

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TRAPP

Presented by this
WORLD'S GREATEST SERIALS
in
CLARION
With The
FAMOUS PAHLE PLAYERS

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallington"
DRAMATIZED BY
CHARLES W. GODDARD
Builder of the World's Greatest Serials

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

Copyright 1916 by The Star Co. All Rights Reserved.

A TRAP FOR TRAPP.

OUR four eyes stared wistfully through the wide window and the noses touched the glass. The blue eyes were entirely surrounded, from hair to collar, by freckles; the brown eyes were set in an oval face of good features, except for the lobelia ears, which ran down on a tangent to the cheeks. The blue eyes were so filled with enthusiasm that even the surrounding freckles seemed to glow; the brown eyes were calculatingly thoughtful.

"Nobody would," thoughtfully decided the young man. "I don't want to be for us," he said. There was a long silence, in which both boys protected their very souls through the ungrammaticalities of their own minds. "Look at it," and Jimmy led the way quite deliberately.

"What's the use," grumbled Toad, but he followed. A small-eyed man came forward immediately, smiling. He was rather plump, and had a friendly air. "I'll be glad to be of a sort of handle to that part of his face which began above the eyebrows."

"The change in Mr. Trapp was instantaneous. His eyes glared, and he swung up one side of his face until his mouth was all in one corner; then released his countenance with a smack.

"The little six," he observed, now smiling with fatherly kindness. "Twenty-six fifty, and led to the window. Toad Jessup was already over there."

"How fast can she get?" inquired Toad, his dark eyes fixed on the woman. "Seven," and Louis Trapp held the back of one stubby hand in the other palm while he studied the figure of the woman. "You see, the smooth-running engine on the market."

"You two boys who had been adopted by Wallingford and Blackie Daw bent on the car an appreciative gaze. It was an extremely low carriage-shaped runabout, most compactly and ingeniously designed. The designer had meant it, absolutely, for two boys, one freckled and one rather plump."

"Louis Trapp stepped on the veranda of Wallingford's beautiful suburban home, were silently thoughtful. "I opened an account with him in the window for a while, haven't been able to stimulate his financial imagination."

complained Onion, drawing his chair closer and twirling his hissing champagne highball. "You see, you'll double their money, Blackie, then you—"

"Not me," interrupted Blackie; "the Onion. As far as the books and their money in you use it to pay off the ones that sent it in before, Jim; but you—"

"Fine as silk!" said Blackie enthusiastically. "Then the post office authorities come around with a one-fourth for you, and a five-hundred-and-twenty-per-cent-Miller."

Young Jimmy bounced into the room with a neatly bent and broken auto horn in his hand. "We need a new horn," he reported, surveying the admirer of a recent work of the Warden sisters. "Miss Violet said that we might as well get one when we went for the tires, so please give me an order."

Only a slight trace of annoyance on the round, pink face of Wallingford, as he wrote the order and passed it to Jimmy. "You see, it's a plain crook," went on Onion, now a trifle sulky. "With my scheme the money, as it comes in, is split four ways, you see, one-fourth for yourself, you—"

"Not me," interrupted Blackie; "you!" "Wait a minute," begged Onion. "I'm going to see about your first books with two-fourths; you pay off the other four—listen! you pry—"

"Oh joy!" yelled Blackie. "Then you run a lottery with the wheat profits, I guess, and give a pound of coak for the capital price. You see, it's a plain crook, and the money, as it comes in, is split four ways, you see, one-fourth for yourself, you—"

"That's right, Jim, be a sport," grinned Blackie. "Why weren't you in the first place, when I ran the lottery?" "I wasn't," replied Wallingford with a trace of curtness, and, writing the order in a hurry, he gave it to young Jimmy, whereupon the boy's broken account as they ran.

"That's the matter with it!" snapped Wallingford. "You should have better sense, if not better morals, than to put a dangerous machine in the hands of children. Besides, there's a law against it."

Mr. Trapp turned his eyes on Wallingford, and released his countenance with a smack. He disliked to lose a customer, but it would take Wallingford two years to buy twenty-six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of accessories.

"It's not my responsibility," he stated in easy security. "You sent me your written order for the purchase of this car; and a sale is a sale, Mr. Wallingford."

"You took a crooked advantage of that order," hotly charged Wallingford. "I suppose if you had been selling poison, it would have been just the same."

Neither Wallingford's scorn, nor his indignation, nor his broadly swelling chest, affected Mr. Trapp in the least.

"Won't he take back the car Jim?" demanded Blackie. "Dad studied the expected quarrel from without, by the mere pose of the men."

"I'll take it," said Trapp. "That's a used car now. I wouldn't offer it to anybody for new."

"Fall-and-lean Blackie Daw bent over Mr. Trapp's desk, and he felt as if the Metropolitan tower were hovering above him."

"Would you rather have that car or a 'Hecking' asked Blackie, in his deadliest of tones."

Blackie and Wallingford exchanged a comfortable grin. Mr. Trapp, this envelope is marked for Department A," directed Wallingford gravely. "Kindly watch for such letters, and put them in this basket," and he took the money.

Blackie and Wallingford exchanged a comfortable grin. Mr. Trapp, this envelope is marked for Department A," directed Wallingford gravely. "Kindly watch for such letters, and put them in this basket," and he took the money.

the same right. In other words, while the entire undertaking was to be conducted under Mr. Trapp's name and signature, the tubular trouble-light alone was to be a mutual enterprise, and Blackie set up a desk in Mr. Trapp's office the next day.

Louis Trapp, opening letters of inquiry from auto-supply dealers, opened one from which dropped a ten-dollar bill, and he brought it over to Wallingford's desk with a puzzled brow. His scalp had slipped forward fully half an inch, and his mouth had screwed up close to his eye.

"What is this?" he asked, loosening his countenance with a smack. "Listen."

"Trapp Marketing Company. 'Dear Sir: You are probably another fake, but I'll fail for a ten, anyhow, so as not to break my record. Invest it as per note in your handsome advertisement; and if you're merely going South with the money, mail back a magnolia. Yours as ever,

"JACK HOADLEY."

Blackie and Wallingford exchanged a comfortable grin. Mr. Trapp, this envelope is marked for Department A," directed Wallingford gravely. "Kindly watch for such letters, and put them in this basket," and he took the money.

"Well, Jim, it's a show-down," said Blackie Daw, regretfully as they came away from the money right back to pay off the next fourth, and so it goes merrily on."

"But you are using my name," excitedly objected Trapp, his hands now finding no home. "I'm the only one that's known in this company. I don't even get any of the money!"

"No wonder," replied Blackie. "You're not getting any of the money, are you?" "I've been getting it all along," said Trapp, "but you're not getting any of the money, are you?"

"No wonder," replied Blackie. "You're not getting any of the money, are you?" "I've been getting it all along," said Trapp, "but you're not getting any of the money, are you?"

"Get off the street before you are pinched," he advised. "You look damn young for your age."

The car was just starting when Wallingford and Blackie arrived in time to prevent the spurt.

"Where's that chauffeur I got you?" demanded Wallingford, in more anxiety than anger.

"Say, listen!" Young Jimmy's voice vibrated with excitement. "Jump on the car!" Blackie was ready in the mechanic's seat. Wallingford stood on the runningboard. Toad Jessup swung on a side street.

"Right in front of our place, Uncle Jim!" interjected Toad.

"A murderer or something was getting away from two detectives," went on Jimmy, his eyes like coals. "We were on top of the barrel with the big barrel were putting up for a windmill tank. The burglar shot a detective, and Toad and I dropped the barrel. And they took him away in the wagon!"

"It lit top down; the barrel did!" shouted Toad, springing around a woman with a baby buggy.

"Well, the girls were taking care of the wagon," said Wallingford. "Every eye like coals. We were on top of the barrel with the big barrel were putting up for a windmill tank. The burglar shot a detective, and Toad and I dropped the barrel. And they took him away in the wagon!"

"It lit top down; the barrel did!" shouted Toad, springing around a woman with a baby buggy.

"Well, the girls were taking care of the wagon," said Wallingford. "Every eye like coals. We were on top of the barrel with the big barrel were putting up for a windmill tank. The burglar shot a detective, and Toad and I dropped the barrel. And they took him away in the wagon!"



The business now belongs to you," announced Wallingford.

Louis Trapp placed the palm of his stubby right hand over the back of his left eye, and pressed both against his stomach, as he stepped out of immediate range.

"I don't want to see this thing made up," said Blackie. "I want to see it made up with my own eyes."

"I don't want to see this thing made up," said Blackie. "I want to see it made up with my own eyes."

"I don't want to see this thing made up," said Blackie. "I want to see it made up with my own eyes."

"I don't want to see this thing made up," said Blackie. "I want to see it made up with my own eyes."

"I don't want to see this thing made up," said Blackie. "I want to see it made up with my own eyes."

"Get off the street before you are pinched," he advised. "You look damn young for your age."

The car was just starting when Wallingford and Blackie arrived in time to prevent the spurt.

"Where's that chauffeur I got you?" demanded Wallingford, in more anxiety than anger.

"Say, listen!" Young Jimmy's voice vibrated with excitement. "Jump on the car!" Blackie was ready in the mechanic's seat. Wallingford stood on the runningboard. Toad Jessup swung on a side street.

"Right in front of our place, Uncle Jim!" interjected Toad.

"A murderer or something was getting away from two detectives," went on Jimmy, his eyes like coals. "We were on top of the barrel with the big barrel were putting up for a windmill tank. The burglar shot a detective, and Toad and I dropped the barrel. And they took him away in the wagon!"

"It lit top down; the barrel did!" shouted Toad, springing around a woman with a baby buggy.

"Well, the girls were taking care of the wagon," said Wallingford. "Every eye like coals. We were on top of the barrel with the big barrel were putting up for a windmill tank. The burglar shot a detective, and Toad and I dropped the barrel. And they took him away in the wagon!"

"It lit top down; the barrel did!" shouted Toad, springing around a woman with a baby buggy.

"Well, the girls were taking care of the wagon," said Wallingford. "Every eye like coals. We were on top of the barrel with the big barrel were putting up for a windmill tank. The burglar shot a detective, and Toad and I dropped the barrel. And they took him away in the wagon!"