THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF JRUFUS IT HERE Then See It In Motion Pictur

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								-
LOLITA ROBERTSON	•			 . •	÷	+	Violet	
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Copyright 1915 by The Star Co. All, For-sign Rights Reserved. For the star co. All, For-sign Rights Reserved. For the star co. All, For-algorithm Rights Reserved. For the star control of the star control F OUR round eyes stared wistfully through the wide plate-glass window and two noses touched the glass. The blue eyes were entirely surrounded, from hair to col-ing oval face of good features, except for the lobeless ears, which ran down on a tangent to the cheeks. The blue eyes were so filed with enthusiasm that even the surrounding freckles seemed to glow; the brown eyes were calculatingly thoughtru. — The Blackles might buy it for us, hope-fully speculated Toad Jessup, his freckles more easer if the window had been full of more easer if the window had been full of

The business now belongs to point "anomical Wallingford.
The basis of the business in the business i

Mr. Trapp turned his eyes on Wallingford, the same right. In other words, while the and released his countenance with a smack. entire undertaking was to be conducted He disliked to lose a customer, but it would under Mr. Trapp's name and sponsorship, the take Wallingford two years to buy twenty-siz hundred and fifty dollars' worth of ac-tual enterprise.

tones

Blackie and Wallingford exchanged a com-fortable grin. "If you'll notice, Mr. Trapp, this envelope is marked for Department A." directed Wal-lingford gravely. "Kindly watch for such letters, and put them in this basket," and he

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With The

FAMOUS PATHE' PLAYERS

NEWSPAPER in

ABORATION

self." "Well, Jim, it's a show-down," said Blackie Daw, regretiully as they came away from lunch. "The money's rolling in so strong that we'll have to run from it." "Tough luck." grunbled Wallingford. "If

"This mail, is it mine?" and Trapp seemed be looking through the envelopes at the

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contents. "It's your meat."

Mr. Trapp released his countenance with a smack. "Sure. I'll take a chance!" he said, with easer animation. "I got the nerve as long as the money's coming in." He opened the safe immediately and produced the money. He'd had it there waiting: In cash! His nn-rers almost cramped in their hasts. "If you had your winning. I wouldn't buy it." he observed, as he handed Blackie the fifty thou-sand. "I wouldn't believe that you ever get but one. When I get it. I quit." He vig-orously drew the two big waste baskets of mail over to the end of his own desk. "I've been studying the market every day. I think we're about due for a sharp rise in wheat! But we only get one." Wallingford rose, with vast relief and pro-

"Lucky boy," chuckled Wallingford as they headed for the little gray runabout. "He don't so to jail."

TRAPP <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> NVESTMENT

The disliked to lose a customer, but it would take Wallingford two years to buy twenty-six hundred and fifty dollars worth of ac"It's not my responsibility." he stated in asy security. "Tou sent me your written order for the purchase of this car; and a sale dr. Wallingford."
"Tou took a crooked advantage of that order." Motify charged Wallingford. "Isuppose if you had been selling polson, it would have been just the same."
"Won't he take back the car Jim?" de- take back the car now. Trapp in return. "That's a used car now. Trapp in the least." "Used Wallingford exchanged a com- the follow if hy about for fact it to anybody for new." "JACK HOADLET."
"Would rou rather have that car or a licking?" asked Hiackie, in his deadliest of tones." "I you'll notice, Mr. Trapp, this envelope ti tones." "Would rou rather have that car or a licking?" asked Hiackie, in his deadliest of tones." "I you'll notice, Mr. Trapp, this envelope to tones." "I you'll notice, Mr. Trapp, the envelope to tones." "I you'll notice, Mr. Trapp, the envelope to t

Jessup was already over there. "How fast can she got" inquired Tosd, his stiff, da:"k-red hair almost quivering. "Bovenly," and Louis Trapp held the back of one stubby hand in the other paim while he studied the two boys speculatively. "That's the smoothest-running engine on the mar-het"

The two boys who had been adopted by Wallingford and Blackis Daw beat on the Car an appreciative gass. It was an ex-tremely low, cartridge-ahaped runabout, most obviously built for speed, and the de-pigner had meant it, absolutely, for two beys, one freekled and one rather plump. "Louis Trapp seems to be rather a hard customer," speculated J. Rutus Wallingford, and the three other members of the restilu-tion conference, sitting on the veranda of Wallingford's beautiful suburban home, were sidently thoughtful. "I opened an account with him in order to get acquainted, but I haven't been able to stimulate his financial imagination."

magination." The two beautiful Warden sisters and Blackie Daw laughed at that; then Blackie ose and issued against the rall, grossing is spider-like legs and twirling his black

his splider-like lags and twirting his black mustache. "He'll have to give up the fifty thousand he stole from the Warden saints just the sparkling blue eyes of Violet. "Louis is sparked you orphans of your father's fortune, and Louis will have to be crossed off. Well, look whe's hare" Wallingford glanosd down toward the gate through which cames a man so bald-beaded that a near-sighted ismp cleaner had once mistakee him for an arc light. He has his hat off, and was mopping his head. "The Onion," chuckled Wallingford, who was always amused by W. O. Jones. "Oirls, yo out and hock at the panelse and the pinks, and spare rourselves the onion." Lawring, the elsters stopped off the sldg estrance to the porch and wandered round the garden, while Onion Jenes was led into the librar. Tage Jenews and young Jimmy came rac-

while r. the slatter and the was less see to the porch and the was less rardsm, while Onion Jones was less library. oad Jessup and young Jimmy came rac-is oad lessup and young Jimmy came rac-home, full of enthusiasm for the new , and all this enthusiasm they poured out , and all this enthus and all they all t Notes and Pennie. Also, they present should be and hopeless conviction; that should in the whole wide world would give is the carl Wielst, watching their wistful faces, sud-only giggled and drew Fannie saids. "Let's play one of his own tricks on Mr. "allingford," she urged, and explained it in colled whispers.

excited whispers. Fannic shook hor head at first, but finally she smiled, and it was she who led in the careful execution of the plan which fol-owed. She called the bore, and led the way back into the garage, where she promptly frowe nails through two of the tires on Wal-ingford's pet readster. Two minutes later for

"Say, you get a couple of busted tires. Uncle Jim," he shbuted "Mr. Trapp's get a new kind in. I was going to get you some, but Miss Fannie said Id better get an order from you."

Wallingford smiled, and wrote an order from you." Wallingford smiled, and wrote an order opposition of Mr. W. O. Jones. "Tan remember when you'd take a chance." A stand, with a siy wink at Miacit. "That's just it," responded Mr. Jones. "I fook sum all, and thars a sin't any chances. Ist, was since I put in that two sirstoh, cracking pocks in a striped suit, twelve years ago, I fot across to you smart guys to put in a striped suit. It, Jimf You to across the across the about it, Jimf You to across the way-" "Act me," interrupted Wallingford; you?"

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drove nails through two of the tires on Wal-lingford's pet readies.
Two minutes later Toad Jessup was head-ed for the library, where Wallingford and failed for life.
"Well, why doer't you go through with it?" urged Blaskia.
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"Tour streak of yellow's beginning to show through." he charged.
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The doer.
"Tay, you got a couple of busted tires.

This sives us our chance, Elackia. "Now we can set very close to Louis." "For two conis I'd have you put into cold from the bar of the set of t

He had made some deft sketches on the back of an order-slip, but Mr. Trapp did not need the diagrams.

"Um-hump," he admitted, with the indiffer-ence of one who is not eager for the untried. "It looks pretty good. If I had some, I might sell half a dozen or so on commission."

"Twe no doubt," smiled Wallingford. Big, broad-chasted, jovial fellow, Wallingford was, and the soul of carsless generosity. "I didn't know but that you might be in-terested in the manufacture and marketing of it."

"I never gamble with my money," he quick-iy stated. "What I made, I made without much investment."

Wallingford chuckled, his big shoulder heaving and his eyes half closed.

heaving and his eyes half closed. "No chance for you to lose, is there?" he good-naturedly commented. "I don't care shucks about the investment Mr. Trapp. All I want is to see this thing made. I'll back it myself, if you'll manufacture and market it and pay me a royalty." Mr. Trapp's stubby hands fluttered from his trousers pockets, his vest pockets and his vest armholes, where they hung by his thumbs. "Oh, if that's it. I might be interested," he observed, concealing his eagerness with a glasing of his eyes and a twisting of his mouth.

mouth. Thus it was that Mr. Louis Trapp organized the Trapp Marketing Company—that name being urged by Wallingford as a convenient-iy indefinite title which would permit Mr. Trapp to add any other articles of manufac-ture he might desire. This argument was notent, since it was backed by the fact that the entire venture had been financed by Mr. Wallingford to the extent of five thousand dollars. Thereupon, Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Trapp entered into most lengthy and elabor-its articles of agreement, which permitted Ar. Trapp, on his part, is enter upon any other manufacture under the same name, as long as he furnished the capital himself, with-sut profit to Mr. Wallingford was entitled to

rise.

forment. "Row hasty!" chided Blackie. "Why, you den't know anything about it. Trapp."

don't know anything about it. Trapp." "I know this much." and Mr. Trapp's stub-by hands strayed from his trousers pockets to his coat pockets, to his vest pockets, and to the armholes of his vest, where they hung by the thumbs. "You haven't invested a cent; you let the meney, lay in that drawer all week! You're using one-half of the money to pay off one-fourth of the suckers."

"Yea." snickered Toad. "", fall. I have your word for it." remarked the officer, who loathed an awkward driver of any age. "Can you back out of this, or is your nerve gone?" Toad nodded as he grabbed his gear lever and threw out his clutch, looking over his shoulder meanwhile. Jimmie Wallingford, as they headed for the little gray runabout. "He child he fifty thousand." "and we have eighty thousand besides: "and we have eighty thousand besides: "Not eighty," denied J. Rufus: "seventy-five. Onion Jones has to out in for his five thousand." Not eighty," denied J. Rufus: "seventy-thousand."

grumbled Wallingford. 'If "Tough luck." grumbled Wallingford. 'If we were able to strike a winning on that wheat pyramid, so as to pay off all boobs to dats, we could clean a million dollars out of this game. As it is, we've only raked off about eighty thousand." He hesitated for a moment. "I've been studying the market until I get a headache every night, and it seems to me that wheat is due for a sharp rise."

Blackie stopped him, right in the middle of at the big waste basket with his small eyes, clasping the back of one hand with the paim of the other, and pressing both against his stomach. "Oh, a little side line," responded Walling-ford carelessiy. "Trapp, you have some va-cant space in the third floor front. I think Til put some tables in there for mailing girls. Mr. Trapp screwed up his face. "What kind of business is this?" he insist-ed on knowing. "Wheat investment," replied Wallingford briefly. The afternoon post brought three letters for Department A, and Mr. Trapp care of the sidewalk on crowded Broadway, and the sidewalk on crowded Broadway, and studied his big, round face with deep concern. "You fat lollop!" he exclaimed. "Jim, when "To uses you're right," soberly considered Wallingford. "Wheat investment," replied Wallingford briefly. But we only get one." Wallingford rose, with vast relief and pro-duced his key to the little tin box. "We'll include the tubular reflector," he remarked, chuckling. In ten minutes Wallingford and Trapp had torn up their various articles of agreement, and Wallingford had signed over this patent on the tubular reflector, in consideration of fifty thousand doilars; and Wallingford and Blackle walked out, with no scrap of evidence behind them to show that they had ever been in any way connected with the wheat-invest-

in any way connected with the wheat-invest-ment department of the Trapp Marketing

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"What kind of business is this?" he insisted on knowing.
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"A thousand and twenty dollars, Jim." reported Blackie, stroking his pointed much first weeks."
"We'll hold over the twenty for a nest egg."
"We'll hold over the twenty for a nest egg."
"We'll hold over the twenty for a nest egg."

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