Did you help get me into this Will Bess-mer?" half shricked Spooger. "I'll make it hot for you! Remember, I hold a majority of stock!"

"You can help vote to repaper the office, or to adopt pink stationery; but that's about all," Blackie informed him. "The constitution of Mr. Bessmer's company, amended at our regular 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 grant of the reasons my monopely

"That's cae of the reasons my monopely did not care for the stock" suavely explained Wallingford, chuckling about something or other.

with rage. Blackie Daw arose and confronted him, pale with outraged indignation. "A repetition of that charge, and I shall sue you for libel" he warned.

"Put him out!" shouted the village expressman indignantly. Seven men arese to their feet, and then

"Gentlemen," said Blackle Daw, bowing his thanks. "will some one kindly hand m my saxophone?"



rich, but it gives slight support to manufacturing."

"You must be a manufacturer," guessed Wallingford.

"I am, in a small way," acknowledged the other, still frowning. "I have a malleable fron foundry, and have secured capacity business, on a process of my own."

"Capacity is good enough."

"The trouble is with the size of the capacity," explained Bessmer, with a dry laugh.

"Il go to Oak Center and look at your plant," promised Wallingford. "I have fifty thousand dollars which haven't done a useful thing, except come to me, since they were printed.

Blackie Daw returned from the operating room with the dentist in a high state of elation.

"To in and have your teeth tinkered, Jim," he urged. "The sentleman is a friend or mina and is kind and gontle."

"Mr. Daw had a blackberry seed instead of neuralgis." explained the dentist, smilling. "The roady for you now, Mr. Bessmer."

"I suppose I shall see you again, Mr. Wallingford, ventured Bessmer."

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"Think so," replied Wallingford, shaking bla head at him, and giving a sidelong glance toward Blackie. Mr. Bessmer nedded in comprehension of the warning to be secretive, and went in to be tortured.

"The girls were correct in their suggestion," and Wallingford as soon as they were alone, and he produced a letter from his pocket. "This is the best report they have made of any town."

"They're cracker-jnoits, especially Violet," and Blackie, blowing a kins at the ceiling in hosor of pretty Violet Warden, took the letter. It was in Violet's handwriting and Blackle blow another kins at the letter and the follows and the letter in the safe of the tastor."

Basemer sessmed somewhat embrarased. "The very sorry to say you're too late," in the reaction of the cracking of th

"Homebody's been telling," was the glib retori.

"Would you care to sell it?"

Petey Wilks had the chin of an idjet and the smile of a fool, but he had the eyes of a miser. "Don't recken I want to sell it," he instantly returned. "The papers are full of how Will Bessmer is making all sorts of improvements."

"You paid fifty dollars a share for your stock," stated Wallingford, respecting Petey's shrewdness. "I'm willing to say that it's worth a little more. My firm will pay you sixty dollars."

The eyes of Petey narrowed still more. "Who is your firm!" he asked.

"The United States Malleable Merger Company," announced Wallingford, creating that mighty corporation with no effort whatsever; "but after all, you're not dealing with them; you're dealing with spot cash," and he displayed a big red pocket book so bulged with important bills that the circulation of little Petey's one pint of blood increased to a whit. Nevertheless, he steered perfectly straight.

"Do you see anything green?" he demanded, laughing scornfully, and pulling