## THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

## The New Adventure # 0)

PATHE' PLAYERS. brere in his hand, mopping his head with a gray slik handkerchief. The heavy gentleman making no sign, the ticket-taker turned again to Wailinguniforms. Look at that elephant man. It's a disgrace. I want these uniforms cleaned a disgrace. I want these uniforms cleaned at once?"
"Yes, sir," said Unger.
"And those cages. Freshen them up right away. If I have to sell this circus for Mr. Barnes. I want it in decent shape. What are to-day's profits?"
"Over a thousand dollars," seld Unger, bright-

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" DRAMATIZED BY CHARLES W. GODDARD Builder of the World's Greatest Serials

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

INTRODUCING

BURR McINTOSH - I. Rufus Wallingford MAX FIGMAN - -LOLITA ROBERTSON THREE RINGS AND A GOAT.

WITH the first blare of the distant music, Blackie Daw leaned eagerly forward in his chair and rested his arms on the rail of the Booly House porch, looking up and down the main street of Burryille with the sparkling eyes of youth never ending. "Boom-ds-ra-a-a-h-dah!" he sang in unison with the strident trombones, beating time with both feet and one hand, while Wallingford, standing against the rail, loked down on him with an indulgant smile. Across the way the expectant crowd, hitherto in loosely shifting array, surged solidly to the curb, while but of the stores poured excited country folk of all descriptions, and from every window popped four or five heads. The porch of the Booly House filled as if by magic. In the street red-faced, perspiring fathers and frantic mothers darked after bewildered children; while the balloon and whistle vendors held the open spaces to themselves and their discordant voices. The band blared louder as it turned from Court House Square toward Main Street. Four associed policemen—a fat one, a skinny one, a pigeon-breasted one, and a runt—swung around the corner, and, in the pompeus might of their purplevisaged authority, best back the populace to a pulpy human wall. A horse and buggy, both sieek and shing, came dashing down Booly Street and turned up Main toward the on-coming parade. The driver was a "sporty" farmer, whose nearness to the soil no city clothes could conceal.

"That's IA Bogeer," whispered a pretty waltress, bending down between Wallingford and Blackie, "His wife's dead, and he's soid his farm, and put all his money in the bank. He siways takes his dinner here, when he comes to town, and I've arranged to seat him between you won and I've arranged to seat him between you with a swill. "Freity good detective work for two days Misc. Fannle," complimented Wallingford, with a swill. WITH the first blare of the distant music,

and I've arranged to sent him between you are men."

"Preity good detective work for two days Misc. Fannie," complimented Wallingford, with a smile into the sparkling brown eyes. "Have any trouble getting a job as waitress?"

"With a circus coming to town?" laughed the blue eyed girl who came out just behind Fannis Warden. "Of course not. I could have had a job too, only you thought I had better not."

"Getting information about Mr. Bogger is so easy it's stupid," went on the brown eyed Fannis. "All the girls know him, for he's a country masher, and they hate him."

"What's his bank roll?" asked Wallingford speculatively.

"They say everything up to two hundred thou-

speculatively.

"They say everything up to two hundred thousand," whispered Fannie, looking about her furtively; but the throng on the Booly House porch was so interested in the excitement of the street that they paid no attention to the four conspirators. "I've sifted it down pretty well, though, I think he has about seventy-five thousand dellars."

lars."
"And forty thousand of that he stole from us, when Father died," said Violet, with a trace of bitterness. She held in her hand a small memorandum book in which was a long list of names. At the head of the list was E. H. Falls, and this name was crossed off. The next name was Ellas Bogger.

At the head of the list was E. H. Falls, and this name was crossed off. The next name was Elias Bogger.

Blackie reached over and closed the book.

"Don't worry about Elias," he advised her, patting the hind which held the book. "We're here to see that Elias restitutes, principal, interest, and expenses. Isn't Li the village cut-up? He's the life of the party."

Indeed Elias Bogger was an active diversion, for now the entire police force of Burrville had stopped his horse, which stood beautifully praneing, while-a hundred throats yelled derisive directions to the officers and to Bogger. Elias, meanwhile, was haying the time of his gay second youth, standing up in his new buggy, calling the four policemen by their first names, exchanging very, very funny jokes with his friends in the studence, and bowing and smilling to the ladies. Full of furious energy, the four policemen tugged in as many different directions, with as absurdly unconcerted action as four ants trying to carry off a grasshopper. The pigeon-breasted one, however, finally proving stronger than the others, pulled the horse around in his own direction, led him down to the corner and headed him away from Main Street, when, with a parting cheer from the crowd, Mr. Hogger, with a rush and a cluster and a whoop, drove around behind the Boely House to the stables.

An authorized horse-and-buggy driver, who drove standing, entered now upon the scene, stopping every thirty feet er so to advise the pee-pul to hold their horses, to stand back from the clephants and to follow at once to the circus-grounds, where, immediately after the arrival of the monster parade, a grand free exhibition would be given in front of the mammoth canvasses of the F. T. Barnes Colossal Aggregation of Tented

so much else doing." He turned to smile at Fannie, but she had hurried in to save her three important seats.

"Hush, Jimmy." objected Blackie, reaching
down to buy a handful of balloons. "I don't
care for bushess unless I can combine pleasure
with it. I'm gind we're here. I want to go to the
circus. I want to feed peanuts to the elephants.
I want to see the hippopotamus chew a stick of
gum. I want to watch a good gun-man glom a
blick for his poke. I want to be an innocent youth
again and short-change a rube.

"That's what you were doing the first time I
met you." mused Wallingford, smiling at the look
of perplexity in the blue eyes of Violet Warden.
Since these two careless and jovial soldiers of
fortune had undertaken to get back the millions
which had been stolen from the Warden orphans.
Violet and Fannie had been in a constant state of
bewilderment over their new friends. "You were
the finest shell worker, Blackie, that ever cleaned
up a county fair."

"The good old days of my chikhood." regretted
Blackie, willse Violet laughed and frowed at the
same time. "It seems like a million years since
I held the rubber pea in the crook of my little
finger while the whiskered boohs tried to guess
which wainut abell it was under, and het money
erusted with pink aweat. I wander who has the

which wainut shell it was under, and het money crusted with pink sweat. I wonder who has the trimolog privilege with this circus?

"We'll meet some good grafter we know," remarked Wallingford, then he turned abruptly to the girl. Bun away, Miss Violet. Here comes Bogger."

the girl. Bun away, Miss Violet. Here comes dollar on Borger."

There was a mad scramble when the dinner-bell open to a pang, but Wallingford and Riackle found seats Walling waiting for them, three tilted chairs being held really so.



Fannie found Elias to be the country masher.

firmly by the hands of Fannie Warden. They sat down, leaving the middle chair vacant. Fannie, keeping a sharp eye on the door, ran to meet Elias the minute he came in, led him to the vacant chair sand sected him the transcript. of a grasshopper. The pigeon-breasted one, however, finally proving stronger than the others, pulled the horse around in its own direction, led him down to the corner and headed thim away from Man Street, when, with a parting cheer from the crowd. Mr. Bogger, with a rush and a cluster and a whoop, drove around behind the Booty House to the stables.

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"Boom-de-ra-a-b-dah! boom-de-ra-a-a-dahdn!" and Blackie Daw again, springing to his feet with the seastasy of a boy. The band bad turned the corners in its gaudy red-and-gilt wayon draws by six plumed horses. "Here come the elephants, and three of em. count 'em, three I had been he made the first came! Boom-de-ra-a-b-dah! Gee, how I'd like to be a kid again and see this all for the first time. Hooray! Here come twenty of the P. T. Barnes peg-ddiverse disguised as princes. Oh, look whe's here. The 'en-thousand-dollar beauty! Hello, Maggie:"

He blew a kiss to the perspiring "Queen of Sheba" on the dizzy top of beer swaying and jott.

by six plumed horses. "Here come the elephants, Violet! They're only size thirteen, but they're real, cross-my-beart, so-help-me-geminy elephants; and three of em, count 'em, three! And the come of the come of

keenly interested in Blackie's array of thoroughly impromptu facts.

"Well no." returned Blackie, contemplatively searching his fancy for statements free from monotony; "the price is standardized. Circuses run from twenty five thousand to five million dollars. This one, for instance, is a fifty-thousand-dollar one, being known in the business as a Class C show, and Mr. Barnes would lay himself open to severe penalties if he asked more for it."

Wallingford looked properly gloomy. He was open to severe penalties if he asked more for it."
Wallingford looked properly gloomy. He was

"It's worth a lot more, isn't it?" inquired the goateed one, much concerned.

"At least three times that," growled Wallingford, as one aggrieved.

"Then I shouldn't think it would ever be for sale," shrewdly opined Mr. Bogger.

"It's bound to be," Blackie gently corrected, while Wallingford turned to him in angry wonder. "You see, there's so much money in the business that no man is permitted to own a circus longer than ten years. Even if he hasn't made enough to suit him by that time, he is compelled to sell out and give someone else a chance."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Elias, thoughtfully stroking the whiskers which were not there; and he gazed at Blackie quite earnestly for some moments.

Weilingford havelly abased blosself.

of fun all at the same time. You're a siy old dog.

"Not so very old," guickly protested Mr. Bogger.
"In ever pass for within ten years of my age at that."

"He believes everything anybody tells him," whispered an eager voice, and Fannie, her eyes shining with excitement, darted away, leaving Blackle and Wallingford in chuckling conversation. When she came back the men had finished the whole of the property of

the end of a string, and fish coppers out of biind men's cups."

"Same old kidder," declared Ed. "I guess nothing much is changed except that we're all older. I have to boot my llons now every time I wan't 'em to look fierce. Say, you ought to be with this outfit. Coarsest grift you ever saw. Everybody's in it, from the manager down."

"Manager, eh? Ed, slip me all the info, you can. Where's Barnes?"

"Old P. T.'s laid up with rheumatic gout, and so Joe Unger, he's the manager, has been buying a farm up in Connecticut."

"What does be look like?"

"Like a tub of pork. Far be it from me to say such, with me so affectionate toward my salary, but Unger's a fat old fluff."

"Thanks, Ed." Blackie threw away his cigarette. "I'll post my pai right away, and hurry back. I want you to shilisher for a fancy grift."

"Wise me," husked Ed, with pleasure; "wise me."

Blackie hurried away to the cane rack where he

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to sell out and give someone cless a charce. Give
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of water, but Blackie never turned a shar. The
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screaming a mad demand for money! Gasing about him in desperation, the new proprietor naw Wallingford standing by a big rear tent, and rushed toward him for protection. J. Rufus seemed to know instinctively that Bogget was in growing fear of his life, for he lifted up the edge of the tent, shoved Elias through, and met the maddened mob himself. The smile on Wallingford's jovisi face deepened, as presently there came from the interior of that tent a hubub of shrill cries. A moment later Mr. Bogger came out of that tent on the dead run, followed by a platoon of chorus laidles, screaming for vengeance! It took all of Wallingford's persuasiveness to rescue Elias from the wrath of the Amanoas and lead him to safety in the cook tent.

That was full of women dressing!" panted Mr. Bogger. "What did you shove me in there for?" "Bidn't they know you were the proprietor?" is quired J. Rufus in astonishment. "The proprietor, you know, has a right anywhere."

"I showed 'em my bill of asis," urged Bogger is his own defense. "then an old-looking young woman pushed me in the face, and the rest of them jumped on me.

"Never mind, we'll protect you," said Wallingford reassuringly. "You'd better stick close to us to-night, and we'll not allow anyone to hurt you." I wow't leave you a minute!" carnestly declared Mr. Bogger.

"Oom over to the big top," invited Blackie, peering in at the door. "Fred Bristol's going tetry out a new flying trapers evenug on long strands, which, from the ground, looked like spider-webs. Upon a little shelf, far, far savy, stood a slender, graceful man in pink tights, and from either side of the shelf stretched down long ropes. A man with a coat and trousers on over his tights harff drew the trapeze far across and up to him with a tape. All at one there came a mighty tug at the rope Bogger was bolding, and it was jerked from his citap. A cry of horror burst from the throats of a score of circus attaches, and down, down through the dusty air of the big test, with its rows upon rows of dismaily empty bench

fluffy green, suddenly tonfronted him with an accusing finger. Everybody but the terror stricken Bogger saw, and appreciated, the stage-fright of Violet Warden, in her role of Madame Balarina, the star bare-back rider.

"Here's the Johnny-Peeper, boys—get him!" she cried, in trembling tones, and Blackle applanded loudly.

A man the sixe of a side of a bouse, and dressed in high hat, spike-tail coat, white trousers, and shiny top-boots, suddenly appeared from the outer darkness, accompanied by a clown with a foolish grin painted on his face and with a snari on his actual lips. It was the clown who grappled with Elias and landed the first and only blow, a giancing one upon the cheek bone. There was time for only the one, for Mr. Bogger, jerking loose by an almost superhuman effort, put on an additional spurt of speed which made his previous progress seem snall-like; and the darkness swallowed him up, shrieking!

There was but one logical end to such Jind speed, and that was a stumble. A little drainage-ditch got him, and laid him low to listen to the beating of his heart and imagine that trip-hammer noise to be the patter of pursuing feet. Wallingford and Blackle Daw caught up with him presently, helped him with kind and comforting words, when a sad procession filed out of the main tent. Four men bore a stretcher, upon which was a limp form, covered, by the irony which was a chance, with one of the broad red ribbons over which bare-back riders jump. Quite a number of men with bowed heads followed it down to the railroad siding, where the circus sleeping-cars stood.

"It looks bad," said Wallingford: "very, very bad! I don't know whether the man is—is dead or not, but in any event you're up against it, Bogger. Fred Bristol is one of the best high-trapese men in the business, and it means a fifty-thousand-dollar damage sult, which you'll probably lose. You see, what makes it so rotten is that if you'd been a mere spectator holding that rope, they couldn't have held you for much, but being the proprietor of the circ